

Guillaume de Machaut's *Remede de Fortune*

Texts & translations

Ballade (B13) Esperance qui m'asseure

Esperance qui m'asseure
Joie sans per, vie a mon vueil,
Dous penser, sade norriture,
Tres bon eur, plaisant accueil,
Et meint autre grant bien recueil,
Quant Amours m'a tant enrichi
Que j'aim dame, s'aten merci.

Et se cest atente m'est dure
En desirant, pas ne m'en dueil,
Car le gré de ma dame pure
Et d'Amours tous jours faire vueil.
Et s'a guerredon sans pareil,
Ce m'est vis, puis qu'il est ainsi
Que j'aim dame, s'aten merci.

Car Souvenirs en moy figure
Sa fine biauté sans orgueil,
Sa bonté, sa noble figure,
Son gent mainteing, son bel accueil,
Et comment si dous riant oueil
Par leur attrait m'ont mené, si
Que j'aim dame, s'aten merci.

Hope which assures me of
joy without peer, a life to my liking,
sweet thought, pleasing sustenance,
great happiness, pleasant welcome,
and many other great good things I receive,
since Love has so enriched me
that I love a lady and await reward.

And though this waiting is hard
because of my desire, I don't complain,
for I always want to do the will
of my faultless lady and of Love,
and it is a recompense without equal,
in my opinion,
that I love a lady and await reward.

For Memory depicts in my mind's eye
her fine beauty without pride,
her goodness, her noble mien,
her genteel bearing, her fair welcome,
and reminds me how her sweet laughing eyes
attracted me and drew me in, so
that I love a lady and await reward.

Lai (RF1) Qui n'aroit autre deport

I
Qui n'aroit autre deport
En amer
Fors dous Penser
Et Souvenir
Aveuc l'Espoir de joir,
S'aroit il tort,
Se le port
D'autre confort
Voloit rouver;
Quar pour .i. cuer saouler
Et soustenir
Plus querir
Ne doit merir
Qui aime fort.

Encor y a maint ressort:
Remembrer,
Ymaginer
En dous plaisir
Sa dame veoir, oyr,

I
He who has no other pleasure
in love
but Sweet Thought
and Memory,
with Hope of satisfaction,
would be wrong
if he sought
the aid
of any further comfort;
for he who loves deeply
must not seek
further reward
to satisfy
and sustain his heart.

Still, there remain many consolations:
to remember,
to imagine
with sweet pleasure
seeing and hearing his lady,

Son gentil port;
Le recort
Dou bien qui sort
De sn parler
Et de son douls regarder,
Dont l'entrouvrir
Puet garir
Et garantir
Amant de mort.

II

Et qui vorroit plus souhaidier—
Je n'os cuidier
Si fol cuidier
Que cilz aime de cuer entier
Qui de tels biens n'a souffissanche;
Quar qui plus quiert, il vuet trichier,
S'Amours tant chier
L'a que fichier
Deigne par l'oel de son archier
En son cuer d'eaus la congnoissanche.

Car on ne les puet esprisier,
Ne trop prisier,
Quant de legier
Pueent de tous mauz alegier,
Et faire par leur grant poissanche
Un cuer navré sain et legier,
Sans nul dangier,
Et eslongier
De mal, et de joie aprouchier,
Seulement de leur remembranche.

V

Et se par Desir recueil
Aucun grief, pas ne m'en dueill,
Quar son tres dous riant oeil
Tout adouchist
Le grief qui de Desir ist;
Si me plaist et abelist
Tant que au porter me delit
Plus que ne sueil,

Pour sa beauté sans orgueil
Qui toutes passe, a mon vueul,
Et pour son tres Bel Accueil
Qui tousdis rit;
Si qu'en plaisance norrist
Mon cuer et tant m'enrichist
Qu'einssi vivre me sousfist,
Ne plus ne vueul.

VI

Fors tant, qu'en aucune maniere
Ma dame chiere,

her noble bearing;
the recollection
of the good that emanates
from her words
and her sweet look,
whose glance
can heal
and protect
a lover from death.

II

And should anyone want more—
I dare not conceive of
such a foolish notion
that anyone who is not satisfied
with such benefits loves with his whole heart!
For he who seeks more wants to cheat,
though Love holds him
so dear that she deigned
to shoot the knowledge of these things
through his eye into his heart, with her arrow.

For one cannot value
or esteem them too much,
since they can easily
relieve all pains,
and by their great power
make a wounded heart hale and healthy,
without conflict,
banish
grief, and draw joy near,
merely through remembering them.

