

M 1

triplum

Quant en moy vint premierement
Amours, si tres doucetterment
Me vost mon cuer enamourer,
Que d'un regart me fist present,
Et tres amoureux sentement
Me donna avec dous penser:

 Espoir

 D'avoir

 Mercy sans refuser,
Mais onques en tout mon vivant
Hardement ne me volt donner;

Et si me fait en desirant
Penser si amoureuusement,
Que par force de desirer
Ma joie convient en tourment
Muer, se je n'ay hardement.
Las! et je n'en puis recouvrer,

 Qu'Amours

 Secours

 Ne me vuet nul prester,
Qui en ses las si durement
Me tient que n'en puis eschaper;

Ne je ne vueil, qu'en atendant
Sa grace, je vueil humblement
Toutes ces dolours endurer;
Et s'Amours loyal le consent
Que ma douce dame au corps gent
Me vueille son ami clamer,

 Je sai

 De vray

 Que arai, sans finer,
Joie qu'Amours a fin amant
Doit pour ses maus guerredonner.

Mais elle atent trop longuement,
Et j'aimme si folettement
Que je n'ose mercy rouver,

Car j'aim miex vivre en esperant
D'avoir mercy prochainement,
Que Refus me veingne tuer.

Et pour ce di en soupirant:
Grant folie est de tant amer
Que de son dous face on amer.

1 When Love entered my heart
 That first time, She so very sweetly
 Wished to make my heart fall in love,
 That She sent a look my way,
5 As well as feelings of deep love
 With a sweet thought:

 Hope

 That I'd receive

 Mercy without being refused,
10 But never as long as I've lived
 Has She ever intended to embolden me;

 And so She makes me in my desiring
 Have thoughts so filled with love,
 That by the strength of desiring
15 My joy must change to torment,
 If I do not possess courage.
 Alas! and I cannot find any,

 Because Love

 Has no intention

 Of providing me with any help,
20 As She keeps me so tightly in her nets
 That I cannot escape them;

 Nor do I want to, since as I await
 Her mercy, my humble wish
25 Is to endure all these pains;
 And if faithful Love consents
 That my sweet lady with her noble appearance
 Might wish to call me friend,

 I know

 It as the truth
30 That I shall, endlessly, possess
 The joy that Love owes a perfect lover
 As a reward for his ills.

 But she waits too long,
35 And I love so foolishly
 That I do not dare beg for mercy,

 For I prefer living in the hope
 Of soon receiving mercy,
 Rather than Refusal coming to finish me off.

40 And so I say with a sigh:
 It is great madness to love so much,
 That you make your sweetness bitter // That you make a
 sweet sound/song bitter.

motetus

Amour et biauté parfaite Doubter, Celer Me font parfaitement,	1	Love and perfect beauty Make me doubt And dissemble Perfectly,
Et vrais Desirs, qui m'afaite De vous, Cuers dous, Amer sans finement;	5	As does true Desire. who inspires me To love you, Sweetheart, Endlessly;
Et quant j'aim si finement, Merci Vous pri, Car elle me soit faite	10	And since I love so purely I beg mercy From you, If only it might be granted me
Sans vostre honnour amenrir, Car j'aim miex einsi languir		Without diminishing your honor, For I'd prefer this kind of languishing
Et morir, s'il vous agree, Que par moy fust empiree	15	And dying as well, should it please you, To harming in any way
Vostre honnour, que tant desir, Ne de fait ne de pensee.		Your honor, which I so highly esteem, Either by deed or thought.

tenor

Amara valde

Very bitter