

Étienne Moulinié

Airs de Cour avec la tablature de guitarre



Edited and tabulated with Fronimo 3.0 by Timo Peedu
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Étienne Moulinié (c. 1600 – after 1669) was one of the most prolific composer of *Airs de Cour*. These Courtly songs dominated secular music in France in the early 17th century.

Moulinié worked as the director of music for **Gaston d'Orleans**, the younger brother of **Louis XIII**. Moulinié worked for Gaston from 1628 until Gaston's death in 1660.

He compiled five books of *Airs de Cour* for voice and lute. These were printed in Paris by Pierre Ballard between 1624 and 1635. The third book, *Airs de Cour avec la tablature de luth et de guitarre* (printed in 1629), contains 12 songs with guitar accompaniment: a dialogue, 5 Italian songs, 5 Spanish songs, and one *Air Gascon*.

I want to thank **Monica Hall** and **Rob MacKillop** for their invaluable help, which made this edition possible.

Timo Peedu

Souffrez beaux yeux

Dialogue

Étienne Moulinié

Musical score for the first system. The vocal line is in 3/4 time, starting with a whole rest followed by quarter notes G4, A4, B4, C5, D5, E5, F5, G5. The lyrics are: Souf- rez beaux yeux pleins de char- mes Qui me. The piano accompaniment features a bass line with notes G2, A2, B2, C3, D3, E3, F3, G3, and a right hand with notes G4, A4, B4, C5, D5, E5, F5, G5. There are some markings like 'o' and 'r*' in the piano part.

Musical score for the second system. The vocal line continues with quarter notes G4, A4, B4, C5, D5, E5, F5, G5. The lyrics are: con- som- mez le coeur, Que mes sou- pirs et mes lar- mes flec- his-. The piano accompaniment continues with similar patterns, including notes G2, A2, B2, C3, D3, E3, F3, G3 and G4, A4, B4, C5, D5, E5, F5, G5.

Musical score for the third system. The vocal line ends with a half note G4 and a whole note A4. The lyrics are: sent vos- tre ri- gueur. The piano accompaniment ends with notes G2, A2, B2, C3, D3, E3, F3, G3 and G4, A4, B4, C5, D5, E5, F5, G5.

Ce front couronné de gloire
Connu dans la cour des Roys:
Quoy? n'avez vous point memoire
De l'avoir veu autrefois?

Moy qui suant sous les armes
Ay triomphé en tous lieux,
Inuincible en tant d'alarmes,
Le suis vaincu par vos yeux.

Donc pour toute recompense,
Et prix de mon amitié,
Je viuray sans esperance,
Et vous viurez sans pitié.

La France qui me possède,
Dont tout le monde est jaloux:
Beaux yeux, à qui le jour cede,
Ne me retient que pour vous.

Si vous rendez moins amere
La douleur dont je me plains,
L'Espagne ne qui me revere,
Vous en baisera les mains.

Espagnol je te supplie

Dialogue

Étienne Moulinié

Es- pa- gnol je te sup- pli- e, Lais- se

o

3

a

r

a

r

a

r*

a

r*

moy viv- re en re- pos: Tes yeux pleu- rent de la sui- e, Tes sou-

a

r

a

r

a

r

a

r

a

r

a

r

a

r*

a

r

pris sen- tent les aulx.

a

r

a

r

a

r

a

Ouy, j'ay veu vostre visage,
Il me souvient qu'a Paris
Vous sentiez plus le fourmage
Que le Muse & Lambre gris.

A pauvre seignor, don cancre,
C'est plustot le desesper
Qui vous fit suer de l'ancre:
Car vostre linge est bien noir.

Vostre amitié sans seconde,
Ressemblera le Soleil,
Qui fau tout le tour du monde
Sans recontrer son pareil.

A voir vostre contenance,
Ce qui vous tient au coliet
Vous à fait venir en France,
Sans finance, & sans valét.

Le remede qu'on ordonne
Au mal qui vous fait mourir,
Ce n'est pas moy qui le donne,
C'est au Roy de vous guerir.

3

Non spe-ri pie-tà Chi se-gue pe-nan-do Se-re-na bel-

4

tà. Chi se-gue pe-nan-do Se-re-na bel-tà. Dia fu-

7

- ga dia ban - - do Ai ri- si men- ti- ti Ai sguar- di vi-

10

va- ci Begl' oc- chi ra- pa- ci. Non spe-ri pie-tà. Chi se-gue pe-nan-do Se-

14

re- na bel- tà. Chi se- gue pe- nan- do Se- re- na bel- tà.

E Priuo di fé
 L'ingrato crudele,
 Che nega mercé,
 Di piant' e querele,
 Si burla, si ride
 Quel' fiero tiranno
 Si pieno d'inganno.
 Non sperì...

