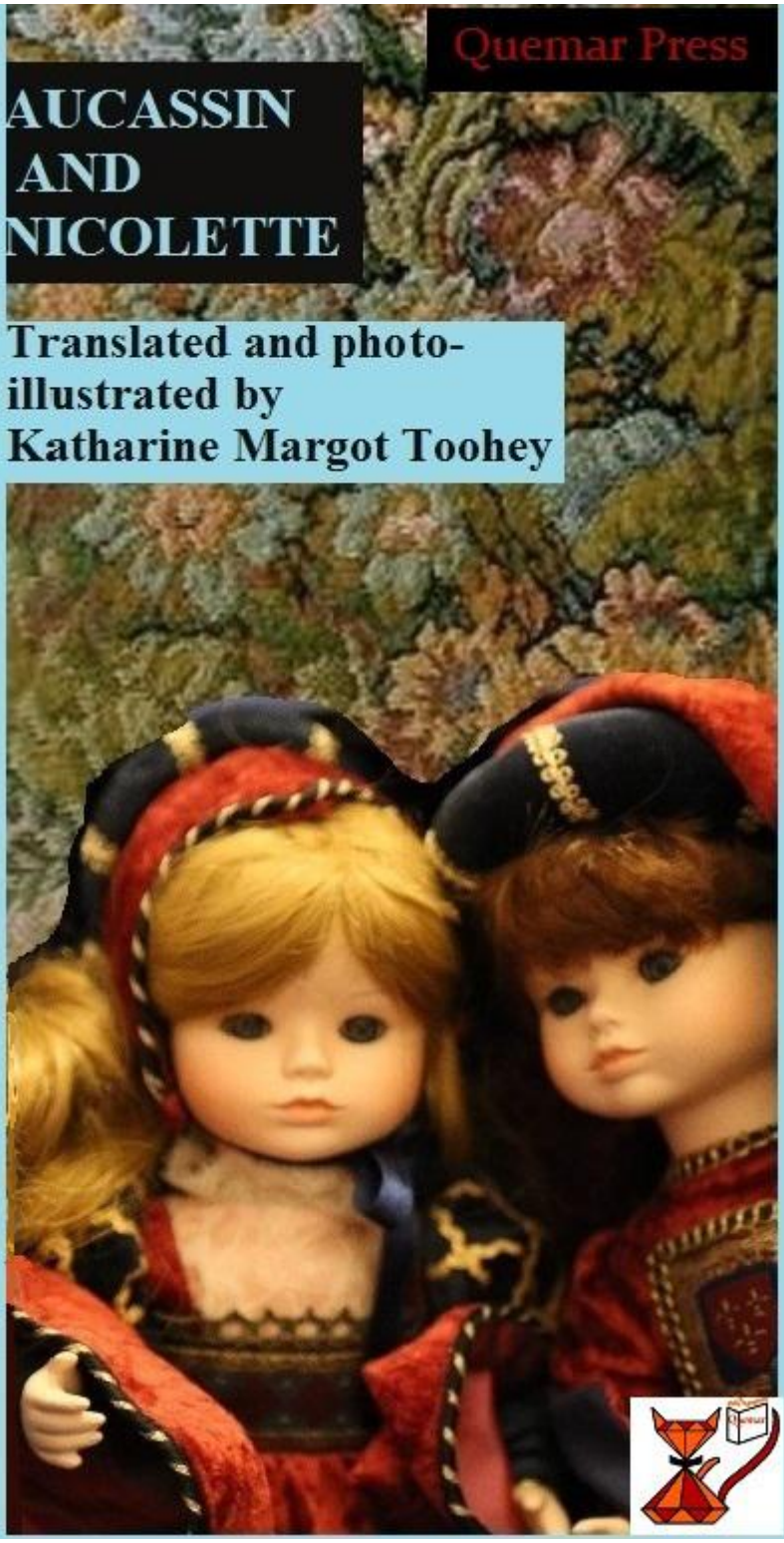
Quemar Press
AUCASSIN AND NICOLETTE
Translated and photo-illustrated by
Katharine Margot Toohey

Aucassin and Nicolette

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Medieval French text is from the manuscript of *Aucassin et Nicolette*.

Other photo-illustrated translations currently published online by Quemar Press:
Truth in Discourse: Observations by Montaigne

It is not necessary to be able to read the Medieval French original included underneath, as this English version translates all the text.

Preface

Aucassin and Nicolette is a medieval French 'chantefable' (a song-fable), written by an anonymous author. It juxtaposes and interconnects prose story and mnemonic song to create a multifaceted courtly love story.

The songs in this new translation closely reflect and try to retain the effect of the original rhyme patterns, especially the striking rhyme on the last syllable of every line, while also trying to stay close to the meaning of the diction. While keeping the text's vibrant pace, this also seems to be an essential aspect of the text's characterisation. In light of this, aspects lost in other translations may be illuminated here. It is a part of this translation, for example, that - disguised as a minstrel boy - the heroine ends the lines of her song with the same '-or' rhyme the hero used earlier towards her.

Quemar's translation is also creative, not focused on mirroring Medieval French culture. Some temporal aspects of Medieval Literature are adapted for cultural reasons, including some sections with comic hyperbole about violence that could be read literally by a modern audience.

Aucassin and Nicolette often seems to be underestimated by being seen as a work of satire, something reflected in its translations. In the text itself, however, the titular heroine, Nicolette, is seriously working out the best way she can survive a kingdom whose men want to 'burn her in a fire', to destroy her and cause fear, and the hero Aucassin is honestly fearful about going into battle because 'he might strike' another man or be struck. When he is taken prisoner in battle, he straightforwardly asks God if the knights about to decapitate him are truly his deadly enemies.

In Quemar's translation, Aucassin’s and Nicolette's need to be reunited, remain alive and practise courtesy is a sincere process. Because of that, here it is the narrative's driving strength to place the focus on developing the characters’ individual humanity rather than a satire's focus on form, concepts and objectivity.

Throughout, Aucassin and Nicolette are represented by French, reproduction Medieval dolls. In the illustrations, photographs of them

from 2017 combine in collages with Medieval tapestries, maps and artifacts. Whether they show Aucassin and Nicolette escaping by horse to a storm at sea or imprisoned, speaking in secret in the moonlight, the illustrations mirror the story's unusual, brilliant juxtapositions and Aucassin’s and Nicolette's ability to stay intact in every circumstance.

Quemar stresses that it is not necessary to be able to read the Medieval French original included underneath, as this English version translates all the text.

Katharine Margot Toohey

QUEMAR PRESS

OF AUCASSIN AND NICOLETTE

Who would hear good verse gladly,

To make an old man happy,

About two graceful progeny

Nicolette and Aucassin?

Oh, his great trouble you will see

And his acts of bravery

To see his love's face clearly.

This tale is fine, I sing sweetly,

It was born of true courtesy.

There is no one so shaky,

So sorrowful or lowly,

Or so ill and so sickly,

Who will not recover quickly

With this tale and be free,

Since none is sweeter.

C'EST D'AUCASSIN ET DE NICOLETE/Qui vauroit bons vers oir/Del deport du viel antif,/De deus biax enfans petis,/Nicholete et Aucassins,/Des grans paines qu'il

soufri,/Et des proueces qu'il fist/Por s'amie o le cler vis?/Dox est li cans, biax (est) li dis,/Et cortois et bien asis./Nus hom n'est si esbahis,/Tant dolans ni entrepris,/De grant mal amaladis,/Se il l'oit, ne soit garis,/Et de joie resbaudis,/Tant par est douce.

Now it is said, shared and recounted how the Count Bougars de Valence started a war against the Count Garins de Biaucaire, a war which was so great and so wondrous and so deadly that no day dawned where he was not at the gates, and at the walls and at the barriers of the town with a hundred elite cavaliers and ten thousand knights on foot and horse. He burnt his land and laid waste to his country and killed his men. The Count Garins de Biaucaire was old and feeble, and had outlived his time. He had no heir, no son or daughter, except one single youth. I will tell you what he was like. The young lord's name was Aucassin. He was full of grace and fair, and tall, and had well-formed legs and feet and body and arms. He had light-coloured hair with small curls, and grey-blue laughing eyes, and his face was bright and well-proportioned and with a high and well-set nose. He was so endowed with good qualities that there were none bad. But he was so overcome by love, who is victorious over

everything, that he did not want to be a knight, or take up arms or go to the tournament, or do any part of whatever he should do. His father and mother said to him:

- Son, now take your arms, then mount a horse, then defend your land, and aid your men! If they see you among them, they will defend themselves better - and their possessions, and your land and mine.

- Father, Aucassin says, What do you speak about now? If I were a knight, God would not give me what I ask of Him, nor if I mount a horse, or go to combat or battle where I strike some knight, or I am struck, for you do not give me Nicolette, my sweet companion, whom I love so much!

- Son, the father says, This cannot happen. Let Nicolette be! She is a captive who was brought from a strange land, then the Viscount bought her from that town of the Saracens, and brought her to this town. He lifted her to the font, and baptised her and made her his God-daughter. One of these days, he will give her some young commoner, who will earn bread for her honourably. You have nothing to do with that. And if you wish for a woman, I will give you the daughter of a King or a Count. There is no man so rich in France that his daughter is not yours, if you want.

- Look, Father! says Aucassin, There is no honour on earth so high that it could not be bestowed aptly on my very sweet companion, Nicolette. Being Empress of Constantinople or Germany, or Queen of France or England, would be less than she is, she is so noble and courteous and gentle, and endowed with all good qualities.

Or diënt et content et fablent

que li quens Bougars de Valence faisoit guere au conte Garin de Biaucaire si grande et si mervelleuse et si mortel, qu'il no fust uns seux jors ajornés qu'il ne fust as portes et as murs et as bares de le vile a cent cevaliers et a dis mile sergens a pié et a ceval; si li argoit sa terre et gastoit son païs et ocioit ses homes. Li quens Garins de Biaucaire estoit vix et frales, si avoit son tans trespassé. Il n'avoit nul oir, ne fil ne fille, fors un seul vallet; cil estoit tex con je vos dirai. Aucasins avoit a non li damoisiax; biax estoit et gens et grans et bien tailliés de ganbes et de piés et de cors et de bras. Il avoit les caviax blons et menus recercelés, et les ex vairs et rians, et le face clére et traitice, et le nés haut et bien assis; et si estoit enteciés de bones teces, qu'en lui n'en avoit nule mauvaise se bone non. Mais si estoit soupris d'amor, qui tout vaint, qu'il ne voloit estre cevalers, ne les armes prendre, n'aler au tornoi, ne fare point de quanque il deüst. Ses pére et se mére li disoient:

- Fix, car pren tes armes, si monte el ceval, si deffent te terre, et aïe tes homes! S'il te voient entr'ex, si defenderont il mix lor cors et lor avoirs et te tere et le miue.

- Pére, fait Aucassins, qu'en parlés vos ore? Ja Dix ne me doinst riens que je li demant, quant ére cevaliers ne monte a ceval, ne que voise a estor ne a bataille, la u je fiére cevalier ni autres mi, se vos ne me donés Nicholete, me douce amie que je tant aim!

- Fix, fait li péres, ce ne poroit estre. Nicolete laise ester! Que ce est une caitive qui fu amenée d'estrange terre, si l'acata li visquens de ceste vile as Sarasins, si l'amena en ceste vile; si l'a levée et bautisie et faite sa fillole; si li donra un de ces jors un baceler qui du pain li gaaignera par honor. De ce n'as tu que faire. Et se tu femme vix avoir, je te donrai le file a un roi u a un conte. Il n'a si rice home en France, se tu vix sa fille avoir, que tu ne l'aies.

- Avoi! péres, fait Aucassins, ou est ore si haute honers en terre, se Nicolete ma trés douce amie l'avoit, qu'ele ne fust bien enploiie en li? S'ele estoit enpereris de Colstentinoble u d'Alemaigne, u roïne de France u d'Engletere, si aroit il assés peu en li, tant est france et cortoise et debonaire et entecie de toutes bones teces.

It is sung now:

Aucassin from Beaucaire ever,

And a castle like no other,

Loved Nicole, god-made wonder

Of such beauty no minds wander.

But his father tries to hinder

And his mother's threats are bitter:

'Heavens! Fool! You both must sever!'

'She has grace, is joyous, mother'

'From Cartage, she's cast hither,

Sold, a pirate's price upon her.

Drag yourself to a wife, wherever,

But take one who's rank will matter!'

'But how could I do it? Never!

Nicole is debonaire and clever,

Form and face so fair forever,

Her grace shines in my heart, now, ever.

It is right if we're together,

So much the sweeter.'

Or se cante./Aucassins fu de Biaucaire,/D'un castel de bel re-paire./De Nicole le bien faite/Nus hom ne l'en puet retraire,/Que ses péres ne li laisse;/Et sa mére le manace:/- Diva! faus, que vex tu faire!/Nicolete est cointe et gaie;/Jetée fu de Cartage,/Acatée fu d'un Saisne./Puis qu'a moullier te vix traire,/Pren femme de haut parage!/- Mére, je n'en puis el faire./Nicolete est deboinaire;/Ses gens cors et son viaire,/Sa biautés le cuer m'esclaire./Bien est drois que s'amor aie,/Que trop est dou-ce.

Now it is said, shared and recounted:

When the Count Garins de Biaucare saw that he could not distract Aucassin, his son, from the love of Nicolette, he went to the town, and hauled out the Viscount who was one of his men:

- Now, Sir Viscount, take away Nicolette, your God-daughter! Damn the land since she was brought to this country! Now because of her I lose Aucassin, who does not want to be a knight, or do any part of whatever he should do. Know that if I can seize her, I will burn her in a fire, and you will be surrounded by fear.

- Sir, says the Viscount, it weighs heavily on me that he goes to and fro, speaks to her. I had bought her with my coins, and I had lifted her to the font, and baptised her and made her my God-daughter. Then I would have given her a young commoner, who would earn bread for her honourably. Your son, Aucassin, would have had nothing to do with that. But since it is your will and pleasure, I will send her to such a land, and such a country, that his eyes will never see her.

