Jean Baptiste Besard

Thesaurus Harmonicus
1603



TEIL II

Liber tertius
Liber quartus
Liber quintus

TREE EDITION

Jean Baptiste Besard

Thesaurus Harmonicus

Köln 1603

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TEIL II

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TREE EDITION
Albert Reyerman

No	Titel	Folio	Komponist	Besetzung
	LIBER TERTIUS			
	Madrigalia			
76	Poi che m´inuita amor	37v	Laurencini di Roma (Transpositio)	**Laute solo**
77	Secunda pars	38	Laurencini di Roma (Transpositio)	
78	Anchor che col partire	38v		
79	Nalce la pena mia	39v		
80	Vola pensier	40v	Diomedes Cato (Transpositio)	
81	La Cortesia	41		
82	Mentr´io campai contento	42		
83	Io son ferito e lasso	42v		
84	Vestiva i colli	43v	Laurencini di Roma (Transpositio)	
85	Cosi le chiome / Secunda pars	44v		
86	Donna crudel alterius melodiae...	45v	Diomedes Cato (Transpositio)	
87	Se di dolor	46		
88	Amor perche si fiero	46v		
	Villanellae			
89	Se notte e giorno	47v		
90	Villanellae Alberti Dlugorai	48	Albert Dlugorai	
91	Villanella eiusdem	48	Albert Dlugorai	
92	Villanella eiusdem	48	Albert Dlugorai	
93	Villanella eiusdem	48v	Albert Dlugorai	
94	Villanella eiusdem	48v	Albert Dlugorai	
95	Villanella eiusdem	48v	Albert Dlugorai	
96	Occhi della alma mia	49		**Gesang & Laute**
97	Donna se lo mio cuore	49		
98	Guarda´amanti	49v		
99	Tanto v´ama quest´ alma	49v		
100	Milla tu e trezze d´oro	50		
101	Ami chie tien lo mio cuore	50v		
102	Vo cercand´il mio cor	50v		
103	Quando dal prim´amore	51		
104	Non e cosa	51		
105	Male per me	51v		
	Villanellae Trium Vocum			
106	Fuggirò tanto	52	Luca Marenzio	**3 Stimmen & Laute**
107	Ard´ogn´hor il cor	52v		
108	Ahi me che colfuggire	53		
109	Andar vidi	53v		
110	Lasso quand´hauran	54 (45)		
111	Voi sete la mia stella	54v		
112	Dolce la mia vita	55		
113	Mi par to ahi sort	55v		
114	Dicemi la mia stella	56		
115	Non posso più soffrire	56v		

LIBER QUARTUS

Cantiones gallicas

116	Susann un iour	57v	Laurencini di Roma (Transpositio) **Laute solo**
117	Hastes vous de me faire grace	58v	
118	Veux tu ton mal	59	
119	Qant mon mary	59v	
120	Si pour aymer	60	
121	Ce faulx amour	60v	
122	Susanne un iour alterius toni	61	
123	Un deux nenny	62v	
124	Le Rossignol	63v	
125	Belle qui m´aues tant	64	
126	Bon iour mon couer	64v	
127	Psalmus: Quare fremuerunt gentes	65	J.B. Besard (Transpositio)
128	Psamus 14: Domini est terra	65v	J.B. Besard (Transpositio)
129	Psalmus 128: Beatus vir	66	J.B. Besard (Transpositio)
130	Psal. 42: Quemad. desiderat	66	
131	Psalm. 2: Dominus regit me	66v	J.B. Besard (Transpositio)
132	Deliure moy seigneur (Libera me...	67	**Gesang & Laute**
133	Esprit qui fai mou	67v	
134	Seigneur helas	67v	

Air de Court

135	Si c,est pour mon pucellage	68	
136	Beaux yeux	68v	
137	Aminte un iour	69	
138	Ie meurs revoirce	69v	
139	Quelle diuinitè	70	
140	Qu luis soleil	70v	
141	En place marchande	71	
142	En quelque lieu	71v	
143	Adieu bergere	72	
144	Belles de estes	72v	
145	Ma belle si ton ame	73	
146	La voila le nacelled´amour	73v	
147	Plus tost que ie la die	74	
148	Si ie puis une foys	74v	
149	Cruelle partie	75	
150	Blod est le file d´or	75v	
151	Le destin m´est si rigoureux	76	
152	Rosette pour un peu dabsence	76v	
153	Cest malheur que de vous aymer	77	J.B. Besard
154	Beaute viuant pourtrait	77v	
155	Arme arme arme	78	
156	Lieux de moy tant aymes	78v	
157	Estendu parmy ces fleurs	79	

158	Ace boys si beau	79v		
159	Moy pauure fille	80		
160	Si iamais	80v		
161	Bergere de quelle facon	81		
162	Iay treuue sur l,herbe alfise	81v		**Laute solo**
163	Eadem Cantio alterius toni	81v	J.B. Besard (Transpositio)	
164	Surl´herbe fleurie	82		
165	La fille d´un bon homme	82		
166	Aux logettes de ce boys	82v		
167	Vous me iuries bergere	82v		

LIBER QUINTUS

Passemezi

168	Pass,emzi eiusdem toni (Equitis)	84	Eques Romanus	**Laute solo**
169	Secunda pars	84		
170	Tertia pars	84v		
171	Quarta pars	84v		
172	Passemezo eiusdem toni (Besard)	85	J.B. Besard	
173	Secunda pars	85		
174	Tertia pars	85v		
175	Quarta pars	85v		
176	Quinta pars	86		
177	Passemezo per b durum (Besard)	86v	J.B. Besard	
178	Secunda pars	86v		
179	Tertia pars	87		
180	Quarta pars	87		
181	Quinta pars	87v		
182	Sexta pars	87v		
183	Passemezo per b molle	88	J.B. Besard	
184	Secunda pars	88		
185	Tertia pars	88v		
186	Quarta pars	88v		
187	Quinta pars	89		
188	Passemezo ber b durum	89v	J.B. Besard	
189	Secunda pars	89v		
190	Tertia pars	90		
191	Quarta pars	90		
192	Quinta pars	90v		
193	Sexta pars	90v		
194	Septima pars	91v		
195	Passamezo Bocqueti	92	Charles Bocquet	
196	Secunda pars	92		
197	Tertia pars	92v		
198	Quarta pars	92v		
199	Quinta pars	93		

200	Sexta pars	93	
201	Septima pars	93v	
202	Passemezo in b duro (Besard)	94 (91)	J.B. Besard
203	Secunda pars	94 (91)	
204	Tertia pars	94v	
205	Quarta pars	94v	
206	Quinta pars	95	
207	Passemezo Besardi	95v	J.B. Besard
208	Secunda pars	95v	
209	Tertia pars	96	
210	Quarta pars	96v	
211	Quinta pars	96v	
212	Passemezo per b durum	97	
213	Secunda pars	97	
214	Tertia pars	97v	
215	Quarta pars	97v	
216	Quinta pars	98	
217	Passemezo Besardi	98v	J.B. Besard
218	Secunda pars	98v	
219	Tertia pars	99	
220	Quarta pars	99	
221	Quinta pars	99v	
222	Passemezo Bocqueti	100	Charles Bocquet
223	Secunda pars	100	
224	Tertia pars	100v	
225	Quarta pars	100v	
226	Ripresa ex Laurencino	101	
227	Passemezo Laurencini	101v	Laurencini di Roma
228	Secunda pars	101v	
229	Tertia pars	102	
230	Passemezo eiusdem	102v	
231	Secunda pars	102v	
232	Passemezo eiusdem	103	
233	Secunda pars	103	
234	Tertia pars	103v	
235	Quarta pars	103v	
236	Quinta pars	104 (102)	
237	Sexta pars	104v	
238	Pavana Hispanica I.B.B.	105	J.B.Besard
239	Bergamasca I.B.Besard	106v	J.B.Besard

THESAVRI HARMONICI
LIBER TERTIVS,

MADRIGALIA ALIQVOT CONTINENS, EX PRAESTANTIORIBVS ITALIAE MVSICIS DESVMPTA,

QVÆ LAVRENCINVS ET CÆTERI PERITIORES
ad teſtudinis vſum redegerunt.

QVIBVS ET APPOSITÆ SVNT RECENTIORES quædam ex ijs cantilenis quas villanellas vocant, vna cum notis muſicalibus, & verbis, in gratiam eorum qui cantu Italico oblectantur.





Oi che m'inuita amor.

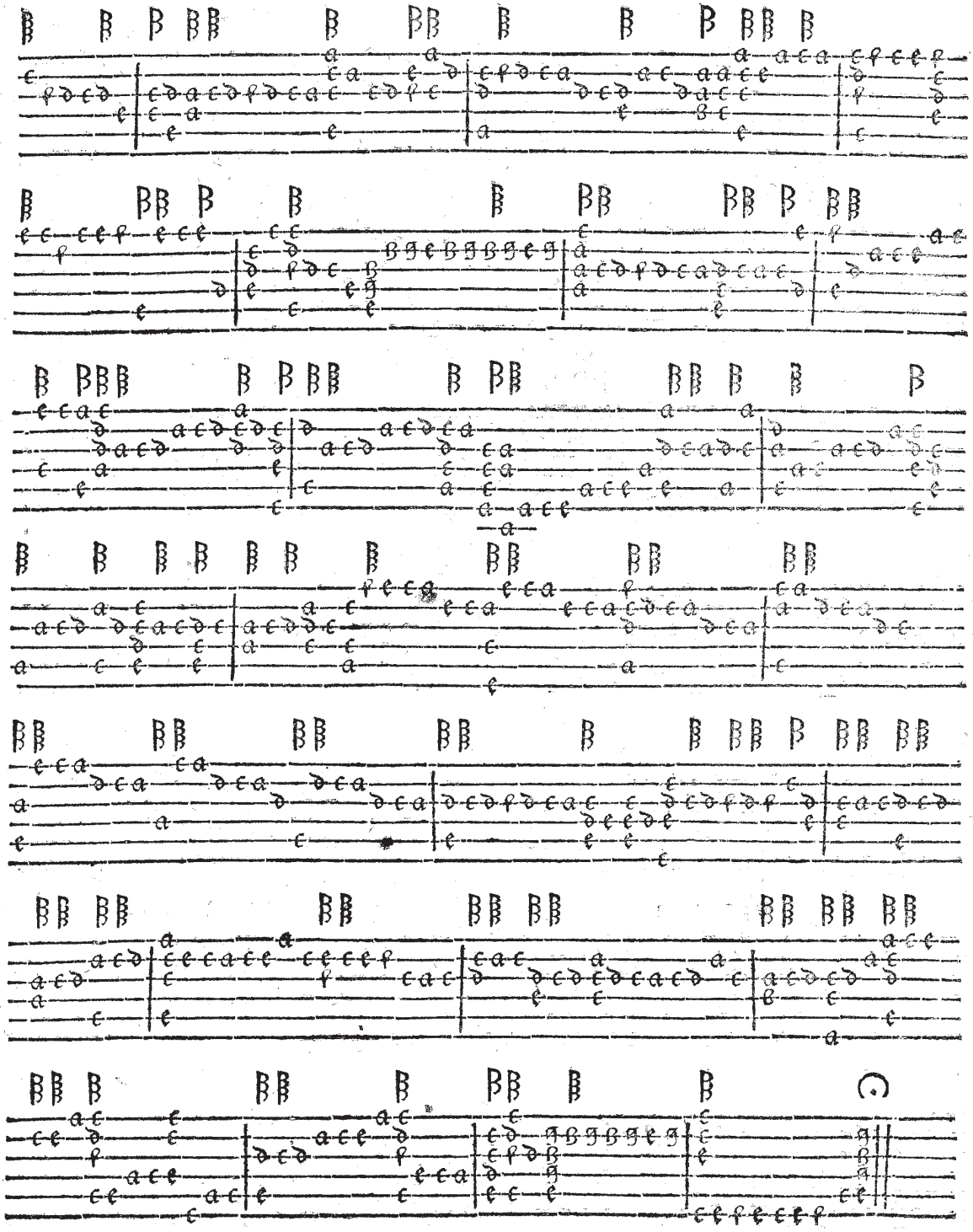
Transpositio Laurencini,



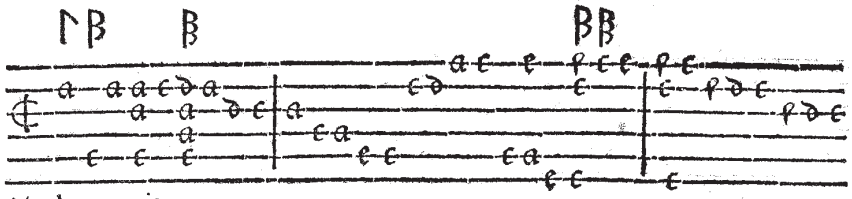
Ecunda pars



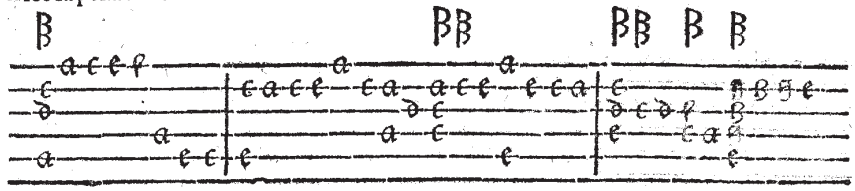
Nchor che col partire.

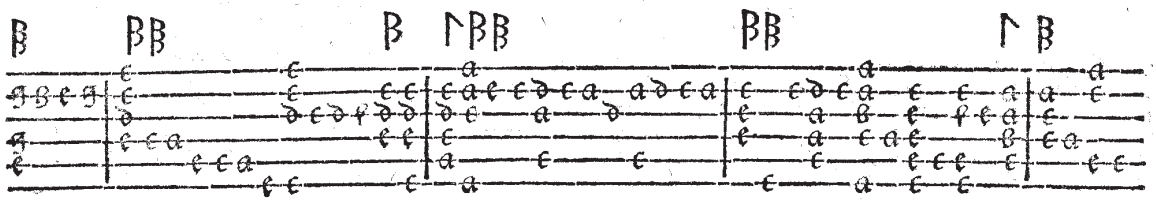


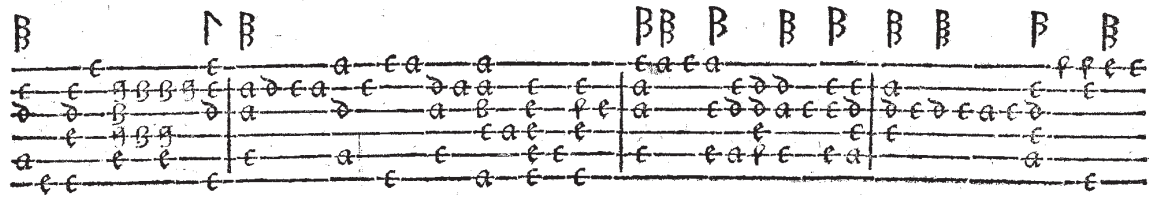


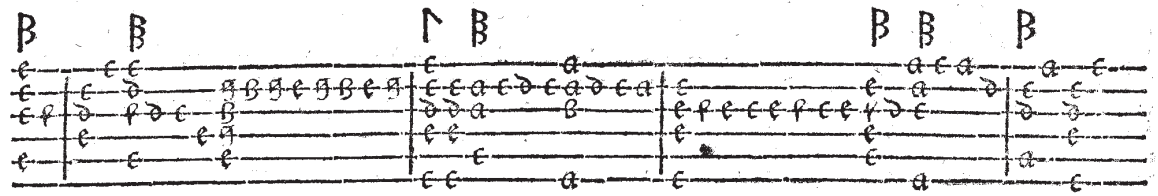


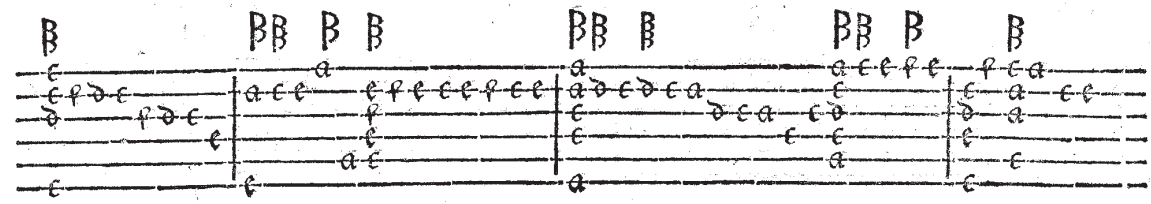
Alce la pena mia.

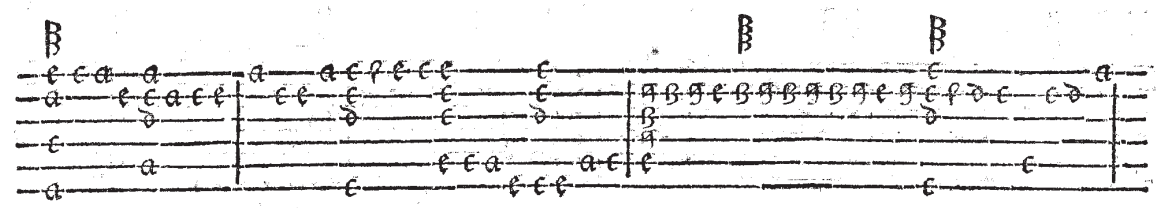


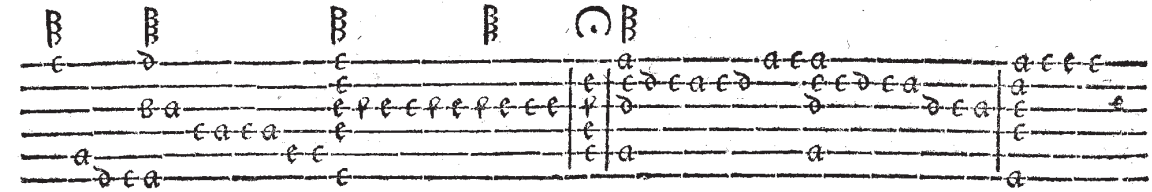


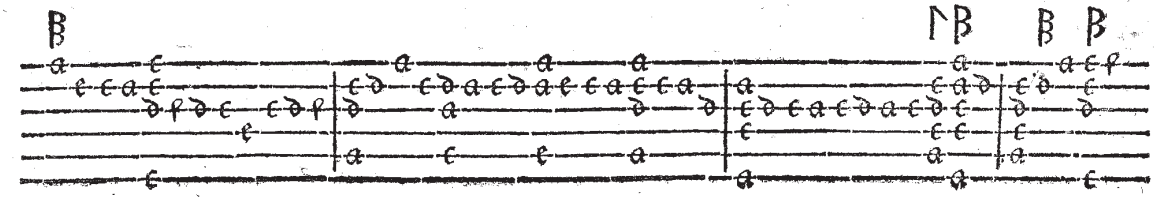


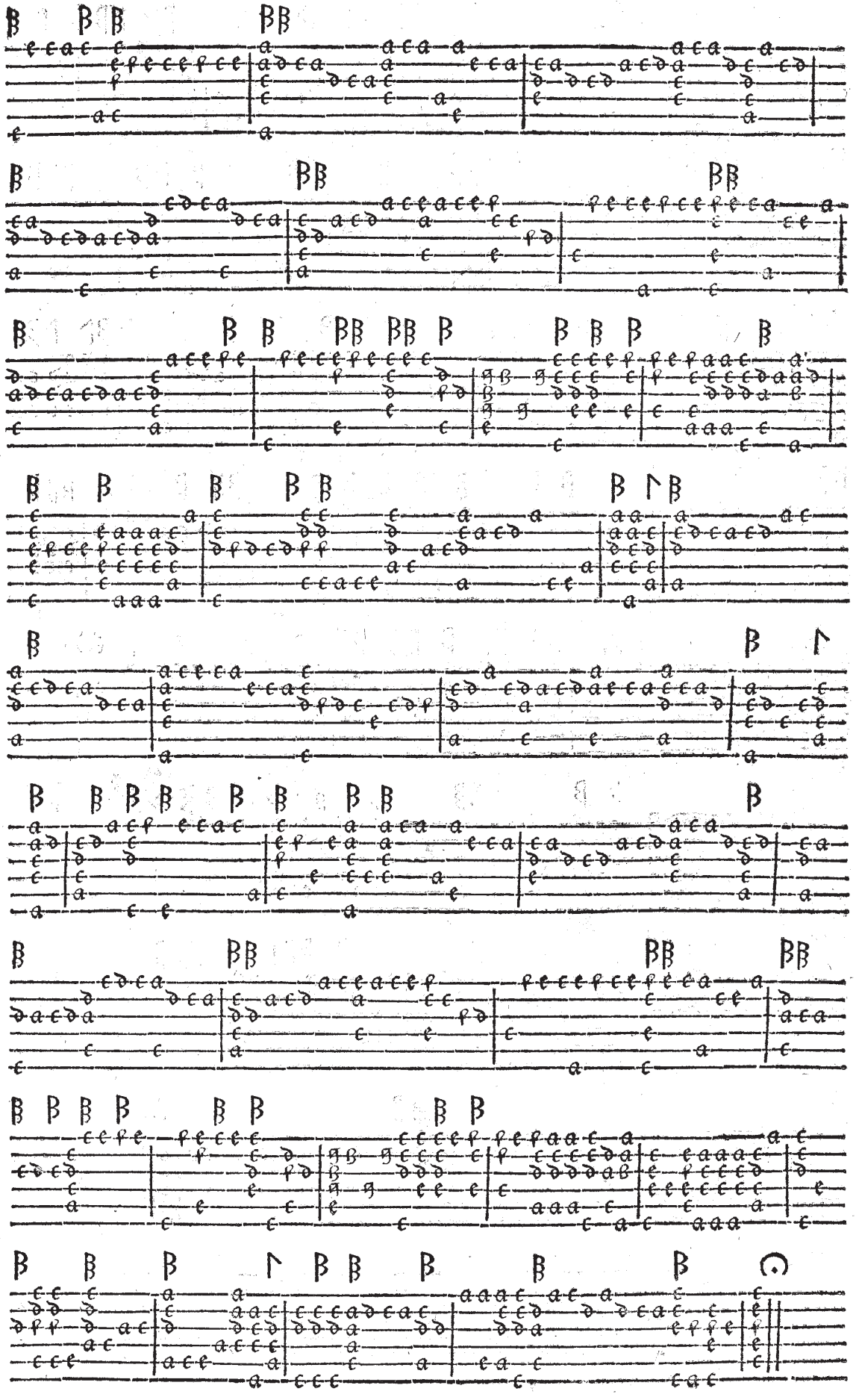


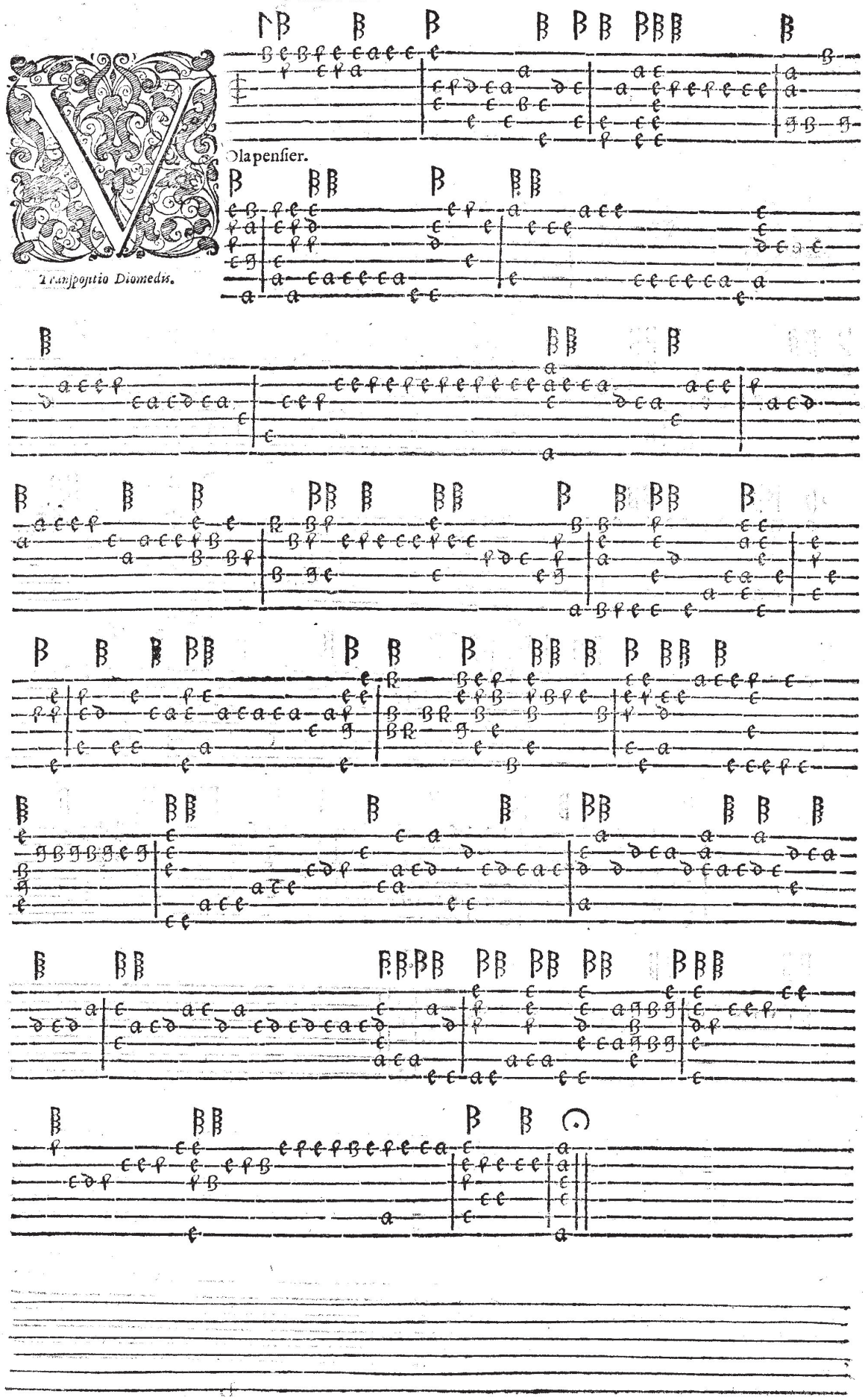


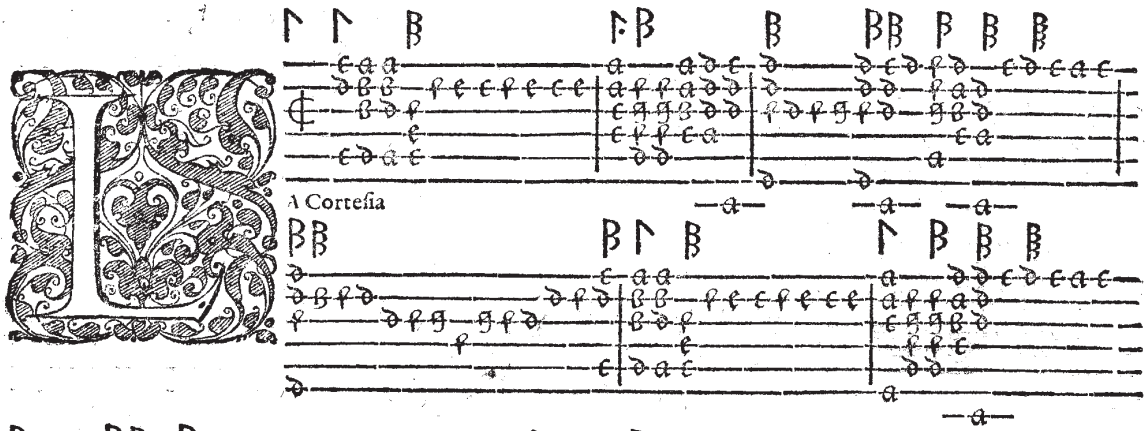




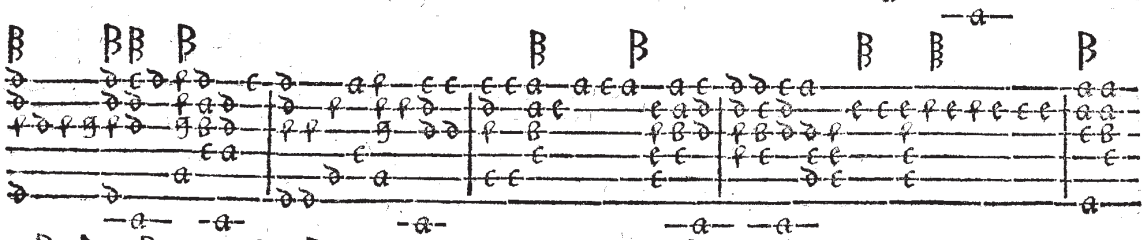


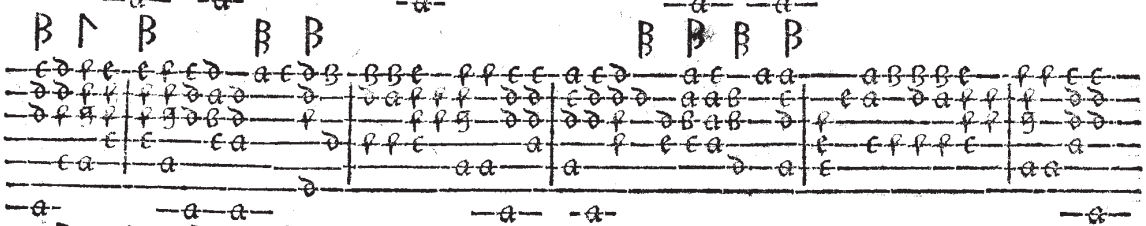


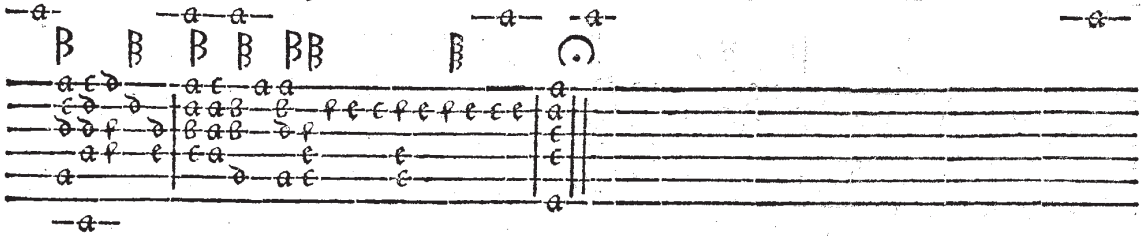

Transpositio Diomedis.
Olapensier.

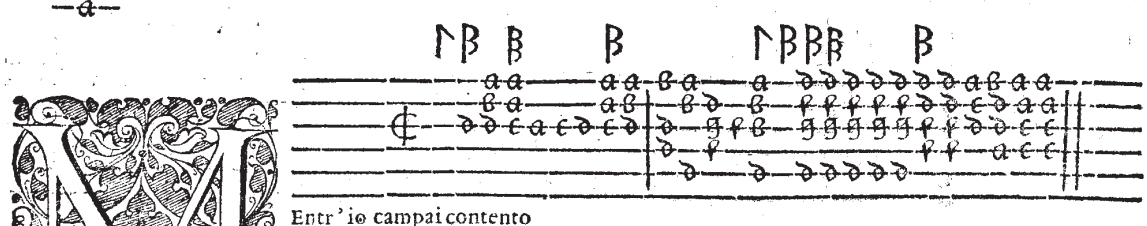


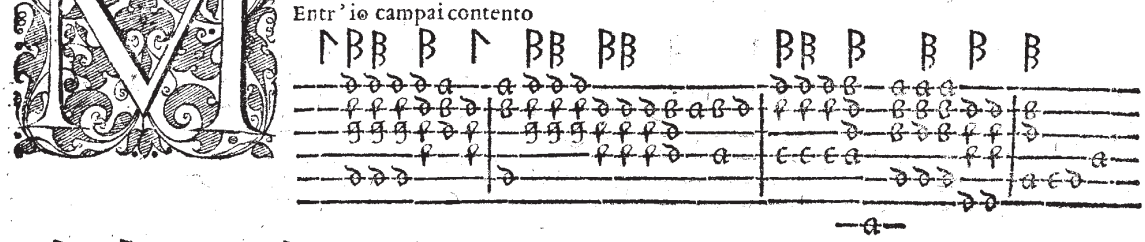
A Corteſia



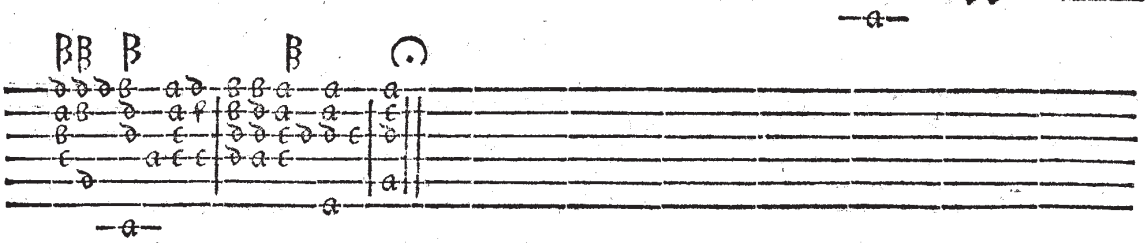


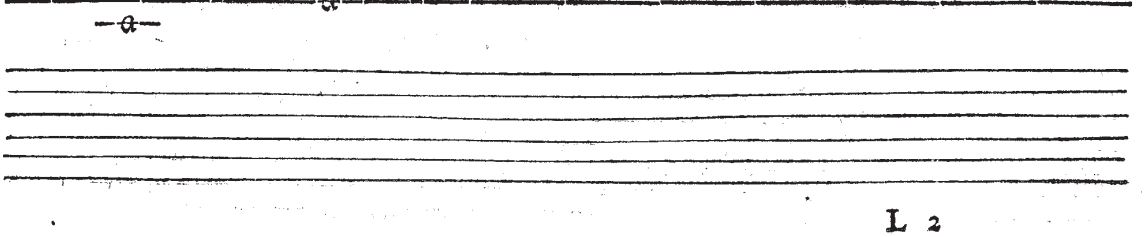


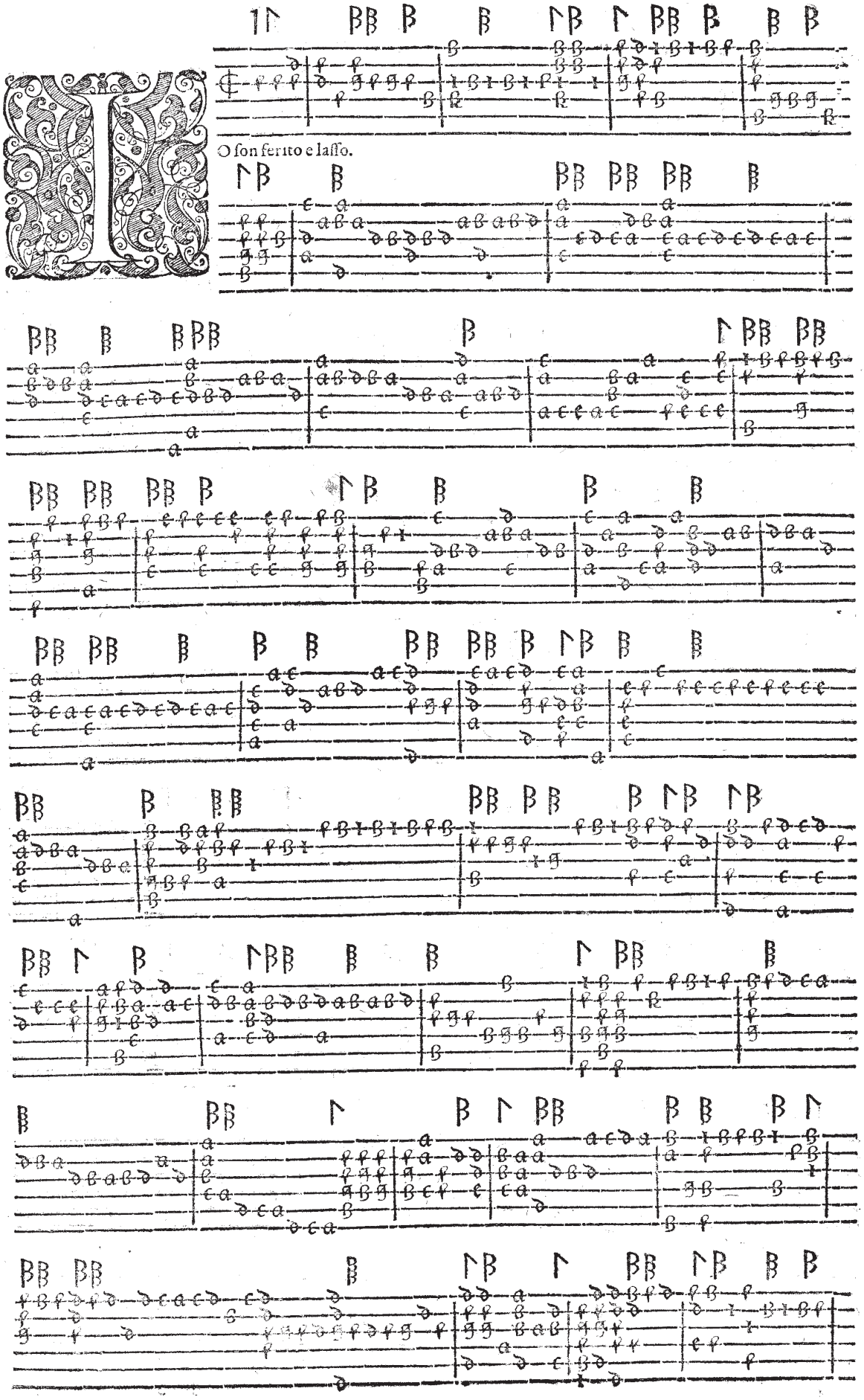


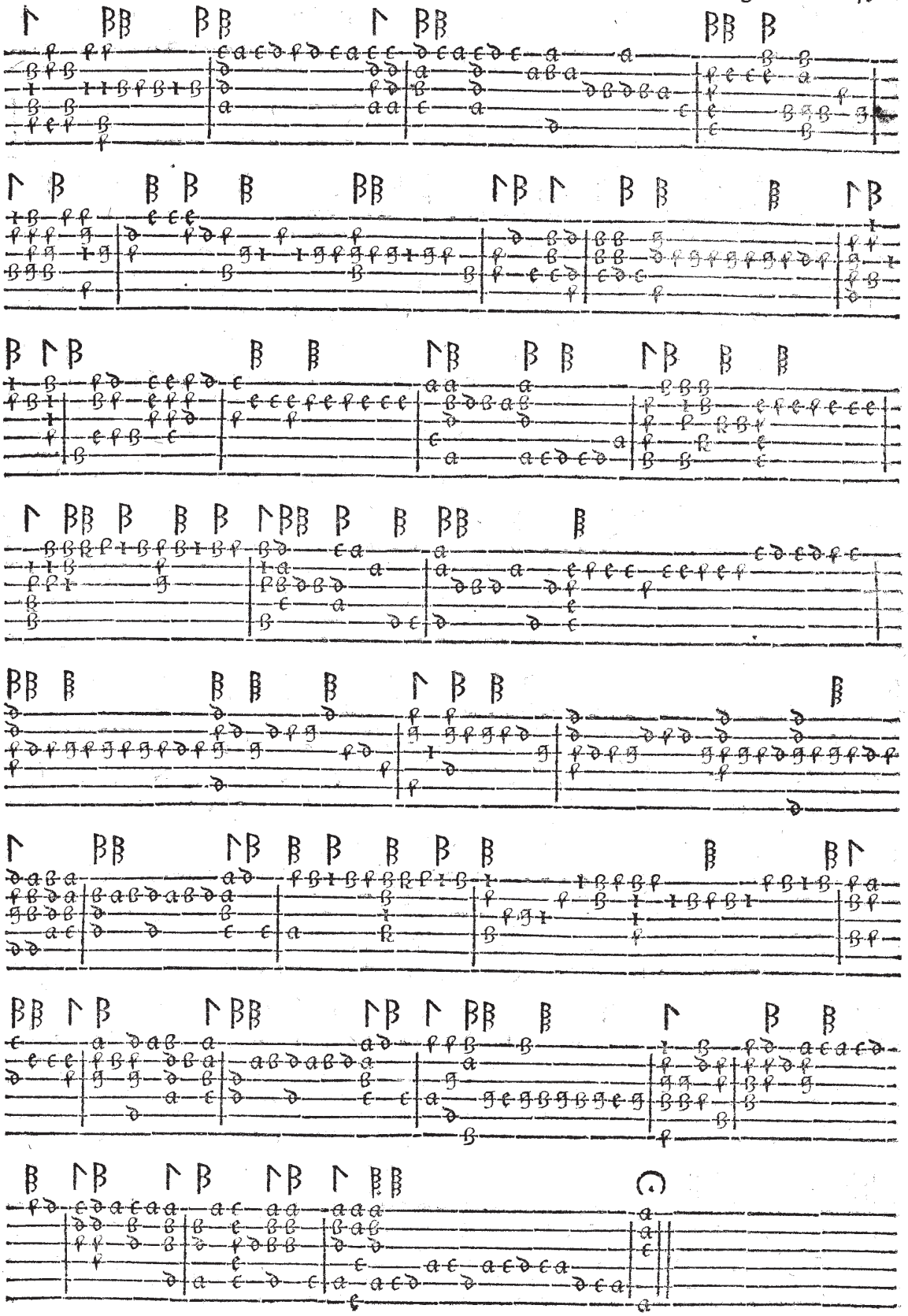


Entr'io campai contento






O son ferito e lasso.

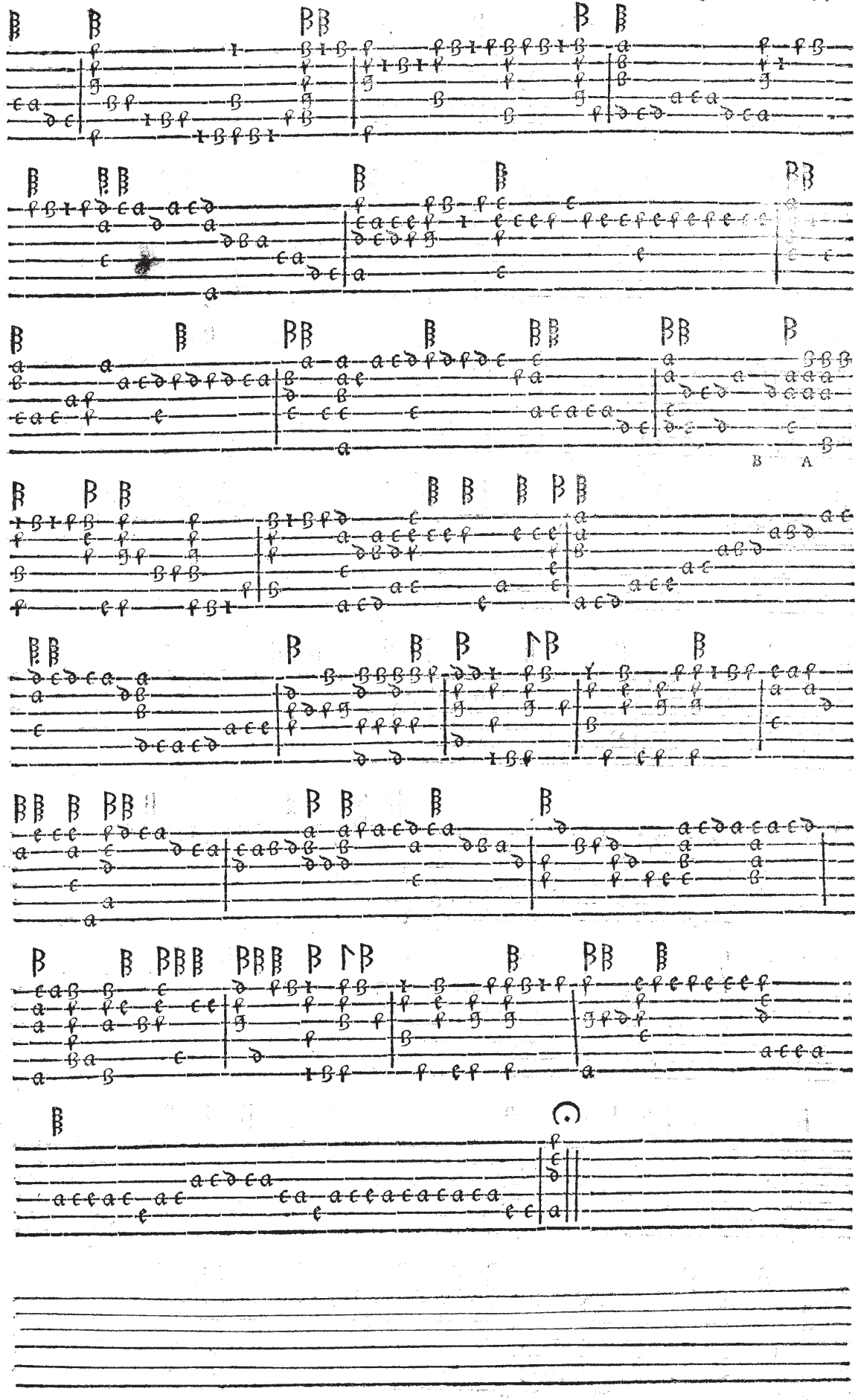


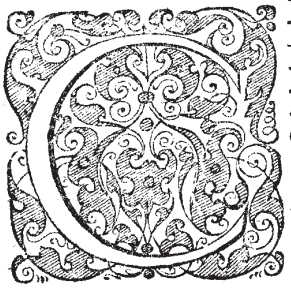


Transpositio Laurencini.

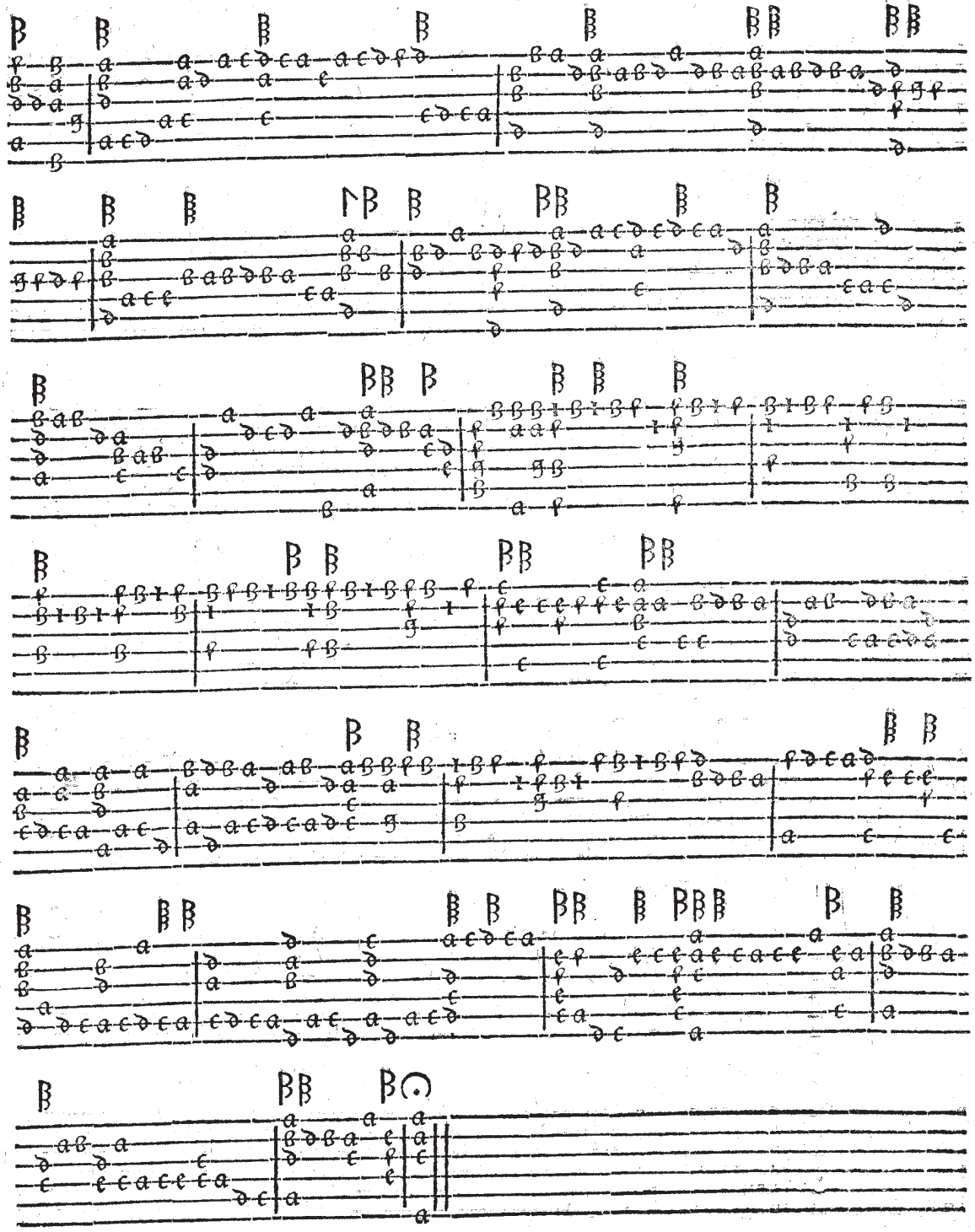
Eſtiua i colli

A


B
A



Ofi le chiome Secunda pars



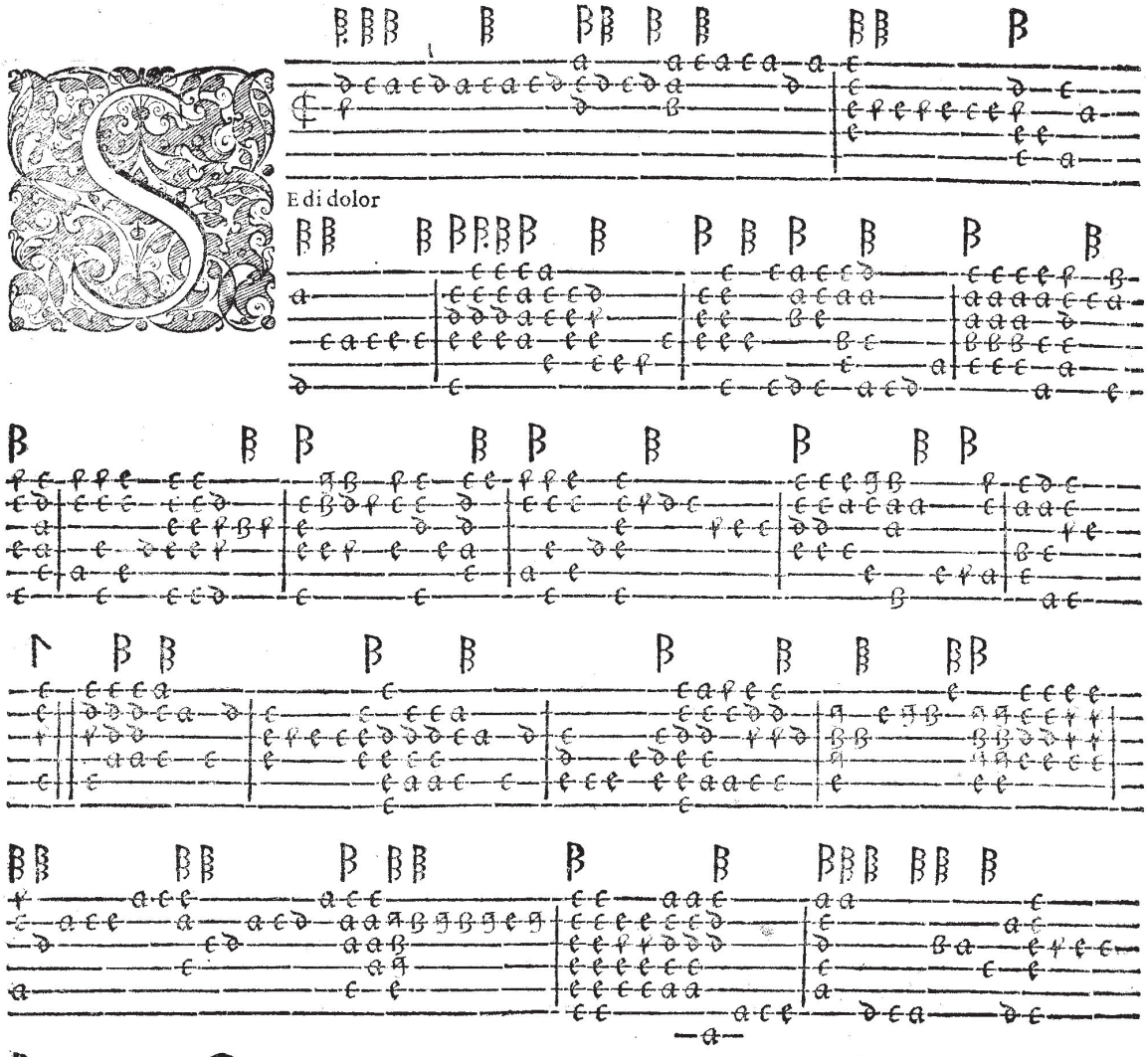


Diomed.

onna crudel alterius melodiæ quam fuperioris

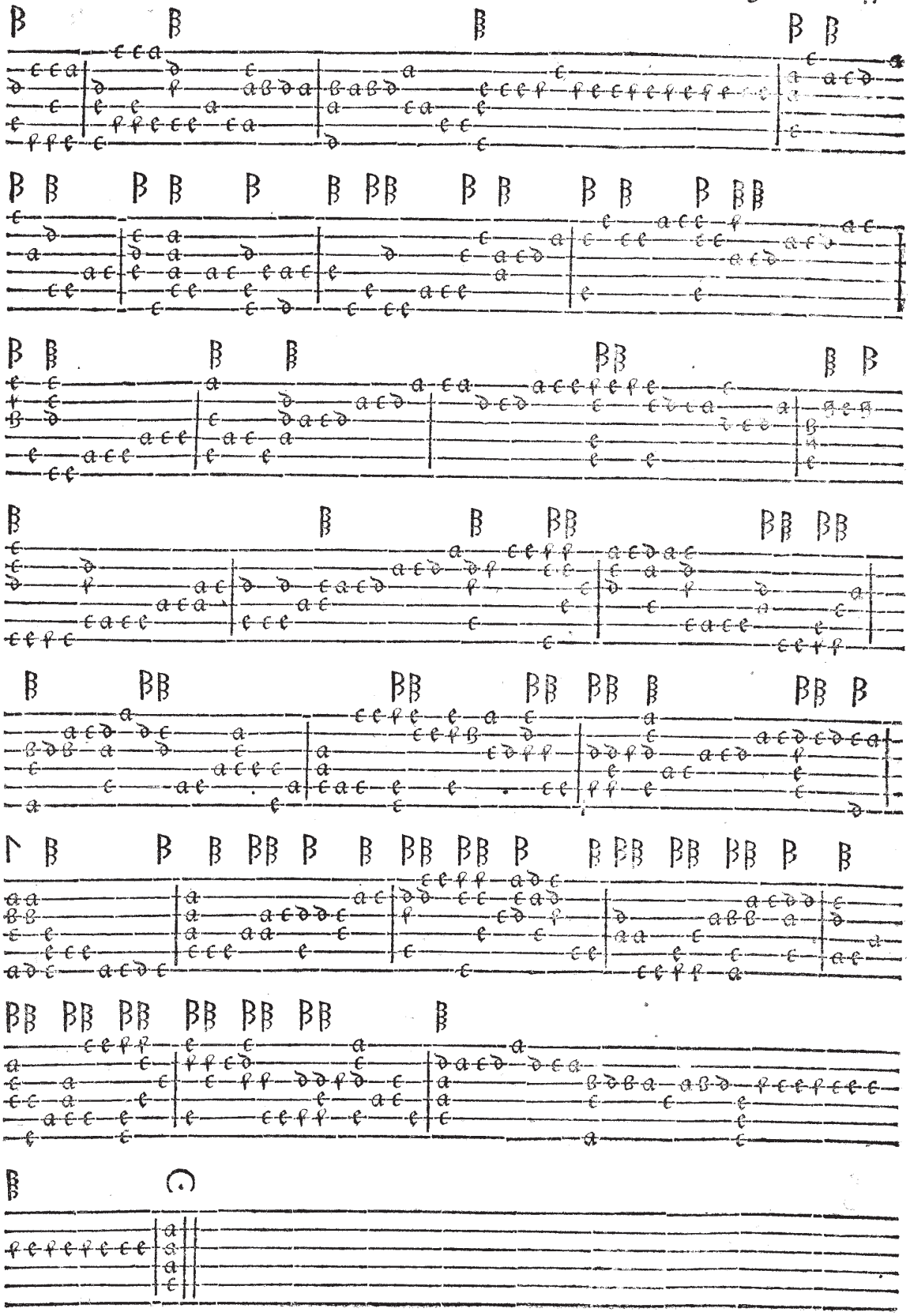
A

DCA


E di dolor

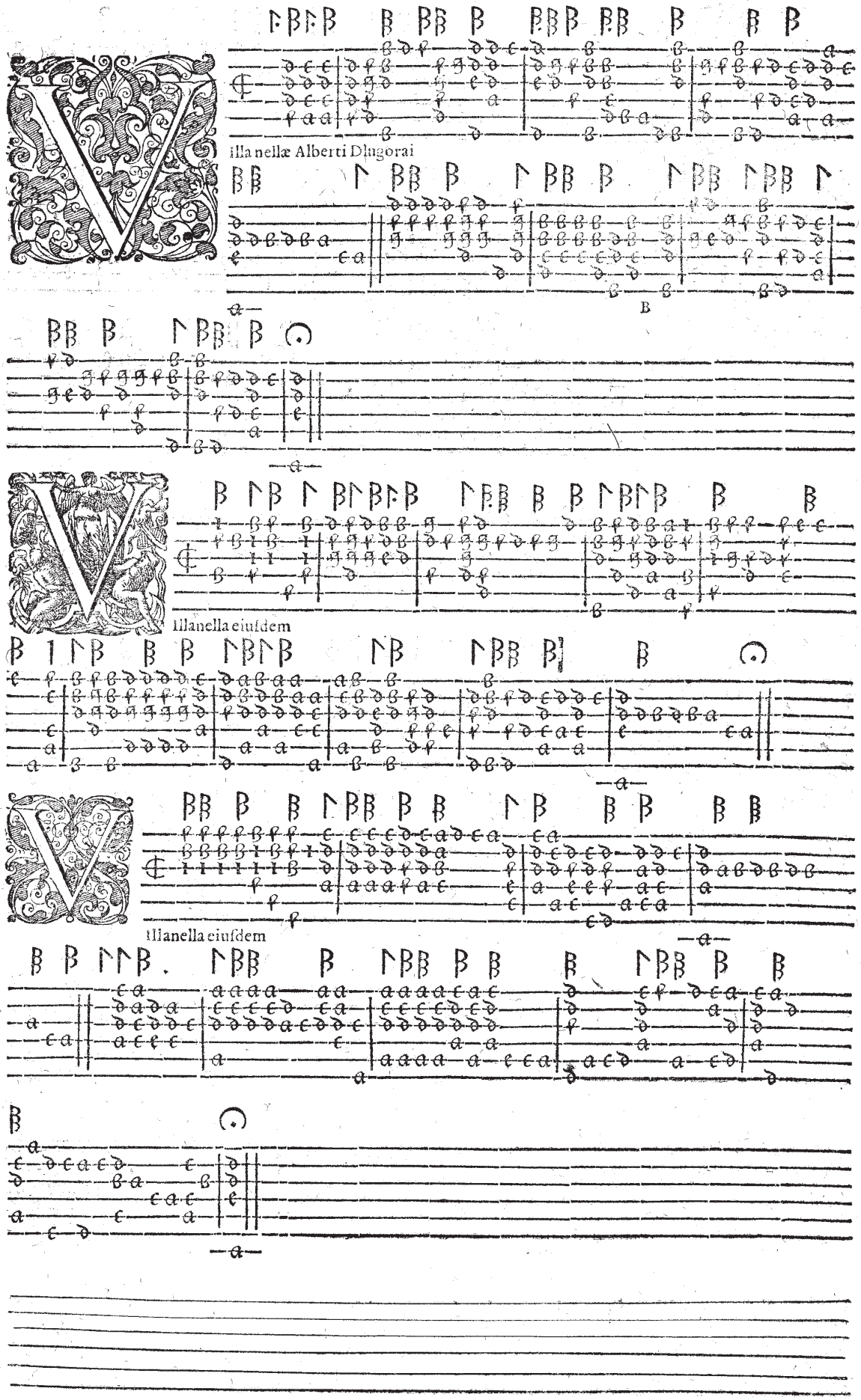


Mor perche si fiero





e notte e giorno

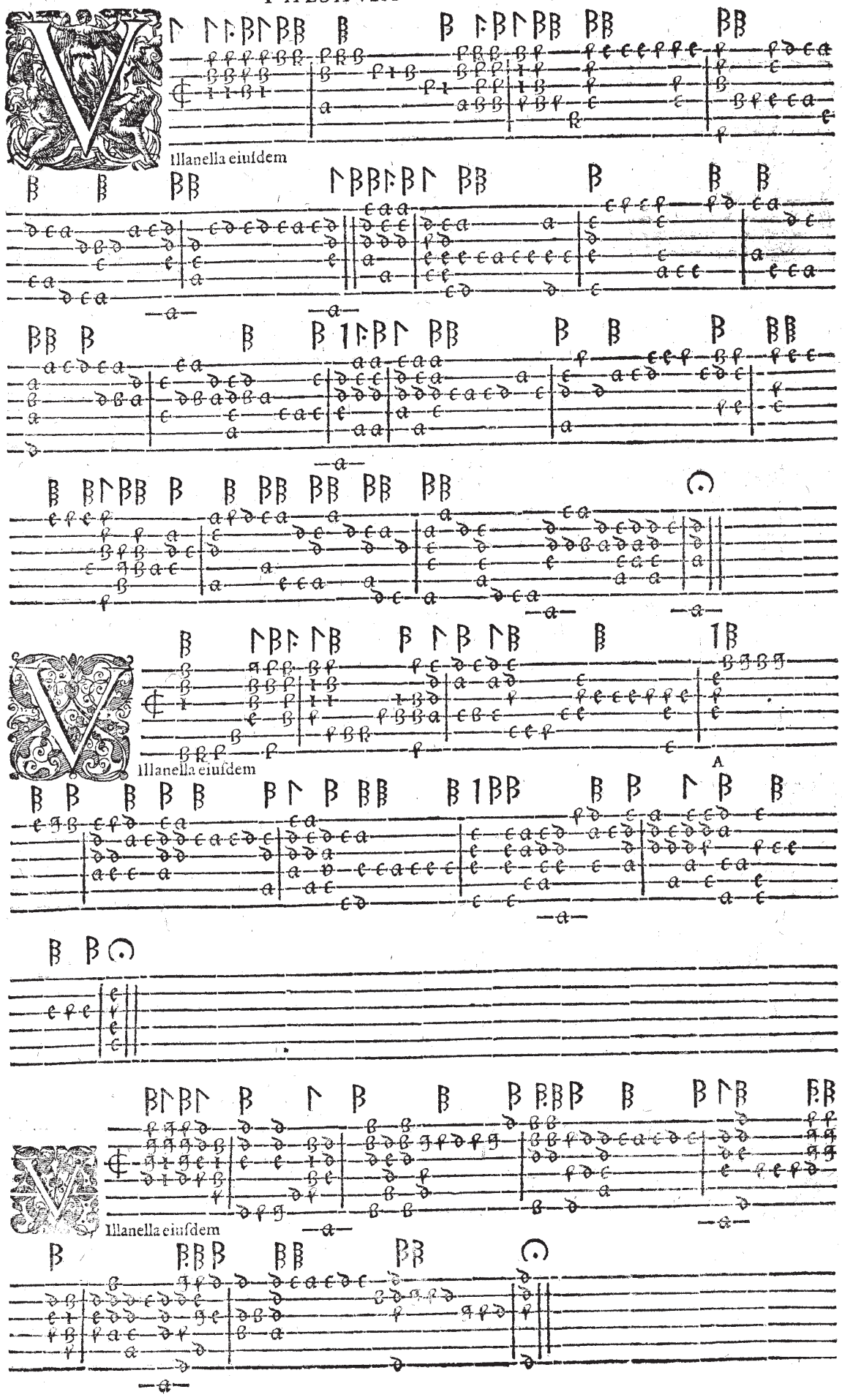


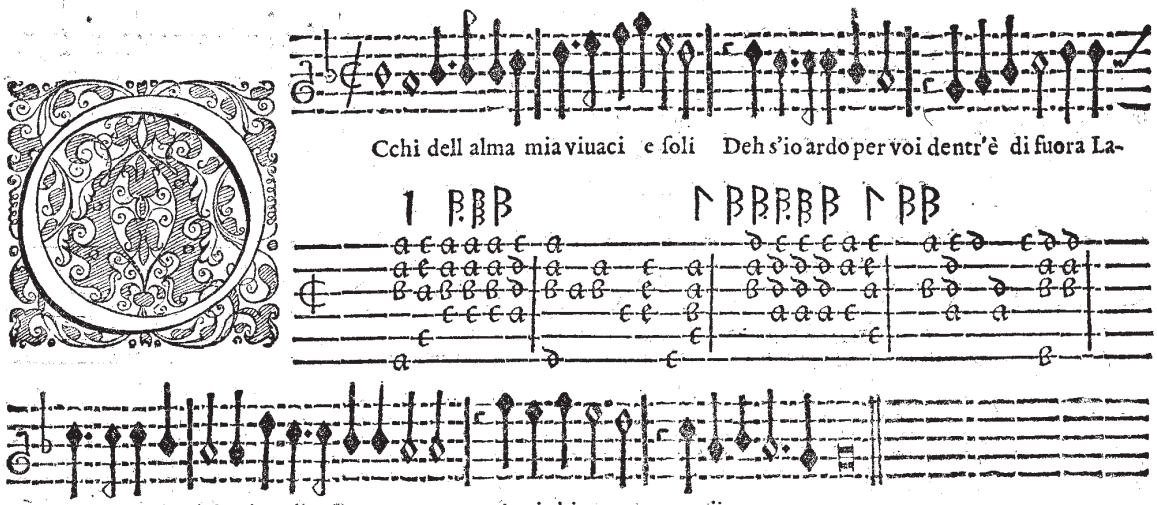
Villanella Alberti Dlugorai

B

Villanella eiusdem

Villanella eiusdem


Illanella eiuſdem
Illanella eiuſdem
A
Illanella eiuſdem

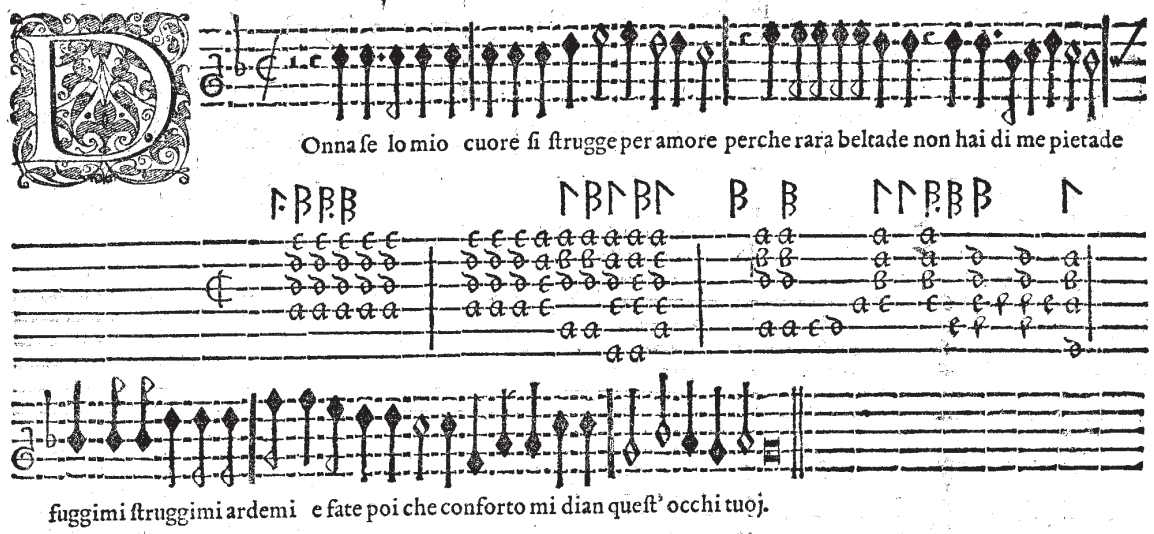


Cchi dell alma mia viuaci e ſoli Deh s'io ardo per voi dentr'è di fuora La-

ſciate ch'io vi baci. ij. Anzi chio mora ij

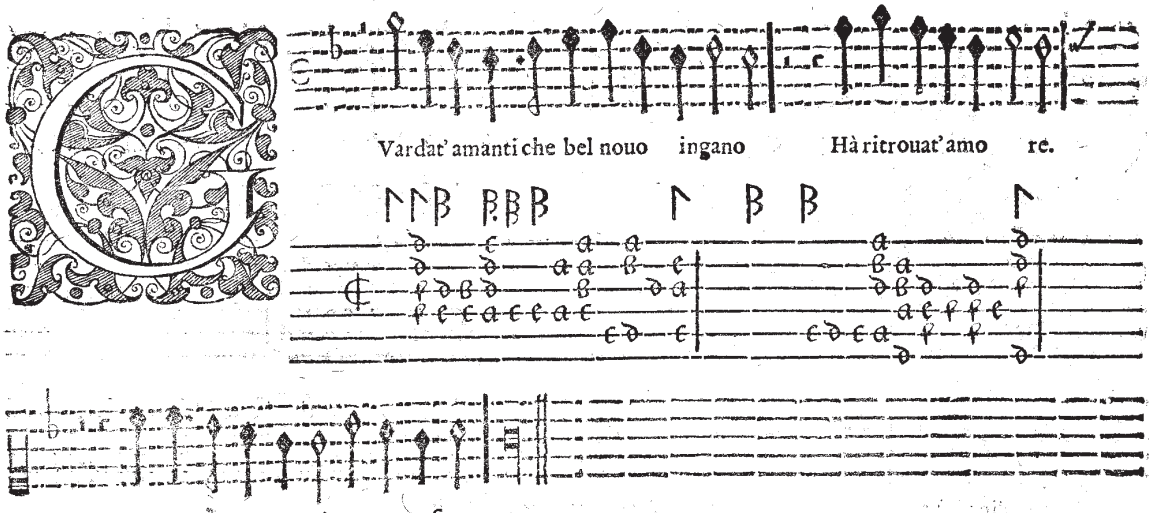
Ochi viui d'amor fiammelle ardenti,
Deh s'un longo ſeruir merta mercede,
Mirate ſenza ſdegno mia vera fede,

Ochi ſi per pieta non per mio merto
Non impetro da voi qualche conforto,
Voi voi crudi occhi voi m'auette morto.



