

Air de la gaillarde appellee  
**J'aymerois mieulx dormir seulette**

from Orchesographie, 1588/89

*I Would Rather Lie Alone*

Thoinot Arbeau (1520-1595)

The image shows a musical score for a piece titled 'J'aymerois mieulx dormir seulette'. The score is arranged in two systems, each with four staves. The top staff of each system is a treble clef, and the bottom staff is a bass clef. The music is in a 6/8 time signature and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The notation includes various note values, rests, and bar lines. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

**Mes pas semez**

*Setting by Steven Hendricks*

1. Mes pas semez et loing allez  
Par diuers solitaires lieux:  
Sont de pensers entremellez,  
Qui rendent humides mes yeux,  
Et tant plus i'ay ma voix haucée,  
Tant moins ie me sens exaucée,  
Et si ne sçay quand i'aurai mieux.

2. Je n'ai tenu mes pas si chers,  
Ny mon esprit tant endormy,  
Que par montaignes et rochers  
Je n'aye cherche mon amy:  
L'oeil au guet, l'aureille ententiuie,  
La parole prompte et naïfue,  
Mais de luy n'ay mot ne demy.

3. Quand quelqu'un parle il m'est ausis  
Que Narcissus ha quelque ennuy,  
Je me presente vis à vis  
Pour tenir propos à celuy  
Que telle parole prononce,  
En luy faisant mesme response,  
Mesme propos et mesmes dicts.

4. Narcissus, respons s'il te plaist,  
Ois tu mon cry, ie croy que non:  
Rien ne sera mon piteaux plaïd,  
Fors par tout espandre ton nom.  
Donce ie te pry ne me nie  
Ta bien amée compaignie,  
Et tu seras en bon renom.

5. Ton bon sçauoir ny parler prompt  
Ne m'acquierent aucun plaisir:  
Car l'absence de l'amy, rompt  
Tout ce qu'en espere mon desir:  
Mais plus que c'est ma destinée,  
Que ie soye amante obstinée,  
Je quitte propos et plaisir.

6. Respondant á plusieurs parleurs,  
Je n'en y sceu trouuer aucun,  
Qui s'aprochast de tes valeurs:  
Pour cela i'entretiens chacun,  
C'est en attendant ta presence:  
C'est ie suis en ferme constance,  
Parler á tous, et n'aimer qu'un.

-translation-  
1. My steps, wandering and scattered,  
Through many lonely places,  
Are mingled with thoughts  
That wet my eyes with tears.  
And the more I've called out,  
The less I've felt I was heard.  
Yet I do not know when I shall have things better.

2. I have never found my steps so precious,  
Nor my mind so benumbed,  
As in this searching among mountains and boulders  
For my beloved.  
My eyes watchful, my ears alert,  
My tongue ready and open --  
But not a word or syllable of him.

3. When someone speaks, it seems to me  
That Narcissus is vexed at something --  
I turn to face him  
Who says this thing  
And talk with him,  
Answering him with the same answer,  
The same subject, the same words.

4. Narcissus, answer me, please.  
Do you not hear my cry? I fear not;  
Nothing will come of my woeful plea, except  
To spread your name everywhere.  
I beg you not to deny me  
Your affectionate company,  
And then you will be well spoken of.

5. Your learning, your ready speech  
Bring me no pleasure;  
For the absence of my beloved shatters  
Everything my longing hopes for.  
But since it's my destiny  
To be a stubborn lover,  
I abandon my purpose and my pleasure.

6. Answering several suitors,  
I've not found any  
Who came near to your value --  
And I entertain each of them  
Only in awaiting your return;  
For I am constant;  
To speak to all and love only one.