

[1] Alleluia, v. / Posui adiutorium

Alleluia. Posui auditorium super potentem et exaltavi
electum de plebe mea. Alleluia.

Alleluia. I have set my judgement over the powerful
and exalted the chosen one of my people. Alleluia.

[2] Viderunt omnes

Viderunt omnes fines terre salutare dei nostri jubilate
deo omnis terra.
Notum fecit Dominus salutare suum ante conspectum
gentium revelavit iudicium suum.

All the ends of the earth have seen the salvation of our
God. Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all the earth.
The Lord hath made known his salvation: his righteousness
hath he openly shewed in the sight of the heathen.

[3] A vos vieg, chevalier sire / Et florebit

Mot(etus): A vos vieg, chevalier sire,
Del pi'e me traiez l'espine;
El sentier d'amors l'ai prise:
S'en sui malade.
S'on nela me trai, ja mourrai, lasse.

I come to you, sir knight,
Remove the thorn from my foot,
I was pricked by in the path of love;
I am ailing from it.
If someone does not remove it, I will soon die, alas.

T(enor): Et florebit

...and shall flourish...

[4] Je sui jonete / Hé Diex! je n'ai pas mari / Veritatem

Tr(iplum): Je sui jonete et jolie:
S'ai un cuer enamoré
Qui tant mi semont et prie
D'amer par jolieté
Que tuit i sunt mi pensé.
Mes mon mari ne set mie
A qui j'ai mon cuer doné:
Par les sains que l'en de prie,
Il morroit de jalousie,
S'il savoit la vérité.
Mes, foi que je doi a Dé,
J'amerai!
Ja pour mari ne lairé:
Quant il fait tout a son gré
Et de mon cors sa volenté,
De plus mon plesir feiré.

I am young and pretty
And have an enamoured heart
That so bids and entreats me
To love ardently
That all my thoughts are of love.
But my husband does not know
To whom I have given my heart
By the saints who hear our prayers,
He would die of jealousy
If he knew the truth.
But by the faith I owe God,
I will love!
Never will I stop loving because of my husband.
When he does all he wishes
And has his will with my body,
All the more will I do as I please.

Mot: Hé, Dieux! je n'ai pas mari
Du tot a mon gré:
Il n'a cortoisie en li
Ne joliveté!
Jone dame est bien traie,
Par la foi que doi a Dé,
Qui a vilain est baillie
Pour faire sa volenté;
Ce fut trop mal devisé.
De mari sul mal paie:
D'ami m'en amenderai,
Et se m'en savoit mal gré
Mon mari, si face amie,
Car, voelle ou non, j'amerai!

Oh, God! I do not have a husband
At all to my liking
There is no refinement in him
Nor ardour!
A young woman is indeed betrayed,
By the faith I owe God,
When she is handed over to a boor
For him to do his will;
This was very ill devised.
I am poorly rewarded in my husband;
I will compensate for it with a lover,
And if my husband resents me for it,
Let him find a mistress;
For – whether he likes it or not – I will love!

T: Veritatem

...of truths...

[5] Soufrés, maris, et si ne vous anuit

Soufrés, maris, et si ne vous anuit,
Demain m'arés et mes amis anuit.

Be patient, husband, and may it not irk you,
Tomorrow you will have me and my lover will tonight.

Je vous deffenc k'un seul mot n'en parlés.
– Soufrés maris, et si ne vous mouvés. –
La nuit et courte, aparmains me rarés,
Quant mes amis ara fait sen deduit.
Soufrés, maris, et si ne vous anuit,
Demain m'arés et mes amis anuit.

I forbid you to speak one word of it.
– Be patient, husband, and do not move. –
The night is short, soon you will have me again,
When my lover has had his pleasure.
Be patient, husband, and may it not irk you,
Tomorrow you will have me and my lover will tonight.

[6] S'on me regarde / Prenés i garde / Hé! mi enfant

Tr: S'on me regarde,
S'on me regarde,
Dites le moi;
Trop sui gaillarde,
Bien l'aperchoi.
Ne puis laisser que mon regard ne s'esparde,
Car tes m'esgarde
Dont mout me tarde
Qu'il m'ait o 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.
Mail pour li d'amer ne recroi,
Car par ma foi,
Pour nient m'esgarde:
Bien pert sa garde:
J'arai rechoi.

Mot: Prenés i garde
S'on me regarde
Trop sui gaillarde,
Dites le moi
Pour Dieu , vous proi,
Car tes m'esgarde
Dont mout me tarde
Qu'il m'ait o soi,
Bien l'aperchoi.
Et tel chi voi
Qui est, je croi –
Feu d'enfer l'arde! –
Jalous de moi.
Mail pour li d'amer ne recroi,
Pour nient m'esgarde:
Bien pert sa garde:
J'arai rechoi.
Et de mon ami le dosnoi.
Faire le doi:
Ne serait plus couarde.

