

**De Plus en Plus - Gilles Binchois**

*The more I love, the more I am poorly loved,  
The more I beg, the more I am refused,  
The more I try to please, the more she does not care for me,  
The more I weep, the harder is my pain  
Since my lady does not take pity on me.*

*Alas I have served her with loyalty  
Hoping to be comforted  
And every time my effort is just thrown away.  
The more I love, the more I am poorly loved,  
The more I beg, the more I am refused,  
The more I try to please, the more she does not care for me.*

*But if she was pleased that I be called  
Her only love, and that her will should weaken,  
To serve her I would take pains and take care  
For certainly I shall never gain anything else  
In awaiting her good will.*

*The more I love, the more I am poorly loved,  
The more I beg, the more I am refused,  
The more I try to please, the more she does not care for me,  
The more I weep, the harder is my pain  
Since my lady does not take pity on me.*