Non credo mio cor!
 Amando trouare
 Merced' in amor
 Per Terra, e per Mare
 S'encorra veloce
 Sprezzando cupido
 Crudel e infido.
 Non sperì...

O che gioi- a ne sen- to mio be- ne, Che lo stra- le d'a- mor t'ha fe - ri-to,

This system contains the first four measures of the piece. The vocal line is in 3/4 time, starting with a quarter rest followed by quarter notes G4, A4, B4, C5, and a quarter rest. The piano accompaniment is in 3/4 time, starting with a quarter rest followed by quarter notes G3, A3, B3, C4, and a quarter rest. The lyrics are: "O che gioi- a ne sen- to mio be- ne, Che lo stra- le d'a- mor t'ha fe - ri-to,"

5 T'hà fe- ri- - - to: to: O soa-

This system contains measures 5 through 8. Measure 5 starts with a quarter rest followed by quarter notes G4, A4, B4, C5. Measure 6 has a quarter rest followed by quarter notes G4, A4, B4, C5. Measure 7 has a quarter rest followed by quarter notes G4, A4, B4, C5. Measure 8 has a quarter rest followed by quarter notes G4, A4, B4, C5. The lyrics are: "T'hà fe- ri- - - to: to: O soa-". There is a first ending bracket over measures 7 and 8, and a second ending bracket over measures 7 and 8.

9 vi mie af- fan- ni mie pe- ne, O tor- men- to mio ca- ro e gra- di- to,

This system contains measures 9 through 12. Measure 9 starts with a quarter rest followed by quarter notes G4, A4, B4, C5. Measure 10 has a quarter rest followed by quarter notes G4, A4, B4, C5. Measure 11 has a quarter rest followed by quarter notes G4, A4, B4, C5. Measure 12 has a quarter rest followed by quarter notes G4, A4, B4, C5. The lyrics are: "vi mie af- fan- ni mie pe- ne, O tor- men- to mio ca- ro e gra- di- to,"

13 Ho- ra si, che son lie- - - to, e con- ten - to.

This system contains measures 13 through 16. Measure 13 starts with a quarter rest followed by quarter notes G4, A4, B4, C5. Measure 14 has a quarter rest followed by quarter notes G4, A4, B4, C5. Measure 15 has a quarter rest followed by quarter notes G4, A4, B4, C5. Measure 16 has a quarter rest followed by quarter notes G4, A4, B4, C5. The lyrics are: "Ho- ra si, che son lie- - - to, e con- ten - to."

17

O che gioi- a ne sen- to. O che gioi- a ne sen- to.

Hora si, che felice mi chiamo,
 Ch'amor punse il tuo cor si crudele;
 Disperato morir più non bramo,
 Più non spargo lamenti, ó querele;
 Ogni noia è sparcita, ogni stento.
 O che gioia.

Se- guir piu non vo- glio La bel- la ti- ran- na, Che pie- na dor- go- glio Mi

sprezz'- 'et m'in- gan- na. Non fa la cru- de - le Ch'io non son a-

man- te Di donn' in- fi- de - le, D'un fal- so sem- bian te. D'un fal- so sem- bian- te.

Se pensi pui ingrata
 Ch'io mora per tè,
 Se cieca insensata
 Ti guiro' alla fé.
 Non fai tu crudele...

Ho il cor fatto accorto
 Dall' empie megere
 Non casco piu morto
 In tante maniere.
 Non fai tu crudele...

Non ha sott' il Ciel Un ser- vo Cu- pi- do di me piu fe- del:

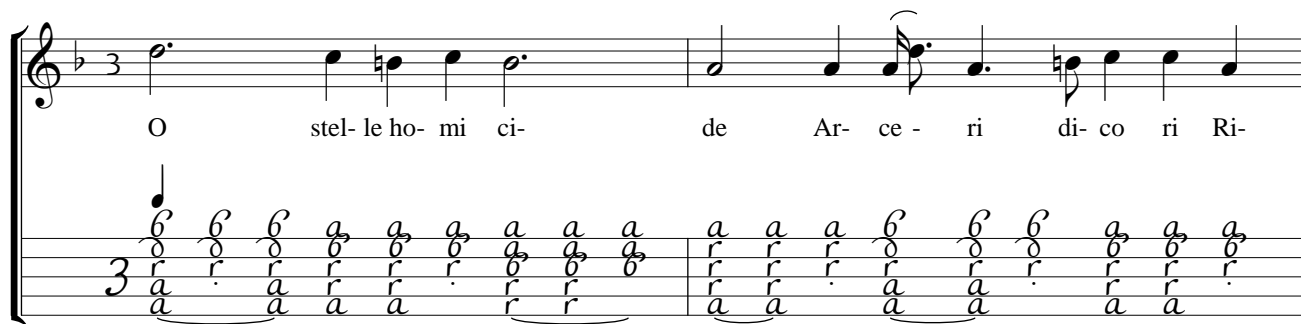
del: Mio co- re mi al- ma Ne por- ta la pal- ma Per tut- to si