- Watch yourself! says the Count Garins; great harm could come to you from this.

They leave.

And the Viscount was a very rich man, and had a rich palace beside a garden. He had Nicolette placed in a chamber, on a high story, with an elderly woman for company and society, and had bread and meat and wine and whatever they needed placed there. Then he had the entrance

sealed, so there was no place one could enter or leave, except that there was a rather small window on the garden, from which a little fresh air came to them.

Or diënt et content et flablent.

Quant li quens Garins de Biaucare vit qu'il ne poroit Aucassin son fil retraire des amors Nicolete, il traist au visconte de le vile, qui ses hon estoit, si l'apela:

- Sire visquens, car ostés Nicolete, vostre filole! Que la tere soit maleoite, dont ele fu amenée en cest païs! Car par li pert jou Aucassin, qu'il ne veut estre cevaliers, ne faire point de quanque faire doie. Et saciés bien que, se je le puis avoir, que je l'arderai en un fu, et vous meïsmes porés avoir de vos tote peor.

- Sire, fait li visquens, ce poise moi qu'il i va, ne qu'il i vient, ne qu'il i parole. Je l'avoie acatée de mes deniers, si l'avoie levée et bautisie et faite ma filole; si li donasse un baceler qui du pain li gaegnast par honor. De ce n'eüst Aucassins vos fix que faire. Mais puis que vostre volentés est et vos bons, je l'envoierai en tel tere et en tel païs, que jamais ne le verra de ses ex.

- Ce gardés vous! fait li quens Garins; grans maus vos en porroit venir.

Il se departent. Et li visquens estoit molt rices hom, si avoit un rice palais par devers un gardin. En une canbre la fist metre Nicolete, en un haut estage, et une vielle aveuc li por conpagnie et por soïsté tenir, et s'i fist metre pain et car et vin et quanque mestiers lor fu. Puis si fist l'uis seeler, c'on n'i peüst de nule part entrer ne iscir, fors tant qu'il i avoit une fenestre par devers le gardin, assés petite, dont il lor venoit un peu d'essor.

It is sung now:

Soon Nicole was made prisoner

In a vaulted cell forever

Painted with fine moorish colour,

Through the art of someone clever.

The girl leant looking grimmer

On the window's marble shimmer,

Her hair tones light and warmer,

Her brows well-made and fuller,

Well-proportioned face bright ever

Ever lovely like no other.

She looked the woodland over

And saw the rose in flower,

And the birds call to each other.

Then this orphan lamented clearer

-Ah me! a captive mourner!

Oh! Why was I made prisoner?

Aucassin, young lord, defender,

I am your friend like no other.

You don't hate me one bit, never.

For you I was made prisoner

In this vaulted cell forever,

Where I live worse by the hour

But, by God, Mary, his mother,

I'll not be long in this tower,

If I have power!

Or se cante./Nicole est en pri-son mise,/En une canbre vautie,/Ki faite est par grant devisse,/Panturée a miramie./A la fenestre marbrine/La s'apoia la mescine./Ele avoit blonde la crigne,/Et bien faite la sorcille,/La face clére et traitice./Ainc plus bele ne veïstes./Esgarda par le gaudine,/Et vit la rose espanie,/Et les oisax qui se criënt./Dont se clama orphenine./- Ai mi! lasse! moi caitive!/Por coi sui en prison misse?/Aucassins, damoisiax, sire,/Ja sui jou li vostre amie,/Et vos ne me haés mie./Por vos sui en prison misse,/En ceste canbre vautie,/U je trai molt male vie./Mais, par Diu le fil Marie,/Longement n'i serai mie,/Se jel puis fa-re!

Now it is said, shared and recounted:

Nicolette was in imprisoned in the chamber, as you have heard and understood. The cries and the rumours that Nicolette was lost went through all the land, all the country. Some say that she fled the land and some say that the Count Garins de Biaucaire had her murdered. Whoever else was joyous about it, Aucassin was not glad about it at all; but he went to the town, and hauled out the Viscount:

- Sir Viscount, what have you done with Nicolette, my very sweet companion, the thing in all the world I loved most? Have you taken her away from me, stolen her away? May you know that if I die of it, vengeance will be demanded of you for it; and that will be right, as you will have killed me with your two hands; for you have taken away from me the thing in this world that I loved most.

- Fair Sir, says the Viscount, now leave it be! Nicolette is a captive that I brought from a strange land; I bought her with my wealth from Saracens, then I lifted her to the font, and baptised her and made her my God-daughter, then I brought her up. One of these days I would have given her a young commoner, who would earn bread for her honourably. You have nothing to do with that. But take the daughter of a King or a Count. Moreover, what do you believe you would have gained if you had made a paramour of her or placed her in your bed? You would have won very little there, for everyday of this world, your soul would be in Hell from it; you would have never entered Paradise.

- In Paradise, what would I have to do? I do not seek to enter there, provided that I may have Nicolette, my very sweet companion, whom I love so much. Into Paradise, none go, except people such as I will tell you about. Those old priests go to Paradise and those those lame and old, and those maimed, who all day and all night grovel before these altars and in these ancient crypts, and those with these old worn out cloaks and with these old clothes in tatters, who are naked and shoeless and breechless, who die of hunger and thirst and cold and miseries. Those go to Paradise; I have nothing to do with them; but to Hell I want to go. For the fair cleric goes to Hell and the fair Cavalier who has died in tournaments and in wealthy wars, and the good knight, and the noble man. I want to go with them. And the beautiful, courteous ladies go there, if they have two

beloveds or three besides their lords. And the gold goes there, and the silver, and the precious, expensive fur; and, moreover, the harpers go there, and the minstrel and the king of this age. With them I want to go, provided that I may have Nicolette, my very sweet companion, with me.

- Surely, says the Viscount, speaking of this will be pointless; you will never see her. And if you speak with her, and your father knew it, he would burn me and her in a fire, and you would be surrounded by fear.

- This weighs heavily on me, says Aucassin.

Sorrowful, he departs from the Viscount.

Or diënt et content et fablent.

Nicolete fu en prison, si que vous avés oï et entendu, en le canbre. Li cris et le noise ala par tote le terre et par tot le païs, que Nicolete estoit perdue. Li auquant diënt qu'ele est fuïe fors de la terre, et li auquant diënt que li quens Garins de Biaucaire l'a faite mordrir. Qui qu'en eüst joie, Aucassins n'en fu mie liés; ains traist au visconte de la vile si l'apela:

- Sire visquens, c'avés vos fait de Nicolete, ma trés douce amie, le riens en tot le mont que je plus amoie? Avés le me vos tolue ne enblée? Saciés bien que se je en muir,

faide vous en sera demandée; et ce sera bien drois, que vos m'arés ocis a vos deus mains; car vos m'avés tolu la riens en cest mont que je plus amoie.

- Biax sire, fait li visquens, car laisciés ester! Nicolete est une caitive que j'amenai d'estrange tere; si l'acatai de mon avoir a Sarasins, si l'ai levée et bautisie et faite ma fillole, si l'ai nourie, si li donasce un de ces jors un baceler qui del pain li gaegnast par honor. De ce n'avés vos que faire. Mais prendés le fille a un roi u a un conte. Enseurquetot, que cuideriés vous avoir gaegnié se vous l'aviés asognentée ne mise a vo lit? Mout i ariés peu conquis, car tos les jors du siecle en seroit vo arme en infer, qu'en paradis n'enterriés vos ja.

- En paradis qu'ai je a faire? Je n'i quier entrer, mais que j'aie Nicolete, ma trés douce amie que j'aim tant. C'en paradis ne vont fors tex gens con je vous dirai. Il i vont cil viel prestre et cil viel clop et cil manke, qui totejor et tote nuit cropent devant ces autex et en ces viés cruutes, et cil a ces viés capes eréses et a ces viés tatereles vestues, qui sont nu et decauç et estrumelé qui moeurent de faim et de soi et de froit et de mesaises. Icil vont en paradis; aveuc ciax n'ai jou que faire; mais en infer voil jou aler. Car en infer vont li bel clerc, et li bel cevalier, qui sont mort as tornois et as rices gueres, et li buen sergant, et li franc home. Aveuc ciax voil jou aler. Et s'i vont les beles dames cortoises, que eles ont deus amis ou trois avoc leur barons. Et s'i va li ors et li argens, et li vairs et li gris; et si i vont harpeor et jogleor et li roi del siecle. Avoc ciax voil jou aler, mais que j'aie Nicolete, ma trés douce amie, aveuc mi.

- Certes, fait li visquens, por niënt en parlerés; que jamais ne le verrés. Et se vos i parlés, et vos péres le savoit, il arderoit et mi et li en un fu, et vos meïsmes porriés avoir toute paor.

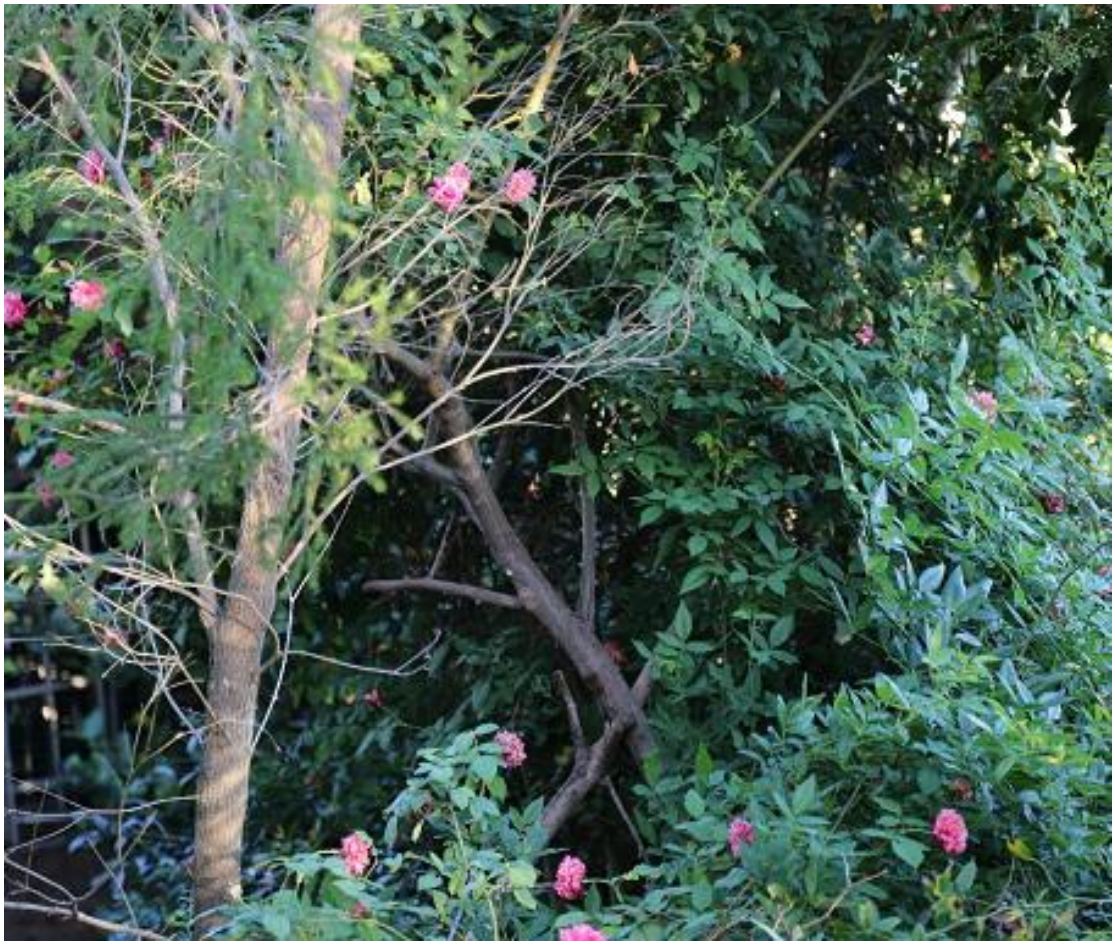
- Ce poise moi, fait Aucassins.

Il se depart del visconte dolans.

It is sung now:

Aucassin turned away
In distress and dismay,
To see her bright face some way.
None could comfort him that day
Or had good advice to say.
He went to the palace faraway
And climbed the stairway.
Through a chamber's doorway
He began to cry and say,
Grieving for his friend all day,
And lamenting every way:
Nicolette - beautiful stay,
Beautiful arrive or go away,
Beautiful delight, sweet words to say,
Beautiful jest or beautiful play
Beautiful kiss or beautiful, clasping way
For you I am in such dismay
And so badly led astray.
I'll not survive this for a day,
My sweet friend and my sister.

Or se cante./Au-casins s'en est tor-nés,/Molt dolans et abosmés/De s'amie o le vis cler./Nus ne le puet conforter,/Ne nul bon consel doner./Vers le palais est alés;/Il en monta les degrés;/En une canbre est entrés,/Si comença a plorer,/Et grant dol a demener,/Et s'amie a regreter:/- Nicolete, biax esters,/Biax venirs et biax alers./Biax deduis et dous parlers,/Biax borders et biax jouers,/Biax baisiers, biax acolers!/Por vos sui si adolés,/Et si malement menés,/Que je n'en cuit vis aler,/Suer, douce a-mi-e!



Now it is said, shared and recounted:

While Aucassin was in the chamber, and lamented Nicolette his companion, the Count Bougars de Valence, who had his war to accomplish, did not forgot at all, but summoned his men on foot and horse, then went to the castle to attack. And the cry rises and the noise; and the cavaliers and the knights arm themselves and run to the gates and the walls to defend the castle; and the citizens climb to the gallery behind the battlements of the walls, and they throw square blocks of stone and sharpened stakes. While the attack was great and at its height, the Count

Garins de Biaucaire came to the chamber where Aucassin was in grief and lamenting Nicolette, his very sweet companion, whom he loved so much.

