

The Night's Tale: Texts and translations

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I. Prologue

Por mal tens ne por gelee

Ne por froide matinee
Ne por nule autre rinee
Ne partirai ma pensee
D'amors que j'ai,
Que trop l'ai amee
De cuer verai.
Valara!

Dame, en la vostre baillie
Ai mis mon cuer et ma vie,
Por Deu, ne m'ociez mie!
La ou fins cuers d'umilie
Doit on trouver
Merci et aie
Pour conforter.
Valara!

II. Armes - Day

Veni, Sancte Spiritus,

spes omnium,
et emitte celitus,
(veni, Sancte Spiritus)
perscrutator in clytus
es cordium
Veni, Sancte Spiritus,
spes omnium!

En ma dame ai mis mon cuer et mon penser;
n'en partiroie a nul fuer.
En ma dame ai mis mon cuer,
si m'ont surpris si vair œil riant et cler.
En ma dame ai mis mon cuer et mon penser.

Trop souvent me dueil (triplum)

et sui en grieté
et tout por celi,
qui j'ai tant amé
par son grant orgueil
et par sa fierté:
A ma dame ai mis
mon cuer et mon pensé.

Brunete a qui j'ai mon cuer doné, (duplum)
por voz ai maint grief mal enduré;
Por Deu, pregne voz de moi pitié,
fins cuers amorous [et douz!]
vient amors.

La bele m'ocit, Dieus! Qui m'en garira?
La riens, que plus ai amé, mort m'a.
Bon jor ait la bele, qui mon cuer a.
He, ha, li maus d'amer m'ocirra!

Neither for bad weather nor for frost
Nor for an icy morning
Or anything else on earth
Will I turn my thoughts
From the love I have,
For I have so dearly loved her
With a true heart:
Valara!

Lady, in your keeping
I've placed my heart and my life –
For God's sake, do not slay me!
Wherever a noble heart humbles itself
It should find
Mercy and aid
To comfort it.
Valara!

Come Holy Spirit,
Hope of all humans,
From your throne
(Come Holy Spirit)
to examine the depth
Of our hearts.
Come Holy Spirit,
Hope of all humans.

I have placed my heart and my mind upon my lady;
I would not leave at any price.
I have placed my heart upon my lady,
I am taken by her eyes so clear and grey.
I have placed my heart and my mind upon my lady.

I so often mourn
and lie grieving
all because of
the great pride and arrogance
of the one
I loved so much:
I have entrusted my heart
and my thoughts into my lady

Dark-haired lady to whom I have given my heart,
I have endured much grievous pain on account of you.
For God's sake have pity on me
sweet, loving, true heart!
Love comes from such goodness.

God! The fair one slays me! Who will save me?
The one whom I loved the most has put me to death.
May she have a fine day, the beauty who has my heart.
Hey! ha! love's pain will kill me!

Chascun qui aime me dit,
qu'en emer a grant delit.
J'ai un mal, qu'en claime amour, qui m'ocit:
Pris m'a une amourete,
Dot ja ne partirai;
Dieus, j'aime tant que n'i puis durer!
J'aime loiaument pour amender;
Sadera, li douz Dieus, s'amor ne mi lesse durer!
Sadera li duriau durelés,
Sadera li duré!
A ma dame ai mis mon cuer et mon pensé;
Dieus, ele m'a et mon cuer et ma vie tout emblé!

Abundance de felonnie

Me fait tieus moz dire et trouver,
Que j'ai du tout en ma mestrie
Mon cuer, je ne le quier celer.
S'aucuns autres en veult ouvrir
Par haussage en maniere dure,
Bien l'en prendra par aventure.

Qui desire merci d'amie
De li servir se doit pener
Et amer joie et courtoisie,
et tout orgueil doit eschever:
Qui ainsinc se veilt demener,
Je di par roison et droiture,
Bien l'en prendra par aventure.

