

1

*Quadruplum*

**Plus bele que flor**

est, ce m'est avis,  
cele a qui m'ator.  
Tant com soie, vis,  
n'avra de m'amor  
joie ne delis  
autre mes la flor  
qu'est de paradis :  
Mere est au Signour,  
que si voz, amis,  
et nos a retor  
veut avoir tot dis.

*Triplum*

**Quant revient et fuelle et flor**

contre la seison d'esté,  
Deus, adonc me souvient d'amors,  
qui toz jors  
m'a cortois[e] et doz esté.  
Moult aim ses secors,  
car sa volenté  
m'alege de mes dolors ;  
moult me vient bien et henors  
d'estre a son gré.

*Motetus*

**L'autrier joer m'en alai**

par un destor.  
En un vergier m'en entrai  
por quellir flor.  
Dame plesant i trovai,  
cointe d'atour.  
Cuer ot gai ;  
si chantoit  
en grant esmai :  
« Amors ai !  
Qu'en ferai ?  
C'est la fin, la fin,  
que que nus die, j'amerai. »

*Tenor*

FLOS FILIUS EIUS

1

*Quadruplum*

**The one to whom I submit**

is, in my opinion,  
more beautiful than a flower.  
As long as I am alive,  
in truth, no one will have  
the joy and pleasure of my love  
except for this flower

which grows in Paradise:  
she is the mother of our Lord  
who wants forever  
to possess you, friend,  
and the two of us together.

*Triplum*

**When the return of leaf and flower**  
signal the arrival of the summer season,  
God, that is when I think of Love  
who has ever been  
courteous and gentle with me.  
Her solace pleases me greatly  
for her good will  
relieves my pain.  
Many honors and good things come to me  
from being in her service.

*Motetus*

**The other day I went out**  
on the byways.  
I entered an orchard  
to pick some flowers  
and found there an agreeable lady  
of fair mien.  
She had a gay heart  
and sang  
with great emotion:  
“I have love!  
What will I do with it?  
It’s the end, the end;  
whatever anyone says, I will love.”

*Tenor*

FLOS FILIUS EIUS

2

*Motetus*

**Puisque bele dame m’eime,**  
destourber ne m’i doit nus ;  
quar iere si loiaus drus,  
que je n’iere ja tenus  
pour faus amans ne vantanz.  
Ja li mesdisant  
n’en seront joiant,  
car nul mal ne vois querant ;  
mes qu’ami me cleime,  
je ne demant plus.

*Tenor*

FLOS FILIUS EIUS

2

*Motetus*

**Since a beautiful woman loves me,**  
no one should trouble my peace.  
For I have been such a loyal suitor  
that I have never been considered  
a false or prideful lover.  
Evil tongues will never  
wag joyfully on my account,  
for I seek to do no wrong;  
I ask nothing  
but that she call me her sweetheart.

*Tenor*

FLOS FILIUS EIUS

3

*Triplum*

**Amours mi font souffrir peine a tort,**  
car ma dame, qui m'a mort,  
ne me daigne des maus, qu'ai por li,  
douner confort.  
Et si l'ai toz jours mout bien servi,  
n'ainc certes ne li menti.  
Ains sui toz a son voloir, ne l'en desdi,  
et ainsi voeil estre adés a son acort.  
Et toz dis a jointes mains li cri merci,  
pour Diu, qu'ele le deignast avoir de mi !

*Motetus*

**En mai, quant rose est florie,**  
que j'oi ces oisiaus chanter,  
moi covient par druerie  
joie demener.  
C'est la fin, je vuoil amer ;  
et si ne croi mie,  
qu'ele sache ja  
don[t] vient li maus d'amer,  
qui m'ocirra.  
Qu'onques en ma vie  
d'amors n'ai deport,  
mes se je n'ai vostre aïe,  
vostre amor, vostre confort,  
brunete sans ami,  
vos m'avés mort !

*Tenor*

FLOS FILIUS EIUS

*Triplum*

**Love unfairly makes me suffer grief,**  
for my lady, who has slain me,  
deigns not  
to comfort my pains.

I have always served her very well  
and certainly never lied to her.  
I am entirely at her service, I do not deny it,  
and thus want to ever do her will.  
With folded hands I cry ever to her for mercy;  
for God's sake, may she deign to have mercy on me!

*Motetus*

**In May, when roses bloom**

and I hear the birds sing,  
it is right that I live  
joyfully and pleurably.  
That is why I want to love;  
I don't believe  
that this is known yet  
to the one from whom come the pains of love  
which will kill me.  
For never in my life  
have I had joy from Love,  
but if I have not your aid,  
your love, your comfort,  
dark-haired lady without a sweetheart,  
you will have killed me!

Tenor

FLOS FILIUS EIUS

4

*Motetus*

Ne sai, que je die,  
tant voi vilanie  
et orgueil et felonie  
monter en haut pris.  
Toute cortoisie  
s'en est si fouïe,  
qu'en tout ce siecle n'a mie  
de bons dis ;  
quar ypocrisie  
et avarice, s'amie,  
les ont si seurpris,  
ceus qui plus ont pris.  
Joie et compaignie  
tient a folie,  
mes en derriere font pis !

*Tenor*

IOHANNE

4

*Motetus*

**I do not know what to say –**

I see so much villainy  
and pride and evil  
gaining high esteem.

Courtesy has utterly fled  
before them so that  
in the whole world there is no more  
noble speech;  
for Hypocrisy  
and her friend Avarice  
have captured those who are most prized.  
They consider joy and fellowship  
to be foolishness,  
and behind one's back they do even worse!

*Tenor*

IOHANNE

5

*Triplum*

**Se je chante, ce fait Amour,**

qui mon cuer esclaire nuit et jour  
d'un penser tout plain de douchour

vers ma dame debonaire,  
qui par droit est examplaire  
et de toutes la flour  
de bonté, biauté et valour.

Bien le desclaire,  
son dous gracieus viaire  
par maint tour

si me doit mout plaire  
sans retraire,

que s'amor si me va entour.

J'en oublie toute doulour  
et m'en paine mieus de bien faire,  
car de servir dame, de tele afaire  
vient hounour.

Quant on le sert bien sanz folour,  
on en atent dous salaire ;  
et s'en est toute la vie meillour.

Or veulle Amour, que sans mesfaire  
puisse maintenir ce dous labour  
sans nule pensee d'aillours,  
car riens ne m'est contraire  
en ma dame, en cui tous biens s'aaire  
et toute honour

par grant savour ;  
ne de sa fresce colour  
je ne puis estraire  
fors samblant d'atraire :  
Ce tient mon cuer en ardour.

*Motetus*

**Bien doi amer mon ami**

autant que moi,  
car il l'a bien deservi.

Raison de ce dirai pour quoi :

Nuit et jour a de cuer acompli  
mes volentés sans mal ne desroy,  
puisqu'il m'ama et je li.  
Riens en li a blasmer ne voi :  
Joli est, biaux et de maintiens coi ;  
Dieus, com bien m'amour en li emploi !  
Si n'en puis mais, se j'en di,  
qu'autant que moi amer le doi,  
puisqu'il m'aime en bone foy.

