

Love and War:
Troubadour Songs as Propaganda, Protest, and Politics in the Albigensian Crusade

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Abstract:

From the eleventh through the thirteenth century, the troubadours flourished in the Occitan courts of southern France. As the artistic and political voices of their culture, these men and women were educated, creative, and well-placed to envoice the cultural and political events of their time. In 1208, Pope Innocent III launched the Albigensian Crusade against the pervasive Cathar sect, which had attracted followers from every stratum of Occitan society, including believers from the most important ruling families. For twenty years, the crusade decimated the region and destroyed the socio-political apparatus which had long supported, and been given voice by, the troubadours and trobairises. By the end of the war in 1229, the Occitan nobility were largely disinherited and disempowered, unable to support the kind of courtly estates to which they had been accustomed and in which the *art de trobar* had flourished.

Many troubadours were involved both politically and militarily in the crusade and their lyric reactions include astute political commentaries, vigorous calls-to-arms, invectives against the corruption of the Catholic clergy and the French invaders, and laments for the loss of both individuals and institutions. Their works constitute an important historical narrative and the artistic expression of a culture in crisis. The troubadour songs of this period preserve the final voices of a culture straining against its own destruction, using the standard tropes, artistic conventions, and familiar genres to document the greatest crisis of their time.

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INTRODUCTION

*Be.m degra de chantar tener
Quar a chan coven alegriers
E mi destrenh tant cossiriers
Que.m fa de totas partz doler
Remembran mon greu temps passat
Esgardan lo prezent forsats
E cossiran l'avenidor
Que per totz ai raizon que plor.*

*Per que no.m deu aver sabor
Mos chans, qu'es ses alegretat
Mas Dieus m'a tal saber donat
Qu'en chantan retrac ma folhor
Mo sen, mon gauch, mon desplazer
E mon dan e mon pro per ver
Qu'a penas dic ren ben estiers
Mas trop suy vengutz als derriers*

*Per erguelh e per malvestat
Del Christias ditz, luenh d'amor
E dels mans de Nostre Senhor
Em del sieu san loc discipat
Ab massa d'autres encombriers,
Don par qu'elh nos es aversiers
Per desadordenat voler
E per outracujat poder.¹*

It would be best if I refrained from singing:
song should spring from gladness;
But I'm tormented by a sadness
So profound that I'm seized by pain.
Remembering how grim things were,
Considering how hard things are,
And pondering the by-and-by,
I have every cause to cry.

Thus my song gives me no pleasure
Since it of happiness is bare;
But God has granted me such share
Of talent that, through music's measure,
Out flows my wit, my joys and follies;
Both my gains and losses, truly.
If not, I couldn't breathe a line
For I was born behind my time.

Through the pride and wicked nature
Of so-called Christians, far removed
From God's commandments, far from love,
We are cast out from his sacred
Place and cursed with encumbrances:
It seems that he is loath to face us,
Given our uncontrolled desire,
And presumptuous grasp at power.

This song by the troubadour Guiraut Riquier is a poignant elegy for both his culture and his profession. Born around 1230 in Narbonne on the southeastern coast of France, Riquier's life began at the same time that his native Occitania surrendered in defeat after two decades of a bloody war that stripped the region of its political autonomy, degraded the status and power of its

¹ Guiraut Riquier, *Be.m degra de chantar tener*. Robert Kehew, *Lark in the Morning* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 2005), 308-309. See appendix A, pp. 60-61 for full text and translation. In troubadour studies, the primary sources containing poems or music are indicated by a single letter. For a full listing of the primary sources and their sigla, see Appendix B, pp. 100-103. This poem is preserved in ms C.

most important courts, and left the permanently-altered society to rebuild under the newly imposed rule of the French crown and the predatory watch of the Catholic Inquisition.² Riquier was indeed a troubadour "born behind his time," for he was never to experience the splendid Occitan courts in which the celebrated musician-poets of earlier eras had flourished and was forced to seek patronage elsewhere. The Occitan nobility were largely disinherited and disempowered, unable to support the kind of courtly estates to which they had been accustomed.

Riquier's song laments the passing of a culture that he was born too late to enjoy, but he was preceded by generations of troubadours and trobairises, whose works captured the attention of the rest of Europe.³ From the eleventh to the thirteenth century, the troubadours and trobairises flourished in Occitania, the region stretching south of the Loire river, flanked to the west by the Atlantic and the east by the Alps, and into the Pyrenees with close ties to the kingdoms of Aragon and Navarre, roughly encompassing the regions of southern France now known as Nouvelle Aquitaine, Auvergne-Rhône-Alpes, Occitanie, and Provence-Alpes-Côte d'Azur (see figure. 1, pg. 3).

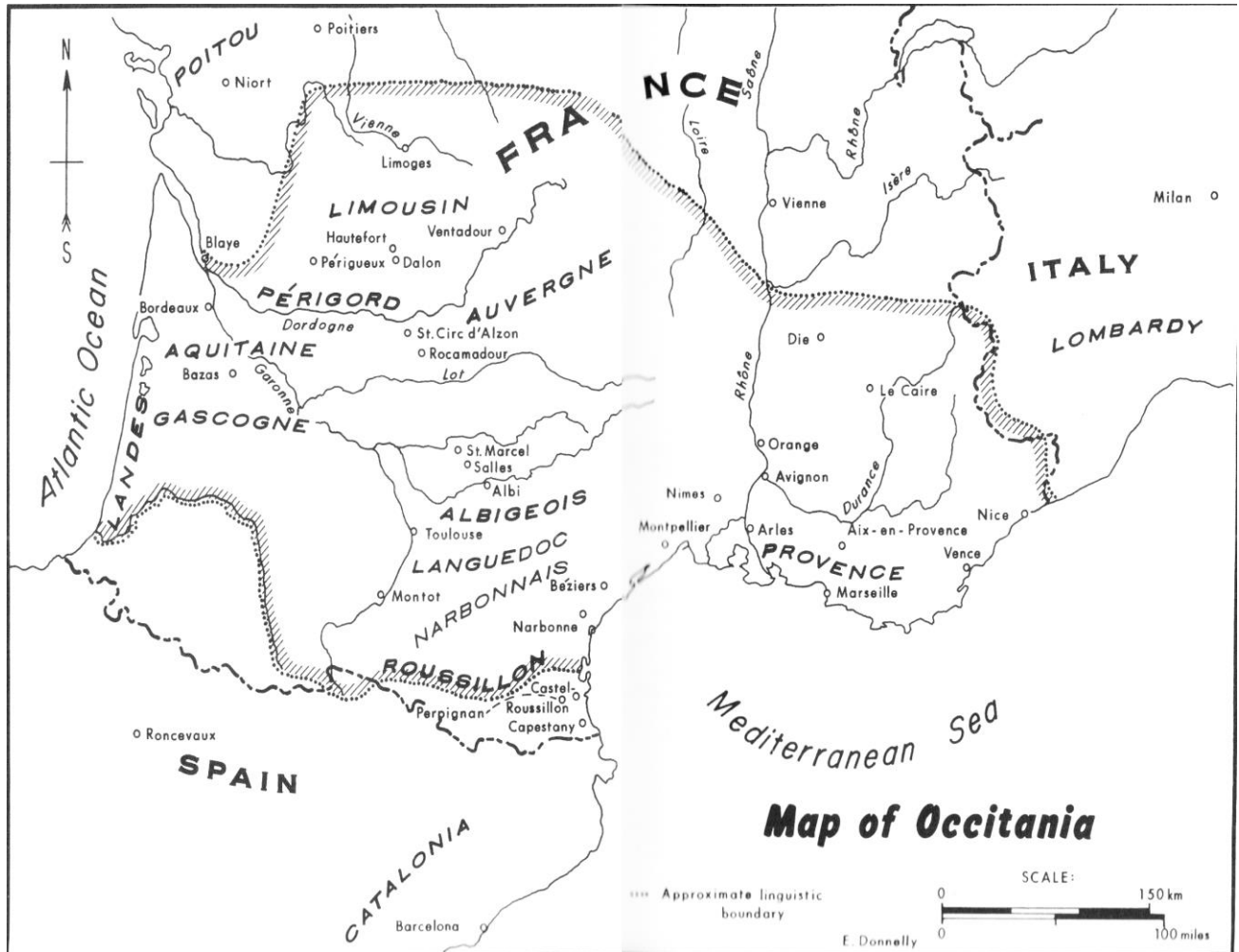
Generally from the upper classes, the troubadours and trobairises were well-educated and highly placed in society. Though some were among the most eminent nobility, such as Duke William IX of Aquitaine and King Alfonso II of Aragon, most troubadours and trobairises were minor nobles, vassals of more dominant rulers who benefitted from the patronage and prestige their poetry brought them. Still others had more modest beginnings and achieved a degree of social mobility by virtue of their education and talent, such as Peire Vidal, whose biography or

² The Treaty of Paris (also known as the Treaty of Meaux) of 1229 marked the end of the Albigensian Crusade.

³ *Trobairitz* (pl. *trobairises*) is the feminine version of *trobador*.

vida describes him as the "son of a furrier," or Folquet of Marseille, who was likely from a family of Italian merchants who settled in Marseille.⁴

Figure 1. Map of Occitania⁵



Attached to courtly households, either their own or those of their patrons, the troubadours and trobairises participated fully in both the social and political events of their time, and their creative work presents us with a colorful and vibrant picture of the period. Most famous are the *fin amor* lyrics found in the romantic *cansos*, which depict lovers' suits as a mirror of feudal

⁴ Veronica Fraser, *The Songs of Peire Vidal* (New York: Peter Lang, 2006), 1; Samuel N. Rosenberg, Margaret Switten, and Gerald Le Vot, *Songs of the Troubadours and Trouveres* (New York: Garland Publishing, 1998), 143.

⁵ Map from William Paden, *An Introduction to Old Occitan* (New York: Modern Language Association of America, 1998), 8-9.

culture, borrowing the language of fidelity-oaths and the supremacy of the liege-lady over her vassal lover. As the artistic and political voices of their culture, these men and women were well-placed to envoice the cultural and political events of their time; the corpus, even from its earliest days, included political, military, and religious propaganda, often embedded in songs that are ostensibly examples of courtly love.

Riquier laments that "through the pride and wicked nature of so-called Christians,...we are cast out from his sacred place and cursed with encumbrances," a reference to the Albigensian Crusade, in which many troubadours were involved both militarily and musically. Their works reflect a variety of reactions and insights to the conflict, and constitute an important historical narrative and the artistic expression of a culture in crisis.

METHODOLOGY AND HISTORICAL CONTEXT

Academic discourse regarding the songs of this period often seems to avoid overstating the connection between troubadours and their political circumstances. For instance, one scholar describes the songs of this period as "surprisingly few and surprisingly lacking in genuine concern."⁶ Another remarks that "the Albigensian Crusade aroused vociferous protests from certain Provençal troubadours. But the extent of this opposition has been exaggerated."⁷ This perspective can be understood in context of the pop-culture romanticization of the Albigensian Crusade in the decades from which these scholars were writing. During the 1970s, regionalist movements became popular across Europe, encouraging interest in the "lost" culture of Occitania. Renewed excitement brought the crusade to the popular imagination and in 1976, a musical recording of thirteenth-century Occitan poetry was released, including works by a

⁶ Frank Chambers, "Three Troubadour Poems with Historical Overtones," *Speculum*, vol. 54, no. 1 (January 1979), 46.

⁷ Elizabeth Siberry, *Criticisms of Crusading 1095-1274* (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1985), 158.

number of troubadours and excerpts from the *Chanson de la croisade albigeoise*.⁸ Entitled *L'agonie du Languedoc*, the recording was an evocative and appealing package that encouraged a romanticized equivalence between the troubadours and then-current counterculture protest movements.⁹ Such popular fantasies, unmentioned in scholarship and largely forgotten by the public, have nevertheless left their mark in the academic discourse, which now appears to minimize the significant artistic and political expressions of the troubadours and trobairises who experienced the crusade and its aftermath. It is the purpose of this study to reexamine the *art de trobar* during the Albigensian Crusade, evaluating a collection of the songs known to relate to events or persons connected with the conflict.

For musicological research, there are significant obstacles to the examination of this corpus, most importantly the dearth of extant melodies. Only about ten percent of extant troubadour/trobairitz songs are preserved with music. Of the eighteen songs examined here, only two are preserved in manuscript with their melodies and two others are contrafacts of songs with extant melodies.¹⁰ Still more are contrafacts for which no melody is extant.¹¹ While the absence of melody is challenging, the examination of genre, function, style, parodic features, and evidence of a song's popularity can reveal a great deal about the work's effectiveness and purpose. The most important aspect of this study will be to place the songs in their historical and political context, exploring the contextual references embedded in the text—especially in the subtext—of some songs that have been regarded as "lacking in genuine concern" or otherwise dismissed of their political relevance.

⁸ Claude Marti and Thomas Binkley, *L'agonie du Languedoc*, EMI Electrola ocm04259347, 1976, 33 1/3 rpm.

⁹ Malcolm Barber, *The Cathars* (Sussex: Pearson Education Ltd., 2000), 220-222.

¹⁰ Raimon de Miraval's *Bel m'es quieu chant e condei* and Peire Cardenal's *Un sirventes novel vuelh comensar* both have extant melodies. Cardenal's *Razos es quieu m'esbaudei* is based on Miraval's *Bel m'es quieu* and Cardenal's *Tartarassa ni voutor* is based on Bernart de Ventadorn's *Ara.m conseillatz*.

¹¹ Guilhem Figueira, *Un sirventes farai que m'agenssa*; Gormonda de Montpellier, *Greu m'es a durar*.

Certain limitations imposed by the scope of this study, namely time and a lack of available English translations, prevent a complete evaluation of the lyric works of this period. I therefore acknowledge that this work constitutes an introductory overview of the subject, with much research remaining to be done. The songs I will examine are all known to be connected in some way with the crusade, and my role has been twofold: 1) to place them in their historical context, exploring their political and social motivations, and 2) to evaluate their effectiveness as tools of propaganda, communication, or entertainment by evaluating the means of dissemination, musical context, and function. I have not critically examined every *trobair* song from this period, and there are a number of troubadours not included in this study who are known to have been deeply involved in the military action but whose works have not yet been shown to demonstrate a lyric connection to the conflict. The lack of ready English translations of many of these works prevents evaluation of every extant *trobair* composition from this period, but I believe this introductory work provides a valuable and timely reevaluation of the artistic and political contributions of the troubadours and trobairises of the late-twelfth to mid-thirteenth century.

In order to effectively evaluate these works in context, it is necessary to understand the social and political structure of twelfth and thirteenth century Occitania, as well as the religious landscape that led to the crusade.

Though nominally under the rule of the French crown, Occitania was culturally separated from their northern neighbors by language, laws, and culture. The courts of the Occitanian nobility were largely removed from royal oversight, and familial and political relationships created a complex and sometimes contradictory web of alliances and loyalties among themselves and their neighbors both near and far.

For centuries, the politics of the region were malleable, with alliances changing according to the particular personalities and ambitions of various rulers. For the most part, Western Christendom was largely allied and united against the Saracen powers of the Near East, Ottoman Empire, and North Africa. The cultural war against non-Christian powers dominated the high medieval period, punctuated by a handful of military crusades between the eleventh and thirteenth centuries.¹² Though almost exclusively directed against Islam, the crusades could turn domestic, as they did in 1208 when Pope Innocent III directed his wrath toward Occitania, unleashing the Albigensian Crusade.

Innocent's campaign was directed against the Cathars, a Christian sect that had flourished in Occitania for as long as two hundred years.¹³ Cathar belief was founded on a dualist doctrine that framed the Spiritual and the Material in opposition to one another. Two equally powerful forces—one good (Spiritual) and one evil (Material)—controlled the universe, and the hope of a Cathar *credente*, or believer, was to overcome the flesh and be reunited with the omni-good Spiritual. Cathar theology accepted parts of the New Testament, but interpreted it very differently. The doctrine of the Trinity was rejected, as was the Incarnation and Resurrection. Tyerman describes it this way: "By definition, God could not become material, and therefore the Crucifixion and Resurrection could not have occurred, except perhaps in some metaphorical or symbolic show in the spiritual world."¹⁴

¹² The first crusade was called by Pope Urban II in 1059, to assist the Eastern Church against Muslim incursions into the Byzantine Empire. The Ninth Crusade, led by Louis IX in 1271-72, is generally considered the last major medieval crusade. See Steven Runciman, *A History of the Crusades* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1951).

¹³ Runciman cites the 991 declaration of faith by Gherbert of Aurillac as the first dateable evidence of Christian dualism in Occitania, and in 1015 the Bishop of Limoges was preaching against a dualist heresy. The term *Cathar* is first applied to an organized community of dualist believers in Monteforte in 1030. Steven Runciman, *The Medieval Manichee* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1947), 117-118.

¹⁴ Christopher Tyerman, *God's War* (London: Allen Lane Books, 2006), 570.

While maintaining foundational adherence to Christianity, the Cathars nevertheless reinterpreted Jesus' role as that of an elevated teacher, whose example could lead to one's release from bodily prison. In their rejection of the material world, Cathar teachings denounced procreation, as it continued an evil cycle of trapping souls within material bodies. Cathars preached celibacy and pescatarian veganism, apparently in order to avoid consuming food that resulted from sexual intercourse.¹⁵ However, such asceticism was not generally practiced by the average *credente*. The ascetic rigors of celibacy and fasting were typically adopted after the receipt of the *consolamentum*, the highest of Cathar sacraments, when the *credente* became a *perfectus*, or in Occitan, a *bon ome* or *bona femna* “good man” or “good woman.” Cathars rejected the ritual sacraments of the Catholic Church, but until the beginning of the Crusade, when Cathars were actively hunted and forced into hiding, many Cathar believers appear to have attended mass along with their neighbors and to have participated in the community-based aspects of Catholicism.¹⁶ As the majority of contemporary accounts of Cathar belief and practice come from antagonistic sources, it is often difficult to discern facts from fantasy; however, some of the most fascinating primary accounts are inquisitorial records from the decades following the crusade. The testimonies given by accused heretics, their neighbors, friends, and family illustrate a society in which religious belief and practice, social behaviour and community dynamics

¹⁵ The Cathars did not eat meat, eggs, fowl, or cheese. They did eat fish, as during this period it was popularly believed that fish multiplied asexually. See Mark Gregory Pegg, *The Corruption of Angels* (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 2001), 81; Malcolm Barber, *The Cathars* (Edinburgh: Pearson Education Limited, 2000), 94-95.

¹⁶ Karen Sullivan, *Truth and the Heretic* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 2005), 31-33.

functioned much more fluidly (and comfortably) between orthodoxy and heterodoxy than the Inquisitors and anti-heretical clergy were willing to allow.¹⁷

Catharism attracted followers from every strata of Occitan society, and the sect's success was largely due to the support of the Occitanian nobility, especially its women. The small castles and fortified villages of rural Occitania were home to flourishing Cathar communities, with some of the most powerful individuals of the region providing both financial and political support.¹⁸

The decades prior to the crusade saw a number of preaching missions and attempts by Catholic clergy to quell Catharism and restore Occitania to orthodoxy. These missions took various forms: Bernard of Clairvaux visited Verfeil in 1145, where he preached sermons both in the church and on the streets.¹⁹ In 1178, Abbot Henry of Marcy led a military siege of the castrum of Lavaur, where he compelled two leading Cathar teachers to recant, then rewarded both with canonries in Toulouse.²⁰ Occasionally these efforts were marked by public discourse and debates, pitting celebrated heterodox teachers against Catholic preachers, as in the debates at Montréal and Pamiers in 1207, involving papal legate Pierre of Castelnau (at Montréal), Diego of

¹⁷ The studies of Mark Gregory Pegg, Karen Sullivan, and René Weiss delve deeply into the social and religious politics of Occitan communities and demonstrate that religious belief was not a binary issue. Some individuals self-identified as Catholic, but requested to be consoled by the *bons omes* prior to death, as the nun Agnes de Beauvuy. Conversely, Pons Estotz, who had identified as a *crezen* for eighteen years, renounced Catharism after hearing a Cathar sermon expounding some of the most basic doctrines discussed above. As Pegg points out, it is unfortunate that the inquisitors didn't ask Pons exactly what he did believe during his eighteen years as a *crezen*. See Pegg, *Corruption*, 75, 79.

¹⁸ Families associated with the sect included the most powerful ruling houses of Occitania: Foix, St. Gilles (Toulouse), Trencavel, Saissac, Comminges, Laurac, and l'Isle Jordain. Among the most famous Cathar women were Esclarmonde of Foix, sister of Count Raimond-Roger of Foix, his wife Phillipa, and his aunt Fais of Durfort. The count's other sister Cecilia was a Waldensian. Beatrice of Béziers, a member of the Trencavel family and the second wife Count Raymond VI of Toulouse, ended her marriage in order to enter a Cathar house for women. Blanca of Laurac, her daughters Guirauda of Lavaur and Mabelis of Laurac were all *perfectae*, and Blanca's grandson Bernart Niort, along with his wife Nova of Cabaret (of the l'Isle Jordain family) were both Cathars captured after the fall of Montsegur (the last Cathar stronghold) in 1244. See Elaine Graham-Leigh, *The Southern French Nobility and the Albigensian Crusade* (Woodbridge: Boydell Press, 2005); Jean Duvernoy, *Le Dossier de Montsegur* (Toulouse: Pérégrinateur, 1998); Jean Guiraud, *Cartulaire de Notre-Dame de Prouille*, (Paris: Alphonse Picard et Fils, 1907); Tyerman, *God's War*; Barber, *Cathars*.

¹⁹ William of Puylaurens, *The Chronicle of William of Puylaurens*, trans. W.A. Sibley and M.A. Sibley (Woodbridge: Boydell Press, 2003), 10.

²⁰ *Ibid*, 11-12.

Osma and Dominic Guzman (at Pamiers).²¹ Antiheretical endeavors met with very little success, at least in part because the leading noble families gave the preachers' efforts very little support.

When the bishop of Toulouse asked an orthodox nobleman why he would not expel Cathars from his lands, the knight replied: "We cannot; we were brought up with them, there are many of our relatives amongst them, and we can see that their way of life is a virtuous one."²² This response illustrates the way that Catholic and heterodox communities were blended and lived peacefully together. The efforts of the preachers and legates, most of whom were foreign visitors, may also have been viewed by the Occitan nobility as an extension of the Pope's unwelcome incursions into Occitan jurisdiction, a source of tension stretching back to the papal reforms of the previous century.

The rights of investiture—the endowment of episcopacies and other seats of clerical authority—had been enjoyed as portions of inheritance by noble families for centuries. With the Gregorian reforms of the mid-eleventh century, those rights came under papal control. Antagonism between clergy and nobility had a tendency to turn violent, and among the lords of Occitania, including many whose family members were deeply involved in Catharism, there was strong antipathy against the Pope and his appointed representatives. Violent attacks against Catholic monasteries and episcopal palaces, such as those enacted by the counts of Toulouse and

²¹ Pierre Vaux-de-Cernay, *The History of the Albigensian Crusade* trans. W.A. Sibley and M.A. Sibley (Woodbridge: Boydell Press, 1998), 19-20; Puylaurens, *Chronicle*, 25-26.

²² The conversation between Bishop Fulk of Toulouse and Pons Ademar of Roudeille is recorded in the *Historia Albigensis*. Pons Ademar of Roudeille was a member of the Durfort family, lords of Saverdun. Vaux-de-Cernay, *Historia*, 25.

Foix, Bertrand of Saissac, and others created an acutely adversarial division between Occitania and Rome.²³

In January of 1208, Count Raymond VI of Toulouse and papal legate Pierre of Castelnau had a violent argument, during which the count threatened Pierre with death. Shortly after leaving Raymond's court, the legate was murdered. It was the final straw for Pope Innocent III. Though the identity of Pierre's murderer was unknown, Innocent placed the blame squarely on Raymond VI:

The Count of Toulouse has already been struck with the sword of anathema for many great crimes which it would take too long to list. Now there are sure indications that he must be presumed guilty of the death of that holy man...For this reason, the archbishops and bishops must publicly declare him to be anathematized.²⁴

Release from anathema required penance, and Innocent's terms were clear. Raymond was to prove his repentance by expelling heretics from the whole of his dominion. The pope would not wait for evidence of Raymond's penance however, and proclaimed the crusade immediately:

Forward then soldiers of Christ! Forward brave recruits to the Christian army! Let the universal cry of grief of the Holy Church arouse you, let pious zeal inspire you to avenge this monstrous crime against your God! ...We are told that faith has vanished, peace has perished, that the plague of heresy and the madness of our enemies have gone from strength to strength, and it is clear that potent help must be provided for the ship of the Church in that area in this unprecedented storm if she is not to founder almost totally. ...In the name of the God of peace and love, apply yourselves vigorously to pacifying those nations. Work to root out perfidious heresy in whatever way God reveals to you. Attack the followers of heresy more fearlessly even than the Saracens - since they are more evil - with a strong hand and a stretched out arm. As to the Count of Toulouse who, like one

²³ Raymond VI of Toulouse was excommunicated for having destroyed and despoiled churches and for building a fortress on land claimed by the Abbey of St. Gilles. The *Historia Albigensis* reports that the Count of Foix instigated the murder of a priest and disfigurement of a monk in Pamiers who had insulted his aunt, the Cathar *perfecta* Fais of Durfort. The count then imprisoned the Abbot and monks of the monastery of St. Antonin, pillaged the monastery, and tore down half of the church, taking the stones to build himself a castle in Pamiers. Vaux-de-Cernay, *Historia*, 32, 104-105. Bertrand of Saissac attacked the Abbey of Alet after the death of Abbot Pons Amelius. Objecting to the pope's new appointment, he took over the abbey, disinterred the dead abbot and propped the corpse up in the abbatial chair until an appointment more favorable to the Trencavel family, for whom he was acting as regent, was selected. Graham-Leigh, *Southern French Nobility*, 74.

²⁴ Innocent's letter is quoted in its entirety in the *Historia Albigensis*. Vaux-de-Cernay, *Historia*, 35-36.

who has made a covenant with Death, gives no thought to his own death, -- if his punishment starts to turn him to understanding, if his face, filled with shame, begins to seek the name of the Lord, continue by the added weight of your threats to drive him to give satisfaction to ourselves and the Church and indeed God; expelling him and his supporters from the towns of the Lord and seizing their lands, where Catholic inhabitants will take over from the displaced heretics and will serve before God in holiness and righteousness according to the tenets of the true faith which you follow.²⁵

By the following summer, a crusading force had gathered, organized and led by Abbot Arnould Amaury of Citeaux. Over the next twenty years the war would decimate Occitania, destroying both its political autonomy and social culture. Throughout the crusade and in the decades following, the fiefdoms of Occitania were made to submit to both French sovereignty and the Catholic Inquisition. The brilliant courts which had cultivated the *art de trobar* were humbled by the depredations of war and once-rich patrons became *faidits*: disinherited and disempowered, unable to support the kind of courtly luxury that had fostered the culture of the troubadours and trobairises.