V

And if I experience any sorrow
on account of Desire, I don't complain,
for her sweet laughing eye
wholly soothes
the grief that issues from Desire;
and it pleases and delights me
so, that I enjoy bearing it
more than I used to,

On account of her beauty without pride
(which surpasses all others, to my mind)
and because of her very Fair Welcome
which is ever smiling;
so that it nourishes my heart
with pleasure, and so enriches me
that to live this way is all I need,
and all I want.

VI

Except—in no way does
my dear lady,

Qui de mon cuer la tresoriere
Est et portiere,
Sceüst qu'elle est m'amour premiere
Et derreniere,
Et plus l'aim que moy ne mon bien,
Non pas d'amour vaine et legiere,
Mais si entiere,
Que mieulz ameroie estre en biere
Qu'a parchonniere
Fust, n'en moy pensée doubliere.
Tels tousdis iere,
Comment qu'elle n'en sache rien.

Car ne sui tielz qu'a moy affiere
Que s'amour quiere,
Ne que de son vueul tant enquiere
Que li requiere;
Car moult pourroit comparer chiere
Telle priere
Mes cuers qui gist en son lyen.
Pour ce n'en fai semblant ne chiere,
Que je n'acquiere
Refus qui me deboute ou fiere
De li arriere;
Car se sa doucheurs m'estoit fiere,
Amours murtriere
Seroit de moy, ce sai je bien.

VIII

Dont la bonne et belle,
Comment sara elle
Que de li veoir
En mon cuer s'ostelle
Une amour nouvelle
Qui me renouvelle
Et me fait avoir
Joiouse nouvelle,

De quoy l'estancelle
Fait sous la mamelle
Mon fin cuer ardoir?
S'en frit et sautelle,
Que hons ne damoyselle,
Dame ne pucelle,
Ne le puet savoir,
Si le port et celle.

IX

Amours que j'en pri,
Qui vult et souffri
Qu'a li, sans detri,
Quant premiers la vi, m'offri,
Li porra bien dire
Que pour s'amour fri
Sans plainte et sans cri,

who is the treasurer
and doorkeeper of my heart,
know that she is my first love
and my last!
And I love her more than myself or any thing,
not with a vain and frivolous love,
but one so all-encompassing
that I would rather be in my coffin
than share my love
with another, nor think any deceitful thought.
Thus shall it be always,
even though she knows nothing of it.

For I am not worthy
to ask for her love,
nor to so much seek to know her favor
as to request it of her:
my heart could pay very dearly
for such a petition,
for it lies bound in her snare.
And so I don't let it show at all,
so that I am not answered with
a refusal that would drive me
far away from her;
for if her sweetness were denied me,
Love would be my
murderer, that I know well.

VIII

So, how will the good and fair lady—
know that,
upon seeing her,
a new love
lodges in my heart,
which renews me
and brings me
happy news,

whose spark
makes my whole heart
burn within my breast?
So I tremble and shake,
for no man or woman,
no lady or maiden,
may know of it;
so I carry it hidden.

IX

Love, to whom I pray,
who wished and allowed
me to offer myself to her
at once when I first saw her,
could easily tell her
that I burn with love for her,
without complaint and without cry,

Et qu'a li m'ottri,
Comme au plus tres noble tri
Que peusse eslire,

Et qu'autre ne tri;
Ainçoys a l'ottri
Qu'onc ne descouvri,
Dont maint sospir ay murdri
Qui puis n'orent mire.
Main s'en mon depri
Met Amours estri,
Je n'en bray ne cri,
N'autrement ne m'en deffri,
Ne pense a defrire.

XI

Car comment que Desirs m'assaille
Et me face mainte bataille
Et poingne de l'amoureux dart,
Qui souvent d'estoc et de taille
Celeement mon cuer detaille,
Certes bien en vain se travaille,
Car tous garist son dous regart

Qui paist d'amoureuse vitaille
Mon cuer, et dedens li entaille
Sa beauté fine par tel art
Qu'autre n'est de quoy il me chaille,
Et des biens amoureux me baille
Tant qu'il n'est joye qui me faille
Que n'aie de li, que Dieus gart.

XII

Et pour ce, sans nul descort
Endurer
Vueil et celer
L'ardant desir
Qui vuet ma joie amenrir
Par soutil sort;
Si le port
Sans desconfort
Et vueil porter;
Car s'il fait mon cuer trambler,
Taindre et palir,
Et fremir,
A bien souffrir
Dou tout m'acort.

Il me fait par son enort
Honnourer,
Servir, doubter,
Et oubeïr
Ma dame et li tant chierir
Qu'en son effort
Me deport.

and that I dedicate myself to her
as the most noble choice
I could make,

and that I choose no other.
Instead Love has decreed
that I never reveal it,
wherefore I have suffered many a sigh
that never found a physician.
But though Love throws up resistance
to my prayer,
I don't wail or cry,
nor become upset in any way,
or even think of getting angry.