*Tenor*

ET SPERABIT

5

*Triplum*

**If I sing, it's Love's doing** –  
he lights up my heart night and day  
with thoughts full of tenderness  
for my gracious lady,  
who is rightfully the finest example,  
the flower of goodness,  
beauty, and worth.  
I declaim it aloud –  
her sweet face, full of grace,  
in myriad ways  
infinitely and unceasingly  
pleases me,  
for love of her envelops me so much.  
I forget all sorrow  
and take greater pains to do better,  
for honor comes  
from serving ladies of such quality.  
When one serves them well, without folly,  
one expects sweet reward;  
then is one's whole life better.  
May love grant that I be able  
to continue without wrongdoing  
this sweet labor, with never a wayward thought,  
for nothing in my lady displeases me –  
all goodness resides in her  
and all honor  
in the most pleasing way.  
Nor can I conclude from her fresh complexion  
any more than the appearance  
of wishing to attract me:  
it keeps the flame burning in my heart.

*Motetus*

**I surely ought to love my sweetheart**  
as much as myself,  
for he has indeed deserved it.  
I will tell you the reason for this:  
night and day he has willingly fulfilled  
my wishes, without harm or pride,

since he fell in love with me and I with him.  
I see nothing in him to criticize:  
joyful he is, and handsome and proper of bearing.  
God, I use my love well in giving it to him!  
I cannot but say  
that I should love him as much as myself,  
because he loves me in good faith.

*Tenor*

ET SPERABIT

6

*Triplum*

**Or ne sai je que devenir :**

De mes amours ne puis joïr !  
Et si les serf bonement  
de cuer et cors entierement,  
n'onques n'en fui recreans,  
mes tous dis obeïssans  
a ma dame d'ounour, pour qui chant  
et chanterai  
tous les jours que je vivrai,  
ne ja ne m'en partirai.  
S'en dirai : « Ai, ai, ai !  
Au cuer sent les maus que j'ai !  
Bien sai, qu'en morrai, hai,  
se bien prochain secours n'ai ;  
et se ma dame otroier  
ne me veut, pour deproier  
secours merci attendrai. »

*Motetus*

**Puisque d'amer sui desirrans**

et amours de dame attendans,  
je doi bien estre obeïssans,  
sages, courtois et bien celans,  
se d'amours voel joïr com fins amans.  
Quar Amours ne veut mie,  
tant [h]ait ele segnourie  
par tout le mont espanie,  
soi metre aval le vent.  
Tieus li pramet sa foi, qui puis li ment ;  
nus ne s'i doit metre, s'il ne la sent.  
C'est savoureuse vie  
et garenne garnie ;  
Tieus i chace, qui riens n'i prent.

*Tenor*

KYRIELEYSON

6

*Triplum*

**Now I don't know what to do:**

I cannot take pleasure in my love.  
And yet I serve love graciously,  
with heart and soul entirely.  
Never have I shirked my duty –  
I have always been obedient  
to the worthy lady for whom I sing  
and will sing  
all the days of my life,  
without ever leaving off.  
I will say: “Oh, oh, oh, the pains  
which torment me, I feel in my heart.  
Well do I know that I’ll die of them, oh,  
if I do not get speedy relief;  
and if my lady does not wish  
to answer my supplication with aid,  
I will wait for mercy.”

*Motetus*

**Because I am desirous of loving**  
and am awaiting the love of a lady,  
I must indeed be obedient,  
prudent, courteous, and discreet,  
if I want to enjoy love like a true lover.  
For love has so much power  
throughout the world  
that it will in no way consent  
to being carried about by the wind.  
There are some who promise to be true and then deceive love.  
No one should love, if he does not feel it.  
It’s a desirable life,  
yet like a well-stocked game preserve:  
one can hunt there, but catch nothing at all.

*Tenor*

KYRIELEYSON

7

*Triplum*

**Hé Dieus, de si haut si bas**  
sui souples et mas  
en grief dolour,  
quant ne puis trover solas  
en celi, qui en ses las  
m’a sans retour,  
qui tant a valor,  
biauté et douçor  
qu’onques ne fui las  
d’avoir s’amor  
ne n’iere a nul jour.  
Car sovent en tel labour  
est mes cuers, li las,  
por avoir aucun respas  
de vivre a honor.



Et se mau me fait greignor  
sentir ses regars,  
je ne m'en doi pas  
plaindre nes a gas,  
car c'est tout par ma folour.

*Motetus*

**Maubatus longuement pleure**

et par costume demeure  
plus longuement en son plour ;  
mes li batuz a retour  
a de son mestre paour,  
qu'adés sus ne li requeure.  
Por ce mains pas n'i demeure,  
qui [sui] batus plus qu'a gas ;  
ainz atent c'om me sequeure,  
si suefre de jor en jour  
mon meschief et d'eure en eure  
en espoir d'avoir solaz ;  
et di par crieme a Amors,  
quant m'a batu plus q[u]'un las :  
Amour, je ne m'en plai[n]g pas  
de mes dolours.

*Tenor*

CUMQUE

7

*Triplum*

**O God, from so high I have fallen so low;**

I am weak and sickly  
with grievous pain  
when I cannot find solace  
in the one who holds me  
irrevocably in her trap,  
the one who is so worthy,  
fair, and sweet  
that I never tired  
of her love  
and never shall.  
For my poor heart  
often labors this way  
in order to have some right  
to live honorably.  
And if her glance  
makes me feel pain more intensely,  
I shouldn't  
complain about it, not a bit,  
for it is all on account of my folly.

*Motetus*

**Those who have been badly beaten**  
cry for a long time and tend to remain

a long while in their tearful state;  
when they have recovered,  
they are afraid of their masters,  
that they may again assail them.  
For this reason I, who am beaten more than a little,  
do not try to escape;  
rather, I wait for someone to rescue me  
and so I bear my misfortune  
from day to day and hour to hour  
in the hope of having solace;  
and out of fear I say to Love  
when he has beaten me more than a poor wretch:  
Love, I do not complain  
of my pain.

*Tenor*

CUMQUE

8

*Quadruplum*

**Celui en qui je me fi,**

qui de fi  
sai, qu'ele est a mi,  
requier de vrai cuer et pri  
d'amour, car en li  
cuer et cors ai mis sanz retor ;  
souffrir s'ele osast la dolor  
et la tres loial amour,  
dont mes cuers, qu'ele a seisi,  
sovent se reclaime :  
Mes fins cuers n'est mie a moi,  
ainz l'a, qui bien l'aime.

*Triplum*

**La bele estoile de mer,**

qui amer  
doit on sans fauser,  
vueil servir et henorer,  
de cuer reclamer.  
Virge pucele, en qui je croi,  
roïne del mont, aidiés moi !  
Proiés vostre fil, le roi,  
qu'il me deigne conforter  
et geter de paine.  
Nus ne doit joie mener,  
se bien ne voz aime.

*Motetus*

**La bele, en qui je me fi,**

merci cri,  
qu'ele son ami  
ne mete mie en oubli ;  
car, voir, je l'aim si,

que point ne m'esmai de dolor  
souffrir ne de languir nuit et jor,  
mes que ne perde l'amor  
de li, par qui tout deffi.  
Mes cuers se reclaime :  
Mes fins cuers n'est mie a moi,  
ains l'a, qui bien l'aime.