T: Hé! mi enfant

[7] Cil bruns ne me meine mie / In seculum

Mot: Cil bruns ne me meine mie
Pour rendre en .i. abaïe,;
Mes pour mener bone vie,
Que que l'en die.
Pour folie
En ont envie
Mesdisant;
Que qu'il en voisent disant,
Bien voi
Et bien apercoi
Qu'il ne m'a mie
Ravie
Por fere nounain de moi.

T: In seculum

[8] Nus ne mi pourroit / Nonne sui, nonne, laissier / Aptatur

Tr: Nus ne mi pourroit conforter
Ne donner joie et soulas,
Se la bele non au vis cler,
Qui m'a dou tout mis en ses las.

If someone is watching me,
If someone is watching me,
Do tell me;
I am too exuberant,
I see it clearly.
I cannot keep my gaze from wandering,
For someone is looking at me
Whom I am eager
To be with,
For in truth he has
Full right to my love.
But I see someone else here
Who, I think –
May he burn in hell! –
Jealously guards me.
But in spite of him I will not renounce love,
For to tell the truth
He watches me in vain;
His surveillance is for naught:
I will find a hiding place.

Please take note
If someone is watching me:
I am too exuberant.
Do tell me,
In God's name, I beg you,
For someone is looking at me
Whom I am eager
To be with,
I see him clearly.
And I see someone else here
Who I think -
May burn in hell!-
Jealously guards me.
But in spite of him I will not renounce love.
He watches me in vain;
His surveillance is for naught:
I will find a hiding place
And have pleasure with my lover
I must do so,
And be a coward no longer.

Oh, my child

His dark-haired man is not leading me off
To enter a convent,
But to lead the good life,
Whatever people may say.
In their madness
Slanderers
Are spreading rumours;
Whatever they are saying about it,
I see clearly
And fully realize
That he has not
Ravished me
To make me a nun.

...for ever...

No one could ever comfort me
Or bring me joy and pleasure
Save the beauty with the radiant face,
Who has completely ensnared me.

Aymi! Que ferai je, las!
Quant merci trouver ne puis?
Hé! trop mi va de mal en pis!
Que, s'osasse plaidier
T: mon droit deraisnier,
Lors fusse garis;
Mais riens ne i puet aidier
Fors mercis.

Mot: Nonne sui, nonne, laissiés m'aler,
Je n'i [puis plus arrester,
Ne ja n'i voudrai] vos matines sonner,
Qui sovent mi font peinne et mal endurer.
De froit trrembler, tart couchier, main lever
M'estuet sovent, qui mi fait mont grever;
De riens ne mi plaist tel vie a demener;
Ces hores avec qu'il m'estuet recorder
Trop d'ennoi i donnent,
Et quant mi doi reposer,
Matines sonnent.

T: Aptatur

[9] Jolïement en douce / Quant voi la florete / Je sui jolïete / Aptatur

Q(uadruplum): Jolïement en douce desirree
Qui tant m'a sousprise
J'aim la blondete
Doucete
De pris,
Comme celui ou j'ai mis ma pensee..
Hé! s'en chanterai doucement pour s'amistié
Acoler et baiser
M'a cousté et coustera
Ja vilein part n'i avra:
Nostra sunt sollempnia,
Car trop biau deduit i a.
C'est trop douce vie
Que que nus en die,
De baiser, d'acoler,
De rire et de jouer
A sa douce amie.
Trop fait a proisier
Qui l'a sans dansgier
Mes l'amor devee
Ait courte duree.
Mal ait amors ou pitié
Et douçor n'est trouvee.

Tr: Quant voi la florete
Naistre en la pree,
Et j'oi l'alôte
A la matinee
Qui saut en halete,
Forment m'agree!
S'en dirai chanconete:
Amouretes
Amouretes
M'ont navré.
Et non Dé
Li cuers mi halete
En joliveté:
S'ai trouvé
Ammouretes a mon gré;
Jolivement,
Cointement
Soutivement
M'ont le cuer emblé
Et enamouré
Tant doucement.
Pour noient

Wretched me! What will I do, alas!
Since I can find no mercy?
Oh! It's going from bad to worse!
For, if I dared plead
And defend my right,
Then I would be cured:
But nothing can help me now
Except mercy.