XI

For no matter how Desire assails me
and battles with me again and again,
piercing me with his amorous dart,
whose shaft and point
secretly cuts my heart apart,
certainly he labors in vain,
for her Sweet Glance heals all,

feeds my heart with amorous
sustenance, engraving within it
her perfect beauty with such art
that I care for nothing else,
and granting me so many loving goods
that there is no joy I need
that I do not have from her, whom God keep.

XII

Therefore, without any objection
I will endure
and conceal
the burning desire
that would diminish my joy
with subtle craft;
I bear it
without discomfort
and want to bear it,
for though it makes my heart tremble,
grow wan and pale,
and quake,
I am fully ready
to suffer it.

Desire provokes me
to honor,
serve, respect,
and obey
my lady, and so cherish her,
that I rejoice
in his efforts.

Quant il me mort
Et vuet grever,
Mais qu'a li vueille penser
Qu'aim et desir
Sans partir,
Ne repentir;
La me confort.

When he bites me
and tries to wound me,
I have only to think of her
whom I love and desire
without end
or regret:
from this I take comfort.

**Motet (M10) Hareu, hareu! / Helas! ou sera pris
confors / Obediens usque ad mortem**

TRIPLUM

Hareu, hareu! le feu, le feu, le feu
D'ardant desir, qu'ainc si ardant ne fu,
Qu'en mon cuer ha espris et soustenu
Amours, et s'a la joie retenu
D'espoir qui doit attemprer celle ardure.
Las! se le feu qui ensement l'art dure,
Mes cuers sera tous bruis et estains,
Que de ce feu est ja nercis et tains
Pour ce qu'il est fins, loyaus et certains.
Si que j'espoir que deviés y ert, eins
Que bonne Amour de merci l'asseüre
Par la vertu d'esperance seüre.
Car pour li seul, qui endure mal maint,
Pitié deffaut, ou toute biauté maint:
Durtés y regne et Dangiers y remaint,
Desdains y vit et Loyautés s'i faint
Et Amours n'a de li ne de moy cure.
Joie le het, ma dame li est dure,
Et, pour croistre mes dolereus meschiés,
Met dedens moy Amours, qui est mes chiés,
Un desespoir qui si mal entechiés
Est que tous biens ha de moy esrachiés,
Et en tous cas mon corps si desnature
Qu'il me convient morir malgré Nature.

MOTETUS

Helas! ou sera pris confors
Pour moy qui ne vail nès que mors?
Quant riens garentir ne me puet
Fors ma dame chiere qui vuet
Qu'en desespoir muire, sans plus,
Pour ce que je l'aim miex que nuls,
Et Souvenir pour enasprir
L'ardour de mon triste desir
Me moustre adès sa grant bonté
Et sa fine vraie biauté
Qui doublement me fait ardoir?
Einsi sans cuer et sans espoir,
Ne puis pas vivre longuement,
N'en feu cuers humeins nullement
Ne puet longue durée avoir.

TRIPLUM

Help, help! the fire, the fire, the fire
of burning desire, burning as never before,
which Love has kindled and stoked
in my heart, withholding the joy
of hope which could soothe this burning.
Alas! if the fire which burns this way lasts,
my heart will be totally burned out and extinguished,
for it is already blackened and charred
just for being pure, loyal, and trustworthy.
So that I hope it goes out, and
that good Love will assure my heart of mercy
through the virtue of certain hope.
Because for it alone, which endures many pains,
Pity is lacking, where all beauty rules:
There Cruelty reigns and Danger is always present,
Disdain lives there and Loyalty is feigned,
And Love cares nothing for my heart or for me.
Joy hates it, my lady is hard towards it,
and, to increase my dolorous trials,
Love, who is my lord, engenders within me
a despair that has so badly infected me
that it has eradicated all good things,
and in all ways has so denatured my body
that I must die in spite of Nature.

MOTETUS

Alas! where will comfort be found
for me, for whom nothing but death will avail?
when nothing can protect me
save my dear lady, who wishes
nothing more than that I die in despair
because I love her better than any other?
and Memory, in order to embitter
the ardor of my sad desire,
continually sets before me her great goodness
and her pure, true beauty,
which makes me burn twice as badly?
In this condition, without heart or hope,
I cannot survive for long,
nor can any human heart
last long in the fire.

TENOR

Obediens usque ad mortem.

TENOR

Obedient unto death.

Complainte (RF2) Tieus rit au main qui au soir pleure

1

Tieus rit au main qui au soir pleure
Et tieus cuide qu'Amours labeure
Pour son bien, qu'elle li court seure
Et mal l'atourne;
Et tieus cuide que Joie acqueure
Pour li aidier, qu'elle demeure.
Car Fortune tout ce deveure,
Quant elle tourne,
Qui n'atent mie qu'il ajourne
Pour tourner; qu'elle ne sejourne,
Ains tourne, retourne et bestorne,
Tant qu'au desseure
Met celui qui gist mas en l'ourne,
Le seurmonté au bas retourne,
Et le plus joieus mat et mourne
Fait en po d'eure.

