

Une jeune fillette - Jehan Chardavoine - 1576	Maskinoversættelse til engelsk
1) Une jeune fillette de noble coeur, Plaisante et joliette de grand' valeur, Outre son gre on l'a rendu' nonnette Cela point ne luy haicte dont vit en grand' douleur.	There was once a young girl, noble of heart, charming and pretty and of great worth, against her will she was made a nun; this doesn't please her at all, so she lives in great pain.
2) Vn soir apres complie seulette estoit, En grand melancolie se tourmentoit, Disant ainsi, douce Vierge Marie, Abregez moy la vie, puisque mourir je doy.	In the evening, after the [complie], alone In great melancholy she was tormented, Saying thus, sweet Virgin Mary, Abridge me life, for I must die.
3) Mon pauvre coeur souspire incessamment, Aussi ma mort desire jurnellement. Qu'a mes parens ne puis mander n'escrire, Ma beaute fort empire, je vis en grand tourment.	My poor heart yearns incessantly, So my death is a daily desire. That I cannot send or write to my relatives, My beauty is so strong that I live in great torment
4) Que ne m'a-t-on donnee a mon loyal amy, Qui tant m'a desiree aussi ay-je moy luy, Toute la nuict my tiendroit embrassee Me disant la pensee et moy la mienne a luy.	That I was not given to my loyal friend, Who so desired me, so did I desire him, All night long he would embrase me Telling me his thought and I mine to him.
5) A Dieu vous dy mon pere, ma mere e mes parens, Qui m'avez voulu faire nonette en ce couvent, Ou il n'y a point de resjouissance, Je vis en desplaisance je n'attens que la mort.	To God my father, my mother and my parents, Who wanted to make me a nun in this convent, Where there is no respite, I live in displeasure, I only wait for death.
6) La mort est fort cruelle a endurer, Combien qu'il faut par elle trestous passer. Encor'est plus grand mal que j'endure, Et la peine plus dure qu'il me faut supporter.	Death is very cruel to endure, Allthough we must all pass through it. It is still the greatest evil that I endure, And the hardest pain I have to bear.
7) A Dieu vous dy les filles de mon pays, Puis qu'en cest' Abbaye me faut mourir, En attendant de mon Dieu la sentence, Je vy en esperance d'en avoir recomfort.	To God you [dy] the girls of my country, Since in this Abbey I must die, Waiting for the sentence of my death, I hope to be comforted by it.