I am a nun, a nun, let me go
I can stay here no longer,
Nor do I ever wish to ring your matins,
Which often make me suffer pain and misery.
Often I must – and it really annoys me –
Shiver from the cold, retire late, rise early;
I find nothing pleasing in such a life;
These hours that I must repeat
Are so aggravating,
And when I ought to be resting,
Matins ring.

...is fitted...

Gaily seized by sweet desire
That has stolen over me,
I am in love with the sweet
Worthy
Blonde
Who occupies my thoughts.
Ah! So I will sing sweetly for he sake of her love.
Embracing and kissing
Have and will cost me dearly.
Never will a rustic take an interest in it;
These are our solemn rituals,
For there is such ardent pleasure in it.
It is such a sweet life –
Whatever one may say –
Kissing, embracing,
Laughing and playing
With one's beloved.
He sets great store by it
Who has it without resistance,
But may thwarted love
Be short-lived.
Cursed be the love in which mercy
And sweetness are not found.

When I see the new flower
Burgeon in the meadow,
And I hear the lark
In the morning
Hopping and fluttering,
It pleases me greatly!
So I will sing a little song:
Love,
Love
Has wounded me.
In the name of God,
My heart is pounding
With joy,
For have found
A love to my liking
Gaily,
Gracefully,
Artfully,
It has stolen my heart away
And enraptured it
So sweetly
For naught

Maintieg ceste abeie:
Trop use ma vie
En grief tourment;
Je ne vivrai mie
Longuement.

Mot: Je sui joliete,
Sadete, plaisans
Joine pucelete:
N'ai pas quinze ans,
Point ma mamelete
Selonc le tans:
Si deüsse aprendre
D'amors et entendre
Le samblans
Deduisans;
Mes je sui mise en prison.
De Dieu ait maleiçon
Qui m'i mist!
Mal et vilanie et pechié fist
De tel pucelete
Rendre en abiete.
Trop i mefist,
Par ma foi;
En relegion vif a grant anoi –
Dieux! – car trop sui jonete.
Je sent les doz maus desoz ma cointurete:
Honnis soit de Dieu qui mes fist nonnete!

[10] Sederunt principes

Sederunt principes et adversum me loquebantur:
et iniqui persecuti sunt me.

Adiuvam me Domine Deus meus:
salvum me fac propter misericordiam tuam.

[11] « Mors », clausula

Alleluia. Christus resurgens ex mortuis iam non
moritur mors illi ultra non dominabitur.

[12] Non vos relinquam / Homo quo vigeas

Mot et Tr: Homo, quo vigeas vide. Dei fidei adhaereas, in spe gaudeas
et in fide intus ardeas foris luceas.

Turturis retorqueas os ad ascellas, docens ita verbo vita oris vomere de
cordibus fidelium.

Evellas lolium, liliam insere rosae, ut alium per hoc corripere speciose
valeas virtuti.

Saluti omnium studeas. Noxias delicias detesteris.
Opera considera, quae si non feceris, damnaberis.

Hac in via milita gerere, et premia cogita patriae, et sic
tuum cor in perpetuum gaudebit.

T: Alleluia. Non vos relinquam orphanos: vado et venio
ad vos et gaudebit cor vestrum. Alleluia.

Does this nunnery confine me:
I am wasting my life
In bitter torment
I will not live
Long at all.

I am a merry
Gracious, charming
Young girl,
Not yet fifteen.
My little breasts are swelling
With time.
I should be learning
About love and turning my mind
To its delightful
Ways;
But I have been put in prison.
May God curse
The one who put me here!
An evil, vile and sinful thing he did
Sending such a young girl
To a nunnery.
He did a wicked thing,
By my faith;
In the convent I live in great misery –
God! – for I am too young.
I feel the little sweet pangs beneath my little girdle:
May God curse the one who made me a nun!

Princes also did sit [and] speak against me:
they have persecuted me unjustly.

Do Thou help me, O Lord my God:
save Thou me according to Thy mercy.

Alleluia. Christ rising from the dead now does not die;
death shall have no dominion over him.

O man, see how you should flourish. You should be true to God,
rejoice in hope, and burn inwardly and shine outwardly in faith.

You should turn the head of the turtle-dove back to its wings,
thereby teaching by word of mouth that life comes forth from the
hearts of the faithful.

Pluck out the weed to sow the lily by the rose, so that by this deed
you may grow splendidly strong in virtue to grasp the garlic [i.e. the
weed].

You should be mindful for the well-being of everybody.
You should hate all wicked pleasures. Consider your actions,
because if you do not you will be damned.

Do your duty to behave on this earthly road and think on the prize of
the heavenly kingdom. And thus your heart will rejoice forever.

Alleluia, I shall not abandon you as orphans. I go and come to you,
and your heart will rejoice. Alleluia.