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Catalan Review is the premier international scholarly journal devoted to all aspects of Catalan culture. By Catalan culture is understood all manifestations of intellectual and artistic life produced in the Catalan language or in the geographical areas where Catalan is spoken. Catalan Review has been in publication since 1986.

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Catalan Review és la primera revista internacional dedicada a tots els aspectes de la cultura catalana. Per la cultura catalana s'entén totes les manifestacions de la vida intel·lectual i artística produïda en llengua catalana o en les zones geogràfiques on es parla català. Catalan Review es publica des de 1986.

Poetical Translations:

La reyna de Mallorques, translated by Kathleen McNerney

Catalan Review, Vol. V, number 2 (December, 1991), p. 161-167

POETICAL TRANSLATIONS

Sharing time, space, and tradition with Ramon Llull was a poet, identified simply as «La Reyna de Mallorques». She was probably Constança d'Aragó (1313-1346), sister of Pere el Cerimoniós of Aragon and wife of Jaume III of Majorca. Her only extant poem, found in the Cançoner Vega Aguiló in the Biblioteca de Catalunya, belongs to the «descort» genre of the troubadour tradition. The first half of the poem also appeared in the Catalan translation of Boccaccio's *Decameron* in 1429. The text below was printed in «Princes et troubadours de la maison royale de Barcelone-Aragon» by Irénée Cluzel (*Boletín de la Real Academia de Buenas Letras de Barcelona* XXVII (1957-58): 371-373).

LA REYNA DE MALLORQUES

Ez yeu am tal qu'es bo e belh,
 e suy gaya co'l blanc *oselh*
 que, per amor, cria son chant,
 e suy senyora e capdelh,
e ceylh qu'eu am[e] no's n'apelh:
 car, sus totes; suy mils aman
 que xausit ay lo pus presan
 e'l mils del mon, e l'ame tan
 quez, en pensan lo cuey veser
 e car tener;
 e cant no's ver,
 un desesper me fer tan *gran*
 cant lo say lay ves *Ffrançay*
 L'anyoramen e'l gran desir
 qu'yeu ay per vos *me* cuyd-alcir,
 mon dols senyor e car;
 e bien liey poray tost morir
 per vos, qu'yeu am tant e desir,
 si breu *deçay* no'us vey tornar;
 que tant me tarda l'abressar
 e'l raysonar
 e tota res;
 e cant me pens que'us n'etz anats
 e no tornats,
 e quan lunnyat vos etz,
 desesperatz caix viu mon cor;
 per pauch no mor
 si breu no n'ay guirença!

Tornada

Merce, mairitz, que sufren pas
 los mals que·m dats, e donchs tornats,

I love one who is good and lovely,
and I'm happy like the white bird
who sings its song for love,
I am woman and sovereign
and my beloved mustn't regret:
for I am the best of all lovers
and I've chosen the worthiest,
the best in the world, and I love him so
that just in thinking of him I see him
 and hold him
 but when it isn't really so,
I'm besieged by such despair
 for I know he's far away in France!
I miss and want you so much
it's killing me,
 my sweet lord;
I might soon die for you
whom I so love and desire,
if I don't see you coming back soon;
for I miss so much the embraces
 and the talking
 and everything;
And when I think about you leaving
 and not coming back,
 and about how far away you are,
my heart falls into despair;
 I'm about to die
 if I don't get cured soon!

Tornada

Mercy, my husband, I'm suffering so
from the pain you cause, so come back,

que nulh tresor
no val un cor
que per vos mor,
ab amorosa pença.

no treasure
can be worth a heart
that's dying for you
with thoughts of love.

Translated by KATHLEEN MCNERNEY