2

Car elle n'est ferme n'estable,
Juste, loyal, ne veritable;
Quant on la cuide charitable,
Elle est avere,
Dure, diverse, espouventable,
Traître, poignant, decevable;
Et quant on la cuide amiable,
Lors est amere.
Car ja soit ce qu'amie appere,
Douce com miel, vraie com mere,
La pointure d'une vipere
Qu'est incurable
En riens a li ne se compere,
Car elle traïroit son pere
Et mettroit d'onneur en misere
Deraisonnable.

15

Fortune est amour haineuse,
Bonneurté maleureuse,
C'est largesse avaricieuse,
C'est orphenté,
C'est santé triste et doulereuse,
C'est richesce la souffraiteuse,
C'est noblesse povre et honteuse,
Sans loyauté;
C'est l'orgueilleuse humilité,
C'est l'envieuse charité,
C'est perilleuse seurté,

1

He who laughs in the morning weeps in the evening,
and he believes that Love labors
on his behalf, while she persecutes
and betrays him.
He imagines Joy rushing
to his aid, while she dawdles.
For Fortune destroys all this
when she turns her wheel,
and she doesn't wait for daybreak
before she turns it: she doesn't pause,
but turns, turns again, and turns it all the way around
until she brings to the top
the one who was lying flat in the gutter,
returns the exalted one to the bottom,
and makes the happiest person sad and gloomy
in no time at all.

2

For she's not constant or stable,
just, loyal, or true;
just when you think she's charitable,
she's stingy,
hard, fickle, frightening,
traitorous, piercing, deceitful;
and when you think she's friendly,
then she's bitter.
For though she appears to be a friend—
sweet as honey, true as a mother—
the viper's bite,
which is incurable,
is nothing compared to her,
for she would betray her father
and topple him from honor
into unspeakable misery.

15

Fortune is hateful love,
unhappy happiness,
she's greedy generosity,
she's misery,
she's sad and suffering health,
she's miserly wealth,
she's poor and shameful nobility
without loyalty;
she's haughty humility,
she's envious charity,
she's perilous security,

Trop est douteuse;
C'est puissance en mandicité,
C'est repos en adversité,
C'est famine en cuer saoulé,
C'est joie ireuse.

16
C'est souffrance la rigoureuse,
C'est souffisance couvoiteuse,
C'est pais dolente et rioteuse,
C'est vanité;
C'est pacience dongereuse,
C'est diligence peresseuse,
C'est oubliance la songneuse
Contre amisté;
C'est l'arbre de inhumanité,
Enraciné seur fausseté:
L'estoc est qu'en sa verité
Est mensongeuse,
Les flours sont de desloyauté
Et les feuilles de iniquité,
Mais li fruis est de povreté
Dure et crueuse.

19
Einsi m'a fait, ce m'est avis,
Fortune qui ci vous devis,
Car je souloie estre assevis
De toute joye,
Or m'a d'un seul tour si bas mis
Qu'en grief plour est mué mon ris,
Et que tous li biens est remis
Qu'avoit souloie.
Car la belle ou mes cuers s'otroie,
Que tant aim que plus ne porroie,
Maintenant veoir n'oseroie
En mi le vis.
Et se desir tant que la voie
Que mes dolens cuers s'en desvoie,
Pour ce ne scay que faire doye,
Tant sui despris.

Chant royal (RF3) Joye, plaisance, et douce nourreture

Joye, plaisance, et douce nourreture,
Vie d'onneur prennent maint en amer;
Et plusseurs sont qui n'i ont fors pointure,
Doulour, ardur, plour, tristesse, et amer.
Ce dient; mais acorder
Ne me puis, qu'en la sousfrance
D'Amours ait nulle grevance,
Car tout ce qui vient de li
Plaist a cuer d'ami.

too much to be doubted;
she's penniless power,
she's resting in adversity,
she's famine in a sated heart,
she's doleful joy.

16
She's unyielding suffering,
she's covetous plenty,
she's dismal and troubled peace,
she's vanity;
she's agitated patience,
she's lazy diligence,
she's careful forgetfulness,
counter to friendship;
she's the tree of inhumanity,
rooted in falsity:
the trunk shows that in her truth
she's a liar,
the flowers are of disloyalty
and the leaves of iniquity,
and the fruit is of harsh
and cruel poverty.

