

Sans cuer/Amis dolens/Dame, par vous

Sanz cuer m'en vois, dolens et esploures,
Pleins de souspirs et diseteus de joie,
D'ardant desir espris et embrases,
Douce dame, que briefment vous revoie,
Si qu'einssi sanz cuer durer ne porroie
Ne telz maulz endurer,
S'Espoirs en moy ne faisoit sa demeure
En lieu dou cuer, dame, qui vous demeure.

Et Souvenirs qui scet tous les secrez
Que Dous Pensers m'amenistre et envoie,
Dont en moy est empreins et figurez
Vos faitis corps et vo maniere quoie,
Vo douls riant regarder
Et vo douceur quie me fait aourer
Vous que je voy par tout et a toute heure
En lieu dou cuer, dame, qui vous demeure.

S'ay plus de joie et de douceur assez,
Quant je les ay, que de mon cuer n'aroie;
Car en tous cas sui d'Espoir confortez
Et Souvenirs me monstre, ou que je soie,
Vo plaisant viaire cler.
Et s'aucuns gries me vient par desirer,
Tres Dous Pensers le destruit et deveure,
En lieu dou cuer, dame, qui vous demeure.

Amis, dolens, maz et desconfortes
Partes de moy et voles que je croie

[Lover:]

I leave disheartened, pained and tearful,
Full of sighs and devoid of joy,
Ignited and consumed by a burning desire
To even briefly see you again, sweet Lady,
For I could not last long without a heart like this,
Nor endure such pangs,
If Hope had not come to dwell inside me,
In place of my heart, Lady, which remains with you.

And Remembrance, who knows all the secrets
That Sweet Thinking dispenses and sends me,
Among which is imprinted and engraved
Your pretty body and your demure manner,
The sight of your soft laughter
And your sweetness that makes me adore
You, whom I see everywhere and at all hours
In place of my heart, Lady, which remains with you.

If I ever have joy again and enough sweetness,
When I have them, it will not be from my heart,
For in any case I am comforted by Hope,
And Remembrance shows me, wherever I am,
Your charming bright face,
And if any pain should come to me from desiring,
Let Sweet Thinking destroy and devour it
In place of my heart, Lady, which remains with you.

[Lady:]

My friend, pained, afflicted and disconsolate,
You leave me and wish me to believe

Que vos cuers m'est tous entiers demores.
Tres bien le croy; dont je ne vous porroie
Si biau don guerre donner,
Et vous peusse a fin souhait donner
Quanque desirs en ce monde saveure,
En lieu dou cuer, amis, qui me demeure.

That all your heart remains behind with me.
I believe it full well, and I could hardly
Give you an equally precious gift,
Even if I could forever grant you the wish
To satisfy any desire in the world you might crave
In place of your heart, friend, which remains with me.

Car il est vrais, fins, loiaus et secrez,
Frans et gentis, ne dire ne saroie
La riche honneur dont il est couronnes
Ne le haut bien: si ne say tour ne voie,
Comment peüsse finer
Dou remerir. Mais je ne vueil pener,
Qu'a mon pooir vous conforte et sequeure,
En lieu dou cuer, amis, qui me demeure.

For it is faithful, pure, loyal, and discreet,
Generous and noble, nor could I describe
The rich honor that crowns it,
Nor its high quality: thus I do not know the way
Or means by which I could ever pay it back.
I do not wish to hurt you further: may you be
Comforted and reassured to the extent I can,
In place of your heart, friend, which remains with me.

Si vous promet qu'en foy seres ames
Par dessus tous, sans ce que j'en recroie,
Et aveuc ce mon cuer emporterez
Qui pour vous seul me guerpist et renoie;
Se le vueil lies bien garder
Et comme ami conjoïr et amer,
Car plus chier don nay dont je vous honneure
En lieu dou cuer, amis, qui me demeure.

Thus I promise that you will be faithfully loved
Above all others and without renunciation,
And with this you will take away my heart,
Which for you alone leaves me and deserts me.
So please keep it well and happy
And show it courtesy and love as if to a lover,
For I have no dearer gift with which to honor you
In place of your heart, friend, which remains with me.

Dame, par vous me sens reconfortes
De tous les gries que recevoir soloie,
Par vous sui hors de toutes orphentes,
Par vous ne puis riens sentir qui m'anoie,
Par vous m'estuet esperer
Quanque loiaus amis puet desirer,

[Lover:]
My Lady, I feel comforted by you
From all the miseries I have been enduring.
Because of you I am free from all distress.
Because of you I cannot feel anything trouble me,
Because of you I am compelled to hope
For as much as a faithful lover can desire,

C'est de merci don, s'en moy ne demeure
En lieu dou cuer, dame, qui vous demeure.

