Tant que vivray

Music: Claudin de Sermisy

Text: Clément Marot
(in English translation)
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Mezzo

While I doth live and flourish in my prime
When I doth seek to serve my man fair,
While I doth live and flourish in my prime,
When I doth seek to serve my lady fair,

Alto

When I doth serve the King, the
When I re-peat his

Baritone

When I doth serve the King, the
When I re-peat her

Bass

When I doth serve the King, the
When I re-peat her

King of Love most high:
In deeds, in words,
in song and harmony.
name, so sweet and rare,
When I doth visit him whom I adore—

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https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=WciM4SEiHE8 — a capella
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ucxS1QtVijo — better performance, but with lute
Then for those far who too long, my heart mourned its sad plight, Till Love, my King, turned

Then those who envy him have much to say; Let the sweet winds blow

For far too long, my heart mourned its sad plight, Till Love, my King, turned

Then those who envy her have much to say; Let the sweet winds blow

For far too long, my heart mourned its sad plight, Till Love, my King, turned

Then those who envy her have much to say; Let the sweet winds blow

For far too long, my heart mourned its sad plight, Till Love, my King, turned

Then those who envy her have much to say; Let the sweet winds blow

Sighs into delight, I gained his love, my sweet-bodied beauty.

All their lies a-way, For our true love will last forever more.

Sighs into delight, I gained her love, my sweet-bodied beauty.

All their lies a-way, For our true love will last forever more.

Sighs into delight, I gained his love, my sweet-bodied beauty.

All their lies a-way, For our true love will last forever more.
He is my pleasure, He is my treasure, I, his sweet flow'r, I, in his pow'r,
Sing we together, Sing we forever, Love, tell his praise, Love all our days,

She is my treasure, I, in her pow'r,
She is my treasure, I, in her pow'r,
Sing we together, Sing we forever, Love, tell her praise, Love all our days,

Gone now is sadness, Come now is gladness, All now is joy,
Never lamenting, Only contenting, Come let us love,

Gone now is sadness, All now is joy,
Never lamenting, Come let us love,

Come now is gladness, All now is joy,
Only contenting, Come, let us love,
Come, let us love, come, and gentle love. Come, let us love, come, and be glad.
Original text in Middle French:

1. Tant que vivray en aage florissant,
   Je serviray Amour le Dieu puissant,
   En faict, et dictz, en chansons, et accords.
   Par plusieurs jours m’a tenu languissant,
   Mais apres dueil m’a fait resjouyssant,
   Car j’ay lÆamour de la belle au gent corps.
   Son alliance
   Est ma fiance:
   Son cuer est mien,
   Mon cuer est sien:
   Fy de tristesse,
   Vive lyesse,
   Puis qu’en Amours a tant de bien.

2. Quand je la veulx servir, et honnorer,
   Quand par escriptz veulx son nom decorer,
   Quand je la voy, et visite souvent,
   Les envieulx n’en font que murmurer,
   Mais nostre Amour n’en scauroit moins durer:
   Aultant ou plus en emporte le vent.
   Maulgré envie
   Toute ma vie
   Je l’aymeray,
   Et chanteray:
   C’est la premiere,
   C’est la derniere,
   Que j’ay servie, et serviray.

Two English translations:

A more literal translation by Lawrence Rosenwald:

1. As long as I live in my prime,
   I shall serve the mighty king of Love
   In deeds, in words, in songs, in harmonies.
   That king made me languish a while;
   But afterwards he made me rejoice,
   Since now I have the love of a sweet-bodied beauty.
   In her friendship
   Is my trust,
   Her heart is mine,
   Mine is hers.
   Away with sadness,
   Long live gladness!
   Since there are so many good things in love.

2. When I seek to serve and honor her,
   When I seek to adorn her name with my words,
   When I see and visit her—
   Her enviers only gossip.
   But our love doesn’t last any less long for that;
   The wind carries their gossip and more away.
   Despite their envy,
   All my life
   I shall serve her
   And sing of her.
   She is the first,
   She is the last,
   Whom I have served and shall serve.

Rhyming and metrical translation by unknown:

1. While I do live, my heart is filled with love,
   For I shall serve the pow’rful god above.
   And I shall sing of her that doth move me.
   These many days my heart mourned its sad plight,
   But with the dawn my sighs turned to delight,
   Now that her love my lady fair doth prove.
   She is my pleasure,
   She is my treasure,
   I, her sweet flow’r,
   I, in her pow’r,
   Be gone with sadness,
   Hasten to gladness,
   Since all my joy, since all is joy and gentle love.

2. Long may I serve my lady kind and fair,
   Her words and thoughts are ever right and rare,
   Her tender smile, her lips shall never fade.
   None is so fair as she, mine own dear heart,
   No jealous words shall cause us e’er to part,
   Let love enfold me to that virtuous maid.
   Sing we together,
   Sing we forever,
   Love, tell her praise,
   Love, all her days,
   No more lamenting,
   Only contenting,
   Come let us love, come let us love and be glad.