19
So I've been treated, I believe,
by Fortune, whom I've described to you here,
for I used to be full
of every joy,
but now with a single turn she's brought me so low
that my laughter has turned to bitter tears
and all the good I once had
has been swept away.
For now I wouldn't dare
to look the beauty to whom I have given my heart,
and whom I could not love more,
in the face.
Yet I so much desire to see her
that my grieving heart is going mad,
so that I don't know what I ought to do,
I'm so forlorn.

Joy, pleasure, sweet sustenance,
and a life of honor: many find these in love.
But there are many who find nothing but hurt,
sorrow, burning grief, tears, sadness, and bitterness.
So they say—but I cannot
agree, for in the sufferings
of Love there is no hurt,
for everything than comes from her
is pleasing to a lover's heart.

Car vraye Amour en cuer d'amant figure
Tres douce Espoir et gracieus Penser:
Espoir attrait Joie et Bonne Adventure,
Dous Penser fait Plaisance en cuer entrer,
Si ne doit plus demander
Cilz qui a Bonne Esperance,
Doulz Penser, Joye, et Plaisance,
Car qui plus requiert, je di
Qu'Amours l'a guerpi.

Dont cilz qui vit de si douce pasture
Vie d'onnour puet bien et doit mener,
Car de tous biens a a comble mesure,
Plus qu'autres cuers n'en saroit desirer,
Ne d'autre merci rouver
N'a desir, cuer, ne beance,
Pour ce qu'il a Souffisance;
Ne je ne scay nommer cy
Nulle autre merci.

Mais ceulz qui sont en tristesse, en ardure,
En plours, en plains, et en doulour sans cesser,
Et qui dient qu'Amours leur est si dure
Qu'il ne peuvent sans morir plus durer,
Je ne puis ymaginer
Qu'il aiment sans decevance
Et qu'en euls trop ne s'avance
Desirs. Pour ce sont ainssi,
Qu'il l'ont deservi;

Qu'Amours, qui est de si noble nature
Qu'elle scet bien qui aime sans fausser,
Scet bien paier as amans leur droiture:
C'est les loyaus de joye saouler
Et d'eaus faire savourer
Ses douçours en habondance;
Et les mauvais par sentence
Sont com traitres failli
De sa court bani.

Amours, je scay sans doubtance
Qu'a .c. doubles as meri
Ceuls qui t'ont servi.

Motet (M8) Qui es promesses de Fortune / Ha Fortune / Et non est qui adjuvet

TRIPLUM

Qui es promesses de Fortune se fie
Et es richesse de ses dons s'asseure,
Ou cils qui croit qu'elle soit tant s'amie
Que pour li soit en riens ferme ou seure,
Il est trop fols, car elle est non seure,

For True Love in a lover's heart creates
sweetest Hope and gracious Thought:
Hope attracts Joy and Good Luck,
Sweet Thought makes Pleasure enter one's heart,
and he who has Good Hope,
Sweet Thought, Joy, and Pleasure
should not ask for more,
for if he seeks anything more, I say
that Love has abandoned him.

Therefore he who lives on such sweet food
can and should live a life of honor,
for he enjoys all blessings in full measure,
more than another heart could possibly desire,
nor does he have the desire, heart, or longing
to seek further reward,
because he has Sufficiency,
nor could I name here
a better reward.

As for those who suffer sadness, distress,
weeping, moaning, and sorrow without cease,
and who say that Love is so hard towards them
that they can endure no more without dying,
I cannot imagine
that they love without deceit,
and that they are not overwhelmed by
Desire. That's why they feel this way,
and they deserve it,

for Love, who is of such noble nature
that she knows well who loves without duplicity,
knows just how to pay lovers their due:
she sates the loyal with joy
and allows them to savor
her sweetnesses in abundance,
while the wicked are sentenced
like perfidious traitors
to banishment from her court.

Love, I know without doubt
that you have rewarded twice a hundred times over
those who have served you.

TRIPLUM

He who trusts in Fortune's promises
and feels assured of her rich gifts,
or he who believes that she is so much his friend
that for him she is at all constant or sure
is a great fool, for she is unreliable,

Sans foy, sans loy, sans droit et sans mesure:
C'est fiens couvers de riche couverture,
Qui dehors luist et dedens est ordure.
Une ydole est de fausse pourtraiture,
Ou nuls ne doit croire ne mettre cure;
Sa convenance en vertu pas ne dure,
Car c'est tous vens, ne riens qu'elle figure
Ne puet estre fors de fausse figure;
Et li siens sont toudis en aventure
De trebuchier; car, par droite nature,
La desloyal renoie, parjure,
Fausse, traître, perverse et mere sure
Oint et puis point de si mortel pointure
Que ceaus qui sont fait de sa norriture
En traison met a desconfiture.