It is a gift of mercy, if only it remains in me
In place of my heart, Lady, which remains with you.

Dame, je sui par vous resuscitez,
En paradis mis d'enfer, ou j'estoie,
De mes mortelz paours asseüres,
Des grans douleurs garis que je sentoie;
Par vous est dous mon amer,
Quant vostre ami me daingniez apeler,
Et s'il vous plaist que joie en moy acqueure
En lieu dou cuer, dame, qui vous demeure.

My Lady, I am resurrected by you,
I am brought to paradise from hell, where I was,
From my mortal fears I am reassured,
Healed of the great pains I once felt.
Because of you my bitter has turned sweet
When you deigned to call me your lover,
And if it pleases you that I should find joy in me
In place of my heart, Lady, which remains with you.

Si seroie faus traïtres prouves,
Douce dame, se je ne vous amoie
Tres loyaument, car tous mes biens est nez
De vostre bien; dont si fort me resjoie,
Quant bele et bonne sans per
Et des dames la flour vous oy nommer,
Que tendrement de joie en riant pleure
En lieu dou cuer, dame, qui vous demeure.

And I would be proven a disloyal traitor,
Sweet lady, if I did not love you
Very faithfully, for all my welfare has its source
In your goodness, and so I take great joy
Whenever I hear you called peerlessly beautiful
And virtuous, the flower of all ladies,
Which makes me weep tenderly with joy as I laugh
In place of my heart, Lady, which remains with you.

Quant je sui mis [au] retour
De veoir ma dame,
Il n'est peine ne dolour
Que j'aie, par m'ame.
Diex! c'est drois que je l'aim,
Sans blame, de loial amour.

When I return
From seeing my lady,
There is no trouble or pain
I feel, by my soul.
God, it is right that I love her,
Blamelessly, with a faithful love.

Sa biauté, sa grant douçour
D'amoureuse flame,
Par souvenir, nuit et jour

The memory of her beauty,
Her great sweetness,
Ignites me and consumes me,

M'esprent et enflame.
Diex! c'est drois que je l'aim,
Sans blame, de loial amour.

Night and day, with a loving flame.
God, it is right that I love her,
Blamelessly, with a faithful love.

Et quant sa haute valour
Mon fin cuer entame,
Servir la [vueil] sans folour
Penser ne diffame.
[Diex!] C'est drois que je l'aim,
Sans blame, de loial amour.

Even when her high virtue
Bruises my tender heart,
I want to serve her without thinking
About any imprudence or infamy.
God, it is right that I love her,
Blamelessly, with a faithful love.

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Binchois - Filles à marier

Filles a marier,
Ne vous marier ja,
Car se jalousie a,
Jamais ne vous ne lui
Au cuer joie n'ara.

Marriageable girls,
Don't get married quite yet,
For if he is jealous,
Neither you nor he
Will ever have joy in your heart.

.....

Je me complains piteusement
A moi tout seul plus qu'a nullui,
De la griesté, paine e tourment,
Que je souffre plus que ne di.
Dangier me tient en tel soussi
Qu'eschever ne puis sa rudesse,
Et Fortune le veult aussi,
Mais, par ma foy, ce fait Jonesse.

I complain pitifully
To myself rather than to anyone
About the grief, pain and torment
That I suffer more than I speak of.
Tyranny keeps me in such anxiety
That I cannot escape its harshness,
And Fortunes also wishes it so,
But, by my faith, this is what Youth does.

- Guillaume Dufay

.....

Il me convient guerpier ceste contrée,
Quar je n'i puis plaisir ne joye avoir,
Car pour amant ne me vuet recevoir
Celle a quy j'ay toute m'amour donnée.

I need to leave this country
For I can have no pleasure or joy here,
For the woman to whom I gave all my love
Will not accept me as her lover.

Ill a lonc temps que espris fu de s'amour
Et que j'en suy en grant merancolie.

For a long time now I have been in love with her
And it has put me in wretched sadness

En y pensant et la nuit et le jour
Comment de moy fut a son gré servie.

To think night and day about
How I served her as she pleased.

C'estoit souvent le plus de ma pensée,
Mais maintenant m'en puis assés doloir,
Car de m'amer n'a desir ne vouloir:
Pour ce du tout m'esperance est finée.

She was often highest in my thoughts,
But now I very much regret it
For she has no desire or intention to love me:
Any hope I had has definitely ended.

Il me convient guerpier ceste contrée,
Quar je n'i puis plaisir ne joye avoir,
Car pour amant ne me vuet recevoir
Celle a quy j'ay toute m'amour donnée.

I need to leave this country
For I can have no pleasure or joy here,
For the woman to whom I gave all my love
Will not accept me as her lover.

.....