- Ha! son, he says, you are so subdued and unhappy. See how your castle is under attack - the best and the strongest! And know, if you lose that, you lose your inheritance! Son, now take the arms, and mount a horse, and defend you land, and aid your men, and go to battle! You need never strike any man there, or be struck. If they see you among them, they will defend themselves better - and their possessions, and your land and mine. And you are so tall and so strong that you can do it well, as you should.

- Father, Aucassin says, What do you speak about now? If I were a knight, God would not give me what I ask of Him, nor if I mount the horse, or go to combat where I strike some knight, or I am struck, for you do not give me Nicolette, my sweet companion, whom I love so much!

- Son, says the father, this cannot happen. I would rather be undermined, absolutely ruined, and lose whatever I have, than I see you ever have her for a wife or partner.

He turns away. And when Aucassin sees him go away, he calls him back.

- Father, says Aucassin, Come here; I will make a good pact with you.

- What, fair son?

- I will take up arms, and I will go to battle under this agreement. If God returns me safely, you will allow me to see Nicolette, my sweet companion, long enough to speak two or three words to her and kiss her once.

- I agree, says the father.

He agreed, and Aucassin was glad.

Or diënt et content et fablent.

Entreus que Aucassins estoit en le canbre, et il regretoit Nicolete s'amie, li quens Bougars de Valence, qui sa guerre avoit a furnir, ne s'oublia mie, ains ot mandé ses homes a pié et a ceval, si traist au castel por asalir. Et li cris liéve et la noise; et li cevalier et li serjant s'arment et qeurent as portes et as murs por le castel desfendre; et li borgois montent as aleoirs de murs, si jetent quariax et peus aguisiés. Entroeus que li asaus estoit grans et pleniers, et li quens Garins de Biaucaire vint en la canbre u Aucassins faisoit deul et regretoit Nicolete sa trés douce amie que tant amoit.

- Ha! fix, fait il, con par es caitis et maleürox, que tu vois c'on asaut ton castel, tot le mellor et le plus fort! Et saces, se tu le pers, que tu es desiretés! Fix, car pren les armes, et monte u ceval, et defen te tere, et aïues tes homes, et va a l'estor! Ja n'i fiéres tu home ni autres ti, s'il te voient entr'ax, si desfenderont il mix lor avoir et lor cors et te tere et le miue. Et tu ies si grans et si fors que bien le pues faire, et farre le dois.

- Pére, fait Aucassins, qu'en parlés vous ore? Ja Dix ne me doinst riens que je le demant, quant ére cevaliers, ne monte el ceval, ne voise en estor, la u je fiére cevalier ne autres mi, se vos ne me donés Nicolete me douce amie que je tant aim!

- Fix, dist li pere, ce ne puet estre. Ançois sosferoie je que je feüsse tous desiretés, et que je perdisse quanques g'ai, que tu ja l'eüses a mollier ni a espouse.

Il s'en torne. Et quant Aucassins l'en voit aler, il le rapela.

- Péres, fait Aucassins, venés avant; je vous ferai bons couvens.

- Et quex, biax fix?

- Je prendrai les armes, s'irai a l'estor, par tex covens, que se Dix ramaine sain et sauf, que vos me lairés Nicolete me douce amie tant veïr que j'aie deus paroles u trois a li parlées, et que je l'aie une seule fois baisie.

- Je l'otroi, fait li péres.

Il li creante, et Aucassins fu lié.

It is sung now:

Aucassin hears their kiss is near:

Once he can reappear.

Gold in thousands, precious and clear,

Never could be held so dear.

He asks war equipment with no fear

And they make him ready here

With lined chainmail to wear.

He fastens the helmet around his hair

Girds his sword with hilt gold and fair,

Climbs the warhorse with care

And takes the shield and spear,

Confirms that his feet in air

Sit well in the stirrups there,

His manner wondrous and fair.

In his thoughts, his friend must appear.

He spurs the horse on elsewhere,

Running so willingly for him here,

Passing by the gate so near,

To be a soldier

Or se cante./Aucassins ot du bai-sier/Qu'il ara au re-pairier./Por cent mile mars d'or mier/Ne le fesist on si lié./Garnemens demanda ciers;/On li a aparelliés./Il vest un auberc dublier,/Et laça l'iaume en son cief,/Cainst l'espée au poin d'or mier;/Si monta sor son destrier,/Et prent l'escu et l'espiel;/Regarda andex ses piés,/Bien li sissent es estriers./A mervelle se tint ciers./De s'amie li sovient,/S'esperona le destrier./Il li cort molt volentiers;/Tot droit a le porte en vient/A la bataille.

Now it is said and shared:

Aucassin was armed on his horse, as you have heard and understood. God! How the shield sat at his neck, and the helmet on his head, and his sword's belt on his left hip! And the youth was tall and strong and full of grace and fair and vigorous, and the horse on which he rode fiery and spirited, and the youth directed him well through the gate. Do not believe he thought of taking oxen, cows or goats for his spoils here, nor that he would strike some knight, or be struck! No, never: he never thought of that; but he thought about Nicolette, his sweet companion, so much that he forgot his reins and whatever he should have done. And the horse who had felt his spurs ran away with him amongst the brawl and dashed amidst his enemies; and they threw out their hands from all sides, and seized him, then took away his shield and lance, and led him away, captured at once, and they were discussing which death they would make him die. When Aucassin heard that:

- Ha! God, he says, sweet Christ-Child, are these my deadly enemies who lead me here, and will decapitate me now? And since my head will be cut off, I will never speak to Nicolette, my sweet companion, whom I love so much. I still have a good sword here, and I sit on a good, rested war-horse. If I do not defend myself for her, she will never love me, or will God help her.

The youth was tall and strong, and the horse on which he rode was restive. And he placed his hand on the sword, began striking to right and left and cut helmets and nose-pieces and fists and arms, and created carnage around him, like a wild bore attacked by hounds in the forest. Then he laid low ten knights and wounded seven, and leaping at once from the brawl, he returned back at a gallop, with his sword in his hand. The Count Bougars de Valence heard talk that his enemy, Aucassin, would be hanged, so he came by that way; and Aucassin could not fail to see him. Aucassin held the sword in hand, and struck the Count’s helmet, so that it bashed in on his head. He was so stunned that he fell to earth; and Aucassin reached out his hand, took the helmet and led him away by the helmet's nose-piece and handed him over to his father.

- Father, Aucassin says, here is your enemy who brought so much war and hurt upon you. This war has lasted twenty years now, it could never be won by any man.

- Fair son, the father says, you should do youthful deeds like this, nothing that longs towards folly.

- Father, Aucassin says, do not start lecturing me at all, but keep your agreements with me!

- Bah! What agreements, fair son?

- Look, father! Have you forgotten them? By my head, whoever else forgets them, I do not wish to forget them for a moment, but this truly has hold of me by my heart. Did you not have an agreement with me that when I took up arms, and went to battle, if God returned me safely, you would allow me to see Nicolette, my sweet companion, long enough to speak two or three words to her and kiss her once. You made agreements with me, and I want you to keep them.

- Me? The father says, may God never help me, when I ever keep your agreements! And if she were here now, I would burn her in a fire, and you would be surrounded by fear.

- Is that the last thing? Aucassin says.

- So God help me, the father says, yes!

- Surely, Aucassin says, I am very sad when a man of your age lies! Count de Valence, Aucassin says, I captured you!

- Sir, you did truly, the count says.

- Give me your hand, Aucassin says.

- Sir, willingly.

He placed his hand in his.

- Promise me this, Aucassin says, that on any day you may live, you will not do injury to my father, or disturb him or his possessions. You will not do it!

- Sir, by God! he says, do not mock me, but put me to ransom! You will never be able to ask me for any gold nor silver, riding horses, other horses, precious furs, hounds nor birds, that I would not give you.

- How? Aucassin says. Do you not know that I have captured you?

- Sir, yes, says the Count Bougars.

- If you do not make the promise I ask, Aucassin says, God help me, if I never make your head fly off!

- Christ's Name, he says, I promise whatever you like.

He promised to him; and Aucassin made him climb on a horse, and he climbed on another, then lead him until he reached safety.

Or diënt et content.

Aucassins fu armés sor son ceval, si con vos avés oï et entendu. Dix! con li sist li escus au col, et li hiaumes u cief, et li renge de s'espée sor le senestre hance! Et li vallés fu grans et fors et biax et gens et bien fornis, et li cevaus sor quoi il sist rades et corans, et li vallés l'ot bien adrecié parmi la porte. Or ne quidiés vous qu'il pensast n'a bues n'a vaces n'a civres prendre, ne qu'il ferist cevalier ne autres lui! Nenil niënt, onques ne l'en sovint; ains pensa tant a Nicolete sa douce amie qu'il oublia ses resnes et quanques il dut faire. Et li cevax qui ot senti les esperons l'enporta parmi le presse, se se lance trés entremi ses anemis; et il getent les mains de toutes pars si le prendent, si le dessaisisent de l'escu et de le lance, si l'en mannent tot estrousement pris, et aloient ja porparlant de quel mort il le feroient morir. Et quant Aucassins l'entendi:

-Ha! Dix, fait il, douce creature! sont çou mi anemi mortel qui ci me mainent, et qui ja me cauperont le teste? Et puis que j'arai la teste caupée, jamais ne parlerai a Nicolete me douce amie que je tant aim. Encor ai je ci une bone espée, et sieç sor bon destrier sejorné. Se or ne me deffent por li, onques Dix ne li aït se jamais m'aime!

Li vallés fu grans et fors, et li cevax sor quoi il sist fu remuans. Et il mist le main a l'espée, si comence a ferir a destre et a senestre, et caupe hiaumes et naseus et puins et bras, et fait un caple entor lui autresi con li senglers quant li cien l'asalent en le forest, et qu'il lor abat dis cevaliers et navre set, et qu'il se jete tot estroséement de le prese, et qu'il s'en revient les galopiax ariére, s'espée en sa main. Li quens Bougars de Valence oï dire c'on penderoit Aucassin son anemi, si venoit cele part; et Aucassins ne le mescoisi mie. Il tint l'espée en la main, se le fiert parmi le hiaume, si qu'il li enbare el cief. Il fu si estonés qu'il caï a terre; et Aucassins tent le main, si le prent, et l'en mainne pris par le nasel del hiame, et le rent a son pére.

- Pére, fait Aucassins, vesci vostre anemi qui tant vous a gerroié et mal fait! Vint ans a ja duré ceste gerre; onques ne pot iestre acievée par home.

- Biax fix, fait li pére, tés enfances devés vos faire, niënt baer a folie!

- Pére, fait Aucassins, ne m'alés mie sermonant, mais tenés moi mes covens!

- Ba! quex covens, biax fix?

- Avoi! pére, avés les vos oblié(e)s? Par mon cief, qui que les oblit, je nes voil mie oblier, ains me tient molt au cuer. Enne m'eüstes vos en covent que quant je pris les armes et j'alai a l'estor, que se Dix me ramenoit sain et sauf, que vos me lairiés Nicolete ma douce amie tant veïr que j'aroie parlé a li deus paroles ou trois, et que je l'aroie une fois baisie m'eüstes vos en covent, et ce voil je que vos me tenés.

-Jo? fait li péres. Ja Dix ne m'aït, quant ja covens vos en tenrai! Et s'ele estoit ja ci, je l'arderoie en un fu, et vos meïsmes porriés avoir tote paor.

-Est ce tote la fins? fait Aucassins.

-Si m'aït Dix, fait li péres, oïl!

-Certes, fait Aucassins, je sui molt dolans quant hom de vostre eage ment! Quens de Valence, fait Aucassins, je vos ai pris!

-Sire, voire! fait (aioire fait) li quens. [*'aioire fait' is possibly a printer's error*]

- Bailiés ça vostre main, fait Aucassins.

- Sire, volentiers.

Il li met se main en la siue.

- Ce m'afiés vos, fait Aucassins, que a nul jor que
vos aiés a vivre, ne porrés men pére faire honte ne destorbier
de sen cors ne de sen avoir, que vos ne li faciés!

- Sire, por Diu! fait il, ne me gabés mie, mais metés moi a raençon! Vos ne me sarés ja demander or ni argent, cevaus ne palefrois, ne vair ne gris, ciens ne oisiax, que je ne vos doinse.

- Coment? fait Aucassins. Ene connissiés vos que je vos ai pris?

- Sire, oje fait li quens Borgars.

- Ja Dix ne m'aït, fait Aucassins, se vos ne le m'afiés, se je ne vous faç ja cele teste voler!

- Enon Du! fait il, je vous afie quanque il vous plaist.

II li afie; et Aucassins le fait monter sor un ceval, et il monte sor un autre, si le conduist tant qu'il fu a sauveté.

It is sung now:

Count Garins' wish could not have been

For Aucassin, his son.

Aucassin could not leave her, truly,

Leave Nicole's bright face lonely.

Garins put his son in prison safely

In this grey marble cellar, unforseen,

Underground in privacy

Where Aucassin lived unseen,

Grieving with so much pity

Taking to lamenting strongly -

Oh! if only you could see!

- Nicolette, sweet friend, my lily

Your bright face so clear to me -

You, sweeter than grapes, red or green,

More than wine-soup in cup of maple stem.

To me yesterday, it would seem

A pilgrim came from Limousin-

Sick, dizzy, faint and lean.

He was lying in a bed weakly

So overcome and so lowly

And so ill and so sickly.

You stepped before him quickly,

Lifting your train, to enter the scene,

And your jacket made of ermine,

Chemise in linen white and clean,

Kicked your leg in jest blithely.

More cured than he had ever been

And sound and healthy;

He left his sickbed gladly

And went back to his country

Sound, sure and lively.

Nicolete, sweet friend, my lily

Beautiful arrive or go away,

Beautiful delight, sweet words to say,

Beautiful jest or beautiful play

Sweet kiss or sweet feeling way!

No one could hate you in any way!

For you I was made prisoner wrongly

In a grey marble cellar unforseen.

My end is the worst ever seen.