MOTETUS

Ha! Fortune, trop sui mis loing de port,
Quant en la mer m'as mis sans aviron
En un batel petit, plat et sans bort,
Foible, pourri, sans voile, et environ
Sont tuit li vent contraire pour ma mort,
Si qu'il n'i a confort ne garison,
Merci n'espoir, ne d'eschaper ressort,
Ne riens de bien pour moy, car sans raison
Je voy venir la mort amere a tort
Preste de moy mettre a destruction;
Mais celle mort reçoij je par ton sort,
Fausse Fortune, et par ta traison.

TENOR

Et non est qui adjuvet.

Baladelle (RF4) En amer a douce vie

En amer a douce vie
Et jolie,
Qui bien la scet maintenir,
Car tant plaist la maladie,
Quant norrie
Est en amoureux desir,
Que l'amant fait esbaudir
Et querir
Comment elle monteplie.
C'est dous maus a soustenir,
Qu'esjoir
Fait cuer d'ami et d'amie.

Qu'Amours par sa signourie
Humelie
L'amoureux cuer a souffrir,
Et par sa noble maistrerie
Le maistrerie,
Si qu'il ne puet riens sentir

faithless, lawless, without justice or measure:
she's feces draped in a rich covering,
gleaming on the outside and filth within.
An idol is she, falsely portrayed,
in whom none should believe or place his trust;
her covenant has no lasting force,
for it is all wind, and nothing she makes
can be anything but a forgery;
and her friends are always at risk
of stumbling; for, true to her nature,
the disloyal apostate, perjurer,
false, traitorous, perverse and bitter mother
flatters and then pierces with such a mortal puncture
that those raised on her nourishment
are routed in treachery.

MOTETUS

Ah! Fortune, I have been carried too far from port,
since you sent me to sea without an oar,
in a tiny boat, flat and without rudder,
weak, rotten, without sail; and all around
the winds blow against me, seeking my death,
so that there is no comfort or defense,
no hope of mercy, no route of escape,
nor anything good for me, for without cause
I see bitter death approach, wrongfully
ready to send me to my destruction;
but this death is mine through your doing,
false Fortune, and through your treachery.

TENOR

And there is none who might help.

To be in love is a sweet life
and a happy one
for him who knows how to live it,
for the malady is so pleasing
when it is nourished
by amorous desire,
that it emboldens the lover
and makes him seek
how it spreads.
It is a sweet trouble to bear,
that brings joy to
the hearts of a lover and his lady.

For Love by her sovereignty
abases
the loving heart to suffer,
and by her noble mastery
she rules it,
so that it feels nothing

Que tout au goust de joïr
Par plaisir
Ne prengne, je n'en doubt mie.
Einsi saous de merir,
Sans merir,
Fait cuer d'ami et d'amie.

Si doit bien estre cherie
Et servie,
Quant elle puet assevir
Chascun qui li rueve et prie
De s'aïe,
Sans son tresor amenrir.
De la mort puet garentir
Et garir
Cuer qui de santé mendie;
De souffisance enrichir
Et franchir
Fait cuer d'ami et d'amie.

Ballade (RF5) Dame, de qui toute ma joie vient

Dame, de qui toute ma joie vient,
Je ne vous puis trop amer, ne cherir,
N'assés loer, si com il appartient,
Servir, doubter, honnourer, n'obeir;
Car le gracieus Espoir,
Douce dame, que j'ay de vous veoir,
Me fait .c. foy plus de bien et de joye
Qu'en cent mil ans desservir ne porroie.

Cilz douls Espoirs en vie me soustient
Et me norrist en amoureux desir,
Et dedens moy met tout ce qui couvient
Pour conforter mon cuer et resjoir;
N'il ne s'en part main ne soir,
Ainçoys me fait doucement recevoir
Plus des douls biens qu'Amours aus siens envoie
Qu'en cent mil ans desservir ne porroie.

Et quant Espoir qui en mon cuer se tient
Fait dedens moy si grant joie venir
Lointains de vous, ma dame, s'il avient
Que vo beauté voie que moult desir,
Ma joie, si com j'espoir,
Ymager, penser, ne concevoir
Ne porroit nuls, car trop plus en aroie
Qu'en cent mil ans desservir ne porroie.

but that which tastes wholly of joy
through pleasure:
of this I have no doubt.
Thus she rewards in full,
without rewarding,
the hearts of a lover and his lady.

So Love must be cherished
and served,
since she can satisfy
everyone who implores and prays
for her aid,
without diminishing her treasure.
She can protect a heart from death
and heal
one that begs for health;
she enriches with self-sufficiency
and liberates
the hearts of a lover and his lady.

Lady, from whom all my joy comes,
I cannot love or cherish you too much,
praise you enough, or serve, fear,
honor, or obey you as is fitting;
for the gracious Hope,
sweet lady, that I have of seeing you
brings me a hundred times more good and joy
than I could deserve in a hundred thousand years.

