

Anon., motet “De mes amours”/” L’autrier”/ “Defors Compiegne”

Text from Tischler, *The Montpellier Codex* vol. 3, motet 321, 192–93, with minor changes.

Translation by SK.

Versification: Triplum 10a10b10a10b10b10a10a10a10b

Motetus 10a10b10a10b10b10a10a10b

Tenor 7a7b7a7b7c7c8d4e5’d4e8d

Triplum

De mes amours sui souvent repentis,
mais Amours ne m’i laist perseverer.
L’autrier aloie, tristes et pensis,
lés un bosquet pour mes maus oublier.
5 Plus doucement que seraine de mer
chantant trouvai bele dame a devis
de ses amours, dont me sui enaigris,
et me samble, qu’il n’est plus de deduis
quel mischief qu’il i ait qu’en bien amer.

I have often regretted my loves, but Love
doesn’t allow me to persist in [regret]. The
other day I was walking, sad and deep in
thought, beside a grove in order to forget my
troubles. I found as beautiful a lady as you can
imagine singing more sweetly than a siren of
the sea about her loves, which filled me with
bitter thoughts as it strikes me that, whatever
harm there may be in it, there is no pleasure
greater than in loving well.

Motetus

L’autrier m’estuet venue volenté
de mes amours et mes chansons laisser,
mais bone amour, en qui maint honestés,
ne se veut pas ensement delaier,
5 si m’a doné cause de repairier
a la vie dont j’estoie lassés,
et m’a fait sentir plus de ses secrés
Amours c’onques mais a ce darengier.

The other day, the will came to me to give up
my loves and my songs. But good love, home
to all honorable qualities, has no wish to be
kept waiting in this way and so gave me reason
to return to the life of which I had wearied; and
in the end love made me feel more of her
secrets than ever before.

Tenor

Defors Compiegne l’autrier
sous per moi desdure alai.
En un tres jolit vergier
une tousete trouvai
5 chantant et melodiant.
et d’un si saverous talant
dist, ke moult bien l’ai escoutee:
D’un joli dart
d’Amours suis navree
10 *par son regart;*
puis qu’il li plait, forment magree.

Outside Compiègne the other day I went out
alone to amuse myself. In a very pretty garden
I found a girl singing tunefully. She sang with
such delicious desire that I listened gladly. *His
look has wounded me with the merry dart of
Love. And since it is Love’s will, I am pleased
to be so.*