Here I will die soon and surely

For you, loved friend, ever

Or se cante./Qant or voit li quens Ga-rins/De son enfant Aucassin/Qu'il ne pora departir/De Nicolete au cler vis,/En une prison l'a mis,/En un celier sosterin,/Qui fu fais de marbre bis./Quant or i vint Aucassins,/Dolans fu, ainc ne fu si./A dementer si se prist,/Si con vos porrés oïr:/ - Nicolete, flors de lis,/Douce amie o le cler vis,/Plus es douce que roisins/Ne que soupe en maserin.L'autr' ier vi un pelerin,/Nés estoit de Limosin,/Malades de l'esvertin,/Si gisoit ens en un lit./Mout par estoit entrepris,/De

grant mal amaladis./Tu passas devant son lit,/Si soulevas ton traïn,/Et ton peliçon ermin,/La cemisse de blanc lin,/Tant que ta ganbete vit./Garis fu li pelerins,/Et tos sains, ainc ne fu si;/Si se leva de son lit,/Si rala en son païs/Sains et saus et tos garis./Doce amie, flors de lis,/Biax alers et biax venirs,/Biax jouers et biax bordirs,/Baix parlers et biax delis,/Dox baisiers et dox sentirs!/Nus ne vos poroit haïr!/Por vos sui en prison mis,/En ce celier sousterin,/U je faç mout male fin./Or m'i convenra morir/Por vos, a -mi-e!

Now it is said, shared and recounted:

Aucassin was imprisoned, as you have heard and understood, and Nicolette was elsewhere, in the chamber. This was summer time, the

month of May, the days were warm, long and bright, and the nights were calm and serene. One night, Nicolette lay in her bed and saw the shining moon through a window, and she heard the nightingale's song from the garden. She remembered Aucassin, her companion, whom she loved so much. She started reflecting on the Count Garins de Biaucaire who hated her unto death; then she thought that she could not stay there any longer, that if she was denounced and the Count Garins knew it, he would make her die in an evil way. She felt that the elderly woman, who was with her, was sleeping. She got up, dressed in a taut silk cloth tunic that she treasured; then she took bed-clothes and towels, and tied one to another, making a rope as long as she could, tied it to the window casement, then climbed down to the garden; and gathered in her clothes, with one hand in front of her and the other behind her, tucked up her skirt, because of all the dew she saw on the grass, and went away down the garden. She had light-coloured hair with small curls, and grey-blue laughing eyes, and her face was well-proportioned, with a high and well-set nose, and lips redder than cherries or roses in summertime, and white, small teeth; and her clothing was raised by her walnut-firm breasts; and her sides were so slender that you could have clasped them in both hands; and the daisies, which broke off underneath her feet, lying on the curve of her foot, looked very dark compared to her feet and legs, as the young woman was so pale. She came to the postern gate, unfastened it, and went out into the streets of Biaucaire, keeping to the shadows, for the shining moon was very bright. She went on until she reached the tower where her companion was held. The tower was cracked in places; and she crouched beside one of the pillars and wrapped herself in her mantle, then placed her head in a crevice of the old and ancient tower, then heard Aucassin crying within, and in so much grief, lamenting his sweet companion,

whom he loved so much. And when she had listened to enough of it, she began to speak.

Or diënt et content et fabloient.

Aucasins fu mis en prison, si com vos avés oï et entendu, et Nicolete fu d'autre part en le canbre. Ce fu el tans d'esté, el mois de Mai, que li jor sont caut, lonc et cler, et les nuis coies et series. Nicolete jut une nuit en son lit, si vit la lune luire cler par une fenestre, et si oï le lorseilnol center en garding, se li sovint d'Aucassin sen ami qu'ele tant amoit. Ele se comença a porpenser del conte Garin de Biaucaire qui de mort le haoit; si se pensa qu'ele ne remanroit plus ilec, que s'ele estoit acusée et il quens Garins le savoit, il le feroit de male mort morir. Ele senti que li vielle dormoit, qui aveuc li estoit. Ele se leva, si vesti un bliäut de drap de soie, que ele avoit molt bon; si

prist dras de lit et touailes, si noua l'un a l'autre, si fist une corde si longe come ele pot, si le noua au piler de le fenestre, si s'avala contreval le gardin; et prist se vesture a l'une main devant et a l'autre deriére, si s'escorça por le rousée qu'ele vit grande sor l'erbe, si s'en ala aval le gardin. Ele avoit les caviaus blons et menus recercelés, et les ex vairs et rians, et le face traitice, et le nés haut et bien assis, et les levretes vremelletes, plus que n'est cerisse ne rose el tans d'esté, et les dens blans et menus; et avoit les mameletes dures, qui li souslevoient sa vesteüre, ausi con ce fuissent deus nois gauges; et estoit graille parmi les flans qu'en vos dex mains le peüsciés enclorre; et les flors des margerites qu'ele ronpoit as ortex de ses piés, qui li gissoient sor le menuisse du pié par deseure, estoient droites noires avers ses piés et ses ganbes, tant par estoit blance la mescinete. Ele vint au postic si le deffrema, si s'en isci parmi les rues de Biaucaire par devers l'onbre, car la lune luisoit molt clére, et erra tant qu'ele vint a le tor u ses amis estoit. Li tors estoit faelée de lius en lius; et ele se quatist delés l'un des pilers, si s'estraint en son mantel, si mist sen cief parmi une creveüre de la tor qui vielle estoit et anciienne, si oï Aucassin qui la dedens plouroit et faisoit mot grant dol et regretoit se douce amie que tant amoit. Et quant ele l'ot assés escouté, si comença a dire.

It is sung now:

Bright-faced Nicole could stay
By a pillar to hide away,
Heard Aucassin still crying say
He lamented her everyday.
Now she can say what ever she may:
- Aucassin of noble way,
Free Lord honoured to this day
What is worth grieving in such dismay
Lamenting and crying so today -
You think we'll not have joy someday?
Your father hates me everyday
And your family everyway.
For you I will cross the sea, away,
Find another kingdom, stay.
She cut a lock from her hair, anyway,
Threw it to him to convey
Her love. He took it in his noble way
To honour it for her alway,
Grasped and kissed it in love's display,
In his breast kept it clasped-away,
And could not keep his tears at bay
For his friend, ever

Or se cante./Nicolete o le vis cler/S'apoi-a a un piler,/S'oï Aucassin plourer,/Et s'amie (a) regreter./Or parla, dist son penser:/Aucassins, gentix et ber,/Frans damoisiax honorés,/Que vos vaut li dementers,/Li plaindres ne li plurers,/Quant ja de moi ne gorés?/Car vostre péres me het./Et trestos vos parentés./Por vous passerai le mer,/S'irai en autre regné(s)./De ses caviax a caupés,/La dedens les a rués./Aucassins les prist, li ber,/Si les a molt honerés,/Et baisiés et acolés;/En sen sain les a boutés,/Si recomence a plorer/Tout por s'a-mi-e.

Now it is said, shared and recounted:

When Aucassin heard Nicolette say that she wanted to go away to another country, he could not help but become angry.

- beautiful sweet companion, he says, you will not go away at all, for that would kill me. And the first one who sees you and has it in his power, would take you immediately and place you in his bed, make you his paramour. And after you were lying in another's bed and not in mine, do not believe for a moment that I would hesitate before I found a knife with which I could strike my heart and kill myself. No, truly, I would not pause, but I would throw myself from as far away as I could at a piece of masonry or a grey stone, and I would dash towards it headfirst so hard that I would make my eyes fly out, and then I would dash out my brains. I would prefer to die such a death, than know that you had been lying in another's bed and not mine.

- Ah! she says, I do not believe at all that you love me as much as you say, but I love you more than you could love me.

- Look! Aucassin says, beautiful sweet companion, it could not be that you loved me as much as I love you. A woman cannot love a man as much as a man loves a woman. For the woman's love is in her eyes, nipples and toes, but the man's love is lodged in his heart, from where it cannot leave.

While Aucassin and Nicolette were talking together, the watchmen of the town came along the street, their swords drawn under their cloaks - for Count Garins had ordered them that, if they could capture her, they were to kill her. And the watchman on the tower saw them come, and heard them speak about Nicolette and threaten to kill her, as they went by.

- God! he says, such a great loss of such a beautiful young girl, if they kill her! And it would show truly great compassion if I could tell her. That way they would not know, but she would protect herself. For if they kill her, my young lord, Aucassin, will be dead of it, and it will cause great loss.

Or diënt et content et fabloient.

Quant Aucassins oï dire Nicolete qu'ele s'en voloit aler en autre païs, en lui n'ot que courecier.

-Bele douce amie, fait il, vos n'en irés mie, car don't m'ariiés vos mort. Et li premiers qui vos verroit ne qui vous porroit, il vos prenderoit lues et vos meteroit a son lit, si vos asoignenteroit. Et puis que vos ariiés jut en lit a home, s'el mien non, or ne quidiés mie que j'atendisse tant que je trovasse coutel dont je me peüsce ferir el cuer et ozirre! Naje voir, tant n'atenderoie je mie; ains m'esquelderoie de si lonc que je verroie une maisiére u une bisse pierre, s'i hurteroie si durement me teste que j'en feroie les ex voler, et que je m'escerveleroie tos. Encor ameroie je mix a morir de si faite mort, que je seüsce que vos eüsciés jut en lit a home, s'el mien non.

-A! fait ele, je ne quit mie que vous m'amés tant con vos dites, mais je vos aim plus que vos ne faciés mi.

-Avoi! fait Aucassins, bele douce amie, ce ne porroit estre que vos m'amissiés tant que je faç vos. Fenme ne puet tant amer l'oume con li hom fait le fenme. Car li amors de le fenme est en son oeul, et en son le cateron de sa mamele, et en son l'orteil del pié; mais li amors de l'oume est ens el cuer plantée, don't ele ne puet iscir.

La u Aucassins et Nicolete parloient ensanble, et les escargaites de la vile venoient tote une rue; s'avoient les espées traites desos les capes, car li quens Garins lor avoit conmandé que se il le pooient prendre qu'il l'ocesissent. Et li gaite qui estoit sor le tor les vit venir, et oï qu'il aloient de Nicolete parlant, et qu'il le maneçoient a occirre.

- Dix! fait il, con grans damages de si bele mescinete s'il l'ociënt! Et molt seroit grans aumosne, se je li pooie dire, par quoi il ne s'aperceüscent et qu'ele s'en gardast. Car s'il l'ociënt, dont iert Aucassins mes damoisiax mors, dont grans damages ert.

It is sung now:

The watchmen was worthy among men,

Brave, refined, wise as ten.

He began to sing a song then

So fine, so lovely: so listen:

- Lady with her heart outspoken,

Fair form, so lovely of women,

Your lovely hair is bright and flaxen.

Your face and grey eyes liven.

I see by your expression

You spoke to your love then.

It is for you that his death will hasten.

I will tell you and you must listen:

Guard yourself from treacherous men,

Who are seeking you here often,

Under their cloaks their swords are drawn!

It's your life they come to threaten -

Soon do darker than that even -

You must be safer!

Or se cante./Li gaite fu mout vaillans,/Preus et cortois et saçans;/Il a comencié un(s) can(s)/Ki biax fu et avenans:/-Mescinete o le cuer franc,/Cors as gent et avenant,/Le poil blont et avenant,/Vairs les ex, ciere riant./Bien le voi a ton sanblant,/Parlé as a ton amant./Qui por toi se va morant./Jel te di, et tu l'entens:/Garde toi des souduians/Ki

par ci te vont querant,/Sous les capes les nus brans!/Forment te vont maneçant;/Tost te feront messeant,/S'or ne t'i gardes.

Now it is said, shared and recounted:

- Ah! Nicolette says. Your father’s and mother's souls should be blessed in their rest because you told me about this so beautifully and courteously! If God pleases, I will guard myself from them well, and may God guard me from them!

Wrapping herself in her cloak in the pillar's shadow until they had passed by, she took leave of Aucassin, then walked away until she came to the

castle wall. The wall was broken down and fortified, and she climbed up until she was between the wall and the empty moat; and she looked down, and she saw it’s trench was very deep and very steep, and she felt such great fear.

- Ah, God! she says, Sweet Christ-Child! If I let myself fall, I will break my neck; and if I stay here, they will take me tomorrow and burn me in a fire. I would still prefer to die here than have all the people see me as a spectacle.

She made the sign of the cross on her head, and then let herself slide down the trench; and when she came to the bottom, her beautiful feet and her beautiful hands, which had experienced little injury, were bruised and grazed, and blood sprang heavily from twelve cuts; nevertheless she felt no hurt or pain, because she had such great fear. And if she found it difficult to enter the castle, she found it still more difficult to get out. She thought to herself that this would not be a good place to remain, and found a sharpened stake which those inside had thrown to defend the castle, took one step after another, then climbed so with great difficulty until she reached the top. Now the distance to the forest was almost two cross-bow shots away. The forest was thirty leagues in length and breadth, and there were serpents, wild beasts. She had fear that they would kill her if she entered it, then thought again that, if the watchmen found her, they would take her back to the town to burn.

Or diënt et content et fabloient.

- Hé! fait Nicolete, l'ame de ten pére et de te mére soit en benooit repos, quant si belement et si cortoisement le m'as ore dit! Se Diu plaist je m'en garderai bien, et Dix m'en gart!

Ele s'estraint en son mantel en l'onbre del piler, tant que cil furent passé outre; et ele prent congié a Aucassin, si s'en va tant qu'ele vint au mur del castel. Li murs fu depeciés, s'estoit rehordés, et ele monta deseure, si fist tant qu'ele fu entre le mur et le fossé; et ele garda contreval, si vit le fossé molt parfont et molt roide, s'ot
molt grant paor.

- Hé, Dix! fait ele, douce creature! Si je me lais caïr, je briserai le col; et se je remain ci, on me prendera demain, si m'ardera on en un fu. Encor ainme je mix que je muire ci, que tos li pules me regardast demain a merveilles.

