

Mediaeval Baebes, The "To The One"

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To the one

A celuy que pluys eyme
En mounde,
Of alle tho that I have founde
Carissima

Saluz ottreye amour,
With grace and joye all honor,
Dulcissima,

Saschez, pleysant et beelee,
That I am right in good heele,
Laus Christo!

Et moun amor done vous ay
And also thine owne night and day
Incisto

Jeo vous pry, par charite,
The wordes that here wreten be
Jeo vous pry, par charite,
O! a Dieu,
Valete!

Saches bien, par verite,
Thou me peimest bothe night and day
Amore.

Ma treduce e tresame,
Night and day for love of thee
Suspiro.

Saches bein, par verite,
Yif I deye I clepe to thee,
Amantem.

Vostre amor en mourn qoer
Brennth hote as doth the fir,
Cressendo.

Cest est ma volunte
That I mighte be with thee,
Ludendo.

Jeo vous pry, par chariteâ€!
A celuy que pluys eyme en
Moundeâ€!

To the one I love most in the
world, most dear of all those
that I have found, may love
grant greetins, with grace
and joy and all honour, most
Sweet lady.

Pleasing and beautiful (as you
are), be assued that I am in
good health, preaise heaven!
And I have given you my
love, and I preserve your own
enshrined night and day.

My most sweet abd beloved, I
sigh night and day for love of
you. Be constant and faithful; I
ask you to love me so
that I feel it.

I greive and am sad because
of you; you hurt me day and
night for love, Death has
speedingly drawn his sword: love
me well before I die of greif.
understand clearly that if I die
I call to you, the cause; and
because I served you faithfully
love me well who love you,
and don't be aloof.

This is my desire, that I might
be with you, dallying. Your
love in my heart burns as hot
as fire, increasing.

I beg you for godness' sake,
lay hold of the words here
written and turn your heart
towards me. O! to God, that he
may keep you; farewell!