fa, Ch'un ser- vo Cu- pi- do piu fi- del non ha. Mio

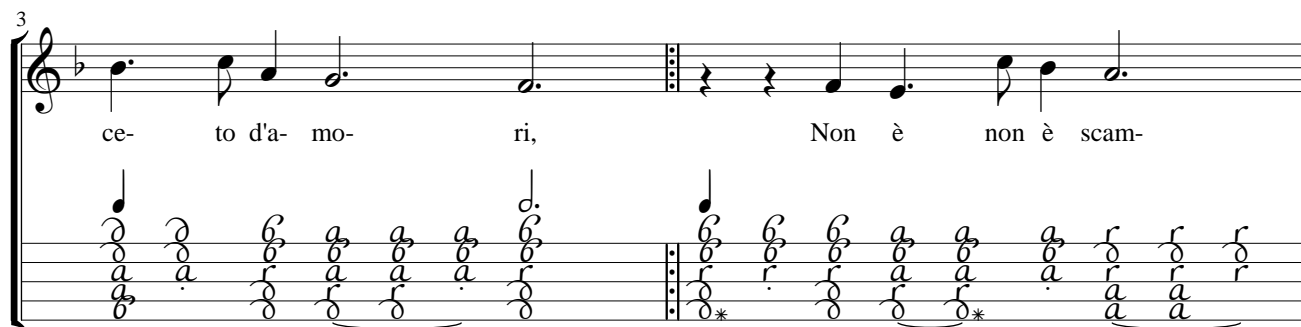
Non è per mia fé
 Nel regno d'Amore leal piu di mè,
 A suono di Tromba
 La fama rimbomba
 Che tal fedeltà
 Nel regno d'amore Cupido non ha.

Troncar non si può
 Quel laccio d'amore che l'alma legò,
 Ma vita serena
 Fa dolce catena,
 Contenta sara
 Ch'un cor piu gioioso Cupido non ha.

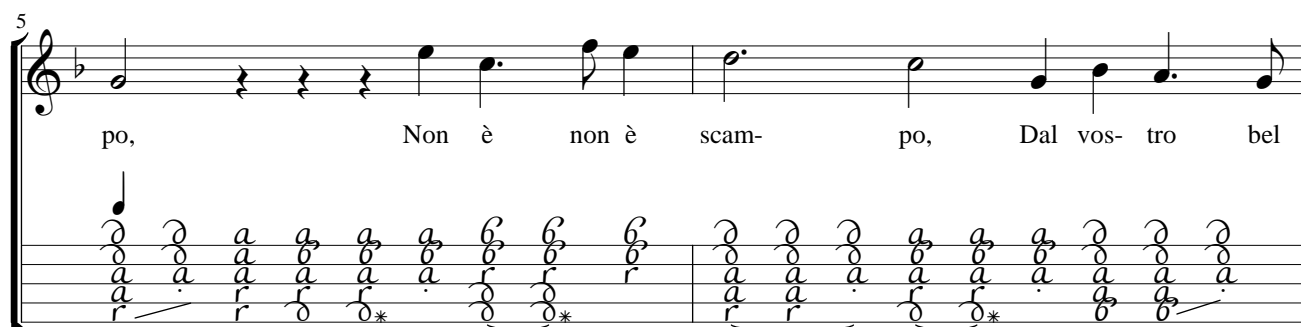
1 O stel- le ho- mi ci- de Ar- ce - ri di- co ri Ri-