Ele segna son cief, si se laissa glacier aval le fossé; et quant ele vint u fons, si bel pié et ses beles mains, qui n'avoient mie apris c'on les bleçast, furent quaissies et escorcies, et li sans en sali bien en doze lius; et neporquant ele ne santi ne mal ne dolor por le grant paor qu'ele avoit. Et se ele fu en paine de l'entrer, encor fu ele en forceur de l'iscir. Ele se pensa qu'ileuc ne faisoit mie bon demorer, et trova un pel aguisié que cil dedens avoient jeté por le castel deffendre, si fist pas un avant l'autre, (tant) si monta tant a grans painnes, qu'ele vint deseure. Or estoit li forés prés a deus arbalestées qui bien duroit trente liues de lonc et de lé, si i avoit bestes sauvages et serpentine. Ele ot paor que, s'ele i entroit, qu'eles ne l'ocesiscent; si se repensa que, s'on le trovoit ileuc, c'on le remenroit en le vile por ardoir.

It is sung now:

Bright-faced Nicolette, away

Climbed out from the trench that day

Began lamenting and to say,

Calling God, as she would pray

- Father, King, Majestic Sway,

Which direction is the way?

I see the wood's pathway.

Is it the wolves who will slay

Me? Am I lions' or wild boars' prey?

Over there so many beasts stay.

If I wait here for the sun -ray,

I will be found straightaway.

They will light the fire in display

And it will burn my body away,

But, by God's Majestic Sway,

I'd still rather it this way:

It is the wolves who will slay

Me. I am lions' or wild boars' prey,

Not those in the city, anyway!

I'll go there never.

Or se cante./Nicolete o le vis cler/Fu monté-e le fossé,/Si se prent a dementer,/Et Jhesum a reclamer:/-Péres, Rois de Maïsté,/Or ne sai quel part aler./Se je vois u gaut ramé,/Ja me mengeront li lé,/Li lion et li sengler,/Dont il i a a plenté./Et se j'atent le jor cler,/Que on me puist ci trover,/Li fus sera alumés,/Dont mes cors iert enbrasés./Mais, par Diu de Maïsté!/Encor aim jou mix assés/Que me mengucent li lé,/Li lion et li sengler,/Que je voisse en la cité!/Je n'i-rai mi-e.

Now it is said, shared and recounted:

As you have heard, Nicolette lamented much. She implored God, then walked until she came to the forest. She did not dare go deep into it at all because of the serpents, the wild beasts. She crouched in a thick bush, and fell asleep until noon the next day, when the herd-boys left the town and drove their animals between the wood and the river. Coming to a very

beautiful spring at the edge of the forest, they spread out a cloak and placed their bread on it. While they ate, Nicolette woke to the sound of the birds and the herd-boys, and hurried towards them.

- Fair children, she says, God help you!

- God bless you! says one who is more eloquent than the others.

- Fair children, she says, do you know Aucassin, Count Garins de Biaucaire's son?

- Yes, we know him well.

- So, God help you, fair children, she says, say to him there is a beast in this forest, and that he should come here to chase it; and if he can catch it, he would not give up any of its limbs for a hundred marks of gold, no, not for five hundred, or any riches.

And they gazed at her, and saw she was so beautiful that they were all amazed.

- I will tell him? says the more eloquent one than the others. Misfortune will come to someone who speaks of that, or ever tells him! You are talking about apparitions. There is no beast so valuable in this forest, nor stag nor lion nor wild boar with a limb worth more than two coins or three at the most; and you speak of such great wealth! Bad misfortune will come to someone who believes you about it, or ever tells him! You are a fairy, and we don’t care for your company. Go on your way!

- Ha! Fair children, she says, you will do this! The beast has such medicine that Aucassin will be cured of his malady. And I have five coins here in my purse; take them, if you tell him. And he must find it within three days. If not, he will never be cured.

- By faith! he says, we will take the coins, and we will tell him if he comes here, but we will go seeking him never.

- God be with you, she says.

She said farewell to the herd-boys, then went away.

Or diënt et content et fabloient,

Nicolete se dementa molt, si com vos avés oï. Ele se conmanda a Diu, si erra tant qu'ele vint en le forest. Ele n'osa mie parfont entrer por les bestes sauvaces
et por le serpentine; si se quatist en un espés buisson, et soumax li prist, si s'endormi dusqu'au demain a haute prime, que li pastorel iscirent de la vile et jetérent lor bestes entre le bos et la riviére; si se traient d'une part a une molt bele fontaine qui estoit au cief de la forest, si estendirent une cape se missent lor pain sus. Entreus qu'il mengoient, et Nicolete s'esveille au cri des oisiax et des pastoriax si s'enbati sor aus.

- Bel enfant fait ele, Dame Dix vos i aït!
- Dix vos benie! fait li uns qui plus fu enparlés des autres.
- Bel enfant, fait ele conissiés vos Aucassin le fil le conte Garin de Biaucaire?
- Oïl, bien le counisçons nos.
- Se Dix vos aït, bel enfant, fait ele, dites li qu'il a une beste en ceste forest, et qu'il le viegne cacier; et s'il l'i puet prendre, il n'en donroit mie un menbre por cent mars d'or, non por cinc cens ne por nul avoir.

Et cil le regardent, se le virent si bele qu'il en furent tot esmari.

-Je li dirai? fait cil qui plus fu enparlés des autres. Dehait ait qui ja en parlera, ne qui ja li dira! C'est fantosmes que vos dites; qu'il n'a si ciére beste en ceste forest, ne cerf ne lion ne sengler, dont uns des menbres vaille plus de dex deniers u de trois au plus; et vos parlés de si grant avoir! Ma dehait qui vos en croit, ne qui ja li dira! Vos estes fée, si n'avons cure de vo conpaignie, mais tenés vostre voie!

- Ha! bel enfant, fait ele, si ferés! Le beste a tel mecine que Aucassins ert garis de son mehaing. Et j'ai ci cinc sous en me borse; tenés, se li dites. Et dedens trois jors li covient cacier, et se il dens trois jors ne le trove, jamais n'iert garis de son mehaig.
- Par foi! fait il, les deniers prenderons nos, et s'il vient ci, nos li dirons, mais nos ne l'irons ja quere.
- De par Diu! fait ele.

Lor prent congié as pastoriaus, si s'en va.

It is sung now:

Nicole of the clear face brightly
Left the herd-boys suddenly,
And undertook her journey
Amidst woods so leafy
Along an old path quickly,
Came to a way unforseen
Where seven ways fork between
Woods and go through country.
Now she reflected surely
On things her friend would try
If he loved her truly.
She took from every lily,
Wasteland grass growing wildy
And the leaves nearby,
Made a bower so finely.
Never was one so fair to see.
She swears to God, who cannot lie,
If Aucassin sees all this beauty
Through his love for her clearly,
And does not rests here promptly,
He will not be a companion truly
For her, ever

Or se cante./Nicolete o le cler vis/Des pastoriaus se parti,/Si acoilli son cemin/Trés parmi le gaut foilli,/Tout un viés sentier anti,/Tant qu'a une voie vint,/U aforkent set cemin/Qui s'en vont par le païs./A porpenser or se prist/Qu'esprovera son ami,/S'il l'aime si com il dist./Ele prist des flors de lis,/Et de l'erbe du garris,/Et de le foille autresi;/Une bele loge en fist;/Ainques tant gente ne vi./Jure Diu qui ne menti,/Se par la vient Aucasins,/Et il por l'amor de li/Ne s'i repose un petit,/Ja (ne) ne sera ses amis,/N'ele s'a-mi-e!

Now it is said, shared and recounted:

Nicolette had made the bower very beautiful and fair, as you have heard and understood - and she had lined the outside and inside well with flowers and leaves; she hid herself in an thick bush near the bower to know what Aucassin would do.

The cries and the rumours that Nicolette was lost had gone through all the land, all the country. Some said that she fled the land and others said that the Count Garins had someone murder her. Whoever else was joyous about it, Aucassin was not glad about it at all. And his father, Count Garins had taken him from prison, summoned the knights of the land and the young ladies, and organised a very great celebration, because he believed it would comfort his son, Aucassin. When the celebration was at its peak, Aucassin was leaning on a balcony, completely sorrowful and dejected. Whoever looked joyous, Aucassin did not have any desire for it, when he saw nothing of that which he loved there. A knight looked at him, came towards him, then called him.

- Aucassin, he says, I have been sick with a malady such as yours. I will give you advice, if you wish to believe me.

- Sir, Aucassin says, great thanks. I would hold good advice dear.

- Climb up on a horse, he says, go away by that forest to get yourself back together; also you will see the flowers and the grass there and you will hear the small birds sing. By chance you will hear some word that will make you better.

- Sir, Aucassin says, great thanks. I will do.

He slipped away from the hall, went down the stairs, and came to the stable where his horse was. He had the saddle and the bridle placed on him; he placed his foot in the stirrup then climbed up, left the castle, continued until he came to the forest, and rode until he came to the spring, and found the herd-boys around noon. They had a cloak spread out on the grass, eating their bread and enjoying themselves so much.

Or diënt et content et fabloient.

Nicolete eut faite le loge, si con vos avés oï et entendu, molt bele et mout gente; si l'ot bien forrée dehors et dedens de flors et de foilles; si se repost delés le loge en un espés buison por savoir que Aucassins feroit. Et li cris et li noise ala par tote le tere et par tot le païs que Nicolete estoit perdue. Li auquant diënt qu'ele en estoit fuïe, et li autre diënt que li quens Garins l'a faite mordrir. Qui qu'en eüst joie, Aucassins n'en fu mie liés. Et li quens Garins ses péres le first metre hors de prison; si manda les cevaliers de le tere et les damoiseles, si fist faire une mot rice feste, por çou qu'il cuida Aucassin son fil conforter. Quoi que li feste estoit plus plaine, et Aucassins fu apoiiés a une puïe tos dolans et tos souples. Qui que demenast joie, Aucassins n'en ot talent, qu'il n'i veoit rien de çou qu'il amoit. Uns cevaliers le regarda, si vint a lui, si l'apela:

- Aucassins, fait il, d'ausi fait mal con vos avés ai je esté malades. Je vos donrai bon consel, se vos me volés croire.
- Sire, fait Aucassins, grans mercis! Bon consel aroie je cier.
- Montés sor un ceval, fait il, s'alés selonc cele forest esbanoiier; si verrés ces flors et ces herbes, s'orrés ces oisellons canter. Par aventure orrés tel parole dont mix vos iert.
- Sire, fait Aucassins, grans mercis! Si ferai jou. Il s'enble de la sale, s'avale les degrés, si vient en l'estable ou ses cevaus estoit. Il fait metre le sele et le frain; il met pié en estrier si monte, et ist del castel, et erra tant qu'il vint a le forest, et cevauca tant qu'il vint a le fontaine, et trove les pastoriax au point de none; s'avoient une cape estendue sor l'erbe, si mangoient lor pain et faisoient mout trés grant joie.

It is sung now:

Herd-boys together that day:

Esmeré and Marinet,

Fruëlins and Johanet,

Robeçons and Aubriet.

And one of them was heard to say

- fair friend. God help Aucassinet,

That youth, truly, straight away

And the girl in the tunic yesterday,

With hair the colour of hay,

Bright face, and eyes pure grey,

Who gave us all our pay.

We will buy cakes this way,

And sheaths, knives to display,

Flutes and horns to play,

Clubs, whistles soon someday.

God be his healer!

Or se cante./Or s'asanlent pastouret,/Esmerés et Martinés,/Fruëlins et Johanés,/Robeçons et Aubriés./Li uns dist:-Bel conpaignet,/Dix aït Aucasinet,/Voire, a

foi! le bel vallet;/Et le mescine au (cors corset,/Qui avoit le poil blondet,/Cler le vis, et l'oeul vairet,/Ki nos dona denerés,/Dont acatrons gastelés,/Gaïnes et coutelés,/Flaüsteles et cornés,/Maçuëles et pipés./Dix le ga-ris-se!

Now it is said, shared and recounted:

When Aucassin heard the herd-boys, he thought of Nicolette, his very sweet companion, whom he loved so much, and realised that she must have been there. And he spurred the horse on, and came to the herd-boys.

- Fair children, God help you there!

- God bless you! says more eloquent one.

- Fair children, he says, repeat the song that you were singing just now!

- We will not sing it, says the one who is more eloquent than the others. Whoever sings it to you will have misfortune, fair sir!

- Fair children, Aucassin says, do you not know me?

- Yes, we knew well that you are Aucassin, our young lord, but we are not yours, we are the Count's.

- Fair children, I beg of you!

- Hear us, by the Heart of God!, says the one, Why would I sing for you, if it did not suit me? There is no man so rich in this country, except the Count Garins, that if he found my oxen or my cows or my sheep in his fields or in his wheat, would be bold enough to lose an eye dare he chase them away. And why would I sing for you, if it did not suit me?

- So God help you, fair children! You will do it! And take ten coins, which I have here in a purse.

- Sir, the coins we will take, but I will not sing to you, because I have sworn it; but I will tell it to you if you wish.

- God be with you, Aucassin says, I still prefer telling to nothing.

-Sir, we were here a little while ago, around noon and were eating our bread at this spring, just as we do right now; and a young girl came here, the most beautiful thing in the world, and we believed that this may well have been a fairy, and that all the wood shone from her. And she gave us so much of what she had, that we had an agreement: if you came here, we would tell you that you we would tell you to go chasing something in this forest; that there is a beast, and if you could capture it, you would not give one of its limbs for five hundred marks of silver, or for any riches;

for the beast has such medicine that, if you can capture it, you will be cured of your malady; but you must have captured it within three days, and if you have not, you will never see it. Now chase it, if you wish, or, if you wish, leave it, for I kept my agreement.

- Fair children, Aucassin says, you have told me enough about it, and may God let me find it!

Or diënt et content et fabloient.

