"Eyns ne soy" and "Are ne kuthe ich"
Parallel Texts in French and English
(Translations into Modern English follow)

1a
Planctus ante nescia,  7
Eyns ne soy ke pleynte fu,  7
Ar ne kuthe ich sorghe non,  7

plactu lassor anxia,  7
Ore pleyn d’angusse tressu,  8
nu ich mot manen min mon,  8

crucior dolore.  6
trop ai mal e contreyre:  7
karful, wel sore ich syche:  7

1b
Orbat orbem radio  7
Sans decerte en prisun sui,  7
Geltles, Ihc tholye muchele sche,  9/10

me Iudea filio,  7
car m’aydes tres puissant Jesu,  8
help, God, for thin swete name,  8

gaudio, dulcore.  6
duz Deus e deboneyre.  7
kyng of hevene riche.  7

2a
Fili, dulcor unice,  7
Jesu Crist veirs Deu, veirs hom,  7
Jesu Crist, sod God, sod man,  7

singulare gaudium,  7
prenge vus de mei pité  7
Loverd thu rew upon me,  7

matrem flentem respice,  7
jetez mei de la prisun  7
of prison thar ich in am  7

1 These are nos. 92a and 92b from Songs in British Sources, ed. Deeming. Repr. by permission of Stainer and Bell Ltd.
porrige solatium.

u je suis a tort geté:

bring me out and make [me] free:

2b

Pectus, mentem, lumina

Jo e mi autre compaignun

Ich and mine feren sume,

torrent tua vulnera.

Deus en set la verité

God wot ich ne lyghe noct,

que mater, que femina

tut pur autri mesprisun

for othre habbet missenome

tam felix, tam misera.

sumes a hunte liveré.

ben in thys prisun ibroct.

3a

Flos florum,

Sire Deus,

Almicti,

dux ducum,

ky as mortels

that wel lictly

venie vena,

es de pardun veine,

of bale is hale and bote,

quam gravis

sucurez,

hevene king,

in clavis

deliverez

of this woning

est tibi pena!

nus de ceste peine:

ut us bringe mote:
Proh dolor, Pardonez Foryef hem,  
hinc color et assöylez the wykke men,  
effugit oris, icels, gentil Sire,  
God, yhef it is thi wille,  
hinc ruit, si te plest, for vos gelt  
hinc fluit par ki forfet we bed ipelt  
unda cruoris. nus sufrum tel martire.  
in thos prisun hille.  

Parcito proli, Fous est ke se afie  
Ne hope non to this live,  
Mors, mihi noli! en ceste morteu vie,  
her ne may he bilive,  
tunc mihi soli Ke tant nus contralie,  
heghe thegh he stighe,  
sola mederis. et u nad fors boydie:  
ded him felled to grounde.  

Morte beate
Ore est hom en leesse, 7

*Nu had man wele and blisce,* 7

**separer a te,** 5
et ore est en tristesce, 7
*rathe he shal thar-of misse,* 7

dummodo, nate, 5
or le garist or blesce 7
*worldes wele, mid y-wisse,* 7

**non cruceris.** 5
Fortune k’ele guie. 7
*ne lasted buten on stunde* 7

5a [*= Planctus 8a]*

**Quod crimen, que sceletra** 7
Virgnë et mere au sovereign, 8
*Maiden that bare the heven king,* 8

gens commisit effera! 7
ke nus jeta de la mayn 7
*biseche thin sone, that swete thing,* 8

**vincla, virgas, vulnera** 7
al maufè, ki par Evayn 7
*that he habbe of hus rewsing* 7

**sputa, spinas, cetera** 7
nus out trestuz en sun heim, 7
*and bring hus of this woning,* 7

**sine culpa patitur.** 7
a grant dolur e peine 7
*for his muchele milse:* 7/8

5b [*= Planctus 8b]*

**Nato queso parcite,** 7
Requerez icel Seignur, 7
*He bring hus out of this wo,* 7

**matrem interficite,** 7
ke il par sa grant dulçur 7
*and hus tache werchen swo* 7
aut in crucis stipite
nus get de ceste dolur,
in thos live, go wu sit go,

simul nos affigite:
u nus sumus nuyt e jor,
that we moten ey and o

male solus moritur.
et doint joye certeine.
habben the eche blisce.

Translations
(by Helen Deeming)

French text

1. Formerly I did not know what a lament was, now full of anguish I sweat profusely, I have too much harm and damage: undeservedly I am in prison, therefore help me, most powerful Jesus, sweet and noble God. 2. Jesus Christ, true God, true man, take pity on me, release me from the prison where I am wrongfully cast: I and my other companions, God knows the truth of it, completely through others' wrongdoing are consigned to disgrace. 3. Lord God, who to mortals is the vein of pardon, succour, deliver us from this torment: pardon and absolve those, noble Lord, if it please you, by whose misdeed we suffer such torment. 4. Whoever trusts in this mortal life is mad, which so opposes us, and where is nothing but deception: now is man in joy, and now he is in sadness, now Fortune heals, now she wounds him whom she guides. 5. Virgin and mother to the sovereign, who released us from the hand of the devil, who through Eve had us all on his hook, in great suffering and torment: entreat that Lord, that he through his great sweetness might release us from this sorrow, in which we are night and day, and give us certain joy.
1. Once I knew no sorrow, but now I must express my complaint, full of care, most bitterly I sigh: guiltless, I suffer much shame, help, God, for your sweet name, king of heaven's kingdom. 

2. Jesus Christ, true God, true man, Lord take pity upon me, from this prison wherein I am, bring me out and make me free: I and some companions—God knows I do not lie—because others have done wrong, are brought into this prison. 

3. Almighty, that most readily of evil is the healing and cure, heaven's king, may you bring us out of this misery: forgive them, the wicked men, God, if it is your will, for whose guilt we are thrust into this evil prison. 

4. Let no man trust in his life, here he may not abide, high though he climb, death fells him to the ground: now man has wealth and joy, soon he shall lose them, worldly wealth, most certainly, lasts but a moment. 

5. Maiden who bore heaven's king, beseech your son, that sweet thing, that he have pity upon us, and bring us from this misery, for his great mercy: may he bring us out of this woe, and teach us so to behave in this life, go how it may, that we may forever and ever have eternal joy.