Or peut l'une ou l'autre partue
Amans maintenir en amer,
Ou estre humbles, ou seignourie
Sur celle qu'il aime clamer;
Preigne le mieus pout agréer
A sa dame, et, s'en se peint dure,
Bien l'en prendra par aventure.

Vous avez la drüerie, amis, de moi,
che que mes maris n'a mie.
Vos l'avez bien deservie en bone foi;
vos avez la drüerie,
amis de moi.
Mesdisanz sont en envie
et main et soir
por nos faire vilonie.
vos avez la drüerie,
amis de moi,
che que mes maris n'a mie.

Vous n'alés pas, si que je fais,
ne vous, ne vous n'i sariés/savez aler. (bis)
Bele Aliz par main se leva
(vous n'alés pas, si com je faz)
biau se vesti, mieus se para.

Bon jor ait cele que n'os nomer ;
sovant, sovant mi fait soupier.

*Everyone who loves tells me
That there is great pleasure in love.
I have a pain which is called love and which is killing me.
I have been captured by a love
Which I will never abandon.
God! I love so much that I cannot survive!
I love loyally for my own betterment.
Sadera, sweet God! Her love will not let me survive.
Sadera, the harderst of the hard,
Sadera, the hardship!
I have given over my heart and my mind to my lady.
God, she stole both my heart and my life away!*

*An excess of treachery
compels me to sing and to compose such words
as I have in my power,
I do not wish to hide my heart.
If someone else wishes to act
arrogantly and cruelly,
perhaps he will benefit from it.*

*Anyone who desires his amie's grace
must strive to serve her,
and to love joy and courtesy,
and eschew all pride.
If anyone wishes to behave in that way,
I say by all that is right and just,
perhaps he will benefit by it.*

*A lover may take either tack
in loving:
either be humble, or claim mastery
over her whom he loves.
Let him do whichever will please his lady,
and if he drives himself,
perhaps he will benefit by it.*

*You shall have the sweet delight, Lover, from me,
Which Husband never has at all;
You have deserved it, In truth.
You shall have the sweet delight,
Lover, from me.
The slanderers speak their spite
Both day and night
To do us villainy.
You shall have the sweet delight,
Lover, from me,
Which my Husband never has at all.*

*You are not following the same path I do,
you do not know where you are going (bis)
Beautiful Alice is rising
(You are not following the same path I do)
very early in the morning and dresses up with her finest clothes.*

*Good morning, you, whose name I dare not say.
Often, too often you make me sigh*

Vous n'âlés pas, si que je fais,
ne vous, ne vous n'i sariés/savez aler. (bis)

Se par force de merci
ne descent Amors coraux
en la moillour de loiaus,
ja ne m'èn verrai saisi
de bien qui ne me soit maus;
mais se pities avec aux
par lor douz comandement
un petit desforcement
meïssent en lor pooir,
alors porroie joie avoir.

Beau Deus, que ne fu ensi
l'amors fine comunaus,
que haut et has fust igaus!
Mais ce qu'ennors est en li
tiennent a honte li faus,
Deus, qui les orroit entr'aus
conter et dire sovent
lor faus adevinement
de faire mençonge voir
por fins amanz decevoir.

Ne tieng pais a fin amin
ki s'esmaie riens por eaus,
por teils felons deloiaus.
Tant on jangleit et menti
ke j'ai n'èn serait uns saus.
Franche riens esperitaus,
ce celestiaus present
sont vostre amerous samblant,
ke nuls ne vos puet veoir,
ki jai s'èn kesist movoir.

De vos remirer ensi
c'ès m'uevre chascun jornal;
et la colors naturaus
de la face que je vi
c'est fins rubiz et cristiaux;
li sorciz semblent esmaus
en or assis finement
par devin comandement;
et li huil me font, por voir,
l'estoile jornal paroir.

Ausi come unicorne sui
Qui s'ebahit en regardant
Quand la pucelle va mirant.
Tant est liee de son ennui,
Pasmee chiet en son giron;
Lors l'ocit on en traision.
Et moi ont mort d'autel semblant
Amors et ma dame, por voir;
Mon cuer ont, n'èn puis point ravoir.

