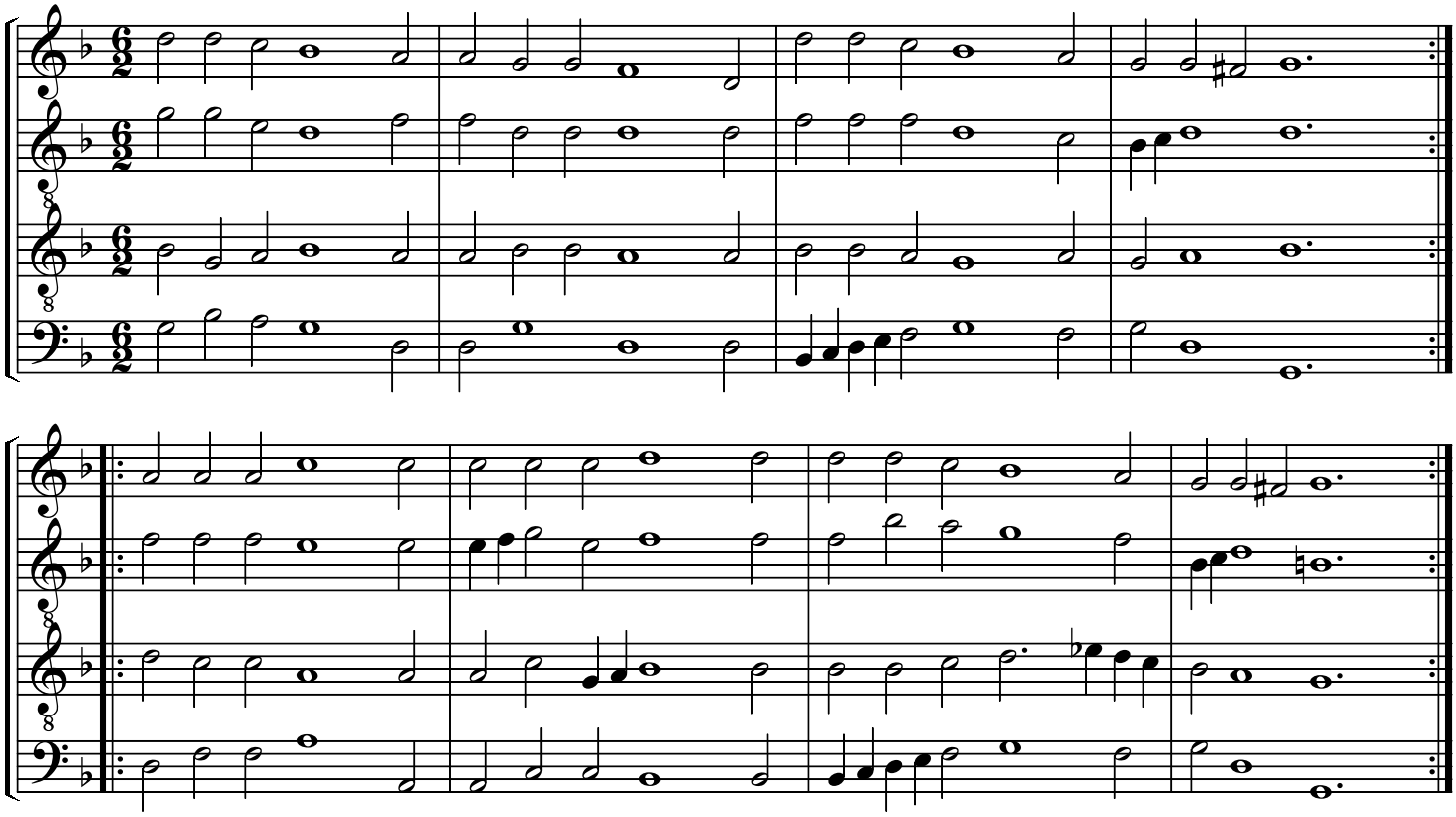
Air de la gaillarde appellee

La traditore my fa morire

Because of the Traitor I Die