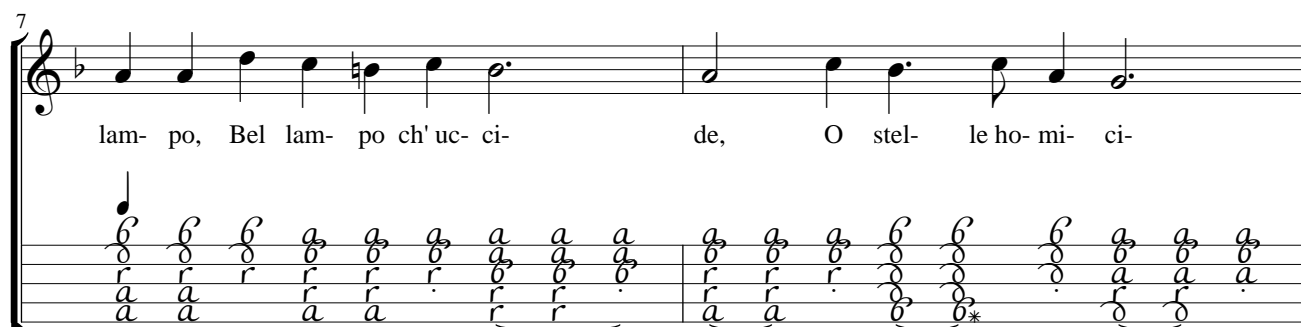
3 ce- to d'a- mo- ri, Non è non è scam-



5 po, Non è non è scam- po, Dal vos- tro bel



7 lam- po, Bel lam- po ch'uc- ci- de, O stel- le ho- mi- ci-



9

de, O stel- le ho mi- ci- de, Bel lam- po ch' uc-

11

ci- de O stel- le ho- mi- ci- de, O

13

stel- le ho mi- ci - de.

O lumi guerrieri
 Spietati ma belli
 Di gioie ribelli
 Deh lieti mirate
 Ch'un guardi piagate
 Men crudi & men feri.
 O lumi guerrieri...

O dolce pupille,
 Pupille vezzose,
 Pupille amorse,
 Deh mentre vadoro
 Porgete ristoro
 A tante fauille.
 O dolce pupille...

1

Quan- do bor- da el cam- po ver- de

5

La gra- ci- o- sa Pri- ma- ve- - ra, Can- ter-

8

reis pa- xa- ril- los nue vos De ram' en ra- ma, y de flor en flor, y de flor en flor. De ram' en

11

ra- ma, y de flor en flor.

Buena noche los dos Principes,
 La marauilla de todo el mondo.
 Cantareis paxarillos nuevos
 Las marauillas d' Anna y Loys.

**To facilitate page turns, this page has been
deliberately left blank**

3

Re- be- ri- cas del

7

ri- o de man- sa- na- res. Re- be- ri- cas del

13

ri- o de man- sa - na- res. Toer- ce il a- va la

19

Ni- ña in jou ga- lai- re in jou ga- lai- - re.

Re- pi- ca- uan las cam- pa- nil-

4 las En la yg- le- si- a de Le- on,

7 En la yg- le- si- a de Le- on. Y las

10 da- mas sal- tan- do bay- lan- do, Rom- pen el ay- re re- pi- can- do al

16

son. Rom- pen el ay- re, Rom- pen el ay- re re- pi- can- do al son.

Tañian las marauillas
 Del amor de Anna y Luis.
 Y las damas saltando baylando
 Rompen el ayre repicando al son.

23 Copla

Ni- ña tras sus a- mo- res. Por el pra- do a-

28

me- no, Va cor- rien- do a- pris- sa, Las a- ves se a- leg- ran

33

con gran- de a- le- grei- a. Mues- tran su ar- mo- ni- a

38

los ru- y se- ño- res. los ru- y se- ño- res.

1
 O- ri- la del cla- ro Ta- jo Sa- le La Ni- ña de pla-

7
 ta Que sin ra- ço- nes la lle- van Se- los' y de- ses- pe-

13
 ra- da. Pu- li- di- to bar- que- ro lle- ga lle- ga- la

19
 bar- ca. Pu- li- di- to bar- que- ro lle- ga la bar-

26

ca. Per- do- na Niñ' her- mo- sa, Qu' es- ta que bra-

32

da. Per- do- na Niñ' her- mo- sa Qu' es- ta que

38

bra- da. Lle- ga Lle- ga la bar- ca,

45

Ay Ay Ie- sus que me a- ne- gã mis llã- tos Que Ce- los y a- mo- res me quie-

51

re ma- ta, Qui Ce- los y a- mo- res me quie- re ma- ta.

55

Que Ce- los y a- mo- res, Que

63

Ce- los y a- mo- res, Que Ce- los y a- mo- res me quie- re ma-

69

ta, Que Ce- los y a- mo- res me quie- re ma- ta.

Mirando van los Corrillos
 De galanes y de damas
 Por ver si entre tanta gente
 Estase el que tiene su alma.
 Polidito...

Viole en la margen del rio
 Y apriessa el barquero llama
 Para vangar en su orilla
 Su sospecha aueriquada.
 Polidito...

Lauzel ques sul boyssou

Air Gascon

Étienne Moulinié

Lau- zel ques sul boys- sou, Di- gos u- no can - sou A-

leg- ro la mio vi- do: E bai- ten tout d'u vol Vei- re la Mar- ga-

ri- do, Li ra- con - ta mon dol. E dol.

E digos li d'abort,
Que yeu souy déjà mort
Despey quieu nou ley visto,
E qu' absent de son oel
Yeu ey larmo tant tristo
Quieu bouldrio' estre'al tombel.