

Translation (my best attempt, not knowing old French):

Living water, source of love, of my ardor, nymph, cool off my ravishing heat. Nymph, I burn from ?emotion?.[émer].

The silent, clear fountain always sparkles and viewing it, one sees its depths; there you will see nothing hidden, Living water, but I don't see the depths in your heart.

Living water, source of love...

The cool, beautiful, helpful running liquid cures and assuages the thirst of the tired pilgrim,
Living water, but you don't want to quench my thirst.

Living water, source of love...

When, dried out by the sun, the grass is dying, it longs for some rain from the sky; when happily it comes, it makes it green again. Living water, give your strength to this languishing heart.

Living water, source of love...

A-ways downstream, running on the rocks, from its waters which flow and never dry up, it wends its perennial way; Living water, may our love likewise be eternal.

Living water, source of love...