from Orchesographie, 1588/89

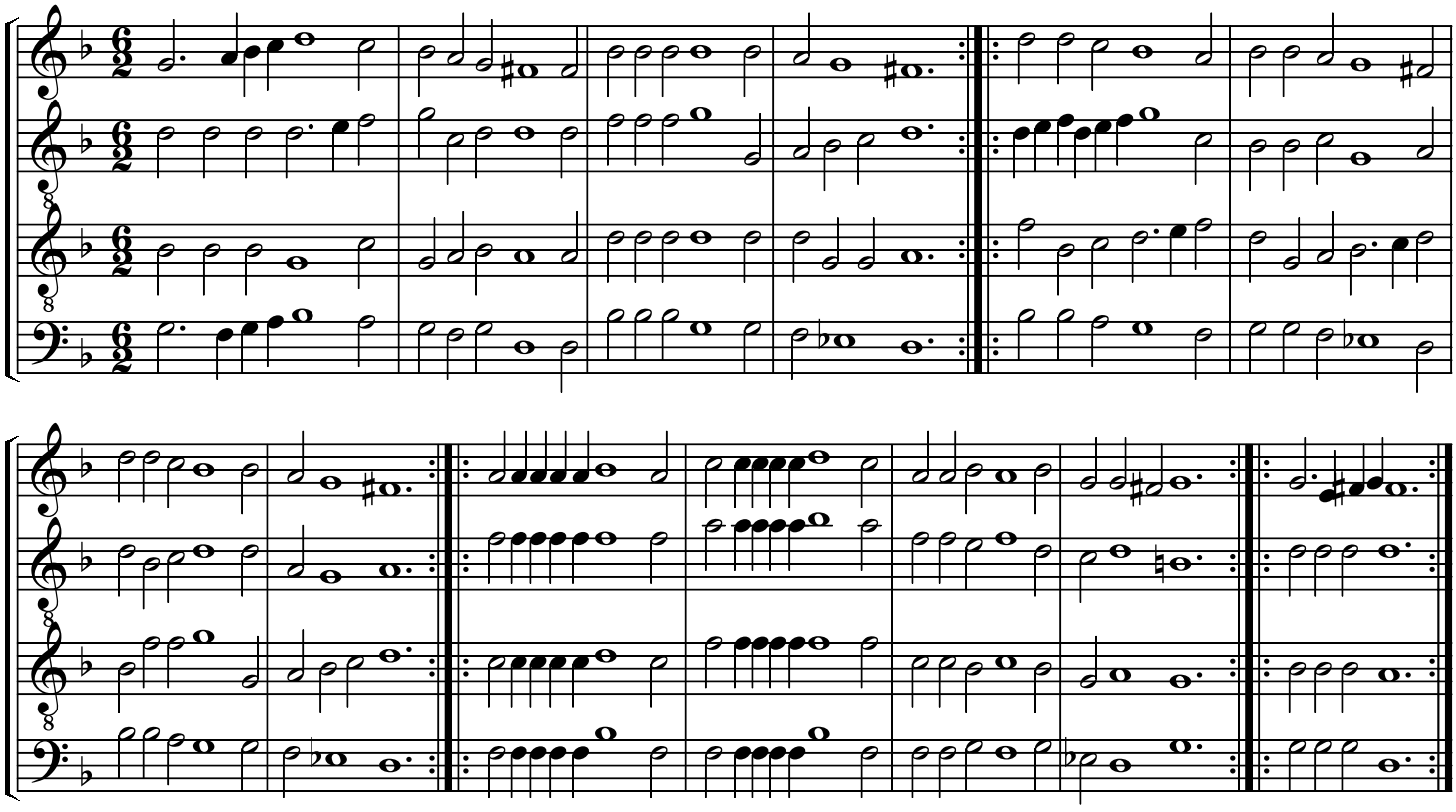
Thoinot Arbeau (1520-1595)