Medee fu en amer veritable

Bien aparü quant Jason enama
De cuer si vray, si ferme et si estable
Que la terre de son pere laissa
Dont elle fu hiretiere;
Ne se cura d'estre en royal chaire,
Ne bien mondain avoir fors son amy:
Ma dame n'a pas ainsy fait a my.

Medea was sincere in her love
As became clear when she loved Jason
With a heart so true, so firm and so steadfast
That she left her father's land,
Of which she was the heir.
Neither did she care to sit on a royal throne,
Nor to have any worldly good except her lover:
My lady has not done that for me.

Car au premier je la trovay amable

For at first I found her lovely

Et son ami doucement me clama,
Et sanz rayson a esté variable,
Si que s'amour a autre doné ha.
Ce n'est pas bone maniere,
Quar vraye amour doit estre si entiere
Que ne se doit changier jour ne demi:
Ma dame n'a pas ainsi [fait a my].

And she sweetly called me her lover,
Yet for no reason she has been fickle,
And has given her love to another.
This is not good behavior,
For true love ought to be total,
And should not ever change:
My lady has not done that for me.

Si m'est avis qu'elle est deraysonable
Autant ou plus que fu Briseÿda,
Qui en amours estoit bien si amable
Que sa vie loyauté elle garda.
Helaine a la belle chiere
N'eut vers Paris pas amour legiere,
Car vit l'ami et pour s'amour gemy:
Ma dame n'a pas ainsi fait a mi.

So it seems to me that she is unreasonable
As much or more than Briseis was,
Who in love was so loving
That she remained loyal all her life.
Helen of the beautiful face
Had for Paris no passing love,
For she saw her lover and groaned with love:
My lady has not done that for me.

.....
Pour la douleur, l'annoy, le grief martire,
Et le tourment que j'ay pour mon amy,
Suy celle quy n'ay bonjour ne demy
Quant ne le voy qui ainsy me martire.

.....
Because of the pain, the suffering, the grievous
Agony, and the torment that I get from my lover
I am the one who never has a good day
Whenever I see him torture me this way.

Joye me fuit, traitresse, si me tire,
Flambe, art et bruit le cuer et corps de my;
Pour la douleur, l'annoy, le grief martire,
Et le tourment que j'ay pour mon amy,

Treacherous joy flees me, and my heart and body
Wrench at me, burn and rumble
Because of the pain, the suffering, the grievous
Agony, and the torment that I get from my lover.

Qui dolente n'aura veu en sa vie,
Viegne vëoir moy qui suy sans confort
En desespoir plaine de desconfort,
Dont il convient que briefment je desvie.

If someone has never seen a grieving lady,
Let them come see me in my misery,
In despair full of distress,
From which I must soon go insane.

Car il n'es jeu n'esbat dont joye en vie,
Ne nul plaisir fors plaindre a grant effort.
Qui dolente n'aura veu en sa vie,
Viegne vëoir moy qui suy sans confort.

For there is no enjoyment or fun in life,
Nor any pleasure except to complain at great effort.
If someone has never seen a grieving lady,
Let them come see me in my misery.

Pastourelle en un vergier
Ouy complaindre et gemir,
Disant, "Las! en quel dangier
Me fait amours maintenir.
Plus ne veul aynssy languir,
Je me rens du tout a luy.
Au besoing voit-on l'amy.

I overheard in an orchard
A shepherdess complain and moan,
Saying, "Alas! Love keeps me
Under such tyranny.
I no longer want to languish this way,
I completely surrender to it.
In hardship, you see who is a friend.

Car pour les mauls alegier
Que souvent me fait sentir
Ay donné a un bergier
Mon cuer sans le departir.
Pour lui veul vivre et mourir,
Or, ayt dont pité de my:
Au besoing voit-on l'amy.

Because to lighten the pain
That it often makes me feel,
I have given to a shepherd
My undivided heart.
For him alone I want to live and die,
Yet, have pity on me:
In hardship, you see who is a friend.

Il aroit bien le cuer fier
S'il me voloit relenquir
Et pour un autre changier,
Veul qu'il s'est volus offrir
A moy de bon cuer sievir
Quant si l'esprovay aynssy:
Au besoing voit-on l'amy."

He would have a prideful heart
If he wanted to abandon me
And switch me for another,
I want him to want to offer himself
To me, to pursue me in good faith
When I tested him that way:
In hardship, we can see the friend."

Prince, face son plaisir

Let the Prince do as he pleases

De moy et vous autres sy
Au besoing voit-on l'amy.

With me and also with all of you,
In hardship, you see who is a friend.

La belle se siet au piet de la tour,
Qui pleure et souspire et mainne grant
dolour.

The fair lady sits at the foot of the tower,
Weeping and sighing, and feeling great pain.