*You are not following the same path I do,
you do not know where you are going (bis)*

*If the property of mercy
Does not make true love descend
Upon the most fair of all
I will never be endowed
With any property [good] that is not loss [harm] to me.
But if pity with them
By their sweet command
Should place a little expropriation
Into their power,
Then I could have joy!*

*Fair God, why was noble love
Never so universal
That high and low were equal?
But what is honorable in it
The false ones hold to be shame.
God, you should hear them talking
Among themselves, often relating
Their false conjectures
To spread lies
To deceive noble lovers.*

*I do not consider a noble lover
One who is at all daunted
By such treacherous villains.
They have gossiped and lied so much
That no one is safe from them.
Noble spiritual creature,
Your lovely looks
Are like heaven,
For no one who can see you
ever wished to leave you.*

*Daily I gaze
upon you,
And the natural tint
Of the face that I see
Is fine ruby and crystal;
Your brows seem enamel
Set finely into gold
By divine command,
And truly your eyes make
The day star appear to me.*

*I am like the unicorn
astonished gazes,
beholding the virgin.
He is so rejoiced by his chagrin,
he falls in a faint in her lap;
then they kill him, in treachery.
Now Love and my lady
have killed me just that way:
they have my heart, I cannot get it back.*

Dame, quant je devant vos fui
Et je vos vi premierement,
Mes cuers aloit si tressaillant
Qu'il vos remest quant je mèn mui.
Lors fu menes sanz reançon
En la douce charter en prison,
Dont li piler sont de talent
Et li huis sont de biau veoir
Et li annel de bon espoir.

Dame, je ne dout mes riens plus
Fors tant que faille a vos amer.
Tant ai apris a endurer
Que je suis vestres tout par us;
Et se il vos en pesoit bien,
Ne mèn puis je partir por rien
Que je n'aie le remembrer
Et que mes cuers ne soit pas ades
En la prison et de moi pres.

Or est Baiars en la pasture, Hure!
des deus piés defferrés, (bis)
Il porte souef l'amble ure, Hure,
Or est Baiars en la pasture, Hure,
Avoir li ferai converture, Hure!
au repairier des prés,
au repairier des prés.
Or est Baiars en la pasture, hure!
des deus piés defferrés. (bis)

Saltarello (instrumental)

Prendés i garde, s'on mi regarde!
S'on mi regarde, dites le moi.
C'est tout la jus en cel boschaige;
Prendés i garde, s'on mi regarde!
La pastourene i gardoit vaches:
'Plaisant brunete a vous m'otroi!
Prendés i garde, s'on mi regarde!
S'on mi regarde, dites le moi.

S'on me regarde, (triplum)
dites le moi;
trop sui gaillarde,
bien l'aperchoi.
Ne puis laisser, que mon
regard ne s'eparde,
car tes m'egarde,
dont mout me tarde,
qu'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 pout li d'amer ne recroi,

*Lady, when I was around you
and say you for the first time,
my heart leaped over so,
it stayed with you when I went away.
Then I was led without ransom
into sweet captivity in prison,
where the pillars are made of Desire,
the gates of Pleasant Sight,
the chains of Good Hope.*

*My lady, I now fear nothing more
than failing in my love for you.
I have learned to endure so much
that habit has made me wholly yours;
and even if you should find this vexing,
nothing can make me go away
without remembering it all
and leaving my heart forever
in your prison, and yet close to me.*

*There's Bayard in the pasture, Hure!
Unshod on two feet, (bis)
He trots softly, Hure!
There's Bayard in the pasture, Hure!
I will have a cover given to him, Hure!
When he returns from the fields,
When he returns from the fields.
There's Bayard in the pasture, Hure!
Unshod on two feet. (bis)*

*Take care, if anyone look,
If anyone stare, tell it to me!
In the leafy thickets over there;
Beware, beware, if anyone stare!—
The herding-lass with kine for care.
'Pretty dark maiden to you I give me!'
Take care, if anyone look,
If anyone stare, tell it to 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*

car par ma foi
pour nient mèsgarde,
bien pert sa garde:
J'arai rechoi!