Gagliarda la traditora

from the Henry Fitzallan Partbooks

British Library Royal App. 59-62

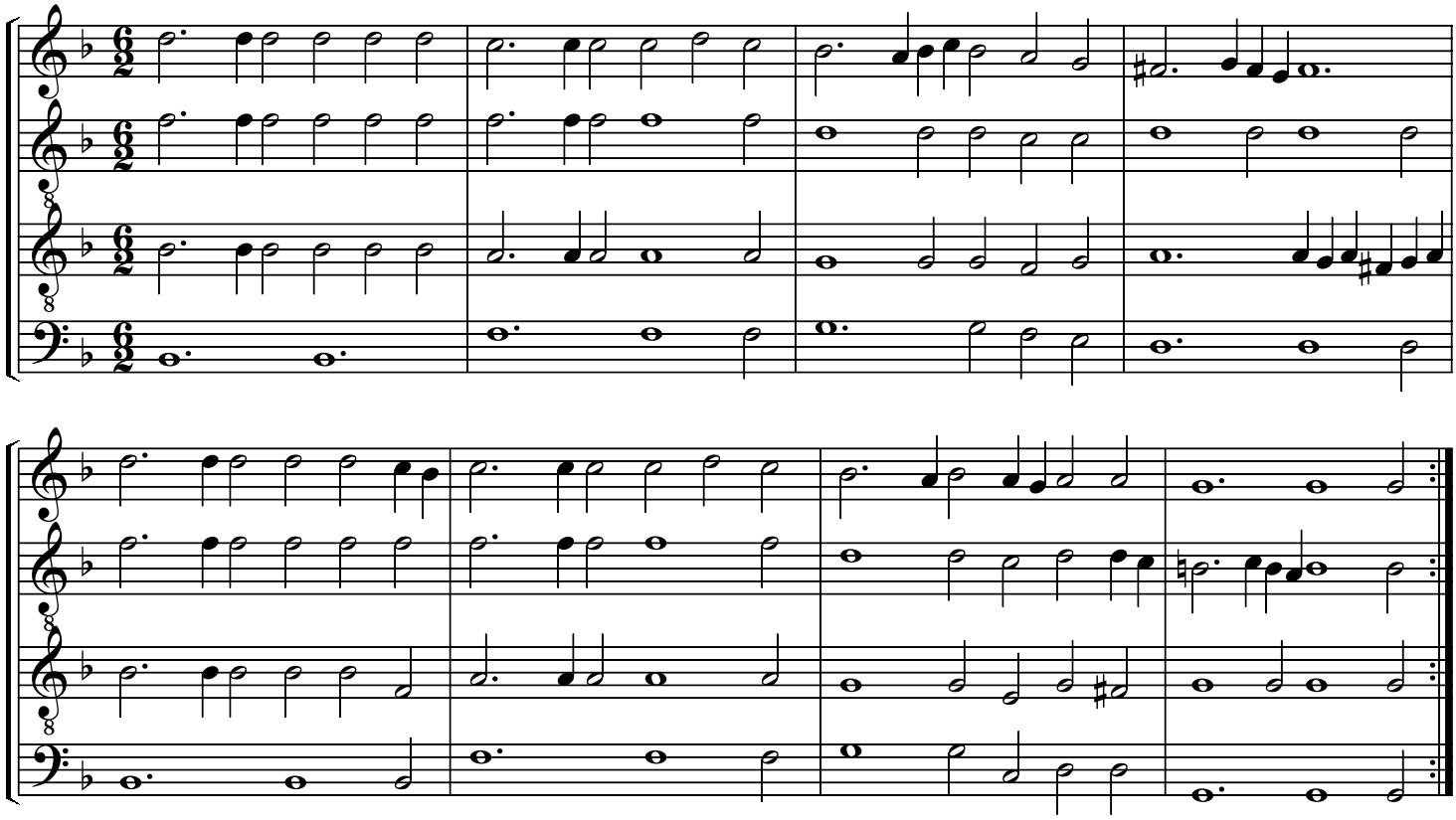


First setting by Steven Hendricks

Gaillarde romanesque

"...we always played a galliard called
'Romanesque'..." - Capriol, Orchesographie