*Tenor*

IOHANNE

8

*Quadruplum*

**With a true heart I beg**

and lovingly beseech  
the one in whom I trust,  
who I in truth know is mine,  
in whose care I have irrevocably placed  
heart and soul,  
that she dare to feel the pain  
and the most loyal love  
which often prompt my captured heart  
to cry out:  
My true heart belongs not to me  
but rather to the one who loves it well.

*Triplum*

**The lovely star of the sea**

whom one should love  
without deception  
is the one whom I desire to serve and honor  
and entreat from the depths of my heart.  
Virgin maid, in whom I believe,  
queen of the world, help me!  
Beg your Son, the King,  
that He deign to comfort me  
and take away my pain.  
No one should be more joyful  
unless he love you well.

*Motetus*

**To the fair one in whom I trust,**

I cry for mercy  
so that she  
forget not her sweetheart,  
for in truth I love her so much  
that I in no way dread suffering  
pain or languishing night and day  
as long as I lose not the love  
of her on account of whom I abandon all else.  
My heart cries out:  
My loyal heart belongs not to me  
but rather to the one who loves it well.

*Tenor*  
IOHANNE

9

*Motetus*

**Qui d'amours se plaint,**  
onques de cuer n'ama ;  
car nus, qui bien aint,  
d'amours ne s'eclama.  
Ja loiaus amans ne se feindra  
ne ne se pleindra  
des doz maus d'amer ja,  
nuit ne jour tant n'en avra ;  
car douçour si tres grant i trovera,  
qui bon cuer a,  
que ja mal ne sentira.  
Por ce ne departira,  
nus tant n'en dira,  
mes cuers de cele, qui tout l'a.  
Touz jours est la,  
ja voir, ne s'em partira ;  
car quant les maus trovés a,  
si doz les biens partrovera :  
Trop douz si les a.

*Tenor*  
LUX MAGNA

9

*Motetus*

**He who complains of love**  
has never truly loved;  
for no one who loves well  
has ever grumbled against love.  
Loyal lovers never feign love,  
nor do they ever complain  
day or night of love's sweet pains,  
no matter how much they suffer.  
For he who has a good heart  
will find such a great sweetness in love  
that he will never feel the pain.  
Thus will my heart never,  
in spite of what anyone may say,  
abandon the one who possesses it entirely.  
It is ever there,  
in truth, never will it leave,  
for when it has discovered love's pain,  
it will find the benefits very sweet:  
how very sweet they are!

*Tenor*  
LUX MAGNA

10

*Triplum*

**Amours, dont je sui espris,**

me fait chanter.

Bien doi estre jolis

et grant joie mener,

quar la riens, que plus aim et desir,

me daigne ami clamer ;

de cuer sans fausser

la voell tout mon vivant servir

et hounorer.

Hé Dieus, qui verroit

son cors gent, qui tant fait a loer,

bien porroit dire et affermer,

que de biauté ne porroit

on son per trouver ;

et tant set sagement parler,

que nus n'i set qu'amender.

Mes mesdisans, que Dieus voelle grever,

me gaitent, si que je n'i os aler ;

trop redout lor gengler,

quar je voel l'ounour a ma dame garder.

Si me dedui seulement en sa biauté remirer ;

je ne puis alors penser.

*Motetus*

**L'autrier, au douz mois d'avril, main me levai ;**

pensis a mes amours, jouer m'en alai,

dont trop m'esmai,

quar ne sai, se ja joie en arai.

Ne pour quant plus jolis en serai

et s'en chanterai :

« J'ai amé la sade blondete et amerai ! »

Ne ja de li amer ne me repentirai,

mes con ses loiaus amis tous jours la servirai.

*Tenor*

Chose Tassin

10

*Triplum*

**Love, who holds me captive,**

makes me sing.

I must be gay

and conduct myself joyfully,

for the one whom I most love and desire

deigns to call me sweetheart.

I want to serve and honor her

with a true heart, without deception,

all my life long.

O God, anyone who would see

her fair person, so deserving of praise,

could say and indeed affirm  
that no one could find  
her equal in beauty;  
and she knows how to speak so discreetly  
that no one could do it better.  
But evil tongues, may God curse them,  
spy on me, so that I don't dare go to her;  
I am too afraid of their gossip,  
for I want to preserve my lady's honor.  
And so I take my only pleasure  
in remembering her beauty;  
I can think of nothing else.

*Motetus*

**The other day, in the sweet month of April,**  
I got up one morning and thought about my love;  
I went off to take pleasure in it, but it thoroughly dismayed me,  
for I don't know if I will ever have joy from it.  
Nevertheless, I will be cheerier,  
and I will sing of love: "I have loved  
the charming little blonde, and I will love her ever!"  
And never will I repent of having loved her;  
rather, as her loyal lover, I will serve her always.

*Tenor*

Chose Tassin

11

*Triplum*

**Au cuer ai un mal, qui mi destra[i]nt souvent :**

Amours m'ont navré  
d'un dart si crüeument,  
que je ne porroie  
vivre longuement,  
se de ma douleur n'avoie  
alegement.  
Car aiés de moi pitié,  
dame au cors gent !  
Si aie je de vous joie,  
com je vous aim de cuer loiaument.

*Motetus*

**Ja ne m'en repentirai d'amer**  
pour mal que me conviegne endurer.  
Hé, dame au vis cler,  
tant mi plaist vostre gent cors a remirer,  
k'a vous sont torné tuit mi penser,  
ne ja n'en quier mon cuer oster.  
Si vous pri, que de moi vous voelle remenbrer,  
car je vous porroie oublier.

*Tenor*

**Jolietement mi tient li mal d'amer,**

jolietement !  
Ma tres douce amie,  
que je n'os nommer,  
(jolietement mi tient li mal d'amer)  
je vos ai servie  
lonc tens sans fausser,  
bien et loia[u]ment.  
Jolietement mi tient li mal d'amer,  
jolietement !

11

*Triplum*

**I have pain in my heart which often torments me:**

Love wounded me  
so cruelly with his arrow  
that I cannot live  
much longer  
if I do not have relief  
from this suffering.  
So have pity on me,  
lovely lady!  
May I have my joy from you,  
for I love you with a loyal heart.

*Motetus*

**I will never repent of loving**

on account of the suffering which I have to endure.  
Oh, lady with the bright countenance,  
it pleases me so much to gaze at your beauty  
that all of my thoughts are centered on you,  
and I will never want to take my heart away.  
I beg that you deign to remember me,  
for you I cannot forget.

*Tenor*

**Joyfully, love's sorrow grips me,**

joyfully!  
My dear sweetheart  
whom I dare not name  
(joyfully love's sorrow grips me),  
I have long served you  
without deception,  
well and loyally.  
Joyfully, love's sorrow grips me,  
joyfully!

