

"Eyns ne soy" and "Are ne kuthe ich"
 Parallel Texts in French and English
 (Translations into Modern English follow)¹

1a		
Planctus ante nescia,		7
Eyns ne soy ke pleynte fu,		7
<i>Ar ne kuthe ich sorghe non,</i>		7
planctu lassor anxia,		7
Ore pleyn d'angusse tressu,		8
<i>nu ich mot manen min mon,</i>		8
crucior dolore.		6
trop ai mal e contreyre:		7
<i>karful, wel sore ich syche:</i>		7
1b		
Orbat orbem radio		7
Sans decerte en prisun sui,		7
<i>Geltles, Ihc tholye muchele schame,</i>		9/10
me Iudea filio,		7
car m'aydes tres puissant Jesu,		8
<i>help, God, for thin swete name,</i>		8
gaudio, dulcore.		6
duz Deus e deboneyre.		7
<i>kyng of hevene riche.</i>		7
2a		
Fili, dulcor unice,		7
Jesu Crist veirs Deu, veirs hom,		7
<i>Jesu Crist, sod God, sod man,</i>		7
singulare gaudium,		7
prenge vus de mei pité		7
<i>Loverd thu rew upon me,</i>		7
matrem flentem respice,		7
jetez mei de la prisun		7
<i>of prison thar ich in am</i>		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.	7
u je suis a tort geté:	7
<i>bring me out and make [me] free:</i>	7
2b	
Pectus, mentem, lumina	7
Jo e mi autre compaignun	7
<i>Ich and mine feren sume,</i>	8
torquent tua vulnera.	7
Deus en set la verité	7
<i>God wot ich ne lyghe noct,</i>	7
que mater, que femina	7
tut pur autri mesprisun	7
<i>for othre habbet missenome</i>	8
tam felix, tam misera.	7
sumes a hunte liveré.	7
<i>ben in thys prisun ibroct.</i>	7
3a	
Flos florum,	3
Sire Deus,	3/4
<i>Almicti,</i>	3
dux ducum,	3
ky as mortels	3/4
<i>that wel lictly</i>	4
venie vena,	5
es de pardun veine,	6
<i>of bale is hale and bote,</i>	5
quam gravis	3
sucurez,	3
<i>hevene king,</i>	3/4
in clavis	3
deliverez	3/4
<i>of this woning</i>	4
est tibi pena!	5
nus de ceste peine:	6
<i>ut us bringe mote:</i>	6

3b	
Proh dolor,	3
Pardonez	3
<i>Foryef hem,</i>	3
hinc color	3
et assoylez	4
<i>the wykke men,</i>	4
effugit oris,	5
icels, gentil Sire,	6
<i>God, yhef it is thi wille,</i>	7
hinc ruit,	3
si te plest,	3
<i>for wos gelt</i>	3
hinc fluit	3
par ki forfet	4
<i>we bed ipelt</i>	4
unda cruoris.	5
nus sufrum tel martire.	7
<i>in thos prisun hille.</i>	6
4a [= <i>Planctus 7a</i>]	
Parcito proli,	5
Fous est ke se afie	7
<i>Ne hope non to this live,</i>	7
Mors, mihi noli!	5
en ceste morteu vie,	7
<i>her ne may he bilive,</i>	7
tunc mihi soli	5
Ke tant nus contralie,	7
<i>heghe thegh he stighe,</i>	7
sola mederis.	5
et u nad fors boydie:	7
<i>ded him felled to grounde.</i>	7
4b [= <i>Planctus 7b</i>]	
Morte beate	5

Ore est hoem en leesce,	7
<i>Nu had man wele and blisce,</i>	7
separer a te,	5
et ore est en tristesce,	7
<i>rathe he shal thar-of misse,</i>	7
dummodo, nate,	5
or le garist or blesce	7
<i>worldes wele, mid y-wisse,</i>	7
non crucieris.	5
Fortune k'ele guie.	7
<i>ne lasted buten on stunde</i>	7
5a [= <i>Planctus</i> 8a]	
Quod crimen, que scelera	7
Virgnë et mere au sovereign,	8
<i>Maiden that bare the heven king,</i>	8
gens commisit effera!	7
ke nus jeta de la mayn	7
<i>biseche thin sone, that swete thing,</i>	8
vincla, virgas, vulnera	7
al maufé, ki par Evayn	7
<i>that he habbe of hus rewsing</i>	7
sputa, spinas, cetera	7
nus out trestuz en sun heim,	7
<i>and bring hus of this woning,</i>	7
sine culpa patitur.	7
a grant dolor e peine	7
<i>for his muchele milse:</i>	7/8
5b [= <i>Planctus</i> 8b]	
Nato queso parcite,	7
Requerez icel Seignur,	7
<i>He bring hus out of this wo,</i>	7
matrem interficite,	7
ke il par sa grant dulçur	7
<i>and hus tache werchen swo</i>	7

aut in crucis stipite	7
nus get de ceste dolor,	7
<i>in thos live, go wu sit go,</i>	7
simul nos affigite:	7
u nus sumus nuyt e jor,	7
<i>that we moten ey and o</i>	7
male solus moritur.	7
et doint joye certeine.	7
<i>habben the eche blisce.</i>	7

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.

English text

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.