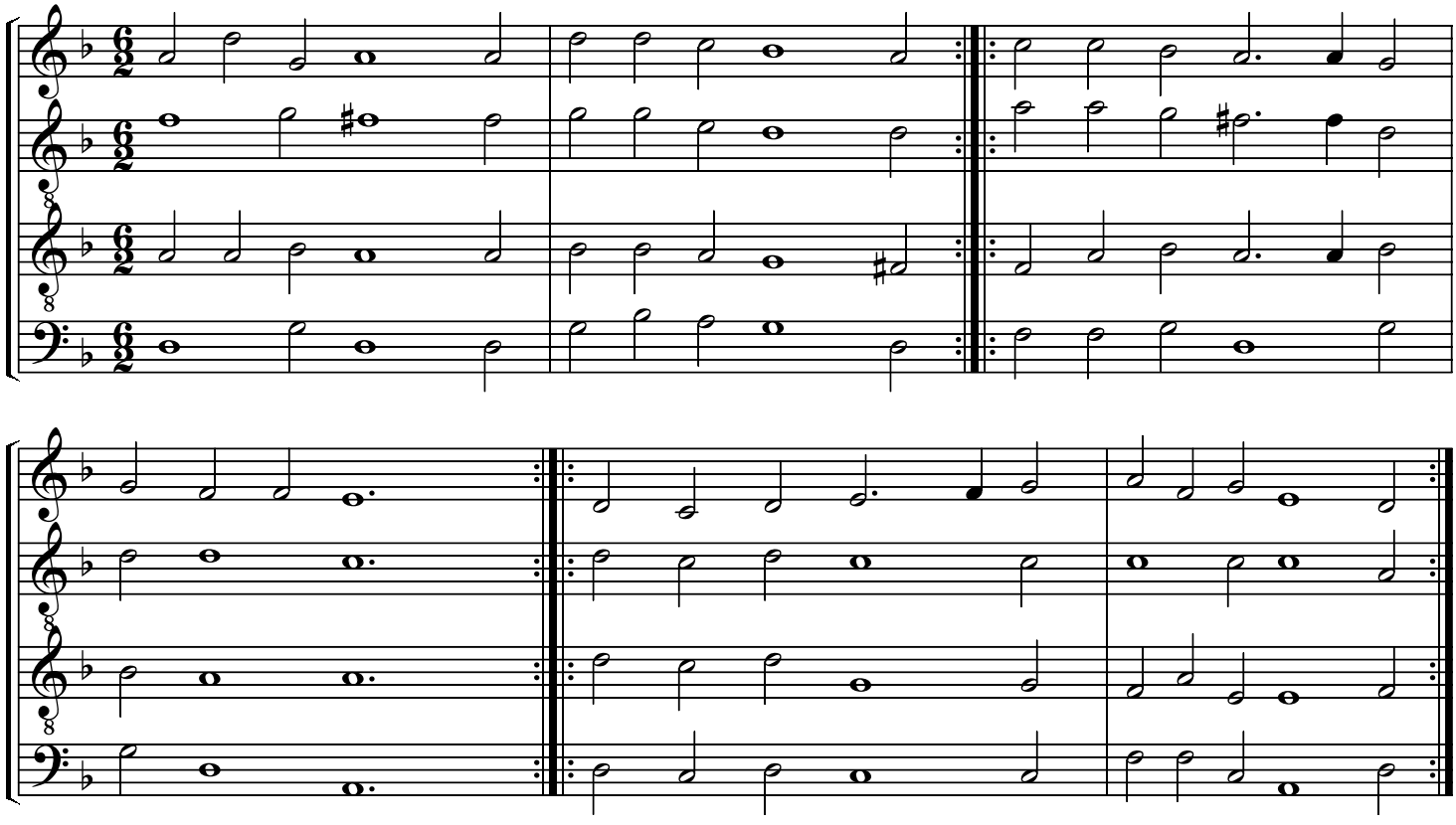
from a Briefe and easye instruction, 1568 — Adrian Le Roy (c.1520-1598)