12

*Motetus*

**Quant voi la fleur en l'arbroie**

au comencement  
de la saison qui verdoie,  
que comunement

maintenant oisiaus joie,  
par moi seulement,  
loing de toute gent  
mon chemin erroie.  
Pastourele  
gente et bele  
trouvai grant joie fesant ;  
si chante et frestele  
et si rapele  
en fléütant  
Robin, qui s'ombroie.  
D'autre part la voie,  
et quant il l'entent,  
il li respont maintenant  
en chantant :  
« Veez la, ma douce amie  
desouz l'olivier m'atent,  
la bele aus euz veirz, rians,  
au cors gent,  
la bele, la blonde.  
Espringués legierement,  
que li soliers ne fonde ! »

*Tenor*

ET TENUERUNT

12

*Motetus*

**When I see the flower in the wood**

at the beginning  
of the greening season,  
when birds  
sing joyfully together,  
I wend my way  
alone,  
far from all people.  
One day a shepherd girl I found,  
gentle and fair,  
engaged in joyous activity;  
she sang and played  
on her flute,  
so as to call  
to Robin, hidden in the shadows  
across the way.  
And when he heard her,  
he answered her forthwith  
in song:  
“See her there; my sweetheart  
waits for me beneath the olive tree,  
the fair one with the bright, laughing eyes,  
the graceful one,  
the fair one, the blonde.  
Spring lightly  
so that your slipper be not weighted down.”



*Tenor*

ET TENUERUNT

13

*Triplum*

**Quant se depart la verdure des champs**

et d'yver neist par nature frois tans,  
cest treble fis acorder a deus chans,  
que primes fis malgré les mesdisans,  
qui ont menti, que je les aportai  
de mon país, ce est drois de Tornoï ;  
Dieus, il ont menti, bien le sai.  
Pour ce qu'il ont a usage, que chant  
sache trover concordant,  
si s'en vont il, ce quit, esmerveillant ;  
petit en sai ne pour quant.  
Ains m'escondis sans faintise,  
qu'a tort ne soie blasmés  
ne encopés  
de controvee vantise.

*Motetus*

**Onques ne sai aimer a gas**

celui, qui si haut et bas  
a servir ne faignent pas.  
Quant sa contenance,  
son sens, sa puissance  
vois remirant par compas,  
soutif decevance  
sans autre acointance  
m'a mis en ses las,  
dont issir ne quit je pas.  
Que je sanz doutance  
i truis tant joie et solaz,  
qu'onques rentrans plus n'eut pas  
n'enquor ne m'en repent je pas.

*Tenor*

DOCEBIT OMNEM

13

*Triplum*

**When the verdure leaves the fields**

and cold weather is naturally born of winter,  
I set to the other two parts this *triplum*  
which I first made; I say this in spite of the evil tongues  
who lied, for I brought them  
from my homeland in the region about Tours;  
God, they lied, I know it well,  
for that is their custom. If I know  
how to compose a harmonious song,  
they go around, I believe, wondering at it;  
little do I know why.

Rather I refuse in all honesty  
to be wrongly blamed  
or accused  
of making up boasts.

*Motetus*

**I never know at all**

how to love lightly the one  
whom one and all serve with a true heart.  
When I painstakingly  
remember her looks,  
her wit and her power,  
subtle trickery  
without further ado  
put me in her trap  
from which I believe I cannot escape.  
Without doubt I find such joy  
and solace there that I  
have yet to think of returning;  
nor have I any regrets.

*Tenor*

DOCEBIT OMNEM

14

*Quadruplum*

**Joliement,**

en douce desirree  
qui tant m'a souspris,  
j'aim la blondete,  
doucete  
de pris  
comme celi,  
ou j'ai mis  
ma pensee.  
Hé [Dieus], s'en chanterai  
doucement pour s'amisté ;  
acoler  
et baisier  
m'a cousté  
et coustera.  
Ja vilein part n'i avra...  
*nostra sunt sollempnia...*  
car trop biau deduit i a.  
C'est trop douce vie,  
que que nus en die,  
de baisier,  
d'acoler,  
de rire et de jouer  
a sa douce amie ;  
trop fait a proisier  
qui l'a sans dangier.  
Mes l'amor devee

ait courte duree ;  
mal ait amors  
ou pitié  
et douçor  
n'e[s]t trovee.

*Triplum*

**Quant voi la florete**

naistre en la pree  
et j'oi l'aloete  
a la matinee,  
qui saut et volete,  
forment m'agree.  
S'en dirai chançonete :  
Amouretes  
jolietes  
m'ont navré,  
en non De[u] !  
Li cuers mi halete  
en joliveté ;  
s'ai trové  
amouretes  
a mon gré.  
Jolivement,  
cointement,  
soutivement  
m'ont le cuer emblé  
et enamouré  
tant doucement.  
Pour noient  
mi tient ceste abeie ;  
trop use ma vie  
en grief tourment :  
Je ne vivrai mie  
longuement.

*Motetus*

**Je sui joliete,**

sadete, pleisans  
joine pucelete,  
n'ai pas quinze ans ;  
point moi ma[me]lete  
selonc le tans.  
Si deüsse aprendre  
d'amors et entendre  
les samblans  
deduisans,  
mes je sui mise en prison.  
De Diu ait meleïçon,  
qui m'i mist !  
Mal et vilanie et pechié fist  
de tel pucelete  
rendre en abiete ;

trop i me fist,  
par ma foi,  
en reigion  
vif a grant anoi,  
Dieus, car trop sui jonete.  
Je sent les doz maus desoz ma ceinturete :  
Honnis soit de Diu, qui me fist nonnete !

*Tenor*

APTATUR

14

*Quadruplum*

**Gaily,**

with the sweet desire  
which has captured me completely,  
I love  
the sweetest little blonde  
of great worth  
as the one  
who occupies  
my thoughts.  
O God, I will sing about it  
sweetly for love of her.  
Hugging  
and kissing  
have been costly for me  
and will cost me more.  
But there never will be any baseness in it...  
*nostra sunt sollempnia...*  
for there is such wonderful joy in it.  
It's a very sweet life,  
whatever anyone may say –  
kissing  
and hugging  
and laughing and playing  
with one's sweetheart.  
He should consider himself fortunate  
who can get it without resistance.  
But let an unwilling love  
be short-lived;  
fie on love  
in which tenderness  
and sweetness  
are not to be found.

*Triplum*

**When I see the little flowers**

burgeon in the meadow  
and I hear the lark  
gambol and flitter about  
in the morning,

I take great pleasure in it.  
And I will sing a little song about it:  
Gay,  
loving feelings  
have wounded me,  
in the name of God!  
My heart gasps  
with joy  
for I have found  
dear love  
to my liking.  
Gaily,  
gracefully,  
adroitly,  
it has stolen my heart away  
and sweetly  
infused me with love.  
This convent  
imprisons me for naught;  
my life is being consumed  
by grievous torment:  
I shall not live  
long at all.

*Motetus*

**I am so gay,**  
so sweet, so pleasing,  
such a young little maid  
of not yet fifteen years.  
My little breasts  
are budding as they should.  
I should be learning  
about love  
and amorous ways,  
but I am  
in prison.  
May God curse the one  
who put me there!  
It was evil, villainy, and sin  
to put this little maid  
in a convent;  
it was indeed,  
by my faith;  
in the convent  
I live in great chagrin,  
God, for I am such a young thing.  
I feel the first sweet pangs beneath my little belt:  
cursed be the one who made ma a nun!

*Tenor*

APTATUR

15

*Triplum*

**Amor potest conqueri**

videns se nunc deprimi,  
quia cepit minui  
fides et constancia,  
que sibi restitui  
peritus iudicii  
petit cum instancia.

*Motetus*

**Ad amorem sequitur**

et concomitatur  
fides et constancia,  
nam in his fundatur.  
His duobus igitur  
amor, dum privatur,  
totus perit penitus  
et adnichilatur.