RELIGIOUS PLURALISM IN THE OCCITAN COURTS

Peire Vidal, *Mos cor s'alegre s'esjau* and Gauvadan, *Crezens, fis, verais, et entiers*

Understanding the role of the troubadours in courtly society, their relationship to their patrons and the way their songs functioned within courtly discourse provides a framework and context for their reactions to the crusade. A *canso* of Peire Vidal, written more than a decade before the crusade began, provides an excellent example of courtly lyric deployed in celebration of *fin amor* (courtly love), and the effectiveness of song as a means to praise and please both past and potential patrons. This particular song also provides an effective demonstration of the religious plurality of Occitan courts of this period.

²⁵ Ibid, 37-38.

Mos cor s'alegresses jau is a panegyric description of various ladies, courts and patrons, providing a short tour of the troubadour's travels during the last decade of the twelfth century.²⁶

Vidal's *canso* begins with praise of the castle of Fanjeaux, a "paradise" where love, honor, fidelity, and truth are found.

Mos cor s'alegr'e s'esjau
Per lo gentil temps suau
E pel castel de Fanjau
Que.m resembra paradis
Qu'amors e jois s'i enclau

My heart rejoices
at the soft new season
and at the castle of Fanjeaux
which is like a paradise;
for love and joy are enclosed here

E tot quant a pretz abau
*E domneis verais e fis*²⁷

with all that has worth
gives truth and fidelity

The song continues with the expected tropes of courtly troubadour lyrics. He commends the virtues of the ladies at Fanjeaux with a lament that he can no longer remain among them. He then praises two women specifically: an unnamed "beautiful archer of Laurac" who has captured his heart, and Loba, to whom he dedicates a number of his songs. In addition to Fanjeaux, Vidal names two other castles: Saissac, where he says he's composed the song, and Montréal.

Each of the castles mentioned are notable for their connections to Catharism, as are associates of those singled-out for praise. The communities of Fanjeaux, Saissac, and Montréal are all situated within easy distance of one another in the Aude department of Languedoc-Roussillon. Laurac (home of the beautiful archer) is about five miles from Fanjeaux, and each of the four castles was perched on a peak of the Montagne Noire range. At the end of the twelfth century, the castles were controlled by various families holding their fiefs from Roger II

²⁶ Veronica Fraser suggests that this song was probably written between 1192-95, but the reference to *En Barral* in the fifth *cobla* makes this unlikely. *En Barral* was Raimon-Jaufre III Barral, Viscount of Marseille who was certainly one of Vidal's patrons, but died in 1192. However, the song was almost certainly written after Vidal left Raymond V of Toulouse's court sometime after 1190, placing this song most probably between 1190-92.

²⁷ See appendix A, p. 62 for full text and translation. Preserved in C, D, H, and R. No melody is extant.

Trencavel, viscount of Béziers, Carcassonne, and the Razès, including the families of Saissac, Cabaret, l'Isle-Jourdain, and Laurac.

Fanjeaux's history with Catharism is well attested; the establishment of a Cathar community dates from around the same time Vidal made his visit.²⁸ The residents and nobility of Fanjeaux are described as having welcomed and revered the Cathar teachers Guilhabert and Izarn of Castres, and in 1204 a handful of women from some of the most powerful noble families were *perfected* in Fanjeaux, receiving the *consolamentum* during a ceremony attended by members of the community and nobility of the region.²⁹

During his anti-heretical preaching tour of Occitania, Dominic Guzman is said to have met nine Cathar noblewomen in Fanjeaux who he helped restore to Catholicism. While the tale of the women's restoration to orthodoxy is likely apocryphal, Dominic did found a house for repentant heretic women in Prouille, about a mile from Fanjeaux.³⁰

The identity of Vidal's "beautiful archer of Laurac" is not known, but some suggestions can be made based on clues in the song. Near the end of the third *cobla*, Vidal says that he is staying at Saissac with her brothers and cousins.

*Mos bells arquier de Laurac
De cui m'abelis e.m pac
M'a nafrat de part Galhac
E son cairel el cor mis
Et anc mais colps tan no.m plac*

My beautiful archer of Laurac
who delights and thrills me
has wounded me beyond Gaillac
and has shot her arrow into my heart;
and never has a wound pleased me so much,

²⁸ Runciman, *Manichee*, 132-133.

²⁹ Catherine Leglu, Rebecca Rist, Claire Taylor, *The Cathars and the Albigensian Crusade* (London & New York: Routledge, 2014), 159-161. The house of Foix was particularly well represented in this group, including Esclarmonde, sister to the count of Foix (and married to Jordan de l'Isle) and Fais of Durfort, the count's aunt. Though it is not clear whether she received the *consolamentum* at the same time, it is known that the Raymond Roger's wife Phillipa was also a Cathar *perfecta*. The account of this ceremony is recorded in inquisitorial depositions following the fall of Montsegur in 1244: *Bibliothèque Nationale de France, fonds Doat 24 ff. 197-203*.

³⁰ Christopher Tyerman, *God's War* (London: Allen Lane Books, 2006), 579; Karen Sullivan, *The Inner Lives of Medieval Inquisitors* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 2011), 58-59. The story of Dominic's meeting with the women is recorded by Constantine of Orvieto in *Legenda Santa Dominici*, written in the 1240s. It describes Dominic revealing the vision of a large, demonic cat with flaming eyes. He explains to the women that this is the beast they have been following in their heresy and he accepts their confession and repentance.

*Qu'ieu sojorne a Saissac
Ab fraires et ab cozis*

here where I stay at Saissac
with her brothers and cousins.

The castles of Laurac and Montréal were held jointly by the Laurac and Saissac families. Bertrand of Saissac was the most powerful lord in the region, at that time acting as regent for the young viscount of Carcassonne.³¹ His co-seigneurs were Sicard and Blanca of Laurac and Blanca was a known *perfecta* who presided over a home for Cathar women.³² Sicard and Blanca's daughters Mabelis and Guirauda were also *perfectae*, and Guirauda and their son Aimery were among the most famous casualties of the crusade, both murdered after the fall of Lavour in 1211.³³

In an inquisitorial deposition from 1244, Bertrand of Saissac is described as having been part of Blanca's inner circle, where he listened to Cathar preaching and protected heretics in his jurisdiction. While the testimony, given by the grandson of Sicard and Blanca some forty years after Bertrand's death, cannot reliably justify labeling him a Cathar, other sources certainly confirm that he had little sympathy for the efforts of orthodox preachers and reformers, and he was known to use violent means to remove Catholic clergy who were antagonistic toward local families and interests.³⁴

One other clue may indicate the "*bels arquier's*" identity. In the third *cobla*, Vidal says that the beautiful archer has "shot her arrow" into his heart, "wounding him beyond Gaillac." The

³¹ Roger II died in 1194, when his heir Raymond Roger was nine years old. The elder viscount stipulated in his will that Bertrand of Saissac should act as his son's guardian and regent until Raymond Roger's majority. Bertrand died in 1200. See Elaine Graham-Leigh, *The Southern French Nobility and the Albigensian Crusade* (Woodbridge: Boydell Press, 2005), 66.

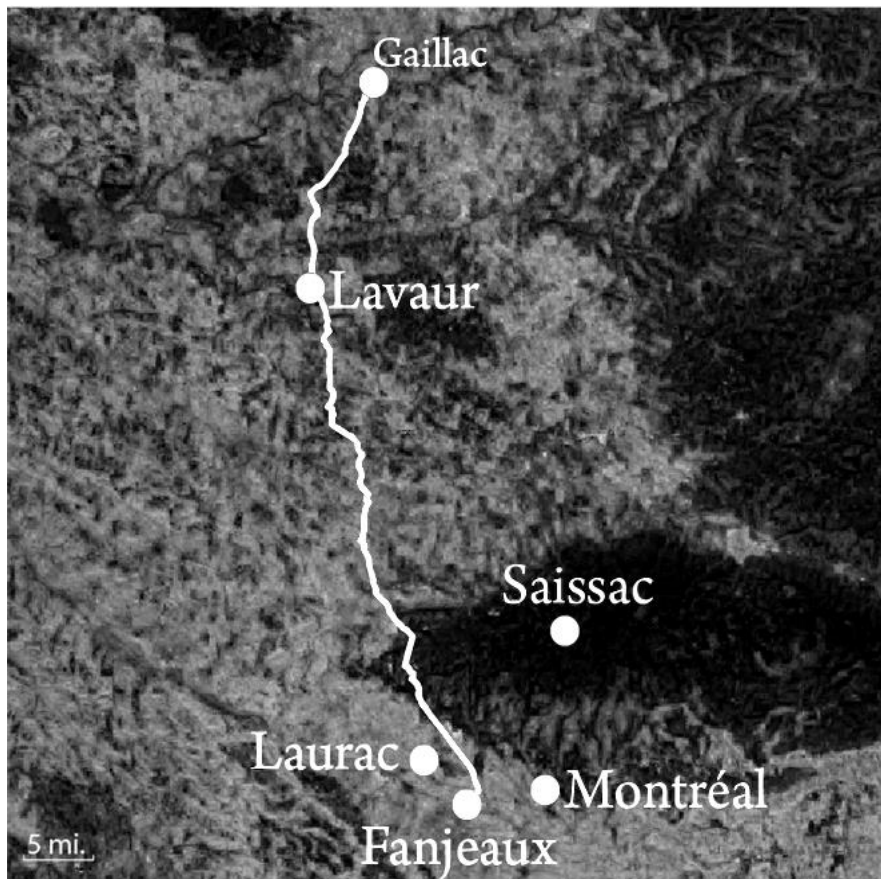
³² Malcolm Barber, *The Cathars: Dualist Heretics in the High Middle Ages* (New York: Routledge, 2014), 34-36.

³³ Karen Sullivan, *Truth and the Heretic* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 2005), 139. The story of Aimery and Guirauda's deaths are recorded in all contemporary accounts of the crusade: *Historia Albigensis*: section 227, *Chanson de la Croisade Albigeois*: laisse 71, *Chronicle of William of Puylaurens*: chapter XVI. After Lavour fell, Aimery and eighty of his knights were hanged outside the castle. Guirauda was stripped and raped by the victorious soldiers, then thrown into a well and stones heaped on her until her screams were silenced.

³⁴ Sullivan, *Truth and Heretic*, for accusations of heresy: 63; on Bertrand's attack on the Abbey of Alet, *ibid*; 73-75.

reference is enigmatic, and we will probably never know exactly what was meant by these words, but if we follow the map, shooting an imaginary arrow from Fanjeaux to Gaillac, a tantalizing suggestion comes into play. Without the benefit of aerial geography, the most direct route "as the arrow flies" for Peire Vidal would have been the quickest road to Gaillac, which in this case, travels directly through the city of Lavour, which Guirauda of Laurac inherited upon her marriage, and another city in which Cathars were freely and openly practicing their faith (see figure. 2 below).

Figure 2. Map of the Lauragais³⁵



³⁵ "Lauragais, France," Google Maps, TerraMetrics; Google, 2017. Adapted by author.

It is impossible to say for sure if the "beautiful archer" was a Cathar herself, but the Laurac family, especially its women, were deeply involved in the protection, support, and spread of Catharism in their domains. During the last decade of the twelfth century, when this song was written, Cathars lived and practiced their faith openly in Laurac, Montréal, and Fanjeaux, notably in the seigneurial courts of all three cities.³⁶ Whether originally from the families of Laurac or Saissac, or simply a citizen of either city, the "*bels arquier*" likely had familial and community association with the Cathar faith.

Vidal's song continues with praise of the courtly knights and ladies of the Carcasses and of his lady, Loba:

<p><i>Per tostemps lais Albeges E remanh en Carcasses Que.lh cavalier son cortes E las domnas del pais Pos la Lob'a.m si conques Que si m'ajut Dieus ni fes Al cor m'estan siei dous ris</i></p>	<p>I leave the Albiges forever and remain in the Carcasses where the knights are courtly and the ladies likewise, for Loba has so conquered me that, may God help me, her sweet smile lingers ever in my heart.</p>
--	---

Loba of Pengautier was married to Jordan of Cabaret, who held the three castles of Lastours with his brother, Pierre-Roger of Cabaret. Pierre-Roger was described by Pierre Vaux-de-Cernay in 1209 as "an old man, rich in years of evil-doing, a heretic and an open enemy of the Church."³⁷ Both Pierre-Roger and Jordan defended Occitania during the Crusade, as did Loba's son Loup, who was himself a Cathar.³⁸ The castle of Cabaret was a refuge for the crusade's opponents after the fall of Carcassonne in 1209.³⁹

³⁶ Mark Gregory Pegg, *The Corruption of Angels* (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 2009), 83-85.

³⁷ Pierre Vaux-de-Cernay, *Historia Albigensis: Translation*, trans. W.A. Sibley, and M.D. Sibley (Boydell Press, Woodbridge, 1998), 69.

³⁸ Veronica Fraser, *The Songs of Peire Vidal* (Peter Lang, NY, 2006), 6. Loup, who inherited the lordship of Saverdun, was the illegitimate son of Loba and Count Raymond Roger of Foix. See Tudela et al., 181.

³⁹ Graham-Leigh, *Southern Nobility*, 65-66.

It is interesting to note that Loba is mentioned in a poem that centers on a very small geographical region. The three castles of Lastours, though still in the Montagnes Noire, were a little more than twenty-five miles from Fanjeaux, creating a much wider geographical separation in the lyric. Is it possible that Loba's presence in this song suggests her presence among the noblewomen of Fanjeaux and Laurac?

Vidal's *canso* demonstrates that the troubadour's associations with members of the Occitan nobility spanned both Catholic and Cathar patrons, at times even within the same families and courtly households and lines of social and political authority were not predicated on religious orthodoxy. Like other troubadours of this period, Vidal served and was supported by Cathar patrons, even if he had no attachment to the sect himself. For most troubadours, our only insight into their personal beliefs come directly from their lyrics, from their professional associations, and from the *vidas*, the colorful and often artfully embellished biographies of the troubadours and trobairises. Considering the lack of personal information, it is no surprise that there is little indication of personal connections with Catharism. However, a few *vidas* and songs, including this one, open the door to possible sympathies.

While at first glance the piece seems to be simply a *canso* exploiting the familiar themes of courtly love and patronage, Vidal's song nevertheless creates a tantalizing picture of a society in which heterodox women's voices, beliefs, and autonomy play a crucial role in shaping the fortunes of the culture. Seen in this light of religious pluralism in courtly society, the end of the first *cobla* praising the court of Fanjeaux takes on a new significance:

*Qu'amors e jois s'i enclau
E tot quant a pretz abau
E domneis verais e fis.*

for love and joy are enclosed here
with all that has worth
and gives truth and fidelity (or faith).

Verays and *fis* (usually translated as “fidelity” in the trobar corpus), are frequently used to describe the merits of courtly ideals and expectations. Nevertheless, I suggest that their use here may have a greater significance given Fanjeaux's heterodox society. “Truth” and “faith,” an alternative and equally valid translation of *fis*, are words heavy with spiritual connotations, and we can safely assume that one of the most celebrated poets of his generation would have selected his words with care. A comparison with the *planh* (lament) of later troubadour Gauvadan is illuminating. Gauvadan's song opens with this line:

Crezens fis verays et entiers Believing, faithful, true, and whole⁴⁰

Léglu suggests that both the matter of the *planh*, in which Gauvadan fantasizes about suicide, a mortal sin in Catholicism but not discouraged by Cathar belief, and his choice of words have intriguing possibilities for the poet's alignment with Catharism. *Crezens* was the Occitan equivalent of *credente*. However, as Léglu points out, the Occitan equivalent to *perfectus*, *perfech*, is extremely rare in this period and its closest equivalent was 'whole' or *entiers*.⁴¹ Gauvadan's line is then supplemented by the same spiritually charged words that Vidal uses to describe the Cathar haven of Fanjeaux. While no documentary evidence exists to confirm either poet's intentions, the question is an intriguing one that deserves consideration.

The rosy picture of gracious courtly patronage and peaceful religious pluralism depicted in Peire Vidal's song was not to last. As noted above, the antagonism between Occitan nobility and Catholic clergy erupted in 1208, catapulting the region into war and ultimately to its destruction. Modern criticism of some of the songs written in the early stages of the war seems to rely on the fact that troubadours and trobairises continued, even in the midst of military duress, to use the familiar tropes of courtly love, the beauties of nature, and the pleasures of hunting and

⁴⁰ See appendix A, p. 63 for full poem and translation. Preserved in C and R. No extant melody.

⁴¹ Léglu, et al., *Cathars*, 124.

warfare in their compositions. As we examine these songs, it is important to allow the familiar genres to communicate on multiple planes of meaning. A romantic *canso* may extol the beauty and virtues of a particular lover, but those praises can also bear an astute and politically charged message that would undoubtedly have been understood by an audience familiar with embedded references to current events.

SONGS AS “CALLS TO ARMS”

Bernart Arnaut de Montcuq, *Er can li rozier*

The only extant work by Bernart Arnaut de Montcuq has been dismissed as an insipid love-song: "Nonchalance, at any rate, is the attitude one may sense in [*Er can li rozier*], written apparently just before the disastrous Battle of Muret... Is there, then, a personal sense of loss in his poem? If so, it is hard to find."⁴² The song, which begins each stanza with warlike imagery then abruptly shifts to romantic declarations of love for his lady, uses topoi typical of the *art de trobar*, nature and the seasons, hunting, and is marked by a mischievous tone:

Er can li rozier
so ses flor ni grana
E.l ric menuzier
An cassa per sana
M'es pres cossirier
tan me platz lor tensa
De far sirventes;
Car en viltenensa
An tot bon pretz mes.
E car may
Me ten gay
Amors que no fay
Eras soy gay, cuy que pes,
*Tals joy m'es promes (cobla 1)*⁴³

Now when the rosebushes
 are without flowers or seed,
 and the petty nobles
 have their hunts
 through the wetlands,
 I am seized with the thought
 of composing a *sirventes*
 for I enjoy stirring discord among them
 who have brought worth to scorn
 And in the month of May
 I feel more cheerful
 for love pleases me, no matter
 who that may vex
 for such joy is promised to me

⁴² Frank Chambers, "Three Troubadour Poems with Historical Overtones." *Speculum* 54, no. 1 (1979): 46.

⁴³ See appendix A, p. 65 for full poem and translation. Preserved in R. No melody is preserved.

Throughout the song, lines shift abruptly between the two main themes of war and love, highlighting that shift aurally in each cobla with a change of both poetic rhythm and rhyme. The song's thematic material effectively demonstrates both the troubadours' pet subject, *fin amor*, and the lived reality of thirteenth century Occitanians, where virtually every town and small village was settled within a fortified wall and built around a central castrum.⁴⁴ Placed in its specific historical context, this song presents an insightful look the crusade's effect on the small castra that suffered the crusaders' direct assaults, and reveals its author to be a politically astute observer.

Bernart Arnaut de Montcuq's name suggests that he was from the Agenais, a swath of land between the counties of Toulouse and Aquitaine (see figure 3 below). In 1196, King Richard of England (who was also the duke of Aquitaine) ceded the Agenais to Toulouse as his sister Joanna's dowry when she wed Count Raymond VI. According to the marriage agreement, the count of Toulouse would hold the Agenais as a fiefdom of the king of England, who would retain ultimate overlordship.⁴⁵

When the leader of the crusading armies, Count Simon of Montfort, invaded the Agenais in 1212, the chronicler Pierre Vaux-de-Cernay admits that the lands had been under the control of the English king, but he equivocates the ownership of the area, excusing the aggression against the region:

[Agen] and its territories had long been held by the King of England, but when King Richard gave his sister Joan in marriage to Count Raymond of Toulouse,

⁴⁴ Mark Pegg, *The Corruption of Angels*, (Princeton and Oxford: Princeton University Press, 2001), pp. 68-71. See also Frederick Cheyette, "The Castles of The Trencavels: A Preliminary Aerial Survey," *Order and Innovation in the Middle Ages: Essays in Honor of Joseph R. Strayer*, ed. William Chester Jordan, Bruce McNab, and Teofilo Ruiz (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1976), pp. 255-272; Marie-Genevieve Colin, *La maison du castrum de la bordure meridionale du Massif Central*, Archeologie du Midi medieval Supplement no. 1 (Carcassonne: Centre d'archeologie medieval du Languedoc, 1996).

⁴⁵ Ernest Jenkins, *The Mediterranean World of Alfonso II and Peter II of Aragon* (New York: Palgrave Macmillan, 2012), 48. The agreement between Richard and Raymond was a mutually beneficial alliance meant to strengthen both rulers' lands against the aggressions of Phillip Augustus of France

they were ceded to the Count as a dowry. However, the Pope had given authority to our Count in papal letters to attack all heretics and their supporters with the help of the crusaders.⁴⁶

Vaux-de-Cernay reports that the army marched first to Montcuq, destroying and burning all fortified places in their path. In the Agenais assault, the crusaders took the castles of Montcuq, Penne, Moissac, Verdun-sur-Garonne, Castelsarassin, Saverdun and Auterive (see figure 4 below).⁴⁷ Most of those were taken without resistance, their inhabitants either fleeing ahead the army or surrendering without a fight.⁴⁸

Fig. 3. Map of the Agenais⁴⁹



Bernart Arnaut de Montcuq's hometown was the first of the Agenais castra to fall to the crusaders, casting his third *cobla* in a serious light. Hardly nonchalant, Montcuq works within

⁴⁶ Vaux-de-Cernay, *Historia*, 154.

⁴⁷ *Ibid*, 154-168.

⁴⁸ *Ibid*. Penne and Moissac were the only castra to defend themselves.

⁴⁹ Map by author.

the expectations of the genre to present a deeply personal expression from someone who understood well what he and his culture stood to lose in the conflict.

*Ausberc, lansa plana
E bon bran d'assier
E guerra propdana
Pretz may que lebrier
Ni brava parvensa
Ni patz, en c'om es
Mermatz de tenensa,
Baissatz e sotzmes.*

A hauberk, a polished lance
a good steel blade
and approaching war
I prize more than a greyhound
or a proud bearing
or peace, in which one is
stripped of possessions
cast down and humbled.

Fig. 4. Map of Agenais castra⁵⁰



⁵⁰ "Lauragais, France," Google Maps, TerraMetrics; Google, 2017. Adapted by author.

Later in the poem, Montcuq demonstrates a clear appreciation of the political and military implications of Montfort's incursion into his homeland. In the fourth and fifth *coblas*, the troubadour declares how anxious he is to join the fight, then complains about the king of England's lack of military aptitude.

*Lay al rey engles
Com mi play
Can retrai...*

I wish the king of England
enjoyed as I do
the actions of war...

*...Et agra entier
Pretz, cuy quecx soana,
S'ab aital mestier
Crides say "Guiana!"*

...And he, who everyone scorns
would have complete worth
if with warlike muster
he would shout "Aquitaine!"

Richard of England died in 1199, succeeded by his brother John, whose reign is most noted for his spectacular military and political failures. Montcuq says that John, "whom everyone scorns would have complete worth" if he defended his lands in the Agenais, but his hope would remain unrealized. John never did move to repel the invading crusaders.

The troubadour appears to have had a more realistic expectation of aid from a different source, however, and in his second *cobla* he describes the coming of another noble king:

*Man caval corssier
Veirem vas Tarzana
Devas Balaguier
Del pros rey que.s vana
C'a pretz a sobrier
Venra ses falhensa
Lay en Carcasses,
Mas ges gran temensa
No.n an li Franses.*

Many fleet horses
come from Tarzana
before Balaguier
The good king is coming
who has worth in abundance
He surely comes
into the Carcasses
But they have no great fear
of him among the French.

King Pedro II of Aragon travelled to Toulouse in January 1213, where he accepted oaths of fidelity from Count Raymond VI of Toulouse, Count Raymond Roger of Foix, and Viscount

Gaston of Béarn, forming a military alliance with the Occitanian lords and taking their fiefs under his protection and control.⁵¹ This alliance was a turning point in the Crusade, ending the king of Aragon's earlier posture of cautious detachment.

Previously, Pedro II had carefully maintained his Catholic partisanship and had travelled to Rome to swear his own oath of fidelity to Pope Innocent III in 1205. In his oath to the pope, the king pledged to support and protect the Roman church and to fight against heretics.⁵² His early involvement with the crusade had been as an intermediary and negotiator. In 1209, after the devastating fall of Béziers, he came to Carcassonne in order to mediate between his besieged vassal, Viscount Raymond Roger Trencavel, and the crusading army. Unable to negotiate the castle's surrender in terms that would satisfy either contingent, the king withdrew, leaving the viscount and his fortress to their destruction.⁵³ Pedro of Aragon's 1213 agreements with the counts of Toulouse and Foix, both excommunicated and accused of heresy by the pope, marked an extreme shift in the king's policy.

The circumstances that emboldened the Aragonese king to risk losing Innocent III's support involved growing threats, especially from the north, which increased as the Occitanian lords' defensive resources diminished.

The alliance between Toulouse and Aquitaine had been beneficial to Aragon as well, and the king, like his northern neighbors, watched the ambitions of the Phillip II of France with wariness. The strength of John of England's alliance with Toulouse had been severely damaged by the Agenais invasion.⁵⁴ As Jenkins says:

⁵¹ Vaux-de-Cernay, *Historia*, 172.

⁵² Jenkins, *Mediterranean*, 39.

⁵³ William Tudela and anonymous continuator, *Song of the Cathar Wars*, trans. Janet Shirley (Scolar Press, Brookfield, 1996), 23-34.

⁵⁴ Jenkins, *Mediterranean*, 128.

If indeed John had continued his brother's defensive strategy, ...these resulting alliances would have brought many of the major rulers together into one alliance system. The prospect of this alliance system appeared in response to the threat John perceived to his northern Angevin holdings and that Peter perceived in the Midi. This threat originated with Philip Augustus of France.⁵⁵

Pedro's decision to throw his support behind the anathematized Occitanian counts was a political choice based in desperation, and Montcuq was not the only troubadour to recognize the importance of Pedro's cooperation with Occitania against the emboldened crusaders.

Two other songs written sometime in 1212 address the king directly, reminding him of his duties in Occitania and inviting him to ally himself with the defenders.

Anonymous, *Vai Hugonet, ses bistensa*

In *Vai Hugonet*, an anonymous poet sends a message to Pedro of Aragon through the *joglar* Hugonet.⁵⁶ We have no way of knowing whether the messenger was real or if the song ever reached the king, but we can surmise that it originated from within the court of Raimond VI, as the poem's ending *tornada* addresses the count directly:

*Pros coms marques de bon aite
el camp feren e donan
fos restauratz lo greu dan
agratz cobrat manht repaire*

Worthy count, noble marquis:
by striking blows and giving
gifts on the battlefield, you have
recovered many dwelling places.⁵⁷

Through the bulk of the song, the address to Pedro of Aragon is pointed, detailed, and extremely direct in its condemnation of the king's lack of action so far. For instance, in the first *cobla*, the king is warned that his reputation has suffered, as he has allowed French invaders to squat on his territory.

*e dil trop fai gran suffrensa
si quhom lo ten a falhensa*

and tell him he is too tolerant,
so that people think he is doing wrong

⁵⁵ Ibid.

⁵⁶ See appendix A, p. 67 for complete poem and translation.