Quant Aucassins oï les pastoriax, si li sovint de Nicolete, se trés douce amie qu'il tant amoit, et si se pensa qu'ele avoit la esté. Et il hurte le ceval des esperons, si vint as pastoriax.
- Bel enfant, Dix vos i aït!
- Dix vos benie! fait cil qui fu plus enparlés des autres.
- Bel enfant, fait il, redites le cançon que vos disiés ore!
- Nous n'i dirons, fait cil qui plus fu enparlés des autres; dehait ore qui por vous i cantera, biax sire!
- Bel enfant, fait Aucassins, enne me conissiés vos?
-Oïl, nos savions bien que vos estes Aucassins nos damoisiax, mais nos ne somes mie a vos, ains somes au conte.
- Bel enfant, si ferés, je vos en pri!
- Os por le cuer bé! fait cil. Por quoi canteroie je por vos, s'il ne me seoit? Quant il n'a si rice home en cest païs, sans le cors le conte Garin, s'il trovoit mes bues ne mes vaces ne mes brebis en ses prés n'en sen forment, qu'il fust mie tant hardis por les ex a crever, qu'il les en ossast cacier. Et por quoi canteroie je por vos, s'il ne me seoit?
- Se Dix vos aït, bel enfant, si ferés! Et tenés dis sous que j'ai ci en une borse.
- Sire, les deniers prenderons nos, mais je ne vos canterai mie, car j'en ai juré; mais je le vos conterai se vos volés.
- De par Diu! fait Aucassins. Encor aim je mix conter que nïent.
- Sire, nos estiiens orains ci, entre prime et tierce, si mangiëns no pain a ceste fontaine, ausi con nos faisons ore; et une pucele vint ci, li plus bele riens du monde, si que nos quidames que ce fust une fée, et que tos cis bos en esclarci. Si nos dona tant del sien, que nos li eümes en covent, se vos veniés ci, nos vos desisiens que vos alissiés cacier en ceste forest; qu'il i a une beste que, se vos le poiiés prendre, vos n'en donriiés mie un des menbres por cinc cenz mars d'argent, ne por nul avoir; car li beste a tel mecine que, se vos le poés prendre, vos serés garis de vo mehaig; et dedens trois jors le vos covient avoir prisse, et se vos ne l'avés prise, jamais ne le verrés. Or le caciés se vos volés et se vos volés si le laisciés, car je m'en sui bien acuités vers li.
- Bel enfant, fait Aucassins, assés en avés dit, et Dix le me laist trover!

It is sung now:

Aucassin heard the words for

His friend’s form and her valor

The words pierced him more and more.

He left the herds boys in his ardor,

Entered the deep forest core,

His horse walking faster than before,

Galloping the forest floor.

He said three words in his fervour:

- Nicolette, your self, your valor,

For you I came to this woodland's door.

I chase neither stag nor boar.

For you follow tracks with vigor:

Your grey eyes, your form's valor,

Your fair laugh, your words' succor

Have my heart dying in dolor.

If it please God, my strong Creator,

Seeing you again is all my honor,

My sweet friend, my sister

Or se cante./Aucassins o-ï les mos/De s'amie o le gent cors;/Mout li entrerent el cors./Des pastoriax se part tost,/Si entra el parfont bos./Li destriers li anble tost,/Bien l'enporte les galos./Or parla, s'a dit trois mos:/— Nicolete o le gent cors,/Por vos sui venus en bos;/Je ne caç ne cerf ne porc,/Mais por vos siu les esclos./Vo vair oiel et vos gens cors,/Vos biax ris et vos dox mos/Ont men cuer navré a mort./Se Dix plaist le Pére fort,/Je vous reverai encor,/Suer, douce a-mi-e!

Now it is said, shared and recounted:

Aucassin went through the forest from one path to another, and his horse, carried him at great speed. Do not believe for a moment that the briars and thorns left him unscathed! No, not at all; they tore his clothing so that you could hardly tie the most intact patch together, and blood came from his arms and sides and legs in thirty or forty places, and after him one could follow the trail of blood that fell on the grass. But he thought so much about Nicolette, his sweet companion, that he felt no hurt or pain. And he went through the forest like this, having no news of her. And when he saw that evening was approaching, he began to cry because he had not found anything. He was riding along a grassy path, looked before him and saw a youth. I will tell you what he was like. He was tall, wondrous, monstrous and hideous; with a large head rougher than a piece of coal, more than a full hand's breadth between his eyes, huge cheeks, and a vast flat nose, with broad nostrils, big lips redder than a piece of steak, and yellow monstrous teeth; and was wearing hosen and boots of cow hide banded with linden bark up to the knee; and he was wrapped in a cloak made of two reverse sides; moreover, he was leaning on a massive club. Aucassin hurried forwards but had great fear when he looked upon him.

- Fair brother, May God help you there!

- God bless you, he says.

- So, God help you, what are you doing there?

- What concern is it of yours?

- None, Aucassin says; I just meant well.

- But why are you crying in such grief?, he says. Surely, if I were as rich a man as you are, the entire world could not make me cry.

- Bah! Do you know me? Aucassin says.

- Yes, I know well that you are Aucassin, the Count's son; and if you tell me why you are crying, I will tell you what I am doing here.

- Surely, Aucassin says, I will tell you very willingly. This morning, I came for the chase in this forest, and I had a white greyhound, the most beautiful one of this age, then I lost it her; that is why I am crying.

- Listen! he says, by the Heart that the Lord had in His Chest, you cried for some stinking hound? Whoever respects you will have bad misfortune, when there is not a man so rich in this land, that if your father demanded ten or fifteen or twenty of him, he would not give them only too willingly, and be glad about it. But I myself must cry and be in sorrow.

- And you: from what, brother?

- Sir, I will tell you. I was hired by a rich peasant farmer to run his plough-team; he had four oxen. Now, three days ago, a great misadventure happened to me, when I lost Roget, the best ox of my plough-team, so I am looking for him. I have not eaten or drunk the past three days; and I do not dare go to the town. They would put me in prision, when I do not have what I would need to pay. Of all the riches in the world, I do not have nothing more valuable than what you see on my body. I had an abject mother: she did not have anything more valuable than a poor mattress.They dragged it away from under her back. Now she lies only on straw; that weighs more heavily on me than my own problems.For wealth goes and comes; if I have lost now, I will gain another time. I will pay for my ox when I can; I will never cry for that.

And you cried for a gutter hound! Whoever respects you will have bad misfortune.

- You are certainly a good comfort, fair brother; may you be blessed! And what was your ox worth?

- Sir they ask me for twenty coins; I cannot even pay a half-coin of it.

- Now take, Aucassin says, twenty that I have here in my purse, and pay for your ox!

- Sir, he says, great thanks! And may God let you find the thing you seek!

Aucassin left him, and rode on. The night was beautiful and calm, and he went on until he came to a path where seven ways fork, so looked before him and saw the bower that Nicolette had made; and the bower was lined with flowers outside, within, in front and above, and was so beautiful that nothing more fair could exist. When Aucassin saw it, he stopped at once. The rays of the moon glowed in it.

- Oh, God! Aucassin says, here was Nicolette my sweet companion, and she built this with her beautiful hands. For its sweetness and for her love, I will dismount here now, and I will rest here the rest of the night.

He took his foot out of the stirrup to dismount, but the horse was great and high. Aucassin thought so much about Nicolette, his very sweet companion, that he fell so hard on a stone that his shoulder dislocated. He felt much pain, but tried as best as he could and fastened his horse to a thorn bush, then rolled on his side, until he lay on his back in the bower. And, he looked out through a hole in the bower, and saw heaven's stars, and that there was one brighter than the others, and he started to say:

Or diënt et content et fabloient.

Aucassins ala par le forest de voie en voie, et li destriers l'en porta grant aleüre. Ne quidiés mie que les ronces et les espines l'esparnaiscent! Nenil niënt; ains li desronpent ses dras qu'a painnes peüst on nouer desus el plus entier, et que li sans li isci des bras et des costés et des ganbess en quarante lius u en trente, qu'aprés le vallet peüst on suïr le trace du sanc qui caoit sor l'erbe. Mais il pensa tant a Nicolete sa douce amie qu'il ne sentoit ne mal ne dolor. Et ala tote jor parmi le forest si faitement que onques n'oï noveles de li. Et quant il vit que li vespres aproçoit, si comença a plorer por çou qu'il ne le trovoit. Tote une viés voie herbeuse cevaucoit, s'esgarda devant lui enmi le voie, si vit un vallet tel con je vos dirai. Grans estoit et mervellex et lais et hidex; il avoit une grande hure plus noire q'une carbouclée, et avoit plus de planne paume entre deus ex, et avoit unes grandes joes, et un grandisme nés plat, et unes grans narines lées, et unes grosses lévres plus rouges d'une carbounée, et uns grans dens gaunes et lais, et estoit cauciés d'uns housiax et d'uns sollers de buef fretés de tille dusque deseure le genol; et estoit afulés d'une cape a deus envers; si estoit apoiiés sor une grande maçue. Aucassins s'enbati sor lui, s'eut grant paor quant il le sorvit.

- Biax frére, Dix t'i aït!
- Dix vos benie! fait cil.
- Se Dix t'aït, que fais tu ilec?
- A vos que monte? fait cil.
- Niënt, fait Aucassins; je nel vos demant se por bien non.

- Mais por quoi plourés vos, fait cil, et faites si fait duel? Certes, se j'estoie ausi rices hom que vos estes, tos li mons ne me feroit mie plorer.
- Ba! me connissiés vos? fait Aucassins.
- Oje, je sai bien que vos estes Aucassins li fix le conte; et se vos me dites por quoi vos plorés, je vos dirai que je faç ci.
- Certes, fait Aucassins, je le vos dirai molt volentiers. Je vig hui matin cacier en ceste forest, s'avoie un blanc levrier, le plus bel del siecle, si l'ai perdu; por ce pleur jou.
- Os! fait cil, por le cuer que cil sires eut en sen ventre! que vos plorastes por un cien puant! Mal dehait ait qui jamais vos prisera, quant il n'a si rice home en ceste terre, se vos péres l'en mandoit dis u quinze u vint qu'il ne les eüst trop volentiers donés, et s'en esteroit trop liés. Mais je doi plorer et dol faire.

- Et tu de quoi, frére?

- Sire, je le vous dirai. J'estoie luiés a un rice vilain, si caçoie se carue; quatre bues i avoit. Or a trois jors qu'il m'avint une grande malaventure, que je perdi le mellor de mes bues, Roget, le mellor de me carue, si le vois querant. Si ne mengai ne ne buç trois jors a passés; si n'os aler a le vile, c'on me metroit en prison, que je ne l'ai de quoi saure. De tot l'avoir du monde n'ai je plus vaillant que vos veés sor le cors de mi. Une lasse mere avoie, si n'avoit plus vaillant que une keutisele, si li a on sacie de desous le dos, si gist a pur l'estrain; si m'en poise assés plus que de mi. Car avoirs va et vient; se j'ai or perdu, je gaaignerai une autre fois, si sorrai mon buef quant je porrai; ne ja por çou n'en plouerai. Et vos plorastes por un cien de longaigne! Mal dehait ait qui jamais vos prisera!
- Certes tu es de bon confort, biax frere; que benois soies tu! Et que valoit tes bues?
- Sire vint sous m'en demande on; je n'en puis mie abatre une seule maaille.
- Or tien, fait Aucassins, vint que j'ai ci en me borse, si sol ten buef!
- Sire, fait il, grans mercis! Et Dix vos laist trover ce que vos querés!

Il se part de lui; Aucassins si cevauce. La nuis fu bele et quoie, et il erra tant qu'il vint a la voie u li set cemin aforkent, si esgarda devant lui si vit le loge que Nicolete avoit faite; et le loge estoit forrée defors et dedens et par deseure et devant de flors, et estoit si bele que plus ne pooit estre. Quant Aucassins le perçut, si s'aresta tot a un fais, et li rais de le lune feroit ens.

- E Dix! fait Aucassins, ci fu Nicolete me douce amie, et ce first ele a ses beles mains. Por le douçour de li et por s'amor me descenderai je ore ci, et m'i reposerai anuit mais.

Il mist le pié fors de l'estrier por descendre, et li cevaus fu grans et haus. Il pensa tant a Nicolete se trés douce amie, qu'il caï si durement sor une piére que l'espaulle li vola hors du liu. Il se senti molt blecié, mais il s'efforça tant au mix qu'il peut, et ataca son ceval a l'autre main a une espine; si se torna sor costé, tant qu'il vint tos souvins en le loge. Et il garda parmi un trau de le loge, si vit les estoiles el ciel, s'en i vit une plus clére des autres, si conmença a dire:

It is sung now:

- Little star, I see you there

The moon draws to it in air.

Nicolette's with you, I declare,

My friend with the flaxen hair.

I believe that God would spare

Her to be the night's bright flare.

Whatever fails, I do not care

May I be with you up there!

Ever I would kiss you near.

If I was a king's son somewhere

It would suit you well, so dear,

My sweet friend, my sister.

Or se cante./-Estoile-te, je te voi,/Que la lune trait a soi;/Nicolete est aveuc toi,/M'amiëte o le blont poil./Je quid (que) Dix le veut avoir/Por la lumiére de soir./*[Three lines missing from original ms.*]:.....…/.....…/.....…/Que que fust du recaoir,/Que fuisse lassus o toi!/Ja te baiseroie estroit./Se j'estoie fix a roi,/S'afferriés vos bien a moi,/Suer, douce a-mi-e!

Now it is said, shared and recounted:

When Nicolette heard Aucassin, she came to him, for she was not far away. She came into the bower and threw her arms round his neck, then kissed and embraced him:
- Fair sweet friend, welcome here.

- And you, beautiful sweet companion, welcome here.

They kissed each other and kept their arms around each other. Their joy was beautiful.

- Ah! Sweet companion, Aucassin says my shoulder was badly injured, but now I feel no hurt or pain since I have you!

She felt his shoulder and found that it was out of place. She touched it with her white hands and manipulated it, and as God, who loves lovers, wanted, it went back into place. And then she took some flowers, fresh grass and green leaves, then bound them to his shoulder with a piece of her blouse , and was completely cured.

- Aucassin, she says, fair sweet friend, take my advice about what you will do! If your father has this forest searched tomorrow, and they find me, whatever happens to you, they will kill me.

- Certainly, beautiful sweet companion, I would grieve so very much about that! But if I can have you, they will never take you.

He climbed up on his horse, and lifted his companion in front of him, kissing and embracing; then they set out to the open field.