Prennés i garde, (duplum)
on me regarde;
trop sui gaillarde.
dites le moi,
pour Dieu vous proi.
Car tes mèsgarde,
dont mout me tarde,
qu'il m'ait o[u] soi,
bien l'apercoi;
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 mèsgarde,
bien pert sa garde:
J'arai rechoi
et de mon ami le dosnoi!
Faire le doi,
ne serai plus couarde.

Li dous regars de ma Dame
Me fait espérer merci;
Diex gart son gent cor de blasme.
Li dous regars de ma Dame.
Je ne vi onques par m'ame
Dame plus plaisant de li.
Li dous regars de ma Dame
Me fait espérer merci.

Jamais ne serai saous
D'èswarder les vairs ieus dous
qui m'ont ocis.
Onques mais si au desous
Jamais ne serai saous
Ne fu nus cuers amoureux,
Ne ja n'ert a tans rescous,
Quant muir tous vis
Ja mais ne serai saous
D'èswarder les vairs ieus dous
Qui m'ont ocis.

Se par force de merci (reprise)

En l'an que chevalier sont
Abaubi,
Ke d'armes noient ne font
Li hardi,
Lez damez tournoier vont
A Laigni.
Le tounoïement plevi
Dient que savoir voudront

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!

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 sweet heart.
I must do it;
I will be a coward no longer.

The sweet glance of my Lady
Makes me hope for her mercy;
May God keep her noble heart from blame.
The sweet glance of my Lady.
I have never seen
A Lady more fair than her.
The sweet glance of my Lady
Makes me hope for her mercy.

Never shall I tire
of looking at the sweet, clear blue eyes
wich have killed me.
Never was a loving heart
- never shall I tire -
so vanquished,
and never shall I be rescued in time
since I am dying while I live.
Never shall I tire
of looking at the sweet, clear blue eyes
wich have killed me.

During that year when the knights
Were powerless,
And those bold men
Performed no feats of arms,
The ladies went tourneying
In Ligny.
The tournament having been announced,
They said that they wanted to know

Quel li colp sont
Que pour eles font
Lour ami.
La contesce de Crespi
Lez damez par tout le mont
Pourchacier font
Qu'èlez menront
Chascune od li.
Et ma dame de Couci
Quant es prez venuez sont,
Armer se font;
Assambler vont
Devant Torchi.
Yolenz de Cailli
Vait premierz assembler;
Margerite d'Oysi
Muet a li pour joster;
Amesse au cors hardi
Li vait son fraim haper.

Quant Margerite se vit
Räuser,
"Cambrai" crie, son fraim prist
A tirer;
Ki deffendre le vëist
Et meller!
Quant Katherine au vix cler
Se coumence a desrouter
Et "Passe avant" a crier.
Ki donc la vëist aler
Resnes tirer
Et coupz douner
Et departir
Et grossez lancez quasser
[Haubert ferrés]
Et fert souner
Et retentir
Des hiaumez le capeler
Faire effondrer
[Sans grant fair]
Par grant aïr!
Deverez la coue vint
Une rescousse grant,
Ysabel, ki ferir
Lez vait de maintenant
La senescaucesse ausi
Nez vait mie espargnant.

La contesse de Canpaigne
Briement,
Vint sour un cheval d'Espaigne
Bauchant,
Ne fist paz longue bargaigne
A lor gent:
Touz lez encontre et atent,
Mout s'i combat fierement;
Seur li fierent pluz de cent.