⁵⁷ Léglu et al., *Cathars*, 88-89.

*quar sai dizon qe frances
an sa terra en tenensa
tan longamen que ses tensa
e pus lan a tan conques
agues de say souinensa*

now they say that the French
have squatted on his land
unchallenged for so long
that they have as good as conquered them
May he bear that in mind!⁵⁸

The third and fourth *coblas* continue in a similar theme. The poet suggests that the Aragonese king's merit would increase three-fold if, like a "good king," he would defend his land and take revenge on the invaders, and that even the French are spreading gossip about his weakness.

*e dil que sa gran valensa
se doblara per un tres
sil vezem en carcasses
cum bos reys culhusa sensa*

and tell him his great merit
will be increased threefold
if he comes to the Carcasses
to defend his land like a good king

*E quar en aissis poiria
acabar lur mals ressos
que dizon senher de vos
fals frances que dieus maldia
quan no venjatz la folhia
e quar ets tan vergonhos
nom cal pus a pert o diga*

And this is the way
to end the bad gossip
that is spoken, my lord, of you
by the false French, God curse them,
As you take no revenge for this folly
and have behaved shamefully
I would rather not speak further.⁵⁹

Raimon de Miraval, *Bel m'es quieu chant e condei*

While the author of *Vai Hugonet* pulls no punches in his or her reproach of Pedro's passive stance, Raimon de Miraval's *canso* takes a more diplomatic tone. Like *Er can li rozier*, this song's political undertones have previously been minimized.

...Raimon de Miraval was a close friend of Raymond VI of Toulouse... Yet although his own castle had fallen to the Crusaders in 1211, he made only a brief mention of the expedition. In a love song addressed to Count Raymond's wife

⁵⁸ Ibid.

⁵⁹ Léglu et al., *Cathars*, 88-89.

Leonora, he appealed to her brother King Peter of Aragon to help him recover his castle, for he wished to present it as a gift to his *domna*.⁶⁰

If we frame this *canço* entirely in terms of its romantic content, we miss the important political motivation underpinning Miraval's song. Siberry rightly points out that Eleanor of Aragon was both the wife of Raimond VI and sister of Pedro II. I suggest that Miraval chose her as the subject of his song precisely because of her position as the political bridge between the two domains. By sending this lengthy *canço* in praise of Eleanor to her brother, Miraval is reminding the Aragonese king of his duties to both his allies and his vassals in Occitania.⁶¹

The troubadour himself was a minor nobleman who owned a quarter of the castle of Miraval, but his main livelihood was as a courtier of his primary patrons, the count and countess of Toulouse. Miraval's choice to place Eleanor as the object of his praise reveals much more about his eagerness to encourage an alliance between Toulouse and Aragon than it does about his own passion for the countess.

*Chanssos, vai me dir al rei
Cui joi quid'e vest e pais
Q'en lui non a ren biais,
Caital cum ieu vuoill lo vei*

Song, go for me and tell the king
Whom joy guides and clothes and nourishes
That in him there is nothing improper
For I see him just as I want him to be.⁶²

Despite its courtly tone and respectful deference, Miraval's song is just as pointed as *Vai Hugonet*. The troubadour makes clear that whatever deference he owes to Pedro of Aragon is entirely conditional upon the king's willingness to take action against the crusading forces:

Ab que cobre Montagut

Provided that he recover Montagut

⁶⁰ Siberry, *Criticisms*, 159-160.

⁶¹ Pedro's other sister, Sancia, was married to Raimond VI's son Raimond VII in 1212. Raimond VII was also the king's godson. A *razo* which accompanies this song in three manuscripts (E,R,P) frames Pedro II's visit to Toulouse as a familial one, an intimate reunion with his sisters, brother-in-laws, and godson and says he promised to restore all the castles mentioned in the song. According to the *razo*, Raimon de Miraval made this song at the joy of hearing the king's promise and then sent it to Pedro. Then, as the *razo* says, the king was killed by the French outside Muret along with a thousand knights that he had brought with him. Léglu et al., *Cathars*, 90.

⁶² See Appendix A, p. 69 for full text and translation. Preserved in A, C, D, E, F, H, I, K, L, M, N, P, Q, R, S, U, V. Melody preserved in R.

*E Carcasson'el repaire
Pois er de pretz emperaire
E doptaran son escut
Sai Frances e lai Masmut*

And return to Carcassonne
Then he will be emperor of merit,
And they will fear his shield
Here the French and there the Muslims.⁶³

As with the other songs mentioned so far, we have no way of knowing whether or not the king of Aragon ever heard Miraval's *canso*, let alone whether it could have had any influence on his decision to intercede on behalf of the counts of Toulouse and Foix. However, we do know that this song was extremely popular, possibly because of its association with the imminent death of Pedro II, who was killed during the Battle of Muret. It is recorded in nineteen separate manuscripts and is one of the only songs from this period for which the melody was preserved.

SONGS AS POLITICAL AND SOCIAL COMMENTARY AND PROPAGANDA

Peire Cardenal, *Razos es qu'ieu m'esbaudei*

The immediate and widespread popularity of Miraval's song is evidenced by the appearance of a slightly later contrafact: *Razos es qu'ieu m'esbaudei* by Peire Cardenal. While Cardenal's song is not preserved with melody, it is clearly based on Miraval's tune; it borrows the exact meter and rhyme scheme, even some of the same rhyming words.⁶⁴ Both songs are oriented historically around the Battle of Muret. While Miraval's song functions as a sort of call-to-arms for Pedro of Aragon, Cardenal's song is a *sirventes* (a song of service, often social or political criticism or satire) celebrating the execution of Baldwin of Toulouse in the aftermath of the battle.

The half-brother of Count Raymond VI of Toulouse, Baldwin had been entrusted with the defense of Montferrand early in the crusade, but surrendered it to Simon of Montfort in 1211.⁶⁵

⁶³ Samuel Rosenberg, Margaret Switten, and Gerald Le Vot, *Songs of the Troubadours and Trouveres* (New York and London: Garland Publishing, 1998), 122-124.

⁶⁴ See Appendix A, p. 71 for complete song and translation. Text preserved in C, D^b, I, K, M, R, T, d, *α*.

⁶⁵ Puylaurens, *Chronicle*, 41.

Baldwin was not the only Occitan lord to surrender to the crusaders, but unlike most other Occitan nobles, Baldwin never returned to the defenders' side.⁶⁶ From the time of his surrender, he appears to have been a valuable ally to Montfort and to the crusade. Pierre Vaux-de-Cernay says:

His [Baldwin's] character was far different from his brother's; he put all his energies into fighting for Christ and did everything in his power to help the Count of Montfort and the forces of Christianity against his brother and the other enemies of the faith.⁶⁷

At the Battle of Muret, Baldwin commanded a contingent of Montfort's forces and was instrumental in securing the crusaders' victory.⁶⁸ Though the combined armies of Toulouse, Foix, Comminges, and Aragon vastly outnumbered the crusaders, the battle was a disaster for the Occitan forces. The Aragonese king was killed in the first assault, and upon his death, many of the allied soldiers ran away.⁶⁹

With the death of Pedro of Aragon and the subsequent desertion of a large portion of the Aragonese army, the counts of Toulouse and Foix were forced to retreat and regroup. Following

⁶⁶ For instance, Aimery of Montréal surrendered his castle and agreed to peace with Montfort in late July of 1210, but by the following spring, he was leading the defense of Lavaur, where he died. Similarly, all of the garrisons of the defeated Agenais castles surrendered and swore oaths of peace to Montfort, which they broke with the capture of Baldwin of Toulouse.

⁶⁷ Vaux-de-Cernay, *Historia*, 223.

⁶⁸ Tudela, *Song*, 70.

⁶⁹ Primary accounts differ on the details but all, even those favorably disposed toward the defeated army, describe the loss as a consequence of poor strategic leadership by Pedro of Aragon. He rejects Raimond of Toulouse's suggestion that they should hold back, forcing Montfort's forces forward to make the first assault while they pick off the horses with crossbow and javelin from a distance, weakening the approaching army before they had a chance to fight back. Instead, Pedro led the army to a direct assault. Though outnumbered, Montfort's skillful strategizing and disciplined troops prevailed against the king's poorly organized assault. The *Llibre dels feyts* of Jaime of Aragon (Pedro's son), describes that the Aragonese knights did not know how to work together as a unified force, "each man fighting on his own accord, as if in a tournament." See Vaux-de-Cernay, *Historia*, 213.

the battle, Baldwin of Toulouse returned to his castle at Lolmie, where he was imprisoned by his own garrison, delivered to his brother, and subsequently hanged as a traitor.⁷⁰

Peire Cardenal's *sirventes* uses the melody and poetic form of Raimon de Miraval's *canso* to create a parody of the love song. Both have similar openings, each proclaiming the singer's intention to rejoice with song:

*Bel m'es quieu chant e condei
Puois l'aur'es dous'e.l temps gais
E per vergiers e per plais
Aug lo retint e.l gabei
Que fant l'auseillet menut
Entre.l vert e.l blanc e.l vaire
Adoncs se deuri'atraire
Cel que vol c'amors l'aiut
Vas chaptenevessa de drut (Miraval, *cobla* 1)*

It pleases me to sing and rejoice
Since the air is warm and the weather fine
And in the orchards and hedges
I hear the chirping and warbling
poured forth by the little birds
Between the green and white foliage
At that time he should arrive,
the one who wants love to help him
adopt the behavior of a lover.

*Razos es qu'ieu m'esbaudei
E sia jauzens e gais
E diga cansos e lais
E un sirventes desplei,
Quar leialtatz a vencut
Falsetat, e non a gaire
Ques ieu ai auzit retraire
Qu'us fortz trachers a perdut
Son poder e sa vertut. (Cardenal, *cobla* 1)*

I have the right to rejoice
and to be cheerful and happy,
and to recite lovesongs and lais
to unfurl a *sirventes*,
because loyalty has defeated
Falsehood, and I have just heard
that a mighty traitor
has lost both
his power and his strength.

While Miraval's *canso* deploys the expected imagery of nature's beauty in the service of romance, Cardenal's *contrafact* derives its force from the subversion of that trope. His invocation of divine justice against a traitor may have been particularly poignant for his audience, still

⁷⁰ The castles of Lolmie, Mondenard, Penne, Caylus and Montcuq had all been holdings of the Count of Toulouse, taken by Simon of Montfort during his campaign of the Agenais in the spring of 1212. After their defeat, those castles were given to Baldwin of Toulouse by Montfort. The garrisons of the castles were left intact, and though they pledged obedience to Simon of Montfort, they remained faithful to the defenders' cause. When Baldwin arrived in Lomie, unguarded and without the protection of Montfort's forces, he was held by the seneschal of Lomie, who sent word to his allies in the neighboring castles of Mondenard and Montcuq that he had taken Baldwin prisoner. Baldwin was delivered to Raymond VI in February of 1214 and was hanged at Montauban in the presence of his brother and the Count of Foix. See Vaux-de-Cernay, *Historia*, 152-154.

reeling from the defeat at Muret. *Bel m'es qu'ieu*, written (according to the *razo*) in celebration of Pedro of Aragon's alliance with Toulouse and Foix, was an optimistic celebration of courtly love topped off by an enthusiastic call-to-arms. The allied defenders far outnumbered the crusading forces they attacked at Muret, but instead of meeting an easy victory and the restoration of their lands, the Occitan armies scattered, leaving them in an even weaker position than before. After the battle, a contingent of Montfort's army travelled to Foix and set fire to every town, field, and unfortified holding of the county.⁷¹ Count Raymond VI fled first to Rome, then to England, leaving Toulouse largely under the control of Bishop Fulk, who was as fierce an enemy of the count as he was an ardent supporter of the crusade and ally of Simon of Montfort.⁷² There were no military victories for the defenders between the battle of Muret and Baldwin's hanging in 1214. *Razos es qu'ieu m'esbaudei*, as a celebratory *sirventes*, is tinged with desperation.

Given the magnitude of the defenders' losses, Baldwin's capture and execution was more a symbolic victory than a political one. Cardenal's use of Miraval's earlier, hopeful, and extremely popular melody was an important artistic, and perhaps politically-motivated choice that allowed his song to function as a useful propaganda piece, meant to lift the morale of the desperate and defeated Occitan forces. The troubadour praises the actions of the defeated garrisons of the Agenais, who proved their loyalty to the count of Toulouse by their violent attack on his brother, imprisoning him in his own castle and consequently removing those castles from the control of Simon of Montfort. Cardenal says:

<i>Quar leialtatz a vencut</i>	because loyalty has defeated
<i>Falsetat, e non a gaire</i>	Falsehood, and scarcely
<i>Ques ieu ai auzit retraire</i>	have I heard the news
<i>Qu'us fortz trachers a perdut</i>	that a mighty traitor has lost

⁷¹ Vaux-de-Cernay, *Historia*, 218-219.

⁷² Bishop Fulk of Toulouse was the former troubadour Folquet of Marseille. His career is discussed further in the “Peire Cardenal’s Anticlerical *Sirventes*” section below.

Son poder e sa vertut. (cobla 1)

his power and his strength.

The song continues, ascribing Baldwin's capture to the vengeance of God:

*Dieus fa, e fara e fei,
Aissi com es Dieus verais,
Drech als pros e als savais
E merce, segon lur lei.
Quar a la paia van tut,
L'enganat e l'enganaire,
Si com Abels a son fraire.
Que.l trachor seran destrut
E li trait ben vengut. (cobla 2)*

God grants, shall grant, and has granted
as he is a true God,
justice over the worthy and vicious,
as well as mercy, according to their law
For they all go to be paid,
the deceived with the deceiver,
Like Abel to his brother,
For traitors shall be destroyed
And those who have been betrayed made welcome.

The reference to the biblical murder of Abel by his brother Cain mirrors and subverts contemporary criticisms of Raymond VI's execution of Baldwin. In his *Historia*, Pierre Vaux-de-Cernay says of the event:

What unheard-of brutality! A second Cain, a brother worse than Cain I name the Count of Toulouse, for whom it was not enough to slay his brother (and such a brother!) but he must condemn him to a form of death of unprecedented barbarity.⁷³

Cardenal flips the narrative, equating the count of Toulouse with Abel, disinherited and exiled by the treachery of his brother. With Baldwin's death and the subsequent restoration of the castles of the Agenais to Raimond VI, "the traitors [were] destroyed and those who had been betrayed [were] made welcome."

The lyric equivalence between these two songs makes Cardenal's *sirventes* a caustic and effective counterpoint to Miraval's *canço* (see example 1, below). The identical melody and rhyme scheme would surely have made an unmistakable connection, highlighting both Toulouse's military defeat at Muret and, perhaps most importantly, Occitanian defiance and hope with the political success of Baldwin's execution.

⁷³ Vaux-de-Cernay, *Historia*, 225.

Musical example 1. Raimon de Miraval, *Bel m'es qu'ieu*; Peire Cardenal, *Razos es qu'ieu*.⁷⁴

1. Bel m'es q'ieu chant e con - dei
 2. Eu non sui drutz mas domp - nei
 7. Chans - sos vai me dir al rei

Puois l'au - res dous e.l temps gais
 Ni non tem pe - na ni fais
 Cui jois guid' e vest e pais

E per ver-giers e per plais
 Ni.m ran-cur leu ni m'i rais
 Q'en lui non a ren bia is

Aug lo re - tint e.l ga - bei
 Ni per or guoill no m'es - frei
 C'ai-tal cum ieu voill lo vei

Que fant l'au- zeil - let me - nut
 Pe - ro te - mens - sa.m fai mut
 Ab que co - bre Mon - ta - gut

En-tre.l vert e.l blanc e.l vai - re
 C'a la bel - la de bon ai - re
 E Car-cas-son' el re - pai - re

A-doncs se deu - ri - a - trai - re
 Non aus mos-trar ni re - trai - re
 Pois er de pretz em-pe - rai - re

Sel que vol c'a - mors l'a - iut
 Mon cor q'ieu.l tenc res - con - dut
 E dop - ta - ran es - cut

Vas chap - te - nen - sa drut.
 Pois aic son pretz con - o - gut.
 Sai Fran - ces e lai Mas - mut.

1. Ra - zos es q'ieu m'es - bau - dei
 2. Dieus fa e fa - ra e fei
 4. De lops e de fe - das vei

E sia jau-zens e gais
 Ais - si com es Dieus ve - rais
 Que de las fe - das son mais

E di - ga can-sos e lais
 Drech als pros e als sa - vais
 E per un au-stor que nais

E un sir - ven - tes des - plei
 E mer - ce se - gon lur lei
 Son mil per - ditz fe qu'ieus dei

Quar lei - al - tatz a ven - cut
 Quar a la pai - a van tut
 Az ais - so es con - o - gut

Fal - se - tat e non a gai - re
 L'en - ga - nat e l'en ga - nai - re
 Que hom mur triers ni rau - bai - re

Quez ieu ai au-zit re - trai - re
 Si com A-bels a son frai - re
 Non plas tant a Dieu lo pai - re

Qu'us fortz tra - chers a per - dut
 Que.l tra - chor se - ran de - strut
 Ni tant non a - ma son frut

Son po - der e sa ver - tut.
 E li trait ben ven - gut.
 Com fai del po bol me - nut.

⁷⁴ Transcription by author. For the sake of space, I have only included three *coblas* of each song. For other musical editions, see Higiní Anglès, *La Música a Catalunya fins al segle XIII* (Barcelona: Biblioteca de Catalunya, 1935), 401; Friedrich Gennrich, *Der musikalische nachlass des troubadours* (Darmstadt: Summa Musica Medii Aevii, 1965), 141; Rosenberg et al., *Songs of the Troubadours*, 122-123; and Hendrik Van der Werf, *Extant Troubadour Melodies* (Rochester: Van der Werf, 1984), 312.

While we cannot know exactly how far this song travelled, it is recorded in ten manuscripts, three of which do not contain *Bel m'es qu'ieu chant e condei*.⁷⁵ The popularity of Miraval's tune suggests that Cardenal's contrafact may have been easily disseminated, and since it appears in records that don't include Miraval's song, it may have achieved a life of its own as well. It is worth considering where these songs were used, by whom, and how. Prior to the Battle of Muret, the court of Toulouse was still supporting troubadours. It is almost certain that *Bel mes qu'ieu chant e condei* was written from that court and it is also the likely locus of *Vai Hugonet* (discussed above) and Cardenal's earlier sirventes *Los aimaritz qui encolpar*.⁷⁶

By 1214 when *Razos es qu'ieu* was written, the Toulousain court was abandoned and the city was under the joint control of Bishop Fulk of Toulouse and Simon of Montfort. It is doubtful that courtiers of the count of Toulouse would have remained in the city (especially as outspoken a critic of the crusade as Peire Cardenal), so the question of where and how these songs were being used and disseminated is an important one. Outside of the grandest courts, troubadours and trobairises continued to produce songs in a variety of genres and for a variety of purposes, but I suggest that the dismantling of the most powerful courtly households during this period marks a shift not only in the style, but also the spread and audience of the *art de trobar*.

Guilhem Figueira, *Un sirventes farai que m'agenssa* and Gormonda de Montpellier, *Greu m'es a durar*

The mention of a number of *sirventes* in the inquisitorial records of the later thirteenth century suggests that courtly lyrics had, at least in some cases, moved out of the courts and into the towns. Their appearance in the depositions of merchants and townspeople indicates that some

⁷⁵ Manuscripts D^b, T, and d contain *Razos es qu'ieu* but not *Bel mes qu'ieu*.

⁷⁶ *Los aimaritz qui encolpar* was another song addressed to Pedro of Aragon, certainly written prior to 1213. Cardenal likely began his career as a clerk in the chancery of Raimond VI of Toulouse. Elizabeth Aubrey, *The Music of the Troubadours* (Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1996), 23-24.

of these works had been adopted by the populus as anti-crusade protest songs. One such piece, *Un sirventes farai que m'agenssa* by Guilhem Figueira, is a strident anti-clerical work that attacks the corruption of Rome and the injustice of the Pope's campaign in Occitania.⁷⁷ Quoted in the inquisitorial deposition of a Toulousain merchant, the witness asserts that the song was well-known and publicly performed many times both by himself and his neighbors.⁷⁸

Figueira's poem is a powerful and vehement complaint against the Catholic Church and the crusade, but it is unlikely that it would have spread so effectively through the merchant and lower classes had its music not already been familiar. Figueira's poem is modeled after *Flors de paradis*, an anonymous Marian song that may have originated either in Catalonia or Provence.⁷⁹ *Flors de paradis* is preserved in a number of sources, only two of which are included in the main troubadour complex.⁸⁰ The song's preservation in sources less closely tied to the courtly *art de trobar* may indicate that its popularity likewise extended outside of courtly society. Some scholars have further suggested that *Flors de paradis* was itself derived from earlier material: the vespers hymn *Ave maris stella*.⁸¹ If that is the case, then both the level of familiarity and the irony of Figueira's complaint would have had an even greater impact on his listeners.

⁷⁷ Preserved in B, C, D, Fb, R, and a¹. See appendix A, p. 73 for full poem and translation.

⁷⁸ The 1274 deposition of Bernard Raymond Baranhon includes a quotation of the entire first còbla of Figueira's *sirventes*, which Baranhon says he quoted many times in public and which he heard many other people recite. Peter Biller, Caterina Bruschi, and Shelagh Sneddon, *Inquisitors and Heretics in Thirteenth-Century Languedoc: Edition and Translation of Toulouse Inquisitorial Depositions, 1273-1282*; (Leiden and Boston: Brill, 2011), 581-585.

⁷⁹ Barbara Spaggiari, "La 'Poesia Religiosa Anonima Catalana' O Occitanica," *Annali Della Scuola Normale Superiore Di Pisa. Classe Di Lettere E Filosofia*, Serie III, 7, no. 1 (1977).

⁸⁰ Preserved in R and Z, as well as in Biblioteca Laurenziana Firenze, ms Ashburnham 105^b, and Biblioteca Comunale Siena, ms H III 3¹.

⁸¹ Léglu et al., *Cathars*, 115; F.J. Oroz Arizcuren, *La lirica religiosa en la literatura provenzal antigua* (Pamplona: Diputación Foral de Navarra, 1972). The melody of *Flors de paradis* is not extant, so it is impossible to compare it with any extant *Ave maris stella* tunes. The poetic meter and rhyme scheme differ, though there is some similarity of thematic material between the two songs. Due to the clear poetic differences, it is extremely unlikely that *Flors de paradis* was a true contrafaction of the office hymn, though it may well have been inspired by it.

That Figueira chose a popular, rather than courtly tune to accompany his inflammatory poem may indicate his intention for it to appeal to a wider audience, and Figueira's *vida* supports the idea that the troubadour aimed for a popular response:

...he was greatly cherished by rogues and harlots and innkeepers and publicans. And if he saw a notable man from the court come where he was, he became sad and afflicted. And at once he would take pains to debase him and exalt the rabble.⁸²

Figueira's song is a litany of the evils perpetrated by Rome through corruption, avarice, greed, and falsehood. He mentions a number of contemporary events that place the song sometime after 1226.⁸³ Direct references to the Albigensian Crusade occur throughout the song, as this example in *cobla* twenty-one:

...vos e Cistel qu'a Bezers fezetz faire mout estranh mazel.

...you and Citeaux wrought the strangest of slaughters at Béziers.⁸⁴

A direct reference to the first assault of the crusade in 1209, Figueira's song asserts that the atrocities exacted on the orthodox citizens of Béziers would not soon be forgotten. The lands of Raimond Roger Trencavel, viscount of Carcassonne, Béziers, and the Razès, were the first military targets of the crusade. While Catharism was particularly strong in certain areas under the viscount's control, the city of Béziers was not known to be a haven for Cathar believers.⁸⁵ Pedro II of Aragon (the viscount's overlord) had enacted anti-heretical legislation in the area, placing all heretics under anathema and declaring that they must be expelled from the cities.⁸⁶

⁸² Margarita Egan, *Vidas of the Troubadours* (New York and London: Garland Publishing, 1984), 56.

⁸³ The death of Louis VIII (mentioned in the sixth *cobla*) was in 1226. The loss of the Port of Damietta, a Christian holding in Egypt (mentioned in the fifth *cobla*) ended the fifth crusade in 1221. Léglu et al., *Cathars*, 115.

⁸⁴ *Ibid*, 118.

⁸⁵ Béziers was a strange choice for the first assault. The nearby castra of Montréal, Laurac, Fanjeaux, Lastours, Castre, and Minerve, for instance, all had much stronger associations with Catharism at that time.

⁸⁶ Jenkins, *Mediterranean World*, 129.

Whatever the reason for selecting Béziers as the site of the first attack, the crusaders, led by papal legate and Cistercian abbot Arnould Amaury of Citeaux, attacked the city with a display of carnage shocking even to medieval chroniclers. When the crusaders stormed the town, they slaughtered everyone in their path while fleeing citizens took refuge in the church. The leading sergeant, unsure whether the people in the church should be spared, asked the papal legate how to tell the heretics from the true Catholics. Infamously, Abbot Amaury responded, "Kill them all; God will know his own."⁸⁷ As William of Tudela records it:

...they massacred them at Béziers, killing them all. It was the worst they could do to them. And they killed everyone who fled into the church; no cross or altar or crucifix could save them. And these raving beggarly lads, they killed the clergy too, and the women and the children. I doubt if one person came out alive. God, if it be his will, receive their souls in paradise! So terrible a slaughter has not been known or consented to, I think, since the time of the Saracens.⁸⁸

According to Amaury's own report, some 20,000 citizens of Beziérs were killed in one afternoon.

Earlier in his song, Figueira asserts that Rome had made martyrs of Christians without cause, a claim brought into sharp focus with his reminder of the massacre of Beziérs.

*Roma, ses rason
avetz mainta gen morta (cobla 8)*

*Roma, be.is discern
lo mals c'om vos deu dire
quar faitz per esquern
dels crestians martire
Mas en cal quadern
trobatz c'om deia aucire
Roma.ls crestians? (cobla 9)*

Rome, your excuses
have killed many without cause

Rome, it is easy to see the evil
that you have done and spoken
You martyr Christians
and do it scornfully.
Where do you find,
where is it written
That Rome should kill Christians?⁸⁹

⁸⁷ This anecdote is recorded by Caesarius of Heisterbach, a Cistercian chronicler, in his *Dialogus Miraculorum*, British Library, add. ms 21147. See also Jenkins, *Mediterranean World*, 131.

⁸⁸ Tudela, *Song*, 21.

⁸⁹ Kehew, *Lark*, 291.