Onna ſe lo mio cuore ſi ſtrugge per amore perche rara beltade non hai di me pietade

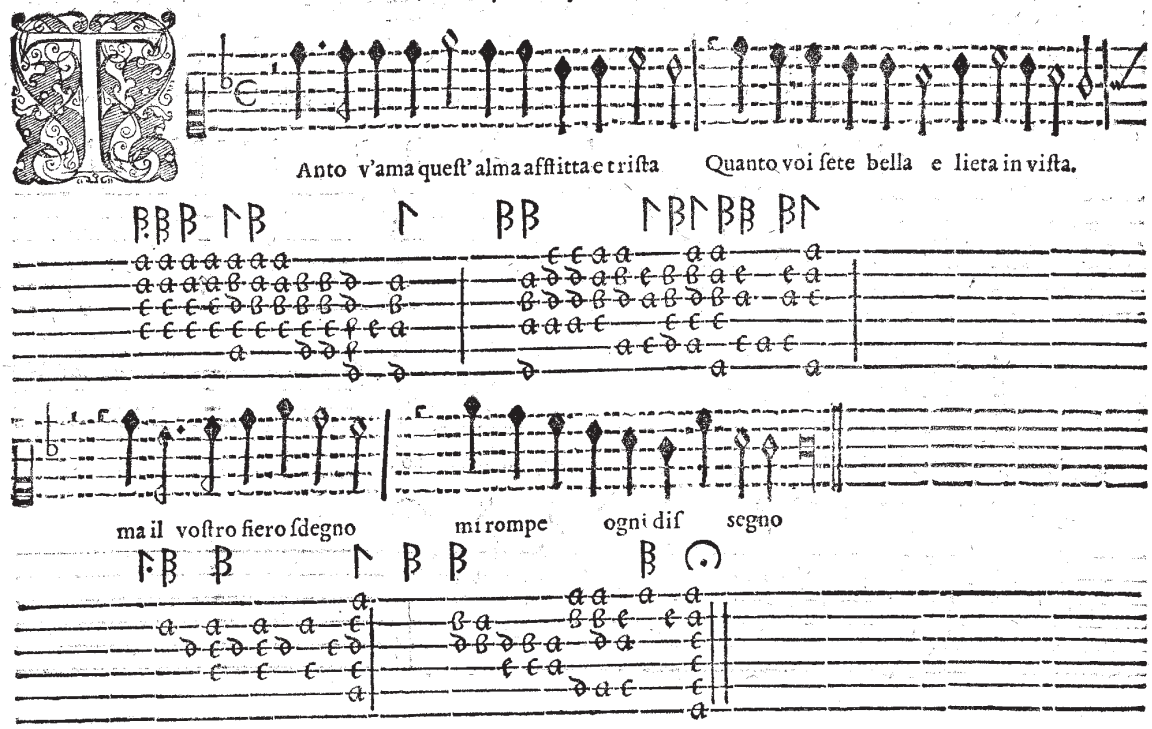
fuggimi ſtruggimi ardemi e fate poi che conforto mi dian queſt' occhi tuoj.



Sene va senza l'arco, e senza faci
Senza pungenti strali,
Per non metter in fega li mortali.

Mai con li sguardi di Madonna poi
Fà ciò che vuol il crudo,
Che contra lui non vale elmo ne scudo.

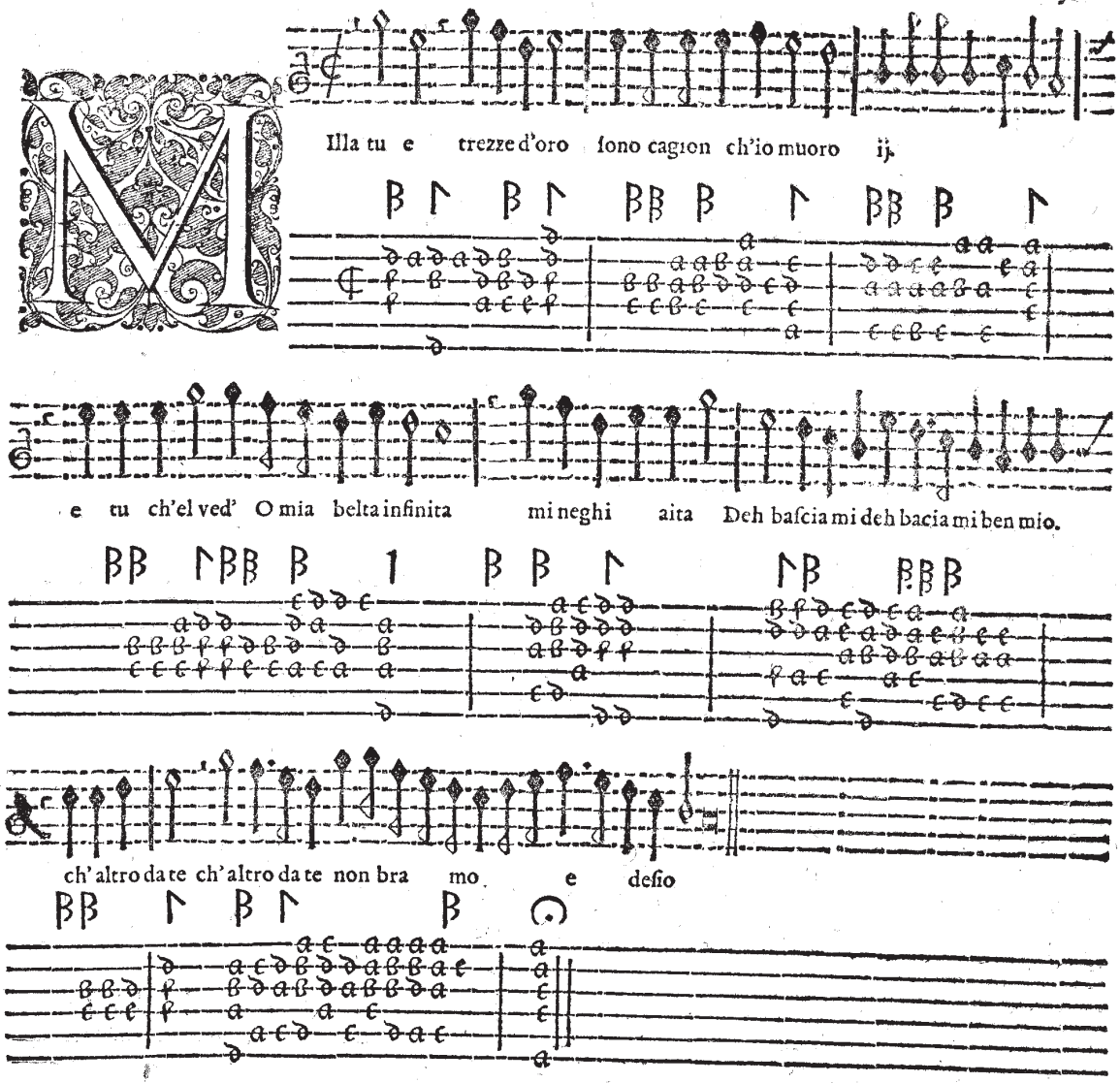
E vero che non da con quelli morte,
Pena, tormenti, e noia,
Ma vita sempre mai piacer, e ioia.



Tanto fuoco per voi il mio cor sente
Quanto si vede in voi beltà, e honore:
Ma il vostro orgoillo altiero
Mi rompe ogni pensiero

Tanto di vita questa vita sente,
Quanto da voi mio sol si stà presente.
Ma il vostro creder poco
Radoppia fiamma al fuoco.

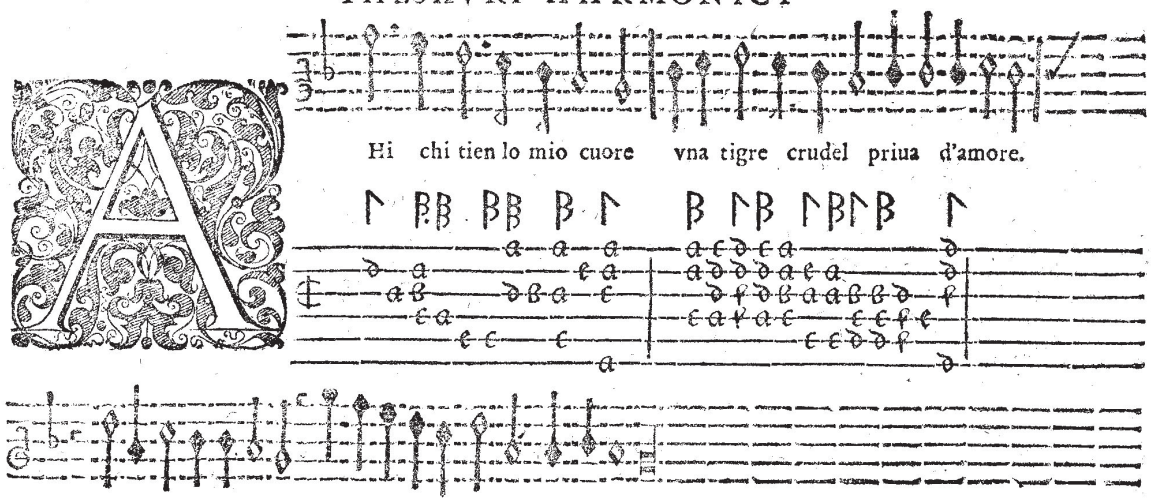
Dunq; lira smorzatte & grand' orgoillo
Ch'io viuer vostro sempr'e morir voglio
Se ben da voi mio bene
Haurò tormenti è pene.



Milla'l tuo dolce riſo
Mi tien il cuor diuiſo
E tu ch'el vedi
O mia belta immortale
Radoppi, el male
Deh non voler o mamma,
che mi conſum'il cuor
L'ardente fiamma.

Milla tuoi dolci accenti
Mi dan pene & tormenti.
E tu ch'el vedi
O mio terreſtre ſole
Ponto ti tolle.
Deh non voler finire
Ch'è nato al mondo
Solo per te ſeruire.

O chiome, ò riſo, accenti
Mi dan pene e tormenti.
Deh per pietà
Non date piu dolore
Al miſer cuore,
E porgete vn bel riſo,
Che lieto audrò
Morendo in paradiſo.



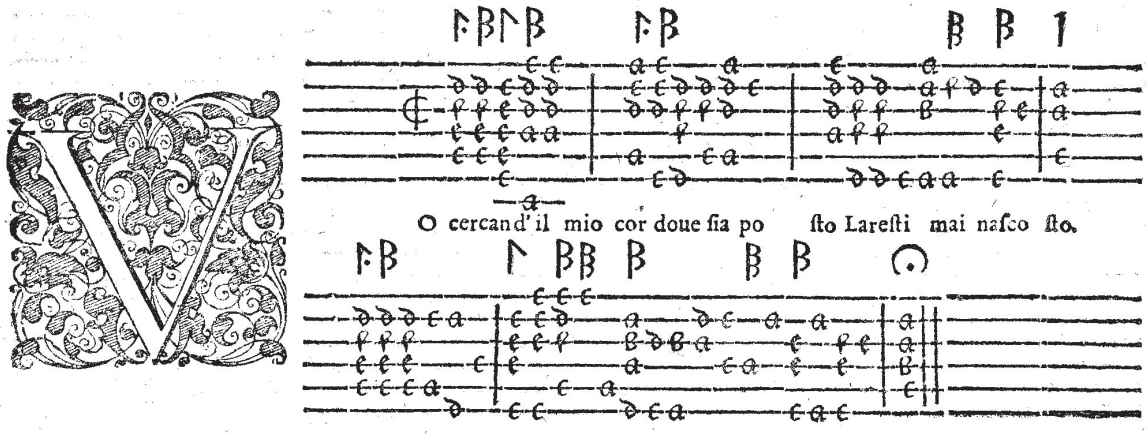
Hi chi tien lo mio cuore vna tigre crudel priua d'amore.

ch'e per farmi morire non cura lo mio pianto'el gran languire.

Pur ſeguo chi mi fugge.
Sola coſtei ch'a tutte l'hore miſtrugge:
Morirò di dolore.
Per'i caldi ſoſpir ch'eſcon del core.

Far poteſſi io vendetta,
De ſta turca ch'el cor mi Saetta.
Far ti vedrei' ognora,
Sè giuſto dar la morte a chi t'adora.

Hor poi ch'e la mia ſorte
Vuol ch'io ti ſegua in vita,et doppo morte
Almeno habbi pieta de
Di me ch'adoro la tua gran beltade.



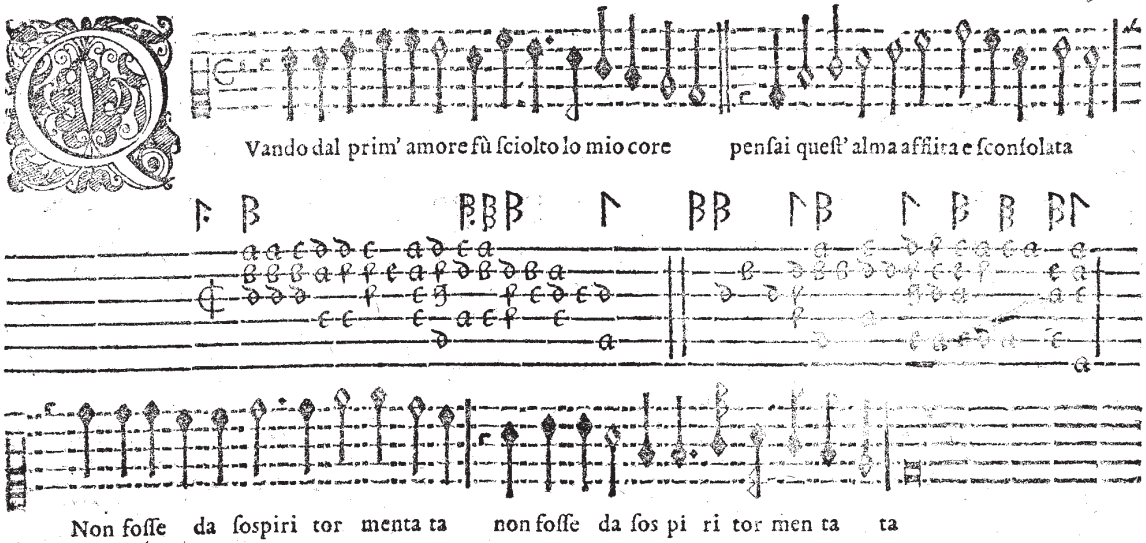
O cercand' il mio cor doue ſia po ſto Lareſti mai naſco ſto.

sò ch'alor mi fu tolto quand' iomiraj il vago uoſtro vol to.

Pria chio miraſsi voi l'haueua allato,
Lareſti maj rubatto;
Io ſo ben che l' auette,'
Mia vita io morirò ſe nol rendete.

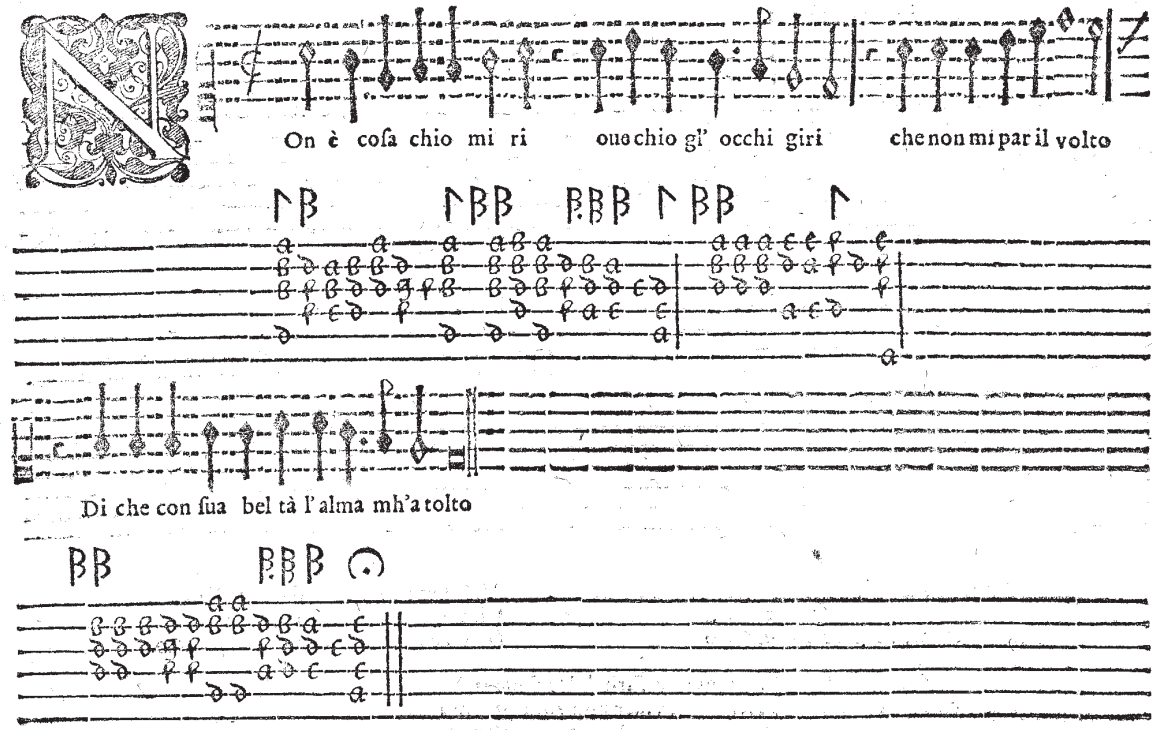
Non mi fatte penar, ditte m' al meno
Lareſtì mai al ſeno?
Che ne fareſte voj
Sò ch' al ſuo luoco il tornarete poi.

Voi mi ridettte, ahime conoſco al riſo
Che me l'hauette vcciſo
Deh qual haurò conforto?
Se voi l'hauette ahime rubato è morto.



Hor poi ch'e deſtinato
Io uiuo incadenato,
Dirò cridando in ogni partechio
Ne vita piu nè libertà deſio.

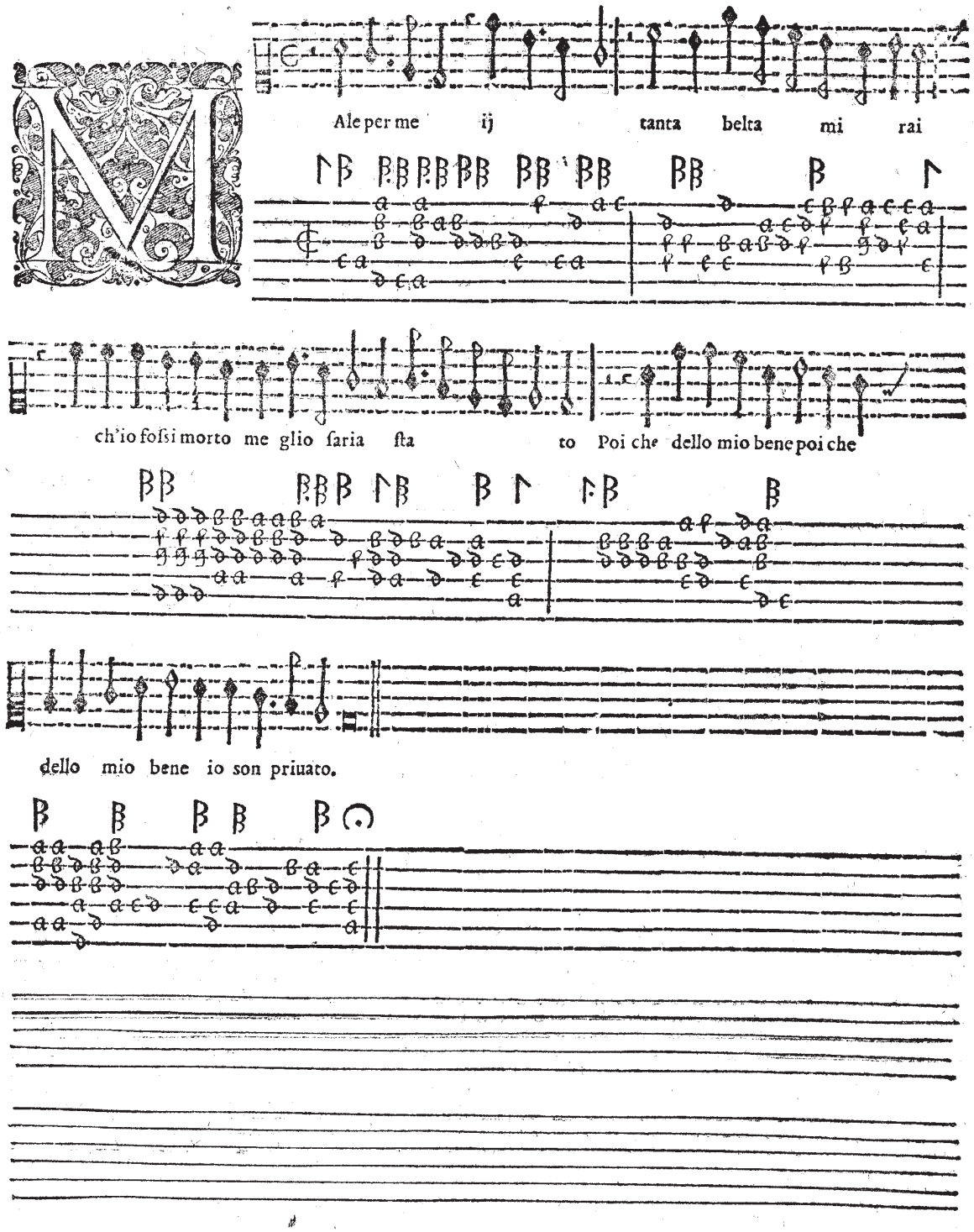
Hora vn nuouo foco
Mabbruggia in ogni loco.
Fiamma non è ma due facelle ardenti,
Donna crudel ch'abruggia le genti.



Ne de coſa parl'io
Che tent'il penſier mio.
Non parlò di colei
Che ſol'puo addolcir gli affanni mieî

Ne coſa aſcolto mai
Di piacer ô di guai,
Che non mi aggiunga a'l core
Piu memoria di voi, piu fiero ardore.

Coſi dolce mio bene
Tra tanti affanni, e pene,
Queſto mi ſia conceſſo
Ch' io viua tutto in voi fuor di me ſteſſo.



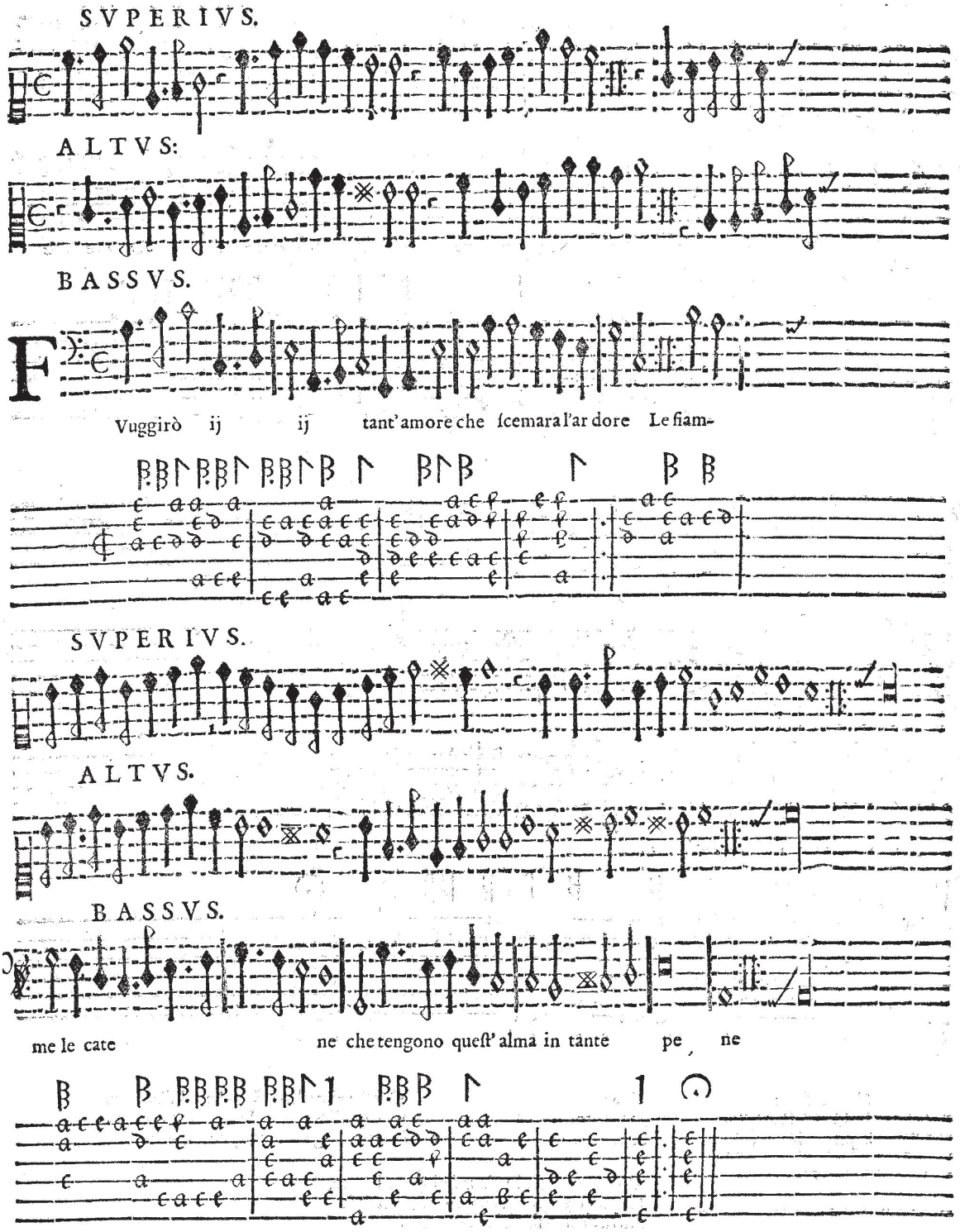
Male per m'in amorai,
Che tutto fiamma & focoſon tornato,
Poi che dello mio bene' io ſon priuato

Male per me quel dì ui riguardài
Ch'e ſubito dall'occhi fu legato,
Poi ch'e dello mio bene ioſon priuato.

Hai me come faro dolce ſignora
Se ſenza voi viuer non poſſo vn'hora
Pietà cor mio de ſt'alma c'he t'adora

VILLANELLÆ TRIVM VOCVM

Lucæ Marencij

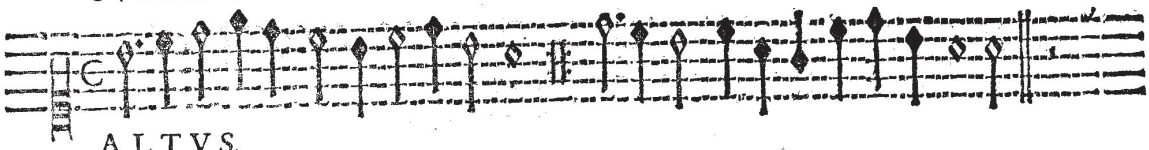


Fuggirò tanto,tanto
Ch'e ceſſarà il mio pianto
Il nodo l'arco,el ſtrale.
Che tien queſt'alma
In doglia aſpra,e mortale

Fuggirò il forte laſcio,
E viciro d'impaſcio,
Ne di fuggir mi pento,
E ſe mar queſt ardor,
Che nel cor ſento.

Fuggirò dunque amore,
Sciolto dal fiero ardore,
E dirò nel fuggire.
Donna tu ſei cagion
Del mio martire:

SVPERIVS.



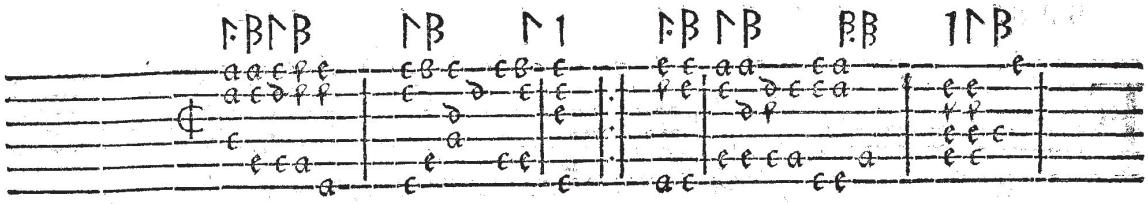
ALTVS.



BASSVS.



A Rd'ogn'hor il cor laſſo e mai non mo re Ahi ch'el foco d'amor non e mortale e



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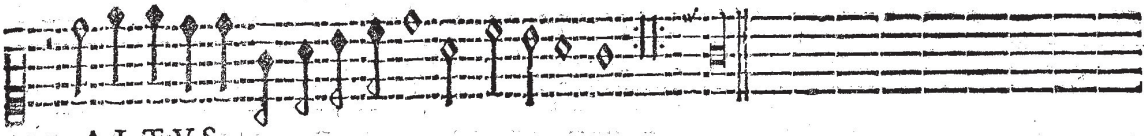

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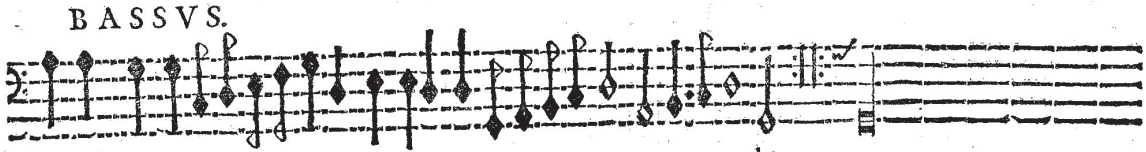
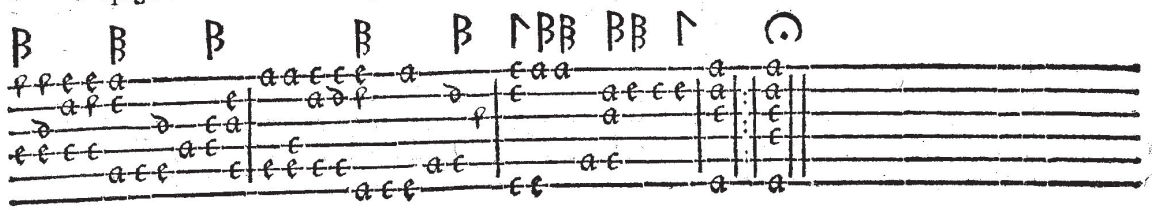


a ſpegner il ſuo ardor ij. acqua non vale:



S'acqua ſpegneſſe l'amoroſo ardore
Io l'haueria col pianger mio gia ſpento,
E queſto donna è il mio maggior tormento.

Queſto rimedio il foco ha ſol d'amore,
Che chi l'accende ſpegner lo può ſolo,
E chi la piaga fa ſanar può il duolo.

Voi m'accendeſte, & mi piagaſte il core,
Ne può con ſua bellezza, ò ingegni ſuoi
Altra donna ſanarlo ſe non voi.

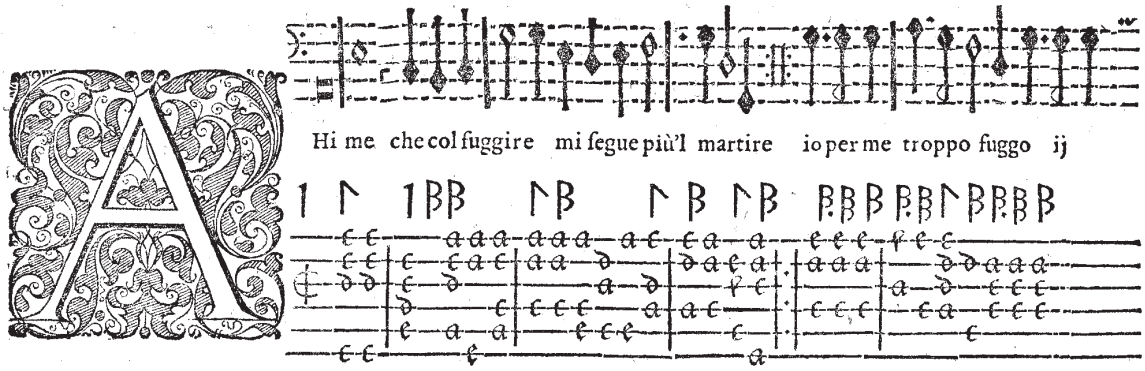
SVPERIVS.



ALTVS:



BASSVS.



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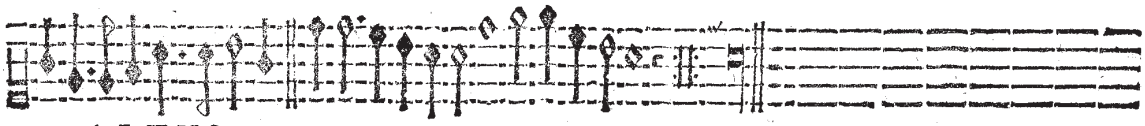

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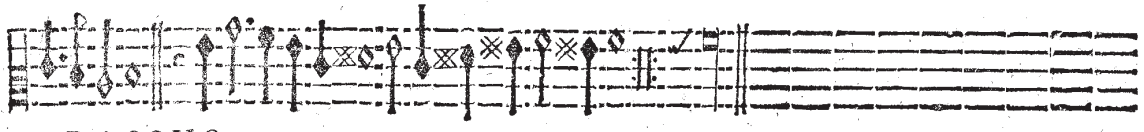

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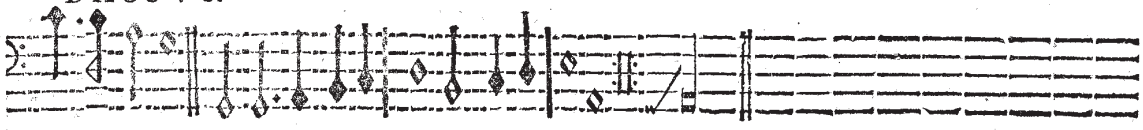
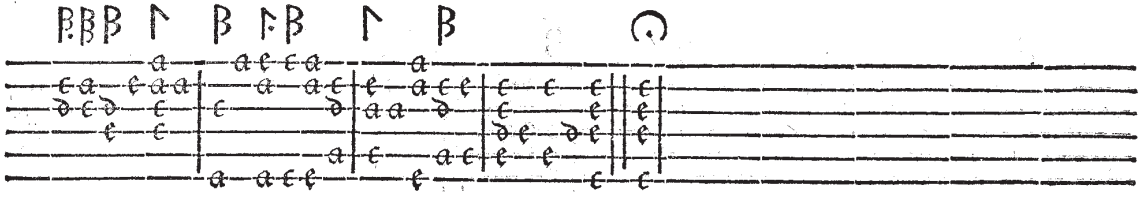


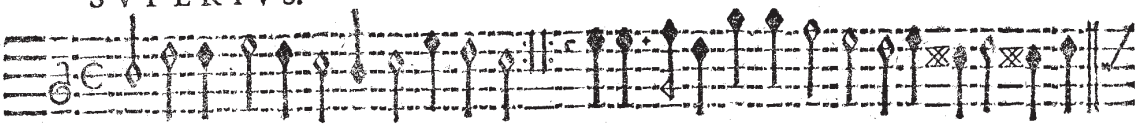


Ahime ch' io uò morire,
Poi che non sò fuggire,
Deh non mi far morire,
Gl' occhi tuoi fnr cagiõ del mio martire.

Ahime ch' io piango e ſtrido
D' vn amoroſo nido,
Che volendo'l fuggire
Ritienſi l'alma in coſi bel deſire.

Ahlme che col mio canto,
Piu creſce il mio grãn pianto
E ſe non porgî aita
Fuggirà l'alma e finirò la vita.

SVPERIVS.



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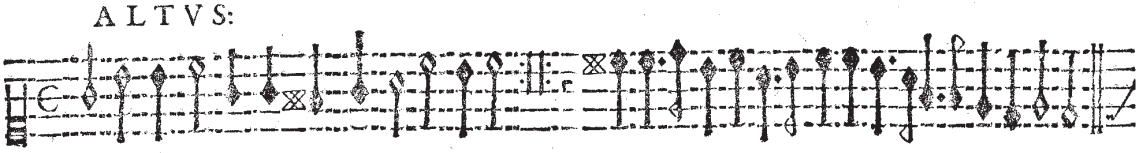

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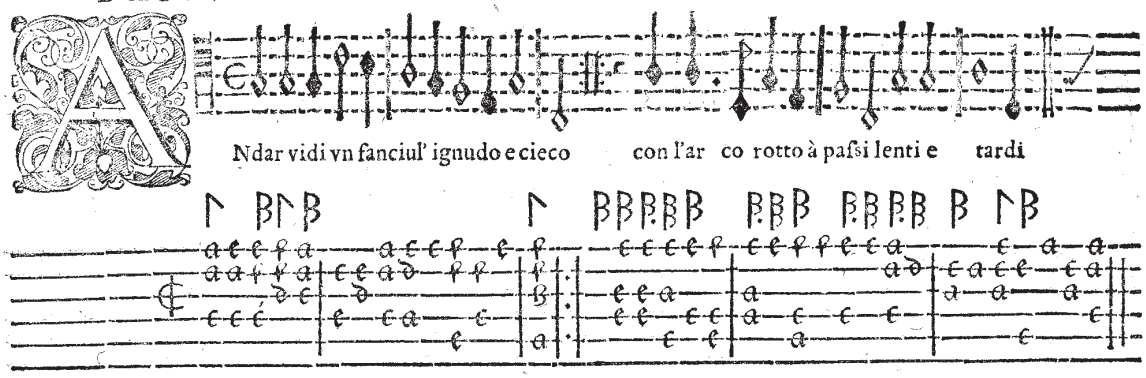
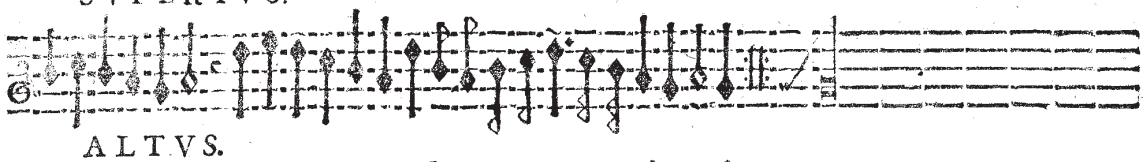


Ndar vidi vn fanciul' ignudo e cieco con l'ar co rotto à paßi lenti e tardi

SVPERIVS.



ALTVS.



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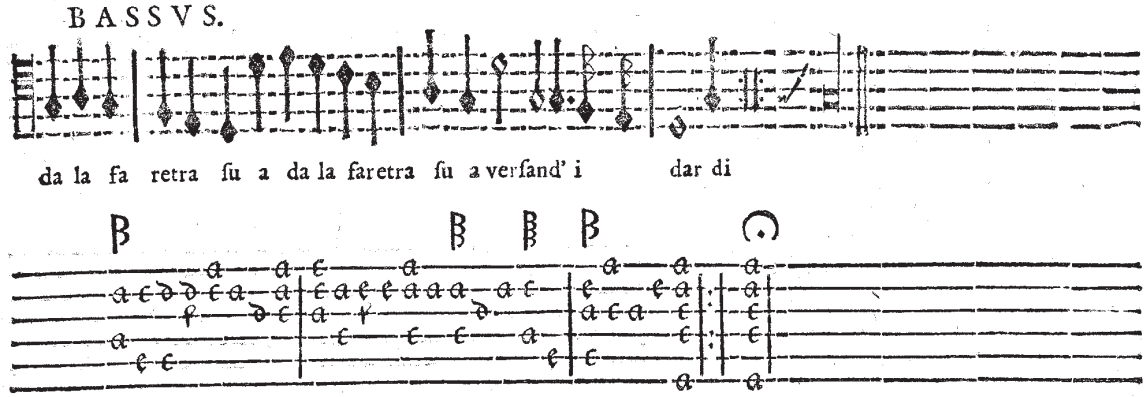


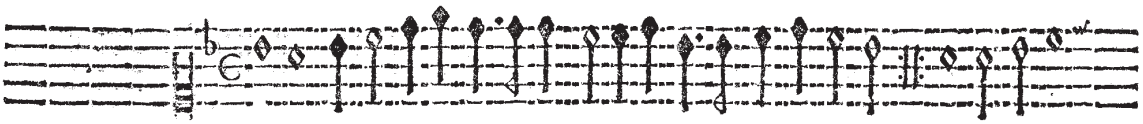
da la fa retra ſu a da la faretra ſu a verſand' i dar di

Io che lo riconobbi al primo incontro:
Perche gran tempo lo portai nel core
Gli diſſi, oue ne vai miſero amore.

Egli apprendò le labbia in flebil ſuono
Diſſe. vna donna altiera e pelegrina
A ſi peruerſa ſorte mi deſtina.

Ella con gli occhi ſuoi m'hà tolto il regno,
E però mi conuien mendico, e triſto
Andar con gli altri poueri a San Siſto.

SVPERIVS.



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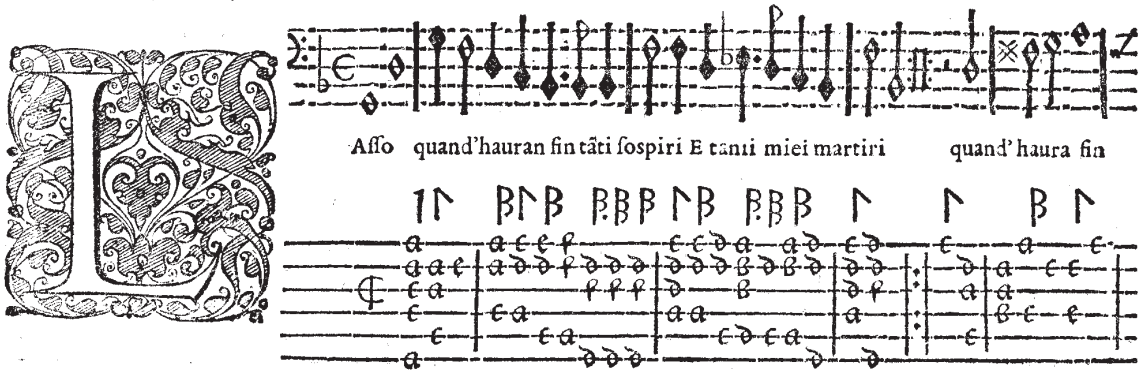
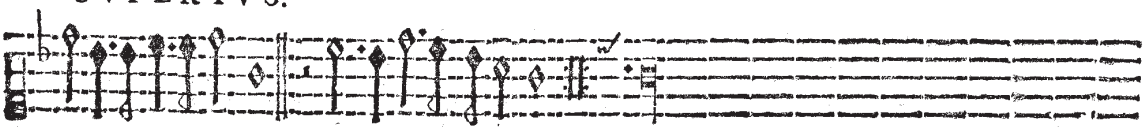
BASSSVS.



Aſſo quand'hauran fin tãti ſospiri E tanti miei martiri quand' haura fin

SVPERIVS.



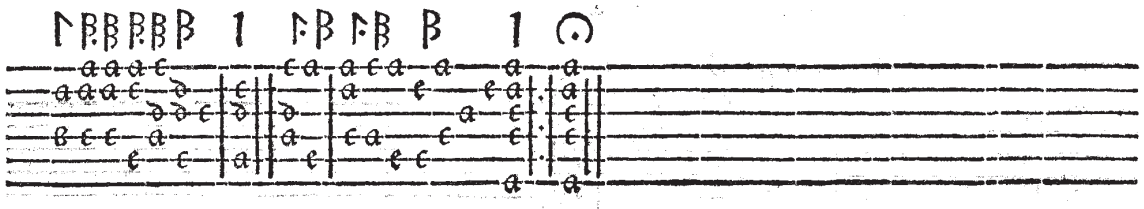
ALTVS.



BASSVS.



la pena mia infini ta Cara e dolce mia vi ta.

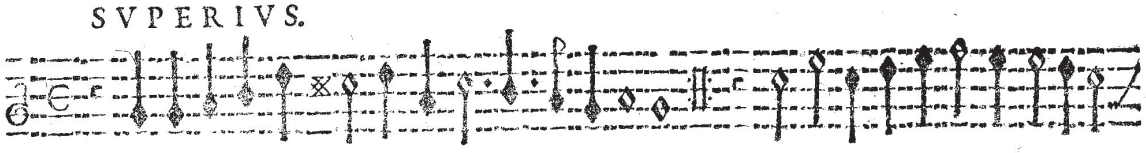


Che quando mi mirate,ahi triſta ſorte,
Mi date mille morte.
E col leggiadro,e amoreſetto riſo
Da voi reſto diuiſo.

Se ben ſi parte l'amoroſo ſguardo
Da belli occhi pur ardo,
L'ardor auanca,e pate mille pene
Per voi dolce mio bene.

Dunque s'el lampeggiat de voſtri rai,
Cagion ſù de' miei guai
Porgette à l'alma afflita alcuna aita
Cara,e dolce mia vita.

SVPERIVS.



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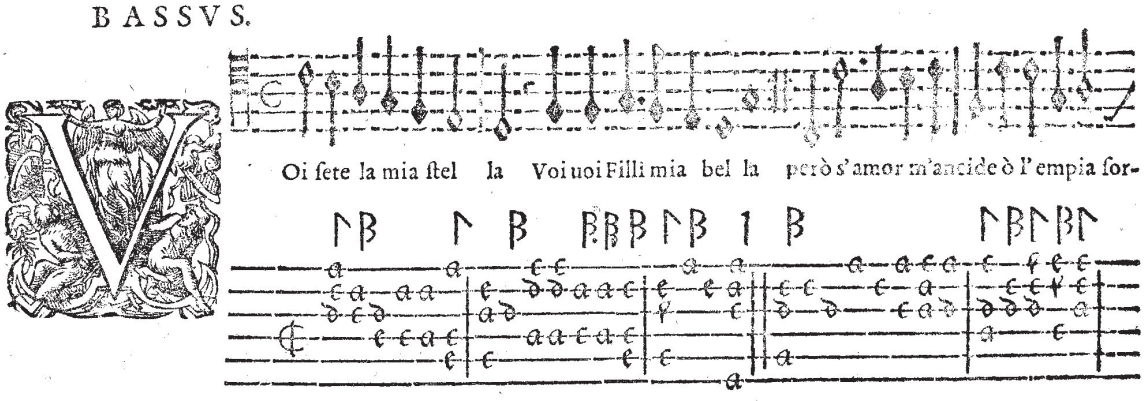

Oi ſete la mia ſtel la Voi uoi Filli mia bel la però s'amor m'ancide ò l'empia for-

SVPERIVS.



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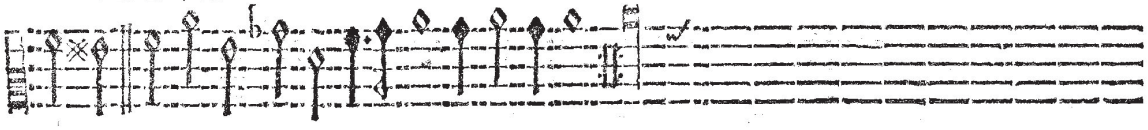

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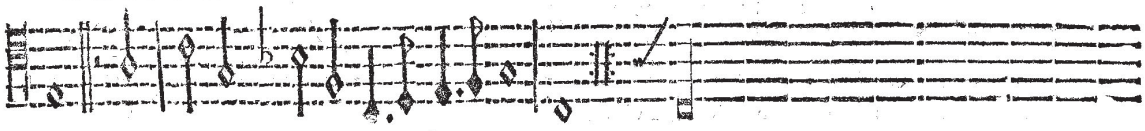
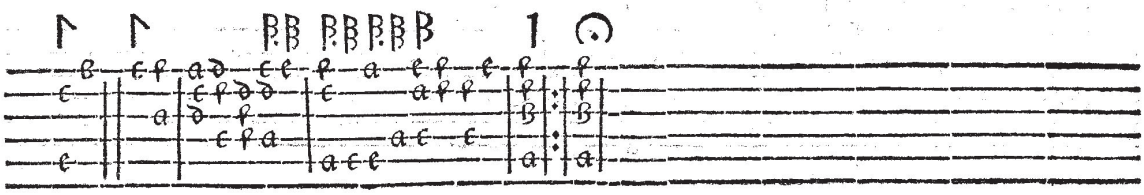


te di tò voi Filli voi mi date mor te.



Voi pur bramate ogn' hora,
Voi voi Filli ch' io mora
Poi che fugite, ahime, ma ſi ſe more,
Dirò voi filli, voi ancidete il core.

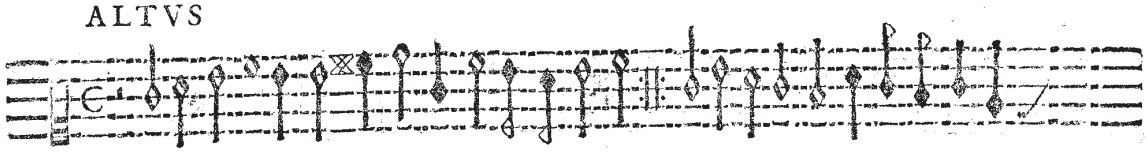
Voi ſol mi date pene
Voi voi Filli mio bene
Ma s' auien laſſo mai, chel duol m'ancida
Dirò voi filli voi ſete homicida

Fin che fiate vn dì paga
voi voi filli mia vaga,
Di mia morte ameroui e sẽpre à torto
Dirò voi Filli, m'hauete morto

SVPERIVS.



ALTVS



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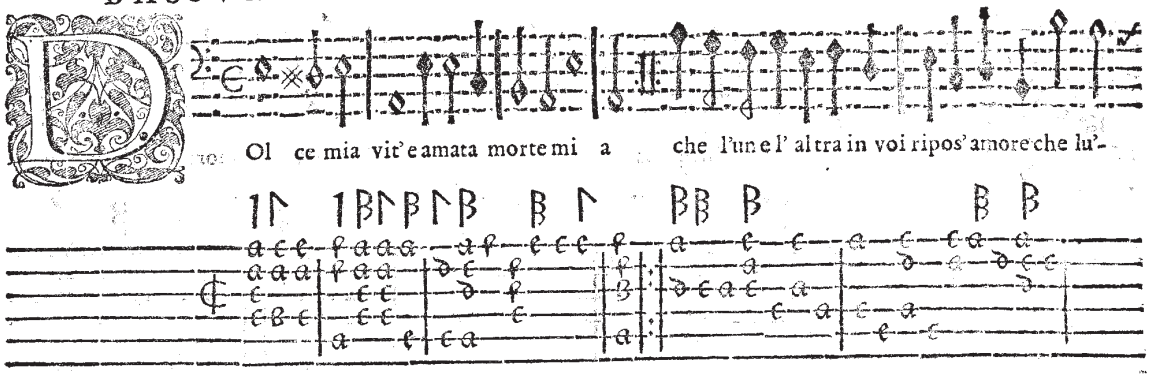

Ol ce mia vit'e amata morte mi a che l'un e l' altra in voi ripos' amore che lu'-

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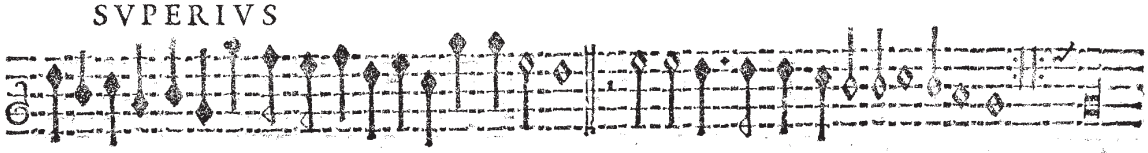

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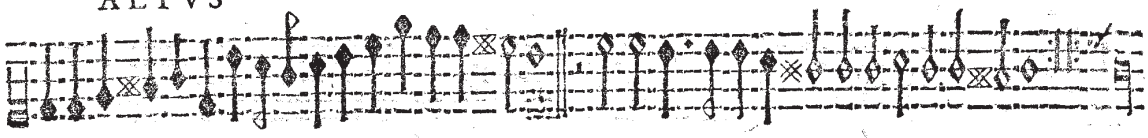

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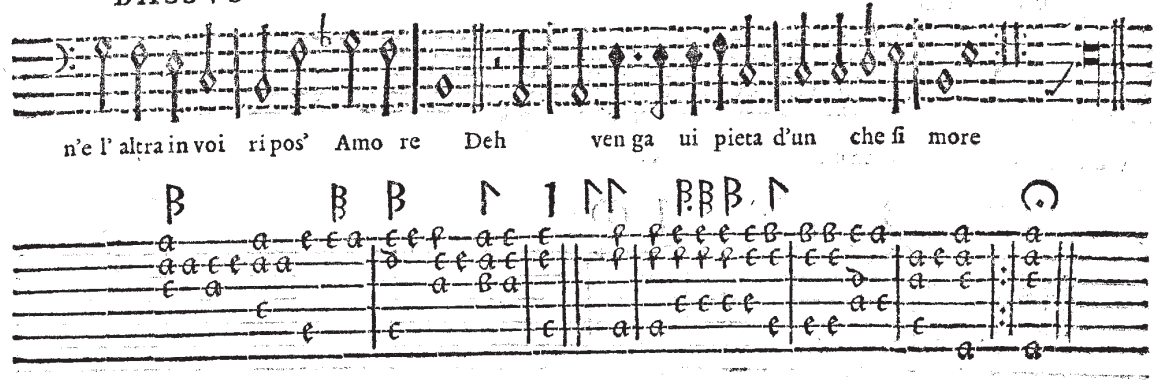


n'e l' altra in voi ri pos' Amo re Deh ven ga ui pieta d'un che ſi more

Occhi che ſerenar fate le ſtelle
Con voſtra luce angelica e ſerena,
Deh vengaui pietà de là mia pena.

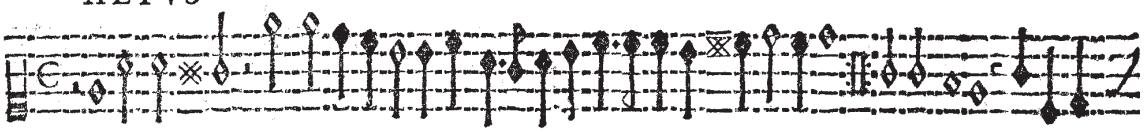
Parollette ſoaui e amoroſe,
Che potete acquetar tempeſte e venti,
Deh vengaui pietà di miei tormenti.

Ahime ch'io ſpargo in van pianti e ſoſpiri,
Perche contrà d'vn cor di Diamante,
Che ſi può far vn meſchinello amante.

SVPERIVS.



ALTVS



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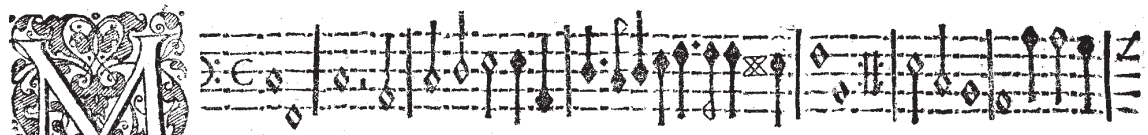
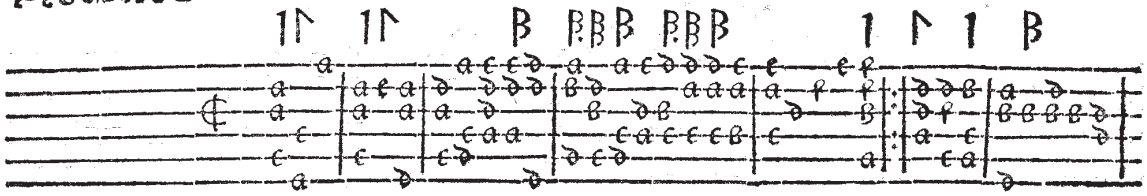


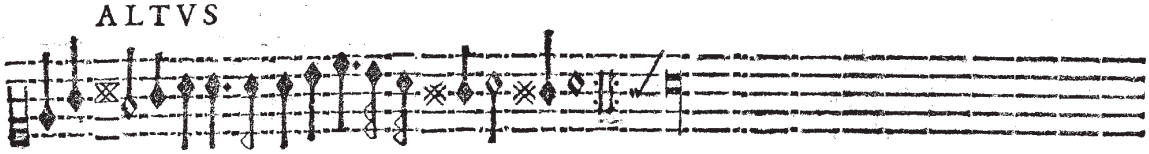
Ipar to ahi forte ria el cor vi laſcio, e l'afflit alma mia Ne morrò nò ch'amor nen



SVPERIVS



ALTVS



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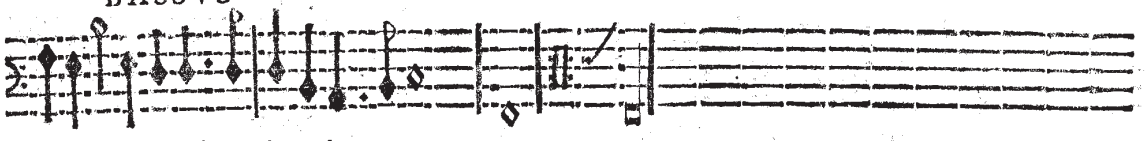
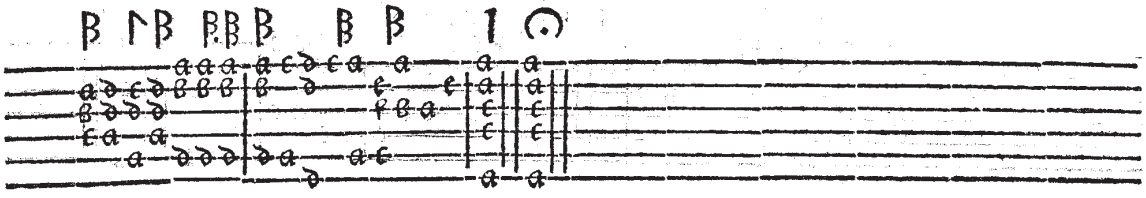


vuol à Dio dol ciſsi mo ben mi o.

