

Hau, hau, hau le boys

Hau, hau, hau le boys,
Prions a Dieu, le Roy des Roys,
Garder ce gentil vin francoys,
Si en beuvrons six potz pour trois,
Hau, hau, hau le boys,
Pour mieulx nous esclarcir lex voix,
Beuvrons d'autant, je my en vois,
Hau, hau, hau le boys.

High, high, high the wood,
Let us pray to God, the King of Kings,
To preserve this noble French wine,
And we will drink six pots between three,
High, high, high the wood,
The better to clear our voices,
We will drink the more for I must go,
High, high, high the wood.

Rossignollet qui chante

Rossignollet qui chante,
Va-t'en a mon amy,
Dire qu'il se contente,
Et que c'est mon attente
De mourir avec luy.

Little singing Nightingale,
go to my lover,
tell him to be content,
and that it is my hope
to die with him.

Tu as tout seul, Jan Jan (Clement Marot)

Tu as tout seul, Jan Jan, vignes et prez;
Tu as tout seul ton cœur et ta pecune;
Tu as tout seul deux logis diaprez,
La ou vivant ne pretend chos'aucune;
Tu as tout seul le fruit de ta fortune;
Tu as tout seul ton boir'et ton repas;
Tu as tout seul toutes choses fors une,
C'est que tout seul ta femme tu n'as pas.

You have all to yourself, Jan Jan, vines and fields;
you have all to yourself your heart and your money.
You have all to yourself two fancy houses,
there where no one else can lay a claim.
You have all to yourself the fruit of your fortune;
you have all to yourself your drink and your repast.
You have all to yourself all things but one:
It is your wife that you do not have all to yourself.

Ce moys de May

Ce moys de may au joly vert bosquet,
Cest ung plaisir que d'estre soubz l'ombrage.
L'ung faict chapeaux, l'autre faict ung bouquet,
Ce moys de may au joly vert bosquet.
Tout cueur fasche lors reprent son courage.
Le rossignol en son plaisant langaige
Faict rage au boscage, son chant ramage
Triumphe assis sur la fleur du muguet,
Ce moys de may au joly vert bosquet.

In May in the pretty green wood,
It is a pleasure to be under the shade of the trees.
One person is making hats, another a bouquet,
In May in the pretty green wood
Every angry heart takes courage.
The nightingale, in its pleasing language,
Makes a racket in the wood with its warbling song;
It triumphs while seated on the lily of the valley,
In May in the pretty green wood.

Il fait bon aimer l'oisillon

Il fait bon aimer l'oisillon
Qui chante par nature,
Le mois de may au vert buisson,
Tandis que la nuit dure.

It is good to love the little bird
Who sings freely,
In the month of May from the green bush
Throughout the harsh night.

Il fait bon escouter son chant,
Plus que nul aultre sur ma foy;
Car il resjoit maintes gens.
Je le scais bien quant est a moy,
Qu'il s'apelle rossignolet
Et met toute sa cure
A bien chanter en quelque part qu'il soit;
Ainsi est sa nature.

It is good to listen to his song,
More than any other, to be sure;
For he delights many people.
As for me, I know it well,
That he is called little nightingale
And tries very hard
To sing well wherever he may be.
Such is his nature.

Soyons joyeux

Soyons joyeux sur la plaisant verdure,
A ce beau may, tant doux, tant fraiz et gay,
Il resjouist tout cœur qui dueil endure,
Soyons joyeux sur la plaisant verdure.

Let us revel in the pleasant greenery,
In this fine May, so gentle, fresh and gay,
It rejoices every heart that suffers grief,
Let us revel in the pleasant greenery.

Content desir – Vivre ne puis

Content desir qui cause ma douleur,
Heureux scavoit qui mon travail renforce,
O fort Amour, qui m'as rendu sans force,
Donnes secours a ma peine et langueur.

Pleasant desire which is the cause of my pain,
Happy knowledge which increases my distress,
O mighty Love, which has left me powerless,
Bring succour to my misery and langour.

Vivre ne puis content sans ta presence,
Mourir est doux si je n'avoie l'espoir
De prompt retour, et que loyal devoir
De mon amour luy en fist congnoissance.

I cannot live without your presence,
To die is sweet, had I not the hope
Of a speedy return, and did not my loyal duty
To my love cause me to announce it to him.

Amour et crainte et esperance

Amour et crainte et esperance
Sont ensamble communement;
Non obstant en leur alliance
Ne s'accordent aulcunement.
Amour veult tout sans jugement;
Crainte toute chose reboute;
Espérance demeure en doute.

Love and fear and hope
Are commonly together,
Even though in their alliance
They don't in any way agree.
Love wants all without discretion;
Fear rejects everything;
Hope remains in suspense.

De noz deux cueurs

De noz deux cueurs soit seulle volonte,
Et le vouloir, vray semblant de beaulte,
Maintien en luy mutuelle allegeance,
Sans convertir le plaisir en souffrance
Qu'amour nous a pour loyer presente.