Figueira's song met strong dissent in the vociferous response of trobairitz Gormonda of Montpellier. Gormonda's song is itself a contrafact of Figueira's and is a line-by-line answer to his *sirventes*. The responsive structure of her poem corresponds so exactly to Figueira's that some scholars have suggested the two songs may have been performed as a debate.⁹⁰

Gormonda's answer to Figueira's *cobla* about Béziers contains a reference that suggests that the massacre was still fresh in the minds of the Occitan public, despite the passage of nearly two decades. The attack occurred on the feast day of Mary Magdalene. Though Figueira doesn't mention the date in his song, Gormonda invokes the saint in her corresponding response:

<p><i>Rom al glorios que a la magdalena perdenet don nos esperam bona estrena lo folh rabios que tan dich fals semena fassa daital for elh e son thezor e son malvat cor morir e d'aital pena cum hereters mor (cobla 20)</i></p>	<p>Rome, may the glorious one, who to the Magdalene gave forgiveness and from whom we hope for a good gift, make the rabid fool that speaks such false words along with his falshood and his treasure and his wicked heart, be punished with death even the death of the heretics.⁹¹</p>
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Though Gormonda's response (probably very much in line with views of orthodox clergy) equates Figueira's anticlerical views with heresy, the many anti-clerical works produced by individuals in this period demonstrate clear antipathy for Catholic clerics, but are not necessarily motivated by heterodox or heretical beliefs.⁹²

⁹⁰ Léglu et al., *Cathars*, 119.

⁹¹ *Ibid.*, 122. See appendix A, p. 79 for full poem and translation.

⁹² Figueira may have had sympathies with Cathar believers, but that assertion is far from certain, and other troubadours whose works are extremely hostile toward the clergy show no evidence of Cathar beliefs.

PEIRE CARDENAL'S ANTICLERICAL *SIRVENTES*

Peire Cardenal's many *sirventes* represent the most vehement complaints against the Catholic Church and the crusade to emerge from the entire *trobar* corpus. The limitations of this study prevent a full evaluation of all of Cardenal's anti-clerical works, but a selection of a few will serve as a broad representation of his style.⁹³ Cardenal's songs castigate individual clergymen, particular confraternities, the pope, and even God himself. However, the poet also produced several songs of sacred devotion, the subjects of which strongly suggest that he was an orthodox Catholic, in spite of his antipathy toward the clergy.⁹⁴

L'arcivesque de Narbona

Cardenal's *L'arcivesque de Narbona* brings us again face to face with Arnould Amaury, the abbot who oversaw the attack of Béziers. In 1212, Amaury was named archbishop of Narbonne, a position from which he oversaw the progress of the crusade. The archbishop was aided particularly by two other individuals: Simon of Montfort, the military and political leader of the crusade and Fulk, the bishop of Toulouse, whose anti-heretical fervor and insider knowledge (he was the only native Occitan of the three) made him a particularly zealous ally.

Though only the archbishop's identity can be conclusively verified, it is likely that those three individuals are the targets of this song's invective. In the first *cobla*, Cardenal asserts that:

*L'arcivesques de narbona
nil reys non an tan de sen
que de malvaiza persona
puescon far home valen
dar pot hom aur et argen
e draps e ui et anona*

Neither the archbishop of Narbonne
nor the king has enough sense
to turn a wicked character
into a worthy man.
They can give him gold and silver,
cloth, wine, and wheat,

⁹³ 70 songs are attributed to Cardenal, of which 56 are *sirventes*.

⁹⁴ One of Cardenal's songs, *Dels quatre caps que a la cros*, is a contemplation of the cross. Another, *Vera vergena Maria*, is a Marian song celebrating the incarnation of Christ. Both the cross and the incarnation were rejected in Cathar belief.

mas lobelh en senha men

but cannot give good breeding.⁹⁵

The "wicked character" likely refers to Simon of Montfort, who was given the viscounty of Carcassonne, Béziers, and the Razès after the death of Raymond Roger Trencavel in 1209, at the same time taking over command of the Crusading armies.⁹⁶ Simon's accession to the Occitan viscounty was viewed by contemporaries as a dishonorable and even illegal acquisition. William of Tudela's retelling of the process of that appointment betrays his discomfort with Simon's role. Even as he praises Montfort's bravery, courtesy, and wisdom, he notes that no other French barons would accept the fiefdom. The abbot of Citeaux first offered the viscounty to the count of Nevers, who refused it, then to the count of St. Pol, who likewise declined:

They both said they had plenty of land in the kingdom of France where their fathers were born, however long their lives might be, and they did not wish to take another man's inheritance. There was no one present who would not feel himself utterly disgraced if he accepted the fief... 'I will do it,' said Count Simon, 'on this condition: that the princes gathered here swear to me upon oath that if I am in trouble they will all come to my help when I send for them.'...At this, Simon at once and boldly accepted the fief, the land and the country.⁹⁷

Simon would have little help from the princes gathered there however, as William explains that once settled, the count of Montfort "became anxious for very few of his friends decided to stay with him."⁹⁸ Throughout the crusade, Montfort was the only French lord who maintained a consistent presence in Occitania, and as such, he claimed lordship over every defeated castrum and fortified town, becoming, as Cardenal's song suggests, the embodied symbol of French greed, arrogance, and discourtesy:

Quar ab renda gran e bona

There is a great big rent

⁹⁵ See appendix A, p. 85 for complete poem and translation. Preserved in C, D^b, I, K, M, R, T, d. Léglu et al., *Cathars*, 108.

⁹⁶ See discussion below of Guilhem Augier de Novelha's *Cascus plor e planh* for further information on the death of Raymond Roger Trencavel.

⁹⁷ Tudela, *Song*, 26-27.

⁹⁸ *Ibid.*

*say ieu.i.caytiu dolen
que no fay condutz ni dona
ni somo ni acuelh gen
mal conquer e pretz despen (cobla 2)*

given to a worthless wretch,
he arranges no feasts,
and welcomes no one to his court
He conquers badly and spends even worse.

In the fourth cobla of *L'arcivesque de narbona*, Cardenal describes an unnamed monk, a man “as cruel as a wolf or snake:”

*Tals a sus el cap corona
e porta blanc vestimen
quel voluntatz es felhona
cum de lop o de serpen
e qui tolh ni trays ni men
ni auçi ni em poizona
ad aquo es ben parven
quals volers hiabotona (cobla 4)*

There's a man with a tonsured head
and wears white vestments
whose intentions are as cruel
as a wolf or a serpent.
One whose intentions
ripen in him,
murder, poison, betrayal,
his wishes are plain to see.

The white robes likely identify the monk as a member of the Cistercian order, but they may also refer to the vestments of the White Confraternity, a religious militia organized by Bishop Fulk of Toulouse.⁹⁹ Fulk's professional and spiritual progression to the bishopric of Toulouse is a fascinating one and makes him a prime suspect for Cardenal's invective. In his younger years, Bishop Fulk had been the celebrated troubadour Folquet of Marseille, whose songs are among the best preserved and most revered in the *trobar* corpus.¹⁰⁰ In 1195, Folquet renounced his way of life and entered the Cistercian monastery of Le Thoronet, where he became abbot in 1199.¹⁰¹ In 1205 he was appointed to the bishopric of Toulouse. A close associate and supporter of the legatine preachers and reformers prior to the crusade, Bishop Fulk was deeply involved with the

⁹⁹ The White Confraternity was formed in direct opposition to Toulouse's other citizen militia, the Black Confraternity, organized in support of the Count and against the Albigensian Crusade. See Jenkins, *Mediterranean*, 145.

¹⁰⁰ There are 27 extant songs attributed Folquet of Marseille, 13 of which are preserved with melodies. Of those 13, all but 2 preserve the melodies in multiple sources.

¹⁰¹ Vaux-de-Cernay, *Historia*, 23.

military campaigns throughout the war and his presence in the camps of the crusaders is frequently noted by the chroniclers.

If the white-robed monk is Bishop Fulk, Cardenal's hatred is understandable.¹⁰² He calls him "that great treacherous know-it-all" ("*traitor sobre saben*"). The troubadours and trobairises were certainly not a unified corps of entertainers, but it is reasonable to suggest that Folquet's renunciation of his courtly lifestyle, his zealous vendetta against Count Raymond VI (Cardenal's main patron), and his part in the defeat and disempowerment of not only the court, but the entire city of Toulouse, might have elicited a deep sense of personal hatred and betrayal against the former troubadour.

Clergue si fan pastor, Tartarassa ni voutour, and Un sirventes vuelh far dels aus glotos

Cardenal's *sirventes* also attack the clergy in general, for example in his songs *Clergue si fan pastor*, *Tartarassa ni voutour*, and *Un sirventes vuelh far dels auls glotos*. Both *Clergue si fan pastor* and *Tartarassa ni voutour* portray the clergy as vicious predators, eagerly sniffing out the weakness of their prey. In *Tartarassa ni voutour*, Cardenal likens the clergy to buzzards and vultures:

Tartarassa ni voutour
ne sent tan leu carn puden
quom clerc e prezicador
senton ont es lo manen
Mantenen son sei privat
e quant malautia.l bat
fan li far donassio

Buzzards and vultures
do not smell out stinking flesh
as fast as clerics and preachers
smell out the rich.
They circle around him at once like friends
but when sickness strikes him,
they get him to make a little donation

¹⁰² Though he had been bishop for more than a decade by the time this song was written, contemporary accounts show that Fulk still identified, at least when convenient, as a monk. Prior to the battle of Muret, Bishop Fulk sent a cowl to the armed citizens of Toulouse with an urge that they disarm and not attack the crusaders encamped in Muret. The citizens attacked Fulk's messenger and destroyed the monk's cowl. See Vaux-de-Cernay, *Historia*, 212.

tel que.l paren no.i an pro (cobla 1)

and his own family gets nothing.¹⁰³

While in *Clergue si fan pastor*, the clerics are literally depicted as wolves in sheep's clothing:

*Clergue si fan pastor
e son aucizedor
e par de gran sanctor
qui los vei revestir
e.m pren a sovenir
que n'Ezengris un dia
volc ad un parc venir
mas pels cans que temia
pel de mouton vestic
ab que los escarnic
puois manget e traic
tot so que li.abelic (cobla 1)*

Clerics pretend to be shepherds
but they are the killers;
the likeness of sanctity is on them
when you see them in their habit,
and it puts me in mind
that Master Ysengrim one day
wanted to get into the sheepfold
and because he feared the dogs
he put on the skin of a sheep
and tricked them all.
Then he gobbled and glutted
as much as he liked.¹⁰⁴

The song continues with Cardenal's various complaints of clerics' greed and avarice, finishing with a *tornada* that proclaims:

*Clergue qui vos chauzic
ses fellon cor enic
en son comte faillic
c'anc peior gent non vic. (tornada)*

Clerics, whoever depicted you
without a cruel and vicious heart
erred in his account,
for a worse breed I never saw.

This song appears to have been very popular, and like Figueira's *sirventes* against Rome, it is mentioned in an inquisitorial deposition, suggesting its familiarity to both the bourgeoisie and the nobility.¹⁰⁵

¹⁰³ See appendix A, p. 86 for full poem and translation. Preserved in C, I, K, R, and d. *Tartarassa ni voutor* shares a metric and rhyme scheme with Bernart de Ventadorn's *Aram conseillatz*, which, based on the number of extant sources (including two with the melody), appears to have been very well known. It is likely that Cardenal's poem is a contrafact of Ventadorn's earlier tune.

¹⁰⁴ See appendix A, p. 88 for full poem and translation. Preserved in A, C, D^b, I, J, K, R, d, M, and T. Ysengrim is the name of a wolf from the *Roman de Renart*.

¹⁰⁵ Accusations against Bertrand of Taïx, a citizen of Pamiers, from a 1324 deposition include an anecdote that Guillhem Saisset, a knight of Pamiers and brother of the bishop of Pamiers, recited this song during mass and then taught the song to Bertrand, who agreed that the wickedness of the clergy far exceeded that named in the song. See Jean Duvernoy, ed., *Le Registre d'Inquisition de Jacques Fournier* vol. 3 (Paris: Mouton Editeur, 1978), 1176-1177.

In *Un sirventes vuelh far aus glotos*, Cardenal condemns simony and the selling of indulgences:

*Un sirventes vuel far dels autz glotos
que veridon dieu e destruzon la gen
e prezicon quels vivon sanctamen (cobla 1)*

This is a *sirventes* about the vile gluttons who sell God, who destroy people, and who preach we should live in sanctity.

*ai verays dieus quab ton sanc non remsist
vejas quon es sancta gliyza venals
que hom noy a dignerat ni prebenda
si non lur fai soven donar socors
e nom es neps of filh de tos pastors
o non cossent lur deslial fazenda (cobla 3)*

True God, who redeemed us with your blood, look how the holy church is venal for no man can obtain offices or livings unless he gives frequent, helpful gifts or is the nephew or son of your shepherds or gives approval to their deceptions.

*Faitz an fellons e ditz espericals
ab votz tenen et ab coratge trist
ieu aug quels son gessatge d'anticrist
quardatz si delhs pot ben yssir totz mals
mas dieus en fai totz iorns cortezae sinenda
quon plus aut son pujatz en las honors
cazon plus bas ab penas et ab plors
el fons differn et autre cuelh la renda (cobla 4)*

They are of criminal deeds and spiritual words, with strong voices and sorrowful hearts. I think they are the messengers of Antichrist. Beware: all sorts of evil could come from them. They higher they climb in worldly honor, they lower they will fall to suffering and tears into the depths of hell, and another collects their rents.¹⁰⁶

Un sirventes novel vuelh commensar

One of Cardenal's most famous songs (and one of the few for which the melody is extant), *Un sirventes novel vuelh commensar*, attacks the injustice of God himself. This song is a darkly humorous *sirventes* in which the poet imagines his meeting with God at the judgement day.

*Tota sa cort farai meravillar
cant auziran lo mieu plaideiamen
qu.eu dic qu'el fa ves lo sieus faillimen
si los cuja delir ni enfernar
car qui pert so que gazanhar poiria
per bon dreg a de viutat carestia
qu'el deu esser dous e multiplicans
de retenir las armas trespasans (cobla 2)*

I'll make the Lord's whole court sit up and stare when once they've heard the content of my plea, saying "He treats His own folk wrongfully, fixing to torment, then fling them down there. Whoever chucks out good things he could store to spare and preserve them, deserves to be poor; God should be tender and dwell every place so he could save us from sin and disgrace.

¹⁰⁶ See appendix A, p. 90 for full poem and translation. Preserved in C, I, K, R, T, and d.

*S'ieu ai sai mal et en enfern l'avia
 segon ma fe tortz e peccatz seria,
 qu'ieu vos puesc ben esser recastenans
 que per un ben ai de mal mil aitans (tornada 1)*

Suffering here, then suffering more in Hell,
 that could be wrongful, a sin of unfairness.
 I could reprove You and justly complain
 that for each joy I got thousandfold pain."¹⁰⁷

Cardenal's *sirventes* are the among the most strident and certainly the most numerous of the anti-clerical songs from this period, but if their degree of preservation is demonstrative of their popularity, he probably presented an opinion shared by many of his compatriots who likewise found the abuses of the clergy and the church-sponsored crusaders hard to square with their religious faith, orthodox or otherwise.

Musical example 2. Peire Cardenal, *Un sirventes novel vuelh comensar*.¹⁰⁸

1. Un sir-ven-tes no-vel vu - elh_ co men sar_ que re-trai-rai al_ jor_ del ju - ja- men_

2. To - ta cort fa - rai_ me - ra - vil - lar_ can au - zi - ran lo_ mieu plai - de - ia- men_

3. Los di - a - bles de - gra_ de - ze - re - tar_ et a - gra mais d'ar - mas_ e plus so - ven_

4. Vos - tra por - ta non_ de - gras ja ve - dar_ que sans Pei - res i_ pren trop d'au - ni - men_

5. Ieu no me vueill de_ vos_ dez - es - pe - rar_ anz ai en vos mon bon_ es - pe - ra - men_

a sel que.m fes e.m for met_ de ni - en_ siel mi cui - da de_ ren_ oc - cau - zo - nar_

qu.eu dic qu'el fa ves lo sieus_ fai - lli - men_ si los cu - ja de - lir_ ni en - fer - nar_

e.l de - ze - retz pla - gra a_ to - ta_ gen_ et el me zeis po - gra_ s'o per - do - nar_

que n'es por - tiers mas que in - tres ri - zen_ to - ta ar - ma que_ lai_ vol - gues in - trar_

que me vai - llas a mon tres - pas - sa - men_ per que de - ves m'ar - ma'e_ mon cors sal - var_

e sil mi vol met ren_ la di - a - bli - a_ yeu li di - ray sen - her mer ce no si - a_

car qui pert so que ga - zan - har poi - ri - a_ per bon dreg a de viu - tat_ ca - re - sti - a_

car per mon grat tras totz_ los de - stru - ri - a_ pos tut sa - bem c'ab - sol - ver_ s'en poi - ri - a_

car nui - lla cortz non er_ ja ben com pli - a_ que l'uns en plor e que l'au - tre en ri - a_

e fa - rai vos u - na_ bel - la par - ti - a_ que.m tor - netz lai don moc lo_ pre - mier di - a_

tornada 1 S'ieu ai sai mal et en_ en - fer l'a - vi - a_ se - gon ma fe tortz e pec - catz se - ri - a_

tornada 2 Per mer - ce.us prec don - na_ sanc - ta Ma - ri - a_ c'al vos - tre fill mi fas - sas_ ga - ren - ti - a_

q'il mal se - gle tur - men - nej_ totz mos ans e gar - datz mi sieus play_ dels tur - men tans_

qu'el deu es - ser dous_ e mul - ti - pli - cans de re - te - ner las_ ar - mas tres - pas - sans_

bels sen - herss Dieus si - as de - ze - re - tans del e - ne - mix en - vi - os e pe - zans!

e si - tot ses so - bei - rans_ reis pois - sans si no m'ub - res er_ vos_ en fatz de - mans_

o que.m si - atz de - mos tortz_ per - do - nans qu'ieu no.ls fo - ra si_ non_ fos natz e - nans_

qu'ieu vos puesc ben es - ser re - cas - te - nans que per un ben ai_ de_ mal mil ai - tans_

si qu'el pren - da lo_ pai - re_ e.ls en - fans e.ls me - ta lay on_ es - ta san Jo - hans_

¹⁰⁷ See appendix A, p. 91 for full poem, translation. Of the 70 songs attributed to Cardenal, only three survive with a melody. The text of this song is preserved in C, I, K, T, and d; the melody is preserved in R.

¹⁰⁸ Transcription by author. For other musical editions, see Anglès, *La Musica*, 404; Jean Beck, *La musique des Troubadours* (Paris: H. Laurens, 1910), 88; Gennrich, *Der musikalische*, 187; Van der Werf, *Extant*, 312.

SONGS IN THE SERVICE OF WAR

Raimon Escrivan, *Senhors, l'autrier vi ses falhida*

Musical engagement with the crusade went beyond critical commentary. Many of the troubadours participated directly in the military action as soldiers and even commanders. Their songs give us a first-hand look at the crusade and the individuals on the front lines.

One such song is a narrative fable by Raimon Escrivan, *Senhors, l'autrier vi ses falhida*, probably written in 1218 during the siege of Toulouse.¹⁰⁹ His song pits two fearsome siege engines against one another: the 'cat' and the trebuchet. William of Puylaurens gives an excellent description of the cat's purpose as it was constructed during the siege:

At last it was decided to construct a wooden engine of the type known as the 'cat', which would enable [Simon of Montfort's] men to bring up earth and wood to fill up the ditches; once the ditches had been levelled they would be able to engage the enemy at close quarters and effect an entry into the town after breaking up the wooden barriers opposing them.¹¹⁰

In the song, Escrivan plays on the cat's name, using various feline descriptions of its appearance and behavior:

*La cata que ges nom obrida
gen entuyrade meilhs garnida (cobla 1)*

The cat was nicely cared for
and even better adorned

*E venc suau ce ladamen
pauc cada pauc prenden e pren (cobla 3)*

and moved softly,
secretively, little by little

*Ab tan la cata sen erissa
ques grassae grossa e faitussa
...e vinh los pes e fes un saut (cobla 5)*

That made the cat's hairs stand on end,
for she is big, fat, and bulky
...she put her paws together and pounced.¹¹¹

The trebuchet and cat engage verbal and military sparring, each threatening the other with destruction:

¹⁰⁹ Léglu et al., *Cathars*, 98.

¹¹⁰ Puylaurens, *Chronicle*, 61.

¹¹¹ See appendix A, p. 93 for full poem and translation. No extant music. Preserved in R and C.

*Dis trabuquet diableus guida
na cata dolenta martida
quan vos aurai tres colps ferida
la ab mi non avretz guerida (cobla 2)*

The trebuchet said, 'the devil guide you,
miserable, downcast Lady Cat!
When I have struck you three blows,
you shall have no cure from me.'

*Et a cridat e mot an aut
Trabuquet not pres un grapaut
que prop vos suy al mieu assaut (cobla 5)*

Then she yelled,
'Trebuchet, you don't have the worth of a grappling-hook
for my assault brings me right by your side!'

By spring of 1218, Toulouse had withstood the siege for nine months. Frustrated with the lack of success, Simon of Montfort began construction on the cat, with which he meant to destroy the town.¹¹² For both armies, the cat represented the best hope of success. If successful in its aims to destroy the external defenses, the cat would enable crusaders to easily storm the city. However, both the construction and its defense required many of Montfort's soldiers to be centered around the siege engine, exposing great numbers of the army and the cat itself to an extremely vigorous assault by the defenders.

Escrivan's song personifies the efforts of both armies into a standoff between their war machines. His fable, mirroring history, ends in favor of the defenders' trebuchet:

*Et ha dich na cata mestissa
fort pel aures ser nous es quessa
e tramer lun caire raspaut
que nol leveron tiey ribaut
e a loi mes el cors tot taut
don tuig foron alegre baut (cobla 6)*

And he said 'Miserable Lady Cat, you'll need
that tough skin, because you will not escape!
And he sent her a flaying missile
that not even three *ribauts* could have lifted,
and he shot it, hot, into her body,
and that made everyone happy and glad.

On June 25th, in the middle of a fierce assault on the cat, Simon of Montfort was struck in the head by a stone from the defenders' trebuchet and killed instantly.

...he went into the cat, and a stone thrown from an enemy mangonel fell onto his head; he died at once. The news reached the citizens inside Toulouse that day and they did not hold back from showing their delight by shouts of rejoicing.¹¹³

¹¹² Tudela, *Song*, 151.

¹¹³ Puylaurens, *Chronicle*, 61.

With Simon's death, leadership of the army went to his son Amaury, who lifted the siege and retreated to the family castle in Carcassonne to see to his father's burial.

Gui de Cavaillon, *Duas coblas farai* and Bernart Falcon, *Je no creirai*

William of Puylaurens tell us that "the country reeled under the impact" of Simon's unexpected death and within a few days, the crusaders holding Castelnaudary ceded it to the count of Toulouse. Amaury of Montfort immediately regrouped his forces and laid siege to the place.¹¹⁴ A troubadour and close associate of the count of Toulouse, Gui of Cavaillon, was part of the garrison defending Castelnaudary and composed a musical request for aid. Two *coblas* were sent by way of a *joglar* (minstrel) from within Castelnaudary to Bernart Falcon, Count Raymond's *bayle* in Avignon.¹¹⁵

*Doas coblas farai en aqest son
q'eu trametrai a-n Bertram d'Avignon,
e sapça be que dinz Castelnou son,
e li Franceis nos estan de viron;
e membra-m be de cela cui hom son,
qe sovendet en broc e-n esperon
e crit m'enseigna e desplec mon leon:
per q'eu o man a Bertram d'Avignon,
hoc, a-n Bertram.*

*A-n Bertram Folc man, com hom esserat,
per zo q'el aia del venir volontat,
qe-l jorn estam nos e-l caval armat
e puois, al vespre, can tost avem sopat,
nos fam la gaita entre-l mur e-l fossat;
[et ab Franceis non a-n ges entregat,
enanz i son maint colps pres e donat]
e d'aizo a <ja> be tres mes passat.
Et el i a tot soau sojornat,
pois se parti de nos senes comjat,*

I shall make two coblas for this tune,
which I shall send to En Bertran d'Avignon,
and may he know that we are inside Castelnaudary,
and that the French are encircling us.
I remember well whose liegeman I am,
for I often spur on my horse for his sake,
and I raise up my standard and unfurl my lion
which is why I send it to Bertran d'Avignon.
Yes, to En Bertran.

I send word to En Bertran, like a besieged man,
to make him want to come over to us,
for we are in the daylight and our horses armoured
and then, in the evening, when we have supped,
we hold our watch between the walls and the ditch.
And there has not yet been a truce with the French,
instead many blows have been received and given,
and three months have passed in this way by now.
He spent his time in sweet leisure there,
when he left us without taking his leave,

¹¹⁴ Ibid., 63.

¹¹⁵ See Appendix A, p. 95. These *coblas* are preserved in H with no melody.

Bertram Folcon.

that Bernart Falcon!

Gui de Cavaillon's request was met with scorn, but it was answered in two more *coblas*, presumably delivered by the same *joglar* to the same tune.

*Ja no creirai d'en Gui de Cavaillon
qu'entre·ls Franceis empenga son leon
per re qe dompna·l prometa ni·ll don,
tan mal o fes al vencemen d'Usson,
on non avia Francei ni Borgoignon.
Pois auzem dir a·n Guillem d'Esparron
que per paor desemparet Pisson,
mal o fai Gui, car dis ço c'anc no fon,
per Deu, en Gui!*

*Per Deu, en Gui, saubut es e proat
qe·l coms vos mes dinz Castelnou forsatz,
qe vos tengra per trop frevol lo grat
qi·us i mezes ab vostra volontat.
Ja non creirai qe tant aiatz brocat
entre·ls Franceis, com sai avetz mandat:
en jutjamen o met d'en Reforzat,
si vos es bon dintz castel assejat,
per Deu, en Gui!*

I shall never believe that En Gui de Cavaillon flourishes his lion among the French for anything a lady would promise or give him, because he did so badly at the defeat of Usson, where there were no French or Burgundian troops. Then we heard from En Guillem d'Esparron that he abandoned the place, pissing himself with fear. Gui did badly in that, because I say that they were never in that place, by God En Gui!

By God, En Gui, it is known and proved that the count imprisoned you in Castelnaudary, because he will find your thanks too weak for him to put you in there with your full consent. I will not believe that you fought as much against the French as you have claimed to me in what you have sent to me here. I place it in the jurisdiction of En Reforzat [Sir Fortified], to decide if indeed you are inside a besieged castle, by God, En Gui!

In spite of Bernart's refusal to help, the defenders outlasted their attackers and once again, Amaury of Montfort lifted the siege and retreated.¹¹⁶ There is very little in the contemporary records to explain Bernart's jibes. The castle of Usson on the Aude river was held by Bernard d'Alion, the son-in-law of Raimond-Roger and Phillipa of Foix.¹¹⁷ It is certainly possible that the castle had a significant connection to the conflict, but none of the primary sources include mention of a battle there, nor have I been able to identify Guillem d'Esparron or "Sir Fortified."

¹¹⁶ Puylaurens, *Chronicle*, 63-64.

¹¹⁷ Maité Lafourcade, *La frontiere des origines a nos jours: actes des journees de la Societe international d'histoire du droit tenue a Bayonne* (Bordeaux: Presses Universite de Bordeaux, 1998), 190.

In spite of Bernart Falcon's disappointing response, it is remarkable that such a message, coded in music and entrusted to an itinerant entertainer, could have travelled between two individuals over a round-trip distance of more than 300 miles while one of the correspondents was trapped in a besieged castle.