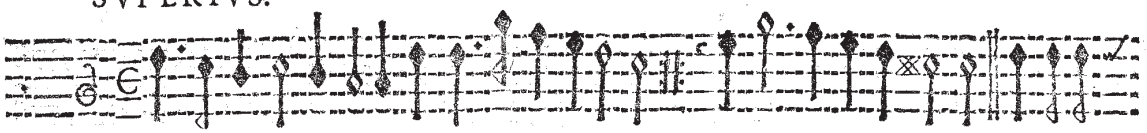


Mi' parto e ſol mi guida
De l'alma, e del mio cor la ſpeme infida.
Nè morrò nò, ch'aviva le mie pene
Dolciſſimo mio bene.

Mi parto, è vò lontano
Dal mio bel ſole ſoſpirando in vano:
Ne morrò nò, ch'el duol mi dona aita
Dolciſſima mia vita.

Mi parto giunta è l'hora
Del mio partir, e l'alma ſen và fora:
Hora ti laſcio à Dio dolce teſoro,
Ahime ch'io parto, e moro.

SVPERIVS.



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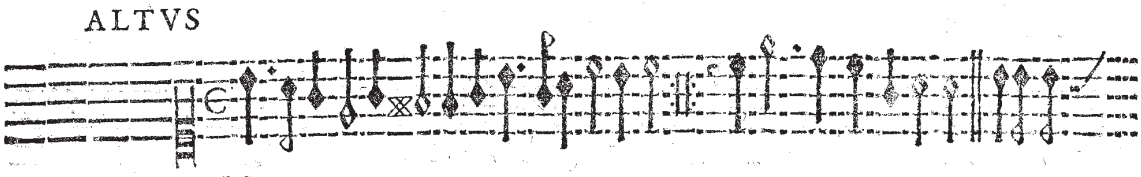

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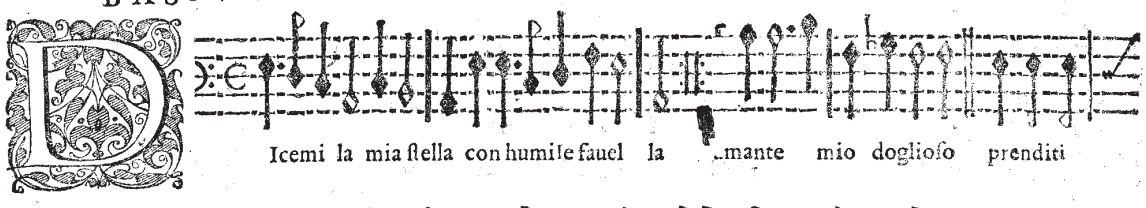
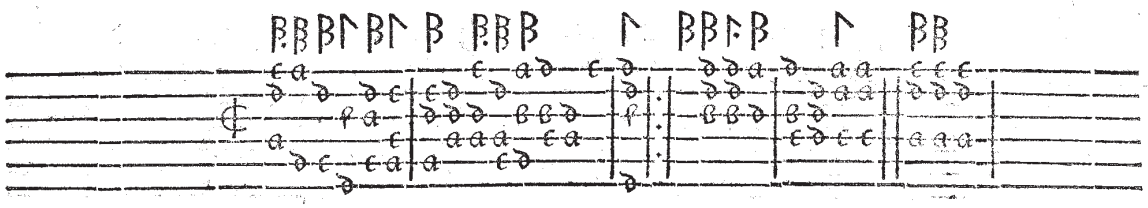


Icemi la mia ſtella con humile fauel la ..mante mio dogliоſo prenditi



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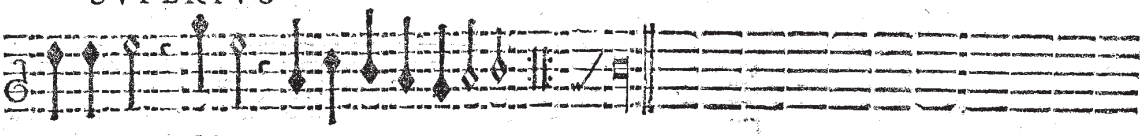

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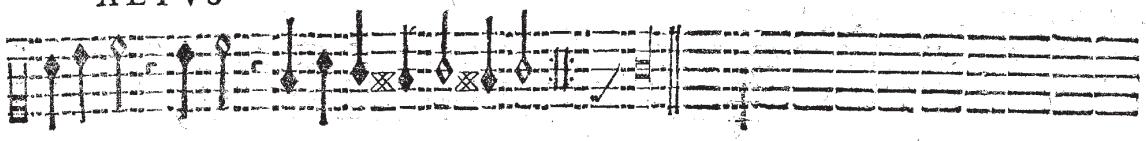

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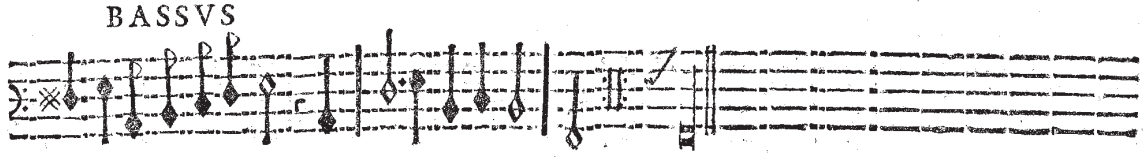
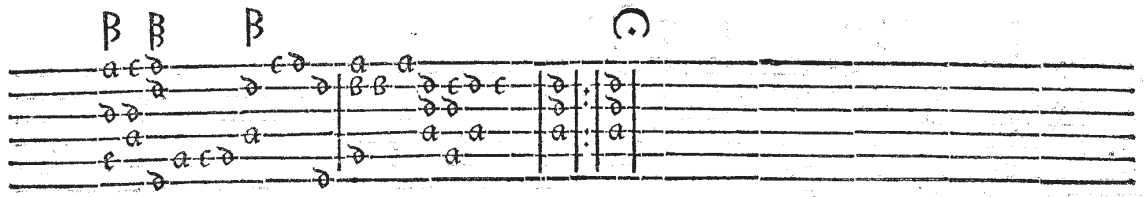


prego homa i ho mai qualche ripo ſo.



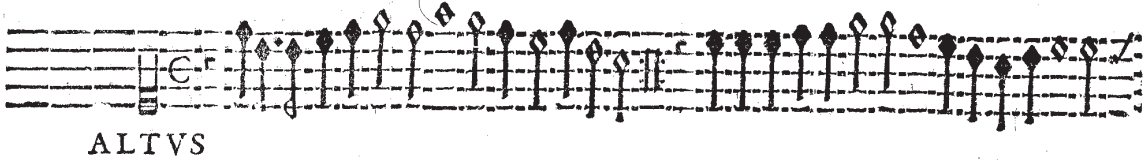
Non ti doler d' Amore,
Per che ti punſe il core,
Che per te in dolce fiamma
Il cor ſi ſtrugge, e mi tormenta l'alma.

Se ſei fra gli altri amanti
Leal, come ti vanti,
Non t'affliger ben mio,
Che viuer, e morir teco deſio.

Ohime che non ardiſco
Ridir quel che ſoffriſco
Per voi mio viuo ſole,
Tanto l'aspro martir mi punge, e dole.

Prendi dunque conforto,
Nè ti doler a torto,
Chiamando Amor crudele,
Se ti ſon ſi pietoſa, e ſi fedele

SVPERIVS.



ALTVS



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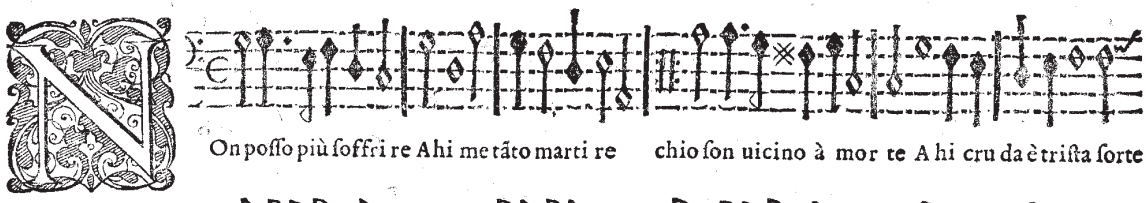
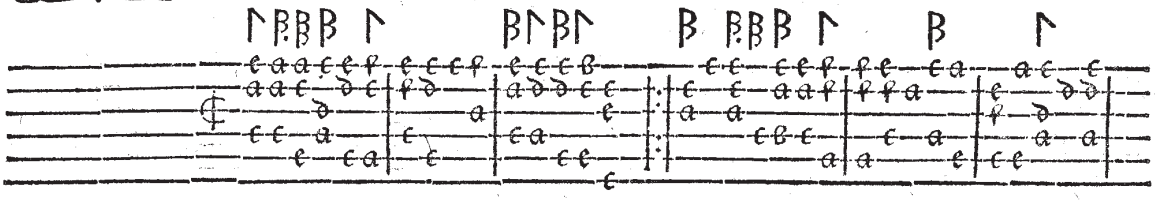


On poſſo più ſoffri re Ahi me tãto marti re chio ſon uicino à mor te A hi cru da è triſta ſorte



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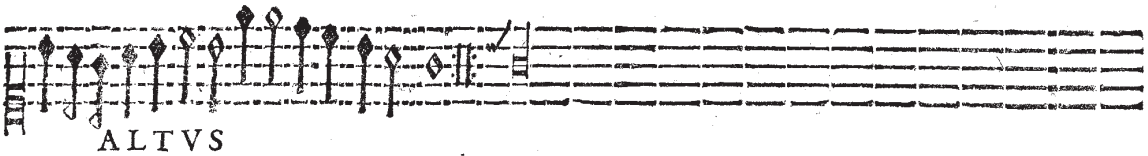

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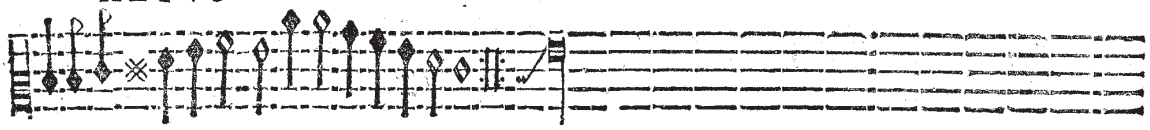
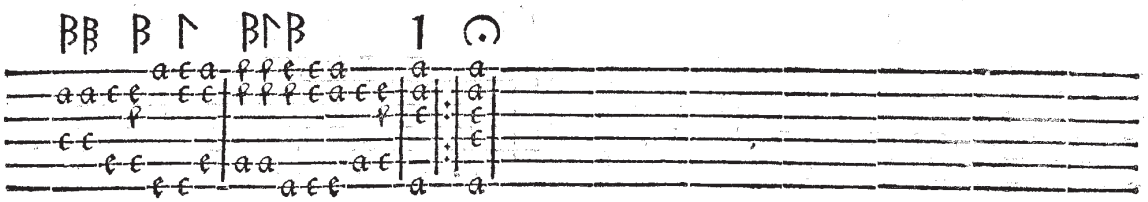


BASSVS



date ſoccorſo vn po co à me che ſto nel fo co.



La fiamma ch' ho nel petto
La mi faſtar ſoggietto,
A chi mi da tormento,
Ahime ch' io il prouo e ſento:
Ma di tanto dolore
Tu ne ſei cauſa amore.

Deh pungi almen colei.
Ch' abbruggia huomini e Dei,
Deh porgi almen aita
A ſt' alma sbigottita,
Ohime che gran tormento
E quel ch' io prouo, e ſento.

Ripara dunque morte
A la mia triſta ſorte,
Vedi che gran martire
Mi conuien pur ſoffrire,
O ſconſolato core
Te ci ha pur colto amore.

FINIS LIBRI TERTII

THESAVRI HARMONICI
LIBER QVARTVS.

SELECTIORES ALIQVOT CANTIONES GALLICAS QVAS DIVERSI PASSIM AD TESTVDINIS TABVLATVRAM REDEGERVNT ORDINE

complectens

QVIBVS PLERÆQVE EX IIS CANTIVNCVLIS quas Galli AIRS de Court nominant, vna cum notis muſicalibus & verbis annectuntur, à peritiſsimis Muſicis nuper compoſitæ.





Transpositio Laurencini

Vſanne vn iour

D C A

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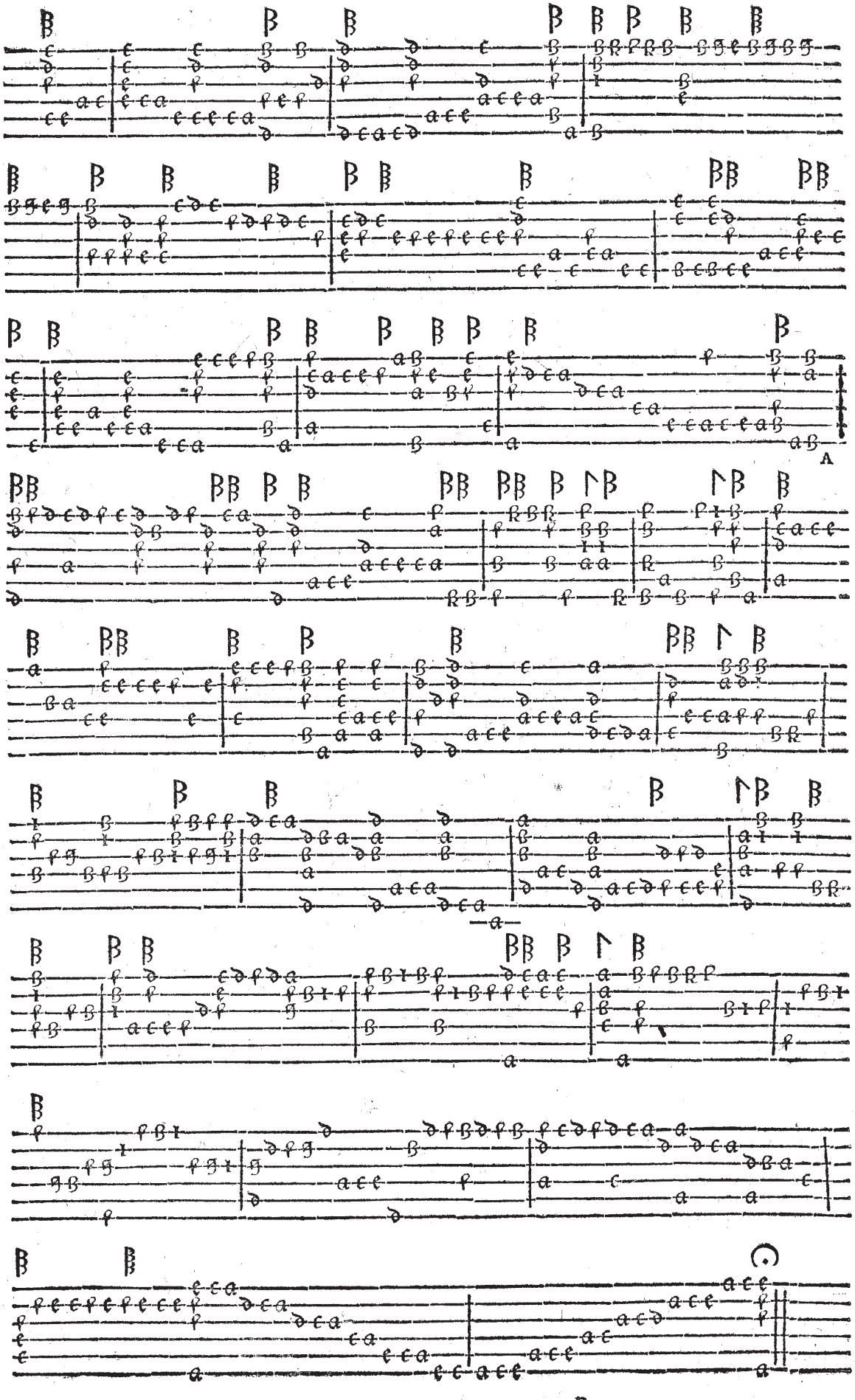
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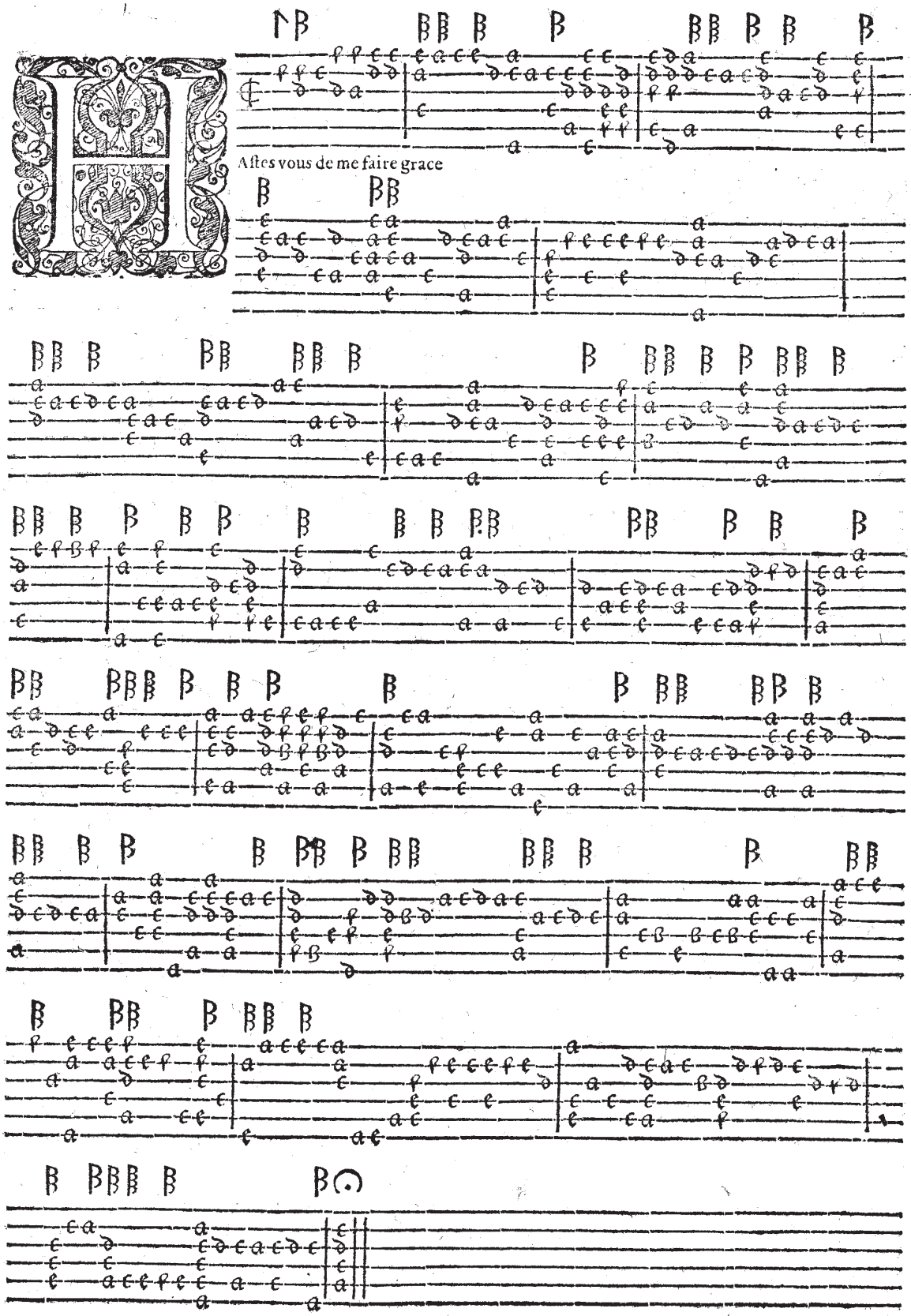
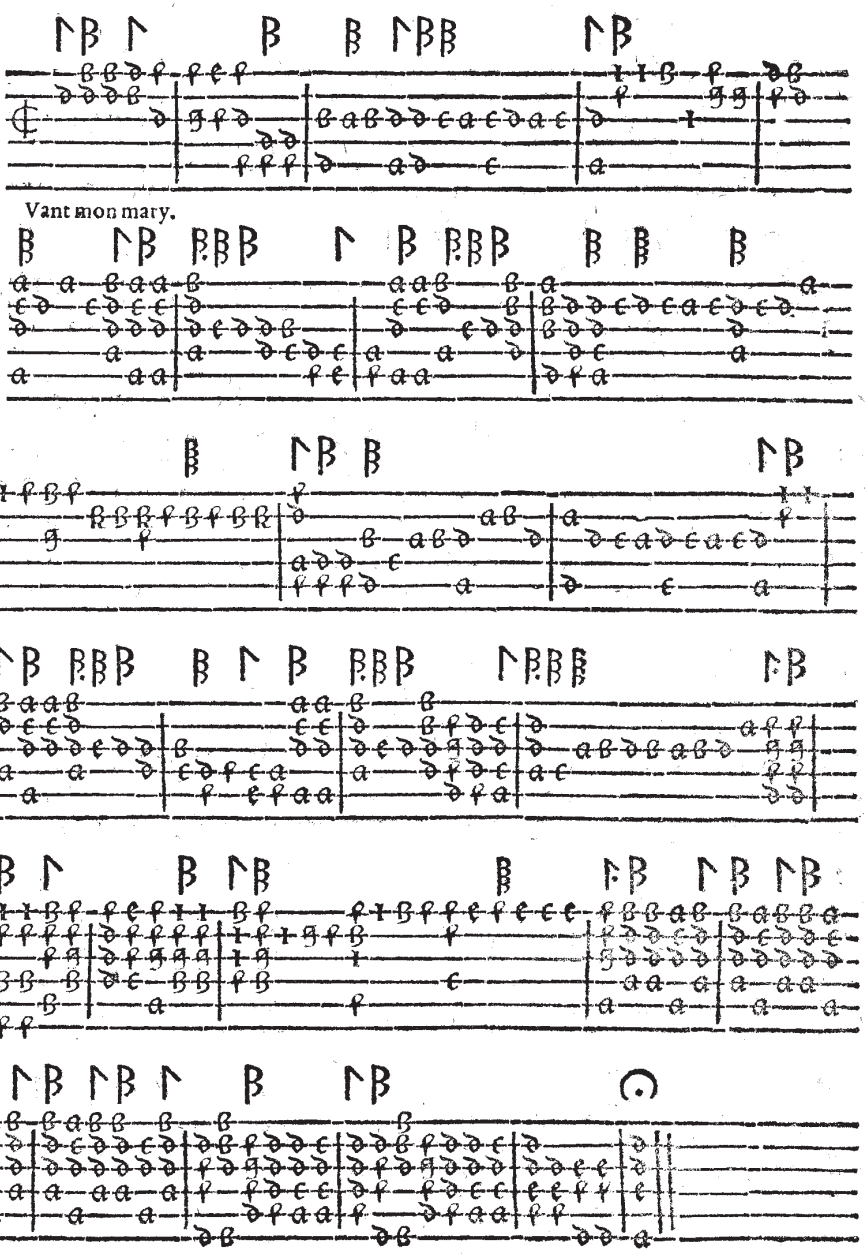

Aſtes vous de me faire grace



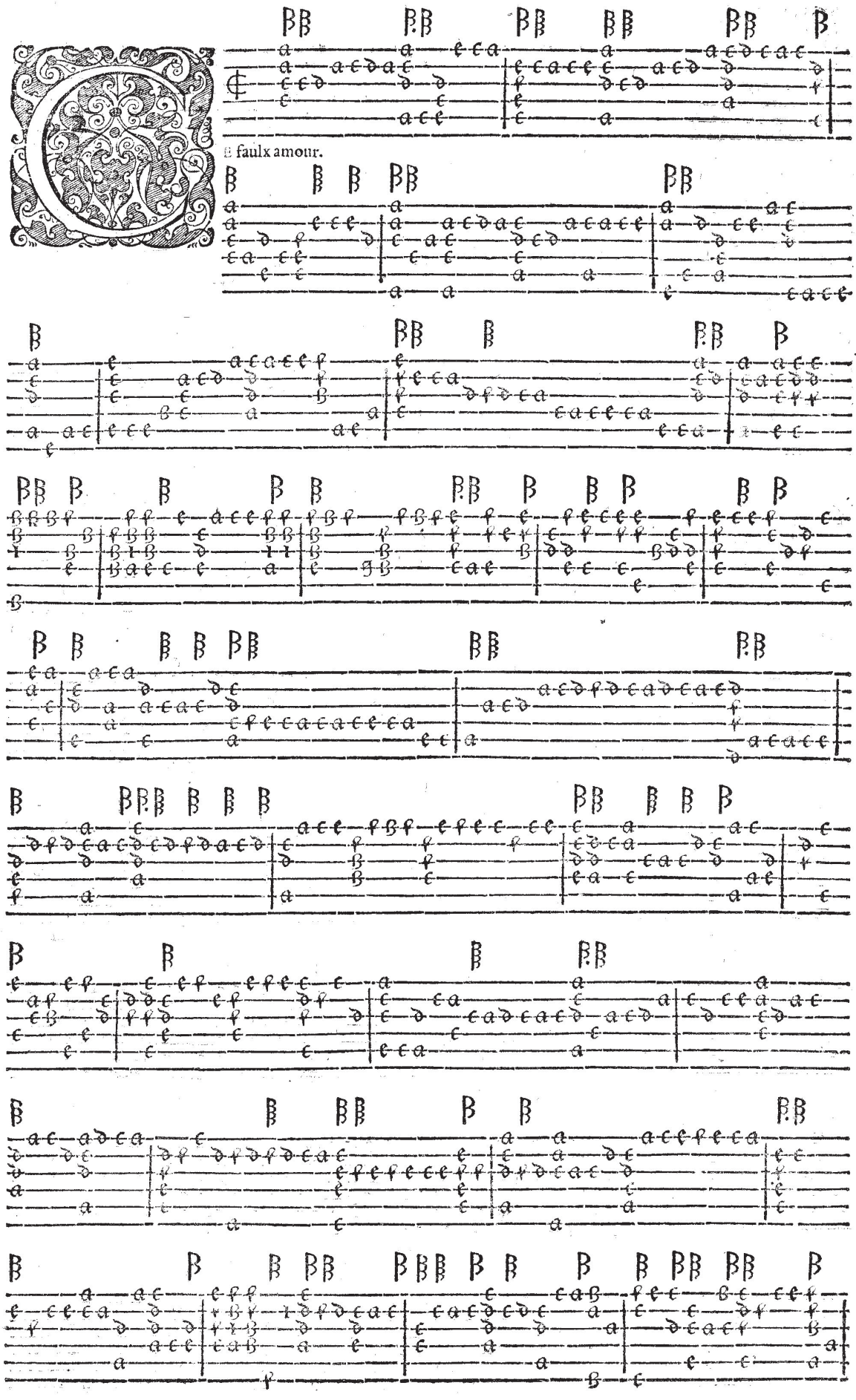
Eux tu ton mal

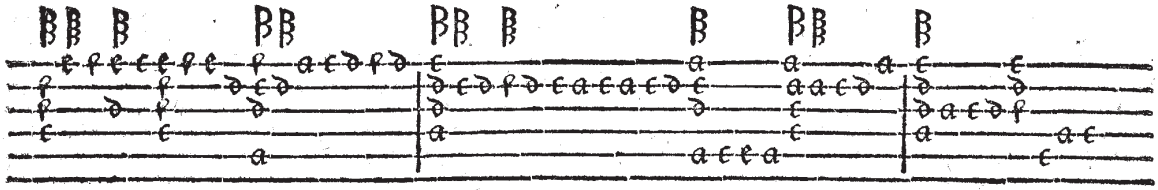


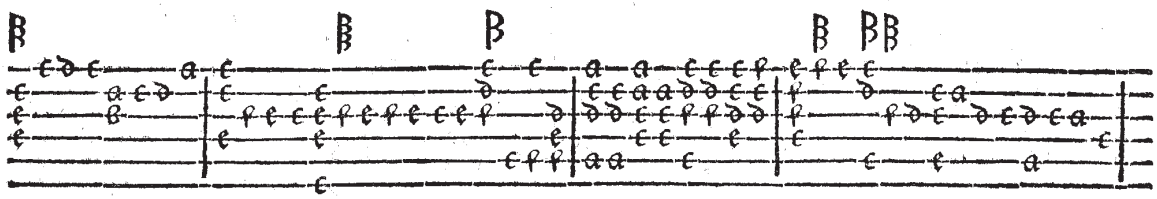

Vant mon mary.

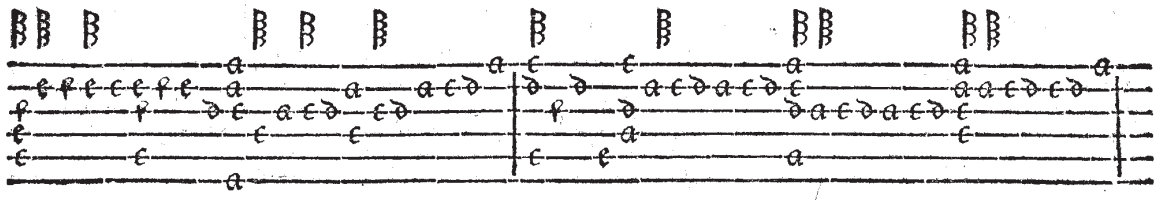


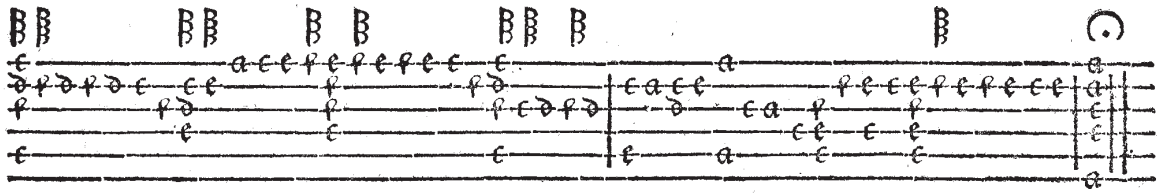
i pour aymer

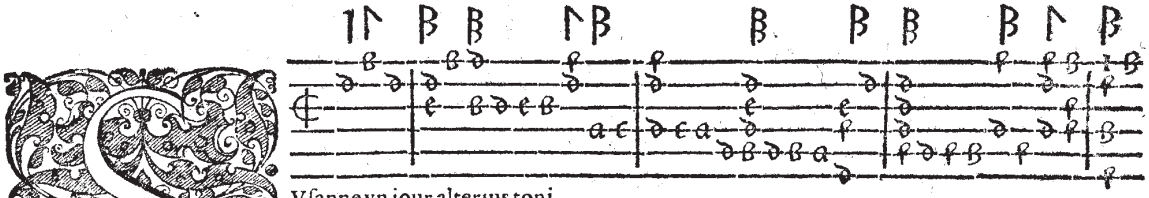

E faulx amour.



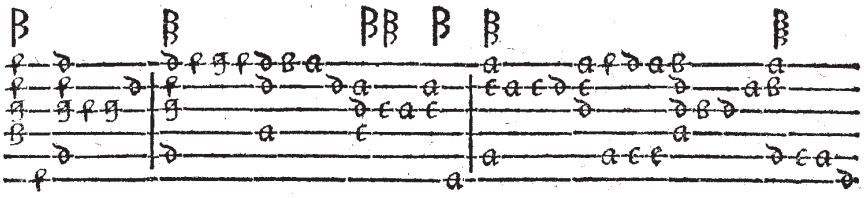


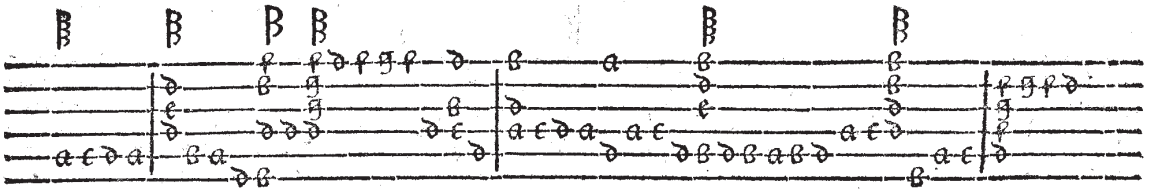


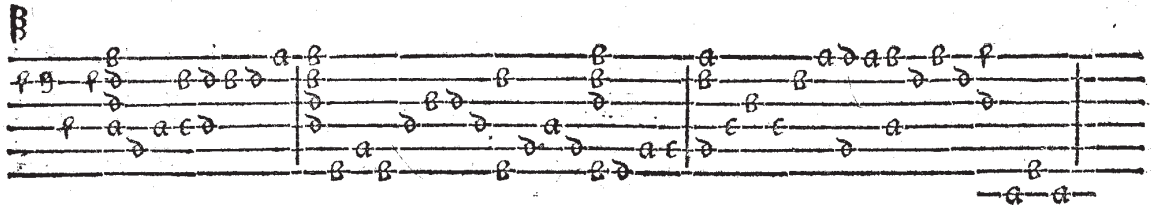


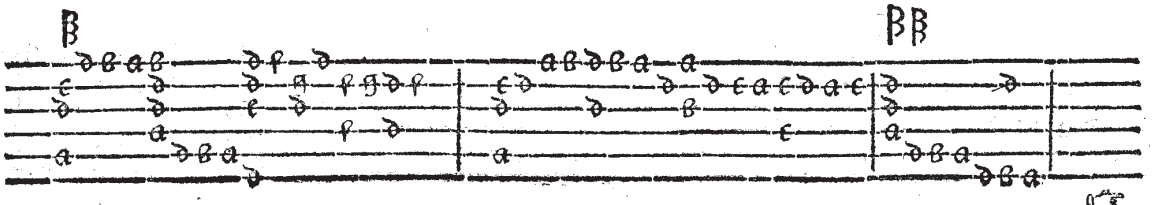


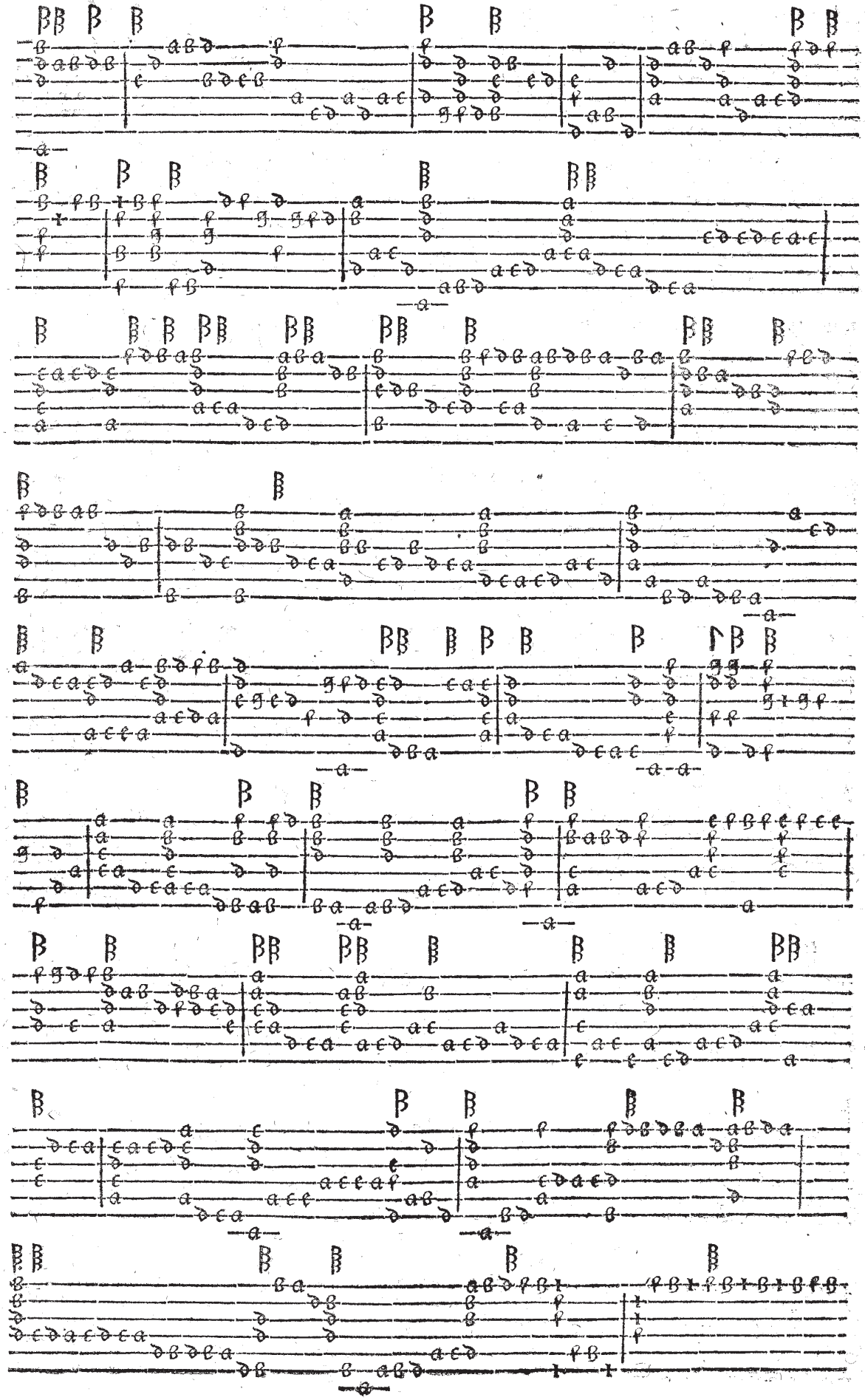
Vſanne vn iour alterius toni.

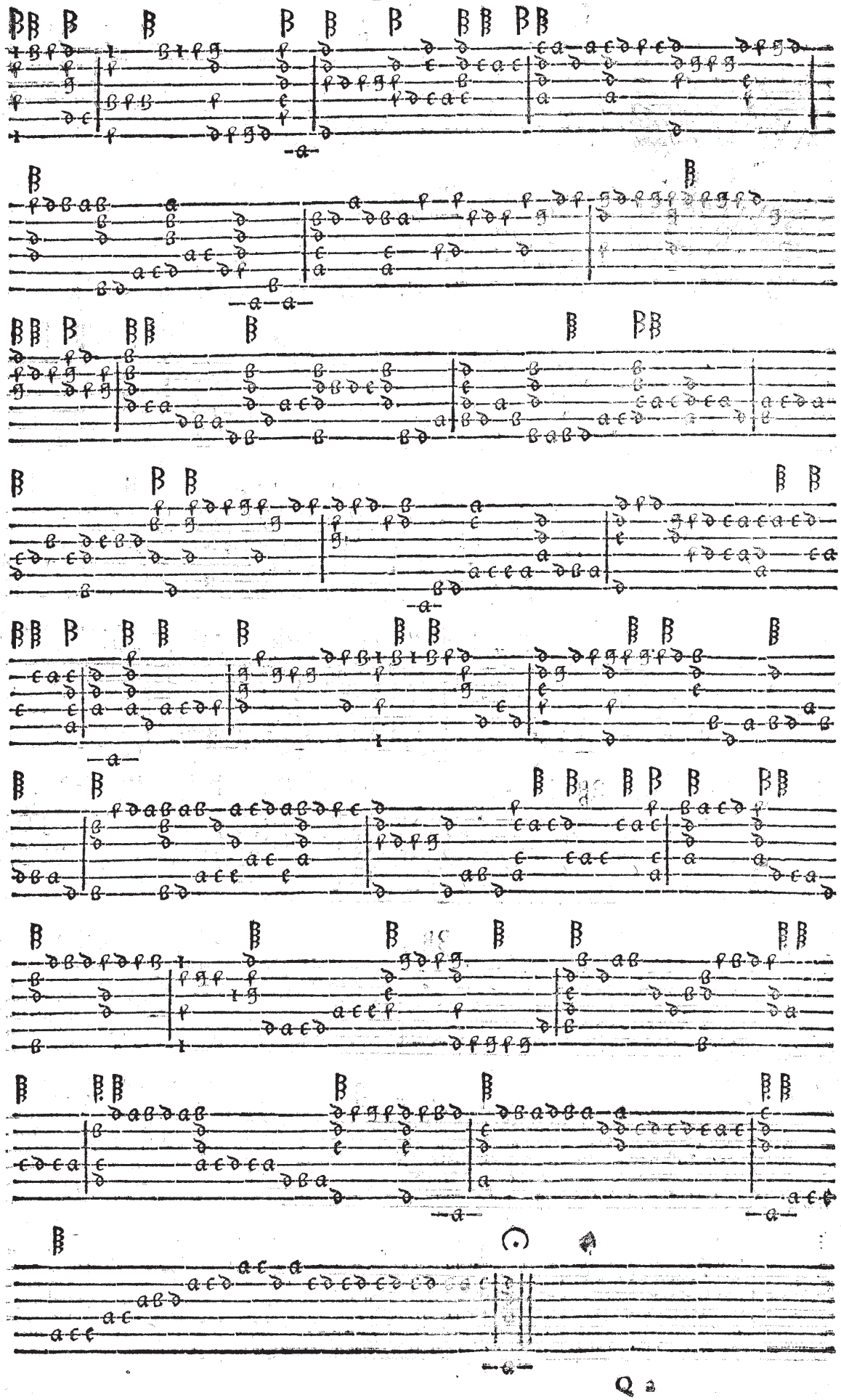






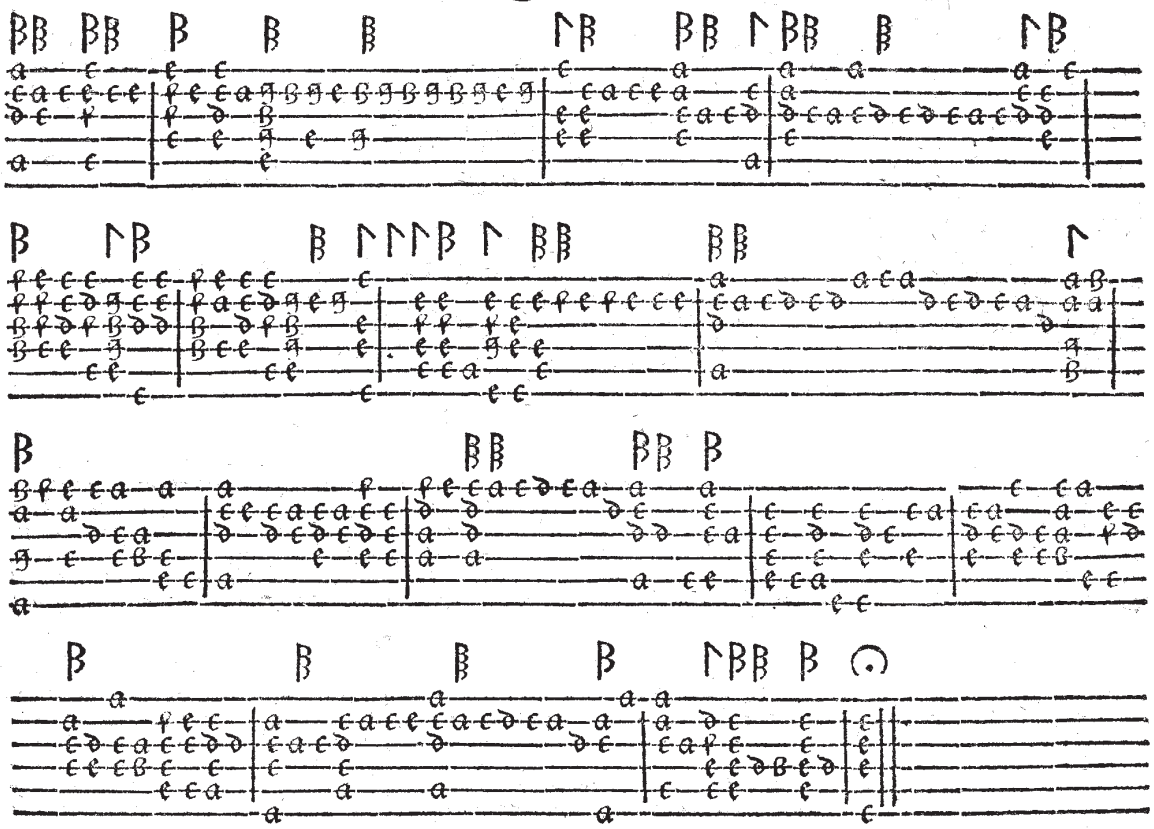






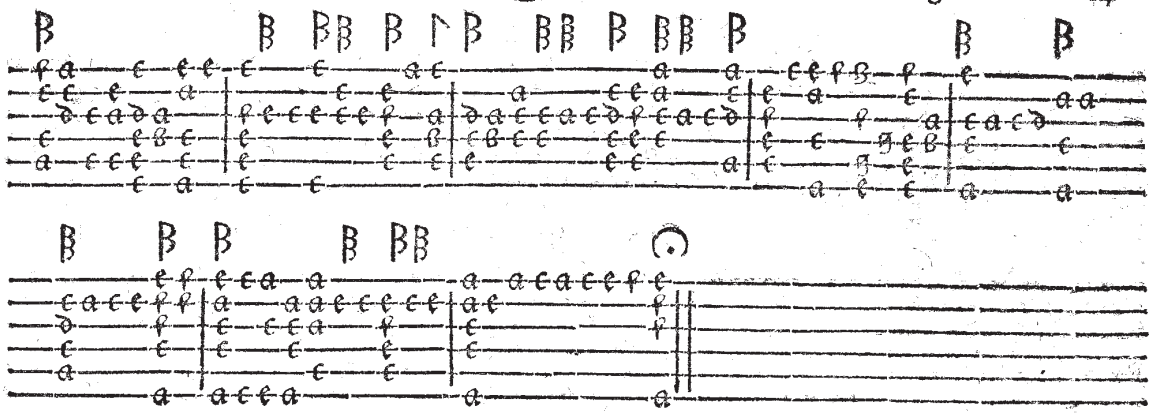


N doux nenny

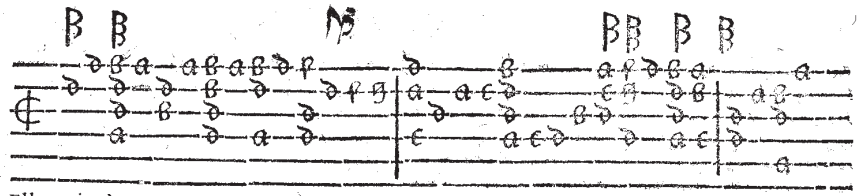




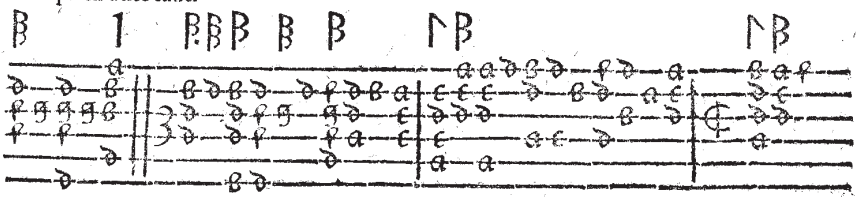
E Roſsignol.

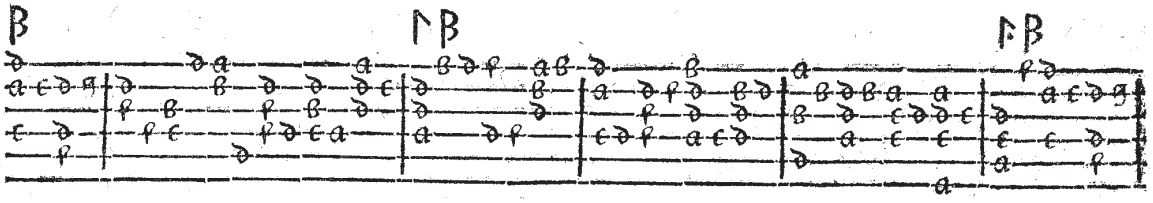


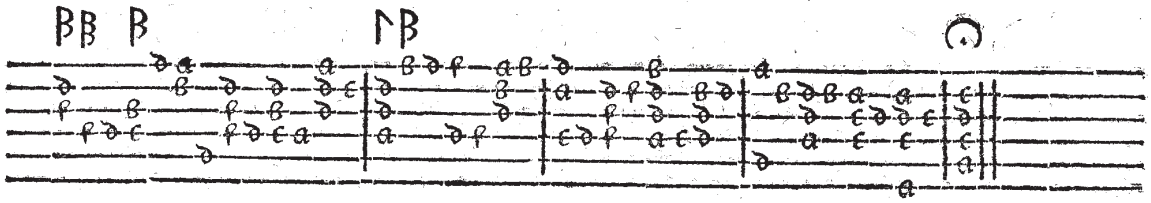


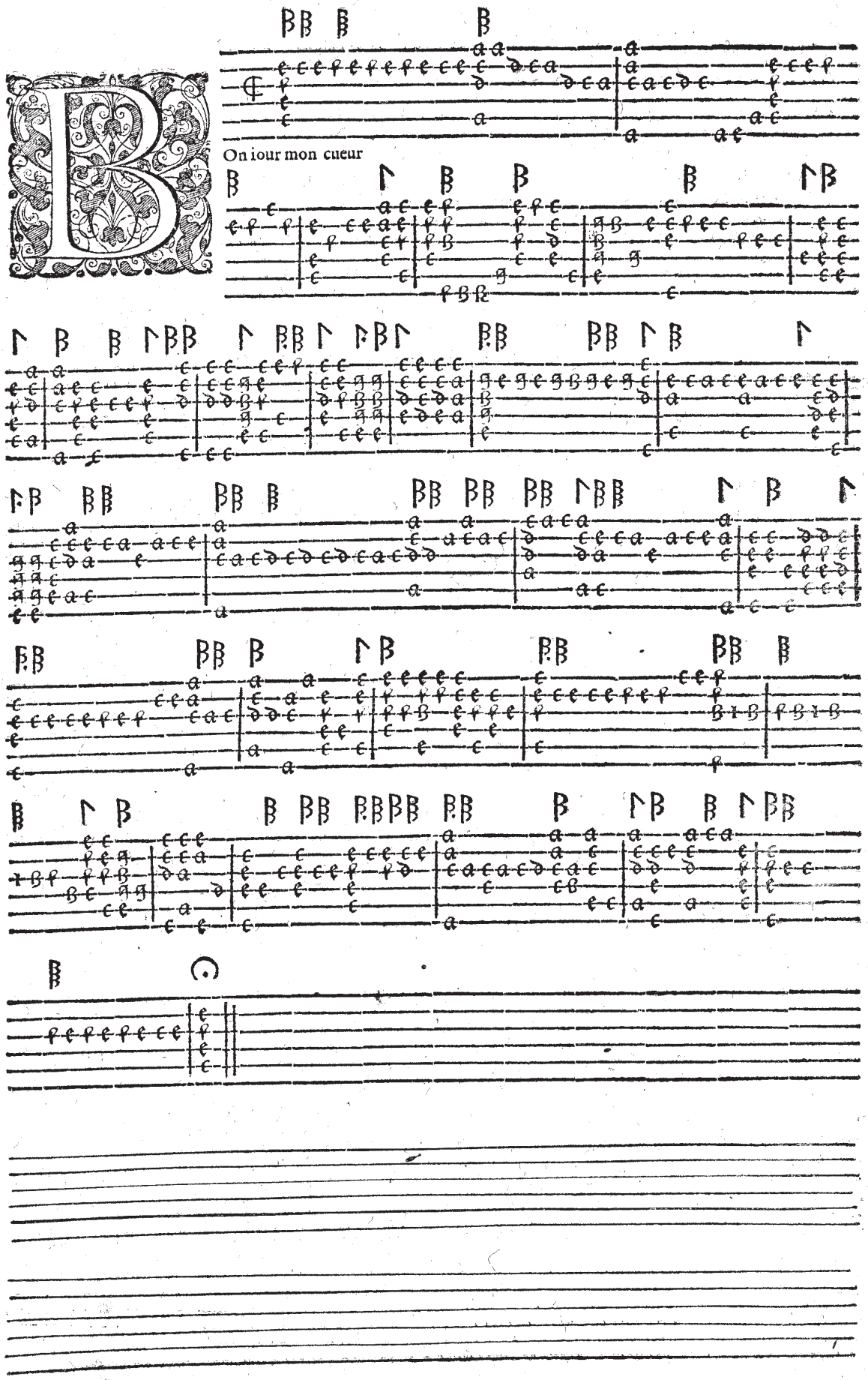


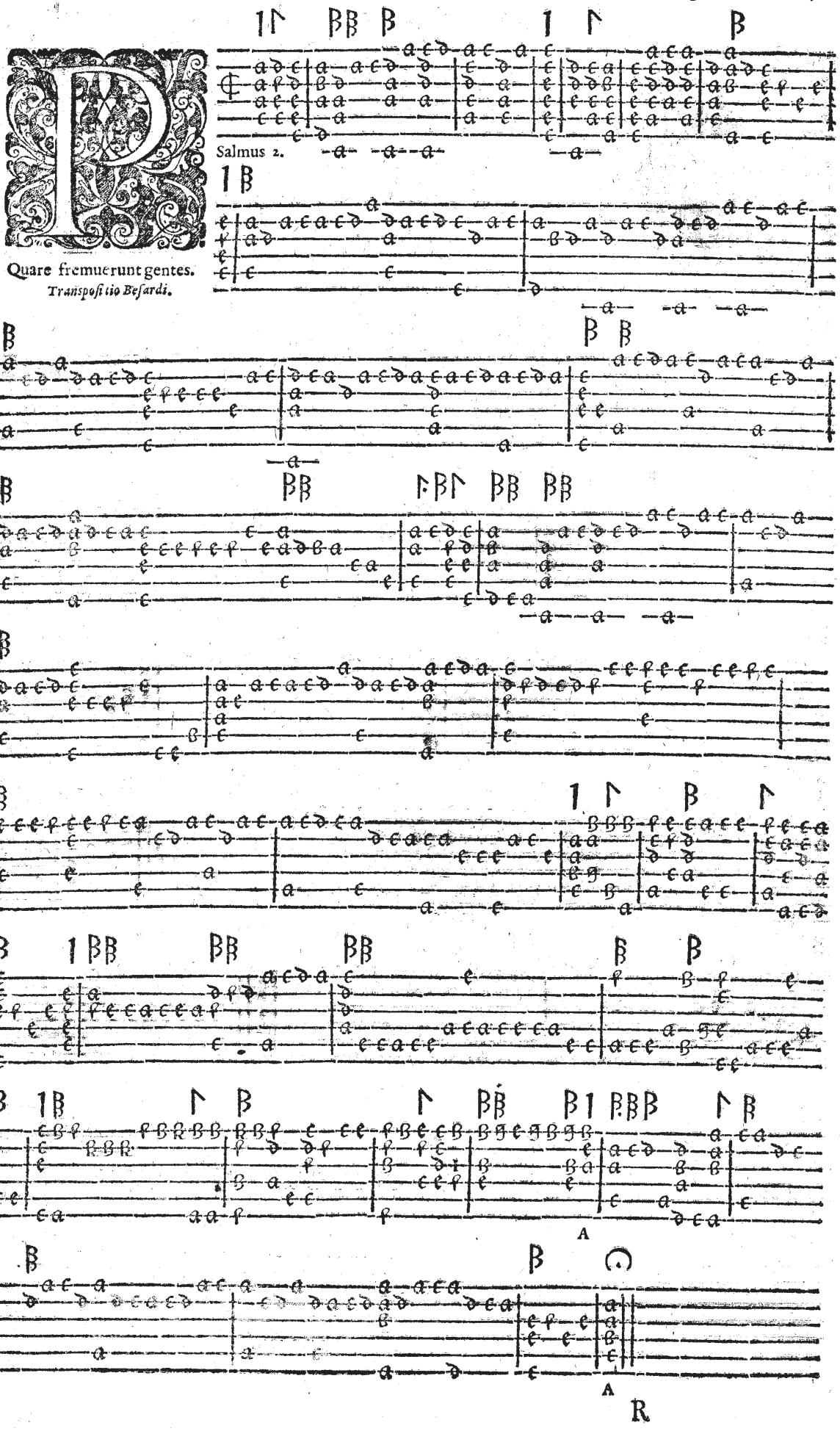
Elle qui m'aues tant.







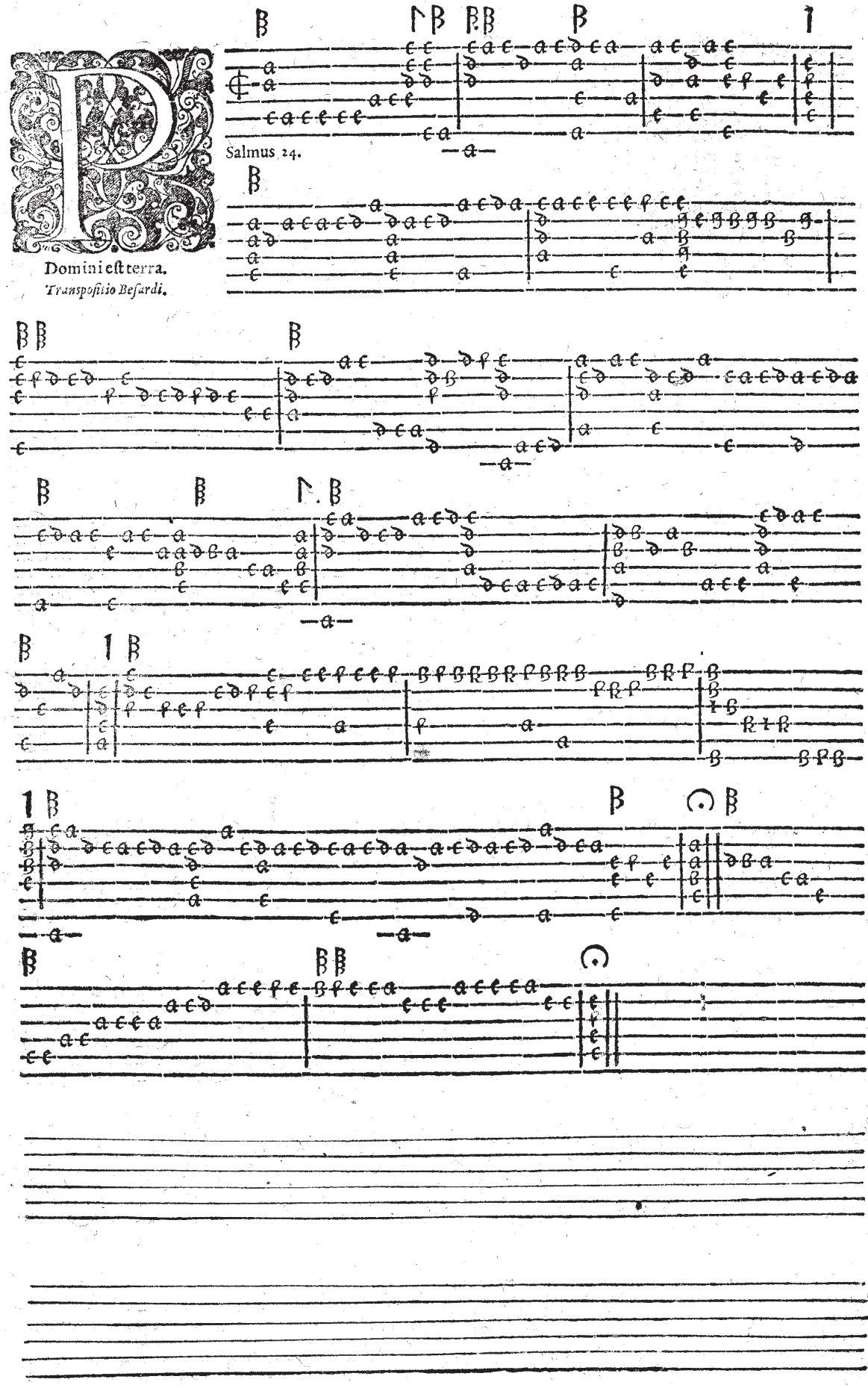

On iour mon cueur

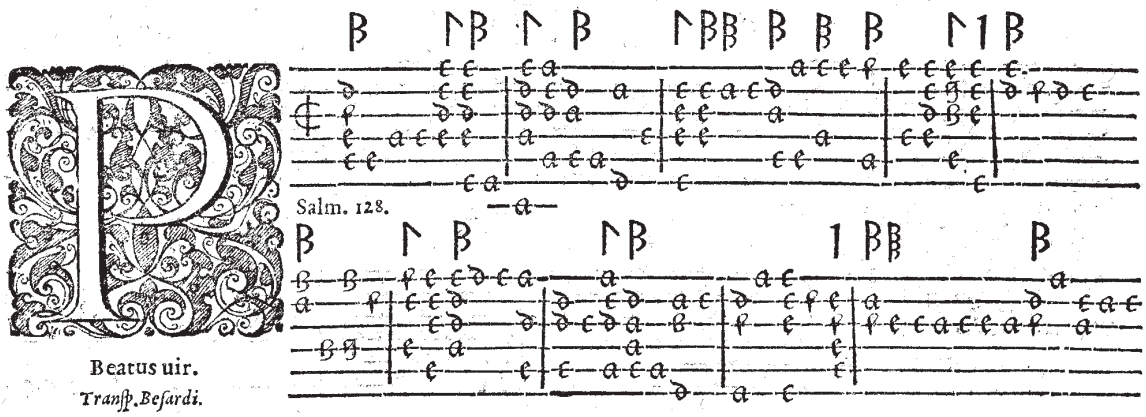

Salmus 2.
Quare fremuerunt gentes.
Transpoſitio Beſardi.
A
A
R

Salmus 24.

Dominiestterra.

Transpositio Besardi.

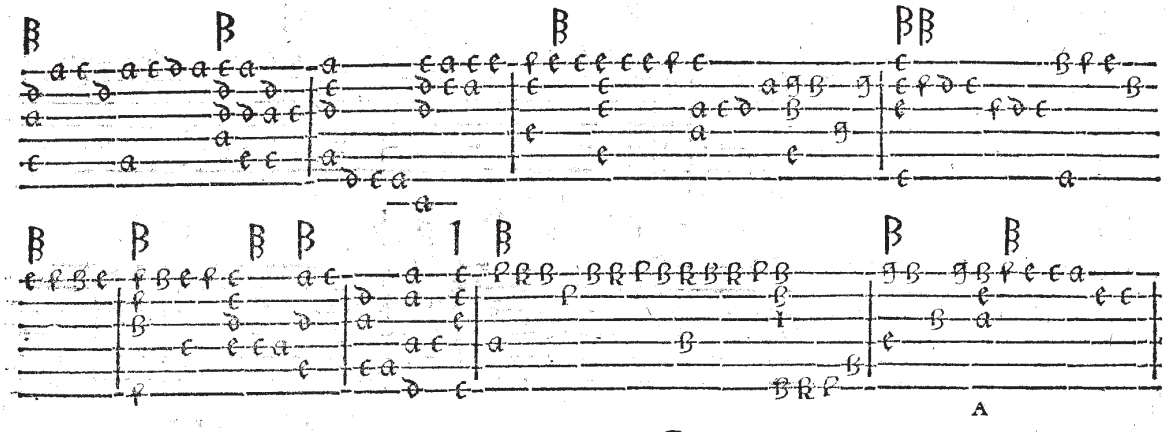




Salm. 128.