This sweet Hope keeps me alive
and nourishes me with amorous desire,
and creates in me everything needed
to comfort and bring joy to my heart;
nor does she abandon me, morning or evening,
but makes me sweetly receive
more of the sweet things that Love sends her own
than I could deserve in a hundred thousand years.

And since Hope, who presides in my heart,
brings me such great joy
even when I'm far from you, my lady, if I were
ever to see your beauty (which I desire so much),
my joy, as I hope,
would be impossible for anyone to imagine,
comprehend, or conceive; for I would have more
than I could deserve in a hundred thousand years.

**Motet (M20) Trop plus est bele que biauté / Biauté
parée de valour / Je ne sui mie certains**

TRIPLUM

Trop plus est bele que Biauté
Et millour que ne soit Bonté,
Pleinne de tout ce, a dire voir,
Que bonne et belle doit avoir,
Ce m'est vis, celle que desir
Et aim sans nul vilain desir.
Dont se je l'aim, et je qu'en puis,
Quant en sa fine biauté truis
De tous mes maus la garison,
Leesse, confort, guerredon,
Et secours de tous les meschiés
Dont par desir sui entichiés,
Comment qu'elle n'en sache rien;
Car toute la joie et le bien
Que j'ay, de sa grace me vient,
Sans plus, quant de li me souvient,
N'autre bonté de li n'enport.
Si pri Amours qu'en tel acort
Soit, pour ce que miex l'aim que mi,
Qu'elle me teingne pour ami.
Amen.

MOTETUS

Biauté parée de valour,
Desirs qui onques n'a sejour
D'acroistre, eins croist de jour en jour
En plaisance et en douce ardour,
Dous Regars pris par grant savour,
Tous pleins de promesse d'amour,
D'esperoir, de joie, de tenrour
Et de pointure de douçour,
Font que j'aim des dames la flour.
Or me doint Diex grace et vigour
Qu'au gré d'Amours et a s'onnour
La puisse servir sans folour.
Amen.

TENOR

Je ne sui mie certains d'avoir amie,
Mais je suis loyaus amis.

**Virelai (Lescurel) Dis tans plus qu'il ne faudroit
flours**

Dis tans plus qu'il ne faudroit flours
A faire un mont jusques es ciex
Mant a vous salus et douçours
Et veil d'amer moi vous doint Diex.

Jeune et belle et gracieuse,

TRIPLUM

Far more beautiful than Beauty itself is she,
and better than Goodness,
and full of everything, in truth,
that a good and beautiful lady should have,
it seems to me, she whom I desire
and love without any base desire.
Therefore I love her, and cannot do otherwise,
since in her pure beauty I find
a cure for all my ills,
happiness, comfort, reward,
and help for all the misfortunes
that afflict me through desire—
although she knows nothing of this!
For all the joy and good
which I have comes to me from her grace
and nothing more, when I remember her,
and I take no other good from her.
And so I pray to Love to grant,
that, because I love her better than myself,
she take me for her friend.
Amen.

MOTETUS

Beauty adorned with valor;
Desire which never ceases
to increase, but grows from day to day
in pleasure and sweet ardor;
Sweet Glance, greatly savored;
all filled with the promise of love,
hope, joy, tenderness,
and the sting of sweetness—
these make me love the flower of ladies.
Now may God grant me grace and strength
that, as Love wills it and to her honor,
I may serve her without fault.
Amen.

TENOR

I am not at all sure of having a lover,
but I am a loyal friend.

Ten times greater than the flowers which would
make a mountain as high as the heavens
are your virtues and sweetnesses,
and may God grant that you love me.

Young and fair and gracious,

En vous ai tout mon cuer mis.

Honneur et joie amoureuse
Aiez, frans cuer dous, tousdis.

Ne sens grietés, mes granz douçours
Des que vous remir de mes iex,
En moi croit tout ainsi amours
Loiaus puis par vous ai biens tiex.

Dis tans plus...

to you have I given my whole heart.

May you have honor and amorous joy
always, noble sweet heart.

Rather than pain, I feel great sweetness
as soon as I behold you with my eyes,
and thus loyal love grows in me,
for through you I have every good thing.

Ten times greater...

Virelai (RF6) Dame, a vous sans retollir

Dame, a vous sans retollir
Doins cuer, pensée, desir,
Corps, et amour,
Comme a toute la millour
Qu'on puist choysir,
Ne qui vivre ne morir
Puist a ce jour.

Si ne me doit a foulour
Tourner, se je vous aour,
Car sans mentir,

Bonté passez en valour,
Toute fleur en douce oudour
Que on puet sentir.