PARATGE AND OCCITAN HONOR

Anonymous continuator, *Chanson de la Croisade Albigeois*

Gui de Cavaillon's literary style has led some scholars to suspect that he was the anonymous continuator of the *Chanson de Croisade Albigeoise*.¹¹⁸ If that is the case, his contributions to that work give voice to what was perhaps the most important and foundational ideology of the Occitan defenders. In the impassioned speech he imagined for Bernard of Comminges, the *Chanson's* continuator says:

My lords, remember how they oppressed us! They intruded false lords into all our fiefs, they killed fathers and small children, they slew gentlewomen and murdered husbands, they overthrew *paratge* and puffed themselves up, they drove us out grieving into the dangers of the world and daily they hunted us down in the flowering woodlands.¹¹⁹

Underpinning nearly every song in this study, whether overt or in subtext, is the perceived attack on Occitan *paratge*, and the continuator's frequent invocation of *paratge* clearly places it as a motivating force.

My lords, free knights, be pleased to listen to me... Friendship is flourishing, it is bearing fruit, for together, you and we are defending the count [Raymond VII], defending *paratge*...¹²⁰

We'll go and attack the cat [the trebuchet used by the crusaders during the siege of Toulouse], for that must be done. Together we shall take it, and Toulouse and *paratge* will never be parted again.¹²¹

¹¹⁸ Léglu et al., *Cathars*, 96

¹¹⁹ Tudela, *Song*, 179.

¹²⁰ *Ibid.*, 168.

¹²¹ *Ibid.*, 170.

Strike, sweet comrades, remember freedom! Today sets *paratge* free from the powers of hell!¹²²

Rejoice! God is merciful and *paratge* shines forth, victorious forever! The cruel and murderous count [Simon of Montfort] is dead, dead unshriven because he was a man of blood!¹²³

The nearest English equivalent to *paratge* is “peerage,” which connotes both nobility and equality, but the English concept is quite weak compared with its Occitan counterpart. *Paratge* was a foundational ideal in Occitanian feudal society and it distinguished the region from its geographic neighbors in both social hierarchy and legal definitions of property, jurisdiction, and inheritance. Prior to the 1229 Treaty of Paris, which ended the crusade and cemented the rule of the French crown over Toulouse, the ties of vassalage in Occitania were based on agreements of mutual support between equals, rather than the more hierarchical systems common in other areas. Familial inheritances were generally split among children, both sons and daughters, rather than favoring a primogeniture inheritance structure. Consequently, the ownership of castles was very often shared by multiple individuals or families and portions were held, given, and exchanged without the interference of a single powerful overlord.¹²⁴ For Occitan society, *paratge* represented much more than an inheritance structure. It was a way of life, the ideal of courtly culture. From the earliest assaults of the crusade, troubadours identified the military incursions with an ideological attack on their society and culture: their *paratge*.

¹²² Ibid.

¹²³ Ibid., 172.

¹²⁴ Clearly, feudal overlordship was still an important aspect of Occitan society, as the sovereignty of the houses of Toulouse, Foix, Comminges, Trencavel, and Aragon demonstrate. However, the power to exercise control or demand military service by vassals was limited when compared with similar feudal networks in northern France or England. See Frederick Cheyette, *Ermengard of Narbonne and the World of the Troubadours* (Ithaca: Cornell University Press, 2001), 129-149, 220-233.

Guilhem Augier de Novelha, *Cascus plor e planh son damnatge*

The *planh* of Guilhem Augier de Novelha laments the death of Viscount Raimond Roger Trencavel, who died after the defeat of Carcassonne. Though Guilhem's song evokes an intimate and personal sorrow for the death of Raimond Roger, it is unlikely that he was active in or near Carcassonne in 1209.¹²⁵ Rather than a personal lament for an intimate associate, the song can be read as a lament for the assault against Occitan sensibilities and ideals, of *paratge*, with Raimond Roger as the human symbol of those ideals.

The young viscount makes an ideal hero, and the assaults on his lands continued to loom large in the Occitan psyche even decades later.¹²⁶ At the time of the attacks, Raimond Roger was twenty-four years old and is described by William of Tudela in terms consistent with courtly expectation:

...he was a man of great courage. Nowhere in the wide world was there a better knight or one more generous or open-handed, more courteous or better-bred. ...But he was very young and was therefore friendly with everyone, and his vassals were not at all afraid or in awe of him, but laughed and joked with him as they would with any comrade.¹²⁷

Augier's description of the viscount is even more generic, and the fifth *cobla* particularly reads more like a recitation of the virtues most prized by courtly society than a personal description:

*Ric cavalier, ric de linhatge
ric per erguelh ric per valor
ric de sen ric per valor
ric de sen ric per vassalatge
ric per dar e bon servidor
ric d'orguelh uc d'umiliat
ric de sen e ric de soudat
belis e bor complitz de totz bes*

Noble knight, noble in lineage,
noble through pride, noble through worth,
noble in mind, noble through vassal-service,
noble through giving and good service
Noble in your pride, noble in your humility,
noble in sense and noble in folly.
Handsome and good,
accomplished in all good things,

¹²⁵ Guilhem Augier spent his career in the service of Frederick II, King of Sicily and later Holy Roman Emperor. Little is known about the troubadour, but his professional associations place him closer to the mid-thirteenth century. Graham-Leigh, *Southern French Nobility*, 30.

¹²⁶ See discussion of Figueira's *Un sirventes farai*, 30-35.

¹²⁷ Tudela, *Song*, 18-19.

*an mo so mulhs hom queus valtues
perdut avem en vos la fon
don tug veniam lauzion (cobla 5)*

there was never a man equal to you.
In you, we have lost the fountain from which
everyone came away full of joy.¹²⁸

Following the defeat of Carcassonne, the viscount brokered an agreement with the crusaders, allowing himself to be taken prisoner in exchange for the lives of his citizens, who the crusaders then allowed to flee the city.¹²⁹ Augier alludes to this agreement in the second *cobla*, equating Raimond Roger's agreement with the sacrifice of Jesus.

*...que lau mort e pus Dieus et mort pres
pels sieus estorser ser lai ont es
a luy ques passatz al sieu pon
per los sieus estor ser la on (cobla 2)*

...for they have killed him, and since God died
in order to save us, so he resembles Him,
for he has crossed the same bridge
to save his own people.

About two months later, Raimond Roger died while in custody. According to the chronicles, the viscount contracted dysentery in prison, but rumors circulated widely that he had been murdered by his captors.¹³⁰

Augier clearly asserts his belief that the viscount had been murdered, and his third *cobla* leans heavily on the notion of courtly *paratge*, lamenting the murder not only for Raimond Roger's sake, but also on behalf of the thousands of individuals who would no longer benefit from their lord's generosity. The troubadour also appeals to his listener's sense of cultural superiority: "Look at who you are...Look at who killed him and who they are and where they have come from!"

*mil cavallier de gran linhatge
e mil dompnas de gran valor
iran per la sua mort arratge
mil borzes e mil servidor
que totz foran gent heretatz
silh visques e ricy e hontatz*

A thousand knights of high lineage
and a thousand ladies of great worth
shall feel despondent after his death,
as shall a thousand bourgeois and a thousand serving men
for all of them would have been well-provided
with wealth and lands had he lived.

¹²⁸ See appendix A, p. 96 for full poem and translation. No extant music. Preserved in R and C.

¹²⁹ Ibid, 25-26; Vaux-de-Cernay, *Historia*, 54; Puylaurens, *Chronicle*, 34.

¹³⁰ Puylaurens, *Chronicle*, 34.

*ar es mortz ai Dieus quals damses
gardatz quals etz ni quoues pres
ni selhs qui lan mort qui vidon
que ras nons acuelh nins terpon (cobla 3)*

Now he is dead! God, what a crime!
Look at who you are, and who came with us!
Look at who killed him, and where they came from.
He can no longer welcome us or respond to our words.

Bernart Sicart de Marvejols, *Ab greu cossire*

If *Cascus plor e planh* presents an idealized hero in a symbolic picture of *paratge*, the *sirventes Ab greu cossire* is a much more personal lament for the real-world consequences of Occitania's defeat. The only extant poem of Bernart Sicart de Marvejols is an impassioned complaint against the settlement of French sovereignty over Occitan lands. It is a reaction to the 1229 Treaty of Paris, which ceded a major portion of the holdings of the count of Toulouse to the French crown and large portions of Provence to the pope. The treaty marks the end of Occitan political autonomy and, as the troubadour expresses, the defeat of *paratge*.¹³¹

*Ab greu cossire
fan sirventes cozen
Dieus qui pot dire
ni saber lo turmen
quieu quan malbire
suy engran pessamen
non puesc escrire
lira nil marirmen
quel segle torbat vey
e cor rompon la ley
e sacramen e fey
qus quecx pessa que vensa
son par ab malvolensa
e daucir lor e sey
ses rason e ses drey (cobla 1)*

*Tot iorn mazire
et ai aziramen*

With great concern,
I compose a cutting *sirventes*.
God! Who can express
or understand this torment?
For I feel such sadness
when I think about it.
I cannot describe in writing
the rage or the sorrow,
because I see the world in turmoil,
the law being corrupted,
along with the oath and fealty,
so each man thinks he can defeat
his equal with malevolence,
and sets about killing
without reason or justice.

All day I feel angry
and have rage

¹³¹ Tyerman, *God's War*, 600-601; Léglu et al., *Cathars*, 103-104.

*la nueg sospire
 e valhan e dormen
 vas on quem vire
 aug la corteza gen
 que cridon cire
 al frances humilmen
 merce an li francey
 ab que veiol con rey
 que autre dreg noy vey
 ai tolozae proensa
 e la terra gagensa
 bezers e carcassey
 que vos vi e quous vey (cobla 2)*

by night I sigh
 both awake and asleep.
 Wherever I turn,
 hear courtly people
 cry 'Sire!' to the
 French, humiliated.
 The French are merciful
 as long as they see high-rank and treasure
 for I see no other justice there.
 Alas! Toulouse, Provence,
 And the Agenais,
 Béziers and the Carcasses,
 how I saw you then, and how I see you now!

*quieu chante de renan
 e quar paratges
 si vai aderrairan
 e bos linhatges
 detazen e falsan
 e creys la malvestatz
 el baros rebuzatz
 bauzadors e bauzatz
 valor me non derreira
 e deshonor per meyra (cobla 5)*

I will sing at the front line
 for *paratge*
 is degenerating,
 and the noble lineages
 are falling and growing false,
 wickedness is growing.
 Vicious barons
 deceivers and deceived
 put Worth in the rear
 and Dishonor to the front.¹³²

CONCLUSION: PRESERVATION OF THE SONGS OF THE ALBIGENSIAN CRUSDE

This emotional *sirventes* foreshadows the defeated expression of Guiraut Riquier's last song, quoted at the opening of this study. Riquier was born in the same year that Bernart Sicart de Marvejols wrote *Ab greu cossire*. He inherited the same defeat of Occitania, and with it the dying art of the troubadours and trobairises. Riquier's *Bem degra de chantar* and Marvejol's *Ab greu cossire* are both preserved in only one manuscript, identified in troubadour studies with the siglum C. The preservation and subsequent written dissemination of the *trobar* corpus tells an

¹³² See appendix A, p. 98 for full poem and translation.

important story of these songs' place in culture and society. Of the forty manuscripts which preserve Occitan lyric poems and melodies, most were produced after the major troubadour period, in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries in Italy, Northern France, and Spain; only a few are of Occitan origin, and of these, C is one of the most important.¹³³ It is remarkable that of the eighteen songs examined for this study, all but one is preserved in Occitan sources. Even more telling, most of the songs are preserved only in C or the other large, important Occitan source, R.

Both C and R are large, well-preserved collections assembled in the fourteenth century. C was produced near Narbonne and shows a strong Catalan influence in its linguistic construction. R originated in Toulouse with the Gascon dialect as its primary linguistic influence.¹³⁴

If we chart the preservation of the works examined above, a striking feature is apparent: the songs of this period are preserved almost entirely in Occitan sources and largely ignored by foreign producers (see Table 1). If we take account of the outliers, Peire Vidal, Raimon de Miraval, and Peire Cardenal, who are among the most celebrated and preserved of all troubadours, we find that the rest of the poets represented are almost entirely absent from manuscripts produced beyond Occitania's borders.

Table 1. Primary sources represented in this study

Composer and Title	C	R	I	K	M	D	T	H	D_b	d	other mss
Riquier - <i>Bem degra de chantar</i>	C										
Peire Vidal - <i>Mos cor s'alegresse</i>	C	R				D		H			
Gauvadan - <i>Crezens fis</i>	C	R									
Bernart Arnaut de Montcuc - <i>Er can li</i>		R									

¹³³ For a comprehensive list of all troubadour manuscripts and their current locations, see appendix B, pp. 101-103.

¹³⁴ Alfred Jeanroy, *Notes sur l'histoire d'un chansonnier Provençal* (Paris: Librairie Damascene Morgand, 1913), 2-3 and Francois Zuffery, *Recherches Linguistiques sur les chansonniers Provençaux* (Geneva: Libraire Droz, 1987), 103-104.

Name - title	C	R	I	K	M	D	T	H	D _b	d	other mss
anonymous - Vai Hugonet, ses bistenssa	C										
Raimon de Miraval - <i>Bel m'es q'ieu chant</i>	C	R	I	K	M	D		H			AEFLNPQSUV
Peire Cardenal - <i>Razos es q'uiieu m'esbaudei</i>	C	R	I	K	M		T		D _b		
Guilhem Figueira - <i>Un sirventes farai</i>	C	R				D					B
Gormonda de Monpeslier - <i>Greu mes</i>	C	R									
Peire Cardenal - <i>L'arcivesque de Narbona</i>	C	R	I	K	M		T		D _b	d	
Peire Cardenal - <i>Tartarassa ni voutor</i>	C	R	I	K						d	
Peire Cardenal - <i>Clergue si fan pastor</i>	C	R	I	K			T		D _b	d	
Peire Cardenal - <i>Un sirventes far al glotos</i>	C	R	I	K	M		T			d	
Peire Cardenal - <i>Un sirventes novel vuelh</i>	C	R	I				T			d	f
Raimon Escrivan - <i>Senhors l'autrier un ses</i>	C	R									
Gui de Cavaillon/Bernart Falcon - <i>coblas</i>								H			
Guilhem Augier de Novelha - <i>Cascus plor</i>	C	R									
Bernart Sicart de Marvejols - <i>Ab greu</i>	C										

While the rich collections of the *art de trobar* produced across Western Europe during the high Middle Ages demonstrate a wide appreciation of Occitan lyric song, a clear distinction can be seen in the selection of works. The large Italian, French and Spanish manuscripts seem to have selected for aesthetic reasons, preserving the works of the most famous and celebrated troubadours and trobairises for their beauty, artfulness, and artistic value. The collections C and R, however, appear to represent a wider cultural motive: the preservation of songs with intrinsic value as the vestiges of Occitanian art, history, narrative, and culture. Both were produced long after the end of the Albigensian Crusade, while Occitania was already settled as a fiefdom of the kings of France. Both collections hold more than a thousand songs composed over two centuries,

including works by lesser-known troubadours and trobairises whose songs are recorded nowhere else. R also contains many *vidas* and *razos*, and is one of only two manuscripts in the entire corpus with musical notation.¹³⁵ Perhaps these collections represented the soul of Occitan culture to their audience, giving voice to the full flowering of their lyric art and culture. As such, it is worth considering that the inclusion of the songs inspired by the crusade were not simply lesser songs by lesser poets; they were the final voices of a culture straining against its own destruction, using the standard tropes, artistic conventions, and familiar genres to document the greatest crisis of their time.

By the end of the thirteenth century, when Guiraut Riquier composed his heartbroken lament, the splendid Occitan courts made famous by his predecessors had been impoverished by decades of costly warfare, their *paratge* subjugated to French authority, and the religious heterodoxy of previous generations chastened by the rigorous oversight of the Catholic Inquisition. Preserved with more than a thousand other songs in the Occitan chansonniers, Riquier's lament represented one of the final voices of an artistic culture of which he and his songs were among the last, lonely survivors.

*Qu'er non es grazitz lunhs mestiers
 Menhs en cort que de belh saber
 De trobar; qu'auzier e vezzer
 Hi vol hom mais captenhs leugiers
 E critz mesclatz ab dezonor;
 Quar tot quan sol donar lauzor,
 Es al pus del tot oblidat,
 Que.l mons es quays totz en barat.*

For now no art is less admired
 Than the worthy craft of song,
 These days the nobles' tastes have run
 To entertainments less inspired.
 Wailing mingles with disgrace:
 All that once engendered praise
 From that memory has died:
 Now the world is mostly lies.

¹³⁵ The other is known by the siglum G (Biblioteca Pinacoteca Accademia Ambrosiana, R 71 sup.). Two trouvère chansonniers contain some Occitan songs with melodies. They are identified by the sigla W (BNF f.fr. 844) and X (BNF n.a.f. 20050). See Appendix B, p. 106 for further information.

Appendix A – Texts and Translations

For each poem cited, I have provided the composer and title, troubadour genre, manuscript source(s), translation source, poetic rhyme scheme, and Pillet-Carstens number (hereafter P.C.).

Alfred Pillet and Henry Carsten's *Bibliographie der Troubadours* is the standard bibliographical reference for troubadour studies and assigns each troubadour or trobairitz an identifying number, then lists their attributed works, numbered in alphabetical order.¹³⁶ For instance, the poet Guiraut Riquier is identified by the number 248, and *Be.m degra de chantar tener* is the seventeenth poem in his works list, so the P.C. number for that poem is 248,17.

Guiraut Riquier - *Be.m degra de chantar tener* (*sirventes*)

Preserved in C

P.C. 248,17

Translation by Robert Kehew, *Lark in the Morning*, pp. 308-311

The rhyme progresses through a *coblas redondas* sequence, with the same four rhyme sounds rotating through different positions throughout the poem, with the final (fifth) *cobla* repeating the first *cobla* scheme exactly:

88888888 88888888 88888888 88888888 88888888 *tornada*: 8888 8888
abbacdd dccdaabb baabddcc cddcbbaa abbacdd ccdd ccdd

Be.m degra de chantar tener
Quar a chan coven alegriers
E mi destrenh tant cossiriers
Que.m fa de totas partz doler
Remembran mon greu temps passat
Esgardan lo prezent forsatz
E cossiran l'avenidor
Que per totz ai rason que plor

It would be best if I refrained from singing
Song should spring from gladness;
But I'm tormented by a sadness
So profound that I'm seized by pain.
Remembering how grim things were,
Considering how hard things are,
And pondering the by-and-by,
I have every cause to cry.

Per que no.m deu aver sabor
Mos chans, qu'es ses alegretatz
Mas Deus m'a tal saber donat

Thus my song gives me no pleasure
Since it of happiness is bare;
But God has granted me such share

¹³⁶ Alfred Pillet and Henry Carstens, *Bibliographie der Troubadours* (Halle: Max Niemeyer Verlag, 1933).

*Qu'en chantan retrac ma folhor
Mo sen, mon gauch, mon desplazer
E mon dan e mon pro per ver
Qu'a penas dic ren ben estiers
Mas trop suy vengutz als derriers*

*Qu'er non es grazitz lunhs mestiers
Menhs en cort que de belh saber
De trobar; qu'auzier e vezer
Hi vol hom mais captenhs leugiers
E critz mesclatz ab dezonor;
Quar tot quan sol donar lauzor,
Es al pus del tot oblidat,
Que.l mons es quays totz en barat.*

*Per erguelh e per malvestat
Del Christias ditz, luenh d'amor
E dels mans de Nostre Senhor
Em del sieu san loc discipat
Ab massa d'autres encombriers
Don par qu'elh nos es aversiers
Per desadordenat voler
E per outracujat poder.*

*Lo greu perilh devem temer
De dobla mort, qu'es prezentiers:
Que.ns sentam Sarrazis sobriers,
E dieus que.ns giet a non chaler;
Et entre nos qu'em azirat,
Tost serem del tot aterrat;
E no.s cossiran la part lor,
Segon que.m par, nostre rector.*

*Selh que crezem en unitat,
Poder, savieza, bontat,
Done a ssas obras lugor,
Don sian mundat peccador*

*Dona, maires de caritat,
Acapta nos per pietat
Don ton filh, nostra Redemptor,
Gracia, perdon et amor.*

Of talent that, through music's measure,
Out flows my wit, my joys and follies;
Both my gains and losses, truly.
If not, I couldn't breathe a line
For I was born behind my time.

For now no art is less admired
Than the worthy craft of song,
These days the nobles' tastes have run
To entertainments less inspired.
Wailing mingles with disgrace:
All that once engendered praise
From that memory has died:
Now the world is mostly lies.

Through the pride and wicked nature
Of so-called Christians, far removed
From God's commandments, far from love,
We are cast out from his sacred
Place and cursed with encumbrances;
It seems that he is loath to face us,
Given our uncontrolled desire,
And presumptuous grasp at power.

Of gravest peril be forewarned,
A double death over us is looming:
The Saracens are overwhelming,
And our God is unconcerned.
Full of anger, soon we will be
Destroyed, our lives wiped out completely.
Our leaders can't be bothered to
Fulfill their duty, that's my view.

God in your unity and grace,
Wisdom, power we have faith:
Let your works shine out with splendor,
To attract repentant sinners.

Lady, mother of charity,
Pity us, and intercede
With your redeeming son, and win
Blessings, mercy, love from him.

Peire Vidal - Mos cor s'alegresses jau (canço)

Preserved in C, D, H, R

P.C. 364.27

Translation adapted from Veronica Fraser, *The Songs of Peire Vidal*, pp. 76-78

The rhyme scheme follows the same pattern throughout. The first two stanzas are *coblas unissons*, but subsequent stanzas retain the only second rhyme sound.

7777777 7777777 7777777 7777777 7777777
aaabaab aaabaab cccbccb ddbbdb eeebeeb

*Mos cor s'alegr'e s'esjau
Per lo gentil temps suau
E pel castel de Fanjau
Que.m resembra paradis
Qu'amors e joys s'i enclau
E tot quant a pretz abau
E domneis verais e fis*

My heart rejoices
at the soft new season
and at the castle of Fanjeaux
which is like a paradise;
for love and joy are enclosed here
with all that has worth
and gives truth and fidelity

*Non ai enemic tan brau
Si las domnas mi mentau
Ni m'en ditz honor ni lau
Qu'ieu no'lh sia bos amis
Et quar mest lor non estau
Ni en outra terra vau
Plang e sospir e languis*

Even my most mortal enemy
becomes my good friend
if he should mention the ladies there
with honor and praise.
And since I am not among them
and must go to another region,
I sigh and languish and lament.

*Mos bells arquier de Laurac
De cui m'abelis e.m pac
M'a nafrat de part Galhac
E son cairel el cor mis
Et anc mais colps tan no.m plac
Qu'ieu sojorne a Saissac
Ab fraires et ab cozis*

My beautiful archer of Laurac
who delights and thrills me
has wounded me beyond Gaillac
and has shot her arrow into my heart;
and never has a wound pleased me so much,
here where I stay at Saissac
with her brothers and cousins.

*Per tostemps lais Albeges
E remanh en Carcasses
Que.lh cavalier son cortes
E las domnas del pais
Pos la Lob'a.m si conques
Que si m'ajut Dieus ni fes
Al cor m'estan siei dous ris*

I leave the Albiges for ever
and remain in the Carcasses
where the knights are courtly
and the ladies likewise,
for Loba has so conquered me
that, may God help me,
her sweet smile lingers ever in my heart.

*A Dieu coman Monrial
E.l palaitz empeirial
Qu'ieu m'en torn sai a'N Barral
A cui bons pretz es aclis*

I commend to God Montreal
and its imperial palace,
for now I return to Lord Barral
who is so full of good renown

*E cobrar m'an Proensal
Quar nulha genz tan no.m val
Per que serai lor vezis*

for no other people are so precious to me
and for this reason I will soon be among them.
and the people of Provence will soon see me again

Gauvadan - Crezens fis verays et entiers (planh)

Preserved in C and R

P.C. 174.3

Translation adapted from Catherine Leglu, Rebecca Rist, and Claire Taylor, *Cathars and the Albigensian Crusade*, pp. 124-125

The metric and rhyme scheme uses *coblas unissons*, following the same pattern throughout.

88888888 *tornada*: 888
abbccdde dde

*Crezens fis verays et entiers
suyvas midons sostemps senhor
et ylh portavas tan donor
quanc un iorn son ioy nom estrays
que sap tot lo mos escarnir
falsa mortz quens a faitz partir
mi e midons dieus lieys ampar*

Believing, faithful, true, and whole
following my lady at all times, my lord
And she showed such honor
she never denied me her joy, not one day
what misadventure mocks the whole world
false death has separated us
me and my lady, may God save her

*Mielhs fora quieu muris premiers
que ses ioy vivre ab dolor
que perdud ay la bellazor
dona quanc fos m'er jamays
per quay ira dols e pantays
mortz cum pogues midons aussir
que totz lo mons degra lauzir
sas beutatz el ioy remirar*

It would have been better if I died first
rather with joy than to live in sorrow
for I have lost the most beautiful
lady that there was or ever will be
for that I feel rage, sorrow, and torment
death, how could you kill my lady
when all the world should still praise
her beauty and view her joys?

*Dona per vos mos desiriers
ma portava de ioy sabor
aros nom val ioy nun socor
quiram met al cor tan gran fays
quan suy empes cazer mi lays
e nom puesc nasrar vi delir
dona mais volgrap vos murir
ab ioy quab ira forsnar*

Lady, you were my desire
my taste of joy
now joy has no value, no succor
that grief puts such a heavy burden on my heart
that when I stand up, can only fall down
and I can neither wound nor kill myself
Lady, I want to die with you
with joy, than be tormented with grief

*Tant estranhs es nios cossiriers
nuech e iorn planc sosyir e plor
caytius des heretatz d'amor*

My thoughts are so alien
night and day I mourn, sigh, and weep
wretched, disinherited of love

*ses ioy dolens q- diram pays
e par ben al fron et al cays
iove saur vielh encanezir
cazer levar e trassalhir
me fay ira uiu morts anar*

*Iamays no seray prezentiers
que perdut ey pretz e valor
estar ses ioy a deshonor
la tombre dieus vivre nom lays
q-c iorn afenisc et abays
quira nom pot del cor yssir
quan pes de ioy per esbaudir
tot lo sen perc em desampar*

*Totz autres ioyes mes en combriers
tant ai lo cor ple- de tristor
per dudai vergonhae paor
ybres auras uau ybriays
ia dieus nom do per que engrays
nim lays mays ad honor servir
mais uuelch mon cor pessan blezir
tostemps serei tortre ses par*

*Dompna grans ioyes grans alegriers
uos metal renc del cel aussor
ab los angils que fan lauzor
aissi cum sanhs iohans retrays
quanc fals lauzengiers brus ni says
non poc un sol de uos maldir
ni eu no sabria yssernir
los vostres bos ayys ni compar*

*Quar gauvadas no pot venir
lo planch nil dol quel famarrir
iamais ves nol pot conortar*

joyless, sorrowful, I feed on grief
and it shows on my forehead and
it turns my youth to old-age
it makes me fall, stand up again, and shudder
it makes me walk like the living dead.