Beatus uir.

Transp. Besardi.



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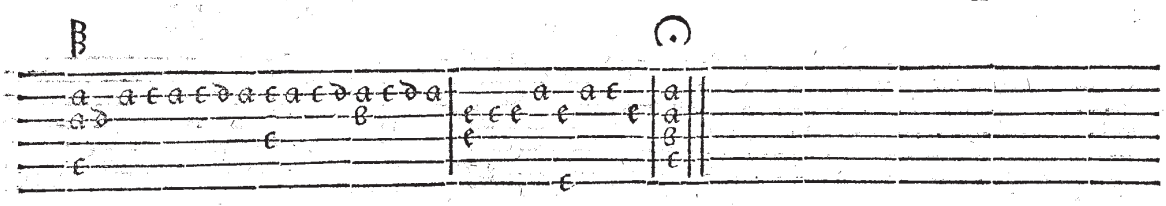
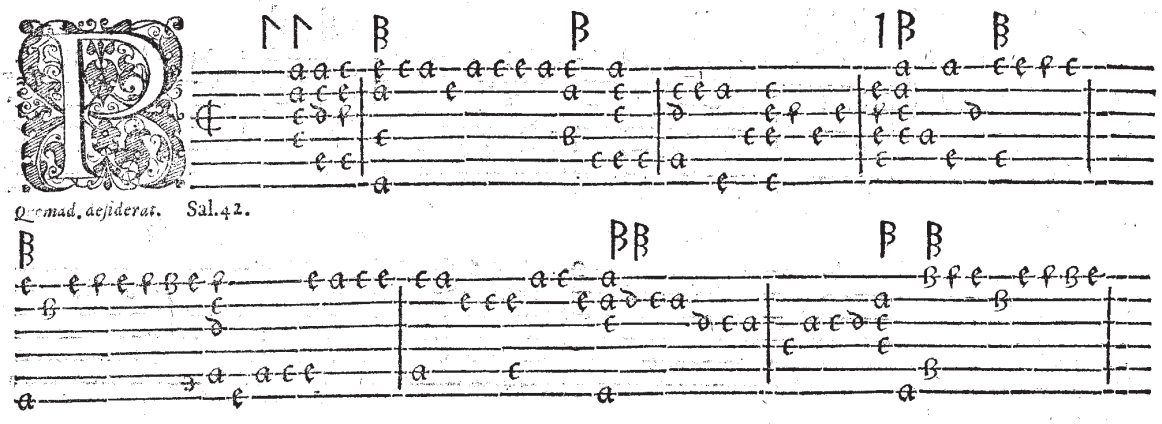
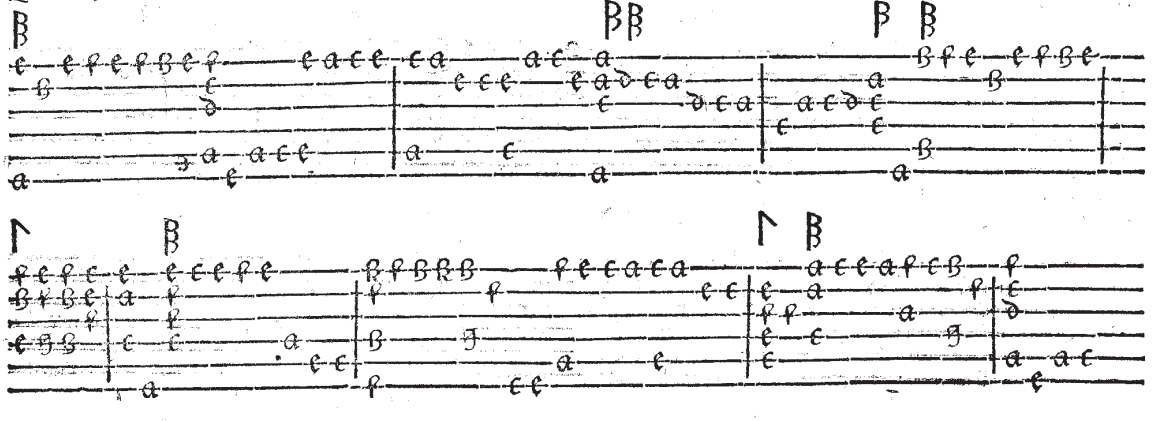
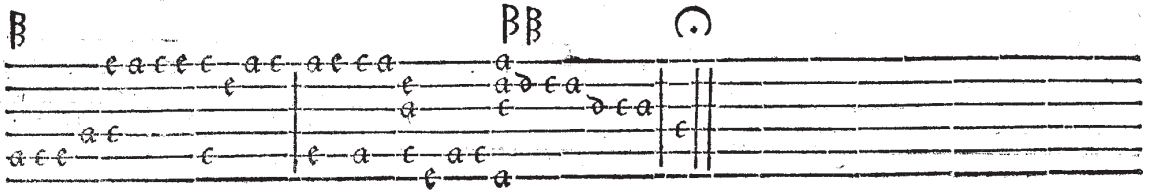
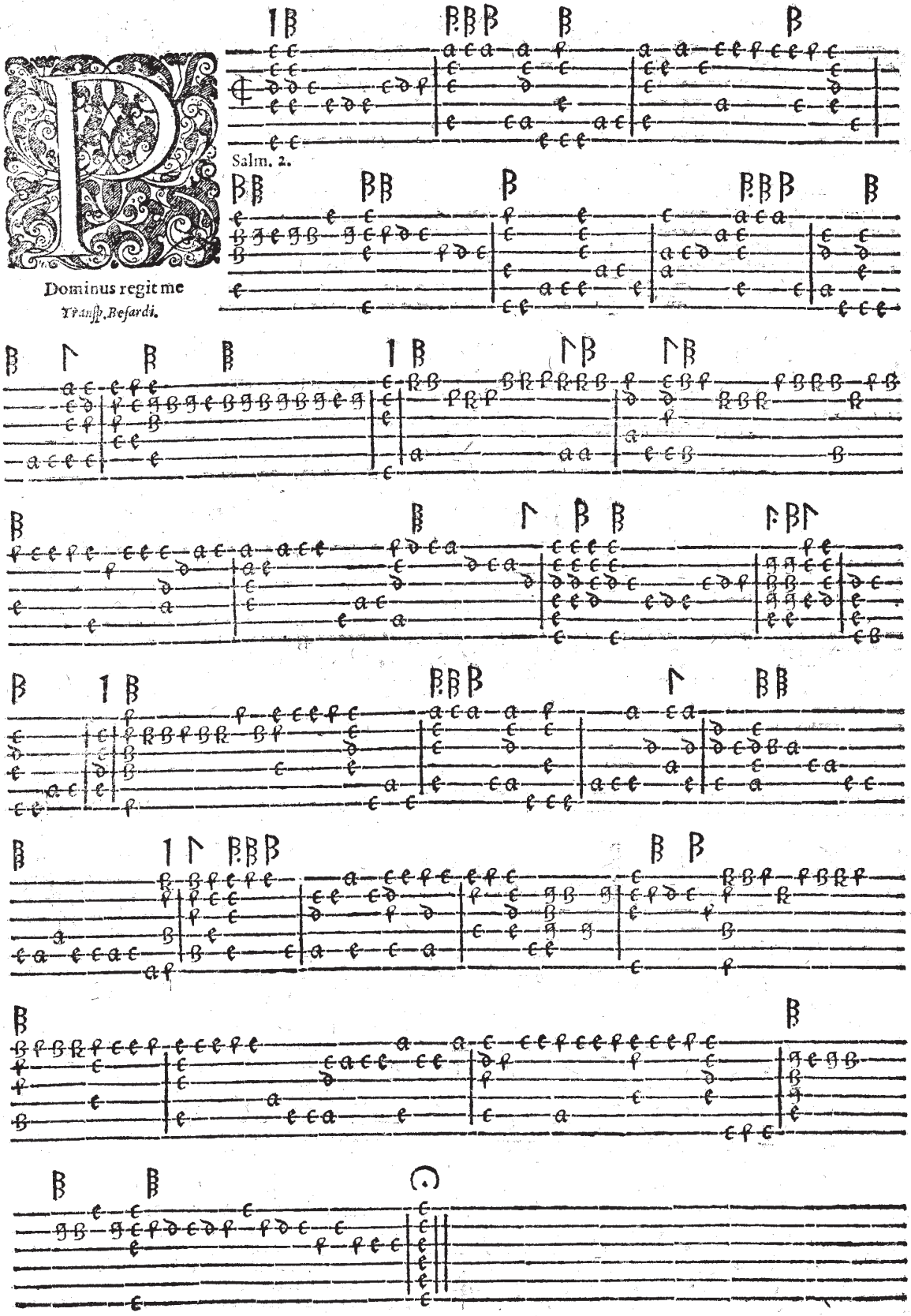


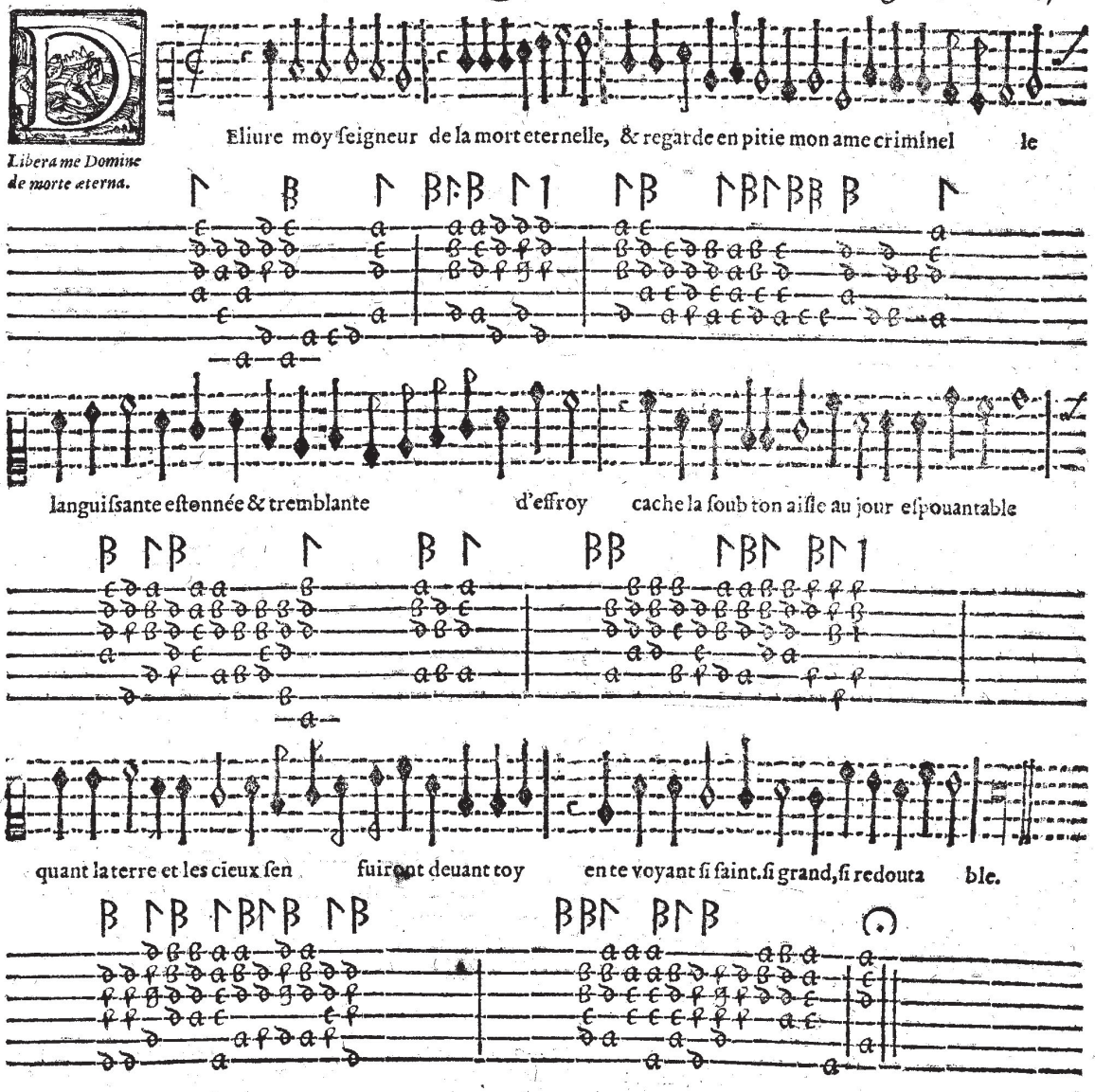


Quemad. desiderat. Sal. 42.






Salm. 2.
Dominus regit me
Transſ. Befardi.



Au iour que tu viendras en ta maieſtè ſainte,
Pour iuger ce grand tout qui fremira de crainte:
En le renouuellant partes feus allumes,
O iour, iour plein d'horreur plein dire, & de miſeres,
De cris, d'ennuis, de plains, de ſouſpirs enflames,
De grincemens de dens, & de larmes ameres.

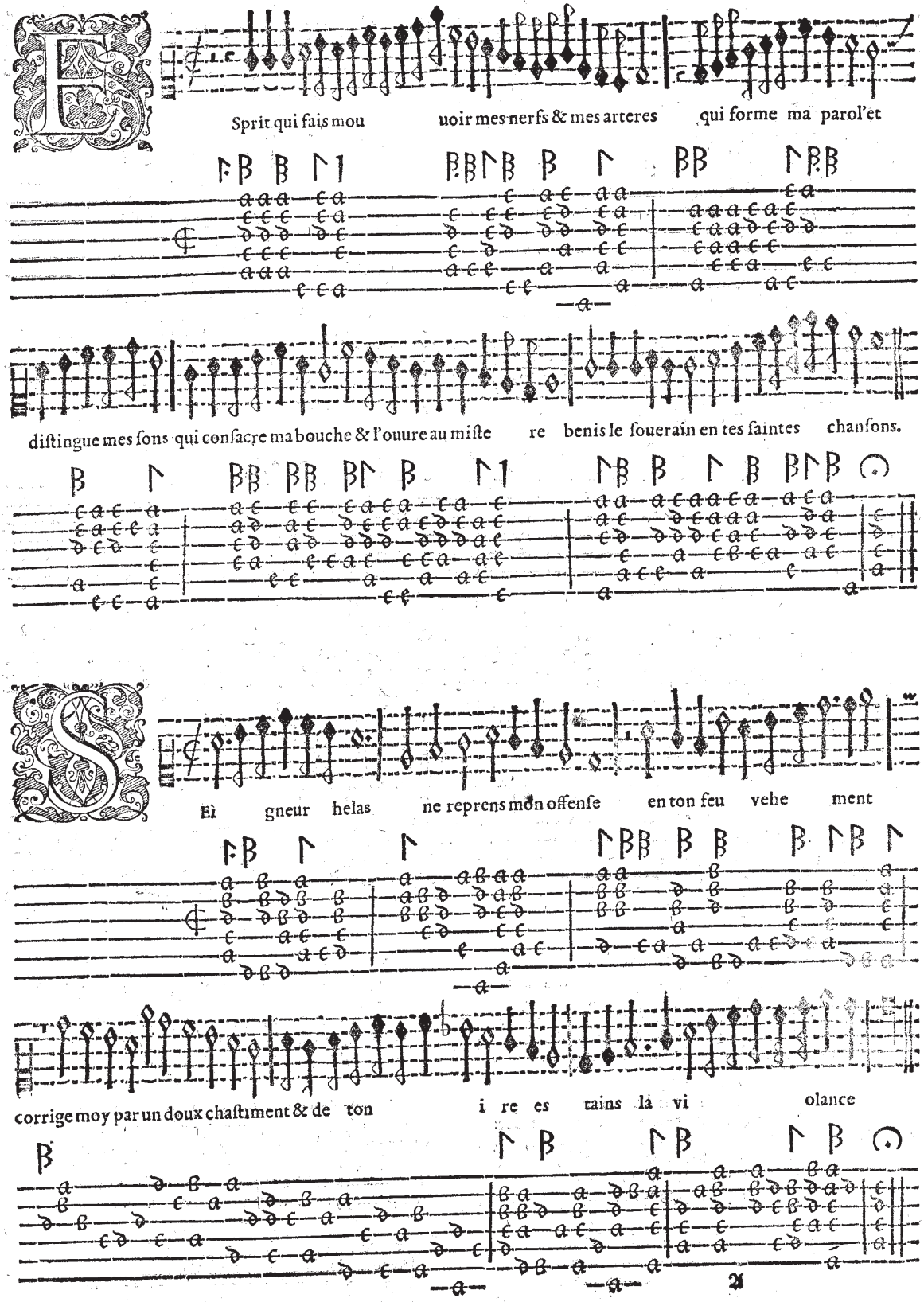
Les Anges fremiront au regard de ta face,
Helas ou pourront donc les meſchans trouuer place:
Où ſe pouront cacher ceux qui ſont reprouues,
Ou faudra il ſeigneur que lors ie me retire,
Si les iuſtes ſeront a grand peinne ſauues
Miſerable pecheur pour appaiſer ton ire,

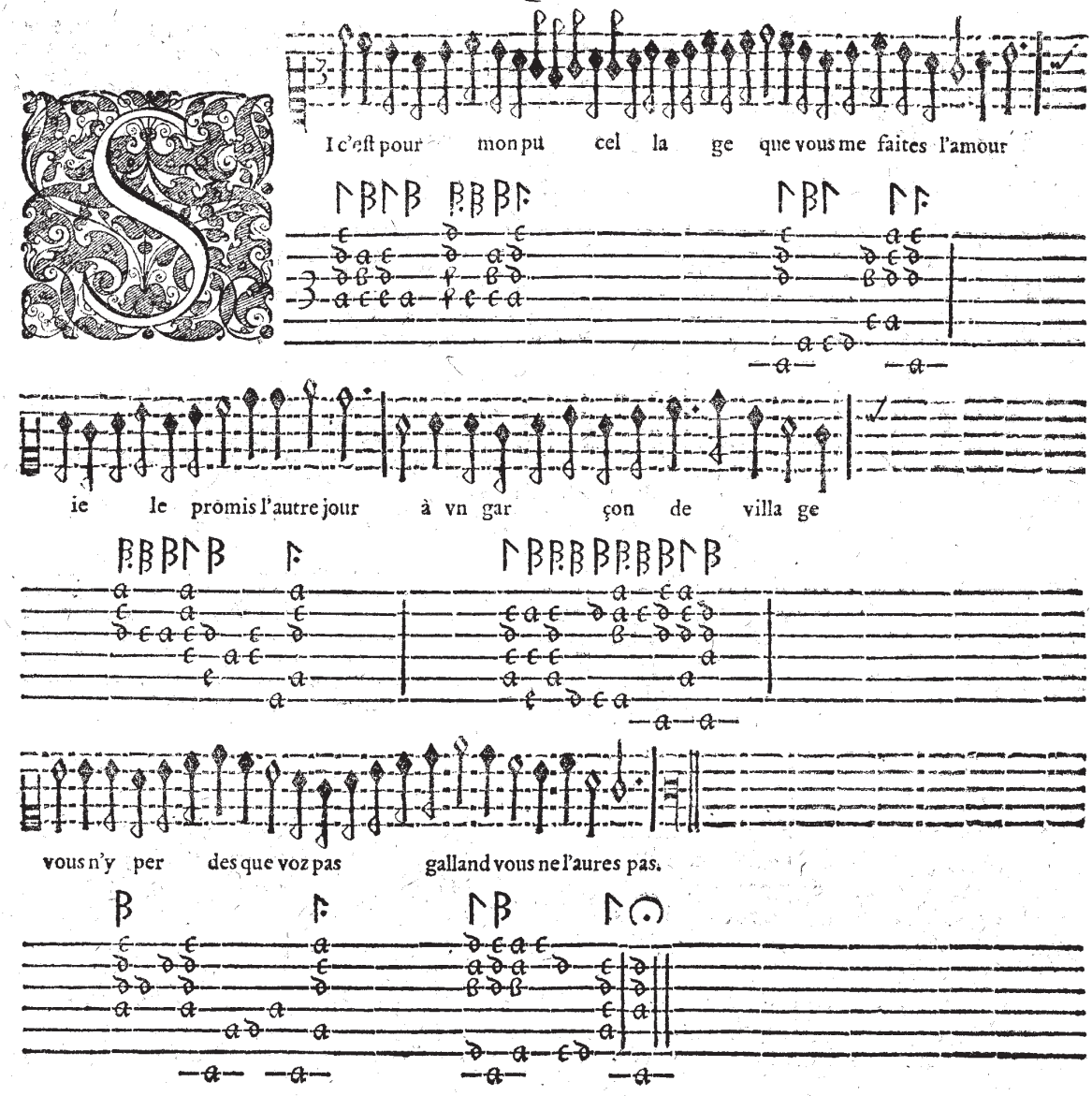
Que diray ie ò chetif que me fauldra il faire,
Ie ne trouueray rien qui ne me ſoit contraire.
Ie verray mon peché ſesleuer contre moy,
Mon iuge eſt iuſte, & ſaint, & moy plein d'iniuſtice:
Helas ie ſuis rebelle, & ie verray mon roy,
Mon roy clair & luyſant, & moy noircy de vice.

Vne bruiante voix tout par tout eſpandue
Eſt du plus haut des cieux ſur la terre eſtendue,
O uous morts, qui giſes nourriture des vers
Laiſſés les monumens reprenes la lumiere,
Noſtre grand Dieu ſe ſied pour iuger luniuers,
Recoures, & oyes la ſentence derniere.

O Seigneur dont la main toutes choſes enſerre,
Pere eternel de tous qui m'as formè de terre,
Qui rends par ton pur ſang noz peches nettoyes,
Et qui feras leuer mon corps de pourriture,
Entends mes triſtes cris iusque au ciel enuoyes,
Et prens pytie de moy qui ſuis ta creature.

Exauce exauce o Dieu ma priere enflamée,
Deſtorne loing de moy ta cholere allumée,
Fais porter mon eſprit par vn douz iugement
Dans le ſeing d'Abraham auec tous les fidelles,
Affin que ton ſaint nom ie chante inceſſamment,
Iouiſſant bien heureux des clartes eternelles,


Sprit qui fais mou uoir mes nerfs & mes arteres qui forme ma parol'et
diſtingue mes ſons qui conſacre ma bouche & l'ouure au miſte re benis le ſouerain en tes ſaintes chanſons.
Ei gneur helas ne reprens mon offenſe en ton feu vehe ment
corrige moy par un doux chaſtiment & de ton i re es tains la vi olance

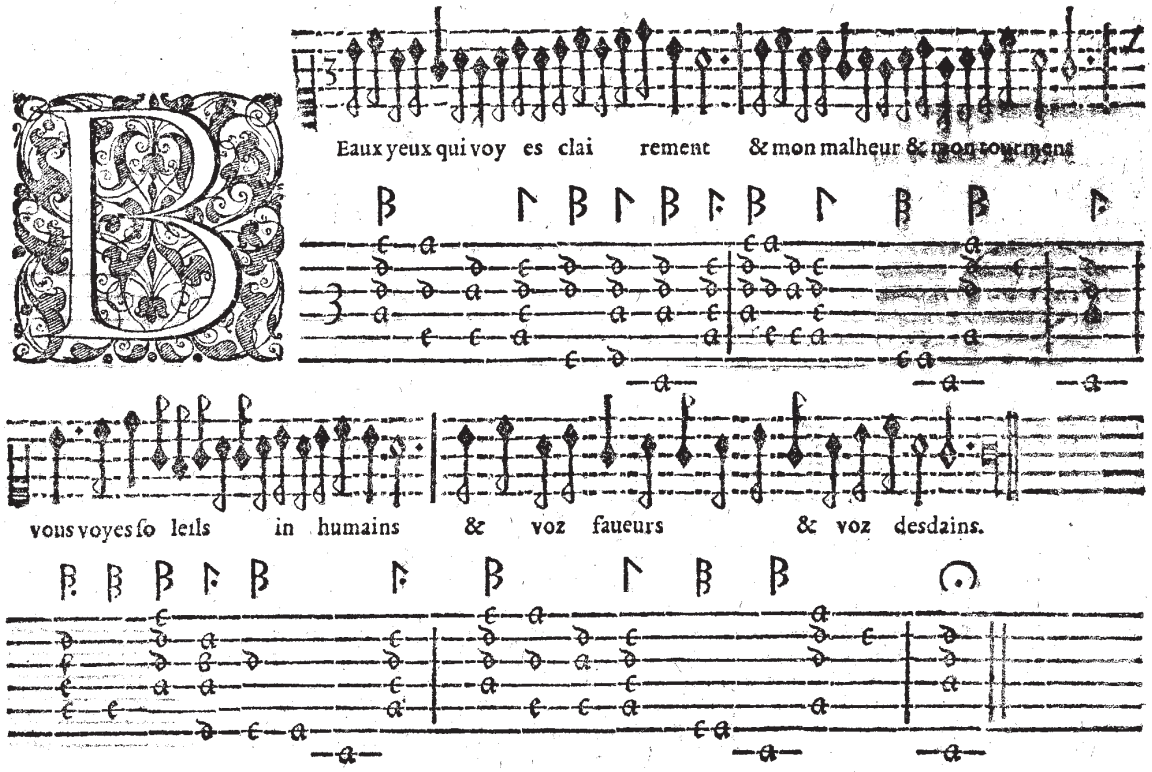


Ie ſuis trop bien aſſeurée
Si vous m'auies fait cela,
Que vous me quitteries la
Comme vne deshonorée,
Vous ny perdes &c.

Ie n'ay pour tout heritage
Dedans mon petit hameau,
Que lesguille & le fuſeau,
Et mon pauure pucellage.
Vous ny perdes &c.

Toutes voz belles promeſſes
Tous voz diſcours deceuans,
Sont des voiles a tous vents,
Ie congnois bien voz fineſſes.
Vous ny perdes &c.

Si ie ne ſuis Damoiſelle,
Si ie nay tant de beautes,
Que les Dames de Cites,
Pour le moins ſuis ie pucelle,
Vous ny perdes &c.



Pourquoy m'alles vous tourmentant,
Si ie ſuis fidelle, & conſtant.
Faites vous cas de cét amour,
Qui n'eſt & qui meurt tous les iours.

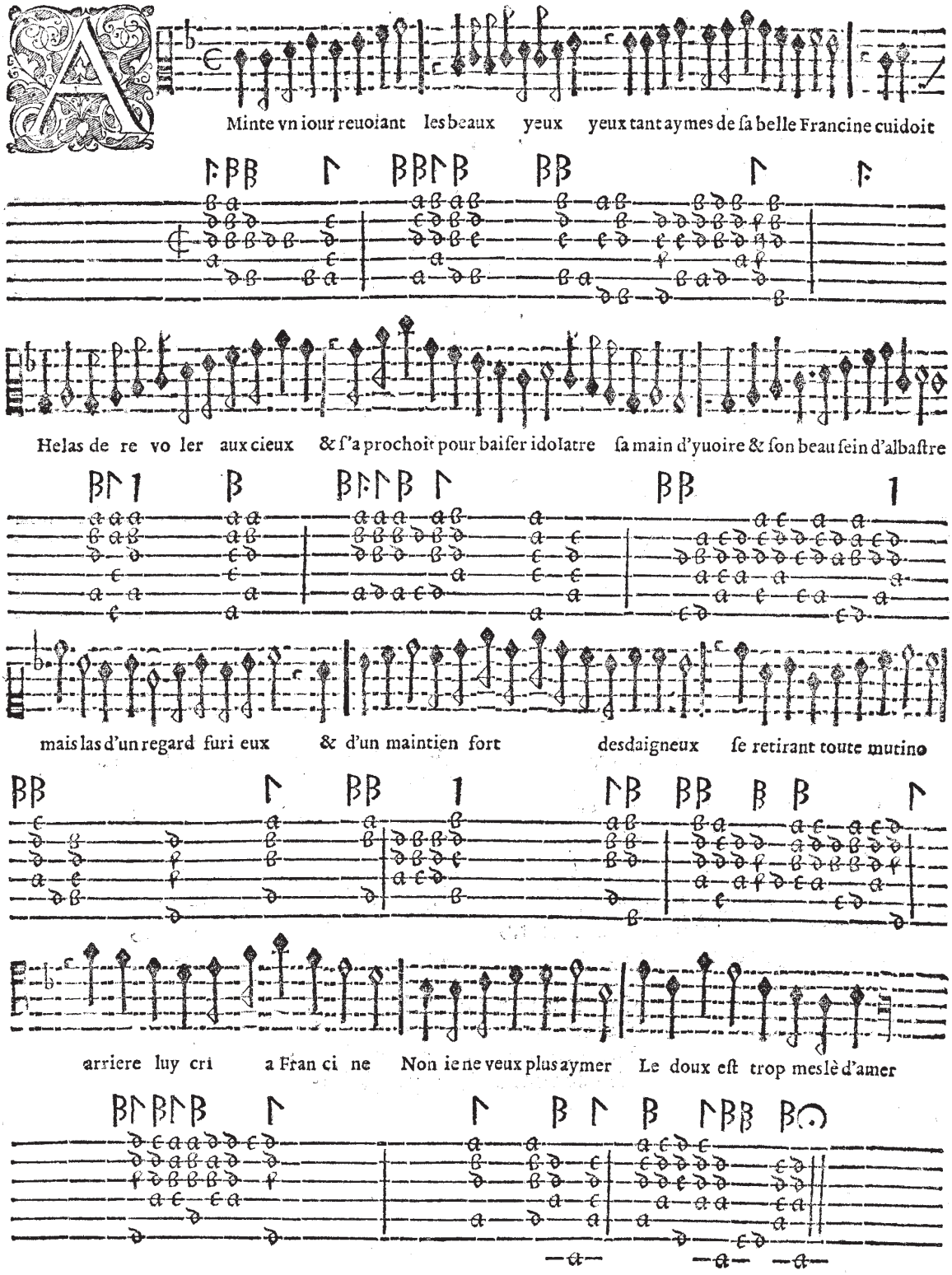
Si vous aymes fiere beauté
Le mal dont ie ſuis tourmenté,
De meſme ie le trouue doux,
Aymant tout ce qui vient de vous.

Ainſi quoy qui puiſſe arriuer,
Ie ne me veux iamais priuer
De cét œil ſi doux, & ſi beau,
Qui me liera iuſqu'au tombeau.

Pourquoy m'uſes vous de rigueur
Si vous viues dedans mon cueur.
Si ie meurs vous aures grand tort
Et mourres auſſy par ma mort.

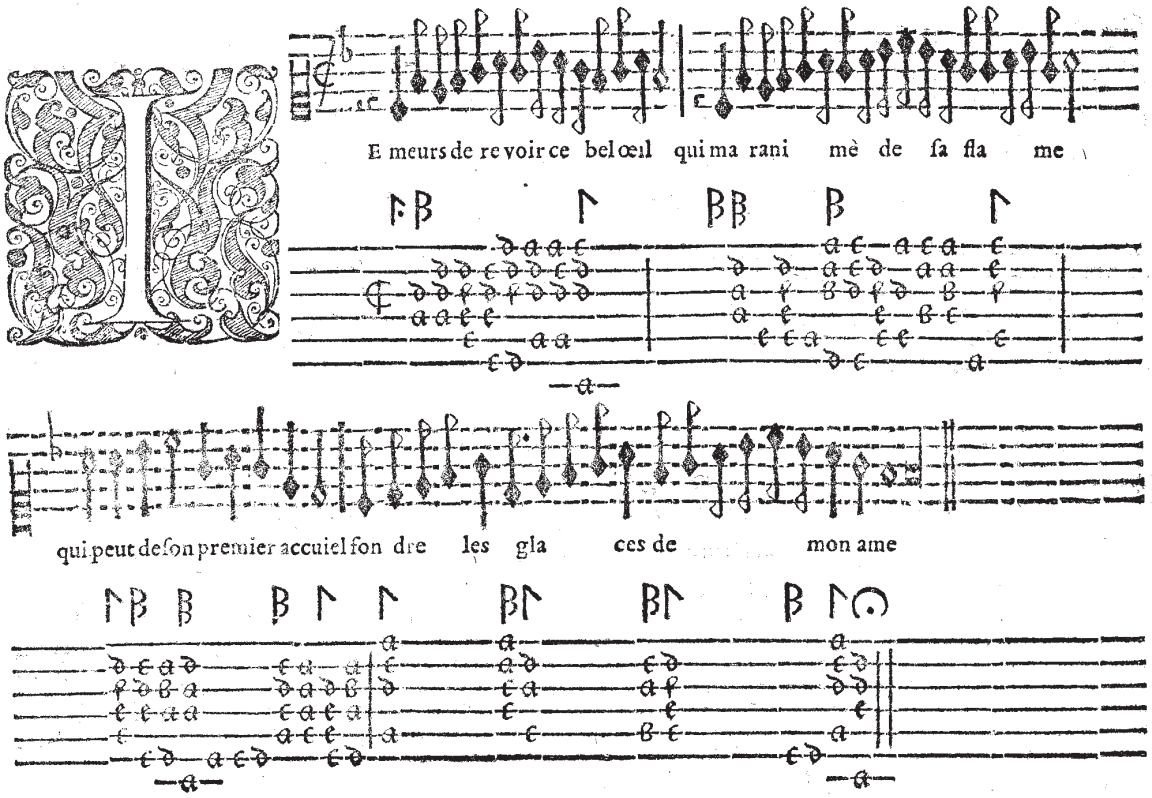
Beaux yeux qui cauſes mon treſpas
Hé pourquoy ne m'aymes vous pas.
On le voit ie ſuis en effet
De voz amans le plus parfait.

Que me ſert il dont mal heureux
D'eſtre ſi conſtant amoureux
Si de mon ſeruice auancé,
Ie ſuis ſi mal recompenſé.



A minte alors ueu ſon ſort malheureux,
Saiſy, tranſy, & plus froid que la glace,
La larme a lœil, & la mort en la face,
Se proſternant à ſes pieds rigoureux
Voulu baiſer le fin bout de ſa cotte,
Qui ca & la d'vn beau creſpe noir flotte.
Mais las dun regard fur.

Tout langoureux d'angoiſſe il ſe paſmà,
Le cueur ſerrè, lame toute eſgarée:
Mais de Francine vne haleine enflamée
D'un grand courroux ſoudain le ranimà,
Lors ſouſpirant du profond de ſon ame,
Voulant ne peu dire. ha ie meurs Madame.



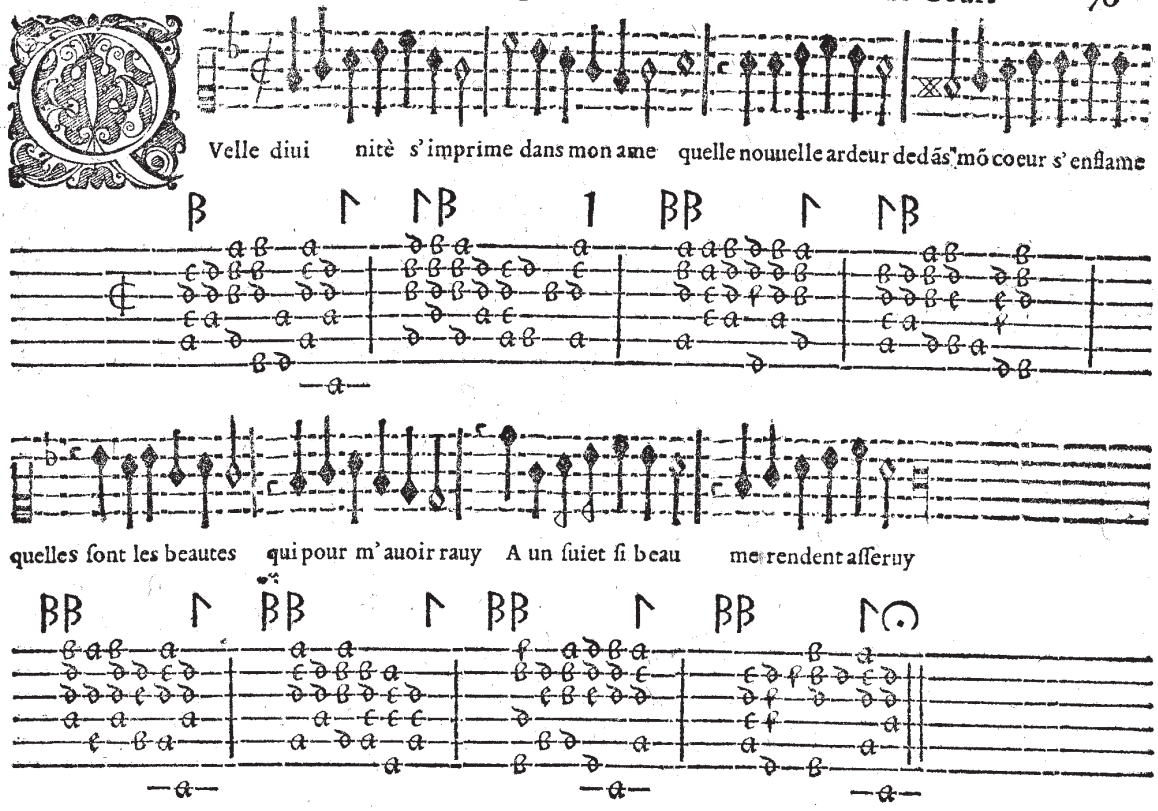
Ie meurs de reuoir ces beautes,
La forme de ſon viſage,
Ces œil qui en fleurs,& gaytes
A ſur le printemps auantage.

Ie meurs de ce parler charmant,
Qui pouſſe ſi douce h armonie,
Qu'en prononceant noſtre tourment,
Il ſemble quil charme louie.

Aux ombres de ces cheueux blonds
Mille petitz amours s'anichent
Qui aux neudz de tant de cordons
Lies de ſa beauté fleſchiſſent.

De la petitz enfans perdus
Sur moy vous faittes entrepriſe:
Dont voz effortz ſe ſont rendus
Si preſumptueux a ma priſe,

Car petitz Dieux ce n'eſt pas vous
Qui euſtes ſur moy victoire,
Des meſmes yeux les meſmes coups
Ont de vous & de moy la gloire



Quelle diuinitè du haut ciel deſcendue
Vient rauir mes eſpritz, & esblouir ma veue
Quelz ſoleilz enflames de clarté, & d'ardeur
Embrazent de leurs rays vn fourneau dans mon (cœur

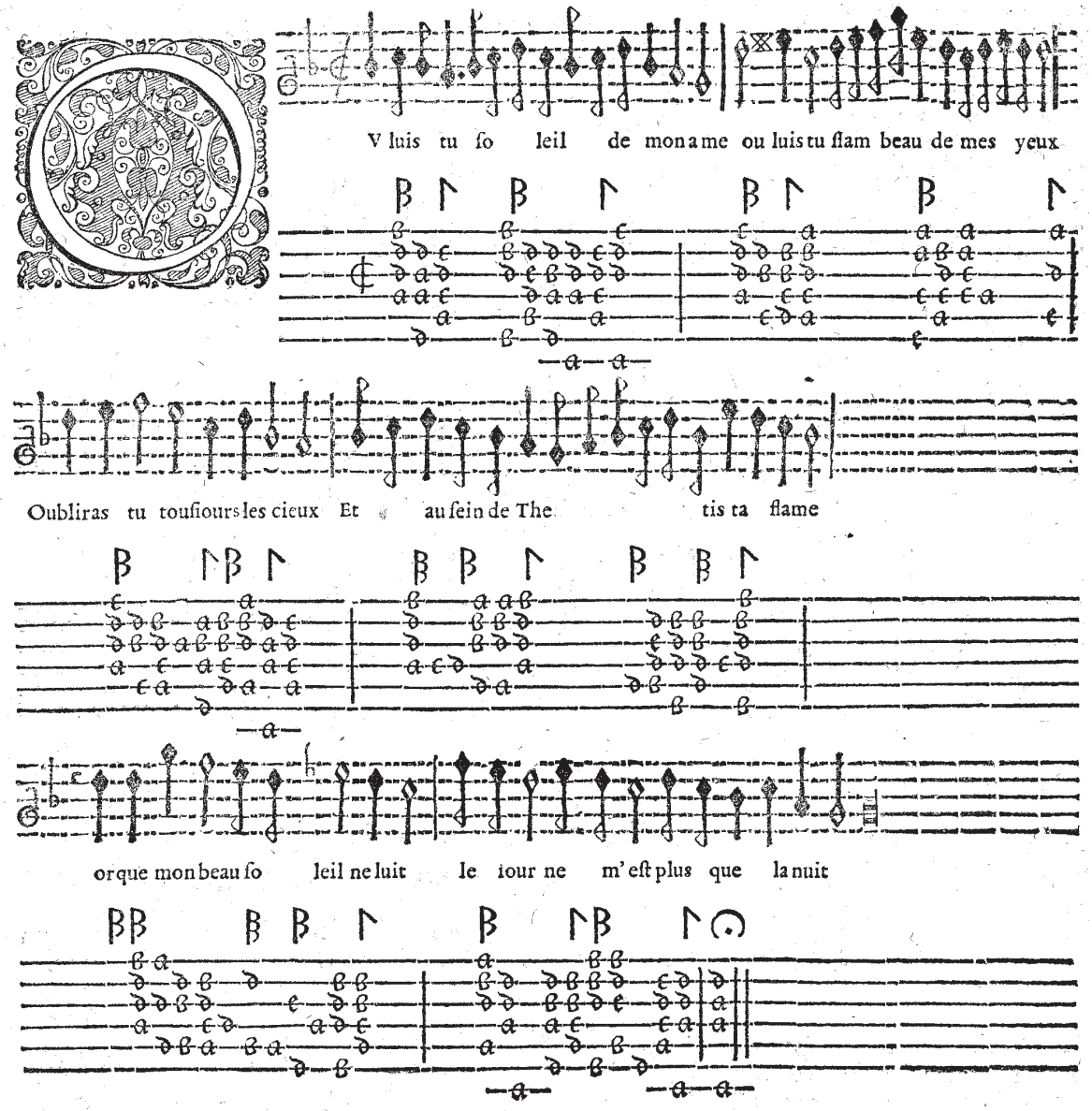
De voz yeux les rayons furent la ſeule cauſe
Dont ie fus arreſtè en l'amour que ie n'oſe
Declairer librement, dé crainte que quelquun
Ne ſoit a mon bon heur ialoux & importun.

Ma Deeſſe c'eſt vous auſſy voſtre belle ame.
Eſt vn rayon diuin de la celeſte flame.
Qui me fait adorer en ſi grand Deité
Voſtre graue douceur, & douce grauité.

Voz yeux sõt deux ſoleilz q font rougir dehõte
Laultre qui en beauté tous les aſtres ſurmonte.
Eux par l'obſcure nuit me ſeruent de clarté,
Et au plus froid hyuer me font ſentir l'eſtè.

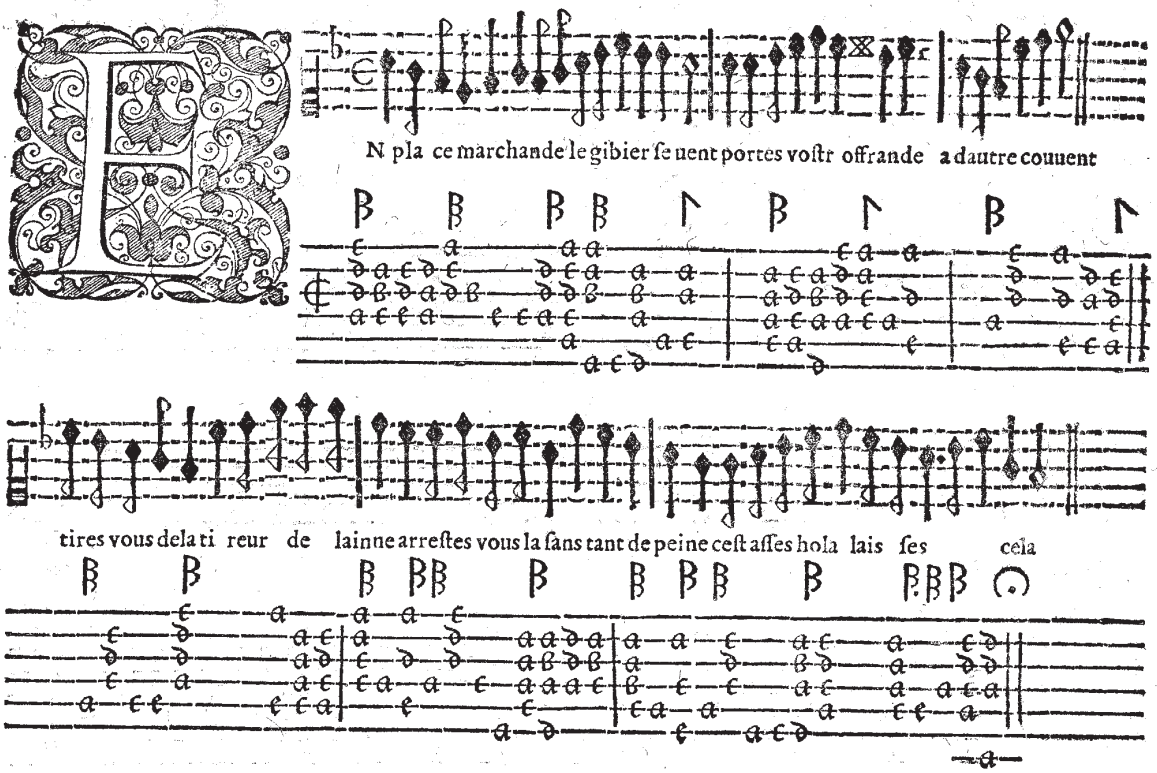
Ma Dame c'eſt a vous a qui ie me dedie,
Parceque voſtre main delicate, & polie
De laquelle ie fus ſi doucement touchè
Eſt le meſme filet dont ie ſuis attaché.

Ie vois biẽ maintenãt que l'amour me cõmãde
D'obeir a ſes loix, & qu'il faut que ie rende
Ma chere liberté, a celle qui me tient
Eſclaue ſoub les loix de l'amoreux lien.



Sortes donc mon Phœbus de l'onde,
Et nous ramenes vn beau iour.
Sans vous ma vie,& mon amour
Ne peut plus viure en ce monde.

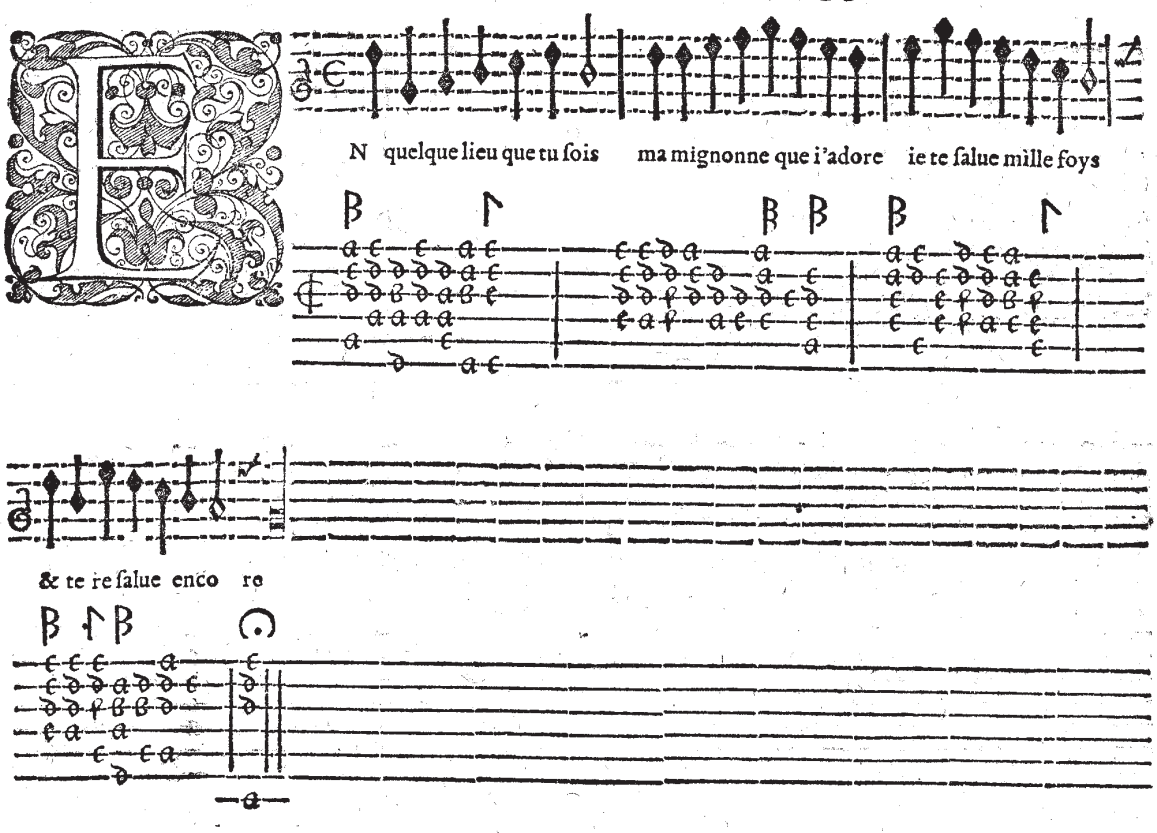
C' eſt donc vous aggreble veue
Qui me fait ſemblable au ſoucy.
Quant ie vous vois ie vis auſſy.
Abſent uoſtre abſence me tue.



Voſtre argent merite
Vn plus gros morceau,
Ie ſuis trop petite
Pour vn ſi grand ueau.
Tires vous dela &c.

Qu' eſt ce que vous faites
Tattonneur de chair,
Ie crois que vous eſtes
Le filz dun boucher
Tires vous dela &c.

Voſtre miſne eſt folle,
Et ueut controuuer.
Alles chez Nicole
Pour vous eſprouuer.
Tires vous dela &c.

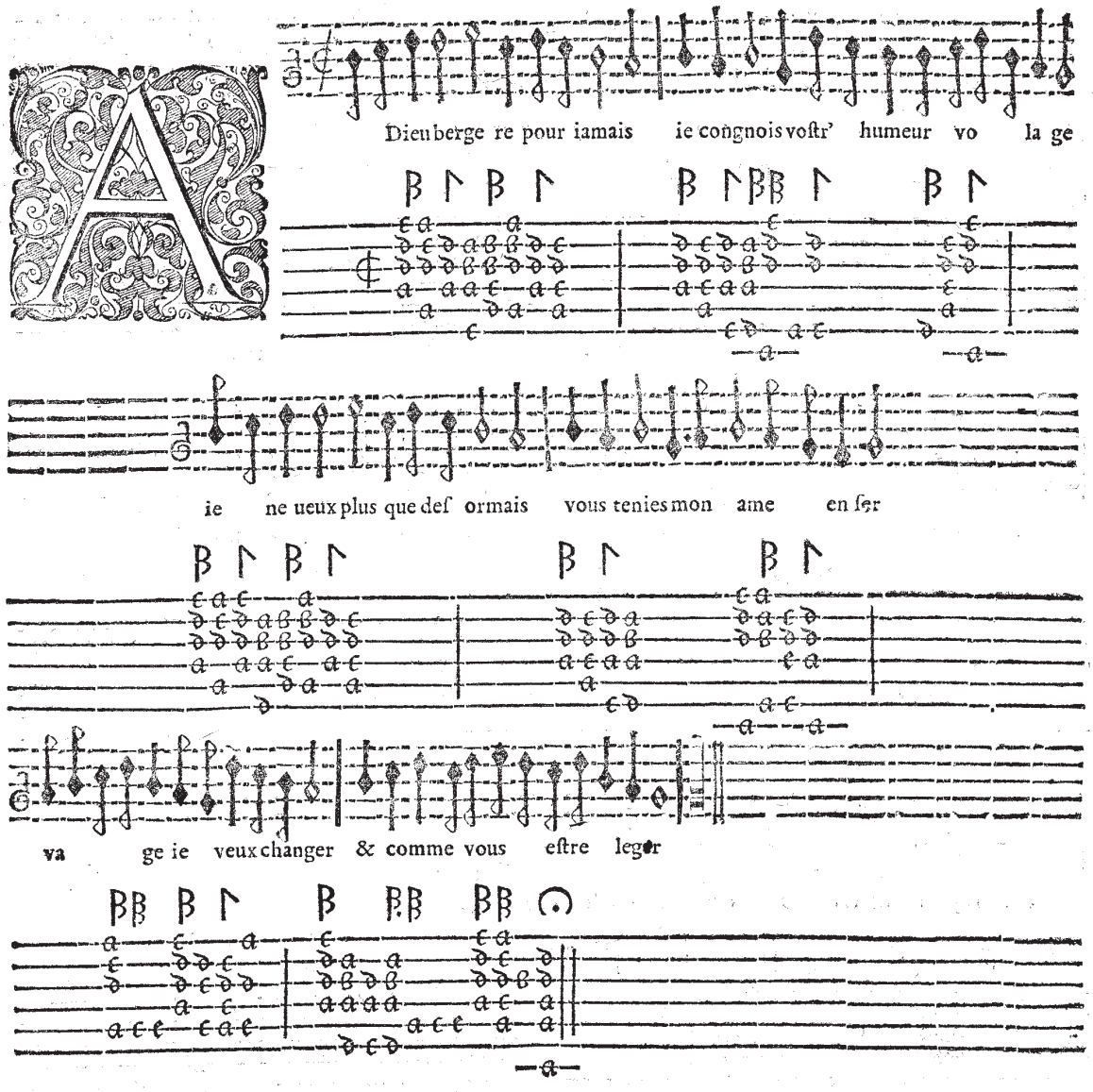


Bien que ie ne puiſſe voir
Ton bel oeil dont ie tiens vie,
Si te donray ie vn bon ſoir,
Malgré cil qui nous eſpie.

Sort mon cueur guide mes pas
Par l'obſcurité nocturne,
Haſte toy & ne crains pas
Ceſte ialouze importune.

Mignonne tout eſt pour nous,
La lune n'eſt point contraire
Aucun Dieu n'en eſt ialoux,
Puis que nul aſtre n'eſclaire.

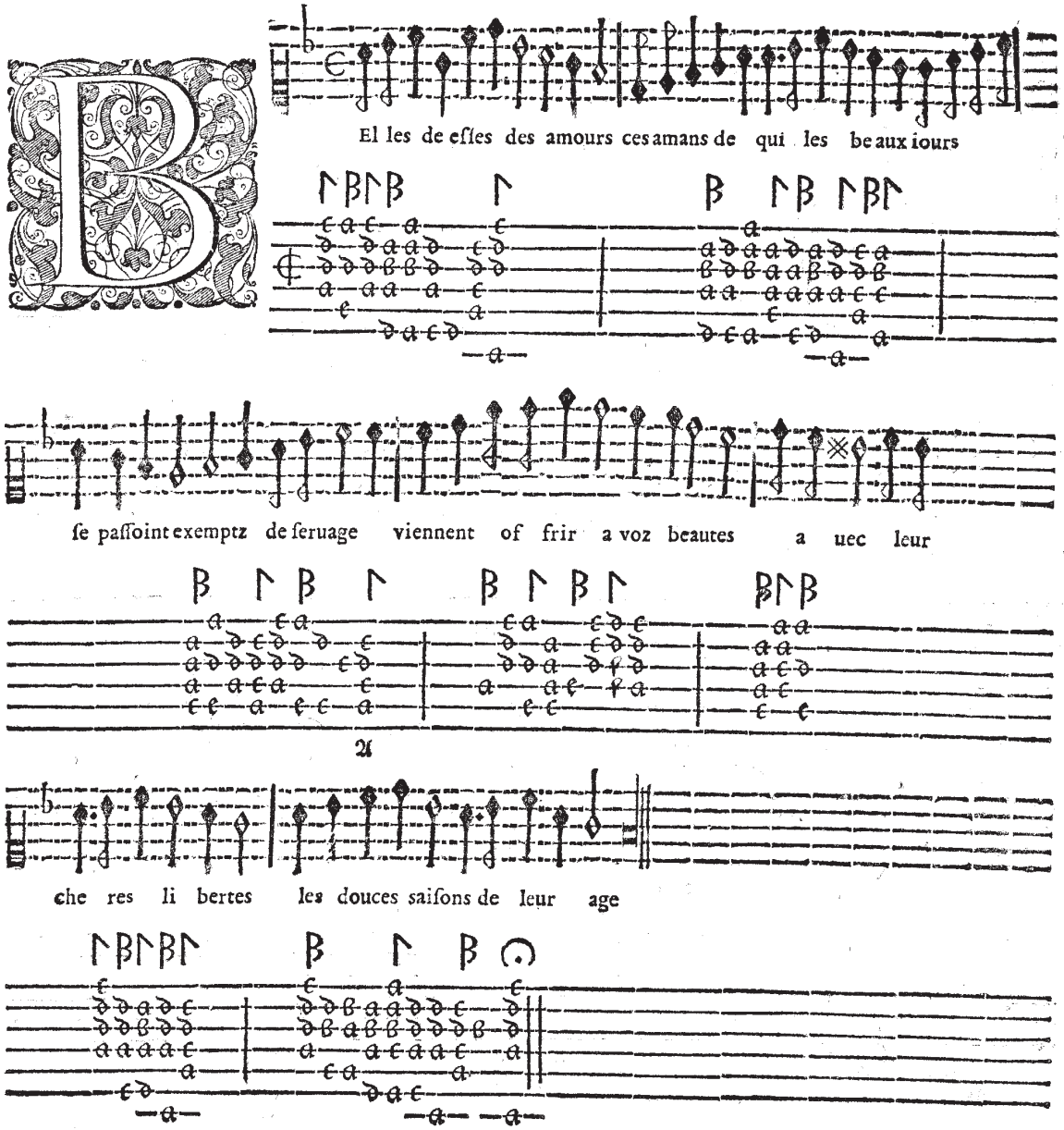
Chaſcun eſt au lit poſé
Par mes charmes & prieres
Et ia le ſomme auiſé
Tiendra fillè les paupieres.



Ceux qui ayment fidellement
Ne ſcauroint auoir l' humeur belle,
C'eſt pourquoy ie fais vn ſerment
Que ie ne ſeray plus fidelle.
Ie veux changer &c:

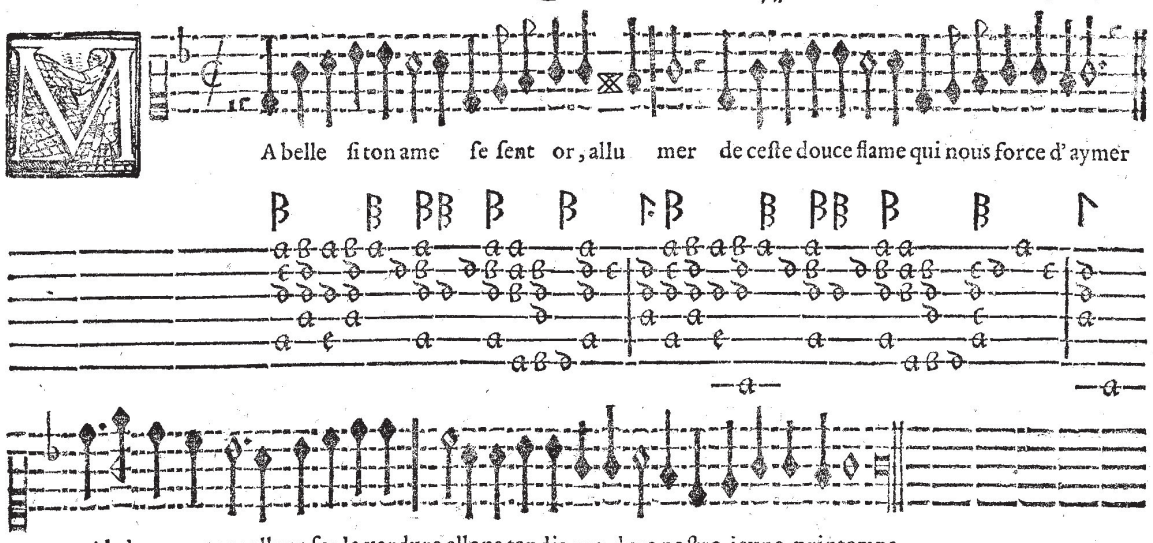
Ie ne me plains pas de l'erreur
Qu'enuers moy vous aues commiſe.
Car ie tiens à trop de bon heur,
D'auoir recouuert ma franchiſe.
Ie veux changer &c.

Ie ſuis ſi heureux & contant.
D'auoir en libertè ma vie
Que ie n'en regrette pas tant.
Le temps que ie vous ay ſeruie.
Ie veux changer, &c.



Leur printemps vous offre ſes fleurs:
Leur eſté les viues chaleurs
De leurs perpetuelles flames,
Et leur Automne le doux fruit,
Que dedans eux auront produit
Les uiuans ſoleilz de leur ame.

D'hyuer il n'en eſt point pour eux,
Car leurs chaudz deſirs amoureux
N'en ſcauroint endurer la glace
Et puis deuant ſi beaux ſoleilz
Qu'on voit luire icy nompareilz
Quel hyuer pourroit trouer place?



Auant qua la iournée
De noſtre aage qui fuit
Se ſente enuironnée
Des ombres de la nuit,
Prenons loyſir.
De viure noſtre vie,
Et ſans craindre l'enuie
Baiſons nous a plaiſir.

Et puis ces ombres ſaintes
Hoſteſſes de la bas
Ne demenent qu' en feintes
Leurs amoureux esbatz.
Entre elles plus
Amour n'a de puiſſance,
Et plus n'ont iouiſſance
Des plaiſirs de Venus.

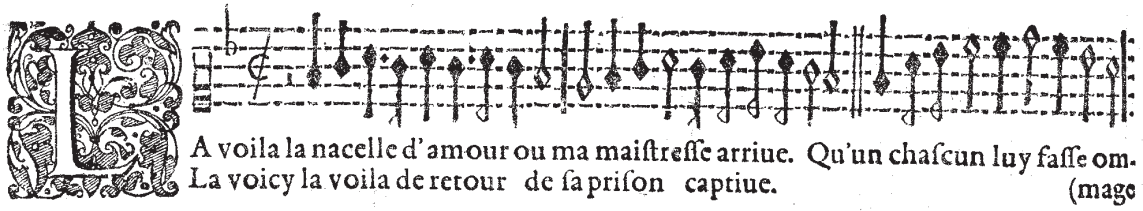
Aymons donc a noſtre aiſe,
Baiſons baiſons nous fort.
Puis plus lon ne baiſe
Depuis que lon eſt mort.
Voyons nous pas
Comme ia la ieuneſſe
Des plaiſirs larronneſſe
Fuit de nous a grand pas.

Du ſoleil la lumiere
Sur le ſoir ſe deſteint
Puis a laube premiere
Elle reprent ſon teint.
Mais noſtre iour
Quant vne foys il tombe,
Demeure ſoub la tombe,
Y faiſant long ſeiour.

