

# Esperance qui m'asseure Guillaume de Machaut

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E-spe-ran-ce qui m'as-se-u-re, joi-e sans  
Et se cest a-ten-te m'est du-re en de-si-  
Car sou-ve-nirs en moy fi-gu-re sa-fi-ne

a    a    b    a    a    r    a    a    a    r    r    a

5

per, vie a mon weil,  
rant, pas ne m'en dueil,  
biau-te sans or-gueil,

e    a    b    a    b    3/4 r    6/4 a    b    b    a    b    a

10

dous pen-ser, sa-de nor-ri-tu-re, tres bon e-  
car le gre de ma da-me pu-re et d'A-mours  
sa bon-te, sa no-ble fi-gu-re, son gent main-

a    a    b    a    a    r    a    a    a    r    r    a

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ur, tous tieng, plai-jours son sant ac-cueil, fai-re weil bel ac-cueil.

e a b a b

20

et meint au-tre grant bien re-cueil, quant A-mours  
Et s'a guer-re don sans pa-reil, ce m'est vis,  
et com-ment si dous ri-ant oueil par leur at-

b a b a r a a

25

m'a tant en-ri-chi que j'aim da-me, s'a-ten mer-ci.  
puis qu'il est ein-si trait m'ont me-né, si

a b a a b a a b a

Translation:

Hope, which assures me  
exceeding joy, the life that I wish,  
sweet thoughts, tasty food,  
very good fortune, a pleasant welcome,  
and many other great benefits I receive,  
for Love has so enriched me  
that I love a lady and await her mercy.

And if this waiting is hard for me,  
though I yearn, I don't feel sad about it,  
because to please my noble lady  
and Love is always what I want to do.  
Then my reward is without equal.  
It looks that way to me, since it is so,  
that I love a lady and await her mercy.

For in my memory I see  
her delicate beauty without arrogance,  
her goodness, her noble face.  
Her courtly manner, her fair welcome,  
and the way her eyes so sweetly laugh  
have taken me by their appeal, so  
that I love a lady and await her mercy.