*What kinds of blows
Their amis were always giving
For their sakes.
The ladies had
The Countess of Crépy sought
everywhere,
As well as Madame de Coucy,
For they meant to take them both
Along with them.
When they got to the fields
They had themselves armed;
They met
Before Torcy.
Yolande of Cailli
Went forward to fight first;
Marguerite of Oisy
Bore down on her for a joust;
Amesse the bold
Went to seize her bridle.*

*When Marguerite saw
that she was being evaded,
She cried "Cambrai!"
And grabbed her bridle back;
You should have seen her
defend herself and skirmish
When Catherine of the lovely face
Began to beat her back
And cry "onward!"
You should have seen her
Pulling on the reins
And giving and sharing out
great blows,
Shattering great lances
[And making iron hauberks]
Ring and
resound,
And making the iron coifs in the helms
Cave in and fall to pieces!*

*From behind came
A great help,
Isabelle, who came alongside
To strike them now;
The seneschal's wife also
Didn't spare them at all.*

*Then the Countess of Champagne
Came quickly
on a piebald
Spanish horse;
She didn't feint at her enemies
For long:
She went at them and struck them,
And fought very fiercely there,
but more than a hundred fought her.*

Aëliz lez mainz li tent,
 Au fraim la prent
 Hastéement
 Od sa compaigne,
 Aëliz "Montfort" criant,
 Cele au cors gent,
 Qui la descent
 Coument k'il praigne,
 Et si ostage Yolent
 Mout bounement,
 Ki de noient
 Ne s'i desdaigne:
 Ele n'est pas d'Alemaigne.
 Ysabiaux, che savon,
 Vint poignant en la plaigne,
 Ez lour fier a bandon,
 Sovent crie s'ensaigne:
 "Alom lour, Chastillon!"

III. Amours - Night

Ausi comme Unicornie sui (reprise)

De la chartre a la clef Amors,
 et si a mis trios portiers:
 Blau semblant a non li premiers,
 Et biautez ceux en fait seignors;
 Dangier a mis a l'huis devant,
 Un ort felon, villain puant,
 Qui moult est maus et pautoniers.
 Cist troi sont et viste et hardi;
 Mult ont tost un home saisi.

Qui pourroit souffrir la tristors
 Et les assaus de ces hussiers?
 Onque Rollans ne Oliviers
 Ne vainquirent so fors estors;
 Il vainquirent en combattant,
 Mais cues vaint on humilient.
 Souffirs en est gonfanoniers;
 En cest estor dont de vos di,
 N'a nul secors que de merci.

Toute soule passerai le vert boscage,
puis que compaignie n'ai.
 Se j'ai perdu mon ami par mon outrage,
Toute seule passerai li vert boscage.
 Je li ferai a sovoir par un message
 que je li amenderai.
Toute seule passerai le vert boscage,
puis que compaignie n'ai.

Trois serors sor rive mer (quadruplum)

Chantent cler
 La moiene a apeté
 Robin son ami:
 "Prise m'avés el bois ramé
 reportés mi!"

*Aëlis reached out for her,
 Seizing her bridle
 firmly,
 Along with her company.
 Crying "Montfort,"
 noble Aëlis,
 Pregnant though she was,
 took Yolande hostage
 Very courteously.
 Yolande didn't resent this
 At all –
 She is no German.
 Isabeau, whom we know well,
 Came spurring over the plain,
 Attacking them fiercely,
 Shouting her rallying-cry of
 "At them, Châtillon!"*

*Love holds the key to the prison
 and has set three watchmen there:
 the name of the first is Kindly Look,
 and Love makes Beauty their chief;
 and has put Rejection at the outer gate
 a dirty, cruel, vulgar, stinking
 vicious scoundrel.
 These three are nimble and strong,
 they have fallen many times suddenly on a man.*

*Who could suffer the horror
 And the assaults of these door keepers?
 Never did Roland nor Olivier
 Win such a hard fight;
 They won fighting,
 But these, one overcomes by humiliating them.
 Patience is the gonfalonier
 And, in fight of which I tell you,
 There is no other help, but mercy.*

*All alone I will cross the green wood,
 since I am without company.
 It is my fault that I lost my love;
 All alone I will cross the green wood,
 I will let him know with a messenger
 that I am ready to make amends.
 All alone I will cross the green wood,
 since I am without company.*

*Three sisters at the seashore
 are singing brightly.
 The middle one called
 to Robin, her sweetheart:
 "You took me first in the leafy wood,
 now take me back there."*

Trois serors sor rive mer (triplum)

Chantent cler
La gonette
Fu brunette
De brun s'ami s'ahati:
"Je suis brune, s'avrai brun ami ausi."