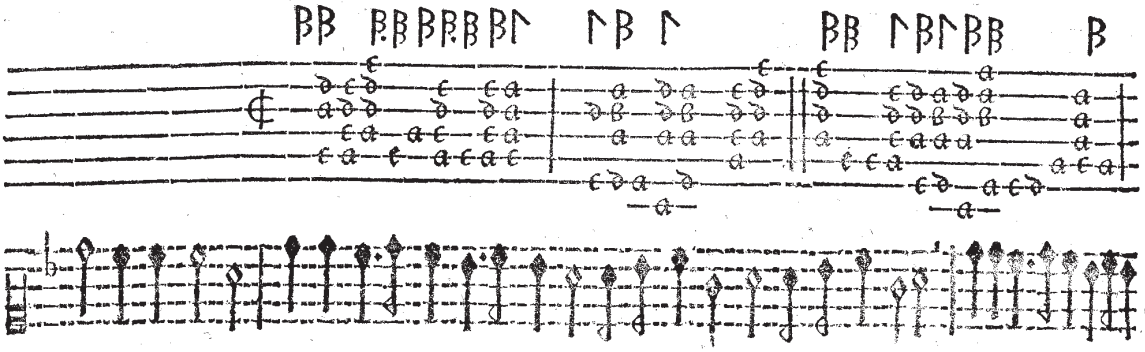
Mais laſchement couchées
Soub ces myrtes preſsès,
Elles pleurent faſchées
Leurs ages mal paſsès,
Se lamentant
Que n'ayant plus de vie,
Encore ceſte enuie
Les aille tourmentant.

Ca finette affinée,
Ca rompons le deſtin,
Qui clot noſtre iournee
Souuent des le matin.
Allons contans,
Allons ſur la verdure,
Allons tandis que dure
Noſtre ieune printemps.

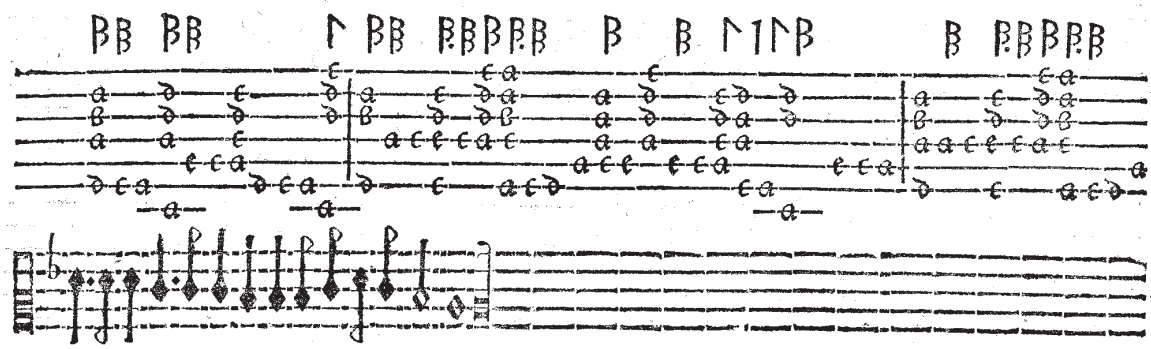
T



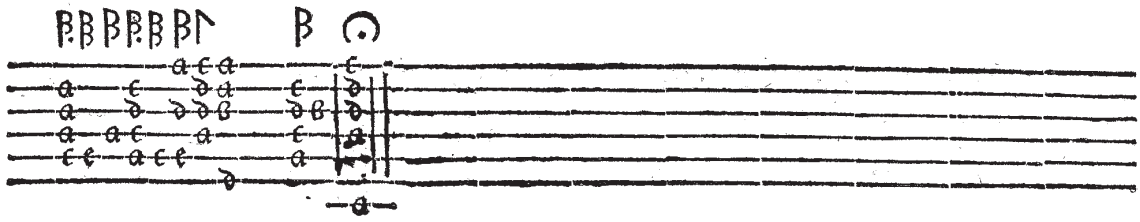
LA voila la nacelle d'amour ou ma maiſtreſſe arriue. Qu'un chaſcun luy faſſe om-
La voicy la voila de retour de ſa priſon captiue. (mage



Et dun courage que lon chante touſiours la la la la voycy la voila que lon chãte touſiours la la

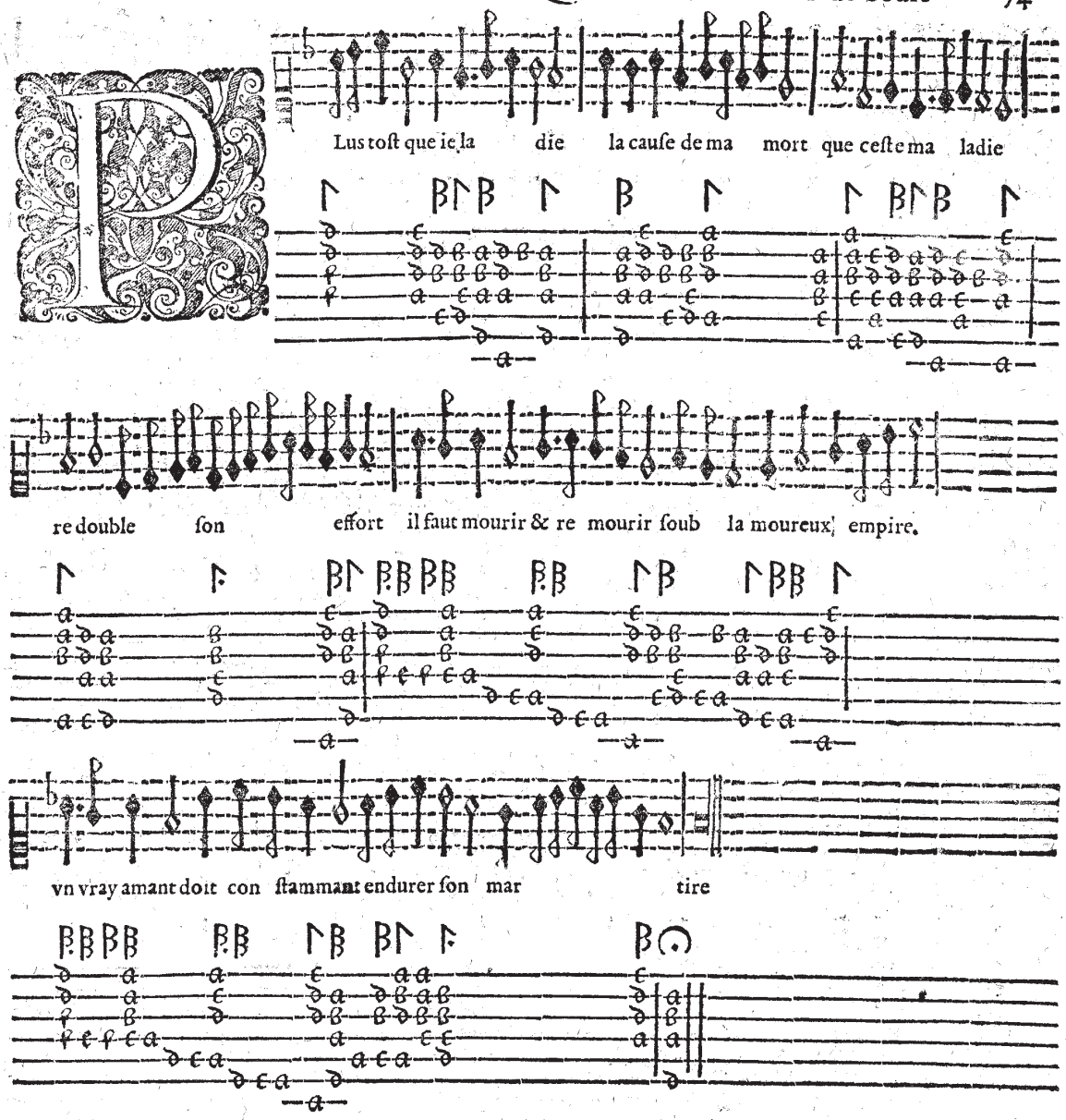


la la voycy la voila la la la voila.



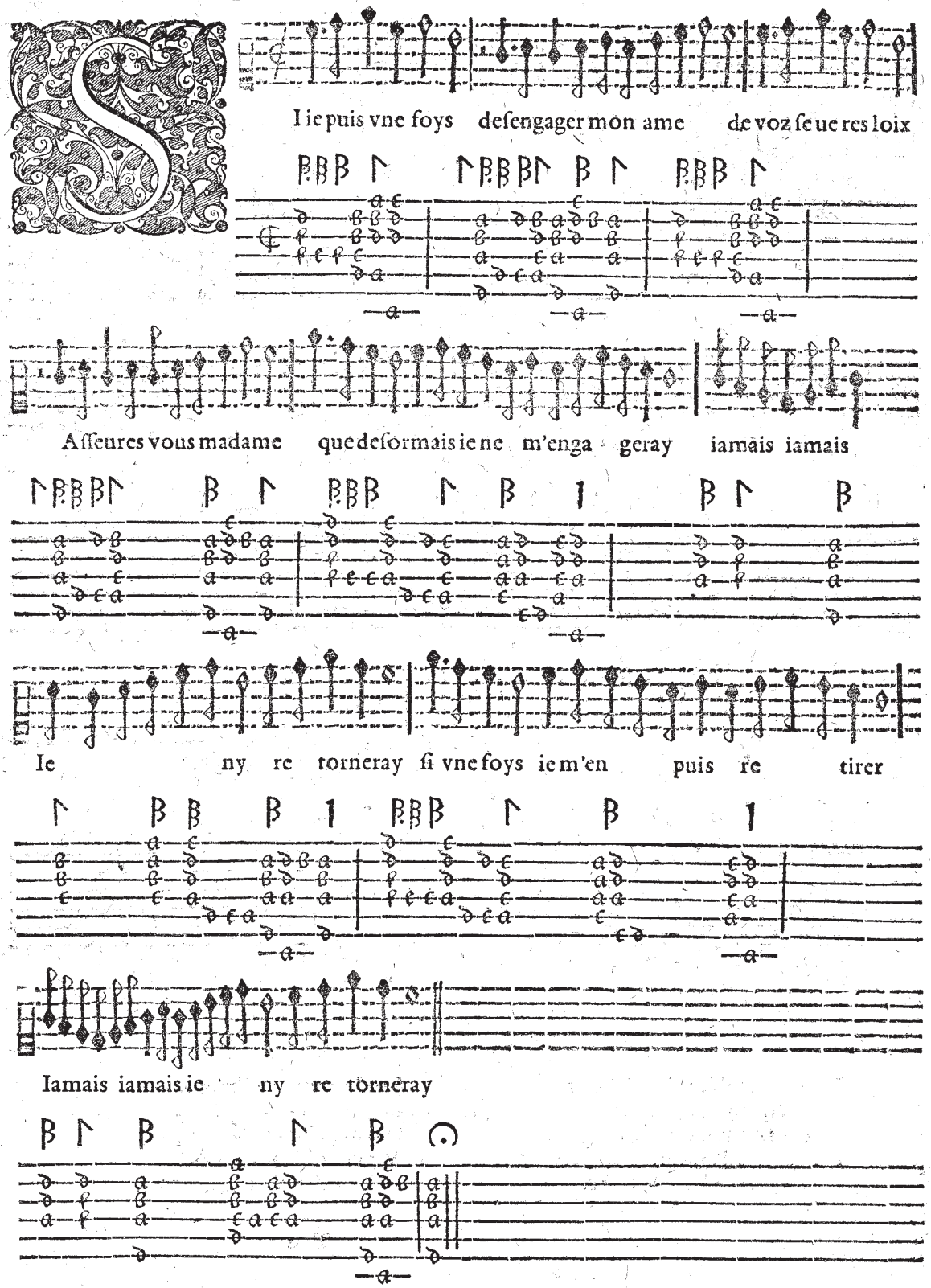
Le uoila le voicy ce bel œil
Sur le criſtal de l'onde,
Le voicy ce ſoleil nompareil,
Le ſeul aſtre du monde.

Les voila les voicy ſes cheueux
De ma belle Maiſtreſſe,
Approches regardes curieux,
Admires ceſte treſſe.



Les cris, les pleurs, les plaintes
Que i'eſpans nuit, & iour,
Sont les reliques ſaintes
Du paradis d'amour.
Il faut mourir &c.

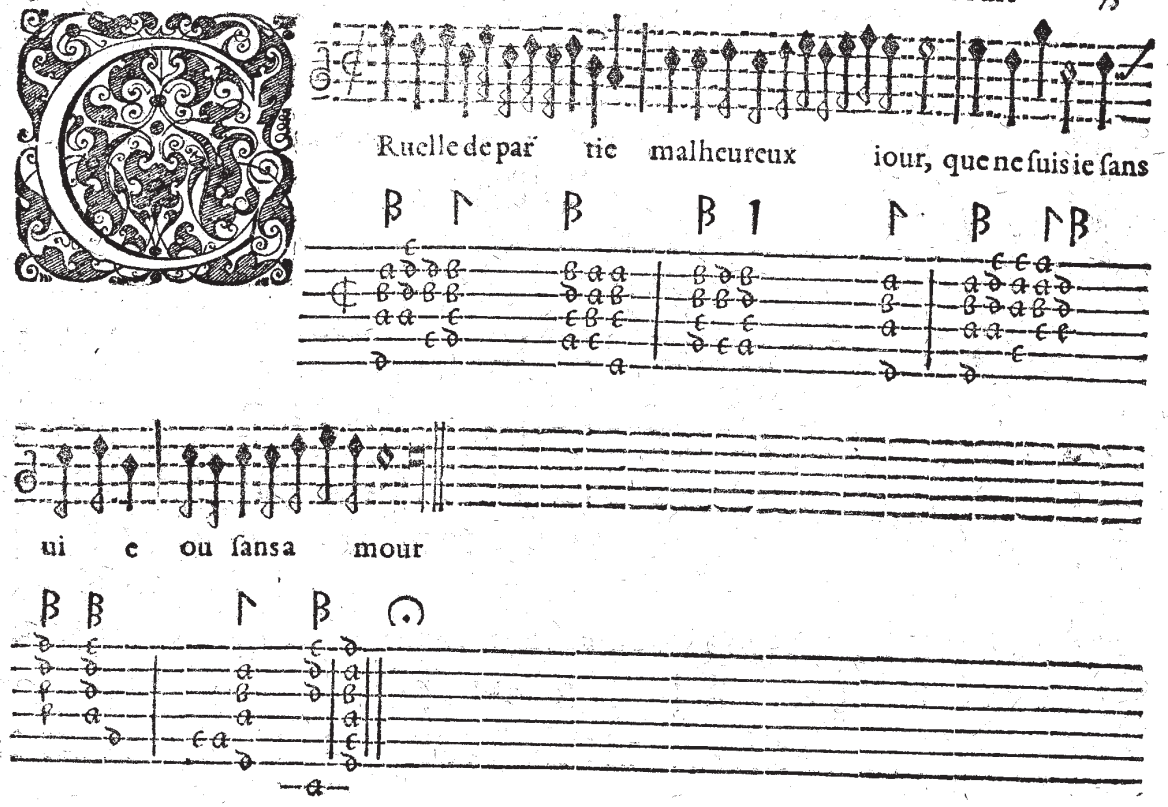
Souſtenons ces allarmes
Iuſques dans le tombeau,
Qui meurt de telles armes
Vit vn ſiecle nouueau
Il faut mourir &c.



Ie crois que voſtre cœur
Tient de la Salemandre,
Qui uit parmy l'ardeur
Du feu & de la cendre. Si vne foys &c.

Vous alles conceuant
Dix mill'amours nouuelles,
Et repaiſſes de vent
Mes ſeruices fidelles, Si vne foys &c.

Ie ſemois bien en l'er
Mes veus, & mes ſeruices:
Ie vois ores à clair
Voz ruſes & artifices.
Mais ie m'en ſuis a ce coup retiré,
Iamais iamais ie ny retorneray.



Que ne te puis ie ſuyure
Soleil ardant,
Ou bien ceſſer de viure,
En te perdant.

Les iours de ton abſence
Me ſont des nuitz:
Et les nuitz la naiſſance
De mille ennuys.

Ma bouche qui ſouſpire
Inceſſamment,
Teſmoigne mon martire,
Et mon tourment.

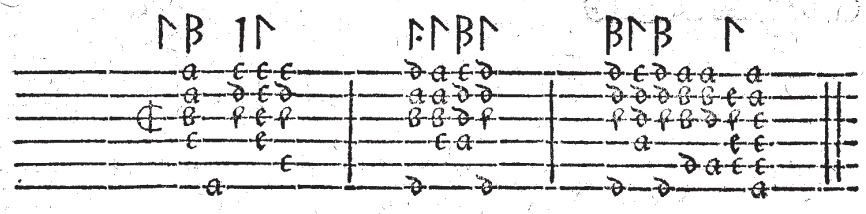
Tous plaiſirs m'abbandonnent,
Et la frayeur
Sans ceſſe m'enuironne
L'ame, & le cueur.

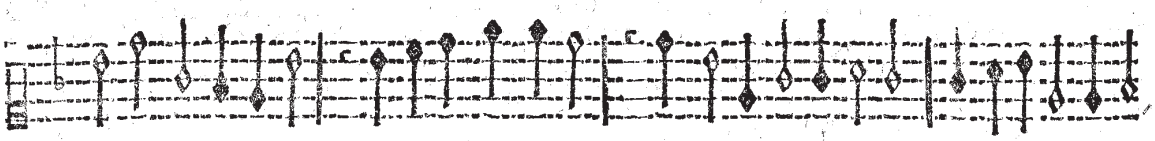
Bref qui veut voir l'image
D'vn deſeſpoir,
A mon triſte viſage
Le vienne voir.



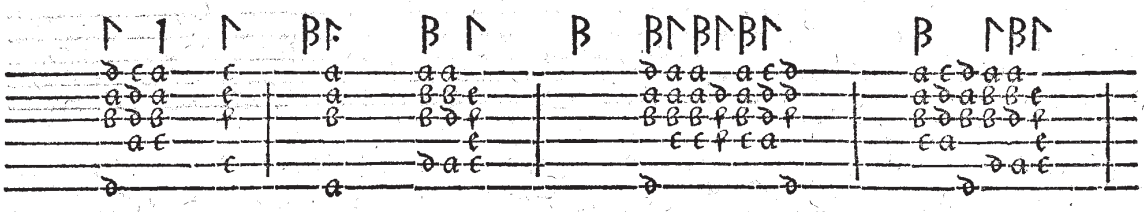


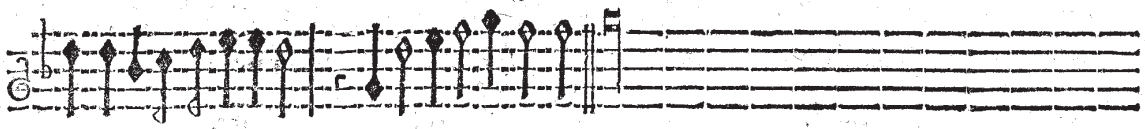
Lõd eſt le filet d'or, d'une vierge retord, pour faire vn bel ouurage.
Blond' eſt la maieſte d'un beau Soleil deſté & blond eſt ſon viſage.
Blõd'eſt la fleur auſſy, du iauniſsãt ſoucy, blõd le coing en autõne.
Blõd leſpis fleuriſſant lorãge meuriſſant que Prouẽce nous dõne.



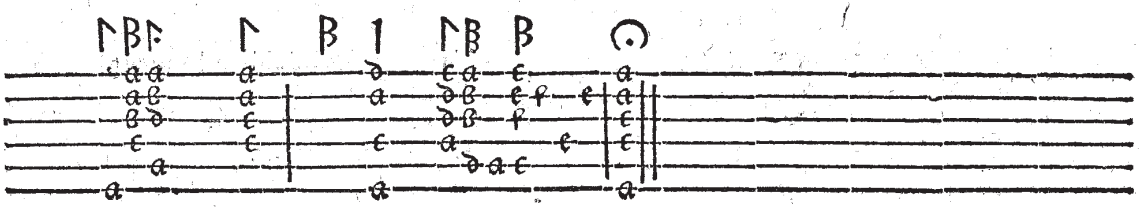


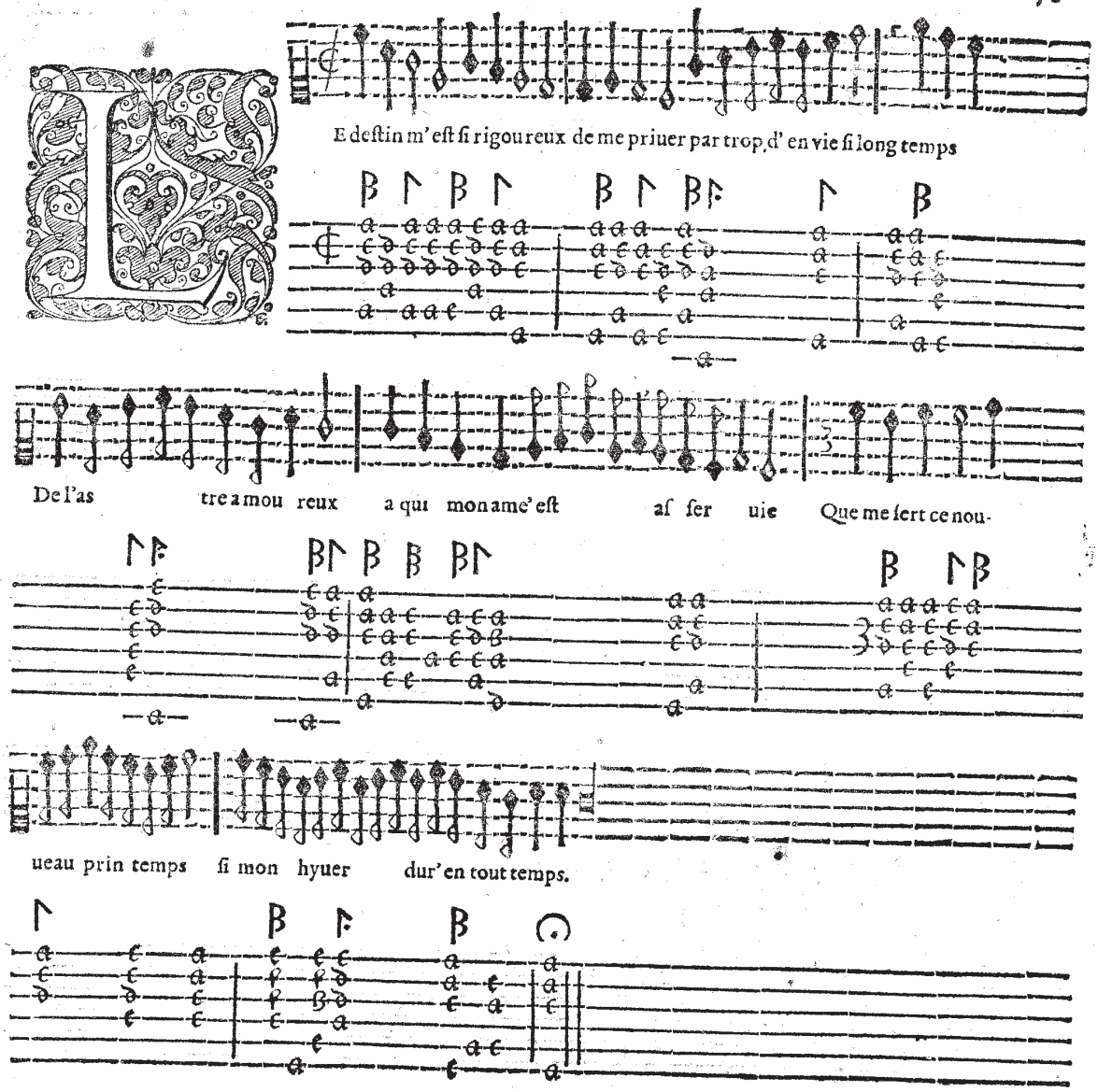
Mais plus q u'or, que ſolejl que ſoucy nõ pareil que coing, qu'espis, qu'orãge, blond eſt le poil dorè





de Mada m'adoré du Roſne iusqu'au Gange.



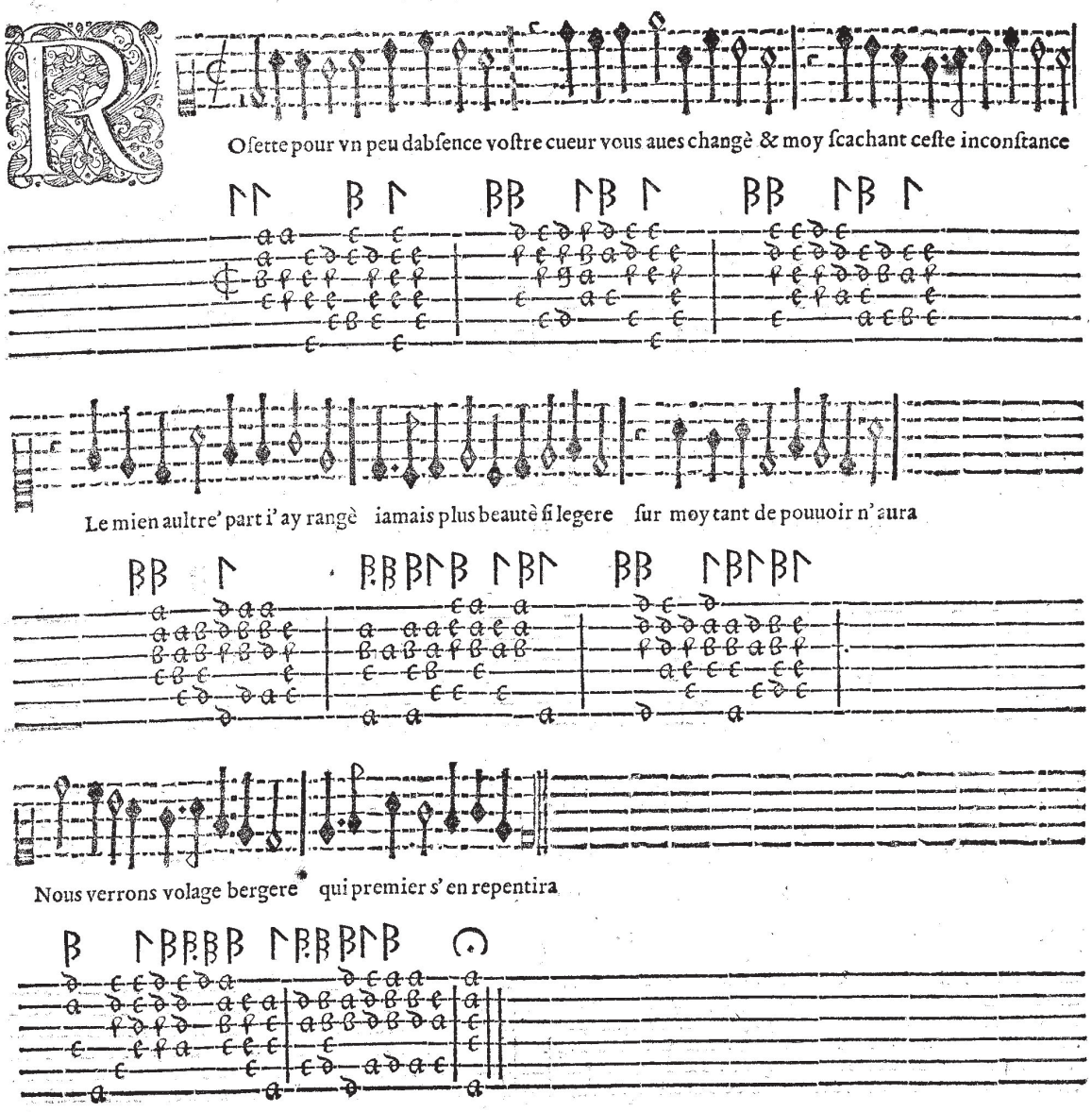


Ores que le Soleil reuient,
Embelly d'une belle flame,
Mon Soleil de mon loing ſe tient,
Et rend en tenebres mon ame.

Ores que les oyſeaux des chans
Doucement leurs plaintes entonnent,
Du bruit de mes regretz tranchans,
Les boys & les plainnes reſonnent.

Ores qu'on voit naiſtre les fleurs,
Et que la terre eſt toute uerte,
Dedans moy naiſſent les douleurs,
La terre en eſt toute couuerte.

Reuiens o Soleil de mes yeux,
Et fais changer ma deſtinée,
Ainſi que le Soleil, des cieux
Change les froideurs de l'année,
Allors reuiendra mon printemps,
Ceſt de toy ſeul que ie l'attens.



Tandis qu'en pleurs ie me conſume,
Maudiſſant ceſt esloignement,
Vous qui n'aymes que par couſtume,
Careſſes vn nouuel amant:
Iamais legere girouette
Au vent ſi toſt ne ſe vira,
Nous vertons bergere Roſette
Qui premier ſ'en repentira.

Ou ſont tant de promeſſes feintes,
Tant de pleurs verſès en partant:
Eſt il vray que ces triſtes plaintes
Sortiſſent d'un cueur inconſtant:
Dieu que vous eſtes menſongere,
Maudiſſoit il qui vous croira.
Nous verrons bergere legere
Qui premier s'en repentira.



I. B: Beſardi.

Eſt malheur que de vous aymer voſtr'eſprit eſtãt ſi vola ge

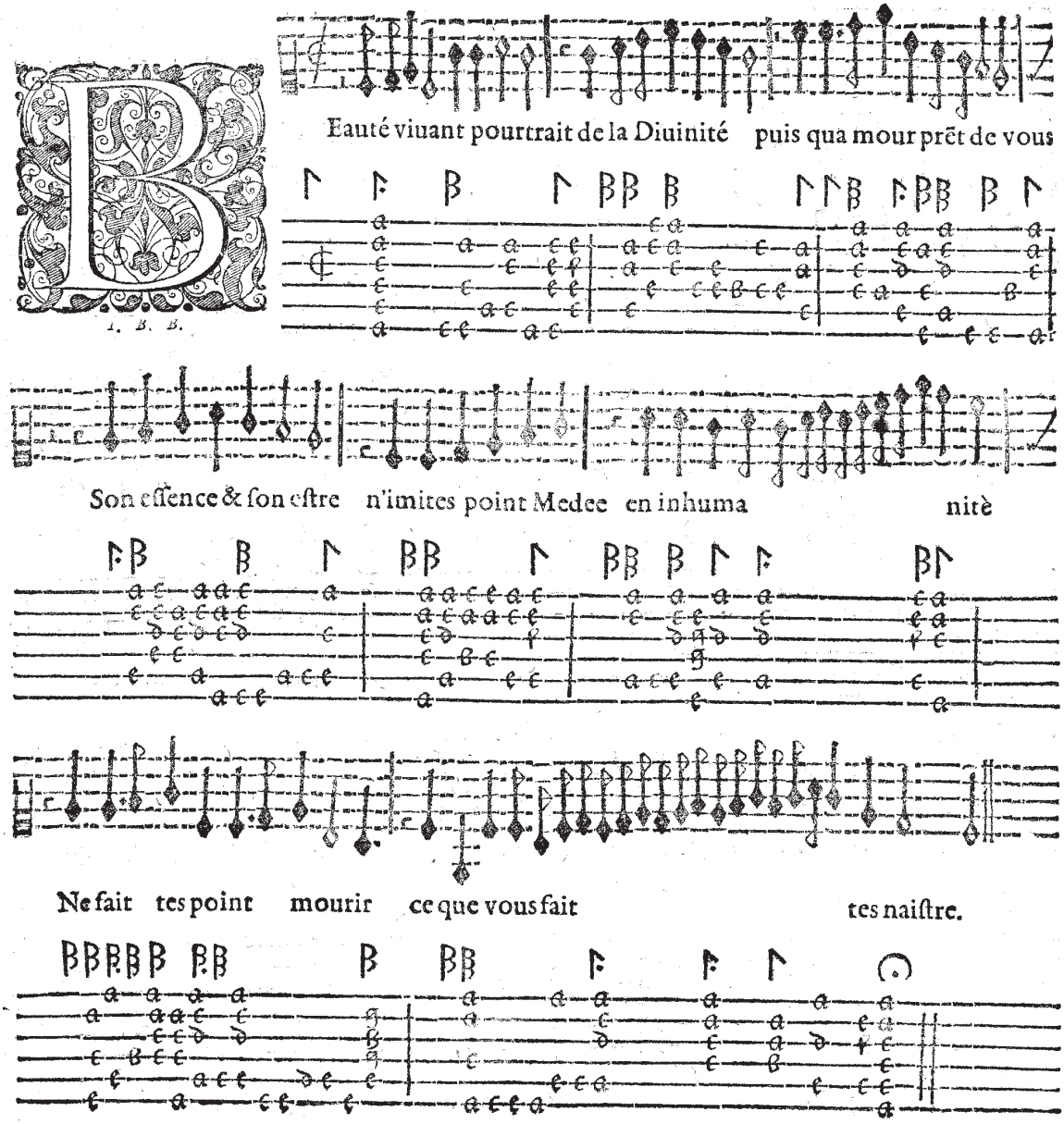
Vous changes ainſin que la mer & ſi changes ſans auanta ge

Que me ſert il d'aymer vn temps ceſt le mieux que de vous i'attens Ie ne feray iamais la paix

Ie m'en repens pour tous iamais

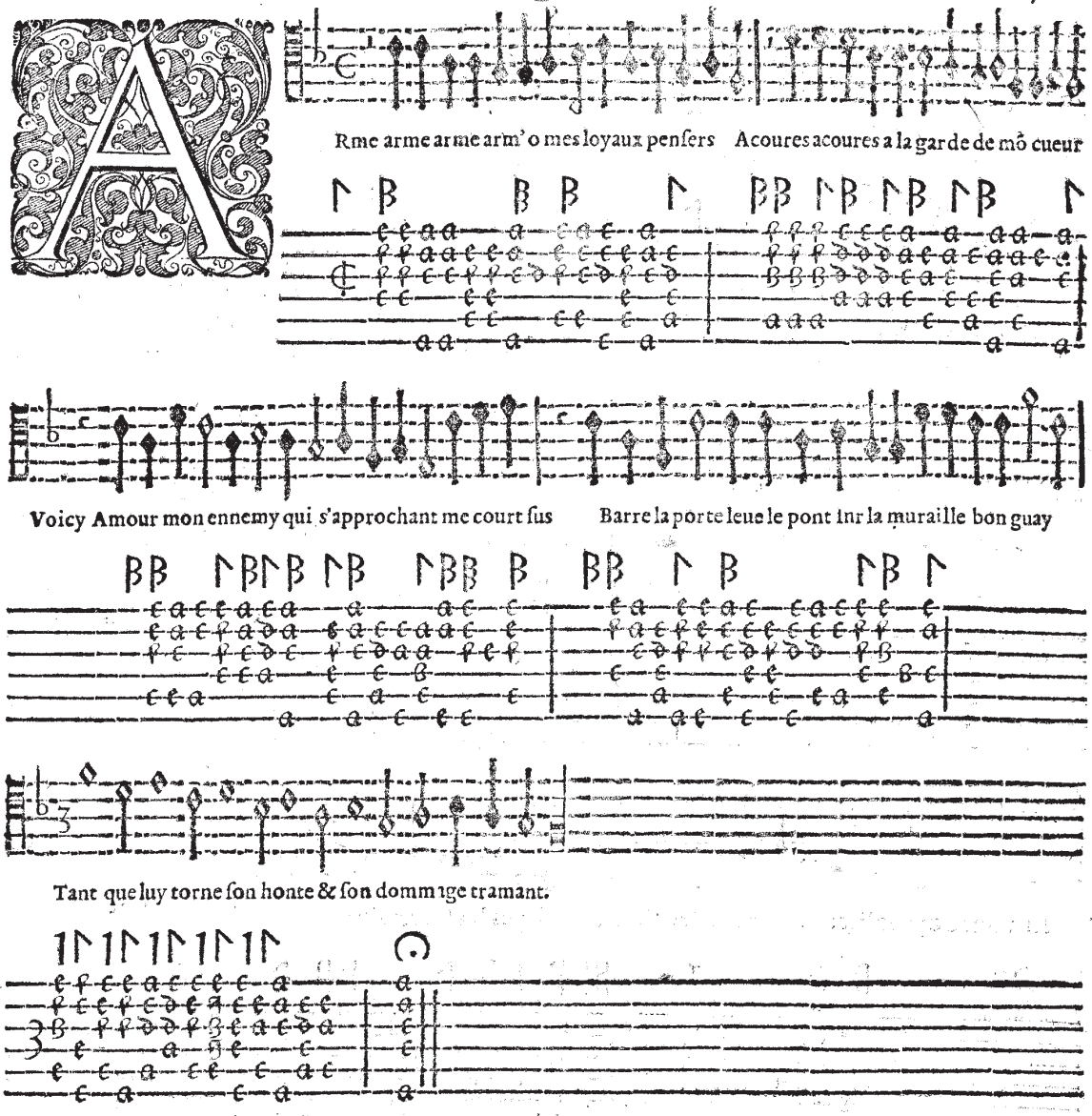
Rompons la paille pour touſiours,
Et que chaſcun rende ſon gage:
Ie vous vendz voz folles amours,
Et vous quitte l'humeur volage:
Rendes moy de voſtre coſté
La raiſon & la liberté.
Ie ne feray &c.

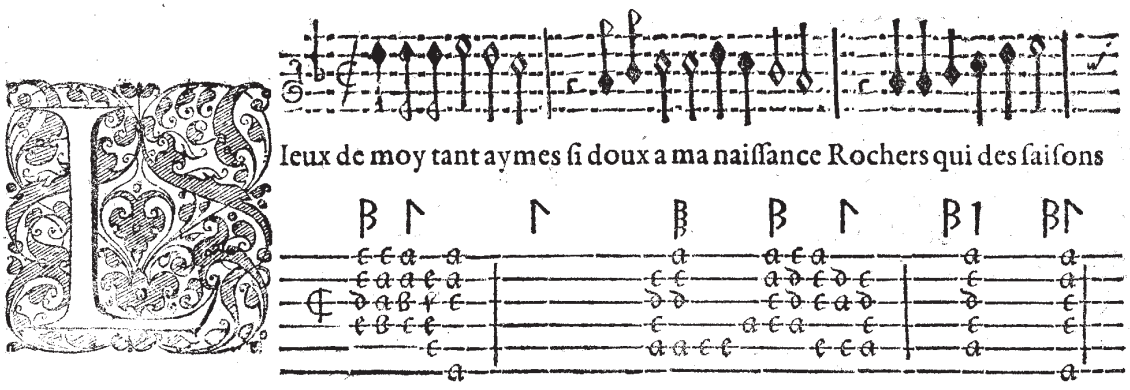
Rendes ce cueur qui n'eſt plus mien,
Rendes ce que vous fait ſi belle:
Non belle ne me rendes rien,
Il ſuffit que vous ſoyes telle,
Par mes vers aauſsy menſongers,
Que voz beaux yeux furent legers.
Ie ne feray iamais &.



C'eſt par voſtre peché doux tourment de noz yeux,
Que iamais les amours ne ſortent hors d'enfance:
Car vous les eſtoufes auecque voz rigueurs,
Auſſy toſt que voz yeux leurs ont donnè naiſſance.

Couues donc ce courage o meurtre accouſtumé,
Et que ce beau viſage a laduenir ſe change:
Car l'ame d'un Lyon òu d'un Tigre affamé
Ne ſe doit point loger ſoubz vn viſage d'Ange.

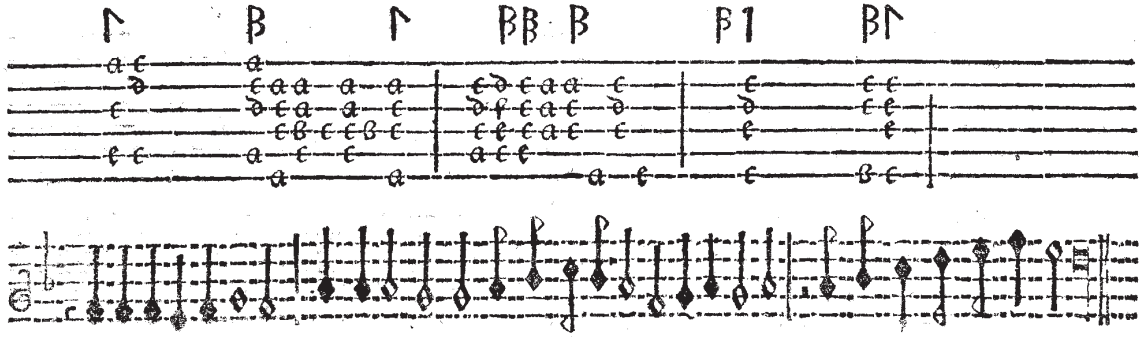

Rme arme arme arm'o mes loyaux penſers Acoures acoures a la garde de mô cueur
Voicy Amour mon ennemy qui s'approchant me court ſus Barre la porte leue le pont Inr la muraille bon guay
Tant que luy torne ſon honte & ſon dommage tramant.



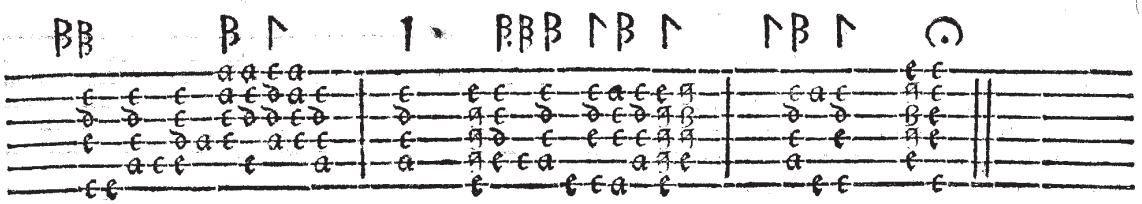
Ieux de moy tant aymes ſi doux a ma naiſſance Rochers qui des ſaiſons



De daignes l'inconſtance francz de leur changement effroiables deſertz



Et vous boys ſolitaires pour la derniere foys ſoyes les ſecretaires de mon dueil vehemẽt

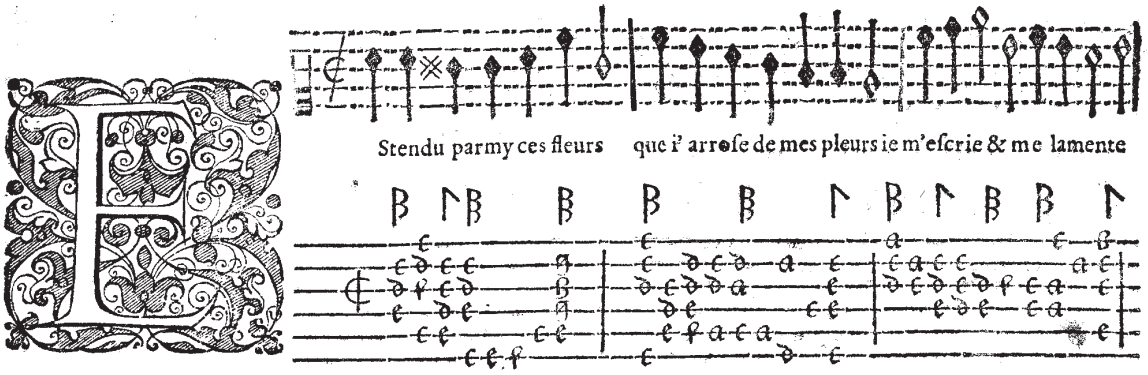


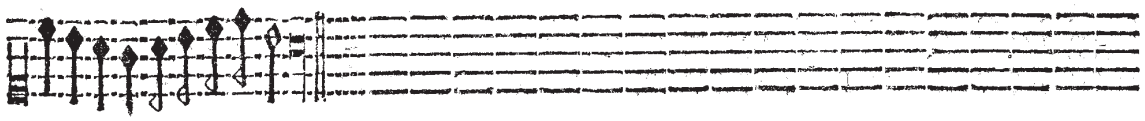
Ie ne ſuis point celuy dont la grace,& la veue
Rendoit ceſte contree en tous temps ſi pourueue
D'amours, & de plaiſirs.
Qui donnoit a ces eaux vn ſi plaiſant murmure:
Tant deſmail a ces pres,aux boys tant de verdure:
Aux cueurs tant de deſirs.

La fortune amyable a tornè ſon viſage:
Mon air calme, & ſerein n'eſt plus rienqu'un orage
Dennuys, & de malheurs.
Mes iours les plus luyſans ſont changes en teuebres:
Et mes chans de lieſſe en complaintes funebres:
Mes plaiſirs en douleurs.

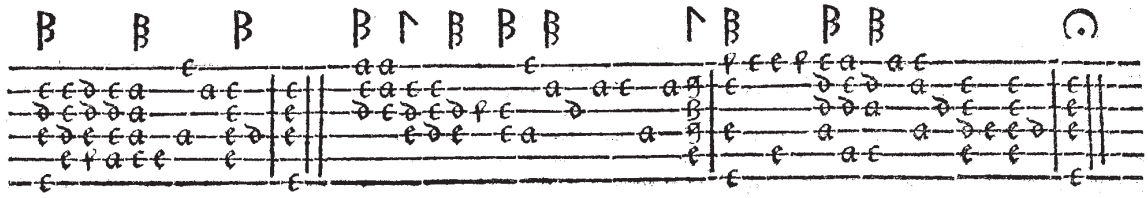
Quant i'approche de vous belles fleurs printanieres,
Voſtre teint ſe fleſtrit, les prochainnes riuieres
Cherchent daultres deſtours.
Ie fais tarir lhumeur de ces fonteinnes claires,
Qui crains que de mes yeux les ſources mortuaires
Ne profanent leurs cours.

Pleut au ciel dont les loix me ſont ſi rigoureuſes,
Que ie fuſſe entre vous grande maſſes pierreuſes
Vn rocher endurcy.
On dit qu'une Thebaine y fuſt iadis changee:
Et pourquoy ne fait donc mon angoiſſe enragee
Que ie le ſois ainſy.





Pour le ſuiet d'une amante.



Ie fais naiſtre les Zephyrs
De mes amoureux ſouſpirs,
Et le feu qui m'enuironne
Brusle lherbe qui fleuronne.

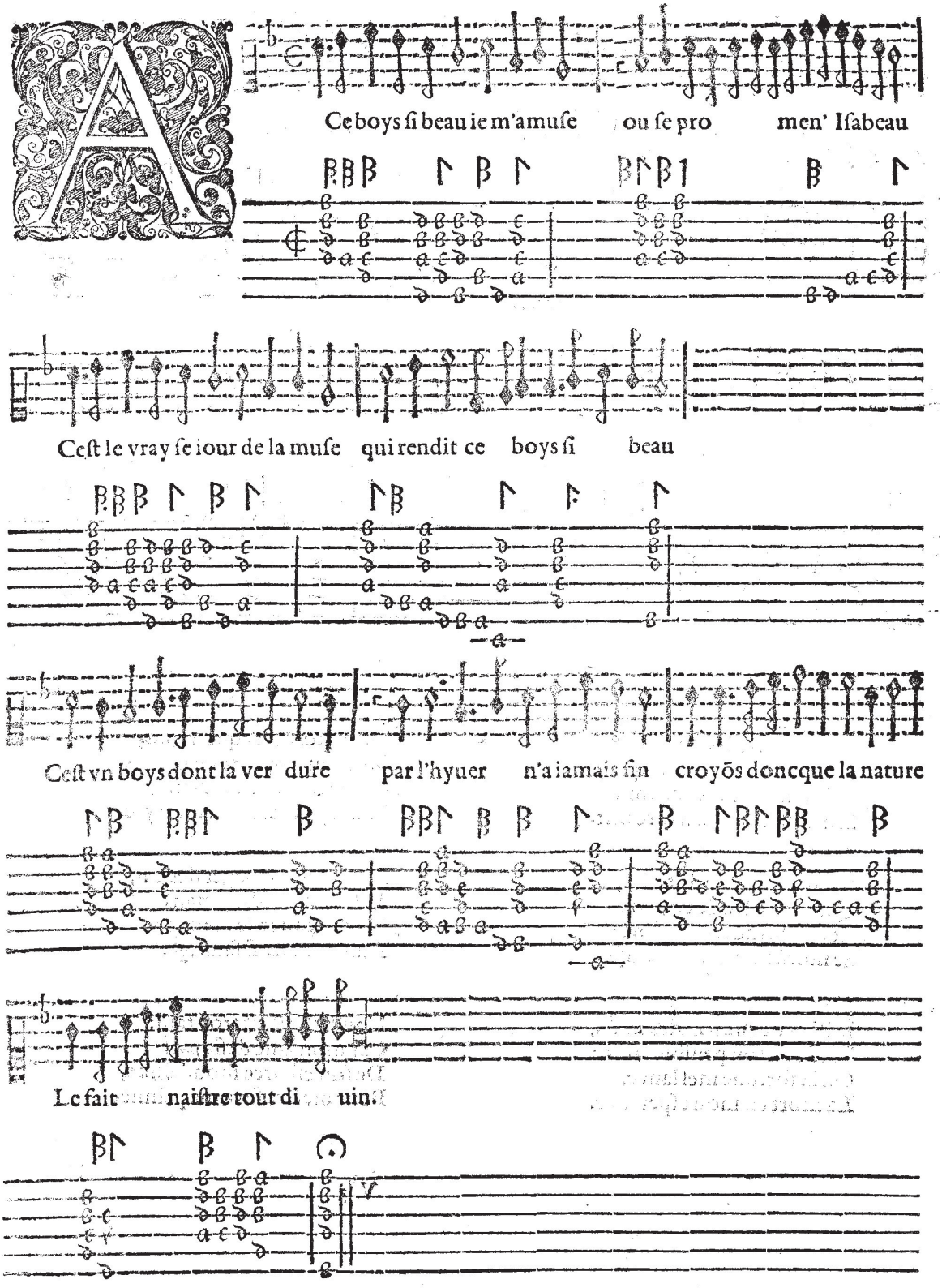
Las que ie porte de traitz,
Que ie ſouffre de regretz,
Et que la mort endormie
Se monſtre peu mon amye.

Ie l'Invocque tous les iours,
Tarde en ſon penible cours:
Ou la fortune meſlance,
La mort eſt mon eſperance.

Mort mon vnicque repos,
Mort que ie porte en mes os
Chere mort que ie deſire,
Pout appaiſer mon martyre.

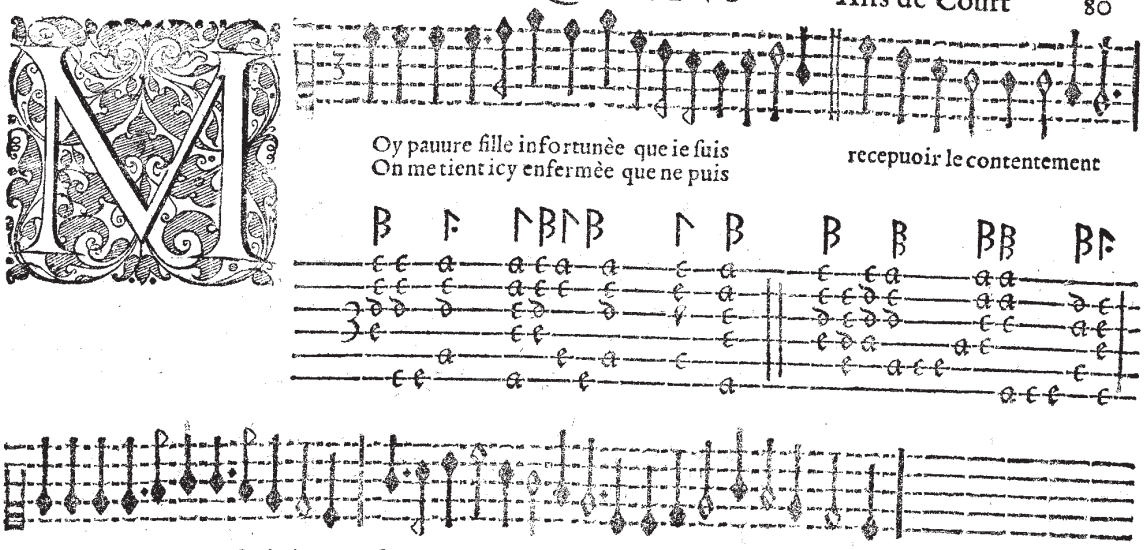
Le temps meſnager des ans,
Fidelle amy des amans
Peut appaiſer le courage
Dun'amante ſi ſauuage.

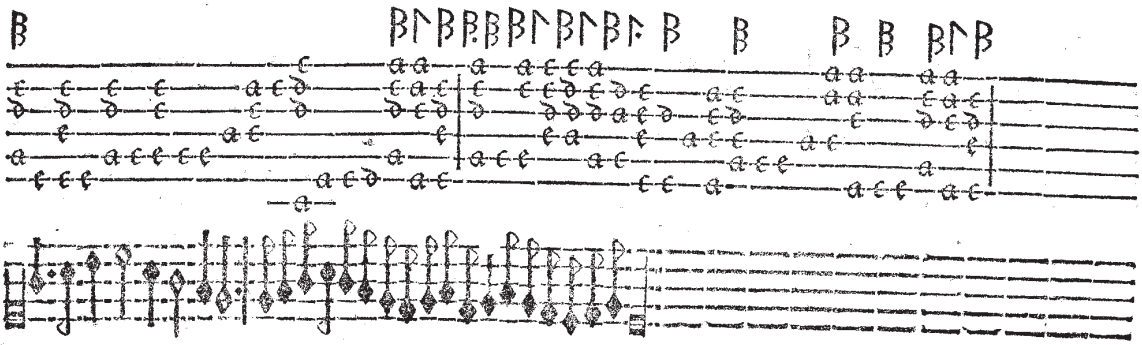
Mais helas il eſt trop tard:
Car mon ame deſia part
De ſon eſcorce mondainne,
Pour meƈtre fin a ma peinne.

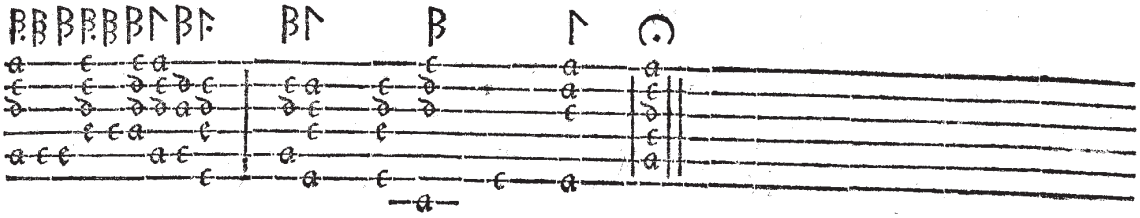


Si d'ennuys i'ay lame atteinte,
A ce boys ſi beau ie cours:
Et pour alleger ma plainte,
Ie luy conte mes amours.

O boys ſi beau que i'admire -
Re cois moy dutout a toy:
Veu qu'aultre bien ie naſpire,,
Qu'eſtant tien tu ſois a moy.



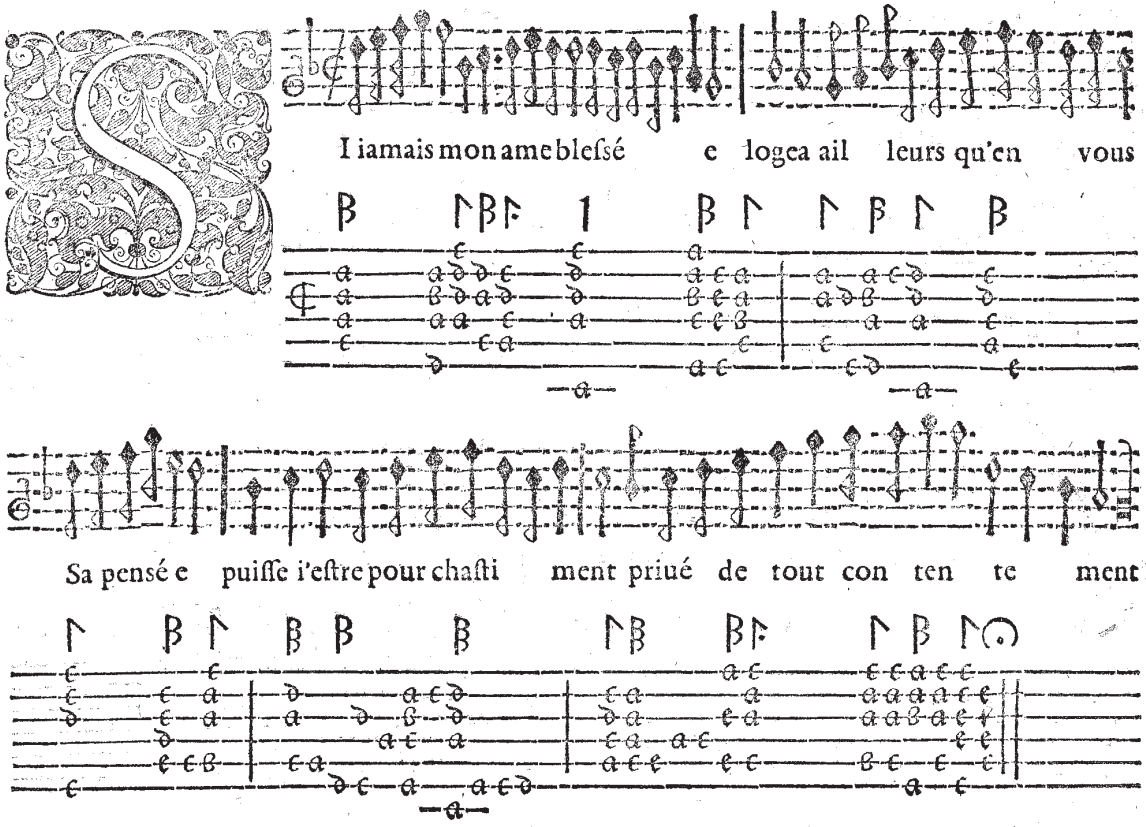




Quant mon treſcher amy s'approche
Pres de moy,
Soudain vne vielle m'accroche
A re coy,
Prenant garde a tous mouuemens,
Et de mes yeux & de ma teſte.
Noſeroit on &c.

Et lors ceſte vielle ialouze
Par malheur
Empesche de l'amour la chouſe
Mon bon heur,
Elle va touſiours rechinant,
Come choſe quelle deteſte.
Noſeroit on &c.

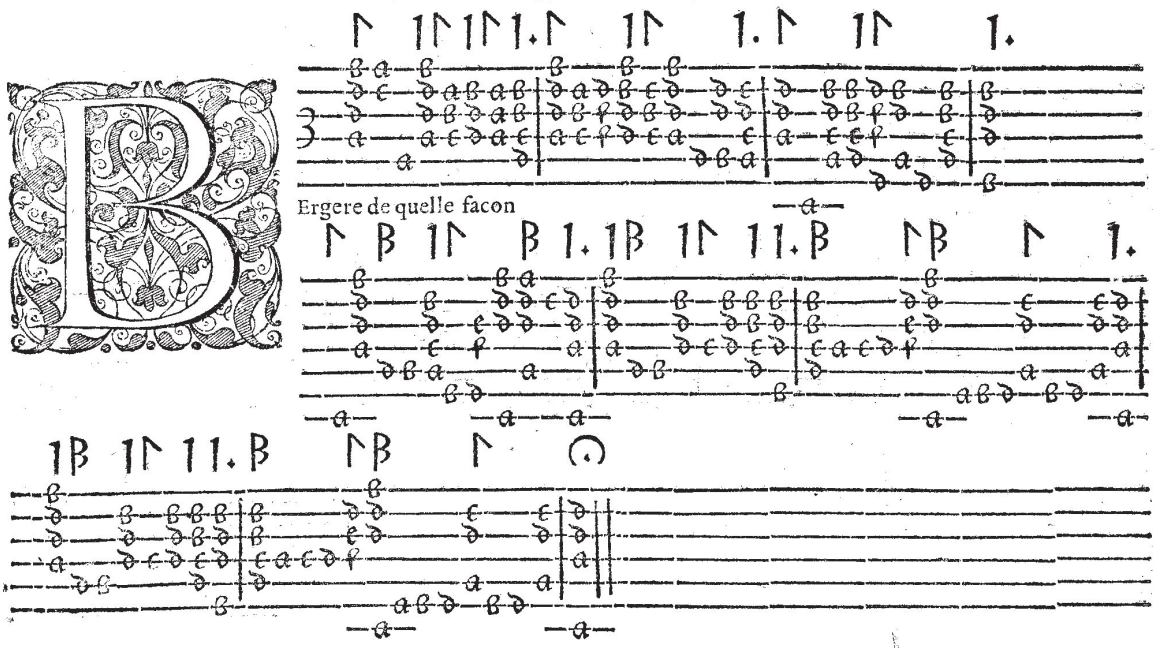
Vous qui aymes d'un cueur fi-
Au ſeiour, (delle
De l'empire & de la cordelle
De l'Amour,
Pour en auoir contentement
Tenes voſtre affaire ſecrette.
Noſeroit on &c.



Si iamais l'amour d'aultre dame
Es chaufe mon cueur de ſa flame,
Puiſſe ie esprouuer les rigueurs
De toutes ſortes de malheurs.

Si iamais le temps n'y l'abſence
Peuuent esbranler ma conſtance,
Puiſſe ie ſans aucun ſecour,
Languir le reſte de mes iours.

Bref ſoyes moy touſiours cruelle
Autant que vous me ſembles belle
Si ie mancque a voſtre beauté
D'amour & de fidelité.



Bergere de quelle facon
Voules vous que ie vous pourchaſſe
Berger uous battes le buiſſon,
Mais vn aultre en a prins la chaſſe.

Fy de l'amour fy de ſes feus,
C'eſt mourir de viur' auec eux?
Viue l'amour viue ſes feus,
C'eſt mourir de viure ſans eux.

Quelle faueur ſcaurois ie auoir,
Pendant qu'un aultre vous accolle?
Vous aures l'honneur de me voir,
Et la faueur de ma parolle.

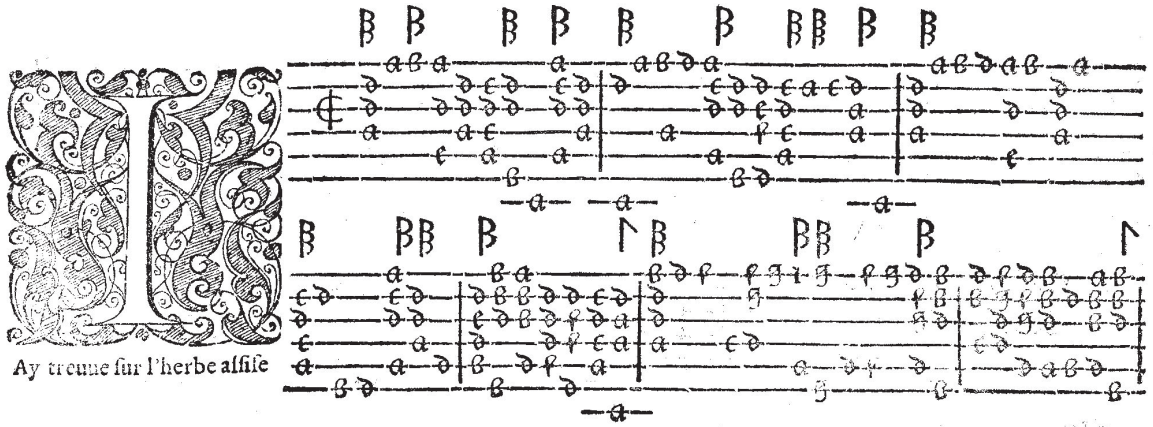
Fy de faueur ie n'en veux plus
Il n'eſt faueur que de la couche:
Et de cela, & du ſurplus
Berger torches en voſtre bouche.

