

En lieux desbatz

Instead of frolics, melancholy assails me
Linked I am to false bonds of love.
Rigor keeps me hard prisoner
and do not give grace to my pains.
I must die if God does not remedy it,
Because I don't know who to turn to.

Damours me plains

For love pity me and not for you, my friend
that so long I have wanted without having.
But if you want to be his enemy,
you will confuse his saying and his knowledge.
You alone have this esteem and power.
If otherwise do not know what to do or say,
So lower his rigorous wanting
and give me the benefit that I want.

Vous perdez temps

You waste your time maligning her to me,
All you who wish to foil my intent:
The more you chide, the more her charms I see;
Why be amazed that I am so content?
The flower of her youth
No value hath, in truth?
Her beauty's but a stunt?
Cease now your great affront,
For my true love will conquer your disdain:
It masks your thirst for what you can't obtain.