Air de la gaillarde appellee

Anthoinette

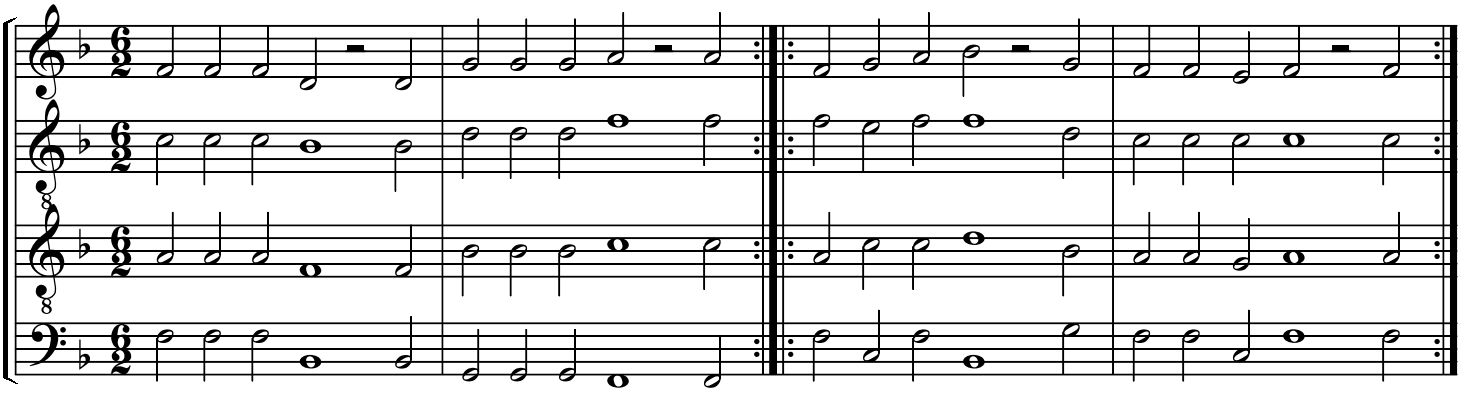
from Orchesographie, 1588/89 — Thoinot Arbeau (1520-1595)



Air de la gaillarde appellee

Baisons nous belle

from Orchesographie, 1588/89 — *Love, let us kiss* — Thoinot Arbeau (1520-1595)



Setting by Steven Hendricks

Si j'ayme ou non je n'en dy rien

(see page 15)

Si j’ayme ou non je n’en dy rien,
Chacun en pense ce qu’il veut
Si l’amour me fait mal ou bien,
C’est à moy seul qu’il plaist ou doeult:
Qui savoir veut ce qui en est
Il s’entourmente et m’em desplait.

On dit que mon oeil va souvent
Au lieu ou je voudroy’ chosir,
Ja pour cela ne suis servant,
Car regard ne m’est pas plaisir:
Si par plaisir l’oeil se conduit,
Le coeur n’y est pourtant seduit.

Je ne dy pas que quelque fois
L’oeil n’ait bien le coeur vainçu:
Mais en vivant comme je fais,
Attaint ne suis n’y convainçu,
J’en ay vescu long tems en dueil,
Le coeur ne croyra plus à l’oeil.

Fortune ha bien esté pour moy,
M’entretenant en mes amours
C’est pour avoir gardé ma foy.
Dire le puis bien tous les jours,
Tout mon secours gist en honneur,
Parquoy je dy, fy de langueur.

Whether I love or not, I say nothing,
Anyone can think what one wants
Whether loves does me good or bad,
It is only pleasing or painful to me;
Those who want to know what is going on
Are only tormenting themselves and displeasing me.

It is said that my eye often goes
Where I choose for it to go.
Of this I do not agree
For I do not take pleasure in looking;
If for pleasure my eye happens to wander,
The heart is not necessarily seduced.

I cannot say that sometime
My heart has not given way to my eye;
But living as I do,
I am neither overtaken nor convinced,
I have lived mourning too long,
The heart will no longer believe the eye.

Fortune has served me well,
Holding me together through all my loves
Because I kept my faith.
I will say it everyday,
My salvation lies in my honor,
This is what I say, fie weariness!

translated by Elisabeth Barret,
University of Texas Dept. of French and Italian