

# 33b. Tant que vivray

Poem by Clément Marot

Pierre Attaingnant

Tant que vi- vrai en â- ge flo- ris- sant,  
Quand je la veux ser- vir et ho- no- rer,

Je ser- vi- rai d'A- mour, le dieu puis- sant  
Quand par é- crits aveux son nom dé- cor- rer,

en faits, et dits, en chan- sons et ac- cords. Par plu- sieurs jours m'a  
quand je la vois et vi- sis- te sou- vent. Les en- vi- eux n'en

te- nu lan- guis- sant, mais a- près deuil m'a  
font que mur- mur- er, mais no- tr'a- mour n'en

1) "c" in orig.

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1)

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<sup>1)</sup> As long as I am in the prime of life,

I will serve Love, the powerful god,  
In word and deed,  
in songs and harmonies.  
For several days, he kept me languishing  
but after grieving, he made me rejoice,  
because I have the love of  
the lady with a fine body.  
Her betrothal is pledged to me,  
Her heart is mine, and my heart is hers,  
Away with sadness, welcome gladness,  
Since in love I have such riches!

2. When I wish to serve and honor her,  
And praise her name in my writing,  
When I see her and visit her often,  
Envious folk can only murmur,  
But our love will endure nonetheless;  
The wind may blow all else away.  
Despite those envious souls, all my life  
I shall love her and sing  
She is the first and last,  
Whom I have served and will serve.