Or diënt et content et fabloient.

Quant Nicolete oï Aucassin, ele vint a lui, car ele n'estoit mie lonc. Ele entra en la loge, si li jeta ses bras au col, si le baisa et acola.

- Biax doux amis, bien soiiés vos trovés!
- Et vos, bele douce amie, soiés li bien trovée!

Il s'entrebaissent et acolent, si fu la joie bele.

- Ha! douce amie, fait Aucassins, j'estoie ore molt bleciés en m'espaulle, et or ne senç ne mal ne dolor puis que je vos ai! Ele le portasta et trova qu'il avoit l'espaulle hors du liu. Ele le mania tant a ses blances mains et porsaca, si con Dix le vaut, qui les amans ainme, qu'ele revint a liu. Et puis si prist des flors et de l'erbe fresce et des fuelles verdes, si le loia sus au pan de sa cemisse, et il fu tox garis.

- Aucassins, fait ele, biaus dox amis, prendés consel que vous ferés! Se vos péres fait demain cerquier ceste forest, et on me trouve, que que de vous aviegne, on m'ocira.

- Certes, bele douce amie, j'en esteroie molt dolans! Mais se je puis, il ne vos tenront ja.

Il monta sor son ceval, et prent s'amie devant lui, baisant et acolant; si se metent as plains cans.

It is sung now:

Fair Aucassin, with his hair's light color,

In love, noble with valor,

Left the deep wood forever,

His love in his arms still true,

Before him on the saddle once more,

Kissed her eyes, her brow in honor

And her chin, her mouth's bright color.

She addressed him as before:

- Aucassin, fair friend, what will we do -

What strange land will we go to?

- Sweet friend, I wish I knew:

I do not mind which land we go through,

A far-off place or in forest anew,

But may I ever be with you!

They pass the mountains, the valley's floor,

Small towns and cities more and more.

At day, they came to the sea's roar.

On sand, dismounted for the shore -

The shore, together.

Or se cante./Aucassins li biax, li blons,/Li gentix, li a-mor-ous./Est issus del gaut parfont,/Entre ses bras ses amors/Devant lui sor son arçon./Les ex li baise et le front,/Et le bouce et le menton./Ele l'a mis a raison:/- Aucassins, biax amis dox,/En quel tere en irons nous?/ - Douce amie, que sai jou?/Moi ne caut u nous aillons,/En forest u en destor,/Mais que je soie aveuc vous!/Passent les vaus et les mons,/Et les viles et les bors;/A la mer vinrent au jor,/Si descendent u sablon,/Lés le ri-va-ge.

Now it is said, shared and recounted:

Aucassin dismounted, together with his companion, as you have heard and understood. He held his horse's rein and his companion's hand, and they started to go along the shore. [They saw a merchant ship]. He signaled to them, and they came to him. He charmed them so much that

they were both allowed onto the ship. And when they were on the high sea, a storm rose so great and wondrous that it drove them from land to land, until they arrived in a strange place, and entered the harbour of the castle of Torelore. Then they asked what land it was; and they were told that it was the King of Torelore's land. Then Aucassin asked what sort of man the King was, and if there was any war; and was told:

- Yes, great war.

He took leave of the merchants, and they praised him to God. He climbed up on his horse, with his sword girded, his companion in front of him, and rode until they came to the castle. He asks where the King was, and was told that the King was lying in bed and was at the end of a pregnancy.

- In that case, where is his wife?

And he was told that she was is in the army, and had led it for the country. Aucassin heard that, puzzled. He came to the palace and dismounted, together with his companion. She held his horse, and he went up to the palace, with his sword girded, and continued until he came to the chamber where the King was lying.

Or diënt et content et fabloient,

Aucassins fu descendus entre lui et s'amie, si con vous avés oï et entendu. Il tint son ceval par le resne et s'amie par le main, si conmencent aler selonc le rive Il les acena, et il vinrent a lui; si fist tant vers aus qu'il le missent en lor nef. Et quant il furent en haute mer, une tormente leva, grande et mervelleuse, qui les mena de tere en tere, tant qu'il arivérent en une tere estragne, et entrérent el port du castel de Torelore. Puis demandérent qués terre c'estoit; et on lor dist que c'estoit le terre le roi de Torelore. Puis demanda quex hon c'estoit, ne s'il avoit gerre; et on li dist:

- Oïl, grande.

Il prent congié as marceans, et cil le conmandérent a Diu. Il monte sor son ceval, s'espée çainte, s'amie devant lui, et erra tant qu'il vint el castel. Il demande u li rois estoit, et on li dist qu'il gissoit d'enfent.

- Et u est dont se fenme?

Et on li dist qu'ele est en l'ost, et si i avoit mené tox ciax du païs. Et Aucassins l'oï, si li vint a grant mervelle. Et vint au palais et descendi entre lui et s'amie; et ele tint son ceval, et il monta u palais, l'espée çainte, et erra tant qu'il vint en le canbre u li rois gissoit.

It is sung now:

Auscassin came to the room promptly,

Noble and courtly,

Went to the bed to see

The King lying there strangely.

Before the bed he stopped suddenly

And spoke (listen to what was said, carefully)

- Heavens! Lunatic! What of your country?

The King says: I await a son expectantly

When the time comes - then I'm free.

When my term's up and I'm healthy,

I'll hear the Mass properly

Like my ancestor's before me,

Then encourage the war fully

Against my every enemy,

And leave it never.

Or se cante,/En le canbre entre Aucassins,/Li cortois et li gentis;/Il est venus dusque au lit,/Alec u li rois se gist;/Par devant lui s'arestit,/Si parla, oés que dist/- Diva! faus, que fais tu ci?/Dist li rois:- Je gis d'un fil./Quant mes mois sera conplis,/Et je sarai bien garis,/Dont irai le messe oïr,/Si com mes ancestres fist,/Et me grant guerre esbaudir/Encontre mes anemis;/Nel lai-rai mi-e.

Now it is said, shared and recounted:

When Aucassin heard the King speak like that, he took all the sheets which were on top of him and flung them down the chamber. He saw a stick behind him; he took it, turned, and hit him within an inch of his life.

- Ah!, fair sir, says the King, what are you asking of me? Are you out of your mind, to hit me in my own house?

- By the heart of God!, says Aucassin, evil whore-son, I will kill you if you d not promise that a man will not be able to claim that he is pregnant in your land.

The King agreed, and once he had agreed:

- Sir, says Aucassin, now lead me to the placce where your wife is in the army.

- Sir, willingly, says the King.

He climbed up on his horse, and Aucassin climbed up on his, and Nicolette remained in the Queen's chambers. And the King and Aucassin rode until they came to the Queen, and found the battle was being fought with roasted apples from the woods, and eggs and fresh cheeses. And Aucassin began to watch this, wondering at it intensely.

Or diënt et content et fabloient.

Quant Aucassins oï ensi le roi parler, il prist tox les dras qui sor lui estoient si les houla aval le canbre. Il vit deriére lui un baston; il le prist, si torne, si fiert, si le bati tant que mort le dut avoir.

-Ha! biax sire, fait li rois, que me demandés vos? Avés vos le sens dervé, qui en me maison me batés?

- Par le cuer Diu! fait Aucassins, malvais fix a putain, je vos ocirai se vos ne m'afiés que jamais hom en vo tere d'enfant ne gerra!

Il li afie; et quant il li ot afié:

- Sire, fait Aucassins, or me menés la u vostre fenme est en l'ost!

- Sire, volentiers fait li rois.

Il monte sor un ceval, et Aucassins monte sor le sien, et Nicolete remest es canbres la roïne. Et li rois et Aucassins cevauciérent tant qu'il vinrent la u la roïne estoit, et trovérent la bataille de pom(e)s de bos waumonnés et d'ueus et de frés fromages. Et Aucassins les conmença a regarder, se s'en esmervella molt durement.

It is sung now:

Aucassin halted right away,

Leant on his saddle to wait and stay

To watch the battle underway:

So grand, so great a display.

They had brought to the affray:

Cheese made ready for the day,

Cooked apples from woods faraway,

Big mushrooms used to the field, anyway.

Who hits the ford most that day

Is called lord in this warplay.

Aucassin, with his noble way,

Watched the battle underway,

Began such laughter.

Or se cante./Aucassins est a-rest-és/Sor son arçon acoutés,/Si coumence a regarder/Ce plenier estor canpel./II avoient aportés/Des fromages frés assés,/Et puns de bos waumonés,/Et grans canpegneus canpés./Cil qui mix torble les gués/Est li plus sire clamés./Aucassins, li prex, li ber,/Les coumence a regarder,/S'en prist a ri-re.

Now it is said, shared and recounted:

When Aucassin saw that spectacle, he came to the King and addressed him:

- Sir, says Aucassin, are these men your enemies?

- Yes, sir, says the King.

- Would you like me to avenge you against them?

- Yes, he says, willingly.

Aucassin placed his hand on his sword, hurled himself amongst them, began to swing the sword from right to left, and started trying to kill his enemies. And when the King saw that he was starting to kill them, he took him by the bridle and said:

- Ah!, fair sir, you should not kill them.

- How, says Aucassin, do you wish me to avenge you?

- Sir, said the King, you have avenged me too much. It is not our custom to kill one another.

They turned in flight; and the King and Aucassin returned to the castle of Torelore. And the people of the country advised the King to cast Aucassin out of the land, and then detain Nicolette for his son, as she seemed to be a fine woman of high lineage. And Nicolette heard the plan and was not glad about it at all. She started to say:

Or diënt et content et flabent.

Quant Aucassins vit cele mervelle, si vint au roi si l'apele:
- Sire, fait Aucassins, sont ce ci vostre anemi?
- Oïl, sire, fait li rois.
- Et vouriiés vos que je vos en venjasse?
- Oje, fait il, volentiers.

Et Aucassins met le main a l'espée, si se lance enmi ax, si conmence a ferir a destre et a senestre, s'en ocit molt. Et quant li rois vit qu'il les ocioit, il le prent par le frain et dist:
-Ha! biax sire, ne les ociés mie si faitement!
- Conment, fait Aucassins, en volés vos que je vos venge?
- Sire, dist li rois, trop en avés vos fait. Il n'est mie costume que nos entrocions li uns l'autre.

Cil tornent en fuies; et li rois et Aucassins s'en repairent au castel de Torelore. Et les gens del païs diënt au roi qu'il cast Aucassin(s) fors de sa tere, et si detiegne Nicolete aveuc son fil, qu'ele sanbloit bien fenme de haut lignage. Et Nicolete l'oï, si n'en fu mie lie, si conmença a dire:

It is sung now:

- King of Torelore, country's soul,

Now speaks the fair Nicole:

They take me for a foolish doll.

When my sweet friend’s arms I hold

All feels soft and round and whole.

Am I then to play such a role?

Play, as in some chess-game, old,

Dancing out a carol,

Hearing harp, fiddle and viol,

Are worth love never

Or se cante./-Sire rois de To-re-lo-re,/Ce dist la bele Nichole,/Vostre gens me tient por fole./Quant mes dox amis m'acole,/Et il me sent grasse et mole,/Dont sui jou a tele escole,/Baus, ne tresce, ne carole,/Harpe, gigle, ne viole,/Ne deduis de la nimpole/N'i vauroit mi-e.

Now it is said, shared and recounted:

Aucassin was in the castle of Torelore, with Nicolette his companion, in great ease and great contentment, for she was with him, Nicolette his sweet companion whom he loved so much. While he was at ease in that contentment, a fleet of Saracens came by sea, attacked the castle and took it by force. From it, they took the riches and lead away men and women as captives. They took Nicolette and Aucassin, binding Aucassin hand and foot, and throwing him on one ship and Nicolette on another. Then a storm rose on the sea, separating them. The ship carrying Aucassin went drifting by sea so much that it arrived at the castle of Biaucare; and the people of the country ran to the wreck, found Aucassin, and recognised him. When those people of Biaucaire saw their young lord, they were overjoyed; for Aucassin had stayed three years at the castle of Torelore, and his father and mother were dead. They took him to the Biaucare Castle. They all became his men and he kept his land in peace.

Or diënt et content et flaboient.

Aucassins fu el castel de Torelore, et Nicolete s'amie, a grant aise et a grant deduit, car il avoit aveuc lui Nicolete sa douce amie que tant amoit. En ço qu'il estoit en tel aisse et en tel deduit, et uns estores de Sarrasins vinrent par mer s'asalirent au castel si le prissent par force. Il prissent l'avoir, s'en menérent caitis et kaitives. Il prissent Nicolete et Aucassin, et si loiérent Aucassin les mains et les piés, et si le jetérent en une nef et Nicolete en une autre. Si leva une tormente par mer qui les espartist. Li nés u Aucassins estoit ala tant par mer waucrant qu'ele ariva au castel de Biaucaire; et les gens du païs cururent au lagan, si trovérent Aucassin, si le reconurent. Quant cil de Biaucaire virent lor damoisel, s'en fisent grant joie; car Aucassins avoit bien més u castel de Torelore trois ans, et ses péres et se mére estoient mort. Il le menérent u castel de Biaucaire, si devinrent tot si home; si tint se tere en pais.

It is sung now:

So Aucassin returned astray

To Biaucaire, his city faraway,

Country and kingdom now at bay,

He kept them at peace everyday,

Swears by God's Majestic Sway,

That he grieves more each day

Nicolette's bright face, away -

More than family, be as it may,

If they were all gone today.

- Sweet friend, your bright face, away,

Now I know not where you stay.

God never made a kingdom, anyway,

By the land or the sea's spray,

Where I would not search some way

To find you ever.

Or se cante./Aucassins s'en est a-lés/A Biaucaire sa ci-té;/Le païs et le regné/Tint trestout en quiteé./Jure Diu de Maïsté,/Qu'il li poise plus assés/De Nicholete au vis cler,/Que de tot sen parenté,/S'il estoit a fin alés./- Douce amie o le vis cler,/Or ne vous sai u quester./Ainc Dius ne fist ce regné,/Ne par terre ne par mer,/Se t'i quidoie trover,/Ne t'i que-sis-ce!

