

22b. Secourez-moi

Poem by Clément Marot

Pierre Attaignant

Se- cou- rez- moi, ma da- me, par a- mour, ou
 Si par ay- mer, et souf- frir nuitz et jours, l'a-
 Vos- tre ri- guer me fait plu- siers des- tours, quand

D Lute

au- tre- ment, ou au- tre ment le cœur s'en va mour- rir.
 my des- sert, l'a- my des- sert ce qu'il vient re- que- rir,
 au pre- mier, quand au pre- mier je vous vins re- que- rir:

Au- tre que vous ne peut don- ner se- cours à
 Dic- tes, pour- quoy faic- tes si longs se- jours a
 Mais Bel Ac- cueil m'a fait d'as- sez bon tours, et

mon las cœur, à mon las cœur le- quel s'en va mour-
 me don- ner, a me don- ner ce que tant veulx che-
 me lais- sant, et me lais- sant maint bai- ser con- que-

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1) ir. Hé- las, hé- las! Ve- nez tost, se- cou-
rir? O no- ble fleur, lais- se- rez vous pe-
rir. Las, vos bai- sers ne me sça- vent gue-

2) 3) 4) 5)

25

4) 5)

rir ce- lui qui vit, ce- lui qui vit pour vous en grand
rir, vos- tre ser- vant, vos- tre ser- vant par faul- te de
rir, mais vont crois- sant, mais vont crois- sant l'ar- dent feu, qui

30

tris- tes- se car de son coeur vous es- tes la maî-
ly- es- se? Je croy qu'en vous n'a point tant de ru-
me pres- se: Jouys- sance est ma me- di- ci- ne ex-

35

6) 7)

1) 2)

tres- se, car de se.
des- se, je croy se.
pres- se, Jouys- sance se.

- 1) Note double value in orig.
- 2) Bar line 4 notes earlier in orig.
- 3) Note 2 tones lower in orig.
- 4) Rhythm flag half value in orig.
- 5) Note double value in orig.
- 6) Bar lines from this point are editorial.
- 7) First 2 notes half value in orig.

Save me, my lady by your love,
for otherwise death will come to get me.
No one but you can give life
to my poor heart, which is about to die.
Alas! Please come to rescue the one
who is living in great misery because of you,
for you are the Mistress of his heart.
If through love and suffering night and day,
the Beloved gets what he came looking for,
then tell me: why do you take so long to give me
what I so much want to cherish ?
Oh, precious flower, will you let
your servant perish for lack of joy?
I don't believe you can possibly be so harsh.
Your prudishness has required several detours,
since I first came searching for you;
But your 'Welcome' showed me plenty of good tricks
and let me win many a kiss.
Unfortunately, instead of healing me,
your kisses fan the burning fire that oppresses me:
Enjoyment is the proper and effective medicine.