Trois serors sor rive mer (duplum)

Chantent cler
Laisnée di[s]t a:
"On doit bien bele dame amer
et s'amour garder,
cil qui l'a."

Le Robardel (instrumental)

En ce dous temps d'esté, tout droit au mois de may
Q'amours met par pensé maint cuer en grant esmay,
Firent les herlequines ce descort dous e gay
Je, la blanche princesse de cuer les em priaï
Et vous qu'em le faisant deïssent leur penser
Si c'est sens ou folie de faire tel essay
Com de mettre son cuer en par amours amer. [...]

"Bien doi parler d'amour", ce a dit la daufine
"Quar j'ai non Bien Amee et ce non me destine
Que je doie savoir auques de son couvine. [...]
Leur honneur et leur bien acroïst monteplioie
Et de leur desirrer acomplir les avoie
Qui est de tout ce mont la souverainne joie." [...]

En ce dous temps d'esté ... (reprise)

Dame, par vo dous regart

Sui espris de vous amer.
Mon cuer senz lié et gailart,
Dame, par vo dous regart.
Ainsi vous sers main et tart,
Et touz jours m'en veil pener.
Dame, par vo dous regart
Sui espris de vous amer.

Bien se lace

Qui embrace
D'Amors la jolie trace.
C'est la bouche, et quant amis
Son cuer a mis
En desirer amie,
Faite de cors et de vis
A son devis
Voire, il n'est plus de vie,
Si tant face
Amor par grace
Que baise sa douce face.
Bien se lace
Qui embrace
D'Amors la jolie trace

Three sisters at the seashore
are singing brightly.
The youngest,
a brunette,
sought a dark-haired sweetheart:
"Since I am dark-haired, I will have a
dark-haired sweet-heart too."

Three sisters at the seashore
are singing brightly.
The eldest said:
"One should indeed love a fair lady,
and he who has her love
should keep it."

In this mild time of summer, right in the month of May,
when the thought of love brings dismay to many a heart,
the Erlking's ladies composed this sweet and gay descort.
I, the White Princess, invited them to do so
and wished them, as they proceeded, to express their opinion
an whether it is sensible or foolish to attempt such a thing
as devoting one's heart to being in love.

"I must speak of love," said the Dauphine,
"for my name is Well-Loved and this name destines
me to know something about love's business. [...]
it enhances and increases their honor and their welfare
and leads them to achieve what they desire,
which is the highest bliss in the whole world."

In this mild time of summer ..(reprise)

Through your glances, Lady,
I have fallen for you.
My heart is joyous and gay
Through your glances, Lady,
Thus I serve you morning and evening,
And every day I wish to labour.
Through your glances, Lady
I have fallen for you.

He indeed becomes bound
Who follows
The pretty path of love.
It is through the mouth, and when a lover
Has his heart set
On desire for his lady
Fashioned in body and face
To his liking, in truth,
He no longer has a life,
Unless love acts
So graciously
That he may kiss her sweet face.
He who follows
The pretty path of love
Indeed becomes bound.

Le Chapelet – La Sestieme estampie Real (instrumental)

Au renouvel du tens que la florete

Nest par ces prez et indete et blanchete
Trouvai soz une coudroie coiallant violete
Dame qui ressembloit feë et sa compaignete
A qui el se dementoit
De deus amie qu'ele avoit
Au quel el ert amie:
Ou au povre qu'est cortois
Preuz et large plus que rois
Et biaux sans vilanie,
Ou au riche qu'a assez avoir et manandie,
Mes en li n'a ne biauté ne sens ne cortoisie.