*Tenor*

[*sans texte*]

15

*Triplum*

**Love can protest when it sees**

that it is now weakened,  
for faith and constancy  
have begun to be diminished;  
it seeks with insistence  
that these be restored to itself,  
knowing well the judgment.

*Motetus*

**Faith and constancy**

follow after love  
and accompany it,  
for love is founded upon them.  
Therefore, when love  
is deprived of these two things,  
it dies completely  
and is annihilated.

*Tenor*

(untexted)

16

*Quadruplum*

**Ce que je tieng pour deduit, c'est ma dolors ;**

car ce qui plus m'i destraint, c'e[s]t bone amors,  
ou je m'ai don  tous jors  
sans repentir,  
si que ne m'en quier partir

ne mon cuer de li movoir.  
A mon gré me fait doloir ;  
s'en doi mieus mes maus souffrir  
et plus doucement sentir  
en bone espoir  
et pour mieus valoir ;  
car nus ne puet sans amie  
savoir sens ne cortoisie,  
ne grant joie avoir,  
ne le cuer mie  
remouvoir.

Par toz sainz, qu'en ore et prie,  
mout a Amours grant pooir,  
qui si me destraint et lie  
qu'a li remanoir  
m'estuet main et soir.

### *Triplum*

**Certes mout est bone vie**  
d'estre en bone compaignie,  
vraie et esprovee ;  
car plus tot trovee  
est, orendroit, tricherie,  
traïsons et mauvestés  
que valors ne loiautés,  
sens ne cortoisie.

Detractions et fausetés  
est si essaucie  
par ypocrisie,  
que sozmise en est equités  
et la fois abaissie.

Dieus, tant est granz folie  
de mener tel boidie !

Cil par qui fois et verités  
devoit estre enseignie  
ont les cuers si avuglés  
d'estre en signorie,  
que trop pou reluist lor bontés,  
car il sunt trop enclin  
au monde d'assés.

A peines voit on devin,  
qui n'i soit adounez.

### *Motetus*

**Bone compaignie,**  
quant ele est bien privee,  
maint jeu, mainte druerie  
fait fere a celee.

Mes quant chascun tient s'amie  
cointe et bien paree,  
lors a par droit bone vie  
chascun d'aus trovee.  
Li mangiers est atornés

et la table aprestee,  
de bons vins y a assés,  
par qui joie est menee.  
Après mengier font les dés  
venir en l'asamblee  
sour la table lee,  
et si ai sovent trové  
maint clerc, la chape ostee,  
qui n'ont cure, que la soit  
logique desputee.  
Li hostes est par delés,  
qui dit : « Bevés ».  
Et quant vins faut, si criés :  
« Ci nous faut un tour de vin,  
Dieus, car le nos donez ! »

*Tenor*

MANERE

16

*Quadruplum*

**That which I consider to be pleasure is my pain;**

for that which torments me most is true love  
to which I have ever given myself  
without regret  
so that I have no desire to leave off  
nor to remove my heart from love.  
It is with my consent that love makes me suffer.  
I should withstand my pain better  
and be more sensitive  
to the promise of sweet hope  
in order to grow in merit,  
for without a sweetheart,  
no one can know right thinking or courtesy  
or have great joy  
or feel his heart  
come alive at all.  
By all the saints whom I pray and beseech,  
Love has such great power  
that he constrains me and holds me fast  
so that I must remain with him  
night and day.

*Triplum*

It is indeed a good life  
to be in the good company  
of those who are tried and true,  
for one more often  
finds deception,  
treason, and wickedness  
than merit, loyalty,  
nobility of mind, or courtesy.



Calumny and falseness  
are so glorified  
by Hypocrisy  
that justice is overcome  
and faithfulness debased.  
God, it is indeed great folly  
to lead a life of such deception!  
Those who should be  
teaching faith and truth  
have hearts so blinded by power  
that their goodness  
shines hardly at all,  
for they are strongly attracted  
to the things of this world.  
It is rare to see a churchman  
who is not attached to them.

*Motetus*

**Fair company,**  
when kept secret,  
causes many a game and good deal of hanky-panky  
to go on in private.  
But when each man keeps his sweetheart  
elegant and finely dressed,  
then each of them  
has the right to live a merry life.  
The food is prepared,  
the table set,  
and there are good wines aplenty  
to lend joy to the occasion.  
After eating they bring out dice  
among the company  
on a side table.  
I have often found  
many a clerk, cowl set aside,  
who doesn't insist  
there be a debate on logic.  
The host is right next to the guests  
and says "Drink."  
And when the wine runs short, cry out:  
"We need another round of wine here,  
good God, so give us one!"

*Tenor*

MANERE

17

*Triplum*

**J'ai si bien mon cuer assiz,**  
que plus jolis  
en serai toute ma vie ;  
et mieus vaudrai,  
qu'adés aim mieus que ne sueil.

Mes c'un petit m'esbahi,  
car cele, a qui sui amis,  
ne me croit mie,  
ce m'est vis,  
que je face pour li chant ;  
c'est ce dont je plus me duel.  
Si ne me faut fors mercis,  
car bele et simple est a devis  
et pleine de courtoisie.  
C'est ce dont je sui jolis ;  
onques n'i trouvai orgueil.  
Si l'aim tant et pris,  
que partir ne m'en voil.

*Motetus*

**Aucun m'ont par leur envie**  
a tort blasmé,  
mes ja, tant com soie en vie,  
n'iert prové.  
De ce qu'autres ont trové,  
que je me vante ne die ;  
de ce m'ont maint esprové,  
car ce seroit grant folie ;  
et s'aucun s'en sunt vanté,  
tant est plus grant vilanie.  
Mes qui qu'en ait mesparlé,  
j'aim bien et sai bele amie  
tout a mon gré.  
Mes longuement m'ai pene,  
qu'eüsse la compaignie,  
que nus n'ot,  
d'Amelot,  
cui gent cors me taut la vie.

*Tenor*

ANGELUS

17

*Triplum*

**I have placed my heart so well**  
that I will be happier for it  
all my life long,  
and I will be worthier,  
for now I love better than is my wont.  
But one small thing bothers me:  
It seems to me  
that the one whose sweetheart I am  
does not believe  
that I compose songs because of her;  
this is what saddens me the most.  
I lack only mercy,  
for she is perfectly beautiful and forthright  
and full of courtesy.

That is why I am joyful;  
I have never found pride in her.  
I love her and esteem her so  
that I do not want to leave her.

*Motetus*

**Some, because of their envy,**  
have made wrongful accusations against me,  
but never, as long as I shall live,  
will they be proven.  
Many have tried me  
on the charges of others  
that I am boastful –  
but they have proven me innocent;  
and if some have boasted,  
it is the greatest of villainies.  
But whoever may have spoken ill of me,  
I love truly and possess a fair sweetheart  
completely as I would.  
I long strove to have,  
where others failed,  
the fair company  
of Amelot  
whose beauty takes my life away.

*Tenor*

ANGELUS

18

*Motetus*

**Ne m'oubliez mie,**  
bele et avenant !  
Quant je ne voz voi,  
s'en sui plus dolens,  
car je n'oubli mie  
vostre grant valour  
ne la compaignie  
a nul jour ;  
n'avrai mes envie  
d'amors  
d'autre feme nee.  
C'est la jus en la ramee,  
amours ai !  
Marions y est alee ;  
bone amour ai,  
qui m'agree.