Voſtre foy ne vouldries vous point
Cela meſme que ie demande.
Alles alles il ne faut point
De responce a folle demande,

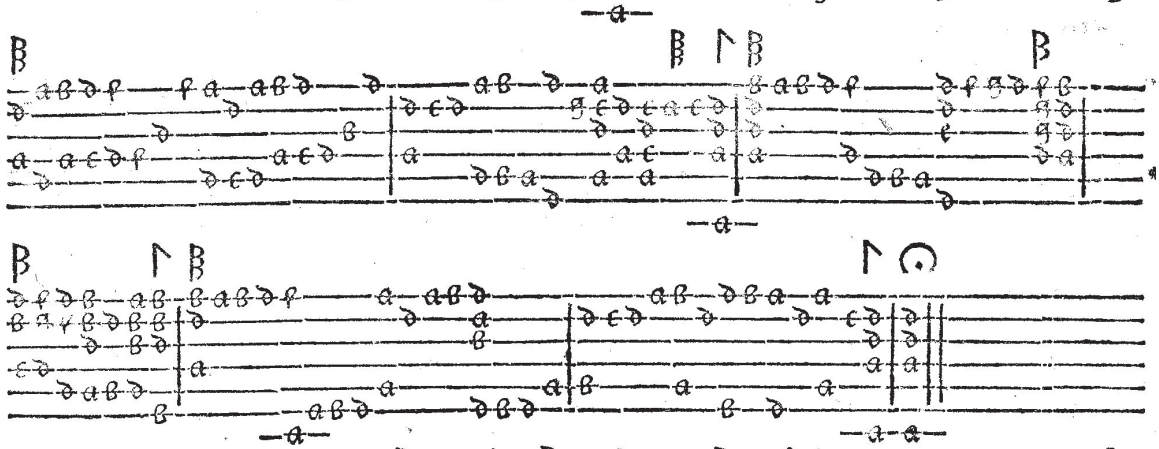
Bergere ceſt trop approcher
Du roſier ſans cuillir la roſe.
Berger, vous aues beau preſcher,
Ce n'eſt pour vous quelle eſt eſcloſe.

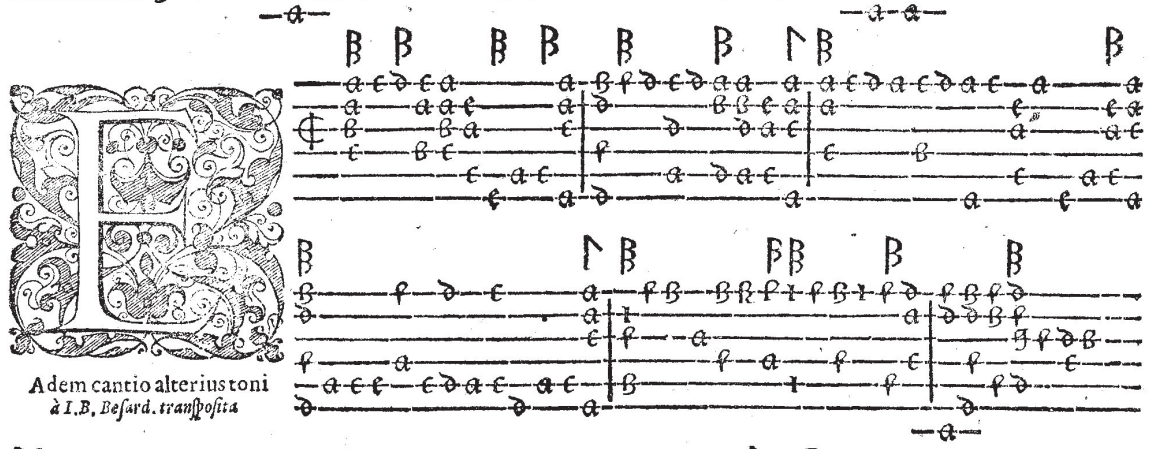
Ce m'eſt vn tresfacheux tourment
De voir qu'un aultre vous poſſede
Il faut porter patiemment
Le mal qui n'à point de remede.

A Dieu bergere ie m'en vois,
A Dieu bergere, a Dieu bergere.
A Dieu donc berger pour iamais,
A Dieu, tous deux n'y perdons guere.

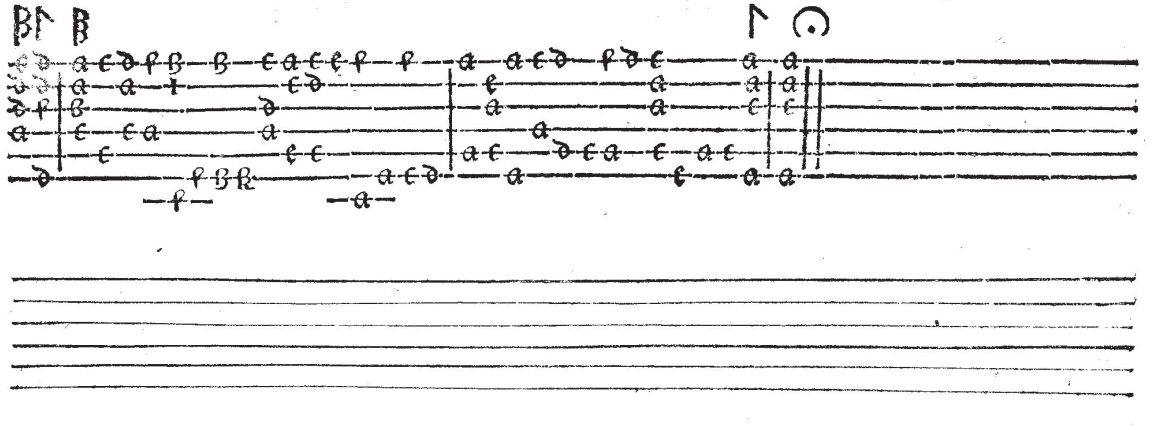


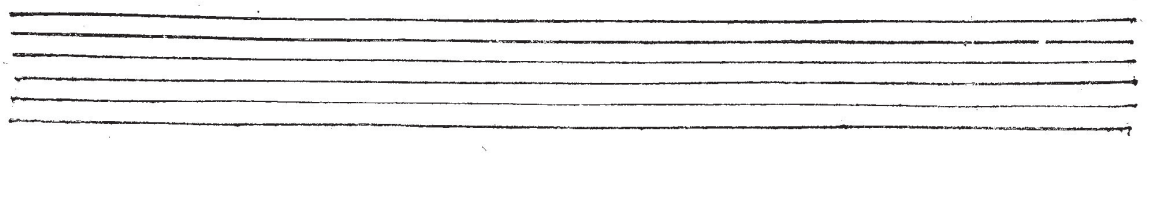
Ay treuue ſur l'herbe aſſiſe

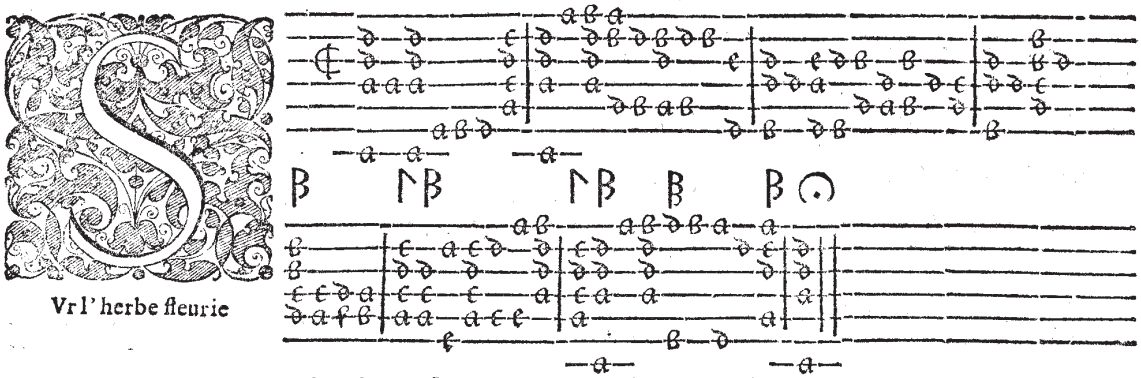




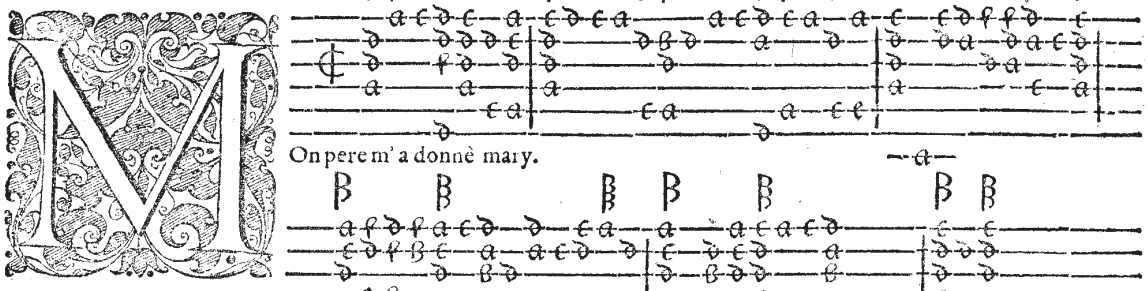
Adem cantio alterius toni
à I.B. Beſard. tranſpoſita



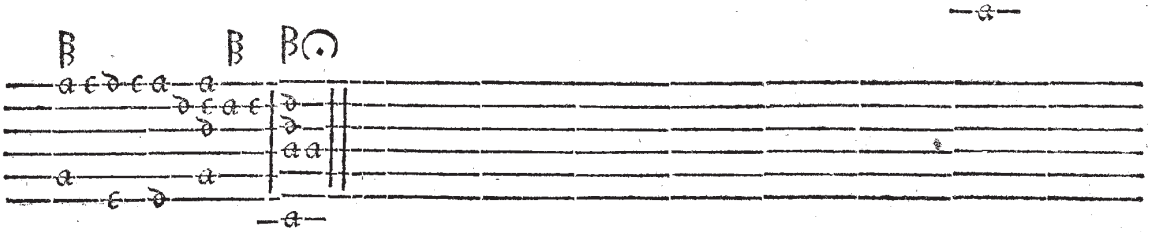


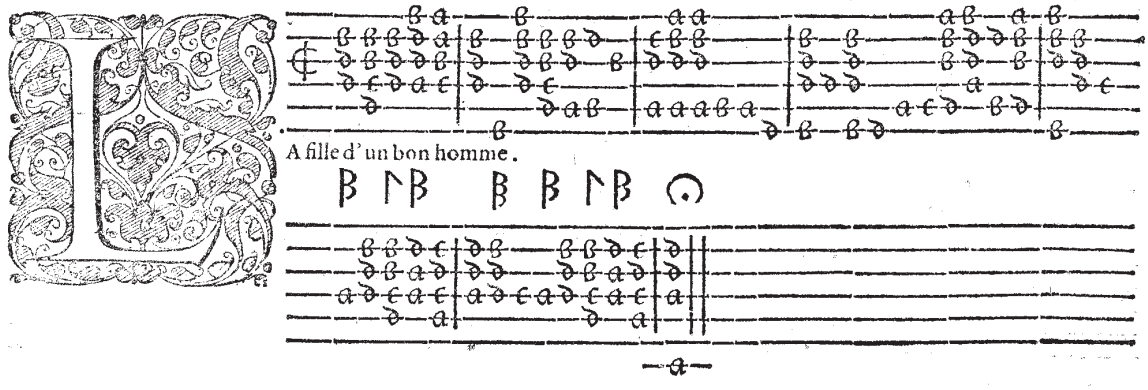


Sur l'herbe fleurie

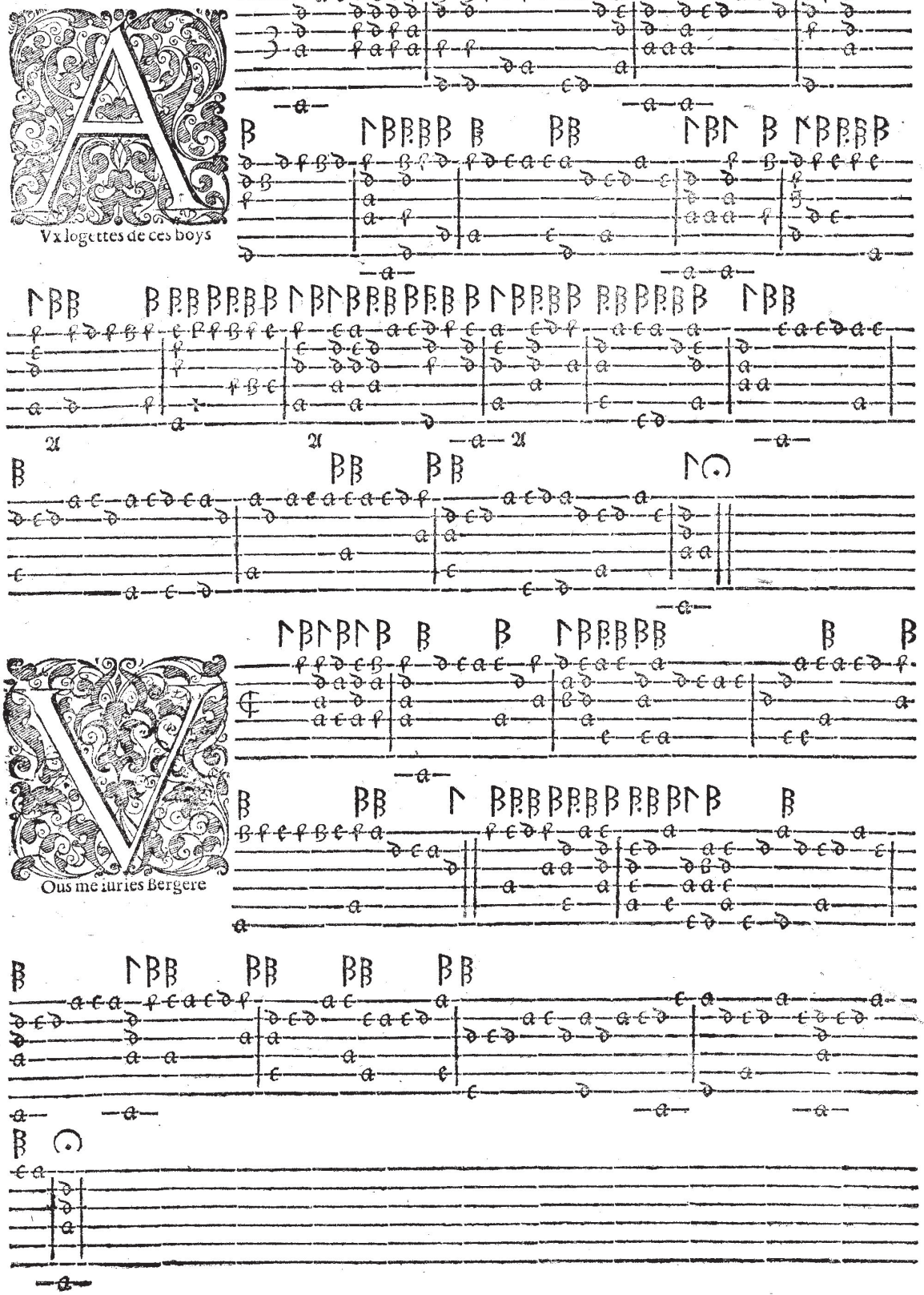


Mon pere m'a donnè mary.





La fille d'un bon homme.

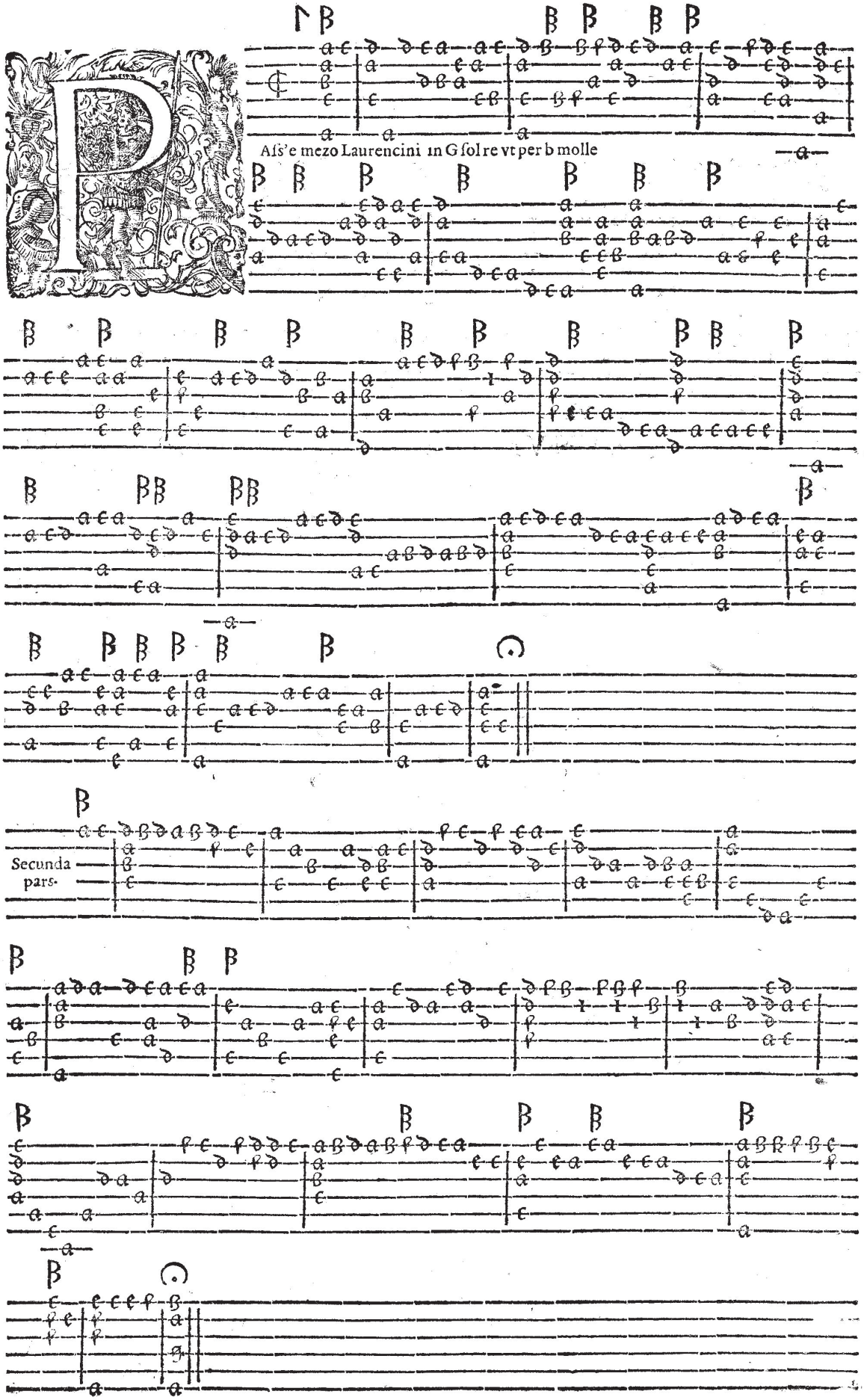


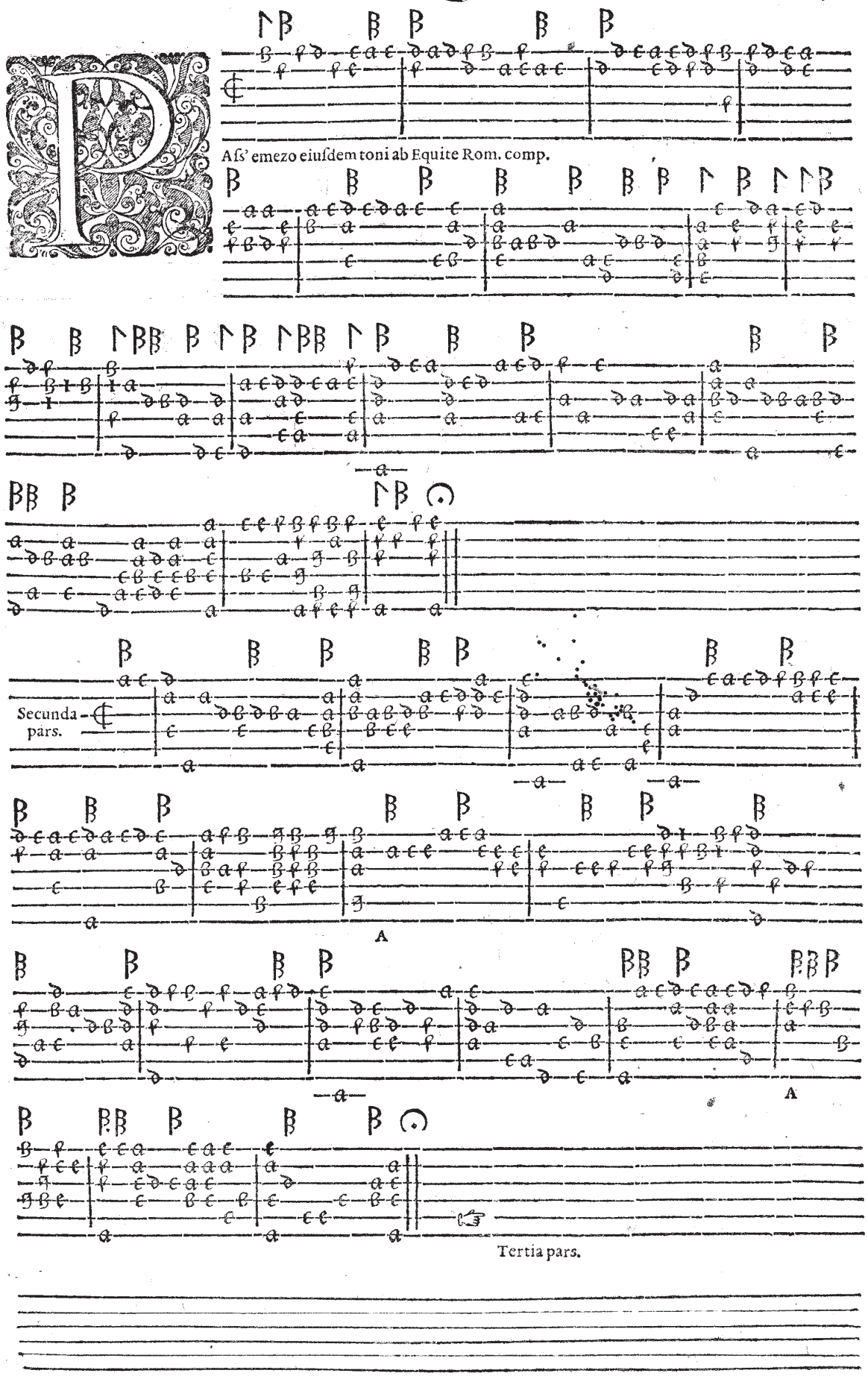
LIBRI QVARTI FINIS.

THESAVRI HARMONICI
LIBER QVINTVS,

IN QVO PLERAQVE EORVM MODVLAMINVM QVAE AB ITALIS PASSEMEZI NVNCVPANTVR, VARIIS MODIS *REPETITA PER VSITATIORES TONOS ORdine reponuntur, partim à Laurencino & alijs, partim ab huius libri Authore ad meliorem qui fieri potuit testudinis vsum redacta.*

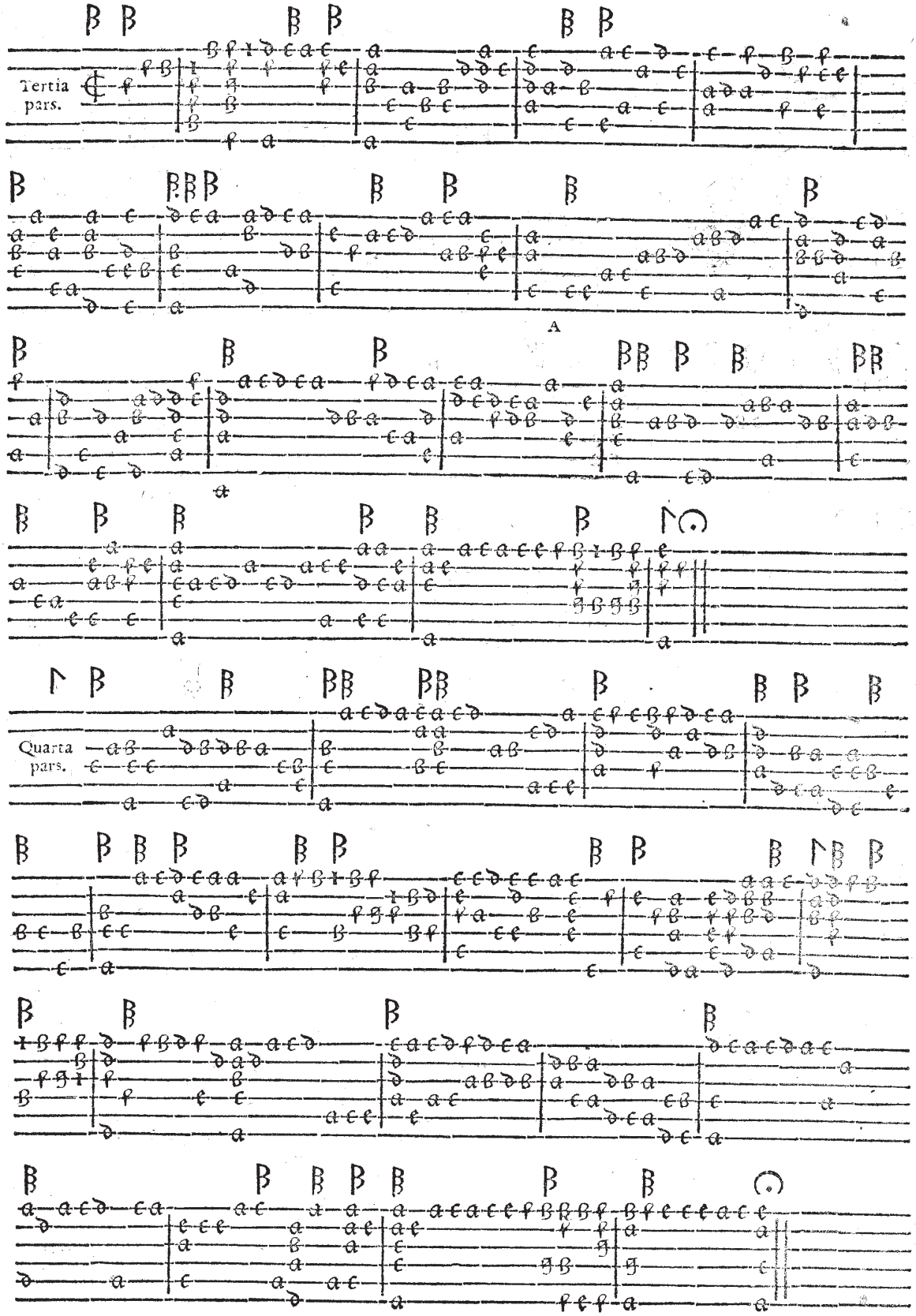


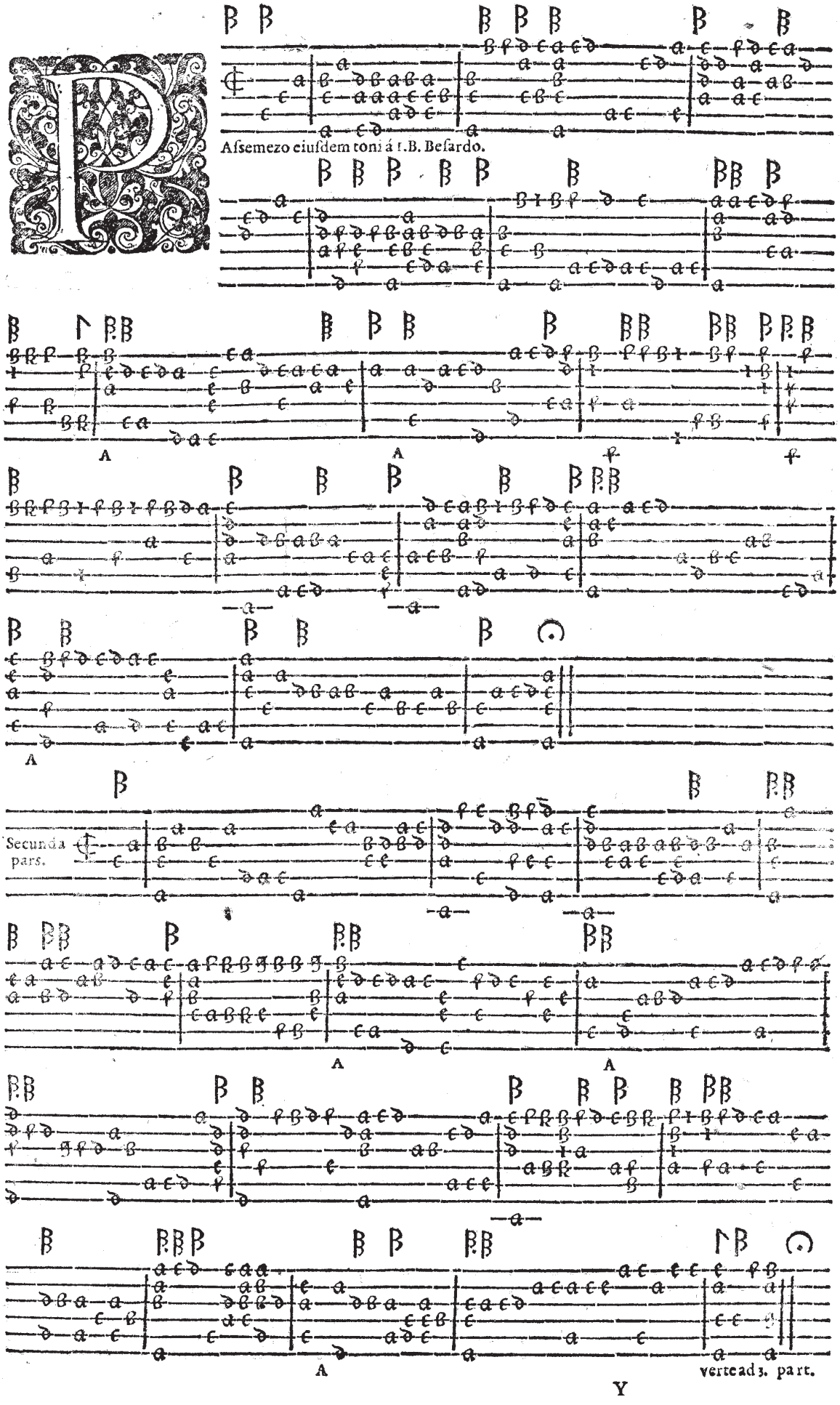

Asís'e mezo Laurencini in G sol re vt per b molle
Secunda pars.

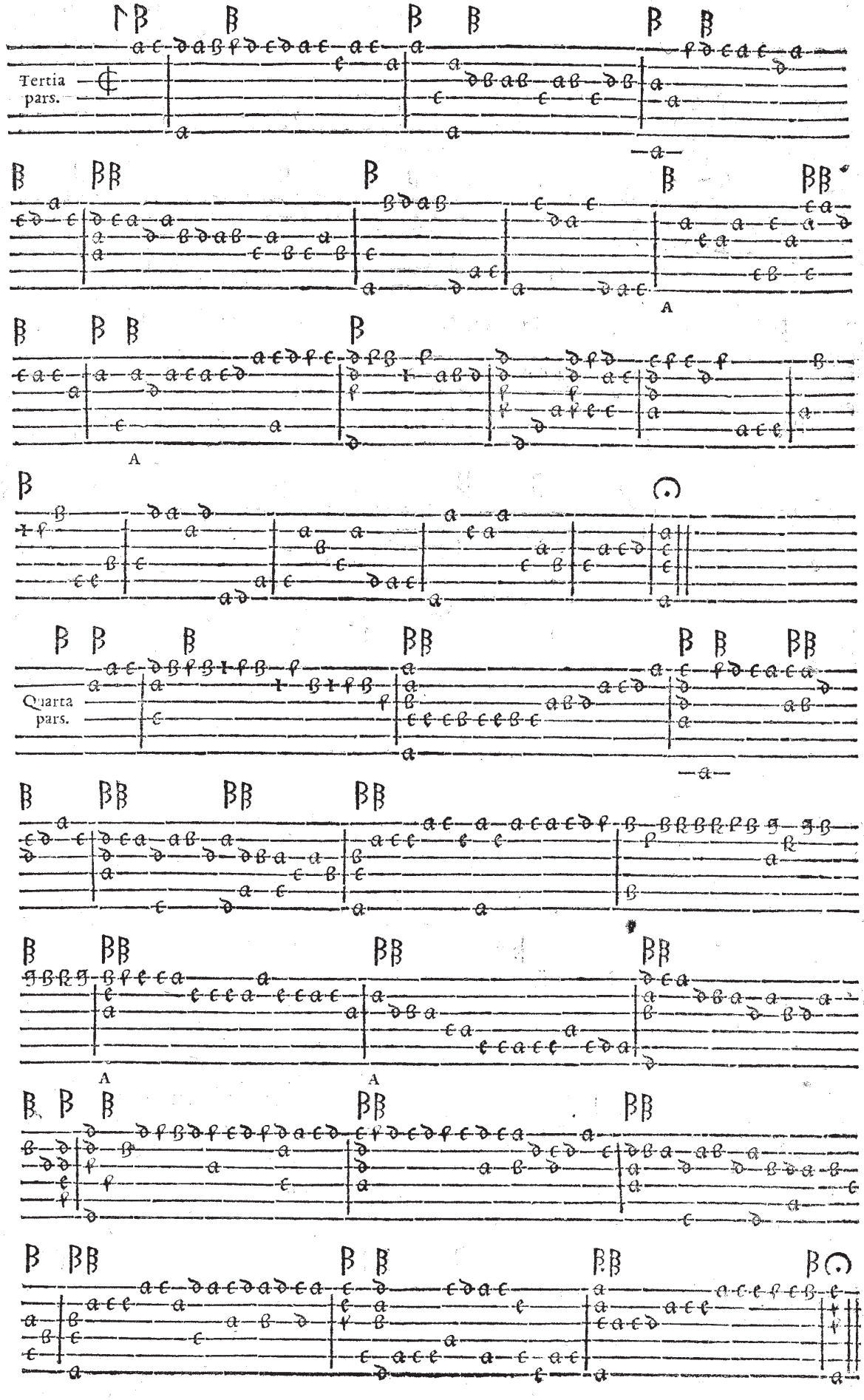


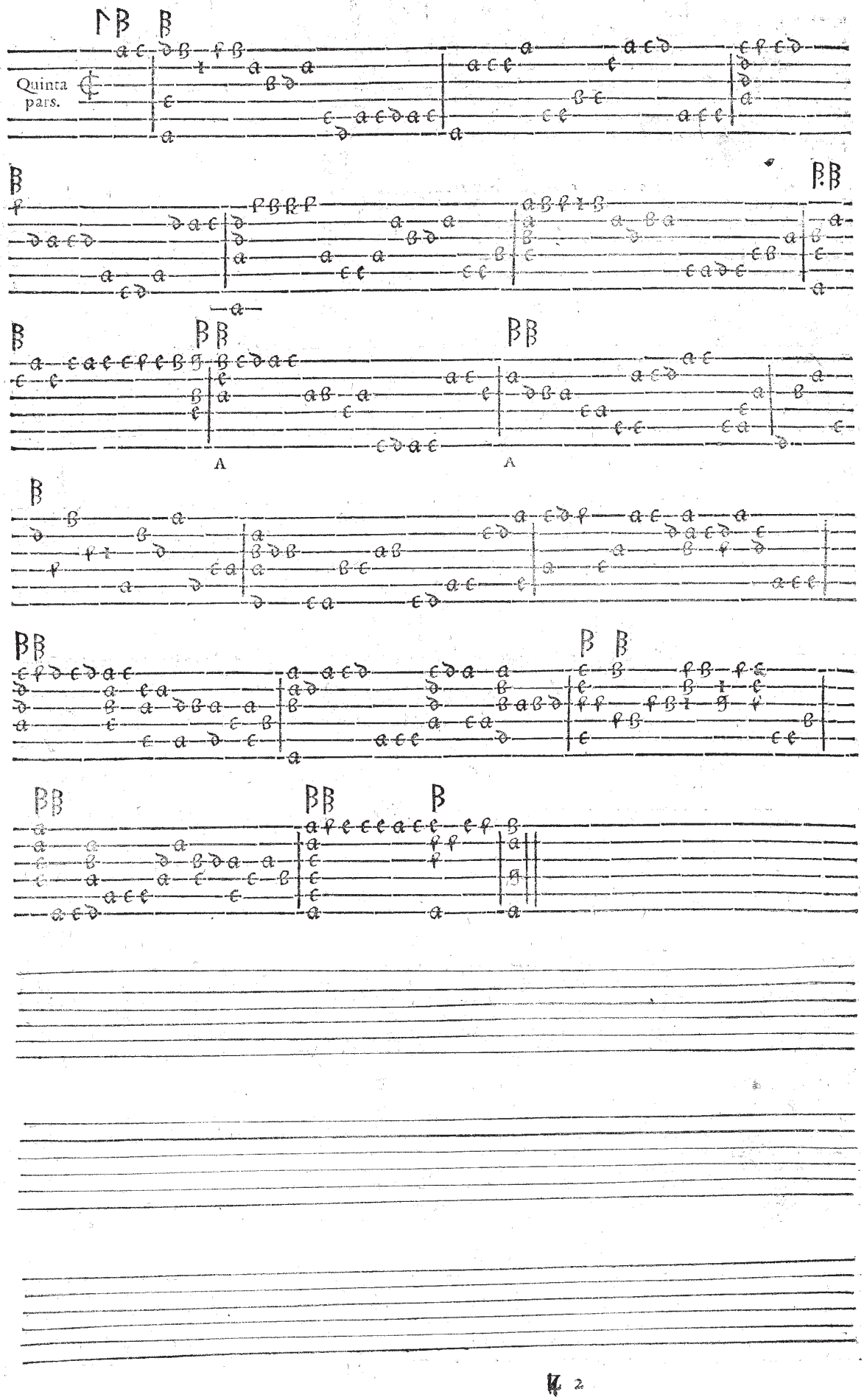
Aſs' emezo eiuſdem toni ab Equite Rom. comp.

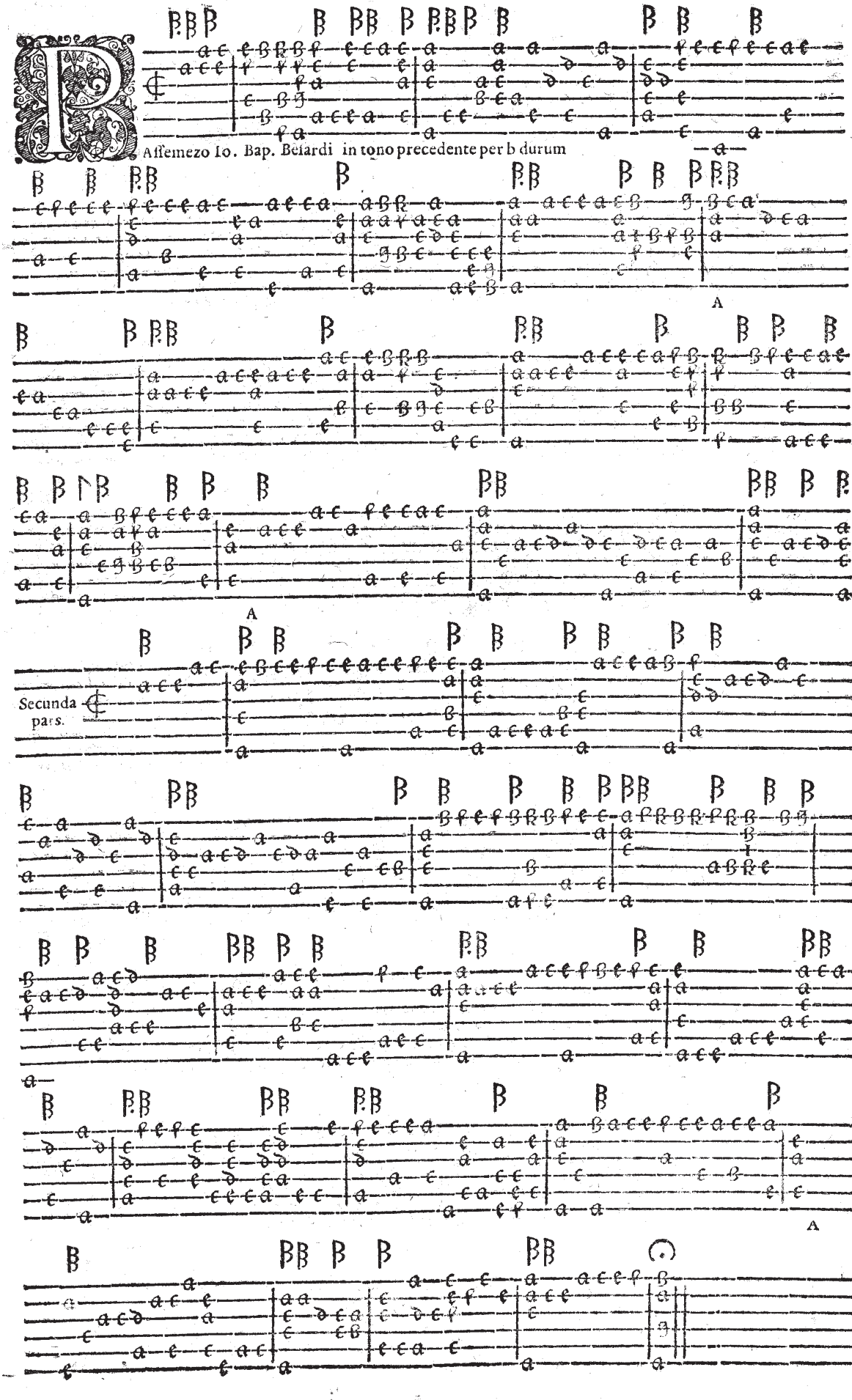
Tertia pars.

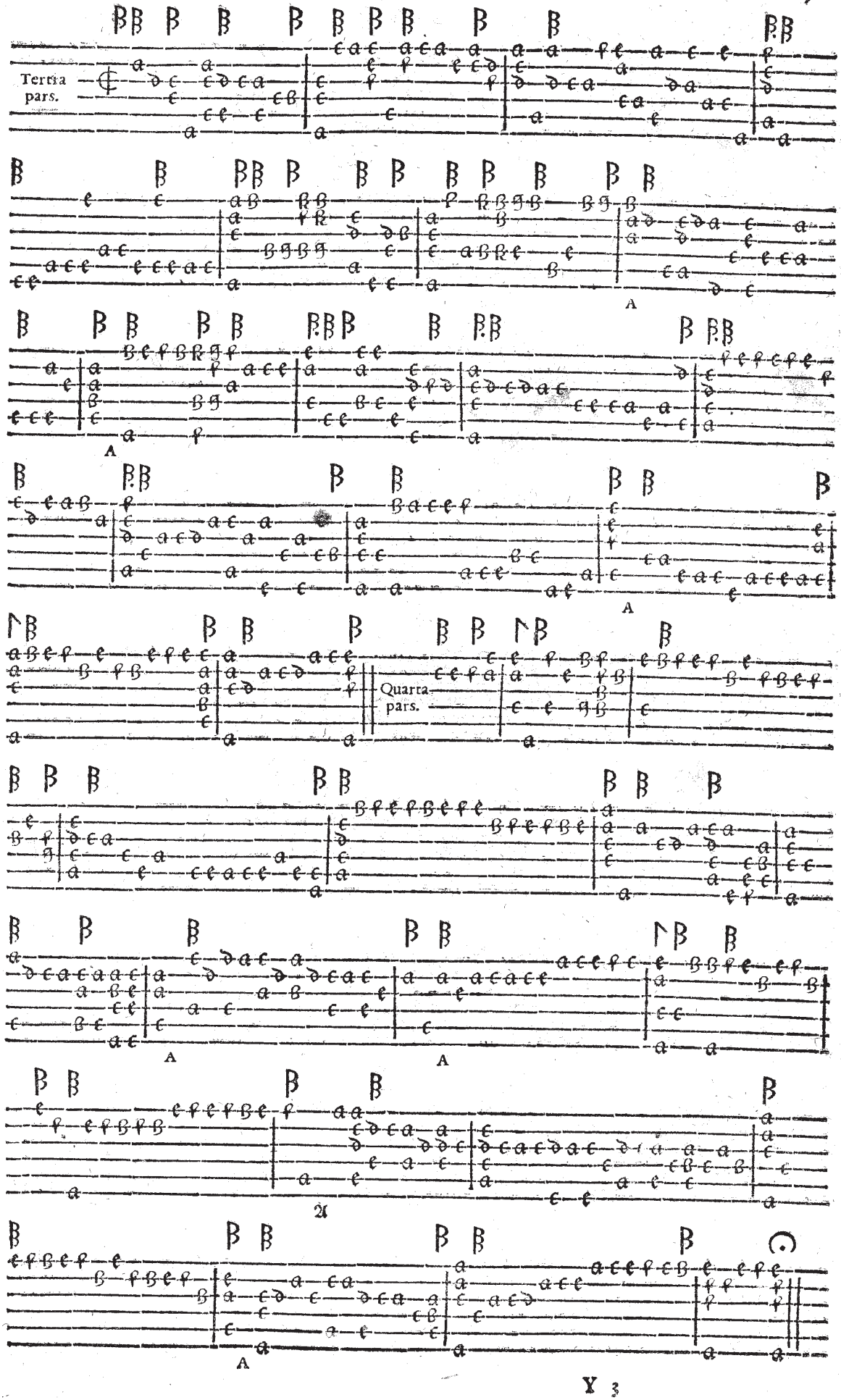

Tertia pars.
A
Quarta pars.

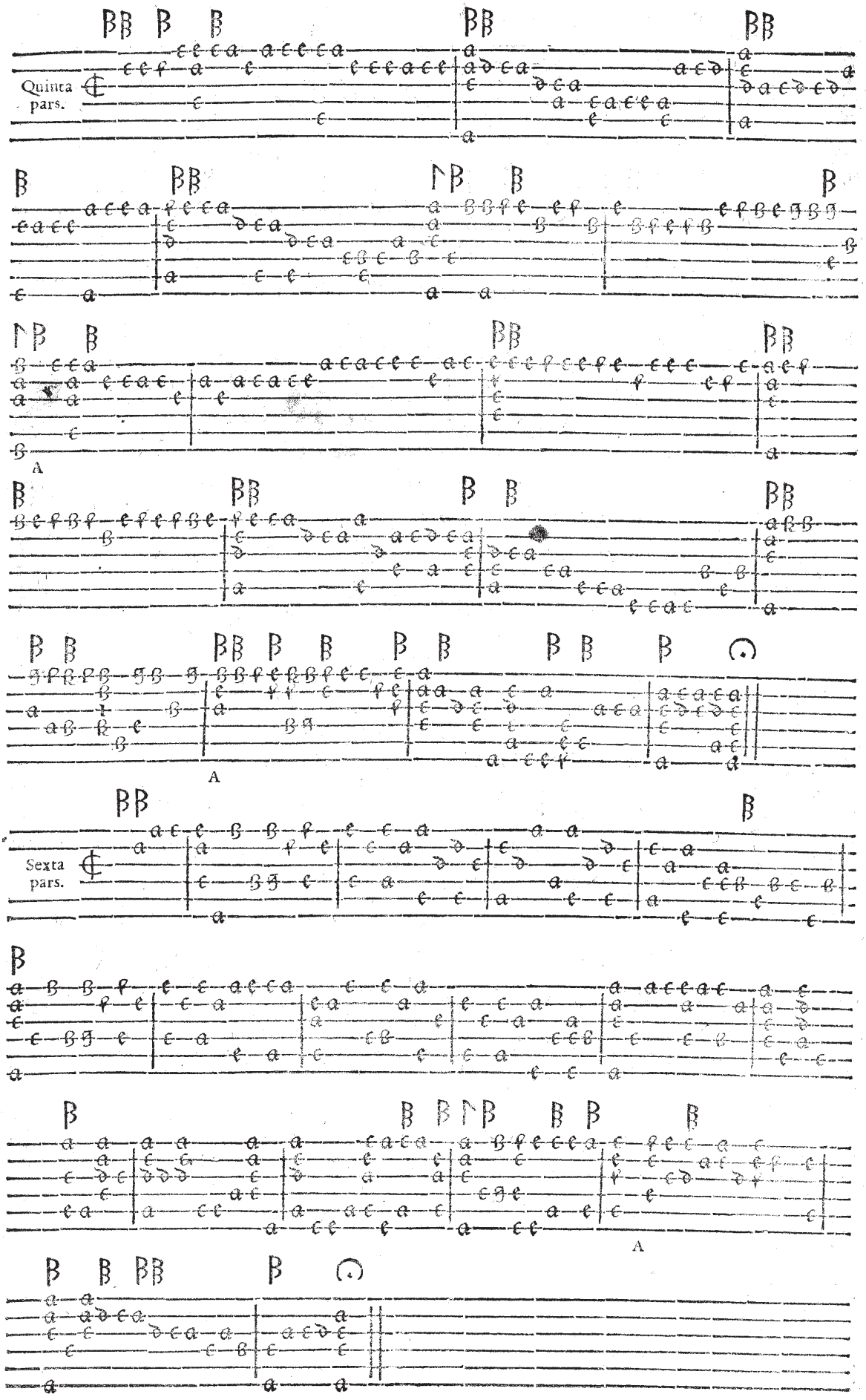

Aſsemezo ciuſdem toni á I.B. Beſardo.
A
A
A
Secunda pars.
A
A
A
verte ad 3. part.


Tertia pars.
A
A
Quarta pars.
A
A


Quinta pars.
A
A

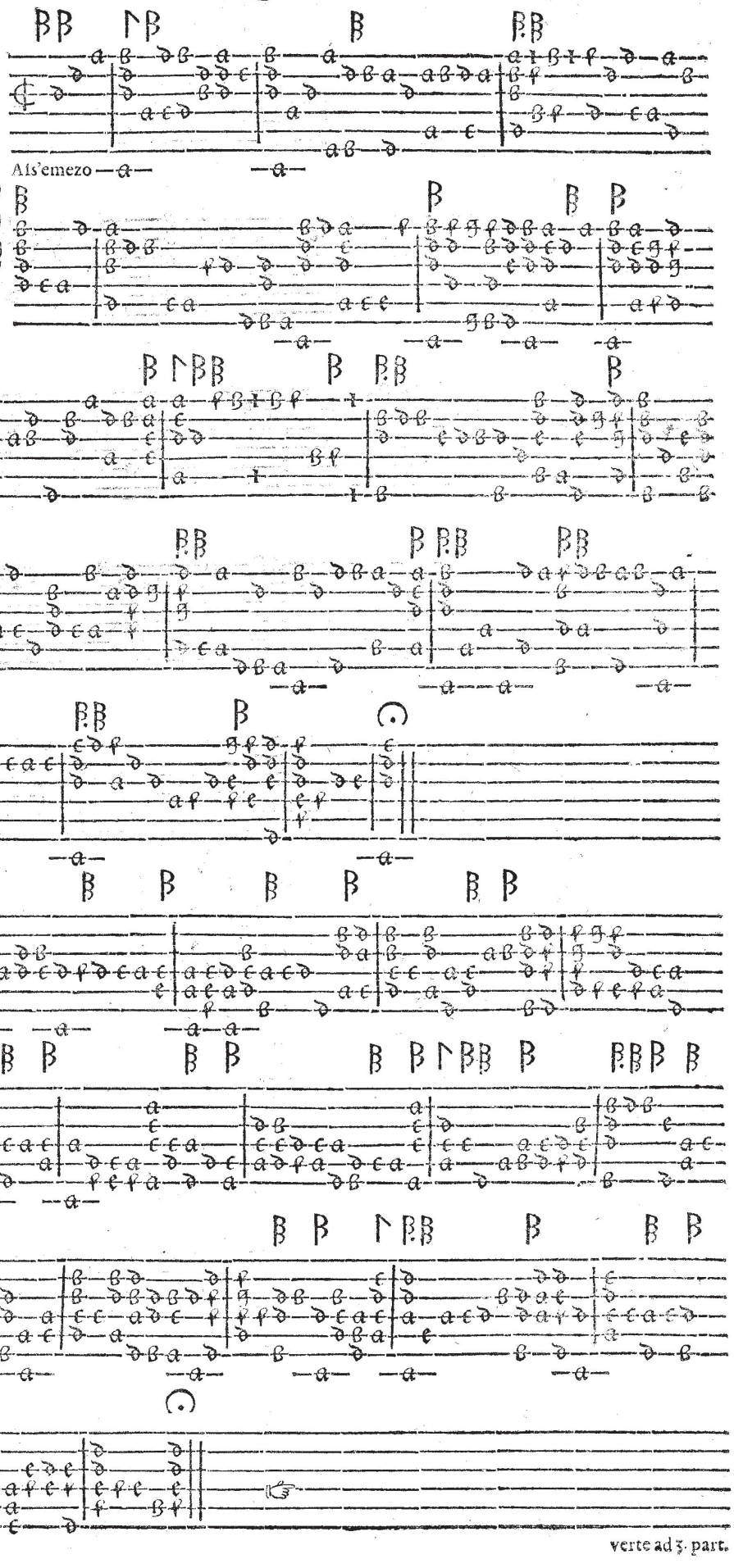

Affemezo Io. Bap. Belardi in tono precedente per b durum
A
A
Secunda pars.
A


Tertia pars.
A
A
A
Quarta pars.
A
A
A

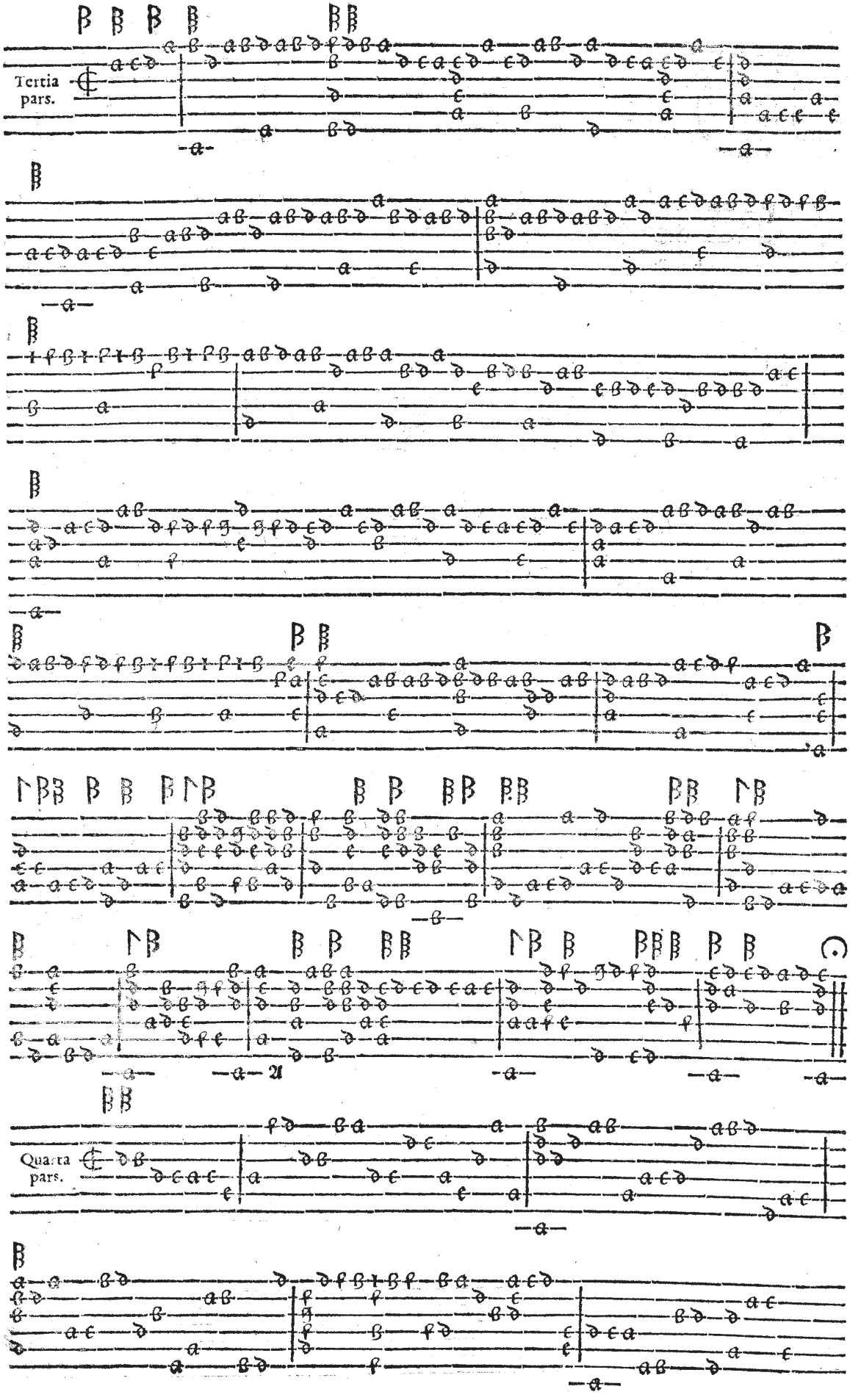

Quinta pars.
A
A
Sexta pars.
A

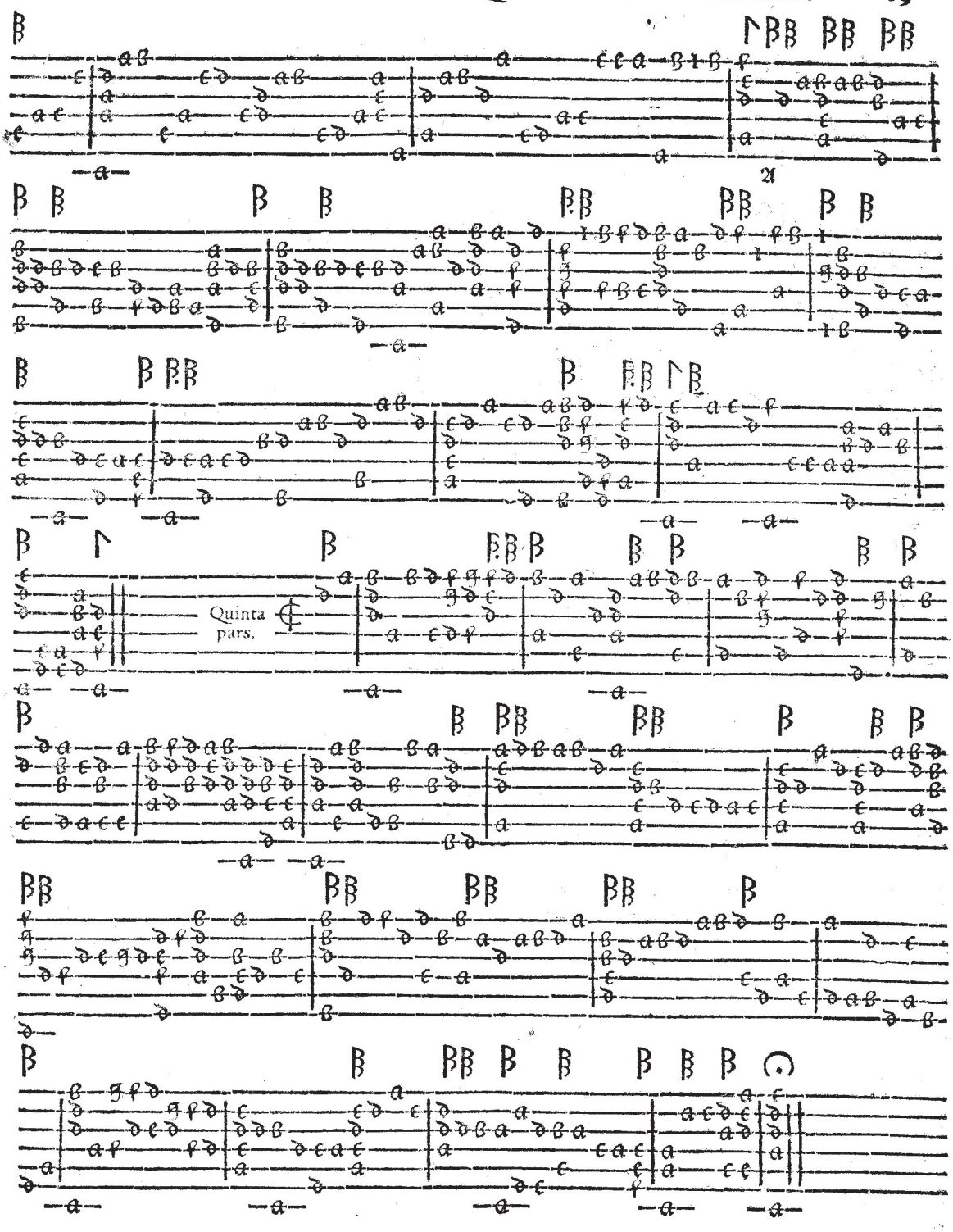


INF. FA. VT per b molle
I. B Besardi



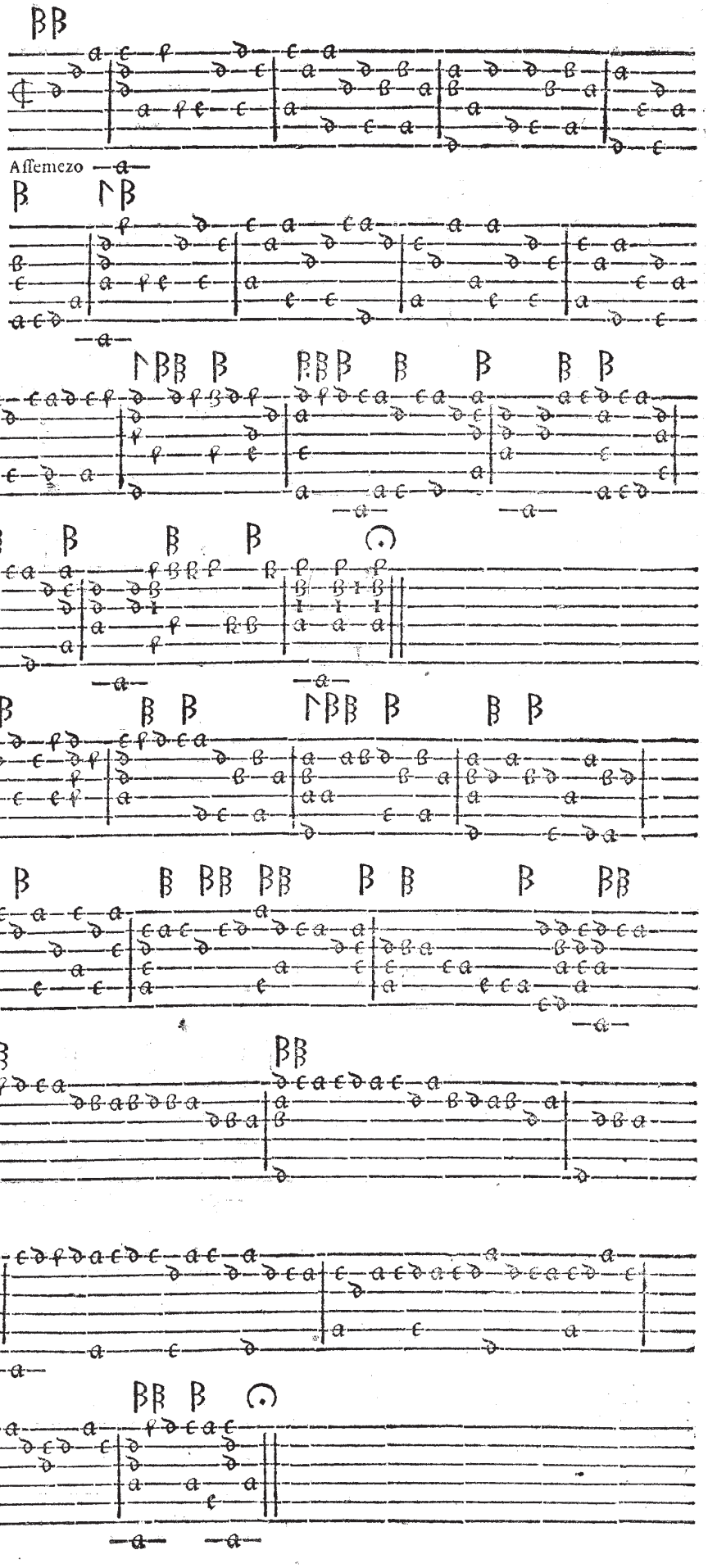
verte ad 3. part.