Never again will I appear in public
for I have lost worth and valor
all is joyless and dishonor
may God not let me live
each day I dwindle and grow more depressed
for I cannot remove grief from my heart.
when I think of joy in order to be cheered
all my sense is lost, I am bereft

All other joys are an encumbrance
my heart is so filled with sadness
I have lost shame and fear
drunk, I go now a drunkard
let God not give me anything to fatten me
nor let me serve Love anymore
but let my heart shrivel with suffering
for all time, I become a dove without a partner.

Lady, great joy, great happiness
put you in the ranks of highest heaven
with the angels that make praise
as Saint John says
for now false slanderers dark or grey
will be able to say a thing against you
nor will I ever know how to describe
your good deeds nor recount them.

For Gauvadan cannot finish
the lament or the sorrow that makes him a martyr
nothing can ever console him.

Bernart Arnaut de Moncuc - *Er can li rozier* (canso-sirventes)

Preserved in R

P.C. 55,1

Translation adapted from Frank Chambers, 'Three Troubadour Poems with Historical Overtones' *Speculum*, vol. 54 no. 1, pp 48-49.

The rhyme and metric scheme uses *coblas unissons*. The scheme is quite complicated and is unique in the *trobar* corpus:

6 6 6 6 6 5 6 5 3 3 5 5 6 5 *tornada*: 3 3 5 5 6 5
a b a b a b c b c d d d d c c d d d d c c

Er can li rozier
so ses flor ni grana
E.l ric menuzier
An cassa per sana
M'es pres cossirier
tan me platz lor tensa
De far sirventes;
Car en viltenensa
An tot bon pretz mes.
E car may
Me ten gay
Amors que no fay
El bel temps de may
Eras soy gay, cuy que pes,
Tals joy m'es promes

Now when the rosebushes
are without flowers or seed,
and the petty nobles
have their hunts
through the wetlands,
the thought has seized me
of composing a sirventes
for I enjoy discord among them
who have brought all good worth to scorn.
And because May
gives me cheer
love keeps me more cheerful
in the fair Maytime,
now I am cheerful, whomever that vexes,
such joy is promised to me.

Man caval corssier
Veirem vas Tarzana
Devas Balaguier
Del pros rey que.s vana
C'a pretz a sobrier
Venra ses falhensa
Lay en Carcasses,
Mas ges gran temensa
No.n an li Franses.
Mas ieu n'ai
De vos sai,
Dona, que m'esglai
Lo dezir qu'ieu n'ay
Del vostre bel cors cortes
Complit de totz bes

Many fleet horses
come from Tarzana
before Balaguier
The good king is coming
who has worth in abundance
He comes without falsehood
into the Carcasses
They have no great fear
of him among the French
But I have fear
of you over here
Lady, that I am overcome
by desire to have
your beautiful, courtly body
wherein is all goodness

E l'armat destrier
Ausberc, lansa plana
E bon bran d'assier

An armored steed,
a hauberk, a polished lance,
a good steel blade,

*E guerra propdana
Pretz may que lebrier
Ni brava parvensa
Ni patz, en c'om es
Mermatz de tenensa,
Baissatz e sotzmes
E car sai
Pretz verai
En vos, cuy aurai,
Dona, o.n morrai,
Pretz may car m'es en defes
Que s'autre m'agues*

*Be.m plazo l'arquier
Pres la barbacana
Cant trazo.l peirier
E.l mur dezanvana,
E per mant verdier
Creis la ost e gensa
E volgra.l plagues
Aital captenensa
Lay al rey engles
Com mi play
Can retrai
Com avetz ab jay,
Dona, joven sai
E de beutat pretz conques,
Que no.us en falh res*

*Et agra entier
Pretz, cuy quecx soana,
S'ab aital mestier
Crides say "Guiana!"
E fer' al premier
L'onratz Coms valensa;
Car sos sagels es
De tan breu legensa
Qu'ieu non o dic ges.
Mas dirai
Que ab glay
amors ay
Dona, que farai
Si ab vos no.m val merces
O ma bona fes?*

Senhor gay

and approaching war
I prize more highly than a greyhound
or a proud bearing,
or peace, in which one is
stripped of possessions,
cast down, and humbled.
And since I recognize
true worth
in you, Lady,
whom I shall possess or die,
I prize more highly the face that you are
inaccessible to me, than if another possessed me.

I take great pleasure in the archers
near the loopholes,
when the stone-throwing machines shoot
and the wall loses its parapet,
and when, like an orchard,
the host forms ordered ranks of men.
I wish such activity
pleased the English king
there as much
as it pleases me
when I tell how you
have won here,
Lady, along with joy, youth,
and the fame of beauty.
For nothing of that is lacking in you.

And he, whom everyone scorns,
would have complete worth if
with this sort of warlike behavior
he would shout "Guiana!"
Then immediately
The honored count
would come to his aid,
for his seal has such a short legend
that I do not say it.
But I will say that,
with trembling,
I love.
Lady, what shall I do
if mercy or my good faith
do not avail me with you?

Lord cheerful

*E veray,
Que.s sap de tot play
Onrar, qu'ieu o say,
De Tolza e d'Aganes
Malgrat del Franses.*

and true,
who knows how to
honor himself in every conflict
Lord of Toulousain and Agenois,
despite the French.

Anonymous - Vai Hugonet, ses bistenssa (sirventes)

Preserved in C

P.C. 461;247

Translation adapted from Léglu et al., *Cathars and the Albigensian Crusade*, pp. 88-89

The metric scheme uses *coblas doblas*, using the same scheme but changing rhyme sounds every second *cobla*. The rhyme sounds also correspond to the number of syllables per line. Unlike most songs, the *tornada* shares neither the rhyme sounds nor the metric scheme.

8 7 7 8 8 7 8 8 7 8 *tornada*: 7 7 7 7
a b b a a b a a b a e f f e

*Vai hugonet ses bistensa
al franc rey aragones
chantal noel sirventes
e dil trop fai gran suffrensa
si quhom lo ten a falhensa
quar sai dizon qe frances
an sa terra en tenensa
tan longamen que ses tensa
e pus lan a tan conques
agues de say souinensa*

Hugonet, go without hesitation
to the good Aragonese king.
Sing him a new sirventes
and tell him that he is too tolerant,
to the point that people think he is doing wrong.
They say in these parts that the French
have squatted his lands unchallenged
for so long that they have
as good as conquered them.
May he bear this in mind!

*E dil que sa gran valensa
se doblara per un tres
sil vezem en carcasses
cum bos reys culhusa sensa
e silh a troba defensa
fassa semblan que greu les
et ab aital captenensa
quab fuec et ab sanc los vensa
e genhs tragan tan espes
que murs noy fanssan guitensa*

Tell him that his great merit
will be increased threefold
if we see him in the Carcasses,
defending his land-income like a good king.
Should he find defences raised against him,
may he give the impression that it upsets him,
and let him defeat them
in that frame of mind, with fire and with blood, and
may he attack them so forcefully
that the walls shall not protect them.

*E quar en aissis poiria
acabar lur mals ressos
que dizon senher de vos
fals frances que dieus maldia*

This is how to put an end
to the bad tittle-tattle
that the French are spreading
concerning you, my lord (may God curse them!).

*quan no venjatz la folhia
e quar ets tan vergonhos
nom cal pus a pert o diga
paratges sen reuentia
ques perdet totz say mest nos
que neyssas noy conosc uia*

*Elms et ausbercx me plairia
et astas ab bels penos
uissem huey mais pels cambos
e senhals de manta guia
e quens uisson ad un dia
essem li frances e nos
per uezer quals miels poiria
auer de caualhairia
e quar es nostra razos
cre quel dans ab els niria*

*Pros coms marques de bon aire
el camp feren e donan
fos restauratz lo greu dan
agratz cobrat manht repaire*

As you do not take revenge for this folly of theirs,
and because you have behaved so shamefacedly,
I would rather not speak more openly about it.
Paratge could return,
which has disappeared from our midst
because an idiot cannot recognize his own path.

Helms and haubercs would make me happy;
we would see lances with good pennons
in the meadows,
and all types of coats of arms.
Let us find an occasion
to meet up with the French one day,
to see who can best display their chivalry,
and (for this is my point),
let us see what damage
could be done to them!

Worthy Count, noble Marquis:
by striking blows and handing out gifts on the battlefield,
the damage that was done to me was put right. You have
recovered many dwelling places.

Raimon de Miraval - *Bel m'es quieu chant e condei* (canso)

Preserved in A, C, D, E, F, H, I, K, L, M, N, P, Q, R, S, U, V
P.C. 406.12

Translation from Samuel Rosenberg, Margaret Switten, and Gerald LeVot, *Songs of the Troubadours and Trouvères*, pp. 122-124.

The metric and rhyme scheme uses *coblas unissons*.

8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8 *tornada*: 8 8 8 8 8
a b b a c d d c c c d d c c

*Bel m'es quieu chant e condei
puois l'aur'es dous'e.l temps gais
E per vergiers e per plais
Aug lo retint e.l gabei
Que fant l'auseillet menut
Entre.l vert e.l blanc e.l vaire
Adoncs se deuri'atraire
Cel que vol c'amors l'aiut
Vas chaptenenssa de drut*

It pleases me to sing and rejoice
since the air is warm and the weather fine,
And in the orchards and hedges
I hear the chirping and warbling
poured forth by the little birds
through the multicolored foliage
At that time he should arrive
The one who wants love to help him
to adopt the behaviour of a lover

*Eu non sui drutz, mas dompnei
Ni non tem pena ni fais
Ni.m rancur leu ni m'irais
Ni per orguouill no m'esfrei
Pero temenssa.m fai mut
C'a la bella de bon aire
Non aus mostrar ni retraire
Mon cor q'ieu.l tenc rescondut,
Pois aic son pretz conogut*

I am not accepted as a lover, but I pay court
And I do not fear suffering or burden,
Nor do I complain easily or become angered
Nor lose courage on account of arrogance.
However, fear makes me silent,
For to the fair high-born lady
I dare not show or expose
My heart, which I keep secret from her
Since I have known her great merit.

*Ses preiar e ses autrei
Sui intratz en greu pantais
Cum pogues semblar verais
Si sa gran valor desplei
Q'enquer non a pretz agut
Dompna c'anc nasques de maire
Que contra.l sieu valgues gaire
E si.n sai maint car tengut,
Qe.l sieus a.l meillor vencut*

Without entreaty and without concession
I have entered into grievous torment
Trying to find how I might seem truthful
If I set forth her great merit.
For until now never has a lady
Born of woman and merit
Which might be worth anything beside hers,
And I know many a one highly valued,
Yet hers has vanquished the best.

*Ben vol q'om gen la cortei
E platz li solatz e jais,
E no.ill agrad'om savais
Que s'en desgui ni fadei
Mas li pro son ben vengut
Cui mostra tan bel veiaire*

She is willing to be nobly courted
And conversation and joy please her,
And the boor does not please her
Who turns from these and acts the fool;
But the worthy are welcome
To whom she is so charming

*Si que chascus n'es lauzaire
Qan son d'enan lieis mogut
Plus que s'eron siei vendut*

*Ja non cre c'ab lieis parei
Beutatz d'autra dompna mais,
Que flors de rosier qan nais
Non es plus fresca de liei:
Cors ben fait e gen cregut,
Boch.et oills del mon esclaire
C'anc Beutatz plus no.i saup faire
Se.i mes tota sa vertut,
Que res no.il n'es remasut*

*Ja ma dompna no.is malei
So a sa merce m'eslais,
Q'ieu non ai cor qe.m biais
Ni vas bass'amor desrei
C'ades ai del mieills volgut
Defors e dins mon repaire
E de lieis non sui gabaire
Que plus non ai entendut
Mas gen m'acuill'e.m salut*

*Chanssos, vai me dir al rei
Cui joi guid'e vest e pais
Q'en lui non a ren biais,
Caital cum ieu vuoill lo vei
Ab que cobre Montagut
E Carcasson'el repaire
Pois er de pretz emperaire
E doptaran son escut
Sai Frances e lai Masmut*

*Dompn'ades m'avetz valgut
Tant que per vos sui chantaire
E non cuiei chanson faire
Tro.l fieu vos agues rendut
De Miraval q'ai perdut*

*Mas lo reis m'a covengut
Q'ieu.l cobrarai anz de gaire
E mos Audiartz Belcaire
Puois poiran dompnas e drut
Tornar el joi q'ant perdut*

That all praise her
Upon going out from her presence
More than if they were her slaves.

I do not believe one can compare to her
the beauty of any other lady,
For the newborn rose
Is not fresher than she is:
Well made and gracefully formed body,
Mouth and eyes the light of the world,
Such that beauty could do no more,
Having used therein all her (beauty's) power
So that nothing remained to her.

May my lady not get angry
If I throw myself on her mercy,
For it is not my intention to be unfaithful
Or turn towards an inferior love,
For I have always wanted the best
Outside and inside my dwelling place;
And I am not boastful about her,
For I have desired no more
Than that she receive and greet me graciously.

Song, go for me and tell the king
Whom joy guides and clothes and nourishes
That in him there is nothing improper
For I see him just as I want him to be.
Provided that he recover Montagut
And return to Carcassonne
Then he will be emperor of merit,
And they will fear his shield
Here the French and there the Muslims.

Lady, you have always helped me
So much that for you I am a singer,
And I did not think that I would make a song
Until I had given back to you the fief
Of Miraval which I have lost.

But the king has promised me
That I will recover it before long
And my *Audiart*¹³⁷, Beaucaire.
Then will ladies and lovers be able
To return to the joy they have lost.

¹³⁷ *Audiart* is the *senhal*, or pseudonym, that Miraval used for Raimond VI of Toulouse.

Peire Cardenal - Razos es qu'ieu m'esbaudei (sirventes)

preserved in C, D^b, I, K, M, R, T, d

P.C. 335;48

Translation adapted from Léglu et al., *Troubadours and the Albigensian Crusade*, 88-89.

As a contrafact of Miraval's *Bel m'es qu'ieu*, the metric and rhyme scheme and rhyme sounds are identical to those listed above.

Razos es qu'ieu m'esbaudei
E sia jauzens e gais
E diga cansos e lais
E un sirventes desplei,
Quar leialtatz a vencut
Falsetat, e non a gaire
Quez ieu ai auzit retraire
Qu'us fortz trachers a perdut
Son poder e sa vertut

I have the right to rejoice,
to be cheerful and happy,
to recite love songs and lais,
and to unfurl a sirventes,
because loyalty has defeated
falsehood, and I just heard
that a mighty traitor
has lost both
his power and his strength.

Dieus fa, e fara e fei,
Aissi com es Dieus verais,
Drech als pros e als savais
E merce, segon lur lei.
Quar a la paia van tut,
L'enganat e l'enganaire,
Si com Abels a son fraire.
Que-l trachor seran destrut
E li trait ben vengut.

God grants, shall grant, and has granted
(as he is a true God)
justice over the worthy and the vicious,
as well as mercy to all according to their law.
For they all go to be paid,
the deceived with the deceiver,
like Abel to his brother.
For the traitors shall be destroyed,
and the betrayed made welcome.

Dieu prec que trachors barrei
E los degol e los abais
Aissi con fes los Algais,
Quar son de peior trafei.
Quez aisso es ben sauput:
Pieger es trachers que laire,
Qu'atressi com hom pot faire
De convers monge tondu,
Fai hom de trachor pendut.

I pray to God that He cast down the traitors,
cut their throats and bring them low,
just as He did with the Algais,
because they are the worst to trade with.
This is well known:
a traitor is worse than a thief,
and just as you can make
a tonsured monk from a novice,
so you can make a hanged man from a traitor.

De lops e de fedas vei
Que de las fedas son mais,
E per un auctor que nais
Son mil perditz, fe qu'ie'us dei.
Az aisso es conogut
Que hom murtriers ni raubaire
Non plas tant a Dieu lo paire
Ni tant non ama son frut

I can see among the wolves
and ewes are more numerous,
and a thousand partridges are born
for every goshawk, trust me!
From this we know that
a murderous or robbing man
does not please God the Father so well,
and He does not love that man's offspring

Com fai del pobol menut.

*Assatz pot aver arnei
E cavals ferrans e bais
E tors e murs e palais
Rics hom, sol que Dieu renei.
Doncs ben a lo sen perdut
Aquel acui es veiaire
Que tollen l'autrui repaire
Deia venir a salut,
Ni-l dons Dieus quar a tolgut.*

*Quar Dieus ten son arc tendut,
E trai aqui on deu traire
E fai lo colp que deu faire:
A quecs si com a mergut,
Segon vizi o vertut.*

as much as He loves the humble people.

A nobleman can have plenty of armour,
steel-grey and bay horses,
towers, walls, and palaces,
provided he denies God.
Therefore the man has indeed lost his senses
who fantasizes that he might gain salvation
by taking the house of another man,
or who hopes that God will give him something
because he has taken something else!

For God keeps his bow pulled taut,
and He shoots where He must,
and He strikes the blow that He has
to land on each person according to his merit:
his vice or his virtue.

Guilhem Figueira - *Un sirventes farai que m'agenssa* (*sirventes*)

Preserved in B, C, D, R

P.C. 217,2

Translation adapted from Léglu et al., *Cathars and the Albigensian Crusade*, pp. 115-118 and Robert Kehew, *Lark in the Morning*, pp. 288-293.

The metric and rhyme scheme uses *coblas capcaudadas*, so the final rhyme sound of one *cobla* becomes the first rhyme sound of the next. Every *cobla* introduces new subsequent rhyme sounds but follows the same consistent scheme.

5 7 5 7 5 7 5 5 5 7 5 5 7 5 7 5 7 5 5 5 7 5
a b a b a b c c c b c c d c d c d e e e d e etc.

*D'un sirventes far
en est son que m'agenssa
No.m vuolh plus tarzar
ni far longa bistenssa
E sai ses doptar
qu'ieu n'aurai malvolenssa
Si fas sirventes
dels fals d'enjans ples
de Roma, que es
caps de la dechasenssa
on dechai totz bes*

I make a *sirventes*
using this suitable melody,
I don't wish to delay
nor any longer prolong,
and I am sure
that I will be badly regarded
for making this *sirventes*
against those people who are full of deceit,
who are from Rome,
which is the head of decadence,
and where all goodness declines

*No.m meravilh ges,
Roma si la gens erra
que.l segle avetz mes
en treball et en guerra
e pretz e merces
mor per vos e sos terra
Roma enganairitz,
qu'etz de totz mals guitz
e cima e razitz,
que.l bons reis d'Englaterra
fon per vos trahitz*

I no longer wonder
Rome, that people are sinning
for you have plunged the world
into torment and war
and Worth and Mercy
are killed and buried at your hands
Deceitful Rome!
You are the guide of all evil,
the treetop and the roots,
such that the good king of England
was betrayed by you.

*Roma enganairitz,
cobeitatz vos engana
c'a vostras berbitz
tondetz trop de la lana
Lo sains esperitz,
que receup carn humana
entenda mos prec
e franha tos becs
Roma, no m'entrecs
car es falsa e trafana*

Cheating Rome!
Greed deceives you
because you are shearing
too much wool from your ewes.
May the holy spirit,
who took human form,
hear my prayer
and smash your beak!
Rome, there'll be no respite from me
because you are lying and malicious with us,

vas nos e vas Grecs

*Roma, als homes pecs
rozetz la carn e l'ossa
e guidatz los secs
ab vos inz en la fossa
trop passatz los decs
de Dieu, car trop es grossa
vostra cobeitatz
car vos perdonatz
per deniers pechatz
Roma, de gran trasdossa
de mal vos cargatz*

*Roma, ben sapchatz
que vostra avols barata
e vostra foudatz
fetz perdre Damietta
Malamen renhatz,
Roma, Dieus vos abata
en dechazemen,
car trop falsamen
renhatz per argen,
Roma de mal'esclata
e de mal coven*

*Roma, veramen
sa ieu sen es doptanssa
c'ab galiamen
de falsa perdonanssa
liuretz a turmen
lo barnatge de Franssa
lonh de paradis
e.l bon rei Lois
Roma, avetz aucis,
c'ab falsa predicanssa
l traissetz de Paris*

*Roma, als Sarrazis
faitz vos pauc de dampnatge,
mas Grecs e Latis
liuratz a carnalatge
Inz el foc d'abis
Roma, faitz vostre estatge
en perdicion.
Ja Dieus part no.m don*

just as you are with the Greeks.

Rome, You gnaw the flesh of the weak,
you chew their bones;
Leading the blind,
you usher them into the ditch.
You break the commandments
of God, for too vast
is your greed
for absolution
you extort payment
Rome, it is a grand load
of sins you carry

Rome, you should know
that your bad negotiations
and your folly
have lost Damietta.
You reign badly
Rome, God will strike you down
and chastize you
for your falseness,
reigning by coin,
Rome, of bad seed
and bad promises

Rome, truly
I know that you delivered,
without a doubt,
by a false pardon
down to torment
the army of France
far from paradise.
And good King Louis
Rome, you have killed him
by false preaching
lured him far from Paris.

Rome, to the Saracens
you do little damage,
but Greeks and Latins
suffer carnage
in the fire of the pit.
Rome, you make your estate
in Perdition.
May God never give me part

*Roma, del perdon
ni del pelegrinatge
que fetz d'Avinhon*

*Roma, ses razon
avetz mainta gen morta
e jes no.m sab bon
car tenetz via torta
qu'a salvacion
Roma, serratz la porta.
Per qu'a mal govern
d'estiu e d'invern
qui sec vostr'estern
car diables l'en porta
inz el fuoc d'enfern*

*Roma, be.is discern
lo mals c'om vos deu dire
quar faizt per esquern
dels crestians martire
Mas en cal quadern
trobatz c'om deia aucire
Roma.ls crestians?
Dieus, qu'es verais pans
e cotidians,
me don so qu'eu desir
vezet del Romans.*

*Roma, vers es plans
que trop etz angoissa
dels perdons trafans
que fetz sobre Tolosa
trop rozetz la mans
a lei de rabiosa
Roma discordans
Mas si.l coms prezans
viu ancar dos ans
Fransa n'er dolorosa
dels vostres engans.*

*Roma, tant es grans
la vostra forfaitura
que Dieu e sos sans
en gitatz a non-cura
tant etz mal renhans,
Roma falsa e tasura,*

Rome, of the pardon
nor the pilgrimage
that you made in Avignon.

Rome! without cause
you have killed many people
and it does not look good to me,
because you are following a twisted path.
To salvation
Rome, you close the door.
For your bad governing
in summer and winter,
whoever follows your footsteps has chosen a bad
leader, because the devil takes him
to the fires of hell.

Rome, it is easy to see
that I must speak of your evil
because in mockery
you make martyrs of Christians
and do it scornfully
Where do you find or hear
Rome, the order to kill Christians?
God, who is the true bread
of life
allow me to see what I desire:
the fall of the Romans.

Rome, it is plain and true
that your were too swift
in your treacherous pardons
that you made of Toulouse
Your hands are too rough,
like a rabid woman
Discordant Rome!
But if the brave count
can survive two years
France will suffer
for your lies.

Rome! So great
is your betrayal of your word
that you are throwing God and his saints
into oblivion,
so badly do you reign.
False, criminal Rome!

*per qu'en vos s'escon
e.is magra e.is cofon
lo jois d'aquest mon.
E faitz gran demesura
del comte Raimon.*

*Roma, Dieus l'aon
e.lh don poder e forsa
al comte que ton
los Frances e.ls encorsa
e fa.n planca e pon,
quand ab es se comorsa
e a mi platz fort
Roma, a Dieu recort
del vostre gran tort
si.l platz e.l comte estorsa
de vos e del mort.*

*Roma, be.m conort
quez en abans de gaire
venrez a mal port
si l'adreitz emperaire
mena adreich sa sort
ni fai so que deu faire
Roma, eu dic ver
que.l vostre poder
veirem dechazer
Roma, lo vers salvaire
m'o lais tost vezer.*

*Roma, per aver
faitz mainta vilania
e maint desplazer
e mainta fellonia
tant voletz aver
del mon la senhoria
que ren non temetz
Dieu ni sos devetz
anz vei que fazetz
mais qu'ieu dir non poiria
de mal, per un detz.*

*Roma, tan tenetz
estreg la vostra grapa
que so que podetz
tener, greu vos escapa*

The joy of this world
hides within you,
wasting away, destroyed,
and you are being excessive
toward Count Raimon.

Rome, may God assist him
and give strength and power
to the count, for he
will scourge the French
and make a plank and bridge
whenever he confronts them
and that greatly pleases me.
Rome, may God remember
your great wrongs
and may he snatch the count
away from you and from death.

Rome! I take comfort
in the fact that you will soon
reach a bad harbour,
provided the skilful emperor manages
his fate with skill, and
does what he has to do.
Rome, I tell you
that your power
is going to fall,
Rome, and may the true savior
let me see this soon.

Rome, for the sake of wealth
you do many despicable things,
many unpleasant things,
and you commit many felonies.
So much do you want
to rule the world
that you fear nothing,
neither God nor His defences.
Instead, I see that you are doing
things that are ten times
worse than I could ever say.

Rome, so tightly
do you close your clawed foot
that anything held in
your grip can escape

*Si.n breu non perdetz
poder a mala trapa
es lo mons cazutz
e mortz e vencutz
e.l pretz confondutz
Roma, la vostra papa
fai aitals vertutz.*

*Roma, cel qu'es lutz
del mon e vera vida
e vera salut
vos don mal'escarida
car tans mals saubutz
faitz per que lo mons crida
Roma desleials
razitz to totz mals
els focs enfernals
ardretz senes falhida
si non pensatz d'als.*

*Roma, als cardenals
vos pot hom sobreprendre
per los criminals
pecatz que fan entendre
que non pensan d'als
mas cum puoscan revendre
Dieu e sos amics
e no.i val castics
Roma, gran fastics
es d'auzir e d'entendre
los vostres prezicx*

*Roma, eu sui enics
car vostre poders monta
e car grans destrics
totz ab vos nos afronta
car vos etz abrics
e caps d'engan e d'onta
e de deshonor
e.il vostre pastor
son fals trichador
Roma, e qui.ls aconta
fai trop gran follor.*

*Roma, mal labor
fa.l papa quan tenson*

only with difficulty.
If you do not lose soon,
the world will fall into a bad trap,
it will be dead and vanquished,
and Worth will be defeated.
Rome, that is the virtue
performed by your pope!

Rome, may he who is the light
of the world, true life,
and true salvation
give you a bad destiny.
Because you commit so many
known crimes that the world cries out,
'Disloyal Rome!
Root of all Evil!',
you will go into the fires of Hell
without fail
if you do not change your way of thinking.

Rome! for the sake of your cardinals,
You can be reprimanded
because of the criminal
sins that they are said to commit,
because they can think of nothing
beside ways of selling on
God and His friends,
and chastisement is worth nothing to them.
Rome, it is most tedious
to hear and understand
your preaching.