*Tenor*

DOMINO

18

*Motetus*

**Do not forget me,**

lovely, fair one.  
When I do not see you  
I am all the more saddened,  
for I never forget  
your great worth  
or your companionship,  
and I will never  
desire  
the love  
of another woman.  
I have love!  
It is down there in the thicket.  
Marion has gone there;  
I have a fine love  
which holds me.

*Tenor*  
DOMINO

19

*Triplum*

**J'ai mis toute ma pensee lonc tans**

en Amour loiaument servir ;  
encore vuel je bien obeir  
a son commant, ne pour quant  
je n'en puis joïr.

Tant me fait de mal souffrir  
cele que j'aim, que je ne sai,  
que puisse devenir ;  
trambler et fremir me fait  
et la coulour palir.

Souvent plour et souspir  
et si ne me puis de li  
amer repentir.

Las, tant la desir, que bien sai,  
k'en la fin pour s'amour  
me convendra morir,  
s'aucun confort n'ai de li ;  
car trop cruelment  
m'a fait lonc tans languir.

Hé, dame au cler vis,  
secourés moi, vo loial ami,  
s'il vous vient a plaisir,  
car du mal, que je sent  
et ai senti,

nus fors vous ne m'en puet garir.

Si vous pri merci,  
car un seul biau samblant,  
se de vous le veoie venir,  
m'aroit conforté  
et espoir douné  
de joie recouvrer,

ou je criem faillir.  
Car se pitié  
ou amours n'en veult pour moi ouvrer,  
je n'i puis avenir.

*Motetus*

**Je n'en puis mais, se je ne chant souvent,**  
car en mon cuer n'a se tristece non.  
Amours m'asaut nuit et jour si griement  
que n'[a]i espoir, confort ne garison.  
En sa prison m'a tenu longuement  
cele que j'aim et point ne se repent  
de moi grever tout adés sans raison.  
Dieus, ele ne puet trouver autre ochoison,  
fors que trop l'aim. Ci ai mal guerredon,  
qu'ele m'i rent ; or sai je vraiment  
que ja n'avrai, puis que j'aim loiaument,  
de s'amour don.

*Tenor*

PUERORUM

19

*Triplum*

**For a long time I have totally dedicated myself**

to loyally serving Love;  
I still want to obey  
his commandments, nevertheless  
I can no longer take pleasure in it.  
The one I love has made me suffer  
such pain that I do not know  
what will become of me;  
she makes me tremble and quiver  
and lose my color.  
I often cry and sigh,  
and yet I cannot repent  
of loving her.  
Alas, I desire her so much  
that I know well that in the end  
I will have to die for love of her,  
if she does not accord me some comfort;  
for a long time  
she has made me very cruelly languish.  
Oh, lady of bright countenance,  
succor me, you loyal lover,  
should it be your pleasure,  
for no one but you  
can cure me of the pain which I feel  
and have felt.  
I beg for mercy:  
The slightest good grace,  
if I saw that it came from you,  
would have comforted me

and given me hope  
of finding joy again there,  
where I fear failure.  
For if pity  
or love does not act on my behalf,  
I will never attain joy.

*Motetus*

**I can't help it if I rarely sing,**  
for in my heart there is nothing but sadness.  
Love assails me so grievously both day and night  
that I have no hope, comfort or remedy.  
She whom I love has long held me in her prison  
and does not repent of having grieved me  
so unceasingly without reason.  
God, she can accuse me of nothing  
but loving her too much. This is a poor reward  
which she renders me; now I truly know  
that loving loyally will never procure for me  
the gift of her love.

Tenor  
PUERORUM

20

*Triplum*

**Blanchete comme fleur de lis,**  
doucement,  
bonement  
sui souvent pour vous esbaudis.  
Vos cler vis,  
vos doz ris,  
bouche fete par devis,  
euz vairs, [rians] et bien assis  
mi tiennent jolis.  
Biaus douz cuers, vos loiaus amis  
serai longuement, ligement, toudis  
a vo devis.  
Douce amie  
renvoisie,  
vous m'avés doucement espris.

*Motetus*

**Quant je pens a ma douce amie,**  
que j'aim de cuer sans folor,  
jolie vie  
sans vilanie  
maine mon fin cuer pour s'amor.  
C'est la rosete,  
c'est la flor,  
la violete  
de douçor ;  
sa grant biauté,

sa grant valour  
mi fet penser  
et nuit et jour  
et tient mon fin cuer en baudour.  
Simplete et coie,  
blanchete et bloie,  
Dieus vos doinst joie  
et grant honor !

*Tenor*

VALARE

20

*Triplum*

**As lovely a white as a lily,**  
tenderly,  
graciously,  
I am often overcome with joy because of you.  
Your radiant face,  
your soft laugh,  
a mouth perfectly fashioned,  
gray-blue eyes, laughing and seemly spaced,  
keep me joyful.  
Beautiful, gentle heart, I will long be  
your loyal lover, faithfully, forever  
at your service.  
Sweet,  
cheerful friend,  
you have tenderly enraptured me.

*Motetus*

**When I think of my dear beloved**  
whom I truly love without excess,  
my loyal heart  
leads a gay life  
without villainy for love of her.  
She is the fresh rose,  
the flower,  
the violet  
of sweetness;  
her great beauty,  
her great worth  
occupy my thoughts  
both night and day  
and keep my loyal heart joyful.  
Sweetly open and pretty,  
blond, and of lovely white complexion,  
may God grant you joy  
and great honor.

*Tenor*

VALARE

*Triplum***Dame, que je n'os noumer,**

quant porrai j'a vous parler,  
sade blondete ?

Au cuer sent une amourete  
qui souspirer  
me fait et colour muer ;  
mais marveilles puis penser  
comment ce est, que riens tant  
ne desir qu'a vous aler.  
Et si sent plus engrever  
mon mal, quant  
plus prochaine estes de moi ;  
et par ce sai je et voi,  
que du privé  
larron ne se puet on garder.

*Motetus***Amis, donc est engenree**

en vo cuer tel volentés,  
qu'estre cuidiés refusés,  
pour ce que vous ai monstree  
chiere autre, que ne volés.  
Mais se bien saviés,  
comment on doit retenir  
amant, c'on crient departir,  
entendre porriés,  
que le fis par tel desir,  
qu'enaigrir  
vous fëisse en moi amer.  
Fins cuers, ne veulliés cesser,  
car aillours que vous chierir  
ne puis penser !

*Tenor***Lonc tans a**

que ne vi m'amie ;  
trop me greva  
quant m'en co[n]vint partir,  
car je l'aim et desir.  
Trop m'aïr  
quant pour li servir  
m'estuet languir,  
et si ne m'en puis tenir.  
Quant la remir,  
de cuer souspir,  
si que tout me fait fremir ;  
car je l'aim de fin cuer sans mentir.  
N'en puis joir,  
Dieus, ne repentir ;  
si m'estuet souffrir  
les maus, dont ne puis garir.



*Triplum***Lady whom I dare not name,**

when may I speak to you,  
 charming little blonde?  
 My heart is full of loving feelings  
 which make me sigh  
 and change color.

Then I think of what a wondrous thing  
 it is that I desire  
 nothing so much as to go to you.

