

L'on dit q'amors est dolce chose by anonymous

from Chansonier St. Germain-des-Pres, B.N.fr. 20050, folio 47v.
translation by Amelie d'Anjou

They say that Love's a sweet thing
But not for me, there's no succor.
Love does not for me joy bring
Nor do I feel its sweet rewards.
Alas! my grief takes no rest
Thus I complain and protest -
She who weeps not is surely eaten
Away by grief, it's got her beaten.

She who dares weep, lets go her sorrow,
Her suff'ring ends, there's hope for tomorrow.

I do complain that he's betrayed me
And feel great pain because of this -
Since I, his loyal lady,
Have found he loved not when he kissed.
That first time, when he kissed me
I thought he'd pledged me his whole heart.
But false lovers can kiss most falsely,
Love is not true, I'm wounded by his dart.

She who dares weep, lets go her sorrow,
Her suff'ring ends, there's hope for tomorrow.

see ms. here: <https://gallica.bnf.fr/ark:/12148/btv1b60009580/f1.planchecontact.r=20050>