Of our two hearts let there be only one will,
And may desire, the true semblance of beauty,
Maintain in itself mutual solace,
Without converting pleasure into the suffering
Which love has demanded from us in payment.

De moins que rien

De moins que rien a peu l'on peut venir,
Et puis le peu n'a sy peu de puissance
Que bien ne fait a l'asses parvenir
Celluy qui veult avoir la souffissance:
Mais si au trop de dangier il s'avance
Et ne recoipt d'asses contentement,
En dangier est par [sa] folle inconstance
De retourner a son commencement
De moins que riens.

From less than nought one can come to but little,
And then little has not so much power
But that it is good to reach enough
For him who wishes to achieve independence:
But if he pushes on too much out of subjection
And is not content with enough,
He is subject, by his foolish restlessness,
To go back to where he began
From less than nought.

En m'oyant chanter quelque fois (Clement Marot)

En m'oyant chanter quelque fois
Tu te plains qu'estre je ne deigne
Musicien, et que ma voix
Merite bien que l'on m'enseigne,
Aussi que la peine je preigne
D'apprendre: ut, re, mi, fa, sol, la.
Quel chose veux tu que j'apreigne?
Je ne boy que trop sans cela.

In hearing me sing sometimes
you complain that I deem myself worthy of being
a musician, and that my voice
really needs instruction.
Also that I should make the effort
to learn ut re mi fa sol la.
What exactly do you want me to learn?
I already drink too much without that.

Bon jour, mon coeur

Bon jour, mon cœur, bon jour ma douce vie,
Bon jour, mon œil, bon jour, ma chere amie!
He! bon jour, ma toutte belle,
Ma mignardise, bon jour,
Mes delices, mon amour,
Mon doux printems, ma douce fleur nouvelle,
Mon doux plaisir, ma douce colombelle,
Mon passereau, ma gente tourterelle,
Bon jour, ma douce rebelle!

Good day, my heart, good day, my life,
Good day, my eye, good day, my dear!
Ah! good day, my beauty,
My darling, good day,
My delight, my love,
My gentle Spring, my budding flower,
My pleasure, my sweet dove,
My little sparrow, my turtle dove!
Good day, my unruly beloved!

Cessez, mes yeux, de tant vous tormenter (Mellin de Saint-Gelais)

Cessez, mes yeux, de tant vous tormenter
Puis qu'en vos pleurs n'y a point d'allegeance!
Et vous, mon cœur, cessez de soupirer,
Et desormais prenez en patience.
Le mal est tel que je ny scay science
Fors seulement qu'il ne peut empirer.
C'est desconfort, c'est ma desesperance
Qui me fera longuement martirer.

Cease, my eyes, to torment yourselves so much
Since in your tears there is no relief.
And you, my heart, cease to sigh
And henceforth be patient.
The hurt is such that I know no science for it
But only that it cannot get worse.
It is grief, it is my despair
That will make me suffer for long.

Jouissance vous donneray (Clement Marot)

Jouissance vous donneray,
Mon amy, et vous meneray,
La ou pretend vostre esperance;
Vivante ne vous laisseray,
Encore quant morte seray,
L'esprit en aura souvenance.

I will give you good pleasure,
My love, and will lead you
Whither your hope aspires;
Living I will not leave you,
And even when I am dead,
The spirit will remember.

Changeons propos, c'est trop chante d'amours (Clement Marot)

Changeons propos, c'est trop chante d'amours;
Ce sont clamours, chantons de la serpette.
Tours vignerons ont a elle recours,
C'est le secours pour tailler la vignette.
O serpillette, O la serpillonnette,
La vignollette est par toy mise sus
Dont les bons vins tous les ans sont yssus.

Let us change our song, too much is sung of love;
That is noise, let us sing of the pruning knife.
All vineyard keepers have recourse to it,
It is of help to cut the little vine.
O little knife, O very little knife,
The little vine is by you made to fall
Whereby good wines every year are produced.

Or sus a cop, qu'on se resveille!

Or sus a cop, qu'on se resveille!
Venez ouir le chant melodieux
Du rossignol qui ne sommeille
Et va chantant en son chant gratieulx:
Ung bon amy pour l'autre veille.

Hey there, hurry, wake up!
Come hear the melodious song
Of the nightingale who does not slumber
And continues to sing his lovely song.
One good friend keeps watch for the other.

La, la, maistre Pierre

La, la, maistre Pierre,
La, la, beuvons donc!
En revenant de Nanterre,
Je m'assis sur une pierre,
Au pres de moy le flascon,
La, la, maistre Pierre,
La, la, beuvons donc!
Pour eviter le canterre,
La, la, maistre Pierre,
A ce flascon feis la guerre,
En mengeant d'ung gras jambon,
La, la, maistre Pierre,
La, la, beuvons donc!

La, la, master Pierre,
La, la, your good health!
Coming back from Nanterre,
I sat down on a stone,
With my bottle near me,
La, la, master Pierre,
La, la, your good health!
To avoid weakness,
La, la, master Pierre,
On this bottle I made war,
While eating a fat ham,
La, la, master Pierre,
La, la, your good health!