And I feel  
 my pain worsen,  
 the closer you are to me.  
 From this I know and see  
 that one cannot protect  
 oneself from a thief who is also an intimate.

*Motetus***Sweetheart, because I have acted toward you**

in a way other than you would like,  
 certain ideas have  
 taken hold in your heart  
 so that you think you have been rejected.

But if you knew  
 how one should go about keeping  
 a lover whom one fears to lose,  
 you would understand  
 that I acted thus  
 to sharpen  
 your love of me.  
 Dear heart, think not of ceasing your love,  
 for I can think of nothing  
 but cherishing you.

*Tenor***It has been a long time**

since I have seen my sweetheart.  
 It grieved me greatly  
 when I had to leave,  
 for I love and desire her.  
 I become distraught indeed  
 when I languish  
 for want of serving her,  
 and I cannot help it.  
 When I think of her,  
 I sigh so deeply from my heart  
 that I tremble all over.  
 For I love her with a true heart, free of any falsehood.  
 God, I can neither enjoy it  
 nor repent of it,  
 so I must suffer the pains  
 of which I cannot be cured.

22

*Triplum*

**Li savours de mon desir**

et li delis de mon espoir plaisant  
me font souvent si grant joie sentir,  
que le tieng pour le bien grant,  
qu'ont ami amé, amant en joïr.  
Et quant me voi a si grant bien faillir,  
s'ai je ce bel remanant ;  
et puisqu'il plaist a gracieus enfant,  
bien m'en veul a tant tenir.

*Motetus*

**Li grant desirs, que j'ai de recouvrer**

le tans, que j'ai par ci devant perdu,  
anchois que je commençasse a amer,  
a bon droit est mon fin cuer de chanter esmeü ;  
car ensi sont joli cuer conneü.  
Et s'a moi veut Amours plus demander,  
apreigne moi, puisque m'a de l'entrer pourveü.

*Tenor*

Non veul mari.

22

*Triplum*

**The pleasure of my desire**

and the delight of my agreeable hope  
often make me feel such great joy  
that I consider it to be the great gift  
which lovers have loved and enjoyed.  
And when I see myself failing to win this great good,  
I have at least this fine remnant.  
Because it pleases a gracious young man, I am very willing  
to be satisfied with this bit.

*Motetus*

**Such great desire I have to make up**

for the time I lost  
before I began to love –  
it is not surprising that my true heart is moved to song,  
for in this way can you recognize a joyful heart.  
And if Love wants to ask more of me,  
tell me what, for it was he who gave me my start.

*Tenor*

I do not want a husband.

23

*Triplum*

Entre Copin et Bourg[e]ois, Hanicot

et Charlot et Pierron  
sunt a Paris demourant mout loial compaignon.  
De mauvaise vie  
mener n'ont il mie renon ;  
et si i a tel, qui a bele amie,  
dont je ne vuell pas ore dire le non :  
Amours l'ont si pris et si souspris et mis en lor prison  
qu'eles li ont fait et font souvent perdre mainte leçon.  
Il n'a en autre riens mise s'entencion  
fors en la bele Ysabelot,  
a cui il a du tout son cuer fait don.  
S'il la desirre a veoir, blasmer ne l'en doit on,  
car il ne puet penser s'a li non.

*Motetus*

**Je me cuidois tenir**

de[s]oremais de chanter ;  
mes Amours, a qui je sui,  
me fait cest chant trouver,  
car de cele mi fait souvenir,  
pour qui m'estuet joie mener.  
Dieus, tant plus la voi, plus la desir  
ne ja remuer  
n'en quier mon cuer de cest pensé  
pour mal, qu'i[l] m'estue ce sentir ;  
car adés vuell faire son plaisir.

*Tenor*

Bele Ysabelos m'a mort,  
bele Ysabelos !  
Quant Ysabelos fu nee,  
Amours furent en esmai.  
Ele est plus encoulouree,  
que ne soit la rose en mai.  
Hé Dieus, dous Deus, que ferai ?  
Pour sa grant biaute i morrai !  
Ele mi het et je l'ains trop,  
bele Ysabelot.  
Bele Ysabelos m'a mort,  
bele Ysabelos !

23

*Triplum*

**Copin and Bourgeois, Hanicot**

and Charlot and Pierron  
are all very good friends living in Paris.  
They do not have the reputation  
of leading wild lives, and there is one among them,  
whose name I do not wish to reveal,  
who has a sweetheart.  
Love has so taken him by surprise, captured and put him  
in his prison that he has often missed many a lesson.  
He has set his mind on nothing  
but the fair Isabel

to whom he has made a gift of his entire heart.  
If he wants to see her, no one should blame him,  
for he can think of nothing else but her.

*Motetus*

**I thought that I would refrain,**  
from now on, from singing;  
but Love, whose vassal I am,  
made me compose this song,  
for he made me remember her  
on whose account I must rejoice.  
God, the more I see her, the more I desire her.  
I do not ever intend  
to let my heart waver from this thought,  
in spite of any pain which I will have to feel;  
for I want to do her pleasure always.

*Tenor*

**Fair Isabel has slain me,**  
Fair Isabel!  
When Isabel was born,  
Love was dumbfounded.  
Her color is higher  
than that of a rose in May.  
O God, sweet God, what shall I do?  
I will die because of her great beauty!  
She hates me, and I love her so,  
the fair Isabel.  
The fair Isabel has slain me,  
Fair Isabel!

24

*Triplum*

**S'on me regarde,**  
s'on me regarde,  
dites le moi ;  
trop sui gaillarde,  
bien l'aperchoi.  
Ne puis laisser,  
que mon regard ne s'esparde,  
car tes m'esgarde,  
dont mout me tarde,  
q[u]'il m'ait o[u] soi,  
qu'il a en foi  
de m'amour plain otroi.  
Mais tel ci voi,  
qui est, je croi,  
(feu d'enfer l'arde !)  
jalous de moi.  
Mais pour li d'amer ne recroi,  
car par ma foi  
pour nient m'esgarde,  
bien pert sa garde :

j'arai rechoi !

*Motetus*

**Prennés i garde,**  
s'on me regarde ;  
trop sui gaillarde,  
dites le moi,  
pour Dieu vous proi.  
Car tes m'esgarde,  
dont mout me tarde,  
qu'il m'ait o[u] soi,  
bien l'aperchoi ;  
et tel chi voi,  
qui est, je croi,  
(feu d'enfer l'arde !)  
jalous de moi.  
Mais pour li d'amer ne recroi,  
pour nient m'esgarde,  
bien pert sa garde :  
J'arai rechoi  
et de mon ami le dosnoi !  
Faire le doi,  
ne serai plus couarde.

*Tenor*

Hé, mi enfant.

24

*Triplum*

**If anyone is looking at me,**  
if anyone is looking at me,  
tell me.  
I see well that  
I am too daring;  
I can't stop  
my eyes from wandering,  
for when a certain one looks at me,  
I can hardly wait  
for him to have me with him  
and receive in faith  
the gift of my love in full measure.  
But I see another here  
who is, I believe  
(may Hell fire burn him!),  
jealous of me.  
But I refuse to cease loving on his account,  
for by my faith  
it doesn't do him any good to watch me,  
he's wasting his time:  
I'll find an escape!