Now it is said, shared and recounted:

Now we will leave Aucassin, and we will speak of Nicolette. The boat carrying Nicolette was that of the King of Carthagena, and he was her father, and she had twelve brothers, all of them princes or kings. When they saw how beautiful Nicolette was, they honoured her greatly and celebrated her; and they asked who she was often, for she truly seemed to be a noble woman of high lineage. But she could not tell them who she was, because she was captured as a small child. They sailed until they arrived at the foot of the city of Carthagena; and when Nicolette saw the castle walls and the country, she recalled that she had been raised there, and taken captive as a small child; but she was not so small a child that she might not know well that she had been the King of Carthagena's daughter, and that she had been raised in the city.

Or diënt et content et fabloient.

Or lairons d'Aucassin, si dirons de Nicolete. La nés u Nicolete estoit estoit le roi de Cartage, et cil estoit ses péres, et si avoit doze fréres, tox princes u rois. Quant il virent Nicolete si bele, se li portérent molt grant honor et fisent feste de li; et molt li demandérent qui ele estoit, car molt sanbloit bien gentix fenme et de haut lignage. Mais ele ne lor sot a dire qui ele estoit; car ele fu preée petis enfes. Il nagiérent tant qu'il arivérent desox le cité de Cartage; et quant Nicolete vit les murs del castel et le païs, ele se reconut qu'ele i avoit esté norie, et preée petis enfes; mais ele ne fu mie si petis enfes que ne seüst bien qu'ele avoit esté fille au roi de Cartage, et qu'ele avoit esté norie en le cité.

It is sung now:

Nicole, none more brave or sager,

Arrived on the shore a stranger,

Saw the walls and buildings closer,

The palaces, the halls before her,

And proclaimed, sadder:

- It was bad I came from a high order,

I was always a King's daughter,

Cousin to the Admiral Commander.

Savage people led me hither.

Aucassin, noble and sager,

Free lord, young defender,

Your love drives me further,

Calls and torments all together.

I ask to the Heavenly Power,

To let you hold me nearer,

In your arms, kiss the bright colour

Of my mouth, my face ever,

Young lord and defender

Or se cante./Nichole, li preus, li sage,/Est a-ri-vée a ri-va-ge;/Voit les murs et les astages,/Et les palais et les sales;/Dont si s’est clamée lasse:/- Tant mar fui de haut parage,/Ne fille au roi de Cartage,/Ne cousine l’amuaffle!/Ci me mainnent gent sauvage(s)./Aucassins, gentix et sages,/Frans damoisiax honorables,/Vos douces amors me hastent,/Et semonent et travaillent./Ce doinst Dix l'esperitables/C'oncor vous tiengne en me brace,/Et que vos baissiés me face,/Et me bouce et mon visage,/Damoi-siax si-re!

Now it is said, shared and recounted:

When the King of Carthagena heard Nicolette speak like that, he threw his arms around her neck.

- Beautiful sweet friend, he says, tell me who you are; do not be fearful of me!

- Sir, she says, I am the King of Carthagena's daughter, and I was captured as a small child fifteen years ago.

When they heard her speak like that, they knew well that she was speaking truthfully, and celebrated her greatly, then they took her to the palace in great honour, as the daughter of the King. They wished to give

her to a heathen King as her lord, but she did not care to marry. She was there three days or four. She wondered which method she could use to search for Aucassin. She sought out a viol and learned to play it; until one day they wished to marry her to a rich heathen King; and she slipped away at night, and came to the sea harbour and then took shelter living with a poor woman on the shore. Then she took a plant, applied it to her head and her face, and stained and tinted her skin. And she had a jacket, cloak, shirt and breeches made, then dressed in the guise of a minstrel. She took her viol, came to a mariner and charmed him so much that he allowed her on his ship. They set sail and sailed by the high seas so that they arrived in the land of Provence. And Nicolette disembarked, took her viol and went playing through the country until she came to the castle of Biaucaire, where Aucassin was.

Or diënt et content et fabloient.

Quant li rois de Cartage oï Nicolete ensi parler, il li geta ses bras au col.
- Bele douce amie, fait il, dites moi qui vos estes; ne vos esmaiiés mie de mi!
-Sire, fait ele, je sui fille au roi de Cartage, et fui preée petis enfes, bien a quinze ans. Quant il oïrent ensi parler, si seurent bien qu'ele disoit voir; si fissent de li molt grant feste, si le menérent u palais a grant honeur si conme fille de roi. Baron li vourent doner un roi de paiiens, mais ele n'avoit cure de marier. La fu bien trois jors u quatre. Ele se porpensa par quel engien ele porroit Aucassin querre. Ele quist une viële, s'aprist a viëler; tant c'on le vaut marier un jor a un roi, rice paiien; et ele s'enbla la nuit, si vint au port de mer, si se herbega ciés une povre fenme sor le rivage. Si prist une herbe, si en oinst son cief et son visage, si qu'ele fu tote noire et tainte. Et ele fist faire cote et mantel et cemisse et braies, si s'atorna a guise de jogleor. Si prist se viële, si vint a un marounier, se fist tant vers lui qu'il le mist en se nef. Il dreciérent lor voile, si nagiérent tant par haute mer qu'il arivérent en le terre de Provence. Et Nicolete issi fors, si prist se viële, si ala viëlant par le païs tant qu'ele vint au castel de Biaucaire, la u Aucassins estoit.

It is sung now:

Under the tower's splendor

Sat Biaucaire's Aucassin, as before,

On some steps outdoor,

Around him, lords with honor.

He saw the plants, the flowers' color

Heard the small birds' tenor,

Remembered his love once more:

Nicolette, with all her valor,

He loved for many days in ardor,

So his sighs and tears are evermore.

You, Nicole, on the steps outdoor

With viol, and bow to draw.

Now she sang in candor:

-Hear me, lords with honor,

Up there, down there, all-the-more!

Hear a song from this narrator,

Of Aucassin, a lord with honor

And Nicolette, with all her valor -

Their lasting love was his reason for

His searching the woods' arbor.

At the Castle of Torelore,

Heathens took them in furor.

Of Aucassin, we know nothing more

But Nicolette, with her valor

Stands on Cartage's castle-floor,

For her father loves her evermore.

He is the kingdom's lord and victor.

They want a lord for her suitor -

A heathen king, to abhor,

Whom Nicolette does not care for.

She loves a young lord with ardor:

Aucassin, the noble warrior,

She swears by God, her Creator,

She will never take that king, be traitor,

If she doesn’t have her lover, for

She wants him ever.

Or se cante./A Biaucaire sous la tor/Estoit Aucassins un jor;/La se sist sor un perron,/Entor lui si franc baron./Voit les herbes et les flors./S'oit canter les oisellons;/Menbre li de ses amors,/De Nicholete le prox,/Qu'il ot amée tans jors;/Dont jete souspirs et plors./Es vous Nichole au peron./Trait viële, trait arçon,/Or parla, dist sa raison:/-Escoutés moi, franc baron,/Cil d'aval et cil d'amont!/Plairoit vos oïr un son/D'Aucassin un franc baron,/De Nicholete la prous?/Tant durérent lor amors,/Qu'il le quist u gaut parfont./A Torelore u dongon/Les prissent paiien un jor./D'Aucassin rien ne savons;/Mais Nicolete la prous/Est a Cartage el donjon;/Car ses pére l'ainme mout,/Qui sire est de cel roion./Doner li volent baron/Un roi de paiiens felon./Nicolete n'en a soing,/Car ele aime un dansellon./Qui Aucassins avoit non,/Bien jure Diu et son non/Ja ne prendera baron,/S'ele n'a son ameor,/Que tant de-si-re.

Now it is said, shared and recounted:

When Aucassin heard Nicolette speak like that, he was very glad, drew her aside, and asked her:

- Fair sweet friend, says Aucassin, do you know anything of that Nicolette you have sung about here?

- Sir yes; I know of her as being one of the most noble creatures and one of the most courtly and one of the most sage that was ever born - and she is the daughter of the King of Carthagenia, who captured her when Aucassin was taken, and brought her to the city of Carthagenia. When he knew that she was his daughter, he celebrated her greatly. Everyday, they want to give her a lord, one of the highest Kings in all of Spain. But she would let herself hang or burn rather than take any, however rich he was.

- Ah! Fair sweet friend, says Count Aucassin, if you wanted to return to that land, and you told her to come speak with me, I would give you so much of my riches - such that you would not dare to ask for or take. And know that, for the love of her, I do not want a wife, however high her rank, but I wait for her. I will never have a wife, if not her. And if I knew where to find her, I would not have to search for her now.

- Sir, she says, if you did this, I would go seeking her for you, and for her whom I love very much.

He promised to her, and she had him give twenty pounds. She departed from him, and he cried for the sweetness of Nicolette. And when she saw him crying:

- Sir, she says, do not be dismayed; in a short time, I will have brought her to this town for you, and you will see her.

And when Aucassin heard that, he was very glad about it. And she departed from him, and went to the town, to the Viscountess' house, for the Viscount, her godfather, was dead. She took shelter there, and spoke to her until she confessed her situation. The Viscountess recognised her, and knew well that this was Nicolette and that she had raised her. After first washing and bathing, she stayed with her eight full days, and she brightened her skin with a healing plant, and was as beautiful as she had ever been on any day. She dressed herself in rich silk cloth, of which the lady had enough, and in the chamber she sat on a silk quilted coverlet. She called the lady and told her that she may go for Aucassin, her companion. And she did so. And when she came to the palace, she found Aucassin, who was crying and lamenting Nicolette his companion, for she lingered away so much. And the lady called him and told him:

- Aucassin, now do not lament anymore, but come away with me. I will show you the thing you love most in the world; for it is Nicolette, your sweet companion, who has come searching for you from lands far away.

And Aucassin was glad.

Or diënt et content et flablent.

Quant Aucassins oï ensi parler Nicolete, il fu molt liés; si le traist d'une part, se li demanda:

- Biax dous amis, fait Aucassins, savés vos niënt de cele Nicolete dont vos avés ci canté?

- Sire, oje; j'en sai con de le plus France creature et de le plus gentil et de le plus sage qui onques fust née. Si est fille au roi de Cartage, qui le prist la u Aucassins fu pris, si le mena en le cité de Cartage, tant qu'il seut bien que c'estoit se fille; si en fist molt grant feste. Si li veut on doner cascun jor baron un des plus haus rois de tote Espaigne. Mais ele se lairoit ançois pendre u ardoir qu'ele en presist nul, tant fust rices.

- Ha! biax dox amis, fait li quens Aucassins, se vous voliiés raler en cele terre, se li dississciés qu'ele venist a mi parler, je vos donroie de mon avoir tant con vos en

oseriés demander ne prendre. Et saciés que por l'amor de li ne voul je prendre fenme, tant soit de haut parage, ains l'atenç, ne ja n'arai fenme se li non. Et se je le seüsce u trover, je ne l'eüsce ore mie a querre.

- Sire, fait ele, se vos çou faissiés, je l'iroie querre, por vos et por li que je molt aim.

Il li afie, et puis se li fait doner vint livres. Ele se part de lui, et il pleure por le douçor de Nicolete. Et quant ele le voit plorer:

- Sire, fait ele, ne vos esmaiiés pas; que dusqu'a pou le vos arai en ceste vile amenée, se que vos le verres.

Et quant Aucassins l'oï, si en fu molt liés. Et ele se part de lui, si traist en le vile a le maison le viscontesse, car li visquens ses parrins estoit mors. Ele se herbega la, si parla a li tant qu'ele li gehi son afaire, et que le viscontesse le recounut, et seut bien que c'estoit Nicolete, et qu'ele l'avoit norrie. Si le fist laver et baignier et sejorner uit jors tous plains. Si prist une herbe qui avoit non Esclaire, si s'en oinst, si fu ausi bele qu'ele avoit onques esté a nul jor. Se se vesti de rices dras de soie, dont la dame avoit assés, si s'assist en le canbre sor une cueute pointe de drap de soie; si apela la dame et li dist qu'ele alast por Aucassin son ami. Et ele si fist. Et quant ele vint u palais, si trova Aucassin qui ploroit et regretoit Nicolete s'amie, por çou qu'ele demouroit tant.

Et la dame l'apela, si li dist:

- Aucassins, or ne vos dementés plus, mais venés ent aveuques mi, et je vos mosterai la riens el mont que vos amés plus; car c'est Nicolete vo douce amie qui de longes terres vos est venue querre.

Et Aucassins fu liés.

It is sung now

When it was heard by Aucassin

That his friend with the bright face

Had come at last to this place,

He was gladder than he had ever been.

With her lady he made haste,

Until at last they reached the gates.

In her chamber they met again.

Nicole sat there in all grace.

When she saw her friend's face,

She was gladder than she had ever been,

Sprang to her feet to race

To him. He saw her. Aucassin,

His arms round her in their embrace,

Clasped her closer when

He kissed her eyes, kissed her face,

And they let the night be this

Until the next day’s sunrays.

They married that morning.

He made her Beaucaire's Lady then.

They lived together many days,

Ever their delight still knowing.

Now, to his joy, Aucassin

And Nicolette to her joy always:

our chantefable at its ending.

I know no further.

Or se cante./Quant or entent Aucassins/De s'amie o le cler vis,/Qu'ele est venue el pa-ïs,/Or fu liés, ainc ne fu si./Aveuc la dame s'est mis,/Dusqu'a l'ostel ne prist fin./En le cambre se sont mis,/La u Nicholete sist./Quant ele voit son ami,/Or fu lie, c'anc ne fu si./Contre lui en piés sali./Quant or le voit Aucassins,/Andex ses bras li tendi,/Doucement le recoulli,/Les eus li baisse et le vis./La nuit le laissent ensi,/Tresqu'au demain par matin/Que l’espousa Aucassins;/Dame de Biaucaire en fist./Puis vesquirent il mains dis,/Et menérent lor delis./Or a sa joie Aucasins,/Et Nicholete autresi./No cantefable prent fin;/N'en sai plus di-re.

The End

Fin