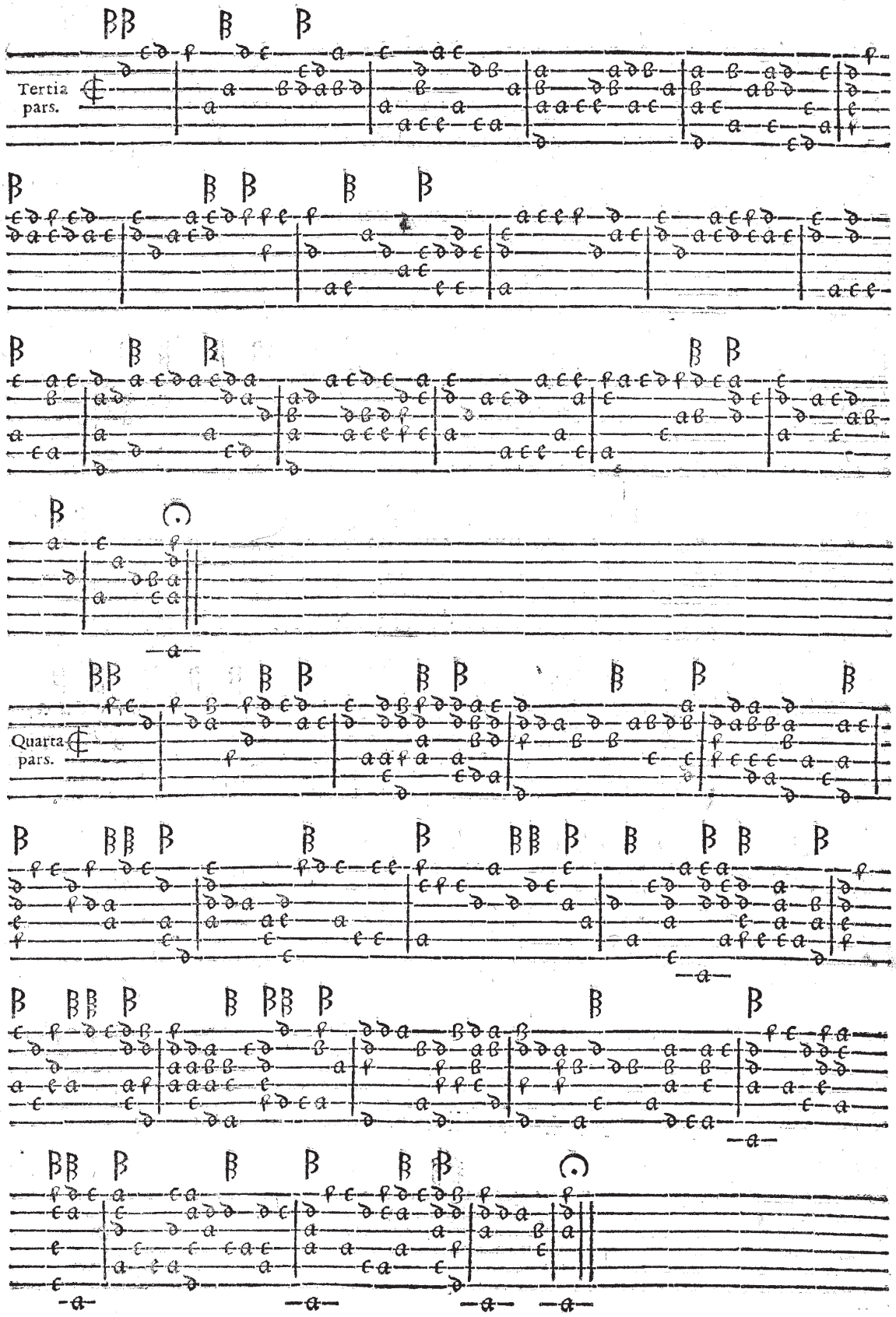

Tertia pars.
Quarta pars.

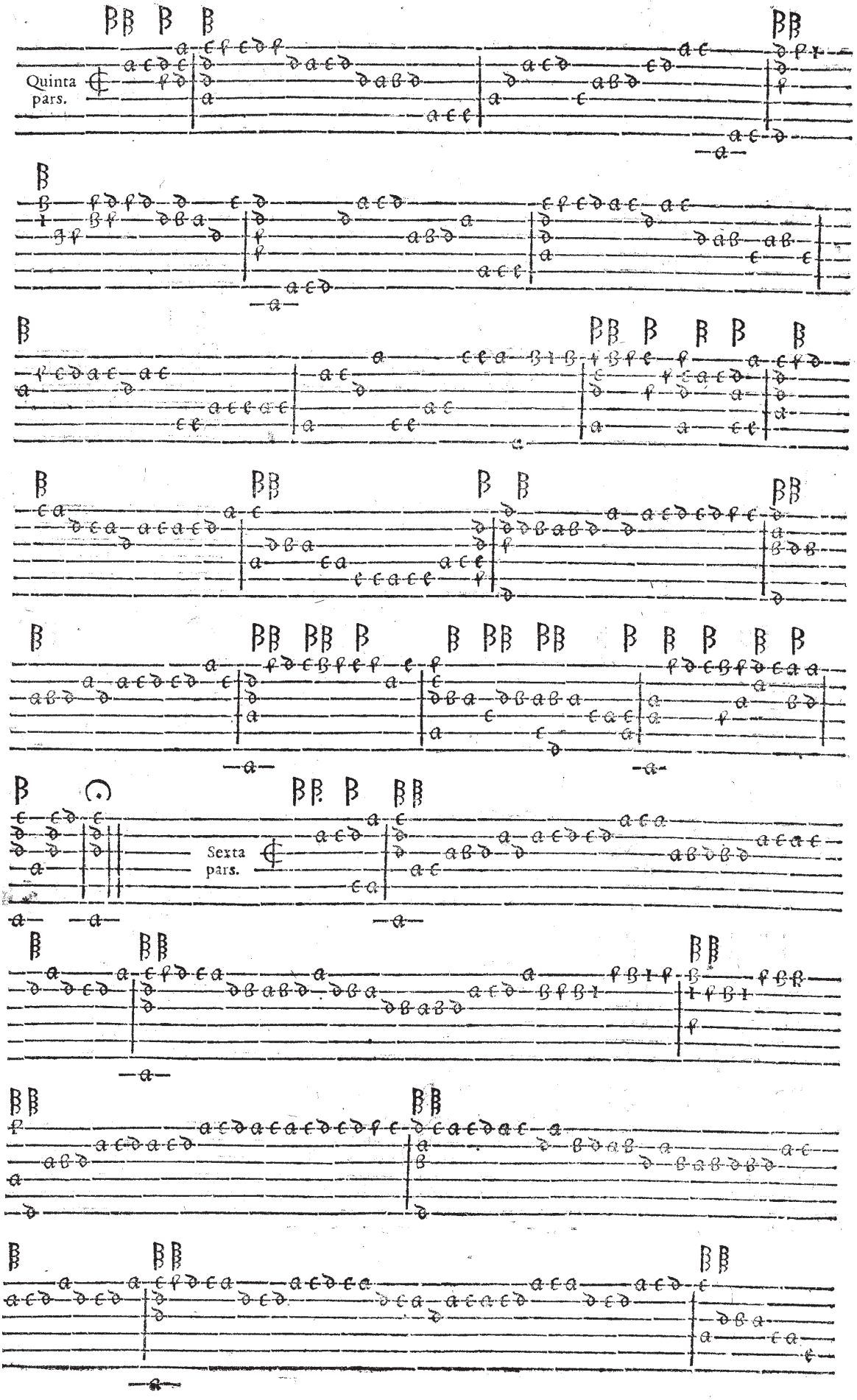

Quinta
pars.

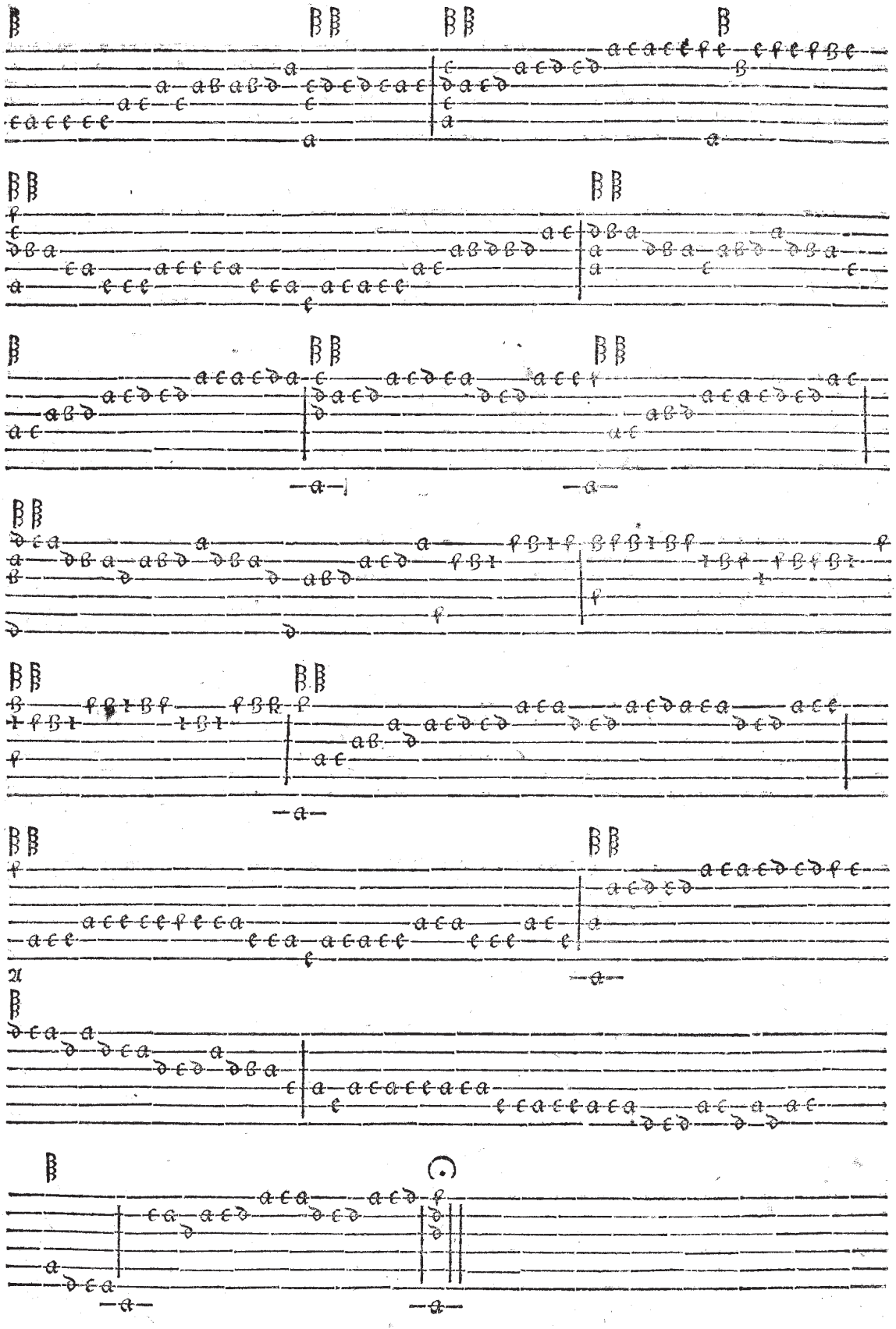


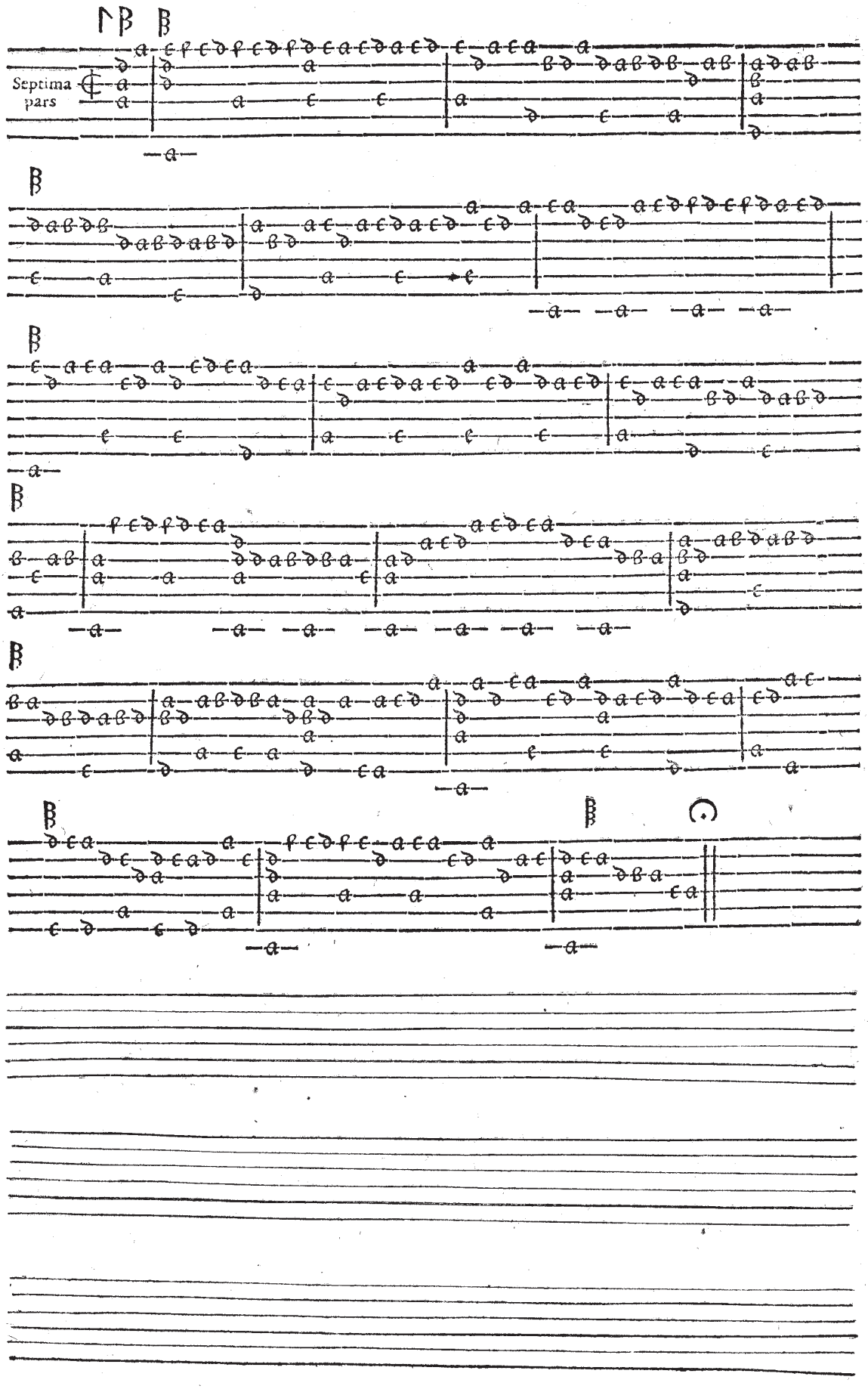
eiusdem toni per b durum
a Io. Bap. Besardo

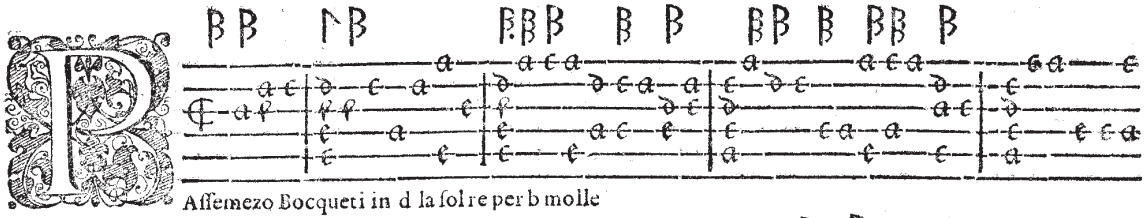



Tertia pars.
Quarta pars.

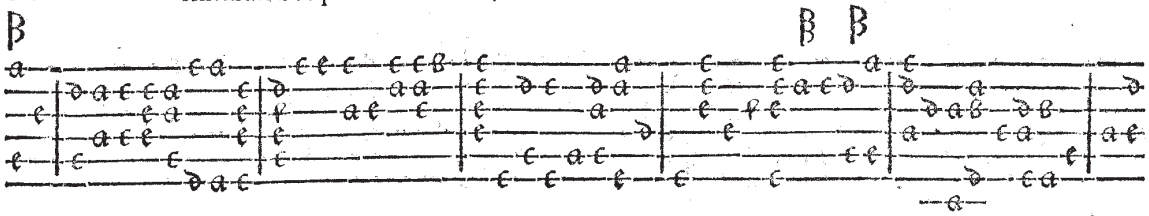

Quinta pars.
Sexta pars.

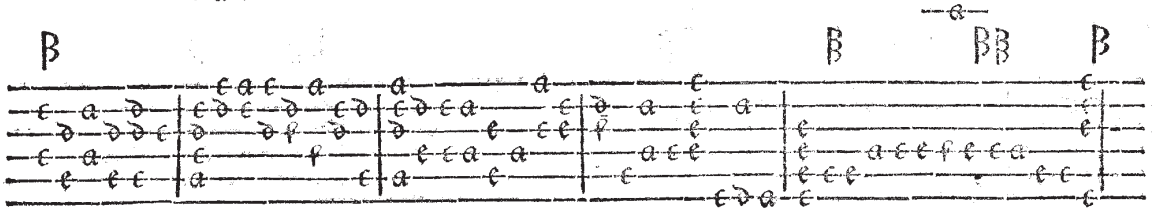


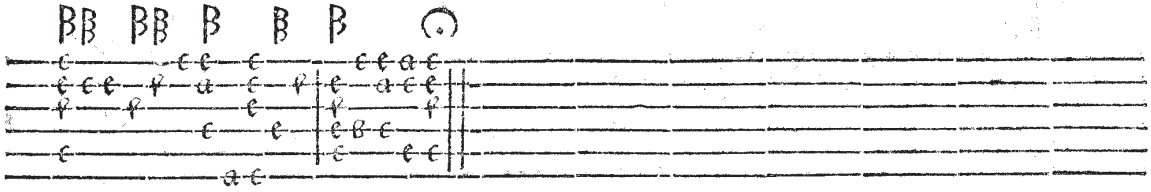

Septima
pars

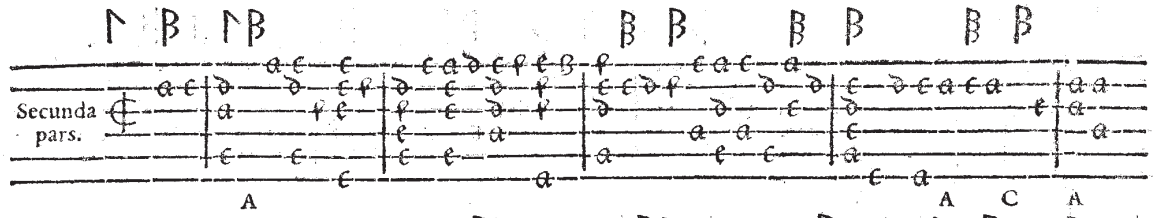


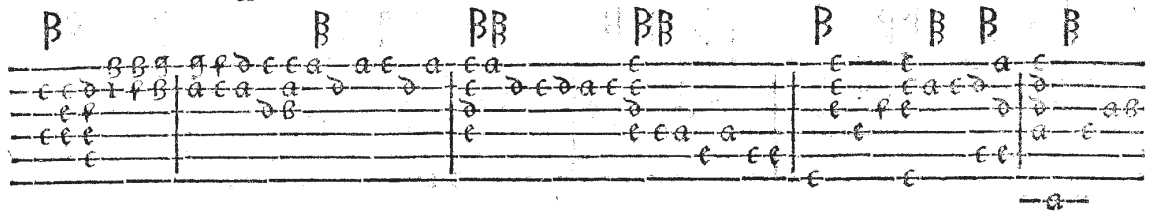
Assemezo Bocqueti in d la sol re per b molle

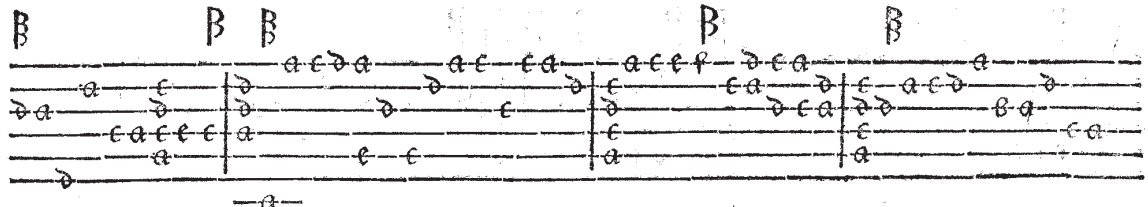


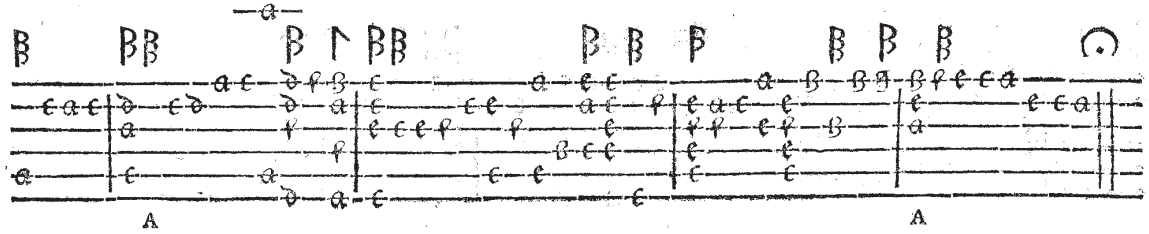


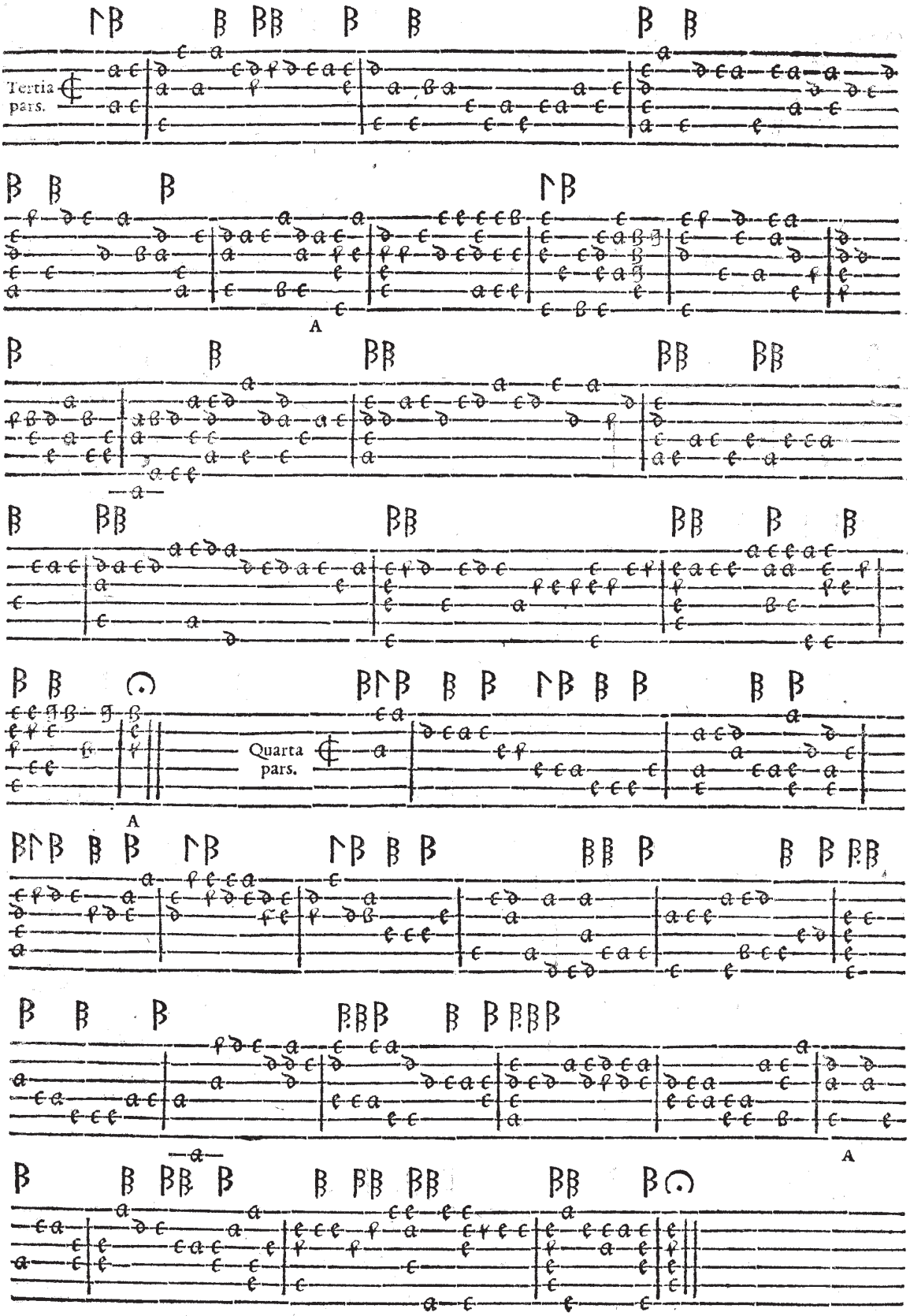


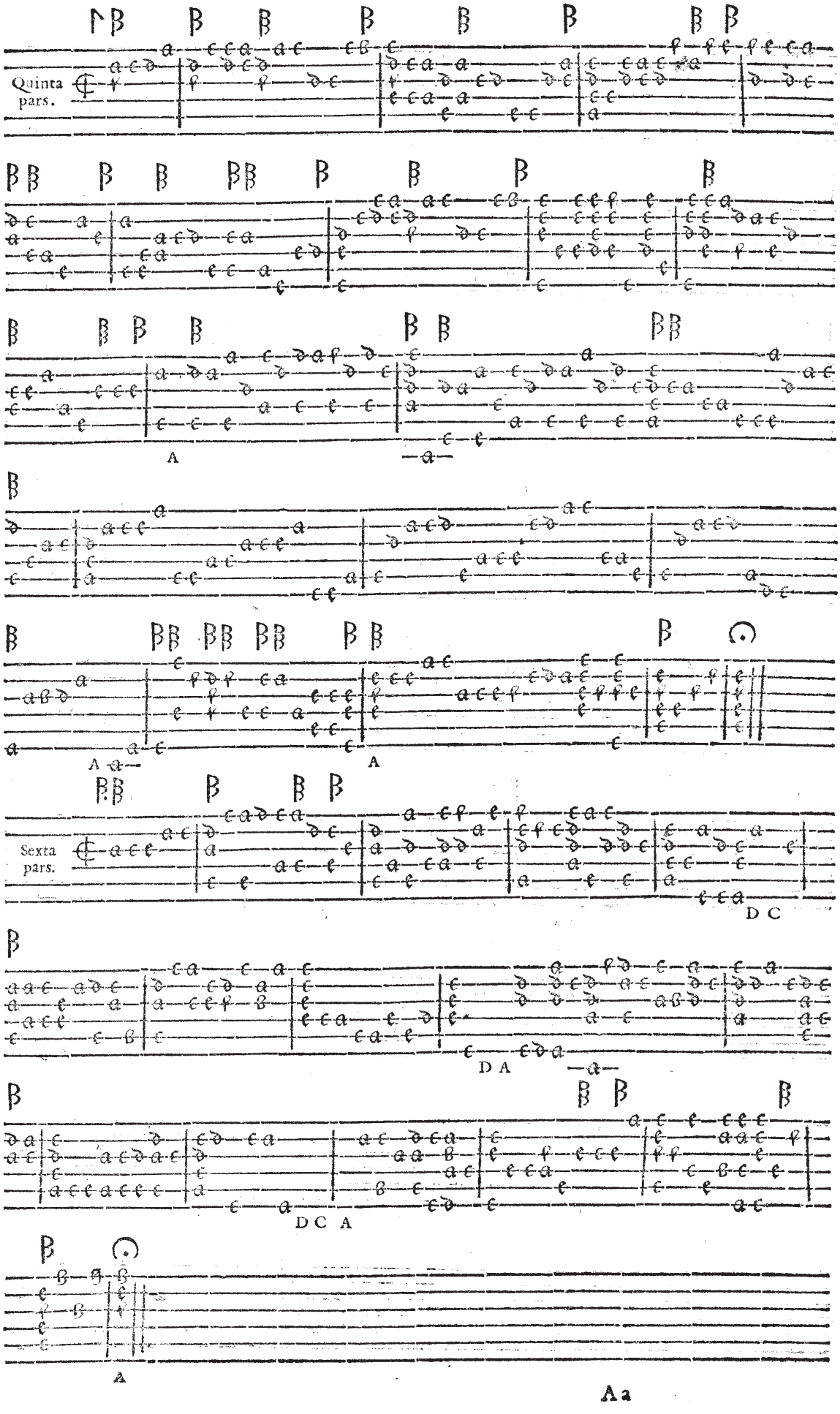


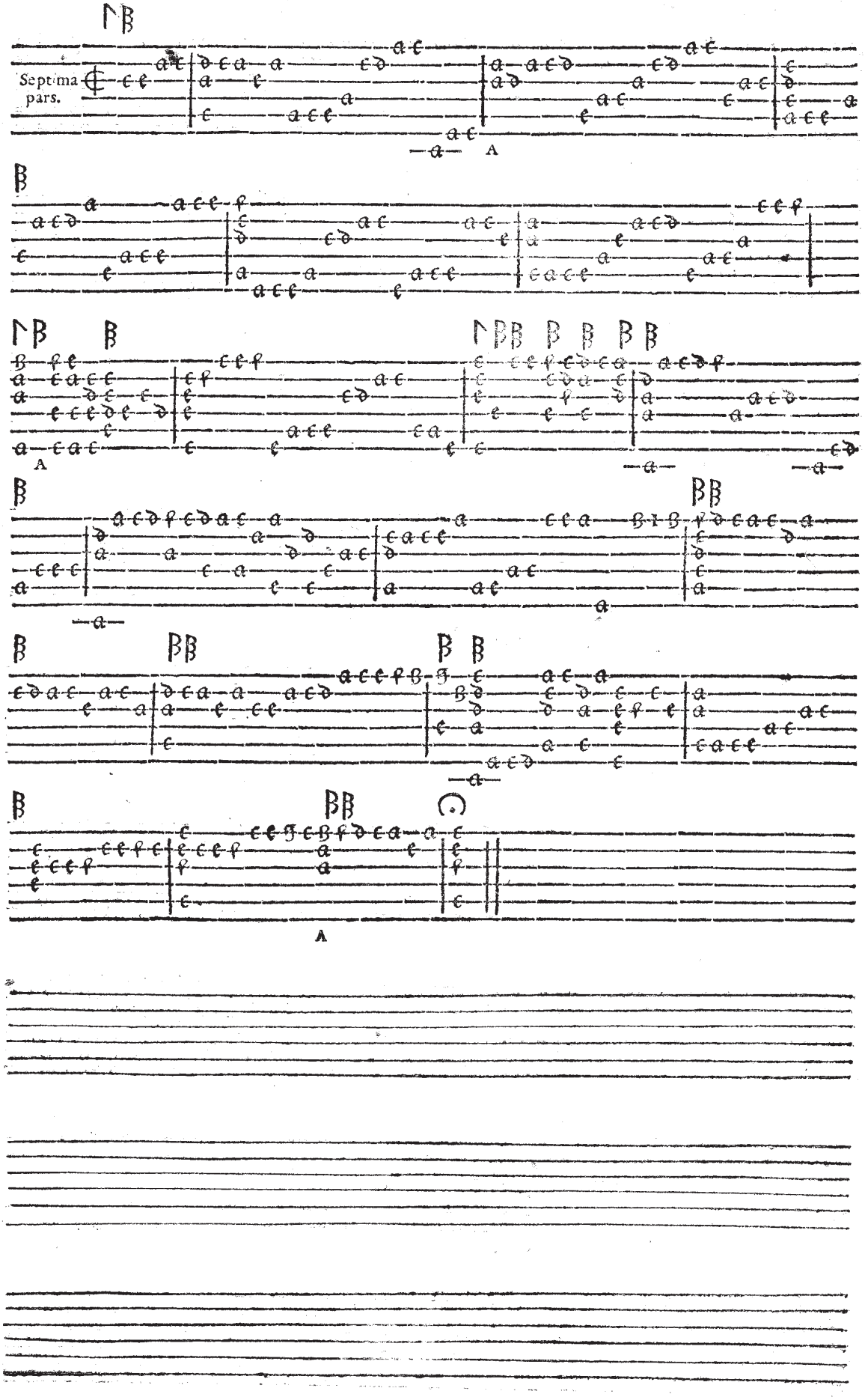




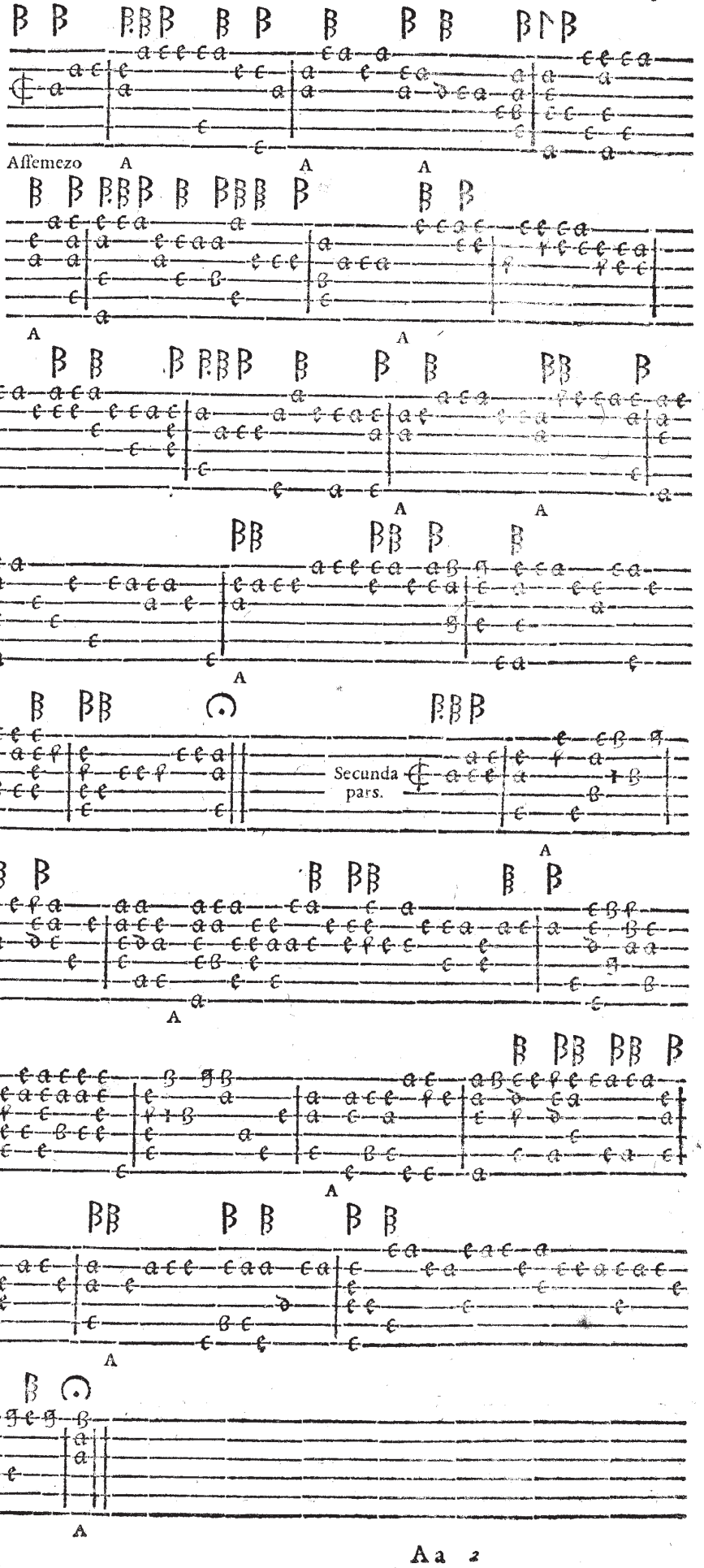


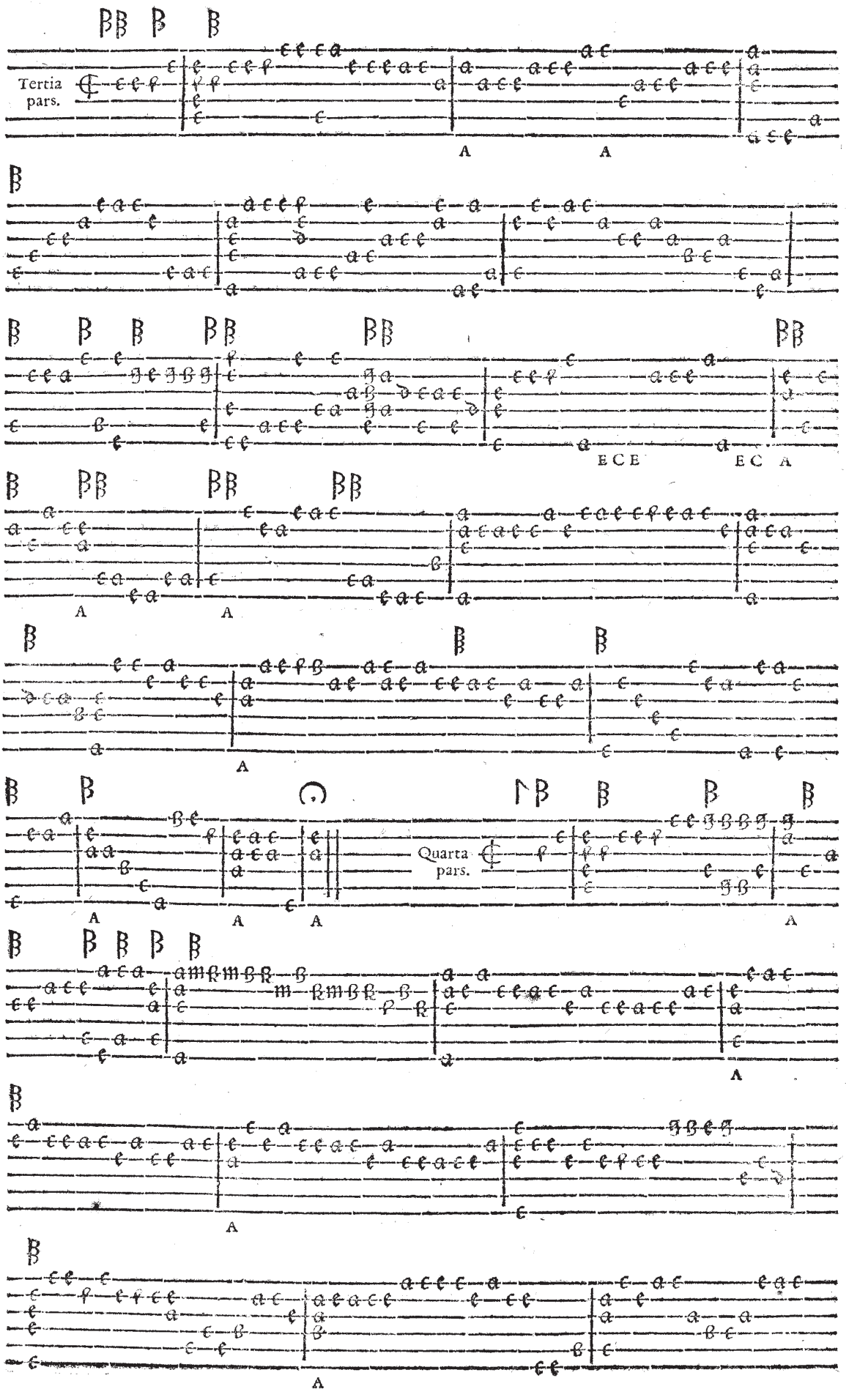

Tertia pars.
A
Quarta pars.
A
A

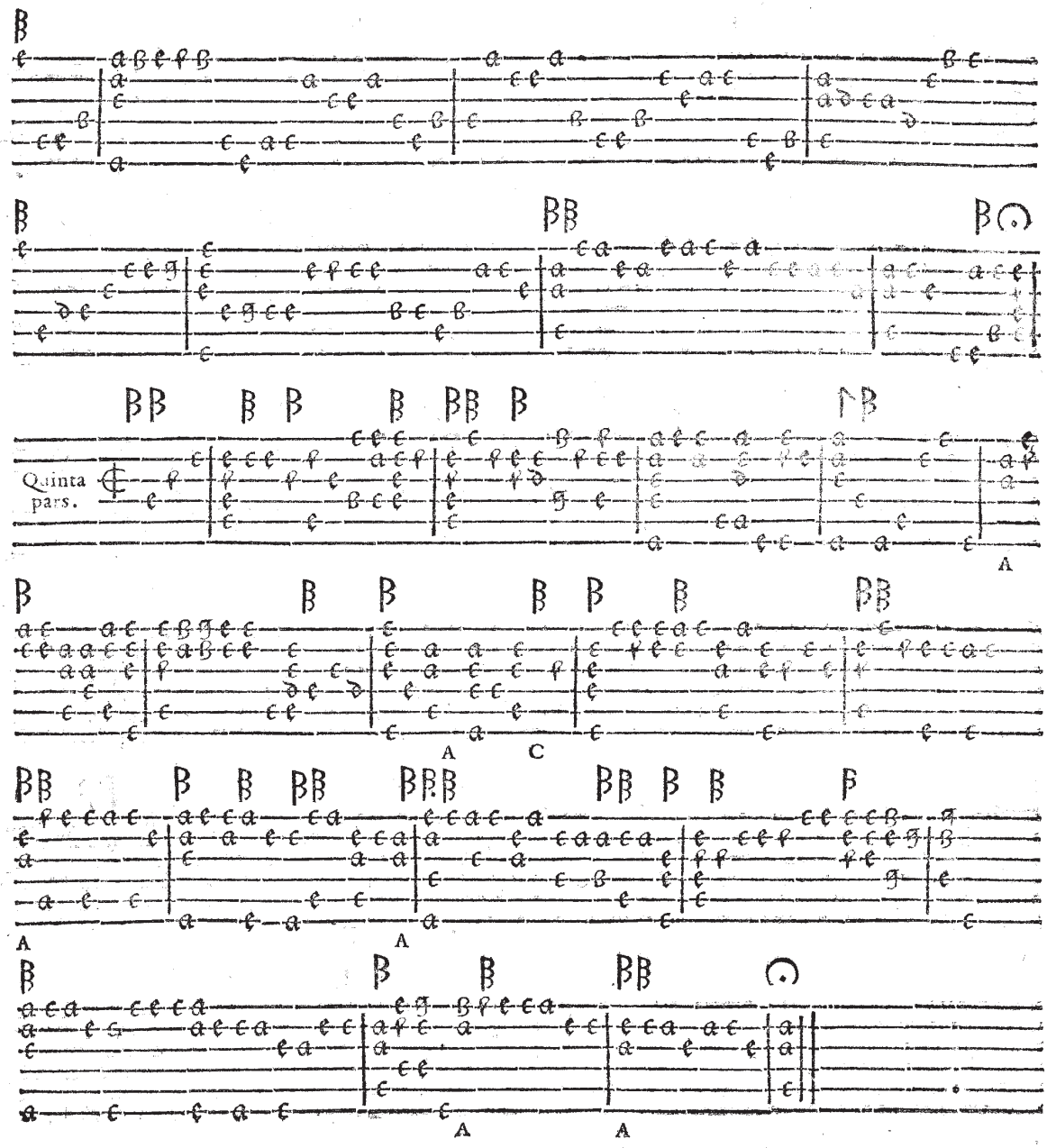

Quinta pars.
A
A
A
Sexta pars.
D C
D A
D C A
A


Septima pars.
A
A
A
A

eiusdem toni in b duro
à I. B. Besardo.




Tertia pars.
A
A
ECE
EC A
A
A
A
Quarta pars.
A
A
A
A
A
A
A


Quinta pars.
A
A C
A A
A A

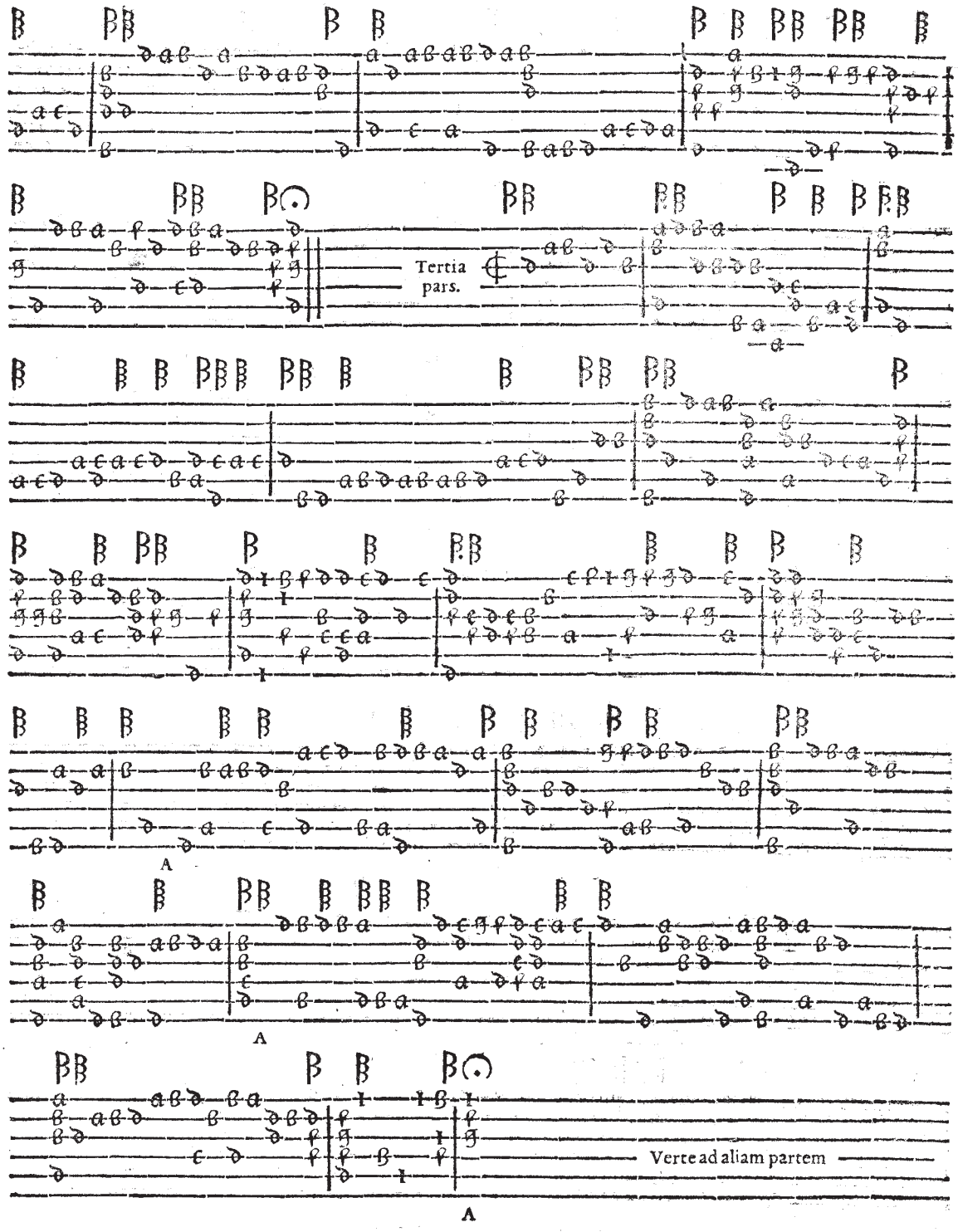


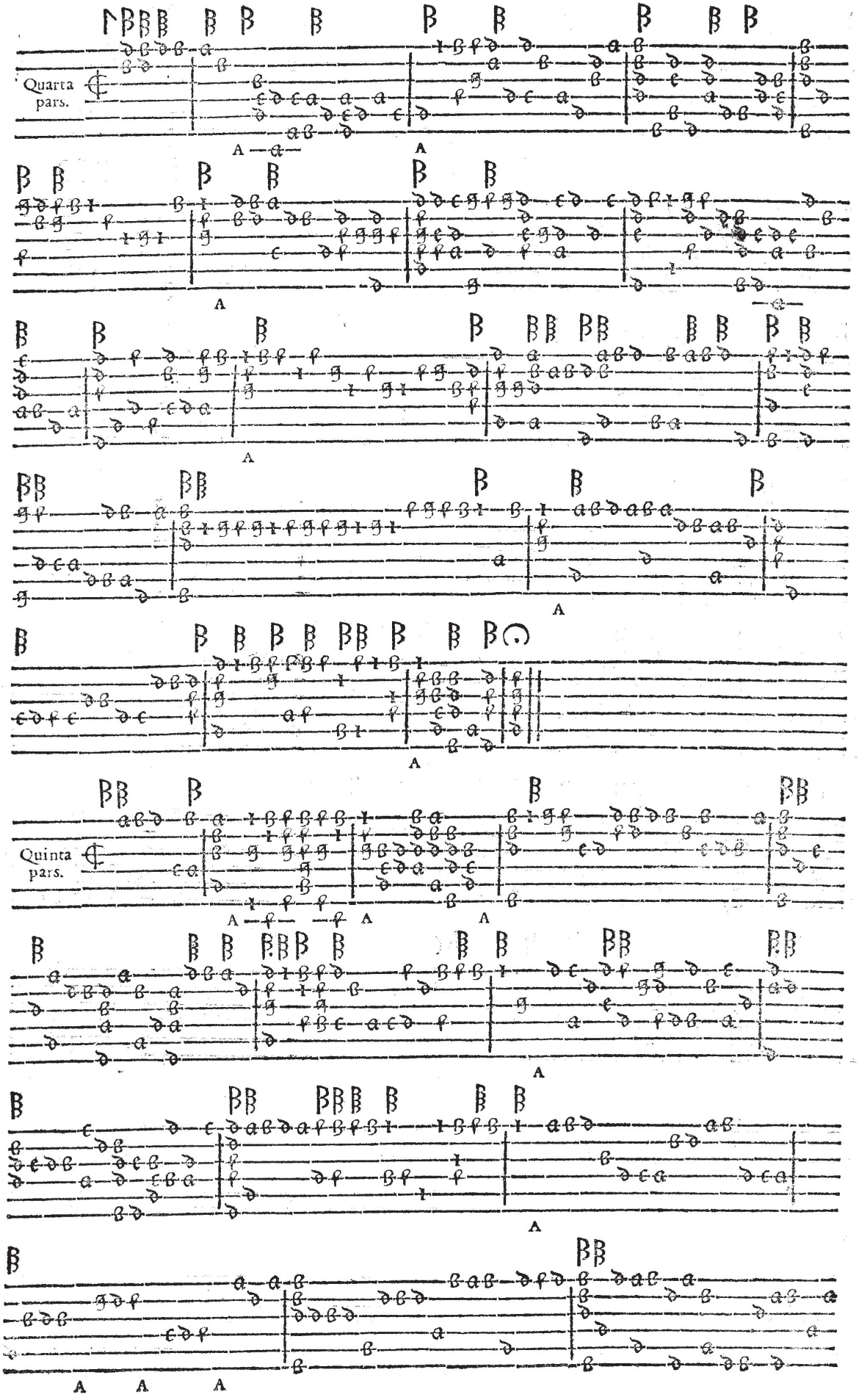
Affemezo I. B. Befardi in E L A M I per b durum.

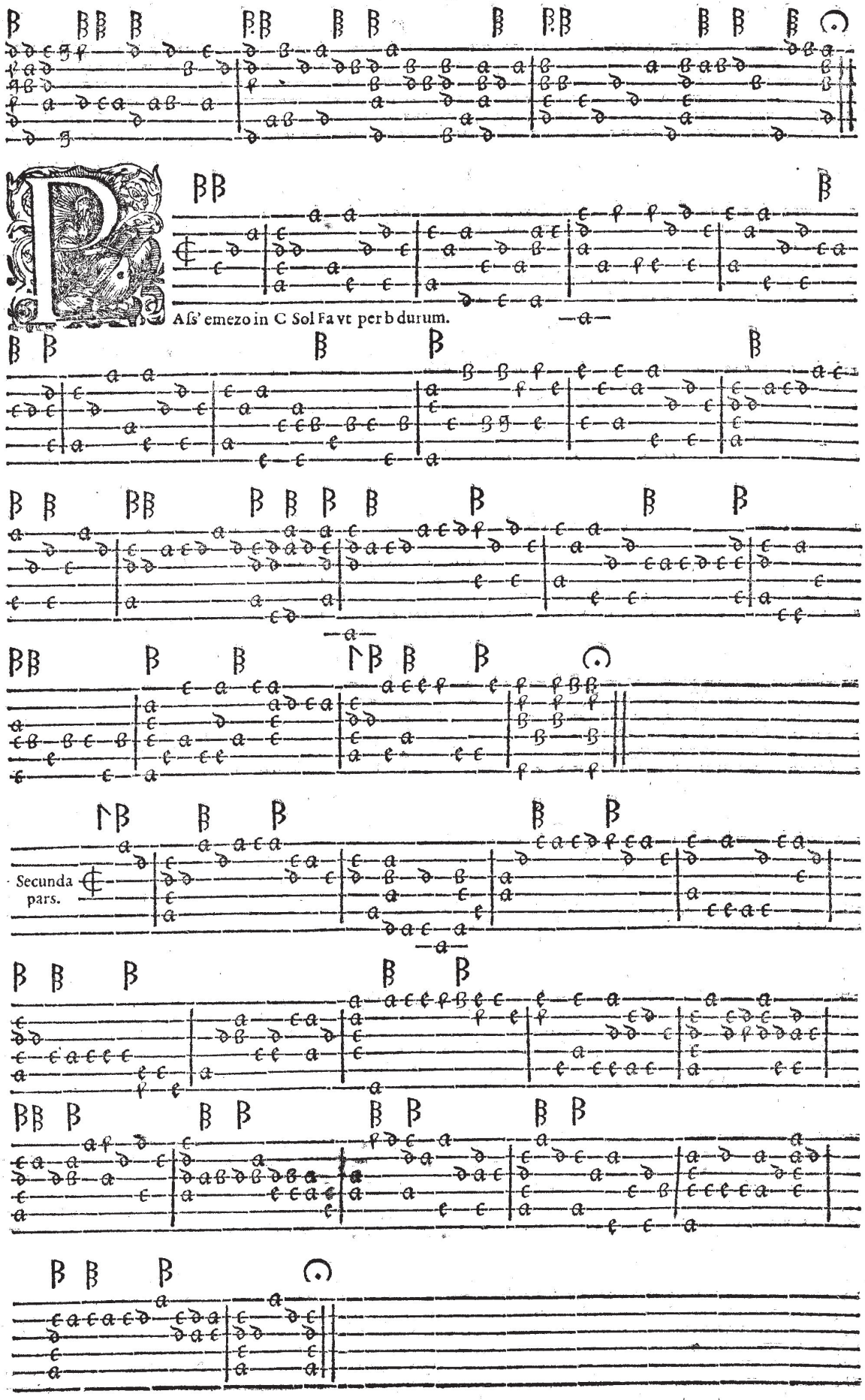
Accordetur 8. chorus ad notam E L A M I

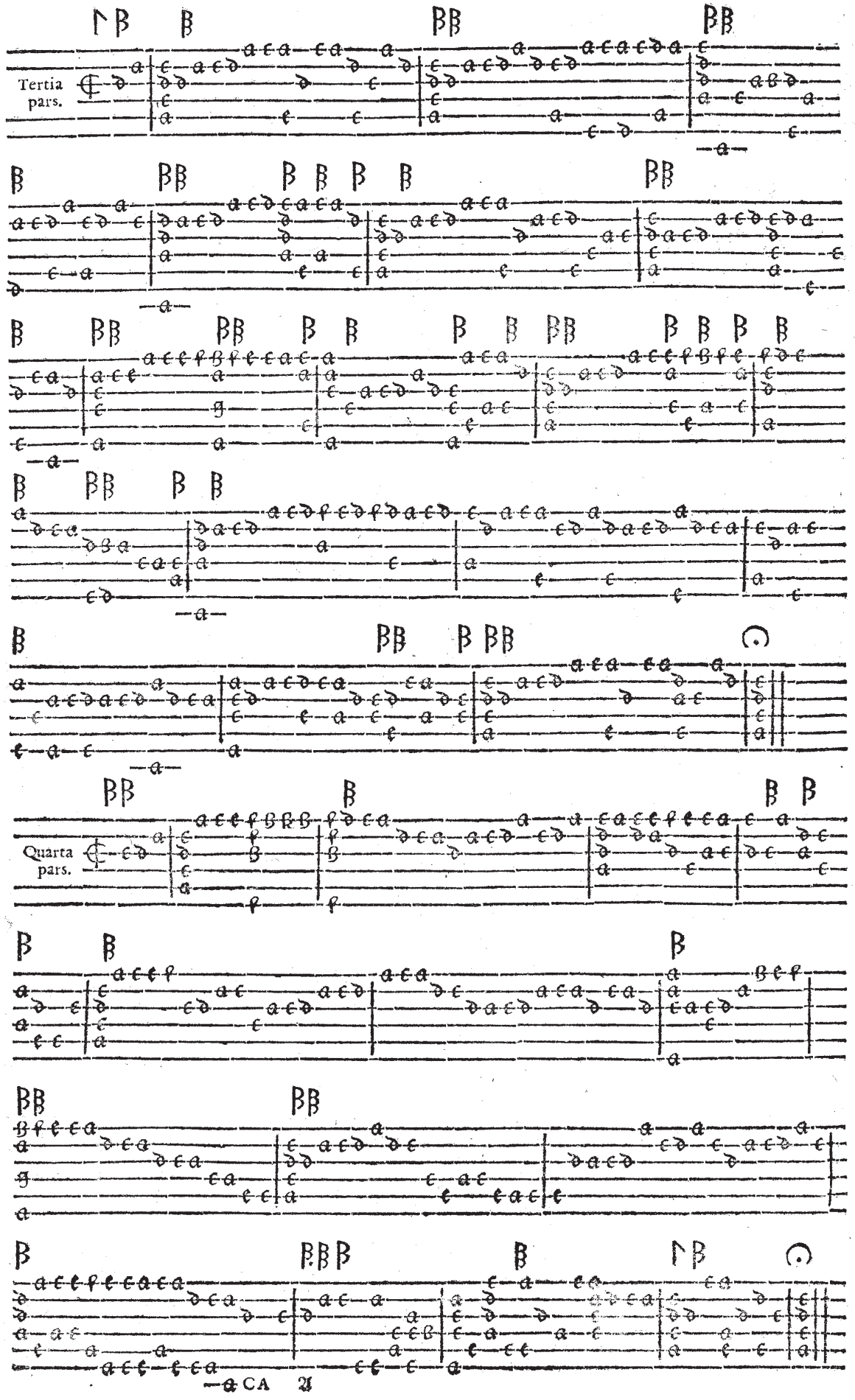
A A A A

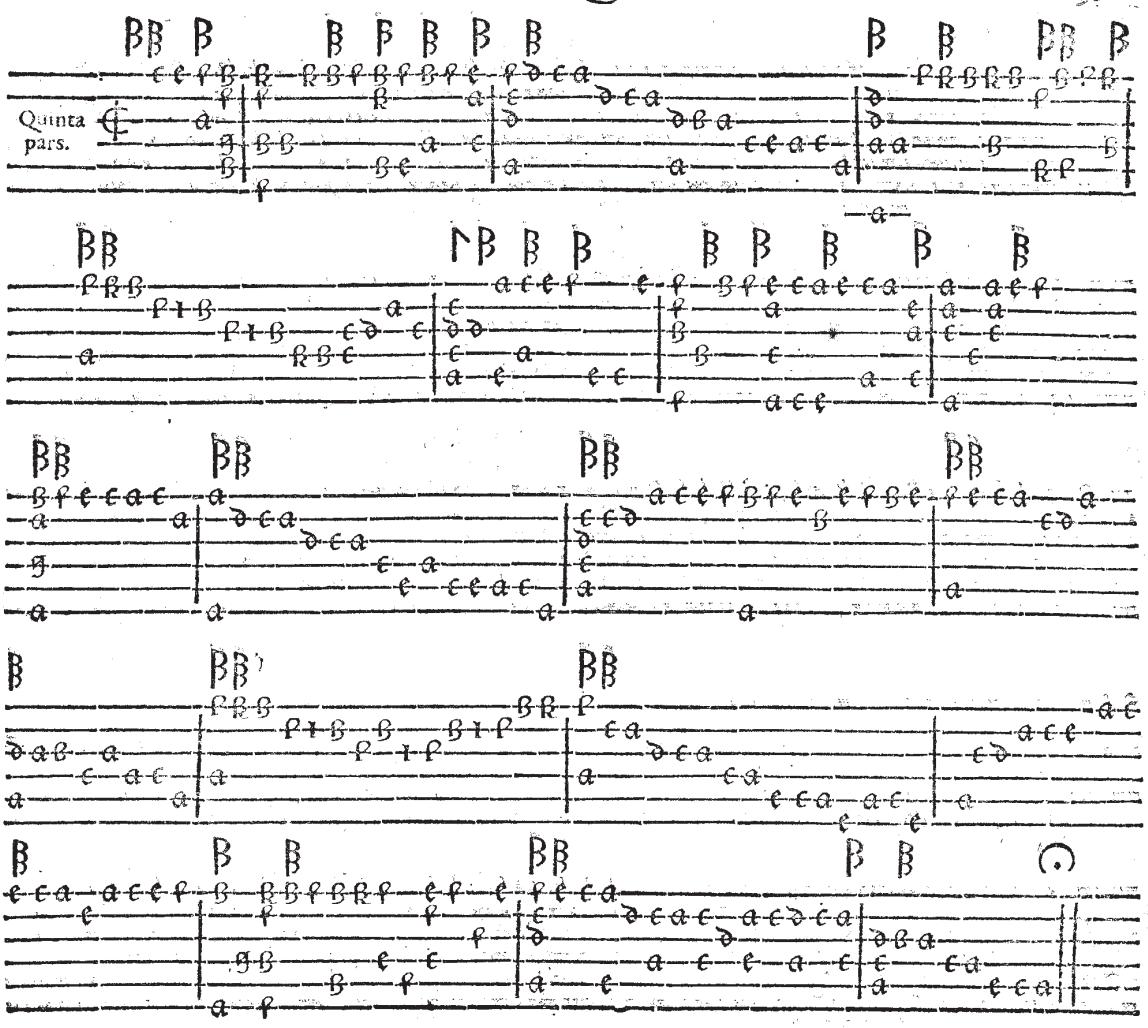
Secunda pars.