*Motetus*

**Take note**

if someone looks at me;  
I am too daring,  
so tell me,  
in the name of God, I beg you.  
For when one looks at me,  
I can hardly wait  
for him to have me with him.  
And I see  
another here  
who is, I believe  
(may Hell fire burn him!),  
jealous of me.  
But I refuse to cease loving on his account;  
it doesn't do him any good to watch me,  
he's wasting his time:  
I'll find an escape  
and have the love of my sweetheart.  
I must do it;  
I will be a coward no longer.

*Tenor*

Ho, my child!

25

*Motetus*

**Quant yver la bise ameine,**  
qu'erbe vert ne puet durer,  
grief mal me fait endurer  
la brune a la douce aleine,  
que si me fait sospirer  
et soir et main,  
quant je ne la voi, cele que j'aim.  
Dieus li doinst bon jour hui et demain !  
Felon parlier et vilain  
m'ont fait de lui desevrer ;  
mes pené se sunt en vain,  
car se je la voil amer,  
ce ne me puet nus veer  
ne destorner.

*Tenor*

IN SECVLVM

25

*Motetus*

**When winter brings the sharp breeze**  
and grass cannot remain green,  
the dark-haired lady with the sweet breath  
makes me endure so much sorrow  
that I must sigh  
night and day  
because I do not see her, whom I love.  
May God grant her happiness both today and tomorrow!

Evil tongues and evildoers  
have made me part from her,  
but they have taken such pains in vain,  
for if I want to love her,  
no one can make me stop  
or turn aside.

*Tenor*

IN SECVLVM

26

*Motetus*

**Ne m'a pas oublié,**

cele, dont j'atent  
l'asouagement  
des maus que je sent,  
quant si doucement m'a douné  
son cuer et son cors a faire ma volenté.

Ja mes autrement  
n'eüsse un jour santé  
du mal, qui tant m'aduré,  
qu'ai buer enduré  
puis qu'aseüré  
m'a loiaument et juré,  
que sans fausseté s'amor ai.

Mes de ce ne sai  
que je ferai,  
quant si malement  
m'ont novelement  
mesdisant corucié  
a son dolent  
mari mal eüré ;  
mes se [gent] felon  
de ce l'ont mis a raison,  
trop ont fait grant traïson.

*Tenor*

IN SECVLVM

26

*Motetus*

She from whom  
I await solace  
for the pains which I feel  
did not forget me,  
since she gave me  
her heart and her person to do as I will.  
Otherwise I never would have had relief  
from the pain  
which so sorely tries me.  
But I happily endured it,  
since she loyally assured me

and swore that  
I have her love without deception.  
But now that evil tongues  
have feloniously  
put me at odds  
with her wretched,  
cursed husband,  
I know not  
what to do.  
If evil folk  
have told him this,  
they have indeed behaved treacherously.

*Tenor*  
IN SECULUM

27

*Triplum*

**On doit fin[e] Amor**

anourer  
nuit et jor,  
car los et pris recovrer  
et cortoisie et valour  
puet chascun par lui avoir.  
Mes qu'a son pooir  
serve loiaument,  
de cuer entierement,  
pour ce voil fine amor servir  
loialment, sans repentir,  
et ferai tot mon vivant,  
car tot ai en son commant  
cuer et cor mis.  
S'en sui chantans  
et jolis ;  
car bien sai  
que je morrai  
de grant dolour,  
se s'amour n'ai,  
qui me tient le cuer gai.

*Motetus*

**La biauté ma dame**

le cuer m'esjoï[s]t,  
quant je pens a li,  
fins cuers amoureux,  
savourouz et doz,  
en qui toz biens florist.  
Cortaisie en vous  
son droit bien assis[t] :  
si en doi amer  
et louer  
fine amor,  
quant j'aim del monde la flour.



Mes trop me met en baudour  
nuit et jour  
son cors, que remir,  
forniz de valor ;  
sa freche colour  
qu'esgardai,  
m'a mis en baudour  
et me tient le cuer gai.

*Tenor*

IN SECULUM

27

*Triplum*

**One should honor**

true Love  
night and day,  
for one can obtain honor and esteem  
and gain courtesy and worth  
through him.

But one must serve loyally  
and with one's entire heart  
as best one can;  
this is why I want to serve true Love  
loyally, without regret,  
and why I shall, all my life long,  
for I have placed heart and soul  
entirely at his command.

I am gay  
and full of song because of it,  
for I know well  
that I shall die  
of great sorrow  
if I have not the love  
of the one who keeps my heart gay.

*Motetus*

**The beauty of my lady**

makes my heart rejoice  
when I think of her,  
true, loving,  
sweet tender heart  
in whom all good flourishes.  
Courtesy rightfully  
resides in you.  
And I should love  
and praise  
true love,  
since I love the finest flower in all the world.  
To remember her body,  
clad in worthiness,  
makes me happy indeed,

night and day;  
on her fresh color  
filled me with happiness  
and keeps my heart gay.

*Tenor*

IN SECVLVM

28

*Quadruplum*

**Ja n'amerai**

autre que cele, que j'ai  
de fin cuer amee.  
Je li ai m'amour dounee,  
ne ja ne m'en quier partir  
de li pour noif ne pour gelee.  
Dieus, que li dirai,  
la bele qui a mon cuer et m'amour ?  
Pour li sui en grant dolour,  
n'i ai repos ne nuit ne jour,  
quant je remir sa bouchete,  
sa tres frechete coulour.  
Ses atours  
n'est pas vilains,  
mes plains est de douçour,  
de courtoisie et d'ounour.  
Hé, douce amie !  
Trop main dure vie,  
en plour  
tous jours  
pour vous sui :  
Alegiés moi mes grans dolours !

*Triplum*

[sans texte]

*Motetus*

[sans texte]

*Tenor*

IN SECVLVM

28

*Quadruplum*

**Never will I love**

anyone but her whom I have loved  
with a true heart.  
To her, I have given my love  
and neither ice nor snow  
will ever make me want to part from her.  
God, what will I say to her,  
to the fair one who has my heart and my love?  
On her account do I suffer greatly –  
I can rest neither night nor day  
when I remember her little mouth  
and her color so fresh.

Her character  
is not churlish,  
rather is it full of gentleness,  
courtesy and honor.  
Oh, sweet beloved!  
I live such a hard life:  
I am  
always crying  
on account of you.  
Lighten my great sorrow!

*Triplum*  
(untexted)

*Motetus*  
(untexted)

*Tenor*  
IN SECULUM

29

*Motetus*  
Quant je parti de m'amie,  
si li dis, qu'en desconfort  
seroie toute ma vie.  
Mes li amoros recort  
du soulas et du deport  
et de sa grant cortoisie  
en tout les maus, que je port.  
Mes ce me greva trop fort,  
quant vint a la departie,  
et je dis : « A diu, amie ! »  
Plourer la vi : si m'a mort.

*Tenor*  
TUO

29

*Motetus*  
**When I left my sweetheart,**  
I told her that I would forever  
live my life in distress.  
But my beloved reminds me  
of the pleasure and the gaiety  
and of her kind courtesy  
in the face of all the pain which I bear.  
But it grieved me greatly  
when the time came to leave,  
and I said: "Farewell, my sweet!"  
I saw her cry, and it killed me.

*Tenor*  
TUO

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