Rome, I am angry
because your power is growing,
and because great distress
confronts us thanks to you.
For you are the shelter
and the head of trickery, shame
and dishonor.
Your shepherds
are lying traitors,
Rome, and anyone who
goes near them is a great fool.

Rome, the pope is doing bad work
when he fights with

*ab l'emperador
pel dreich de la corona
ni.l met en error
ni.ls sieus guerriers perdona
car aital perdos
que non sec razos
Roma, non es bos
enans qui l'en razona
reman vergonhos*

*Roma.l Glorios
que sofri mortal pena
en la crotz per nos
vos done mal'estrena
car voletz totz jors
portar la borsa plena
Roma de mal for
que tot vostre cor
avetz en tresor
don cobeitatz vos mena
el fuoc que no mor*

*Roma, del malcor
que portatz en la gola
nais lo sucz, don mor
lo mals e s'estrangola
ab doussor del cor
per que.l savis tremola
quan conois e ve
lo mortal vere
e de lai on ve
Roma, del cor vos cola
don li pieitz son ple*

*Roma, ben ancse
a hom auzit retraire
que.l cap sem vos te
per que.l faitz soven raire
per que cug e cre
qu'ops vos auria traire
Roma, del cervel
quar del mal capel
etz vos e Cistel
qu'a Bezers fezetz faire
mout estranh mazel*

the emperor
over the rights of the crown,
when he puts him in the wrong,
and forgives those who wage war on him.
For such a pardon,
based on no argument,
Rome, is no good.
Indeed, anyone who justifies it
shall be left covered in shame.

Rome, may the Glorious One
who suffered mortal pain
on the cross for our sakes
send you a bad gift,
because you want
to carry a full purse every day.
Rome of despicable customs,
your heart is
kept in a treasure chest,
so covetousness leads you
to the unending fire.

Rome, from the maliciousness
that in your throat gurgles
issues the bile that kills the
poor wretch, it strangles
all sweetness in the heart,
the wise man trembles,
for he sees and knows
the wellspring from whence flows
this deadly poison,
Rome: from your heart it dribbles;
men's bosoms bear the load.

Rome, it's well-said
and often repeated
that your head is getting smaller,
which is why you so often have it shaved.
So I think and believe
that it might be necessary to remove,
Rome, your brain!
For you 'wear a bad hat'
and you and Citeaux
have made at Béziers.
the strangest of slaughters.

*Rom, ab fals sembel
tendetz vostra tezura
e man mal morsel
manjatz, qui que l'endura
car'avetz d'anhel
ab simpla gardadura
dedins lops rabatz
serpens coronatz
de vibr'engenratz
per que.l diable.us cura
coma.ls sieus privatz.*

Rome, it's a false bait
with which you set your trap.
While others starve to death,
there's many a nasty snack
that you've snapped.
though outside you're a lamb.
You're vicious like a rabid wolf,
You're a crowned serpent
and a viper was your dam.
The devil will protect you,
as he does his friends.

Gormonda de Montpellier - *Greu m'es a durar* (sirventes)

Preserved in C, R

P.C. 177,1

Translation adapted from Léglu et al., *The Cathars*, pp. 119-122

This is a contrafact of Figueira's *Un sirventes far*, and not only borrows the same rhyme metric scheme, but also the identical rhyme sounds of Figueira's song.

*Greu mes a durar
quar aug tel descrezensa
dir ni se menar
e nom platz nim agensa
quom non deu amar
que fai de sinan tenensa
a so don totz bes
ven e nays et es
salvamens e fes
per quieu faray parvensa
en semblan quem pes*

I find it hard to bear
when I hear such disbelief
spoken or sowed,
and it neither pleases nor gladdens me,
because no one should love
someone who dismantles the thing
from which all goodness
comes and is born,
and that is salvation and faith;
which is why I shall
demonstrate that it grieves me.

*Nous meravilhes
negus si eu muou guerra
ab fals mal apres
qua son poder soterra
totz bos faitz cortes
els en caussels en serra
trop se fenh arditz
quar de roma ditz
mal ques caps e guitx
de totz selhs quen terra
an bos esperitz*

May no one wonder
at my waging war
on the false, ill-educated man,
who puts all good, courtly deeds
beneath his power,
prosecutes, and locks them up.
He pretends to be brave
because he says bad things about Rome,
which is the head and guide
of all those who have
good souls on earth.

*En romaes complitz
totz bes e quilz li plana
sos sens les fallitz
quar si meteys enguana
quelh ner sebellitz
don per dia sa ufana
dieus au ja mos precx
que selhs quan mals becx
(illegible in manuscript)
ioves caion del bauecx*

*Roma selhs per pecx
tenc totz e per gent grossa
per orbs e per secx
que lur cans e lur ossa
cargon davols decx
don caion en la fossa
on lur es sermatz
pudens focx malvatz
don mais des liatz
no seran de la gran trossa
quan de lurs peccatz*

*Roma ges nom platz
quols hom uos combata
dels bos avez patz
qus quecx ab uos sa flata
dels fols lurs foldatz
fes perdre damiata
mas li vostre sen
fan sels ses conten
caytiu e dolen
que contra uos des lata
ni renha greumen*

*Roma veramen
sai a cre ses duptansa
qua ver salvamen aduretz tota fransa
oc e lautra gen
queus vol far a iu dansa
mas so que merlis
prophetizan dis
del bon rey loys
que mor ira en pansa
aras ses clarzis*

In Rome is accomplished
all goodness and whoever disagrees
has lost his senses
because he deceives himself:
after his own burial,
he will lose his arrogance.
May God receive my plea:
Let those who use their cruel beaks
against the laws of Rome,
be they young or old, start to dribble.

Rome, I think they are all stupid.
I think they are coarse,
cross-eyed, blind people
who burden their flesh and bones
with contemptible deeds
that make them fall
into the ditch where a
stinking, evil fire is
laid out for them.
So they are not released from
carrying the burden of their sins.

Rome, I am now displeased
that a vile man should be fighting with you.
You are at peace with good people,
for everyone is content with you.
The folly of the fools
made them lose Damietta.
But your intelligence
undeniably makes them
wretched and unhappy
for having turned against you,
and for having exercised harsh rule.

Rome, I know for certain
and I believe with no doubt
that you will lure France towards true salvation,
yes! Along with others
who want to assist you.
What Merlin said
in his prophecy
about good King Louis,
that he would 'die in the belly'
is now clear.

*Piegz de sarrazis
e de pus fals coratge
heretiers mes quis
son qui uol lur estatge
ins el foc dabis
iray en lec de salvatge
en dampnatio
que selhs davinho
baysses don mesbo
roma lo mal pezatge
don grans merces fo*

*Roma per razo
avetz manta destorta
dressada bando
et oberta la porta
de salvatio
don era la claus torta
que ab bon govern
bayssatz folh esquern
que sec uostres tern
langel michel lon porta
el garda di fern*

*L'estieu el yvern
deu hom ses contra dire
roma la cazern
legir si que nos uire
e quan ve l'estern
cum ihsus pres martire
albir se los cas
sis bos crestias
sa doncx non a cossire
totz es fols e vas*

*Roma los trefas
e sa leys sis pechoza
als fols digz vilas
par que fos de toloza
on den ians certas
non es doncz vergonhoza
ni ans de dos ans
mas sil coms prezans
coue quels engans
lays e la fe duptoza*

Worse than Saracens
and more deceitful of heart
are the heretics.
Anyone who wants to live among them
goes into the fire of the abyss,
into a fearsome place,
into damnation.
In Avignon
you brought down
Rome, their wicked toll.
That was a great mercy.

Rome, through your justice
you have straightened
many twisted things,
and opened the door
to Salvation,
which had a crooked key.
For with good government
you cast down witless mockery.
Anyone who follows your path
shall be taken by the angel Michael
and preserved from Hell.

In summer and winter,
someone who speaks against
Rome, should read the book
and not turn away
and when he sees the scorn
that Jesus bore at his martyrdom,
he should think about that
if he is a good Christian.
Anyone who has no concerns about that
is silly and empty-headed.

Rome, that traitor
with his suspect beliefs
and his foolish, vile words
seems to come from Toulouse,
where therefore there must be
no shame about open trickery.
But before two years
the worthy count
must set aside all deceitfulness
and dubious faith

e restaurels dans

*Roma lo reys grans
ques senhers de dreitura
als falses tolzans
don gran malavetura
gran desmezura
qusquecx lo rescon
e torbon est mon
elh comte raymon
sab elhs plus sa segura
nol tenray per bon*

*Roma bes coson
eual li pauc sa forsa
qui contra uos gron
ni bast rasbelh ni forsa
quar en tan aut mon
nos met ni non s'amorsa
(illegible in manuscript)
e pren dobla mort*

*Roma bem conort
quel coms nil emperaire
pueys que son destort
de uos no ualon gayre
quar lur folh deport
e lur mal vat vejaire
los fa totz cazer
a vostre plazer
qus nos pot tener
si tot ses guerre ayre
nom li val poder*

*Roma yeu esper
que vostra senhoria
e fransa per ver
cuy no platz mala via
fassa dechazer
ler guelh e l'eretgia
fals heretges quetz
que ... remon vetz
ni cre als seretz
tan son ples de feunia
e de mals pessetz*

if he is to put right any wrongs.

Rome! May the great King
who is lord of Righteousness
on the false people of Toulouse
inflict misfortune to them
who disobey his commandments so outrageously.
For everyone conceals it
and they are confusing the world.
If Count Raymond
keeps supporting them,
I will not regard him as a good man.

Rome, he is defeated
and his strength is worthless
who grumbles against you,
or who builds castles and fortresses,
for he will never fortify himself atop a mountain
high enough for God to forget his pride and
wrongdoing [...] from which he will lose all of his
skin and die a double death.

Rome, it consoles me a great deal
that ever since the count and the emperor
turned away from you,
they have had no success,
because their foolish behaviour
and their wicked intentions
make them fall utterly,
at your pleasure and
according to your will.
Even if he is a warrior,
his might does him no good.

Rome, I hope
that your dominion,
and that of France,
where the wicked path
pleases no one,
will overturn Pride and Heresy.
False, secret heretics
who do not respect the proclamations
nor believe in the mysteries,
so full are they of treachery
and of ill intent.

*Roma be sabetz
que fort greu lur estapa
qui au lor decretz
aissi tendon lur trapa
ab falces trudetx
ab que quascus far rapa
totz son sortz e mutz
quel lur rolh salutx
don quecx es perdutox
quelh nan capelh o capa
e remanon nutz*

*Clauzis e sav putz
naysson senes falhida
cremar e perdutox
que lur malvana vida
quanc negus vertutz
non fe na ges auzida
non auem sivals
e si fos leyals
lur vida mortals
dieus crey la groeyssauzida
mas non es cabals*

*Qui vol esser sals
ades deu la crotz penre
quel celestials
hiuenc son bras estendre
tot per sos amicx
e pus calx destricx
pres ben es enicx
selh que nol uol entendre
ni creytels chastix*

*Roma si pus gicx
renhar selhs queus san aura
al santes peritz
quants hom lor e a conts
tan som fals mendicx
qus ab uet nossa fronta
noy auras honor
roma li trachor
son tan ples dextor
quom plus poi quascus monta
quec iorn sa fallor*

Rome, you know
that the one who hears their speeches
will find it hard to escape,
for they set their traps
with lying bait
so that everyone is snared.
They are all deaf and dumb,
for it takes away their salvation
and that damns every one of them.
They have no cape and no cap,
and they remain naked.

Without fail,
they are born hidden yet known,
burned and damned
by their wicked lives,
for they have never done a virtuous deed,
nor have we yet heard
such a claim
be made about them,
and if their mortal life were loyal,
I believe that God would have supported it,
but it is not right.

Anyone who wishes to be saved
should now take the cross of punishment
for the Heavenly One
came here to stretch out His arms
entirely for his friends.
As he accepted such torture,
anyone who does not wish
to understand Him or
believe in His chastising words is bad.

Rome, if you allow
those who shame you
and the lost saints
(along with the Holy Spirit)
to hold power,
then you will get no honor
from those people
who are so witless and low,
when they are spoken to about it,
that not one of them
will confront the truth.

*Roma folh labor ...
vos tensona
del empe...
ab vos nossa dona
q... des honor
ne venra s...sera razos
mas pe... tro bom perdos
qui g... tz razona
ni nes an... (illegible due to damage in ms)*

*Rom al glorios
que a la magdalena
perdenet don nos
esperam bonaestrena
lo folh rabios
que tan dich fals semena
fassa daital for
elh e son thezor
e son malvat cor
morir e daital pena
cum hereters mor*

Rome, the man who
quarrels with you is doing foolish work.
I say about the Emperor
that if he does not ally himself with you,
his crown will come into great dishonour,
and rightly so.
But through you one can easily
find forgiveness by admitting one's sins
without anxiety.

Rome, may the Glorious One
who forgave the Magdalen,
and from whom
we hope for a good gift,
make the rabid fool
die who sows such
false words,
along with his treasure
and his wicked heart,
and let it be
the death of a heretic.

Peire Cardenal - *L'arcivesque de Narbona* (sirventes)

Preserved in C, D^b, I, K, M, R, T, d

P.C. 335.29

Translation adapted from Léglu et al., *The Cathars*, pp. 108-109

The metric and rhyme scheme uses *coblas unissons*.

7 7 8 7 7 8 7 8 *tornada*: 7 8 7 8

a b a b b a b a b a b a

*L'arcivesques de narbona
nil reys non an tan de sen
que de malvaiza persona
puescon far home valen
dar pot hom aur et argen
e draps e ui et anona
mas lobelh en senha men
a selh a qui dieus lo dona*

Neither the archbishop of Narbonne
nor the King has sufficient good sense
to make a worthy man
out of a wicked character.
They can give him gold and silver,
cloth, wine and wheat,
but good breeding is something
that only God can confer.

*Quar ab renda gran e bona
say ieu.i.caytiu dolen
que no fay condutz ni dona
ni somo ni acuelh gen
mal conquer e pretz despen
e sil donavatz bayona
non despendrial renden
si cum valors o fayssona*

I know a miserable wretch who has a nice fat rent,
who arranges no courtly feasts,
and who invites and welcomes nobody into his home.
Instead, he conquers his wealth badly,
and he spends it even worse,
and if you were to give him the town of Bayonne,
he would not spend its revenue
in the way that Worth demands.

*Valors vol quezom somona
e metae gast e prezen
et a una companhona
caritat que loy cossen
e lay on valors sempren
e caritatz esperona
malvestatz es per nien
quant ainbellas si tensona*

Worth wants men to be hospitable,
to spend, and to hand out gifts and presents.
She has a companion,
Charity, who consents to that.
Wherever Worth rides forth,
spurred on by Charity,
Wickedness is but nothing
when she fights with them.

*Tals a sus el cap corona
e porta blanc vestimen
quel voluntatz es felhona
cum de lop o de serpen
e qui tolh ni trays ni men
ni aucí ni em poizona
ad aquo es ben parven
quals volers hiabotona*

There is a man who has a tonsure on his head
and who wears white robes
whose intentions are as cruel
as those of a wolf or serpent,
because if anyone robs, betrays,
lies, kills, or poisons,
the intentions that ripen
within him are plain to see.

Ar diran que ieu despona

Now they will say that I am expounding

*mo sirventes a la gen
quays quieu ai lengua bretona
que negus hom nom enten
pro mentendran lintenden
et a l'autra gent bricocona
chantarai dels filhs nar sen
e de bueues d'antona*

*De traitor sobre saben
dezir que tals lo somona
quelh do da tretal pimen
cum elh als autres dona*

my sirventes to people
as if I spoke Breton,
because no one can understand me,
and as for the other dishonest people,
I will sing to them about the
son of Lady Aye and about
Bevis of Hampton.

As for that great, treacherous know-it-all,
I wish someone would summon him
who could serve him the same spiced wine
that he feeds to others.

Peire Cardenal - *Tartarassa ni voutor* (sirventes)

Preserved in C, I, K, R, d

P.C. 335,55

Translation by Frank Goldin, *Lyrics of the Troubadours and Trouveres*, pp. 301-303

The metric and rhyme scheme uses *coblas unissons*. It shares an identical metric scheme and rhyme sounds with Bernart de Ventatorn's song *Aram conseillatz senhor* and may be a contrafact of that song.

7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7
a b a b c c d d

*Tartarassa ni voutor
no sent tan leu carn puden
quom cleric e prezicador
senton ont es lo manen
Mantenen son sei privat
e quant malautia.l bat
fan li far donassio
tel que.l paren no.i an pro*

*Franses e cleric an lauzor
de mal quar ben lur en pren
e renovier e trachor
an tot lo segl' eissamen
c'ab mentir et ab barat
an si tot lo mon torbat
que no.i a religio
que no'n sapcha sa leisso*

Saps qu'endeven la ricor

Buzzards and vultures
do not smell out stinking flesh
as fast as clerics and preachers
smell out the rich.
They circle around him at once like friends
and as soon as sickness strikes him down they get him
to make a little donation,
and his own family gets nothing.

Frenchmen and clerics win praise
for their felonies, because they succeed;
usurers and traitors
take the whole world that way
for by falsehood and fraud
they have so confounded the earth
there is not one religious order
which does not know their rule

Do you know what happens to the wealth

*de sels que l'an malamen?
Venra un fort raubador
que non lur laissara ren
so es la mortz que.ls abat
c'ab catr'aunas de filat
los tramet en tal maizo
ont atrobon de mal pro*

*Hom, per que fas tal follor
que passes lo mandamen
de Dieu, quez es ton senhor
e t'a format de nien?
La trueia ten al mercat
sel que ab Dieu si combat:
que.l n'aura tal guizado
com ac Judas lo fello*

*Dieus verais, plens de doussor
Senher sias nos guiren
gardas d'enfernal dolor
peccadors e de turmen,
e solves lo del peccat
en que son pres e liat
e faitz lur veray perdo
ab vera confessio*

of those who get it badly?
A mighty robber will come
who will not let them keep one thing--
Death, who strikes them down,
who sends them across in four ells of linen,
in a strange mansion,
where they find a great hoard of affliction.

O Man, why commit such madness,
transgressing the commandment
of God, who is your Lord,
who formed you out of nothing?
He sells his sow in the market place
who fights with God,
he shall get the wages
Judas traitor got.

O true God, full of sweetness,
Lord, be our protector,
keep all sinners from the suffering
of Hell, and from the torture,
and untie them from the sin
in which they are caught and bound up,
and give them faithful pardon
when they keep faith in their confession.

Peire Cardenal - *Clergue si fan pastor* (sirventes)

Preserved in A, C, D^b, I, J, K, R, d, M, T

P.C. 335,31

Translation by Frank Goldin, *Lyrics of the Troubadours and Trouveres*, pp. 291-294

The metric and rhyme scheme uses *coblas unissons*.

6 6 6 6 6 7 6 7 6 6 6 6 *tornada*: 6 6 6 6

a a a b b c b c d d d d d d d d

*Clergue si fan pastor
e son aucizedor
e par de gran sanctor
qui los vei revestir
e.m pren a sovenir
que n'Ezengris un dia
volc ad un parc venir
mas pels cans que temia
pel de mouton vestic
ab que los escarnic
puois manget e traic
tot so que li.abelic*

*Rei e emperador
duc, comte e comtor
e cavalier ab lor
solon lo mon regir
ara vei possezir
a clers la seinhoria
ab tolre e ab trair
e ab ypocrezia
ab forsa e ab prezic
e tenon s'a fastic
qui tot non lor o gic
e sera quan que tric*

*Aissi can son major
son ab mens de valor
et ab mais de follor
et ab meins de ver dir
et ab mais de mentir
et ab meins de paria
et ab mais de faillir
et ab meins de clerzia
dels fals clergues o dic
que anc hom non auzic
a Dieu tant enemic*

Clerics pretend to be shepherds
but they are the killers;
the likeness of sanctity is on them
when you see them in their habit,
and it puts me in mind
that Master Ysengrim one day
wanted to get into the sheepfold
and because he feared the dogs
he put on the skin of a sheep
with which he tricked them all.
Then he gobbled and glutted
as much as he liked.

Kings, emperors,
dukes, counts, viscounts,
and knights, together
used to rule the world.
Now I see the power
in the hands of clerics
with stealing, betrayal,
hypocrisy,
violence, and sermons.
And they are highly offended
if you don't hand it all over to them,
and so it shall be, though it may take a while.

The greater they are
the less they are worth
and the greater the folly,
the less their truth-telling
and the greater their lying.
the less their friendship
and the greater their dereliction
and the less they keep faith with their calling
Of the false clerics I say this:
I have never heard of any man
so great an enemy to God

de sai lo tems antic

*Can son en refreitor
no m'o tenc ad honor
c'a la taula aussor
vei los cussons assir
e premiers s'escaussir
aujas gran vilania
car i auzon venir
et hom no los en tria
pero anc non lai vic
paubre cusson mendic
sezen laz cusson ric
d'aitan los vos esdic*

*Ja non aion paor
Alcals ni Almansor
que abat ni prior
los anon envazir
ni lor terras sazir
que afans lor seria
mas sai son en cossir
del mon consi lor sia
e com en Frederic
gitesson de l'abric
pero tals l'aramic
qui fort no s'en jauzic*

*Clergue qui vos chauzic
ses fellon cor enic
en son comte faillic
c'anc peior gent non vic.*

since the ancient of days.

When I am in a refectory
it's no great honor to me,
because up at the high table
I see those shysters sitting
and the first to serve themselves the soup.
Listen to this great villany:
that such truck dare come there
and no one picks them out.
On the other hand, I never say
one poor begging shyster there
sitting next to any well-established shyster:
of that much, anyway, I exonerate them.

Let the Arab chiefs
and sultans never fear
that abbots or priors
might ever attack them
and take their lands,
for that would be hard work.
No, they stay home rapt in thought,
how the whole world might be theirs
and how they might have cast
En Frederick from his sanctuary.
But there was one who attacked him
and did not rejoice in it much.

Clerics, whoever depicted you
without a cruel and vicious heart
erred in his account,
for a worse breed I never saw.

Peire Cardenal - *Un sirventes vuelh far dels aus glotos (sirventes)*

Preserved in C, I, K, R, T, d

P.C. 335,69

Translation adapted from Léglu et al., *The Cathars*, pp. 111-112

The metric and rhyme scheme uses *coblas doblas*, changing the rhyme sounds after every second *cobla*.

10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 *tornada*: 10 10
a b b a c d d d 1 1

*Un sirventes vuelh far dels autz glotos
que vendon dieu e destruzon la gen
e prezicon quels vivon sanctamen
ab benblan careborn lors trassions
per quieu no vuelh jamais esser celaire
de lurs croyus faitz ont es deslialtatz
pus que tretant es vues dieu encolpatz
selh qui manten lairon quon es lo laire*

I want to compose a sirventes about the vile gluttons
who sell God, who destroy people,
and who preach that we should live in sanctity.
They conceal their betrayals with a fine appearance: that
is why I do not ever want to be someone
who hides their vicious deeds. There is Disloyalty
in that because the man who supports the thief
is as guilty as the thief himself.

*Lairons son ylh e renhon sobre nos
doncx ben ein folhs et ab pauc descien
pus laires es qui al lairon cossen
que faren doncx si nons en val razos
cridem lo mal quil fan faire
si quels puescon conoysser lurs peccatz
e nos tengua negus asseguratz
si ve des far son vezi o son fraire*

They are thieves and they reign over us.
So we are foolish indeed and we lack judgement,
for who consents to the thief is a thief too.
So what shall we do if Reason cannot help us?
Let us shout about the wickedness that they commit or
that they get others to do, so their sins be recognized
and no one can feel secure
if he sees his neighbour or his brother ruined.

*Fraires son tug mas no son pas engals
las partz quels fan dels bens de ihesu crist
ai verays dieus quab ton sanc nos rempsist
vejas quon es sancta glieyza venals
que hom noy a dignerat ni prebenda
si non lur fai soven donar socors
e nom es neps of filh de tos pastors
o non cossent lur deslial fazenda*

They may be brothers, but they are not equal,
parts of the possessions of Jesus Christ.
Ah, true God, who redeemed us with Your blood,
look at how Holy Church is venal!
For no man gains offices or livings
without frequent donations, unless he is the
nephew or son of Your shepherds,
or he approves of their disloyal behaviour.

*Faitz an fellons e ditz espericals
ab votz tenen et ab coratge trist
ieu aug quels son messatge d'anti crist
guardatz si delhs pot ben yssir totz mals
mas dieus en fai totz iorns cortezae sinenda
quon plus aut son pujatz en las honors
cazon plus bas ab penas et ab plors
el fons diffiern et autre cuelh la renda*

They are of criminal deeds and spiritual words,
with strong voices and with sorrowful hearts.
I think they are the messengers of Antichrist.
Beware: all sorts of evil could come from them.
But God daily extracts lovely fines from these people.
The higher they have climbed into worldly honor,
the lower they fall into suffering and tears,
into the depths of Hell, and another claims their rent.

*Rendas queron per layssar als parens
et anc denant no fon tan lur amicx
que no sia per elhs tengutz mendicx
si non lur fai remembran li prezen
sel qui conois esap santa escriptura
es pauc amatz si non saup de trafei
enon conois la lor desleial lei
que fan semblar de tut maltort dreitura*

They seek rents that they can bequeath to their families,
and a lay brother is never such a friend to them
that he will not be regarded as a beggar,
unless by a present he can remind them of his existence.
Whoever knows and understands the holy scriptures
Is little loved if he has nothing to trade
And does not understand the language of deceit,
And is ready to twist the law.

*Guradon si selhs eue fan de tort drechura
que solament fauc de lor ma rancura.*

Let those men beware who make crime into justice,
because I direct my anger toward them alone.

Peire Cardenal - *Un sirventes novel vuelh comensar* (sirventes)

Preserved in C, I, d, R, T, f

P.C. 335,67

Translation adapted from W.D. Snodgrass, *Lark in the Morning*, ed. Robert Kehew, pp. 283-285

The metric and rhyme scheme uses *coblas unissons*.

10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 *tornadas*: 10 10 10 10

a b b a c c d d c c d d

*Un sirventes novel vueill comensar
que retrairai al jor del jujamen
a sel que.m fes e.m format de nien
s'el me cuja de ren arazonar
e s'el me vol metre en la diablia
ieu li dirai: 'senher, merce non sia!
qu'el mal segle tormentiei totz mos ans
e guardas mi, si.us plas dels tormentans!'*

I'll now compose a brand-new protest song
which I'll perform on the Last Judgement Day
telling the Lord who contrived me from clay
that if He's planning to claim I've done wrong
then stick me down with those devils that scare me,
that I'll just say: "Have a heart, Lord, and spare me!
I had torments in that damned world enough;
If you don't mind, keep Hell's pitchforkers off!"