Son pere lui demande: "Fille qu'avez vous?
Volez vous mari, mari, mari, ou voulez vous
seignour?"

Her father asks her, "Daughter, what is wrong?
Do you want a husband, or do you want a lord?"

"Je ne veul mari, mari, mari, je ne veul
seignour;

"I do not want a husband, I do not want a lord,

Je veul le mie ami qui pourist en la tour."

I want my own lover, who is rotting in the tower."

"Et par dieu, belle fille a celui faudres vous,
Car il sera pendu, pendu, pendu, demain au
point du jour,"

"By God, fair daughter, you will not get him,
For he will be hanged tomorrow at dawn."

"Et pere, s'on le pent, enfouyes moy desous,
Si diront les gens, les gens, les gens: vey
loyaus amours."

"Then father, if he is hanged, bury me next to him,
So people will say: here is true love"

Ce rondolet je vous envoye
Pour consolation de joye
En esperance d'avoir mieulx
C'en que vous desirés le mieulx.

I send to you this little roundel
As a consolation for joy
In hope of having more of
What you desire the most.

Le dieu d'amours si vous l'otroye
Et vous en doint parfaite joye
En accroissant de bien en mieulx
En ce mois present gracieux.

May the god of Love grant it to you
And give you complete joy from it
By increasing [your fortune] from better to best
In the present gracious month.

Fait fut pour vous mettre en joie,
Plaisance, ce virolay,
Monstrés le soulas, le gay,
Qui met les dolans en voye
D'avoyr suffisance au vray.
Dites a tris doulcz Confort
Que Bel Acuel et Deduit
Le saluent de cuer fort,
Soyt tart, tempre, jour ou nuyt.

This virelai was made to give you
Joy and pleasure.
Teach enjoyment, happiness,
Which help those who are suffering
Find genuine contentment.
Tell sweetest Comfort
That Hospitality and Entertainment
Greet him heartily,
Be it late or early, day or night.

Qui n'a le cuer rainpli de vraie joie...

If one's heart is not filled with true joy...

Fontaine - Pour vous tenir

[Il dit:]

Pour vous tenir en la grace amoureuse
Qu'a belle amour, mon joyeux souvenir,
Je vous supply que vous prenez desir
De devenir, ce mois de may, joyeuse.

[He says:]

To retain the loving grace
That beautiful love has, my joyful memory,
I beg you to entertain the desire
To become joyful on this month of May.

[Elle dit:]

Mon doux amy tenés vous tout temps gay
Et ne pensés qu'a loyaulment amer,
Car pour l'amour de nous deux confermer,
Mon cuer vous don, ce premier jour de may.

[She says:]

My sweet friend, remain cheerful always
And think only of loving faithfully,
For to confirm the love of us two
I give you my heart this first day of May.

[Il dit:]

Pour ce qu'estés sur toutes gracieuse,
Prenés liesse et joieux maintenir
Pour vous tenir en la grace amoureuse
Qu'a belle amour, mon joyeux souvenir.

[He says:]

Since you are gracious above all
Take delight and remain cheerful
To retain the loving grace
That beautiful love has, my joyful memory.

[Elle dit:]

Or, vous dira le bon vouloir que j'ay
De vous servir, cremir et honnourer.
Mon doulx amy tenés vous tout temps gay
Et ne pensés qu'a loyaulment amer.

[She says:]

Now it will tell you of my wish
To serve, venerate and honour you.
My sweet friend, remain cheerful always
And think only of loving faithfully.

[Il dit:]

Et s'ainssi est qu'en soyés bien songneuse
Tousjours vivre sans avoir desplaisir,
Et si ferrés a vostre ami plaisir
Duquel vous pry que vous soyés piteuse.

[He says:]

It is so that you must be careful
To live always without displeasure,
And so you will please your lover
Who begs you to have pity on him.

[Elle dit:]

Et si sachiés que tant con je vivray
Et vous aussi que ne voudrai fausser
Vers vo gent corps, ne deshonneur penser.
C'est mon vouloir, en cest estat morai.

[She says:]

And know that as long as I live,
And you as well, I will not betray
Your handsome body nor have dishonorable thoughts.
That is my will, and it will remain so.

[Il dit:]

Pour vous tenir en la grace amoureuse
Qu'a belle amour, mon joyeux souvenir,
Je vous supply que vous prenez desir
De devenir, ce mois de may, joyeuse.

[He says:]

To retain the loving grace
That beautiful love has, my joyful memory,
I beg you to entertain the desire
To become joyful on this month of May.

[Elle dit:]

Mon doulx amy tenés vous tout temps gay
Et ne pensés qu'a loyaulment amer,
Car pour l'amour de nous deux confermer,
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