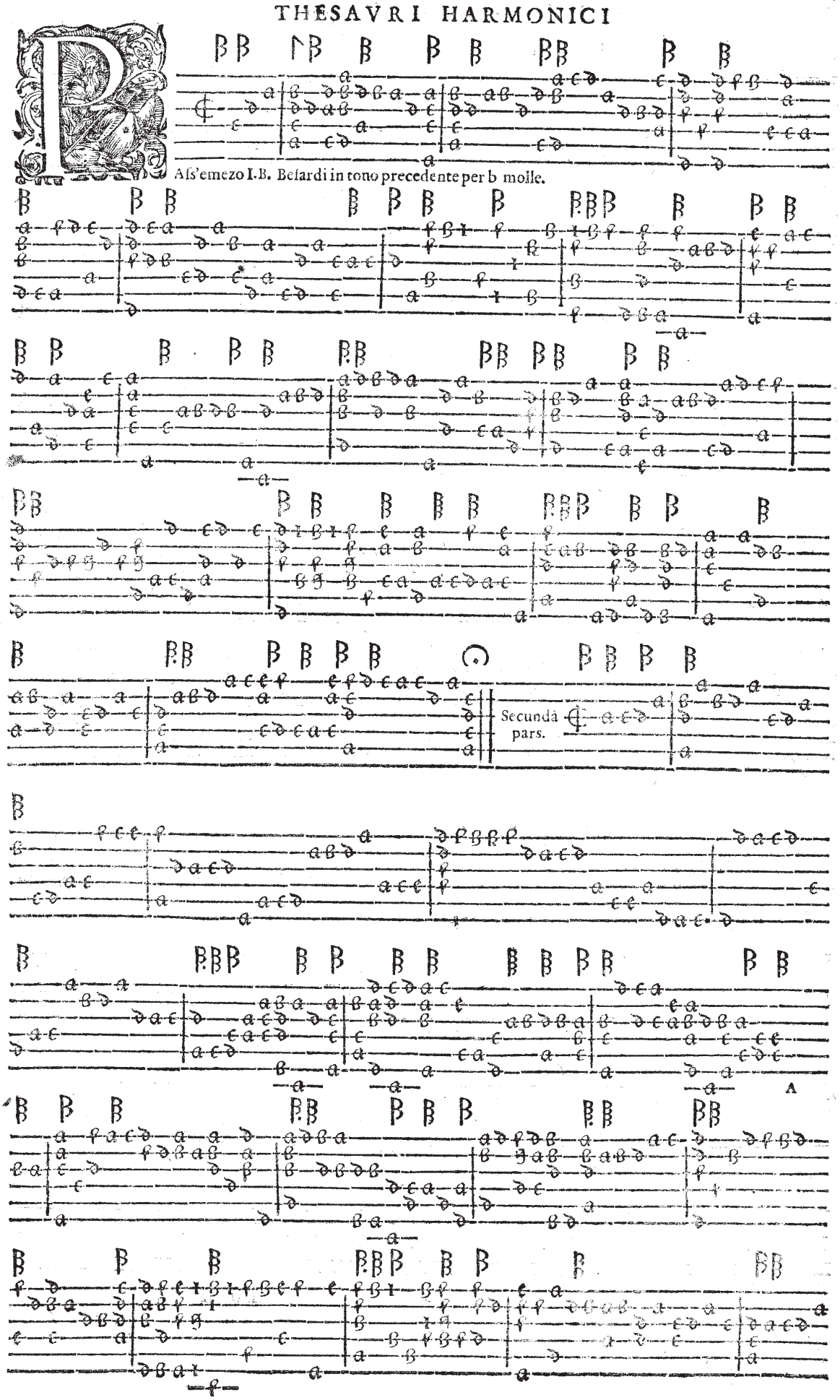

Tertia pars.
A
A
Verte ad aliam partem
A


Quarta pars.
Quinta pars.

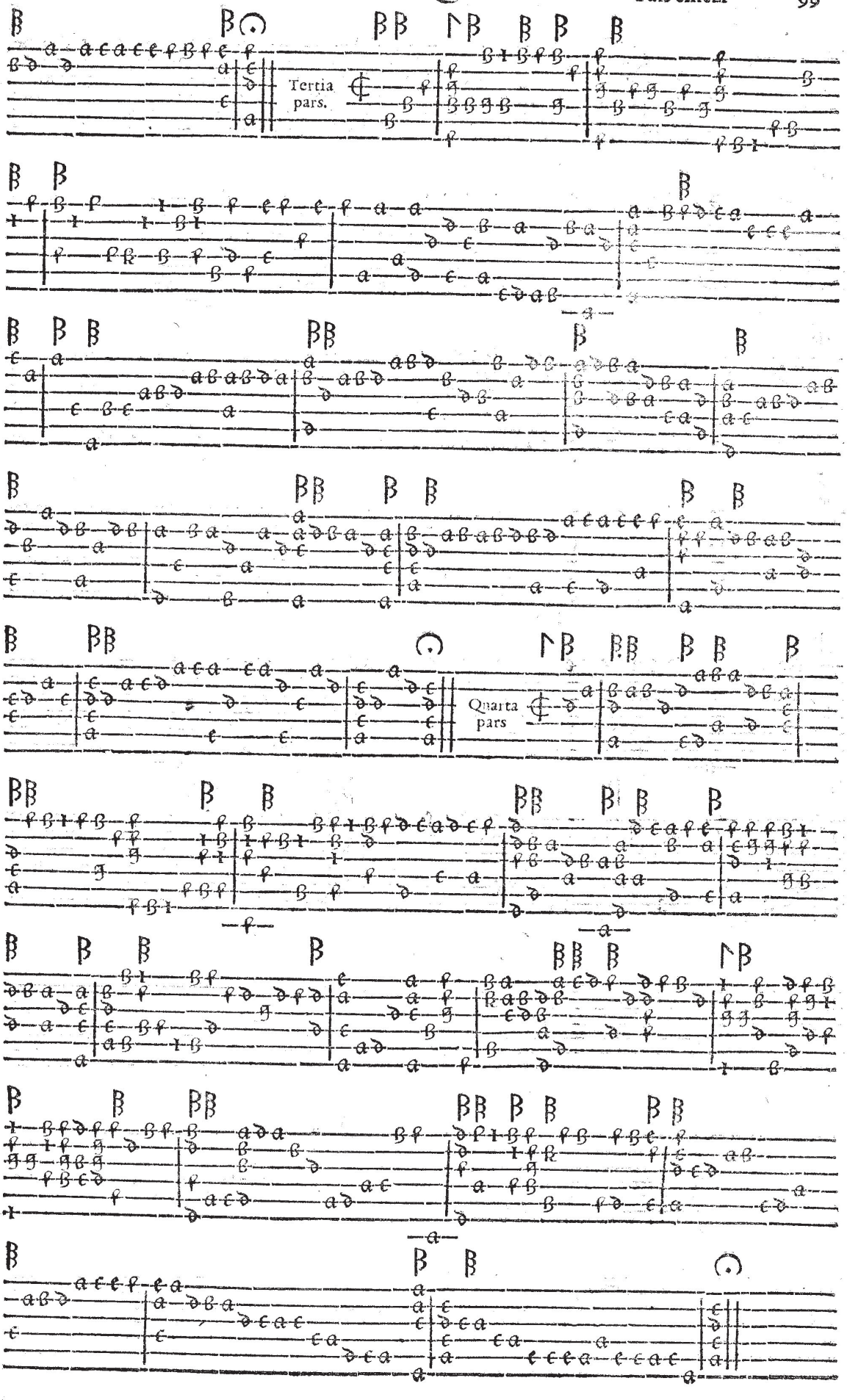

Ass' emezo in C Sol Fa vt per b durum.
Secunda pars.

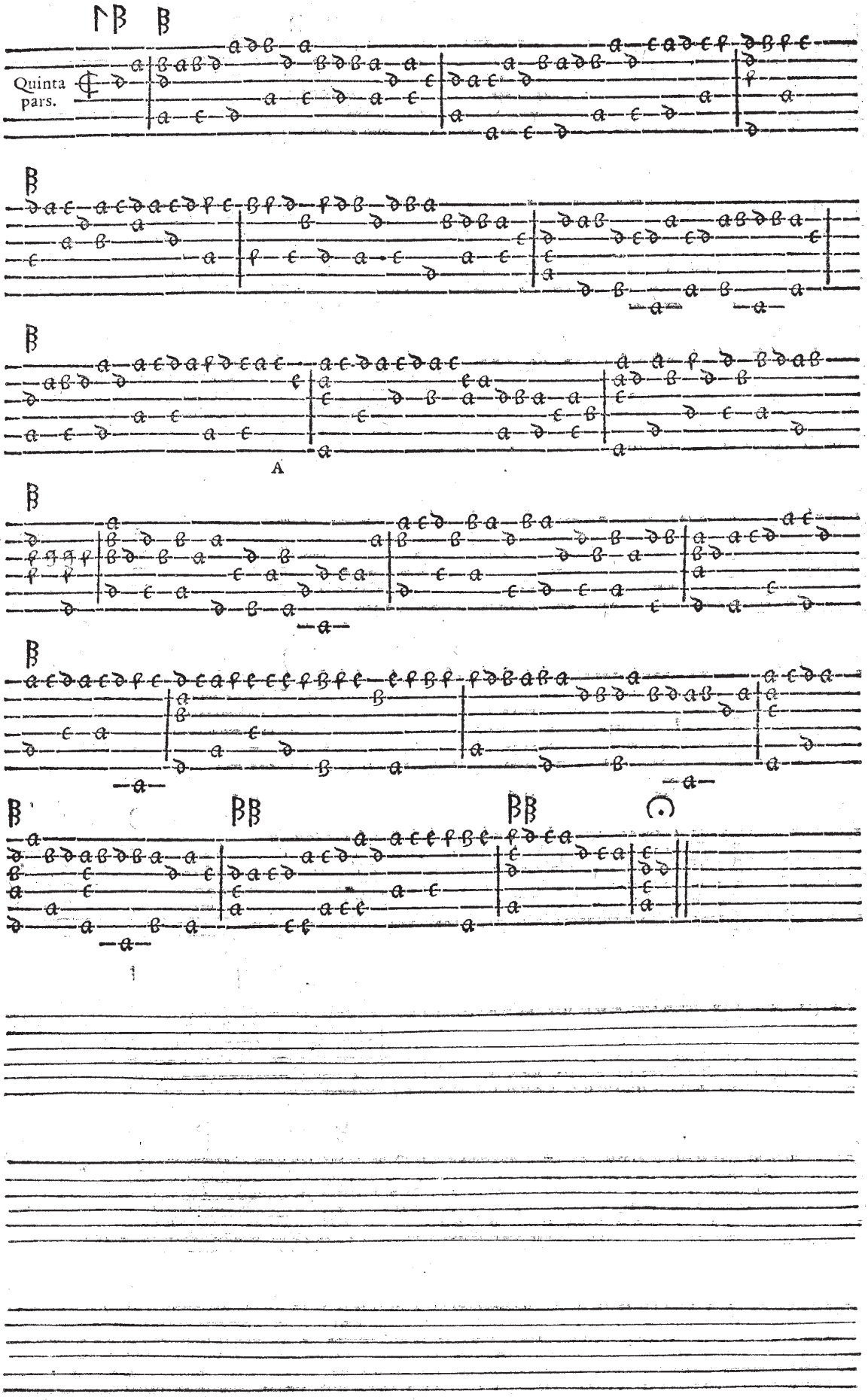

Tertia pars.
Quarta pars.

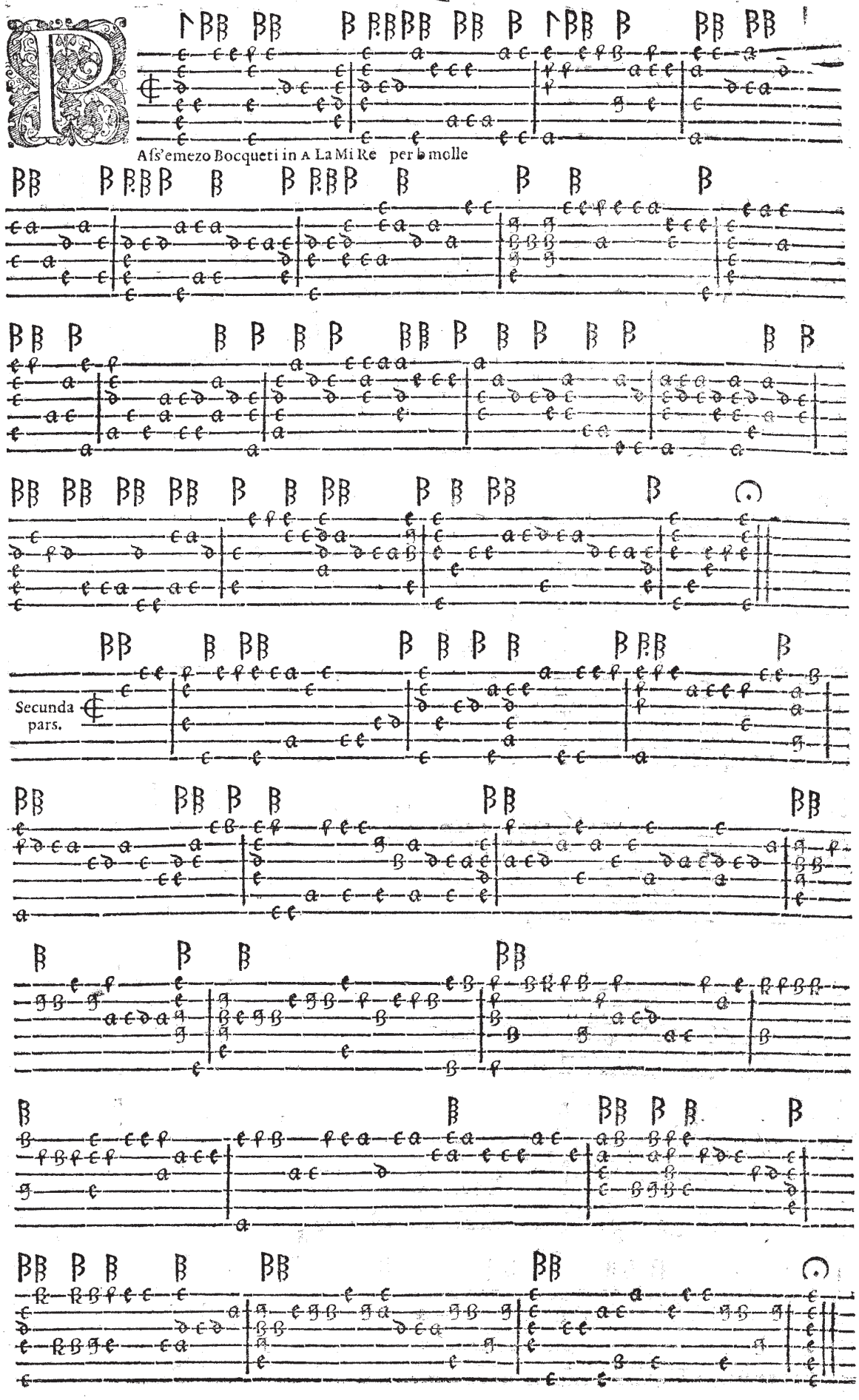

Quinta pars.

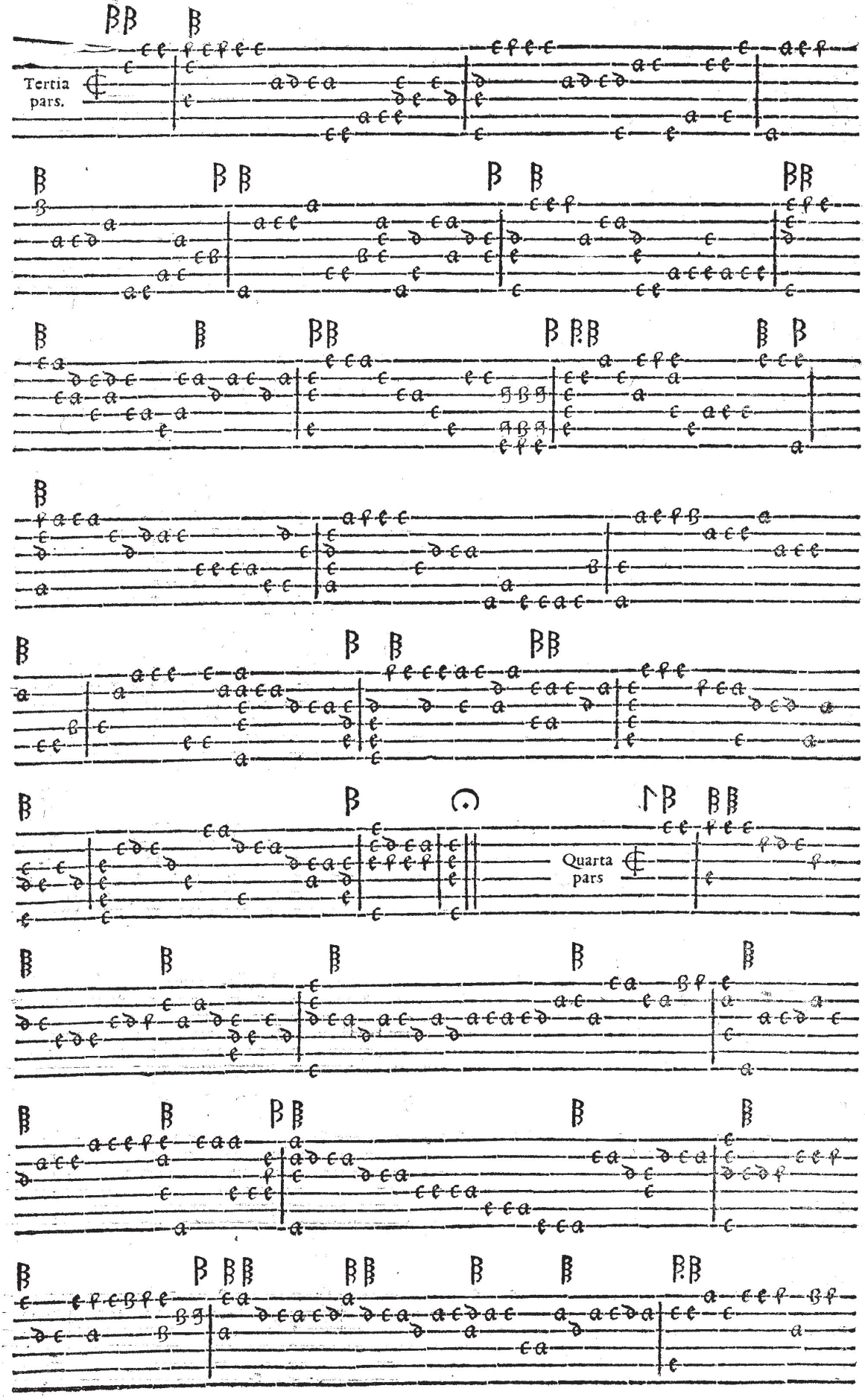


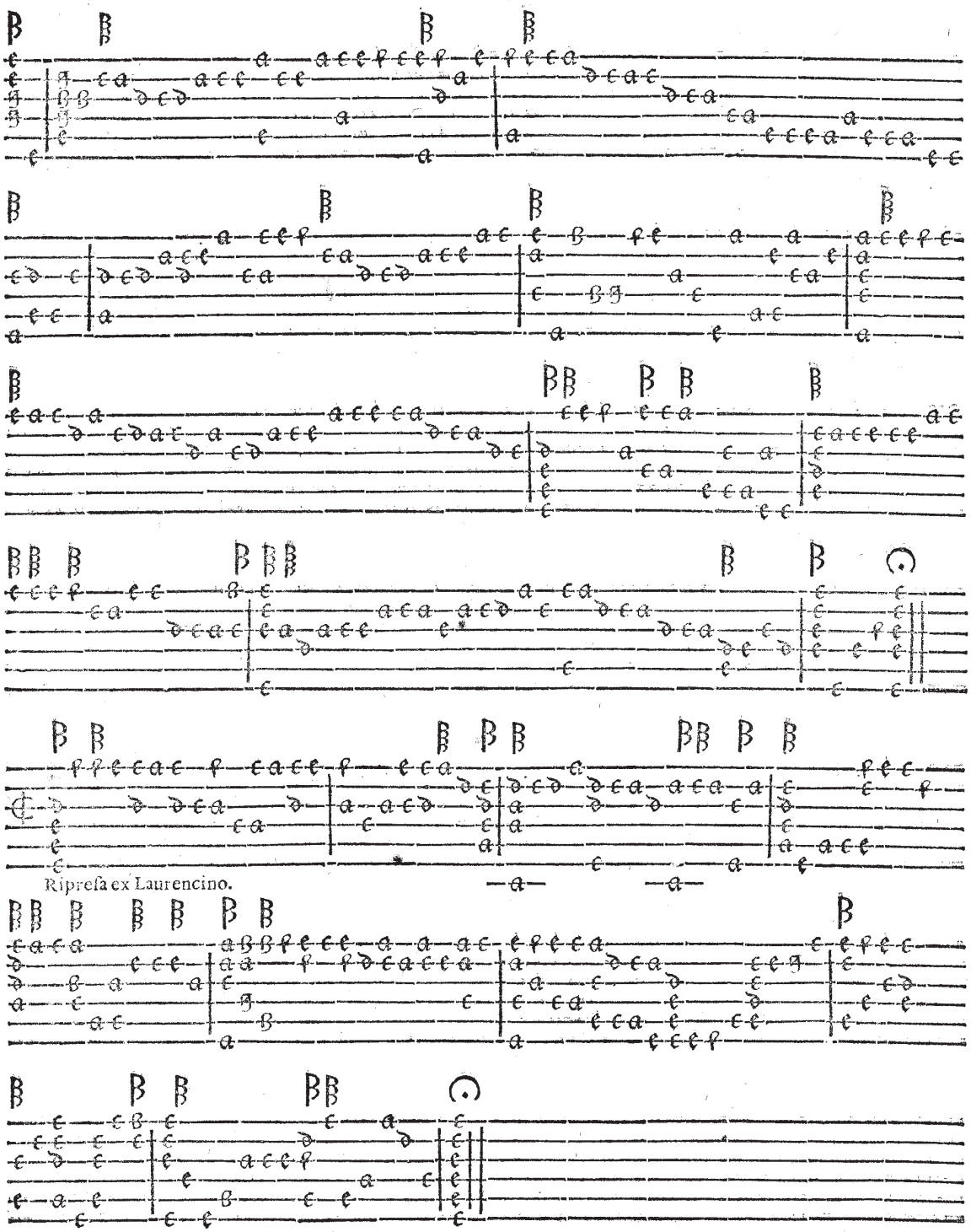
Afs'emezo I.B. Belardi in tono precedente per b molle.

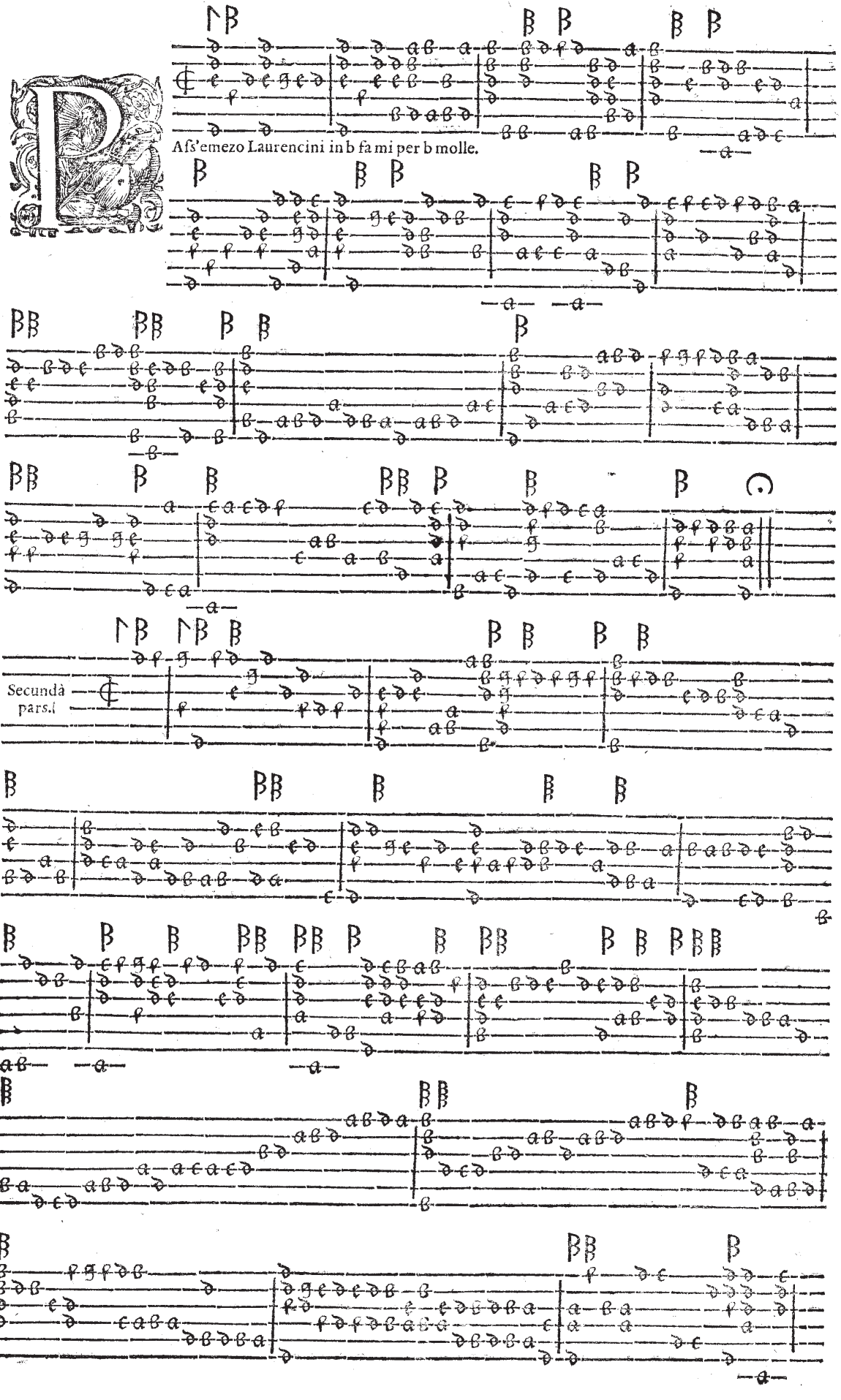

Tertia pars.
Quarta pars

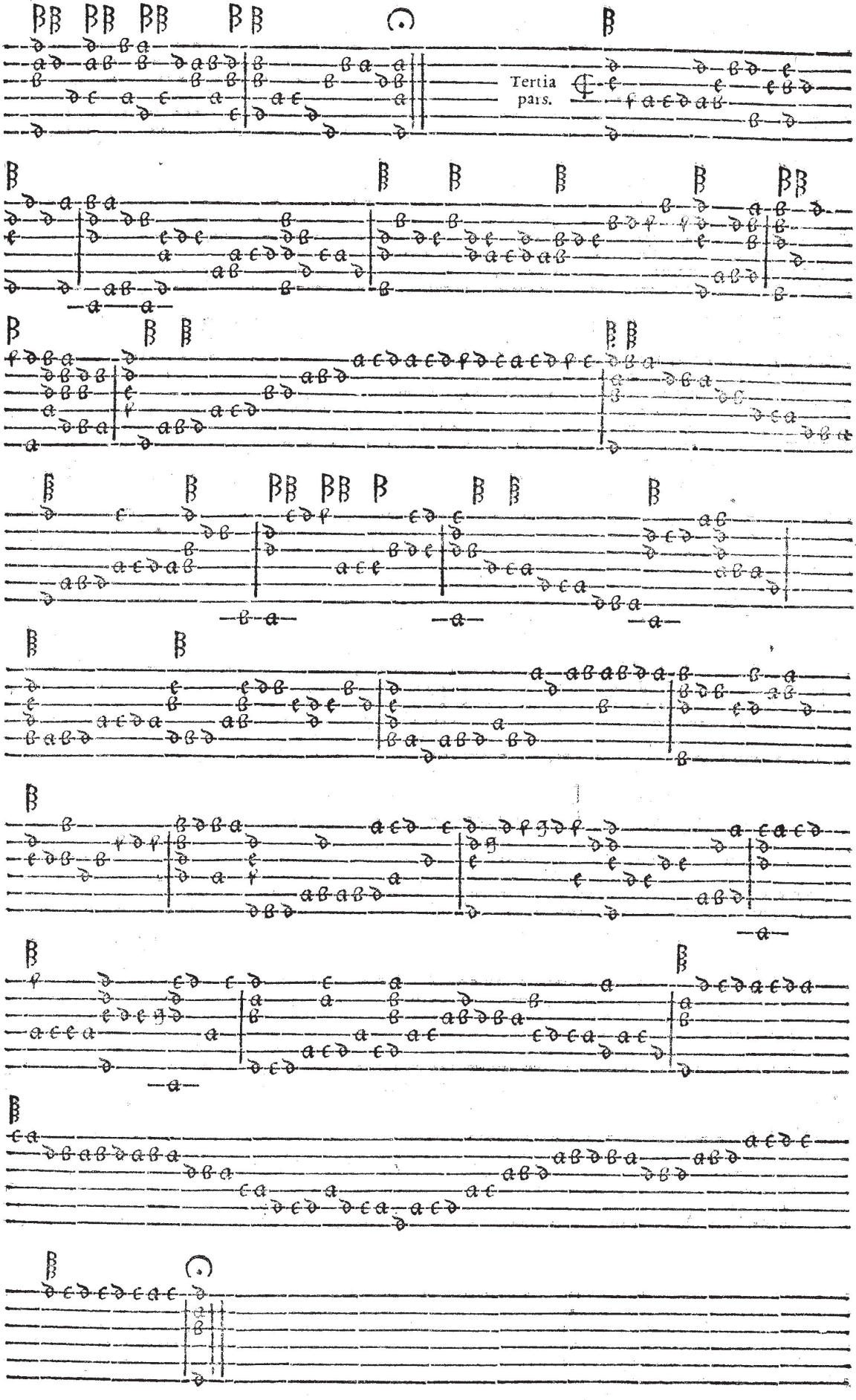

Quinta pars.
A

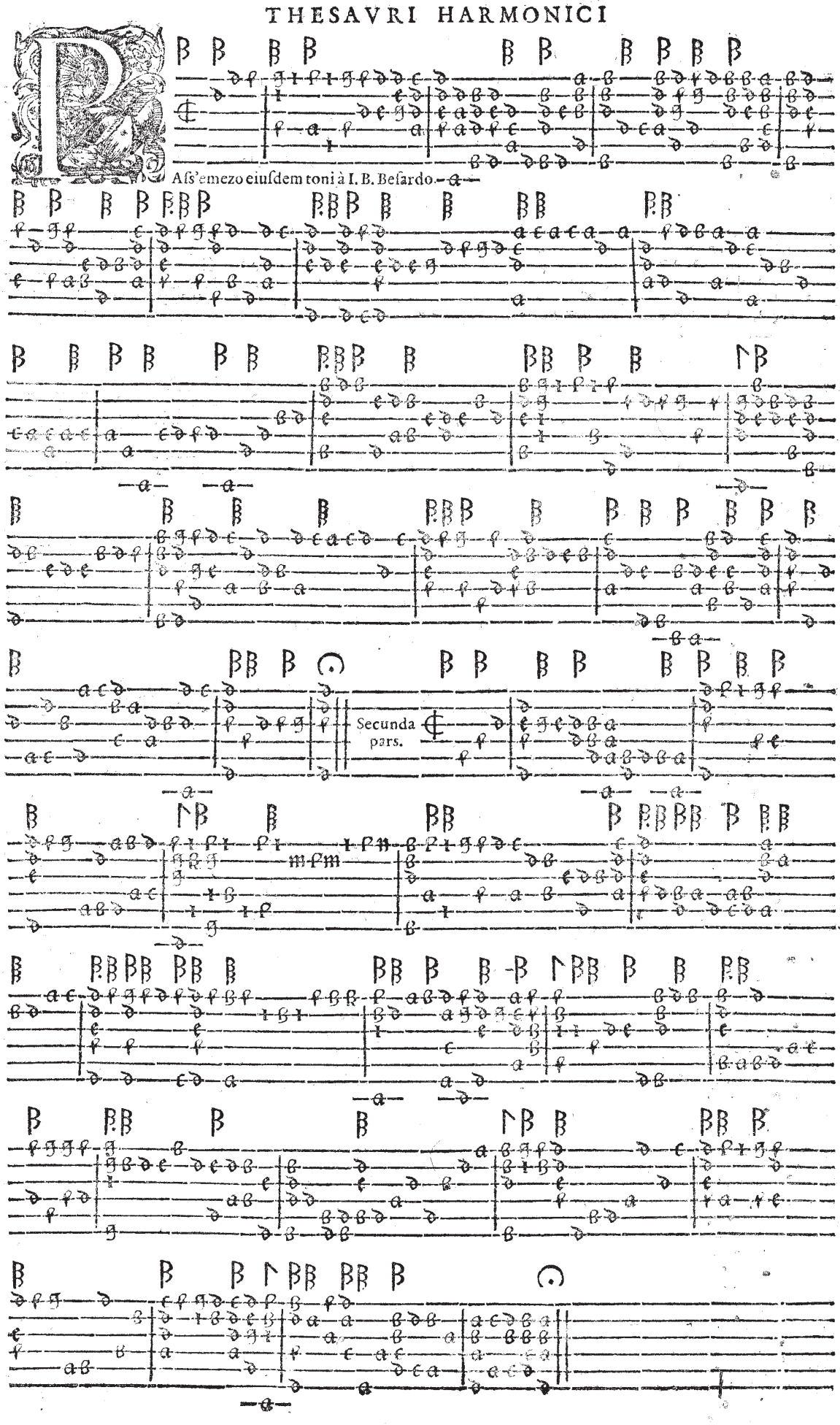

Pass'emezo Bocqueti in A La Mi Re per b molle
Secunda pars.

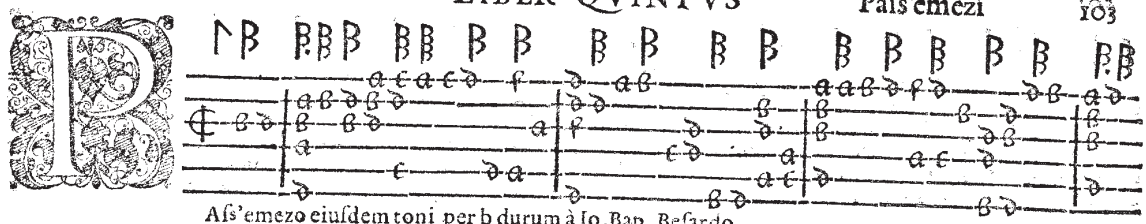

Tertia pars.
Quarta pars


Ripresa ex Laurencino.

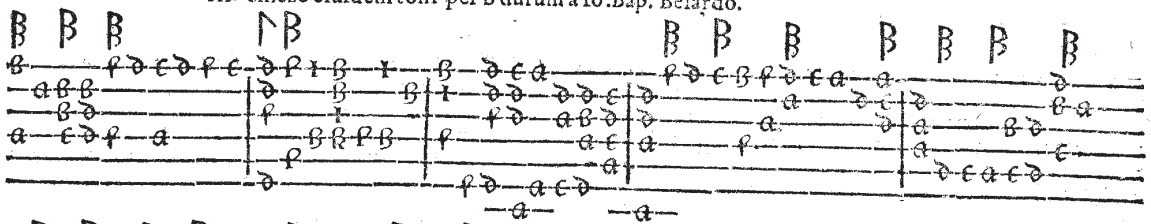

Afs'emezo Laurencini in b fa mi per b molle.
Secundà pars.

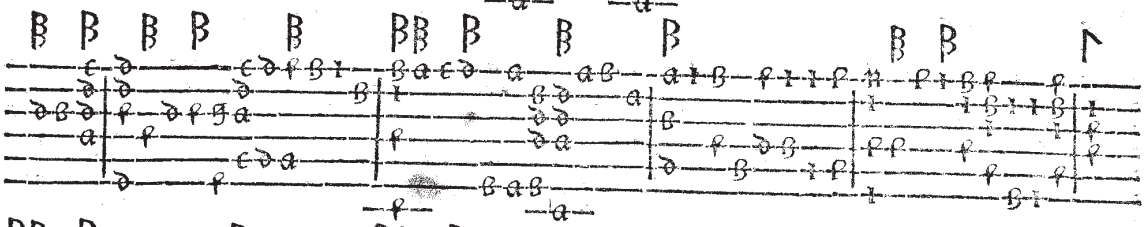

Tertia
pars.

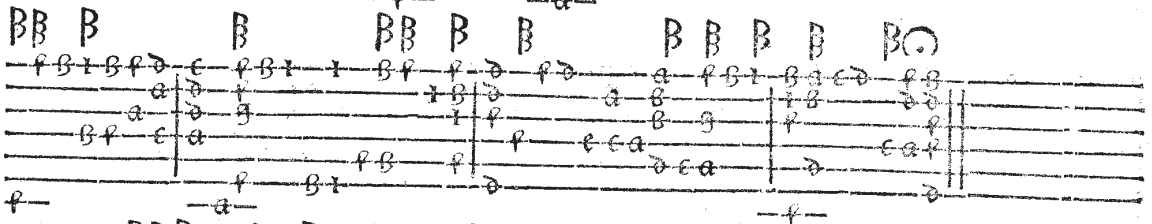

Assemezo eiusdem toni à I. B. Besardo.
Secunda pars.

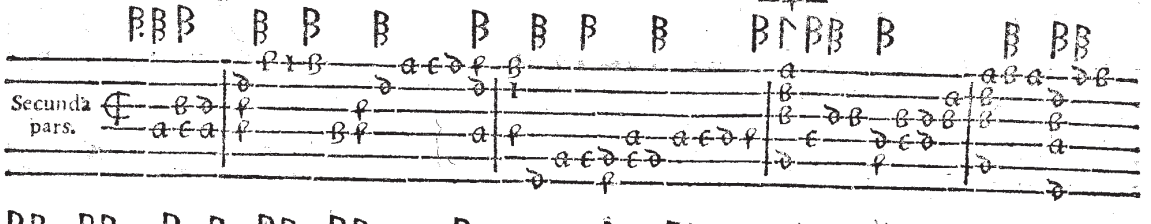


Ass'emezo eiusdem toni per b durum à Io. Bap. Besardo.

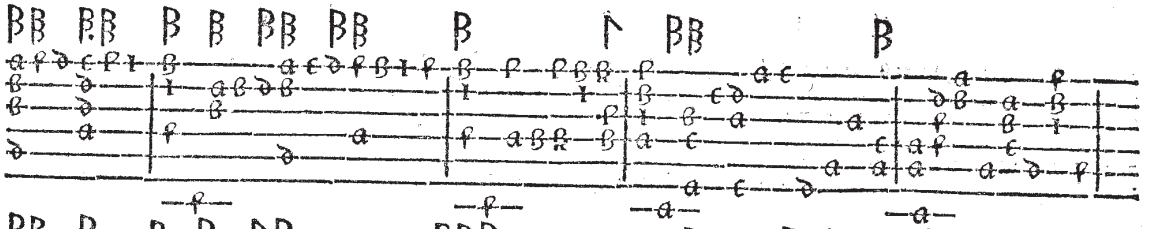


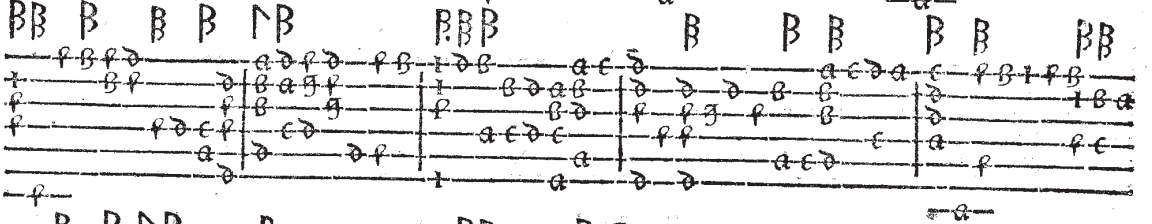


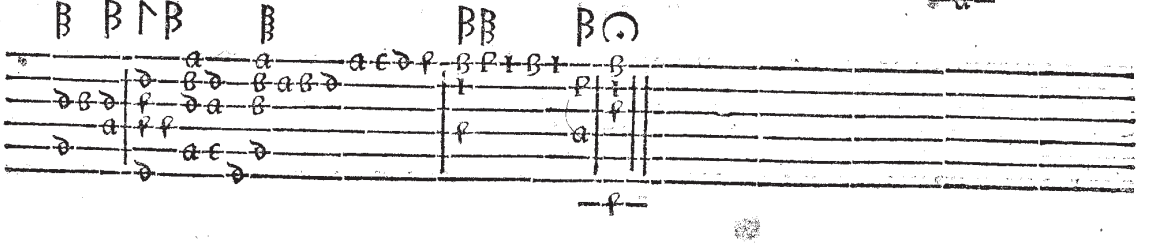


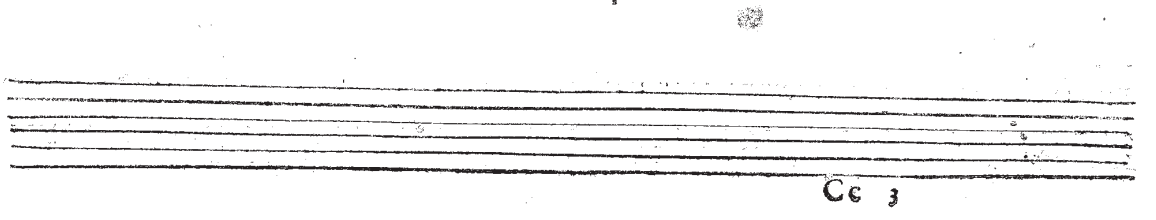


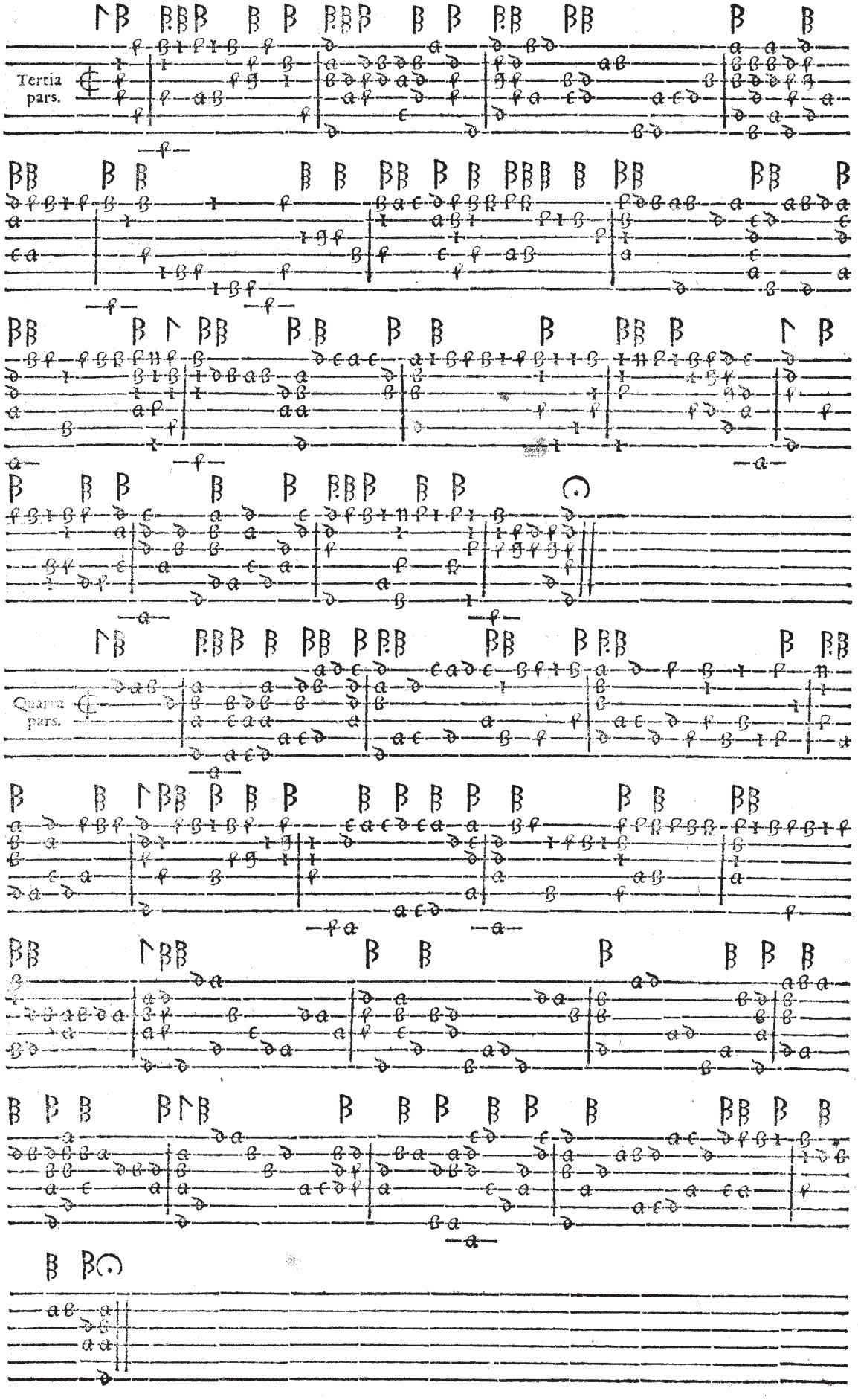
Secunda pars.

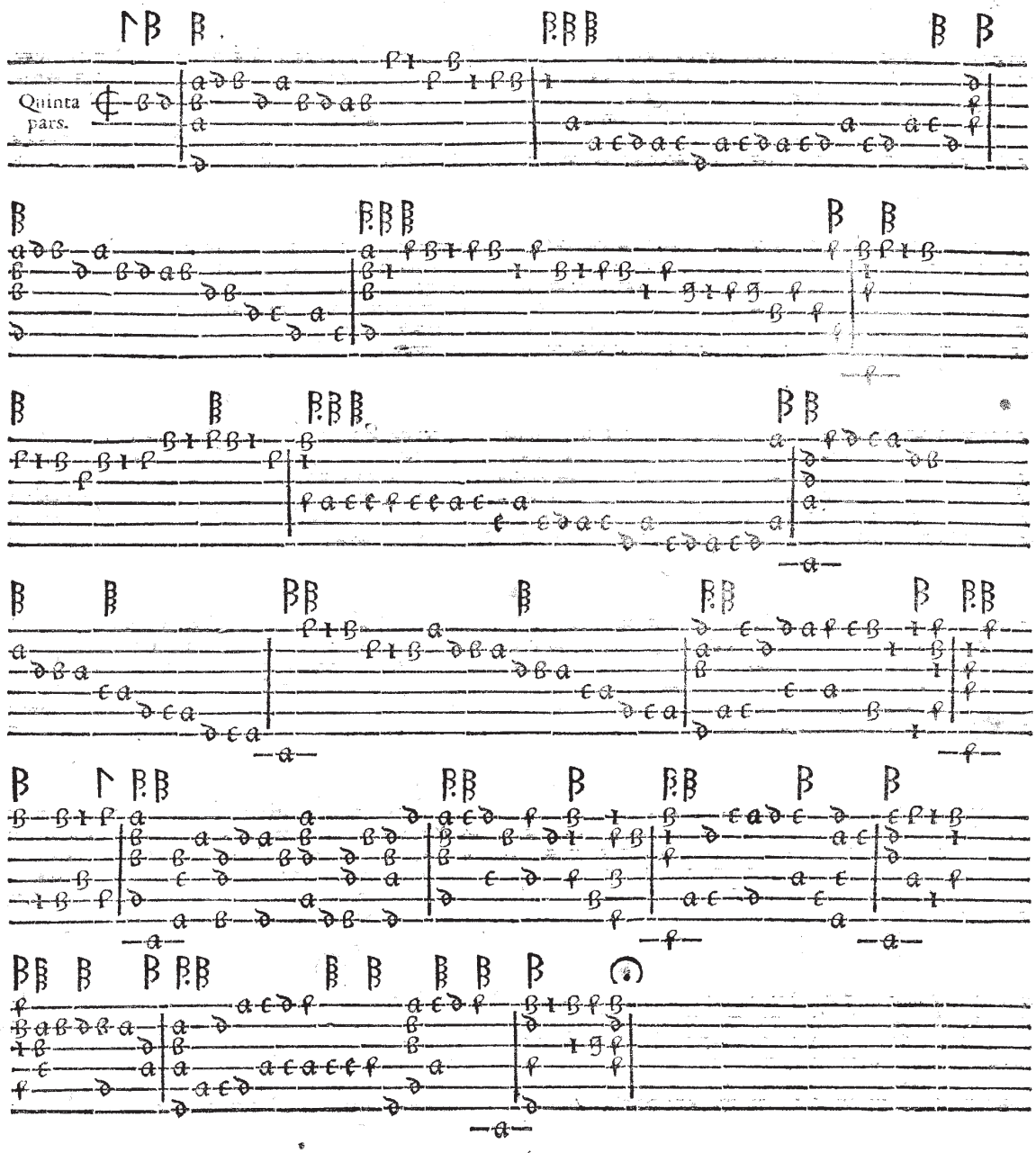


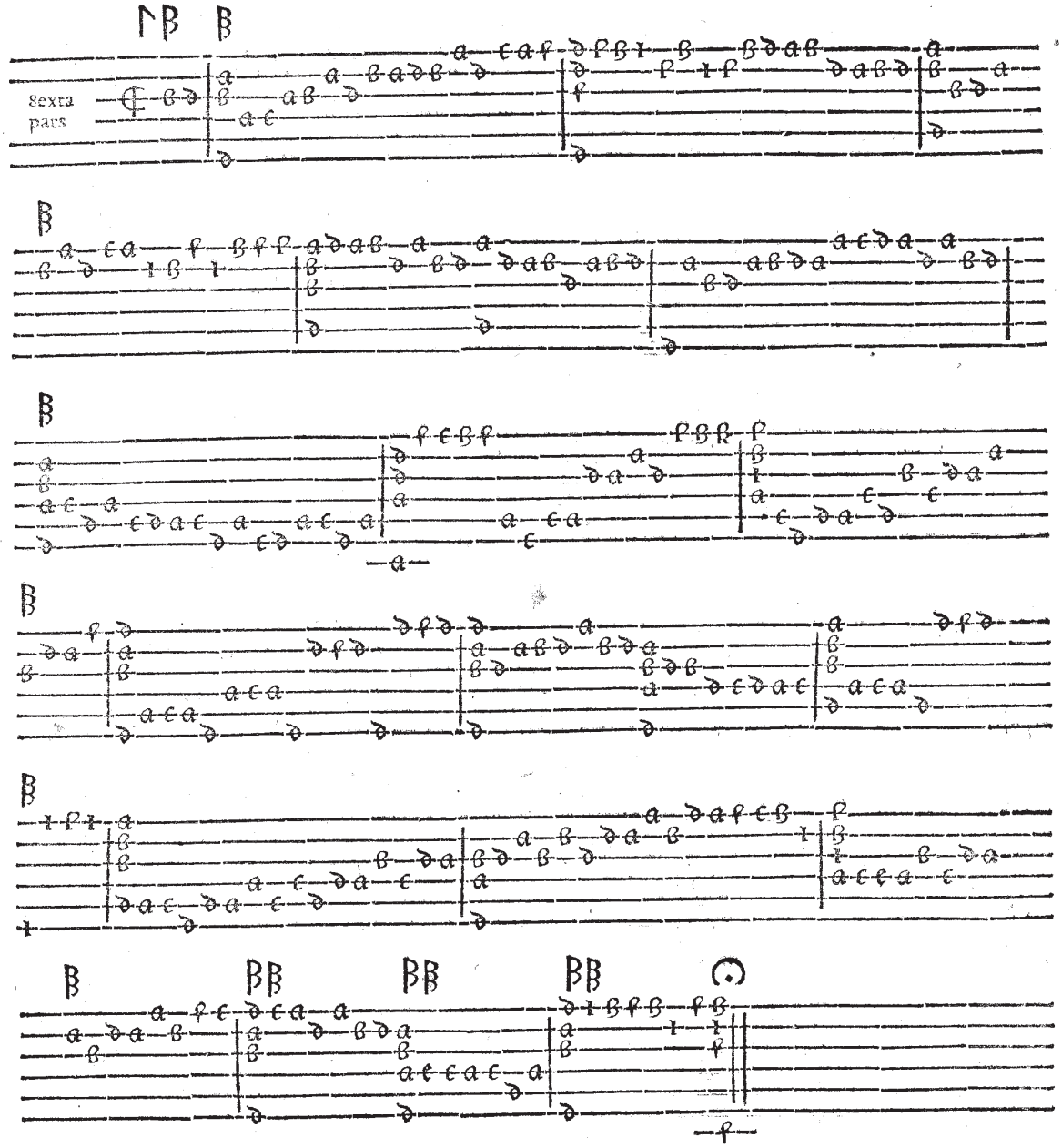







Tertia pars.
Quarta pars.


Quinta
pars.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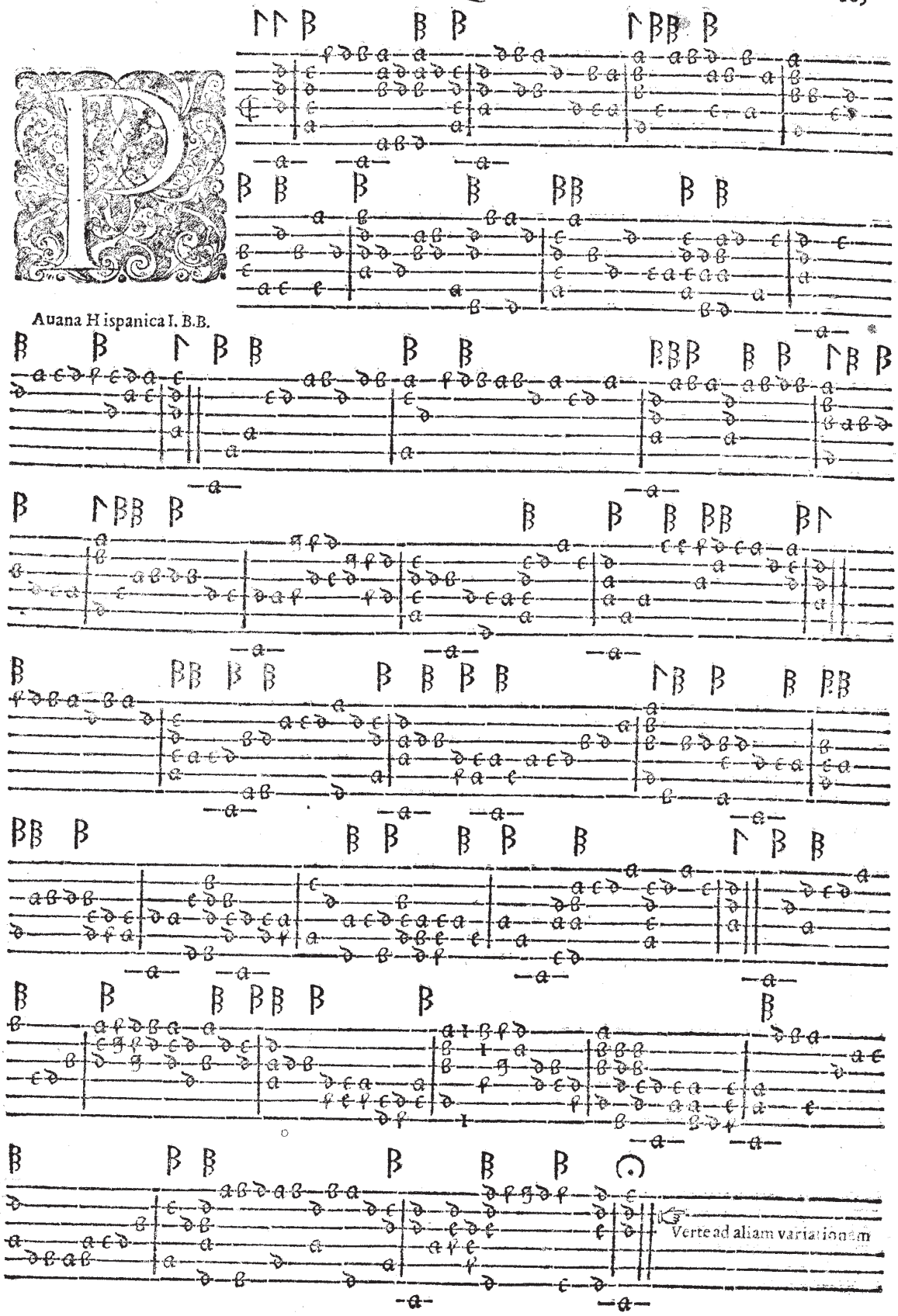

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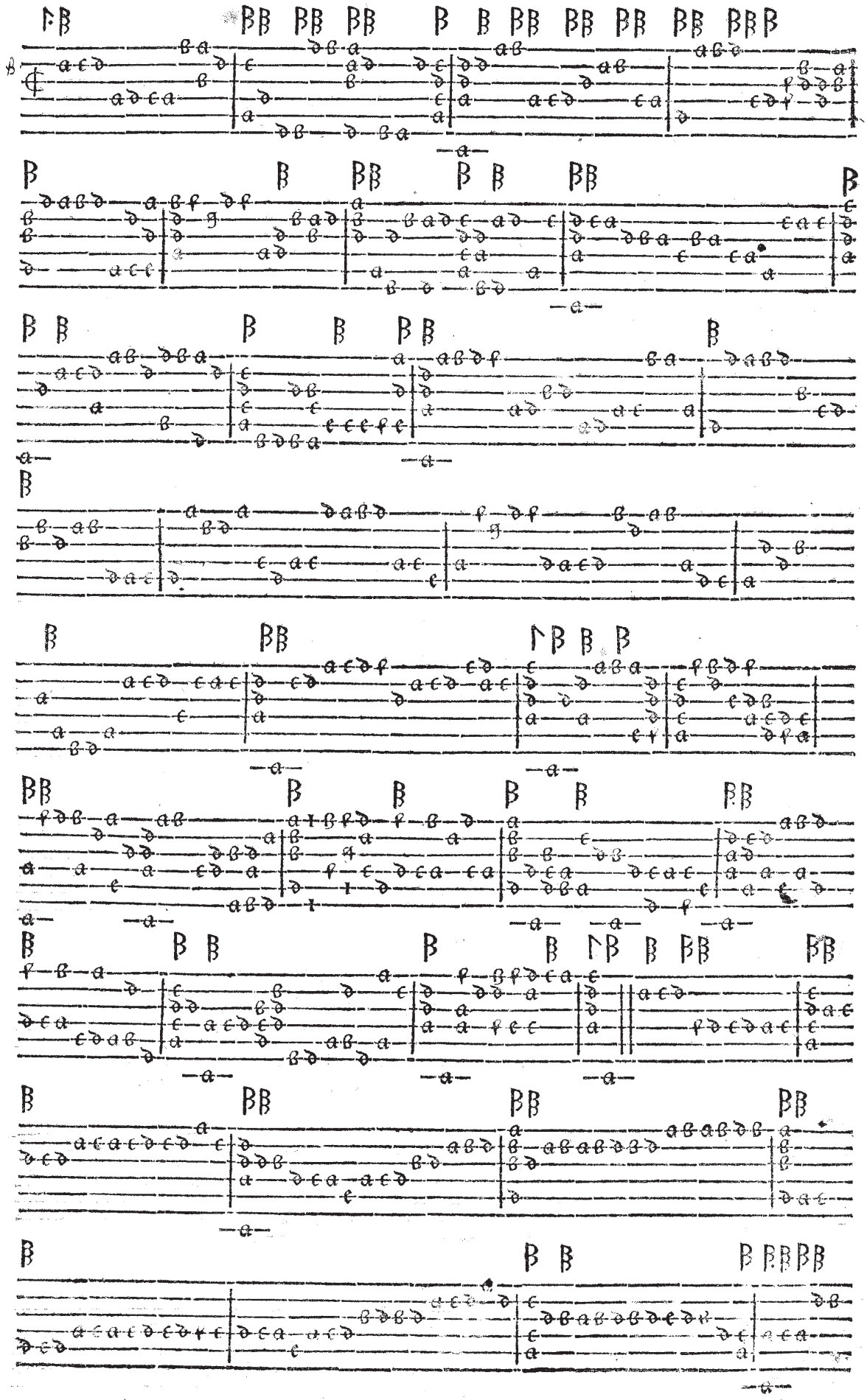

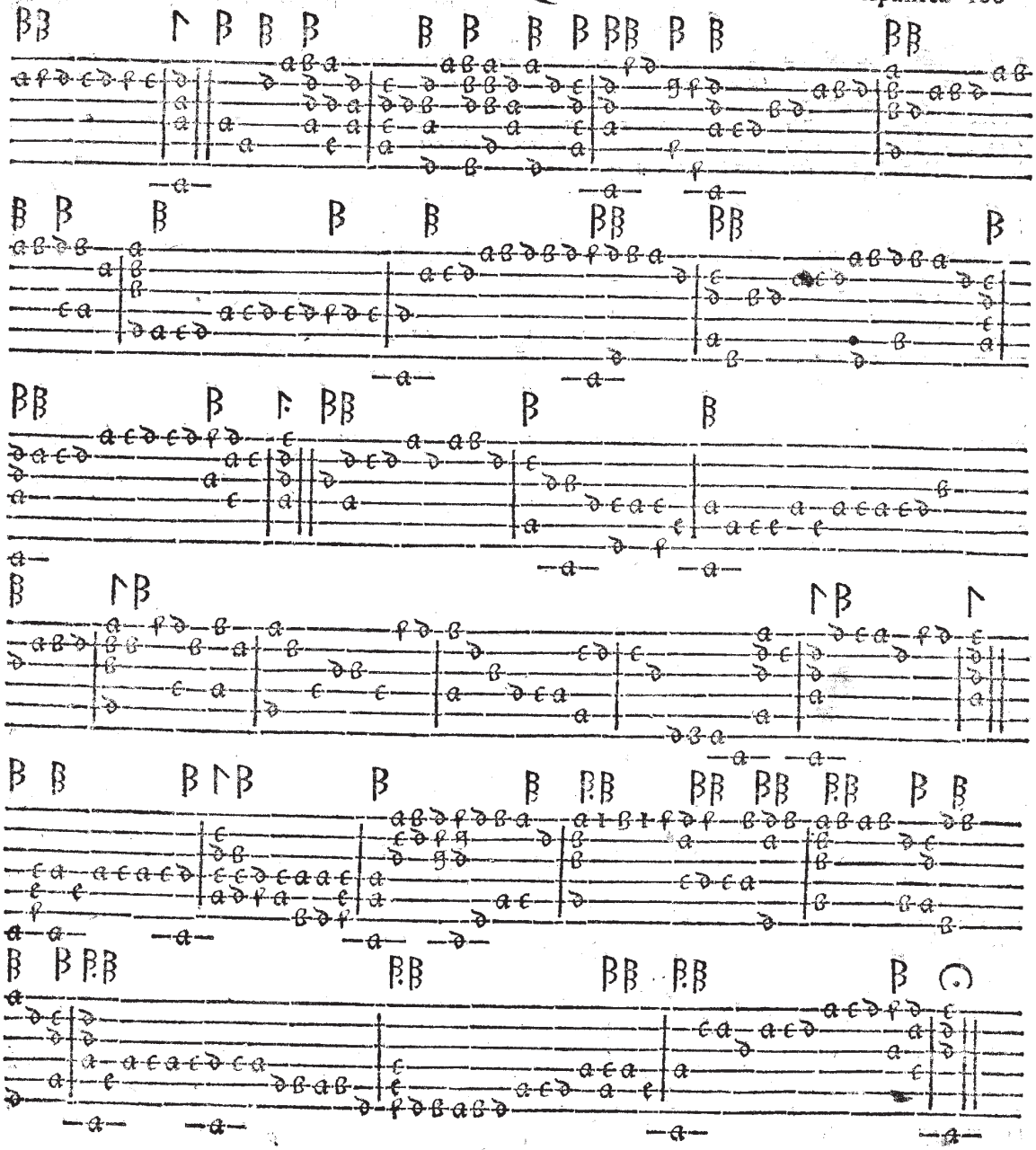



Ergamaſco I. B. Beſardi.



TREE EDITION