

Texts and Translations

Pour vous aymer j'ay mis toute ma cure
Car pour certain autre bien ne procure
Fors seulement la votre grace avoir,
Vous suppliant que me faciez savoir
Si de m'amour votre coeur aura cure.

I have given all my care to loving you
For certainly I seek no other boon
Except only to have your favour,
I beg of you to let me know
If your heart will care for my love.

Je file quand Dieu me donne de quoy
Je file ma quenouille au voy.
En un jardin m'en entray,
Trois fleurs d'amour j'y trouvay.
Je vay, je vien, je tourne, je vire,
Je ferre, je file, je tons, je raiz,
Je danse, je saute, je ris, je chante,
Je chauffe mon four,
Je garde mes ouailles du loup.
Je file quand Dieu me donne de quoy,
Je file ma quenouille au voy.

I spin when God gives me the wherewithal
I spin my distaff, oho!
Into a garden I entered,
three flowers of love I found there.
I go, I come, I turn, I turn about,
I fit, I spin, I shear, I shave, I dance,
I leap, I laugh, I sing,
I heat my oven,
I guard my sheep from the wolf.
I spin when God gives me the wherewithal,
I spin my distaff, oho!

Mille regretz de vous abandonner
Et d'eslonger vostre fache amoureuse,
Jay si grand dueil et paine douloureuse,
Quon me verra brief mes jours definir.

I still regret a thousand times my flight;
I left behind your loving disposition.
Great is my grief and sorrowful contrition,
And soon my days will fade into the night.

Tant que vivray en aage florissant,
Je serviray Amour le Dieu puissant,
En fait, et dictz, en chansons, et accords.

Par plusieurs jours m'a tenu languissant,
Mais apres dueil m'a fait resjouyssant,
Car j'ay l'amour de la belle au gent corps.
Son alliance
Est ma fiance:
Son cueur est mien,
Mon cueur est sien:
Fy de tristesse,
Vive lyesse,
Puis qu'en Amours a tant de bien.

Quand je la veulx servir, et honnorer,
Quand par escriptz veulx son nom decorer,
Quand je la voy, et visite souvent,
Les envieux n'en font que murmurer,
Mais nostre Amour n'en sçauroit moins durer:
Aultant ou plus en emporte le vent.
Maulgré envie
Toute ma vie
Je l'aymeray,
Et chanteray:
C'est la premiere,
C'est la derniere,
Que j'ay servie, et serviray.

As long as I live in my prime,
I shall serve the mighty king of Love
In deeds, in words, in songs, in harmonies.
That king made me languish a while;
But afterwards he made me rejoice,
Since now I have the love of the sweet-bodied
beauty.
In her friendship is my trust,
Her heart is mine, mine hers.
Away with sadness, long live gladness!
Since there are so many good things in love.

When I seek to serve and honour her,
When I seek to adorn her name with my words,
When I see and visit her ---
Her enviers only gossip.
But our love doesn't last any less long for that;
The wind carries their gossip and more away.
Despite their envy, I shall serve her
And sing of her all my life.
She is the first, she is the last,
Whom I have served and shall serve.

C'en est fait, il me faut mourir,
Puis qu'au lieu de me secourir
Vous fermez l'oreille à mes plaintes,
Ha! Melite, si mes douleurs

Estoyent sur mon visage peintes,
Pourriez vous retenir vos pleurs ?

Quoy mes maux n'ont peu vous toucher ?
Vous portez un coeur de rocher
Aussi franc d'amour, que de crainte ?
Ha! Melite...

C'en est fait je ne puis guarir :
Mais l'amour qui me fait mourir
Ne verra mes flames esteintes.
Ha! Melite...

It's done, I must die,
Then instead of helping me
You close your ears to my complaints,
Ha! Melite, if my pains
Were painted on my face,
Could you hold back your tears?

Why have my troubles touched you so little?
Do you carry a heart of stone,
As frank in love as in fear?
Ha! Melite...

It's over, I can't guarantee:
But the love that makes me die
Will not see my flames extinguished.
Ha! Melite...

Que mes soins & mes larmes
Sont des foibles armes,
Contre les rigueurs de mon sort.

Amour, quel injustice,
Le prix de mon service
N'est autre que la mort.

Le bel oeil qui m'enflame
Consume mon ame,
Ses traits me blessent sans effort.
Amour....

My cares & my tears
Are weak weapons,
Against the rigours of my fate.

Love, what injustice,
The price of my service
Is none other than death.

The beautiful eye that ignites me

consume my soul,
His features hurt me effortlessly.
Love....

Rallumez vos flambeaux, remplissez vos
carquois,
Moissonnez, meritez les palmes immortelles!
Amours, remportez, a la fois,
Cent victoires ! nouvelles
L'horreur suit le terrible Mars
Les Jeux s'amuse sur vos traces,
Partez, partez, vos nouveaux étendards
Sont l'ouvrage des Graces.

Rekindle your torches, fill your quivers,
Reap, earn the immortal palms!
Loves, win, at once,
One hundred new victories!
Horror follows the terrible Mars;
The Games have fun in your footsteps,
Go, go, your new banners
Are the work of the Graces.

The Dream

All trembling in my arms Aminta lay,
Defending of the bliss I strove to take,
Raising my rapture by her kind delay,
Her force so charming was and weak.
The soft resistance did betray the grant,
While I pressed on the heaven of my desires,
Her rising breasts with nimbler motions pant,
Her dying eyes assume new fires.
Now to the height of languishment she grows,
And still her looks new charms put on,
Now the last mystery of Love she knows,
We sigh, and kiss, I waked, and all was done.

'Twas but a dream, yet by my heart I knew,
Which still was panting, part of it was true,
Oh how I strove the rest to have believed,
Ashamed and angry to be undeceived!
(Aphra Behn)