Vostre biauté fait tarir
Toute autre et anientir,
Et vo douçour
Passe tout; rose en coulour
Vous doy tenir,
Et vos regards puet garir
Toute doulour.

Dame, a vous sans retollir...

Pour ce, dame, je m'atour
De trestoute ma vigour
A vous servir,

Et met, sans nul vilain tour,
Mon cuer, ma vie et m'onnour
En vo plaisir.

Et se Pitiés consentir
Vueut que me daigniez oir
En ma clamour,
Je ne quier de mon labour
Autre merir,
Qu'il ne me porroit venir

Lady, to you without reservation
I give my heart, thought, desire,
body, and love,
as to the very best
whom one could choose,
the best who might live or have died
until this day.

So I must not be thought
mad if I adore you,
for I do not lie when I say that

you surpass Goodness in worth
and surpass in sweet odor
any flower one might smell.

Your beauty makes every other
wither and fade away,
and your sweetness
surpasses all; your color
is that of a rose,
and your glance can heal
every sorrow.

Lady, to you without reservation...

Therefore, my lady, I prepare myself
with all my strength
to serve you,

and without base artifice place
my heart, my life, and my honor
at your pleasure.

And if Pity should consent
that you deign to hear
my appeal,
I seek no further reward
for my labor,
for no greater joy

Joye greingneur.

Dame, a vous sans retollir...

Dame, ou sont tuit mi retour,
Souvent m'estuet en destour
Plaindre et gemir,

Et, present vous, descoulour,
Quant vous ne savez l'ardour
Qu'ai a sousfrir

Pour vous qu'aim tant et desir
Que plus ne le puis couvrir.
Et se tenroure
N'en avez, en grant tristour
M'estuet fenir.
Nonpourquant jusqu'au mourir
Vostre demour.

Dame, a vous sans retollir...

could come to me.

Lady, to you without reservation...

Lady, in whom is my every recourse,
far from you I must often
lament and mourn,

and near you I must grow pale,
since you do not know the ardor
which I have to suffer

for you, whom I love and desire so much
that I can conceal it no longer.
And if you have no tenderness
towards me, in great sorrow
I must end my days.
Nonetheless I remain yours
until death.

Lady, to you without reservation...

Rondelet (RF7) Dame, mon cuer en vous remaint

Dame, mon cuer en vous remaint,
Comment que de vous me departe.
Par fine amour qui en moy maint,
Dame, mon cuer en vous remaint.
Or pri Dieu que li vostre m'aint,
Sans ce qu'en nulle autre amour parte.
Dame, mon cuer en vous remaint,
Comment que de vous me departe.

Lady, my heart remains with you,
although I myself must leave you.
By the true love that rules me,
Lady, my heart remains with you.
Now I pray God that your heart will love me,
not sharing itself with any other love.
Lady, my heart remains with you,
although I myself must leave you.

Ballade (B4) Biauté qui toutes autres pere

Biauté qui toutes autres pere,
Envers moy diverse et estrange,
Doucour fine a mon goust amere,
Corps digne de toute loange,
Simple vis a cuer d'ayment,
Regart pour tuer un amant,
Semblant de joie et de response d'esmay
M'ont a ce mis que pour amer mourray.

Beauty which is peer of all others,
inconstant and distant towards me;
exquisite sweetness, bitter to my taste;
body worthy of all praise;
innocent countenance with a heart of steel,
a glance that slays a lover,
joyful appearance and distressing reply
have brought me to this, that for love I shall die.

Detri d'otri que moult compere,
Bel Acuel qui de moy se vange,
Amour marrastre et non pas mere,
Espoir qui de joie m'estrange,
Povre secours, desir ardent,
Triste penser, cuer souspirant,
Durté, Desdaing, Dangier et Refus qu'ay
M'ont a ce mis que pour amer mourray.

Delayed requiting, which costs dearly;
Fair Welcome who takes revenge on me;
Cruel love, an unnatural mother;
Hope which deprives me of joy;
poor help, burning desire,
sad thoughts, sighing heart,
Harshness, Disdain, Rebuff, and Refusal
have brought me to this, that for love I shall die.

Si vueil bien qu'a madame appere
Qu'elle ma joie en doulour change
Et que sa belle face clere
Me destruit, tant de meschief san ge,
Et que je n'ay revel ne chant
N'ainsi com je sueil plus ne chant
Pour ce qu'Amours, mi oeil et son corps gay
M'ont a ce mis que pour amer mourray.

So I wish my lady to know
that she changes my joy to grief,
and that her fair radiant face
destroys me, such misfortune do I feel,
and that I have neither pleasure nor music,
nor do I sing as I used to,
for Love, my eyes, and her genteel person
have brought me to this, that for love I shall die.

Motet (M20) Trop plus est bele que biauté
reprise: see text above

Translations by Scott Metcalfe