'Ma douce suer, mon conseil en creez:
Amez le riche, grant preu I avrez;
Car se vous volez deniers, vous en avrez assez;
Ja, de chose qu'il ait mes sousfrete n'avrez.
Il fet bon le riche amer,
Qu'il a assez a doner;
Je seroie s'amie.
Se je lesoie mantel
D'escarlare por burel,
Je feroie folie;
Car li riches veut amer et mener bone vie,
Et li povres veut joër sans riens donner s'amie. "

"Or ai oï ton conseil, bele suer,
Du riche amer!; ne.l feroie a nul fuer!
Certes, ja n'iert mon ami per deseure mon cuer.
Dame qui a cuer jole ne.l feroit a nul fuer.
Dames qui vuelent amer
De bone amor sanz fausser,
Comment que nus me die,
Ne doivent riens demander,
Pour nus qu'en sacher parler,
Fors bone amor jolie.
Toutes fames je le hé, et Jhesus les maudie,
Qu'aiment honme pour doner c'est grant ribauderie.

'E! fine Amor, tnat m'avez oubliee
Que nuit et jor ne puis avoir duree,
Tant m'a sa tres grant biauté tainte et descoloree;
Tant pens a li nuit et jor que toute en sui müee.
Rossignol, va, si li di
Les maus que je sent pour li,
Et si ne m'en plaing mie;
Di li q'il avra m'amor,
Car plus bele ne meilleur
De moi n'avra il mie;
Di li q'il avra assez puis que je suis s'amie.
Q'il ne lest pas pour deniers a mener bone vie."

*At the start of the new season
when the flowers bloom,
Under a bush, picking up violets,
I came upon a lady, like a fairy she was, and her companion, to
whom she complained:
She had two suitors,
and to whom should she give her heart?
One was poor and handsome,
courageous, gentle,
and generous more than a king;
the other rich but not fair and not courteous,
and had none of these qualities.*

*"Sweet sister, take my advice,
love the rich man, you will profit from it.
He will give you everything that you need,
You'll never be lacking.
It is good to be loved that way.
As the rich can give a lot,
That's what I'd do in your place,
If I were to exchange a silk coat
For sack cloth,
I would be a fool. The rich man wants to play and love,
The poor man wants to play the game of love without giving
anything in return."*

*"I've heard your advice, dear friend,
but I shan't follow it.
He shall never be my lover;
ever shall a joyful lady behave thus.
A woman who loves truly,
without perfidy,
and without worrying about gossips,
never asks for something in return,
whatever the advice,
except for fair love.
I hate women who love for money,
and may Jesus curse them -- that's lechery."*

*"O Love, you have abandoned me;
night and day,
I am pale and wan for love of his beauty.
I think of him night and day, and am all changed from it.
Nightingale, go tell him
of all that I undergo for him,
without complaining.
Tell him that he will have my love,
and he'll not find one
more fair nor fine, tell him that he will have much,
for he will have my love,
and even without gold he'll not be deprived of the good life."*

Bonne amourete

*Me tient gai;
Ma comaignete,
Bonne amourete,
Ma cançonnete
Vous dirai:
Bonne amourete
Me tient gai*

C'est la fins,

*Koi que nus die,
J'amerai!
C'est la jus enmi les prés,
C'est la fin je veul amer!
Just et baus i a levés,
Bele amie ai,
C'est la fins
Koi que nus die,
J'amerai.*

La quarte estampie real (instrumental)

IV. Coda

*Dame, faites cortoisie!
Plaise vos que en me vie
Iceste parole die:
"Ma bele, tres douce amie
Vos os nommer,
C'onques n'or envie
D'autrui amer."
Valara!*

*My little love
Makes me happy:
My little companion,
My little love,
My little song
I'll sing to you:
My little love
Makes me happy!*

*That's it—
no matter what anyone says,
I will love!
Down there in the meadows,
That's it, I want to love!
They've started games and dancing,
I have a beautiful beloved.
That's it—
no matter what anyone says,
I will love!*

*Lady, please be courteous!
So that I can, in my life
Utter these words:
"My beauty, I dare call you
my very sweet friend,
as I never had the desire
to love any other. "
Valara!*