



Bernard Dewagtere

France, SIN LE NOBLE

Pavan (Belle qui tiens ma vie) Arbeau, Thoinot

About the artist

Doctor in musicology, conductor and composer.

Compositions and arrangements from all eras, in all styles or musical genres and for any instrument or vocal training.

Qualification: PhD Musicology

Associate: SACEM - IPI code of the artist : 342990

Artist page : <https://www.free-scores.com/Download-PDF-Sheet-Music-bernard-dewagtere.htm>

About the piece



Title: Pavan [Belle qui tiens ma vie]

Composer: Arbeau, Thoinot

Arranger: Dewagtere, Bernard

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Instrumentation: Voice, piano or guitar or organ

Style: Renaissance

Comment: The pavane is a slow processional dance common in Europe during the 16th century (Renaissance). A pavane is a slow piece of music which is danced to in pairs. Associated with saltarello and especially the jolly, it is described by Tabourot Jehan (1520-1595) said in its Orchésographie Thoinot Arbeau (1589) formed as a dance bit of a long and two short. He describes the struts that hold my beautiful life and a Pavane dance of Spain that &quo... (more online)

Bernard Dewagtere on [free-scores.com](https://www.free-scores.com)

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11 Pavane

S

se - cou - rir ou me — faul - dra mou - rir.

A m D m E C D m A m A m/E E A

11

Pno

Français

Belle, qui tiens ma vie captive dans tes yeux,
Qui m'a l'âme ravie d'un souriz gracieux,
Viens tôt me secourir, ou me faudra mourir.

Pourquoi fuis-tu, mignarde, si je suis près de toy?
Quand tes yeux je regarde, je me perds dedans moy,
Car tes perfections changent mes actions.

Approche donc, ma belle, approche toy mon bien.
Ne me sois plus rebelle, puisque mon cœur est tien,
Pour mon mal appaiser, donne moy un baiser.

Je meurs, mon Angelette, je meurs en te baisant,
Ta bouche tant doucette, va mon bien ravissant
A ce coup mes esprits sont tout d'amour épris.

Plutôt on verra l'onde contre mont reculer,
Et plutôt l'œil du monde cessera de brûler,
Que l'amour qui m'époint décroisse d'un seul point.

English

Beauty, you who hold my life captive in your eyes,
Who make my soul glad with a gracious smile,
Come soon rescue me, or I shall die.

Why are you fleeing, sweetheart, when I am close to you,
When your eyes I look, I get lost in myself,
For you perfections change my behaviour.

Come my beauty, come my wellbeing,
Don't reject me, for my heart is yours,
To appease my pain, give me a kiss.

I am dying my little angel, I am dying while kissing you,
Your mouth so soft makes me feel better
Then my soul is fulfilled with love.

Sooner the waves against mountains shall recede,
And sooner the world's eye shall cease to burn
Before the love exciting me shall decrease of one dot.