

Se la face ay pale

Se la face ay pale,
 La cause est amer,
 C'est la principale,
 Et tant m'est amer
 Qu'en la mer
 Me voudroye voir;
 Or, scet bien de voir
 La belle a qui suis
 Que nul bien avoir
 Sans elle ne puis

*Se ay pesante malle
 De dueil a porter,
 Ceste amour est male
 Pour moy de porter;
 Car soy deporter
 Ne veult devouloir,
 Fors qu'a son vouloir
 Obeisse, et puis
 Qu'elle a tel pooir,
 Sans elle ne puis*

C'est la plus reale
 Qu'on puist regarder,
 De s'amour leiale
 Ne me puis garder,
 Fol sui de aguarder
 Ne faire devoir
 D'amours recevoir
 Fors d'elle, je cuij;
 Se ne veil douloir,
 Sans elle ne puis

If my face is pale,

If my face is pale,
 The cause is bitter–
 That is the primary reason–
 And so bitter is it to me
 That I would wish
 To cast myself into the sea;
 Yet, she to whom I belong
 Knows full well, in truth,
 That I can find no happiness
 I can do nothing without her

*If I bear a heavy burden
 Of grief to carry,
 This love is a cruel weight
 For me to bear;
 For it refuses to relent
 Or yield its will,
 Unless I obey
 Its every command;
 And since it holds such power,
 I can do nothing without her*

She is the most regal lady
 One could ever behold;
 I cannot guard myself
 Against her loyal love.
 I am a fool to look elsewhere,
 Or to seek the favors
 Of love from any
 Other than her, I believe;
 If I am to avoid despair,
 I can do nothing without her

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| <p>La belle se siet au pied de la tour</p> <p>La belle se siet au piet de la tour, Qui pleure et souspire et maine grand dolour. Son père lui demande : « Fille qu'avez-vous? Volez-vous mari ou volez-vous seignour ?»</p> <p>« Je ne veul mari, je ne veul seignour, Je veul le mien ami qui pourist en la tour.» « Et par Dieu, belle fille, a celui faudrez-vous Car il sera pendu demain au point du jour.»</p> <p>« Et Père si on le pent, enfouyés moy dessous, Ainsi diront les gens ce sont loyales amours.»</p> | <p>The beauty sits at the base of the tower</p> <p>The fair maiden sits at the foot of the tower, Weeping and sighing, in deep and bitter sorrow. Her father asks her: "Daughter, what troubles you? Do you desire a husband, or do you desire a lord?"</p> <p>"I desire no husband, I desire no lord; I desire my true love, who languishes within the tower." "Then by God, fair daughter, you shall surely lose him, For he is to be hanged tomorrow at the break of day." "And Father, if indeed they hang him, bury me beneath him; Thus shall the people say: 'These are true and faithful loves.'"</p> |
| <p>Adieu ces bon vins de Lannoys</p> <p>Adieu ces bon vins de Lannoys, Adieu dames, adieu borgois, Adieu celle que tant amoye, Adieu toute playssante joye, Adieu tout compaignons galois.</p> <p>Je m'en vois tout arquant des nois Car je ne truis feves ne pois, Dont bien souvent au cuer m'ennoye. Adieu ces bon vins de Lannoys, Adieu dames, adieu borgois, Adieu celle que tant amoye.</p> <p>De moy serés par plusieurs fois Regretés par dedans les bois Ou il n'y a sentier ne voye; Puis ne scaray que faire doye, Se je ne crie a haute vois :</p> <p>Adieu ces bon vins de Lannoys, Adieu dames, adieu borgois, Adieu celle que tant amoye, Adieu toute playssante joye, Adieu tout compaignons galois.</p> | <p>Farewell, those fine wines of Lannoy</p> <p>Farewell, those fine wines of Lannoy, Farewell, ladies; farewell, townsfolk; Farewell to the one I loved so dearly; Farewell to every pleasant joy; Farewell, all you merry companions.</p> <p>I am off to go gather nuts, For I can find neither beans nor peas— A lack that often weighs heavy on my heart. Farewell, those fine wines of Lannoy, Farewell, ladies; farewell, townsfolk; Farewell to the one I loved so dearly.</p> <p>You shall be, time and again, Remembered and longed for deep within the woods, Where there is neither path nor road; And then, not knowing what else to do, I shall have no choice but to cry out aloud: Farewell, those fine wines of Lannoy, Farewell, ladies; farewell, townsfolk; Farewell to the one I loved so dearly; Farewell to every pleasant joy; Farewell, all you merry companions.</p> |