*Tota sa cort farai meravillar
cant auziran lo mieu plaideiamen
qu.eu dic qu'el fa ves lo sieus faillimen
si los cuja delir ni enfernar
car qui pert so que ganhar poiria
per bon dreg a de viutat carestia
qu'el deu esser dous e multiplicans
de retenir las armas trespasans*

I'll make the Lord's whole court sit up and stare
when once they've heard the content of my plea,
saying He treats His own folk wrongfully,
fixing to torment, then fling them down there.
Whoever chucks out good things he could store
to spare and preserve them, deserves to be poor;
God should be tender and dwell every place
so he could save us from sin and disgrace

*Los diables degra dezeretar
et agra mais d'armas e plus soven
e.l dezeretz plagra a tota gen
et el mezeis pogra s'o perdonar*

God ought to steal souls from Satan's vast share
then He could reap souls more often, more easily;
that's the one theft we'd all witness with glee
since He could pardon Himself, then and there.

*car per mon grat trastotz los destruiria
pos tut sabem c'absolver s'en poiria
'bels senhers Dieus! Sias dezeretans
del enemix enuios e pezans!*

*Vostra porta non degreas ja vedar,
que sans Peires i pren trop d'aunimen
que n'es portiers mas que intres rizen
tota arma que lai volgues intrar
car nuilla cortz non er ja ben complia
que l'uns en plor e que l'autre en ria
e sitot ses sobeirans reis poissans
si no m'ubres, er vos en fatz demans*

*Ieu no me vueill de vos dezesperar
anz ai en vos mon bon esperamen
que me vaillas a mon trespassamen
per que debes m'arma e mon cors salvar
e farai vos una bella partia
que.m tornetz lai don moc lo premier dia
o que.m siatz de mos tortz perdonans
qu'ieu no.ls fora si non fos natz enans*

*S'ieu ai sai mal et en enfern l'avia
segon ma fe tortz e peccatz seria,
qu'ieu vos puesc ben esser recastenans
que per un ben ai de mal mil aitans*

*Per merce.us prec donna sancta Maria
c'al vostre fill mi fassas garentia
si qu'el prenda lo paire e.ls enfans
e.ls meta lay on esta san Johans*

Wipe out those archtraitors--that's my solution,
since He could give Himself full absolution
"Sweet Lord in Heaven, from now on dispossess
none but your foes and their vile sinfulness,

But never turn mortal men from Your door,
that would make Peter, the good saint, feel shame
keeping the gate; every soul each the same,
should just walk in and exult evermore.
Surely no court has been fairly assembled
where one man laughed while another man trembled.
Mightiest of all, supreme King though You be,
open up or You'll get served a decree.

Don't make me give up my high hopes of You
You've always helped me feel free from despair
You ought to help me escape from sin's snare,
saving my soul and this poor body too.
In such a case, here's my best proposition:
Either just pardon my soul from perdition
or send me back where I was before my birth--
how could I sin if I'd not been born first?

Suffering here, then suffering more in Avernus,
that would be wrongful, a sin of unfairness.
I could reprove You and justly complain
that for each joy I got thousandfold pain."

Mercy, I pray you, St. Mary my Lady,
with your own Son, be my witness and aid me;
may He receive every father and son,
setting them all in the house of St. John.

Raimon Escrivan - *Senhors, l'autrier vi ses falhida* (allegorical song)

Preserved in C and R.

P.C. 398,1

Translation adapted from Léglu et al., *The Cathars*, pp. 98-99

The metric and rhyme scheme uses *coblas doblas*, changing rhyme sounds every second *cobla*.

9 9 9 9 8 8 8 8 *tornadas*: 8 8 8 8

a a a a b b b b e e e e

*Senhors l'autrier un ses falhida
la cata que ges nom obrida
gent entuyrade meilhs garnida
et parler a discervida
e dis al trabuquet arral
fortz soi e nom podetz far amal
en las laissas farai portal
que dins vila vuelhs ostal*

*Dis trabuquet diableus guida
na cata dolenta martida
quan vos avrai tres colps ferida
la ab mi non auretz guerida
que si passatz de sai lo pal
sabrem del vostre cuer quan val
ques en darai un colp mortal
si bos a cossiec sus costal*

*Ab tant la cata ses moguda
que noy ac pus de retenguda
tro la vila tost fo venguda
e mostrets sa cata peluda
e venc suau ce ladamen
pauc cada pauc prenden e pren
si quanc noy ac retenem
tro son dins lo vuelh bastimen*

*E quan lac vistae conoguda
trabuquet dis cata moruda
yeu vos aurai rost abatuda
e siet la denant sa barbuda
tal colp que tota les coysssen
puyes ali dig ben as fol sen
cata quab mi prenas conten
e farai to ades parven*

*Ab tan la cata sen erissa
ques grassae grossa e faitissa*

My lords! The other day I undoubtedly saw
the Cat (may I never forget that sight!)
She was nicely cared for and even better adorned,
and she spoke like a distinguished woman
and said to the Trebuchet: 'I am
strong and you can't damage me.
I shall make the gateway in the *lissas*
because I want to stay a while in the city.'

The Trebuchet said, 'The devil guide you,
miserable, downcast Lady Cat!
When I shall have struck you three blows,
you shall have no cure from me.
For if you get that pole moving in there,
we shall know how your heart feels about it,
for I shall deal you a mortal blow
if you get near to the walls.'

With that the Cat set off,
for she could no longer hold back,
until she had come up to the town,
and showed her wizened face.
She moved softly, secretively,
little by little, and she took and grabbed things
until there was no resistance,
until they were inside the old building.

When he saw her and recognized her,
the Trebuchet said, 'Hard-bitten Cat,
I will soon knock you down,'
and he hit her on the front of her helm with
such a blow that she shook all over.
Then he said to her, 'You are foolish,
Cat, for starting a fight with me,
and I shall make you aware of that soon enough.'

That made the Cat's hairs stand on end,
for she is big, fat, and bulky,

*e dis quen quer a fort pellissa
e venra si pot tro la lissa
e vinh los pes e fes un saut
et a cridat e mot en aut
trabuquet not pres un grapaut
que prop vos suy a mieu assaut*

*Ab tan lo trabuquet sarissa
ques fers e fortz eser e sissa
et madich na cata mestissa
fort pel auretz ser nous es quissa
e tramer lun cairo raspaut
que no levers tiey ribaut
e a loi mes el cors tot taut
don tuig foron alegre baut*

*E la cata quel colp sentic
a per pauc de dol nom moric
e dis trabuquet malat vi
jeu tu lais e tu laisa mi*

*El trabuquet respondet li
na cata nom er cansi
cab mi ne auren treu ni si
enans vos ausire aqui*

and she said that she still had a strong skin,
and that she would make it to the *lissa*.
She put her paws together and pounced,
then she yelled, 'Trebuchet,
you are as worthless as a grappling-iron,
for my assault brings me right by your side!'

That made the Trebuchet's hairs stand on end,
for he is fierce and strong, cruel and true,
and he said, 'Miserable Lady Cat, you will need
that tough skin, because you will not escape!'
And he sent her a flaying missile
that not even three *ribauts* could have picked up,
and he shot it, hot, into her body,
and that made everyone happy and glad.

And the Cat that felt the blow
nearly died of grief,
and cried out, 'Trebuchet, it was an unlucky day
I saw you. I release you, now let me be.'

And the Trebuchet replied to her,
'Lady Cat, let it not be so,
for you shall have no truce or remission from me.
Instead, I shall kill you here.'

Gui de Cavaillon and Bertran Folco d'Avinhon - *Duas coblas farai*¹³⁸

Preserved in H

P.C. 192,2 & 2a; 83,2

Translation adapted from Léglu et al., *The Cathars*, pp. 97-98

The meter and rhyme scheme is technically in *coblas singulars*, where the metric and rhyme pattern remains the same but the rhyme sounds change. However, since Bertran Folco uses the same rhyme sounds introduced by Gui de Cavaillon's two *coblas*, the effect of the four *coblas* together creates an alternation of the rhyme.

10 10 10 10 10 10 10 4
a a a a a a a b

*Doas coblas farai en aqest son
q'eu trametrarai a-n Bertram d'Avignon,
e sapça be que dinz Castelnou son,
e li Franceis nos estan de viron;
e membra-m be de cela cui hom son,
qe sovendet en broc e-n esperon
e crit m'enseigna e desplec mon leon:
per q'eu o man a Bertram d'Avignon,
hoc, a-n Bertram.*

*A-n Bertram Folc man, com hom esserat,
per zo q'el aia del venir voluntat,
qe-l jorn estam nos e-l caval armat
e puois, al vespre, can tost avem sopat,
nos fam la gaita entre-l mur e-l fossat;
[et ab Franceis non a-n ges entregat,
enanz i son maint colps pres e donat]
e d'aizo a <ja> be tres mes passat.
Et el i a tot soau sojornat,
pois se parti de nos senes comjat,
Bertram Folcon.*

*Ja no creirai d'en Gui de Cavaillon
qu'entre-ls Franceis empenga son leon
per re qe dompna-l prometa ni-ll don,
tan mal o fes al vencemen d'Usson,
on non avia Francei ni Borgoignon.
Pois auzem dir a-n Guillem d'Esparron
que per paor desemparet Pisson,
mal o fai Gui, car dis ço c'anc no fon,
per Deu, en Gui!*

I shall make two coblas for this tune, which I shall
send to En Bertran d'Avignon,
and may he know that we are inside Castelnaudary,
and that the French are encircling us.
I remember well whose liegeman I am,
for I often spur on my horse for his sake,
and I raise up my standard and unfurl my lion
which is why I send it to Bertran d'Avignon.
Yes, to En Bertran.

I send word to En Bertran, like a besieged man,
to make him want to come over to us,
for we are in the daylight and our horses armoured
and then, in the evening, when we have supped,
we hold our watch between the walls and the ditch.
And there has not yet been a truce with the French,
instead many blows have been received and given,
and three months have passed in this way by now.
He spent his time in sweet leisure there,
when he left us without taking his leave,
that Bernart Falcon!

I shall never believe that En Gui de Cavaillon
flourishes his lion among the French
for anything a lady would promise or give him,
because he did so badly at the defeat of Usson,
where there were no French or Burgundian troops.
Then we heard from En Guillem d'Esparron that he
abandoned the place, pissing himself with fear.
Gui did badly in that, because I say that they were
never in that place, by God En Gui!

¹³⁸ [http://www.rialto.unina.it/GuiCav/192.2\(Guida\).htm](http://www.rialto.unina.it/GuiCav/192.2(Guida).htm)

*Per Deu, en Gui, saubut es e proat
qe·l coms vos mes dinz Castelnou forsatz,
qe vos tengra per trop frevol lo grat
qi·us i mezes ab vostra volontat.
Ja non creirai qe tant aiatz brocat
entre·ls Franceis, com sai avetz mandat:
en jutjamen o met d'en Reforzatz,
si vos es bon dintz castel assejat,
per Deu, en Gui!*

By God, En Gui, it is known and proved
that the count imprisoned you in Castelnaudary,
because he will find your thanks too weak for him
to put you in there with your full consent.
I will not believe that you fought as much against
the French as you have claimed to me in what you
have sent to me here. I place it in the jurisdiction of
En Reforzatz [Sir Fortified], to decide if indeed you
are inside a besieged castle, by God, En Gui!

Guillem Augier de Novelha - *Cascus plor e planh son damnatge* (*planh*)

Preserved in C, R.

P.C. 205.2

Translation by Léglu et al., *The Cathars*, pp. 84-85

The metric and rhyme scheme uses *coblas unissons*.

8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8 *tornada*: 8 8 8 8 8 8
a b a b c c d d e e c c d d e e

*Cascus plor e planh son damnatge
sa malenam sae sa dolor
mas yeulas nat e mon coratge
can gran irae tan gran tristor
que ia mos iorns planh ni plorat
nom aurai lo valent prezat
lo pro vescomte que mortz es
de beziers lar dit el cortes
lo gay la dreg lo novel blon
lo mellor cavaillier del mon*

Every man weeps and laments over his losses,
his misfortune and his griefs,
but alas! I have such rage
and such sorrow in my heart
that never, in all the days that are allotted to me,
shall I have lamented or wept enough for that brave,
valued, noble viscount who is dead,
the one from Beziers, the bold and courtly one,
the joyful, most skilful, gentle one:
the best knight in the world.

*Mort lan et anc tan gran otrage
no vi hom ni tan gran error
fach mai ni tan estranhatge
de dieu et a nostre senhor
cum an fag li can renegat
de fals linhatge de pilat
que lau mort e pus Dieus et mort pres
pels sieus estorser ser lai ontes
a luy ques passatz al sieu pon
per los sieus estor sar la on*

The have killed him! Never has such a crime
or misdeed been witnessed before,
nor such a source of estrangement
from God and Our Lord,
as the one committed by these renegade dogs,
these descendants of the false lineage of Pilate.
For they have killed him, and since God chose to die
in order to save us, so he resembles Him,
for he has crossed the same bridge
to save his own people.

*mil cavallier de gran linhatge
e mil dompnas de gran valor*

A thousand knights of high lineage
and a thousand ladies of great worth

*iran per la sua mort arratge
mil borzes e mil servidor
que totz foran gent heretatz
silh visques e ricy et hontatz
ar es mortz ai Dieus quals damses
gardatz quals etz ni quoues pres
ni selhs qui lan mort qui vidon
que ras nons acuelh nins terpon*

*a senhor ta fort deu salvatge
esser al gran et al menor
quan del sieu honrat senhoratge
nos membrara e del honor
quens fetz e de la fezaurat
quan per nos lagro mort vitjat
et es mortz ai dieus quals dans es
caitiu cum em tug amal mes
ves qual part tenrem ni veson
pentrem port tot lo cor me non*

*Ric cavalier, ric de linhatge
ric per erguelh ric per valor
ric de sen ric per vassalatge
ric per dar e bon servidor
ric d'orguelh uc d'umiliat
ric de sen e ric de foudat
belis e bor complitz de totz bes
an mo so mulhs hom queus valtues
perdut avem en vos la fon
don tug veniam lauzion*

*selh Dieu prec qui fer trinitat
de se meziez en devat
quel cel on lo maior gaugzs
me ta l'arma e non li pes
et a totz selhs qui pregatz son
de son ben socor rezaon*

*Belhs papagais anc tan vegat
nom ... as torbat
mi ... m pres
del m... anc nasques
a ... are en redon
q... a chors no sa...*¹³⁹

shall feel despondent after his death,
a thousand bourgeois and a thousand serving men,
for all of them would have been well provided with
wealth and lands had he lived.
Now he is dead! God, what a crime!
Look at who you are, and who came with us!
Look at those who killed him, who they are,
For now he can no longer welcome nor respond to us.

Ah my lords! How very fearsome
it must be for the great and the small
when we remember his honoured status as our seigneur,
and the honour and the fealty he showed to us,
when they have condemned him to death for our sakes.
Now he is dead! Ah God! What a crime that was!
Wretches, look at how we are all surrendered to evil! To
whom can we turn, and where can we go?
Where can we find a safe harbour?
It makes my heart melt.

Noble knight, noble in lineage,
noble through pride, noble through worth,
noble in mind, noble through vassal-service,
noble through giving and a good serving-man.
Noble in your pride, noble in humility,
noble in mind and noble in folly.
Handsome and good, accomplished in all good things,
there was never any man equal to you.
In you, we have lost the fountain
from which everyone came away full of joy.

I pray to that God who made the Trinity,
divine in Himself, that He might place this soul
in the Heaven where resides the greatest Joy,
and that He might rescue and aid
all those who pray to Him
for the sake of his goodness.

Bels Papagais, Love never affected
me more than the distress that
has overcome me from my loss of
the best lord ever to be born
in that place that the sea encloses.
They have killed me, those traitors from nowhere.

¹³⁹ This song is preserved in only two manuscripts, both of which are damaged in the second *tornada*: MS C from an excised portrait and MS R from flaked ink. I have so far been unable to locate a printed copy in Occitan.

Bernart Sicart de Marvejols - *Ab greu cossire* (*sirventes*)

Preserved in C

P.C. 67.1

Translation by Léglu et al., *The Cathars*, pp. 103-104

Metric and rhyme scheme uses *coblas doblas*.

5 6 5 6 5 6 5 6 6 6 6 7 7 6 6 *tornada*: 6 6
a b a b a b a b c c c d d c c k k

*Ab greu cossire
fan sirventes cozen
Dieus qui pot dire
ni saber lo turmen
quieu quan malbire
suy engran pessamen
non puesc escrire
lira nil marrimen
quel segle torbat vey
e cor rompon la ley
e sagramen e fey
qus quecx pessa que vensa
son par ab malvolensa
e daucir lor e sey
ses razon e ses drey*

*Tot iorn mazire
et ai aziramen
la nueg sospire
e velhan e dormen
vas on quem vire
aug la corteza gen
que cridon cyre
al frances humilmen
merce an li francey
ab que veiol con rey
que autre dreg noy vey
ai tolozae proensa
e la terra dagensa
bezers e carcassey
que vos vi e quous vey*

*Cavallaira
hospitals ni maizos
ordes que sia
no mes plazens ni bos
ab gran bauzia*

With great concern,
I compose a cutting *sirventes*.
God! Who can either express
or understand this torment?
For when I think about it,
I feel great sadness.
I cannot describe in writing
the rage or the sorrow,
because I see the secular world in turmoil,
and the law being corrupted,
along with the oath and the fealty,
so each man thinks that he can defeat
his equal with malevolence,
and sets about killing both other men and himself
with neither reason nor justice.

All day long I grow angry
and I feel rage;
by night, I sigh,
both when I am awake and when I am asleep.
Wherever I turn,
I can hear courtly people
crying 'Messire!'
humbled to the French.
The French are merciful
as long as they see high-ranking paraphernalia,
for I do not see any other evidence of justice there.
Alas, Toulouse, Provence,
the Agenais,
Béziers and the Carcassès,
how I saw you then, and how I see you now!

Knighthood,
be it of the Hospital or of the Temple,
or of any other order,
does not please
or seem good to me.

*los truep et orgulhos
ab simonia
ab grans possessios
ia non er apellatz
qui non a grans ric tatz
o bonas heretaz
aquelhs an laoncansa
e la gran benanansa
enjans e tracios
es lor cofessios*

*Francha clerchia
gran ben day dir de vos
e sieu podia diu in per un dos
gen tenetz via
et en senhatz la nos
mas qui benguia
n'aura bos gazardos
res no vey queus laissatz
tan quen podetz donatz
non autz cobeytatz
so fretz greu malanansa
e vistretz ses coinhdanda
mielhs valha
Dieus a nos
queu no dic verduos*

*Si quol salvatges
per lag temps mou sou chan
es mos coratges
quieu chante de renan
e quar paratges
si vai aderrairan
e bos linhatges
detazen e falsan
e creys la malvestatz
els baros rebuzatz
bauzadors e bauzatz
valor me non derreira
e deshonor per meyra
avols ricx e malvatz
es de mal heretatz*

*Rey d'Aragon sius platz
per ucs serai honratz*

I find them deceitful and arrogant
thanks to simony
and great acquisitions.
No man will be called to them
if he does not have great wealth
or rich inheritance.
Those men live in abundance
and great wellbeing.
Trickery and treason
are what they confess.

Loyal (francs) clergy,
I have to say good things about you,
and if I could, I would say them twice over.
You stay on your appealing path
and you show it to us,
but the one who acts
as a good guide
will have a good reward for it.
I do not see you forsaking anything.
You give away as much as you can,
you endure great discomfort
and you dress without taking
care of your appearance.
May God be good to us,
for I am not telling the truth about you!

Just as the fierce man
changes his tune when the weather turns bad,
so I desire
to sing in the front line,
because *paratge*
is degenerating,
and the noble lineages
are falling and growing false,
and Wickedness is growing.
The vicious barons
(those who are deceivers and those who are deceived)
put Worth in the rearguard
and put Dishonor in front.
The low minded, wicked nobleman
receives a bad inheritance.

King of Aragon, if it pleases you,
I shall be honoured by you.

Appendix B - Primary Sources

The poetry of the troubadours and trobairises is preserved in forty manuscripts, representing the work of 460 named poets: roughly 2500 individual poems. The primarily oral tradition of the *trobar* corpus is separated from manuscript tradition not only by the disconnect between sound and script, but also temporally and geographically. While the active period of the troubadours and trobairises spans roughly from 1100-1300, the extant chansonniers were produced between 1250-1350. The majority of those collections were produced outside of Occitania, in Italy, northern France, and Spain. By far the largest portion (about thirty) are Italian collections.

The difficulties faced by scholars attempting to place the various chansonniers in their original geographical and temporal context are exemplified in the seminal studies of Karl Bartsch, Alfred Jeanroy, and François Zufferey.¹⁴⁰ Their research assesses the variety of contextual clues within the material record: paleographical evidence, linguistic and etymological morphology, lyric composition of the collections (which poets/poems were included and in what order), evidence of patronage, ownership, and provenance.

While there is a certain amount of agreement among these scholars as to the general regional and temporal characteristics of the collections, their work also makes clear that there are simply too many gaps in the material record to confidently place each chansonnier in a secure and undisputed historical context. Zufferey asserts that twenty-six of the forty troubadours chansonniers were produced in Italy, eleven in Occitania, two in Catalonia (V and Z), and one in

¹⁴⁰ See Karl Bartsch, *Grundriss zur Geschichte der provenzalischen Literatur* (Elberfeld: Druck von R. L. Friderichs & Company, 1872); Alfred Jeanroy, *Bibliographie sommaire des chansonniers provençaux* (Paris: Librairie Ancienne Honoré Champion, 1916); François Zufferey, *Recherches Linguistiques sur les chansonniers Provençaux* (Geneva: Librairie Droz, 1987).

northern France (Y).¹⁴¹ However, even these distinctions require some equivocation. For instance, of the eleven Occitan chansonniers (A, B, C, E, J, R, f, A', p, a, and b) several were actually produced in Italy but are identified by Zufferey as Occitan collections because they were copied by Occitanian scribes working in Italian ateliers.¹⁴² The French and Catalanian manuscripts appear to have been copied by Italian scribes, and most of the collections from all regions were likely copied from original Occitan source material.

The manuscripts are designated with sigla originally proposed by Karl Bartsch, somewhat modified by subsequent scholars.¹⁴³

Table B1. List of Manuscript Sources of troubadour poetry and music

	Modern Location and Shelfmark	Likely Origin ¹⁴⁴	Material	
A	Rome, Biblioteca Apostolica Vaticana, latin 5232	Venice	parchment chansonniers	
B	Paris, Bibliothèque Nationale Français, fonds français 1592	Venice		
C	Paris, Bibliothèque Nationale Français, fonds français 856	Narbonne		
D	Modene, Biblioteca Nazionale Estense, α.R.4.4	Italy		
E	Paris, Bibliothèque Nationale Français, fonds français 1749	Béziers		
F	Rome, Biblioteca Apostolica Vaticana, Chigiana L.IV.106	Italy		
G	Milan, Biblioteca Ambrosiana, R 71, sup. (contains music)	Milan		♪
H	Rome, Biblioteca Apostolica Vaticana, latin 3207	Italy		
I	Paris, Bibliothèque Nationale Français, fonds français 854	Venice		
J	Florence, Biblioteca Nazionale Centrale, Conventi Soppressi F.IV.776	Nîmes		

¹⁴¹ Zufferey, *Recherches linguistique*, 12.

¹⁴² *Ibid.*, 65. A, A' and B were produced in or around Venice. In those collections, the *vidas*, as well as marginal notices for the copyist are Italianate, while the etymological evidence of the poetry itself suggests that the scribe(s) were from the Auvergne region. MS A also contains an initial inscription that suggests that the codex was produced for the doge of Venice, possibly Marco Barbarigo (1413-1486).

¹⁴³ Though Jeanroy proposed an alternative system in his *Bibliographie sommaire des chansonniers provençaux* Bartsch's system was adopted in the now-standard bibliography of Alfred Pillet and Henry Carstens, *Bibliographie der Troubadours* (Halle: Max Niemeyer Verlag, 1933).

¹⁴⁴ These suggestions rely heavily on the linguistic analyses found in Zufferey's *Recherches*.

	Modern Location and Shelfmark	Likely Origin	Material	
K	Paris, Bibliothèque Nationale Français, fonds français 12473	Venice	parchment chansonniers	
L	Rome, Biblioteca Apostolica Vaticana, latini 3206	Italy		
M	Paris, Bibliothèque Nationale Français, fonds français 12474	Italy		
N	New York, Pierpont Morgan Library, 819	Italy		
O	Rome, Biblioteca Apostolica Vaticana, latini 3208	Italy		
P	Florence, Biblioteca Medicea Laurenziana, plutei 41.42	Italy		
Q	Florence, Biblioteca Riccardiana, 2909	Italy		
R	Paris, Bibliothèque Nationale Français, fonds français 22543	Toulouse		♪
S	Oxford, Bodleian Library, douce 269	Italy		
T	Paris, Bibliothèque Nationale Français, fonds français 15211	Italy		
U	Florence, Biblioteca Laurenziana, plutei 41.43	Italy		
V	Venice, Biblioteca Nazionale Marciana, fr.App.cod.XI	Catalonia		
Y	Copenhagen, Kongelige Bibliotek, Thott 1087	France		
Z	Barcelona, Biblioteca de Catalunya, 146	Catalonia		
A'	Paris, Bibliothèque Nationale Français, fonds français 12474, f. 269; Ravenna, Istituto Biblioteca, 165	Italy	parchment fragments	
K'	Udine, Biblioteca Arcivescovile, cod. frag I, 265	Venice		
K''	Paris, Bibliothèque Nationale Français, nouvelles acquisitions françaises 23789	Venice		
m	The Hague, Koninklijke Bibliotheek, 135 F 38; Milan, Biblioteca Facoltà Giurisprudenza,	Italy		
p	Perpignan, Bibliothèque Municipale, 128	Provence		
r	Florence, Biblioteca Riccardiana, 294	Italy		
s	Siena, Archivio Storico, C 60	Italy		
x	Rome, Biblioteca Nazionale Central, Vittorio Emmanuel 1119	Italy		
y	Sondrio, Archivio di Stato, Romegialli	Italy		
z	Bologne, Archivio di Stato	Italy		

	Modern Location and Shelfmark	Likely Origin	Material	
c	Florence, Biblioteca Medicea Laurenziana, XC inf. 26	Italy	paper chansonniers	
f	Paris, Bibliothèque Nationale Français, fonds français 12472	Arles		
a	chansonnier de Bernart Amoros	Provence	paper copies of lost chansonniers	
b	chansonnier de Miguel de la Tor	Montpellier		
d	Berlin, Staatsbibliothek, Phillips 1910	Italy		
e	Rome, Biblioteca Apostolica Vaticana, latini 7182	Italy		

While the poetry is well-preserved, melodies are far more rare. Two other manuscripts not included in the standard troubadour complex supplement the musical corpus. These trouvère chansonniers, listed here with their sigla, contain a number of troubadour songs with their melodies.

	Modern Location and Shelfmark	Likely Origin	Material	
W	Paris, Bibliothèque Nationale Français, fonds français 844	Artois	Parchment chansonniers (trouvère)	♪
X	Paris, Bibliothèque Nationale Français, nouvelles acquisitions françaises 20050	Metz		♪

The melodies contained within these four collections (G, R, W, and X) provide music for about one-tenth of the surviving troubadour poems, representing the works of forty-one named troubadours and one trobairitz.

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