

## COMPLAINTES MÉDIÉVALES MEDIEVAL BALLADS

The songs presented here have been collected in most Francophone communities of Europe and North America, including Quebec. They are classified in Conrad Laforte's *Catalogue de la chanson folklorique française*<sup>1</sup> as epic and tragic strophic songs. Although the exact dates of their composition cannot be ascertained, these narrative songs, halfway between history and fiction, immediately plunge the listener into an unmistakably medieval atmosphere. Recalling as they do certain plots from Greek and Shakespearean tragedies, the songs also evoke various historic and legendary figures from the distant past. The stories they depict have circulated amongst many European peoples, not only as songs, but as folktales, legends, plays, novels and even films. These epic narratives have crossed many borders and have come down through the ages as timeless classics that still inspire artists, poets, musicians and singers.

In spite of their tragic subject-matter, in medieval times many of these ballads were “circle-dance songs”, that is to say, rounds to be sung and danced by adults. The great length of these songs – which in their nature closely resembled epics – far from being a hindrance, was actually a boon to dancing. In order to meet the demands of a modern-day audience, it seemed preferable to shorten some of the songs by excluding episodes not essential to their plot development. Based on authentic documents, the texts presented here represent a synthesis of numerous versions and variants published in *Vision d'une société par les chansons de tradition orale à caractère épique et tragique*<sup>2</sup>. A critical analysis of the versions contained therein – versions collected in Europe as well as in North America – has often allowed for narratives that seem more complete, or more interesting in terms of vocabulary, versification of poetic imagery. In choosing melodies, from various publications, particular attention was paid to versions from Québec and Canada, so as to make these better known. The melodies selected – sometimes also reconstructed with the help of several versions – give a representative sampling of those contained in the corpus of epic and tragic songs.

The participation of the musicians of the *Ensemble Claude-Gervaise*, with their panoply of ancient instruments, along with the musical concept developed by the arranger *Jean-Claude Bélanger*, represent an innovative approach to the performance of these songs, which in Québec oral tradition were always sung “a capella”. In this way the aim was to make more accessible a repertoire that has remained practically unknown and to introduce to a new audience this dream-world of moving and beautiful love songs, set against the backdrop of a medieval society with harsh and sometimes cruel customs. In Québec, countless women have sung these songs time and again throughout the long winter evenings as they sat spinning by the fire. Perhaps they sang to exorcise or to understand – as I have tried to do myself throughout this project – the far-off and painful past of these women; women who, in spite of being dominated, tortured, beaten, dishonoured or merely submissive, remain, through the strength and nobility of their spirit, the true heroines of these songs. Although the songs still hold many secrets, who knows if these old traditional ballads might not still have a cathartic role to play in regards to the masculine and feminine archetypes we still all carry in our collective memory.

Monique Jutras

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<sup>1</sup> Conrad Laforte, *Le Catalogue de la chanson folklorique française*, Québec, Les Presses de l'Université Laval, 1977. (Les Archives de folklore)

<sup>2</sup> Conrad Laforte et Monique Jutras, *Vision d'une société par les chansons de tradition orale à caractère épique et tragique*, Québec, Les Presses de l'Université Laval, 1997 (Les Archives de folklore, no 27).

## MONIQUE JUTRAS

Classically trained singer and guitarist, holding a master's degree in ethnology from Université Laval in Québec City, MONIQUE JUTRAS has devoted herself to the study and performance of the folksongs of France and Québec since 1976. She has performed in Québec and Canada and outside the country, in various cultural venues, such as festivals, concert halls, schools, universities, radio broadcasts, etc. Her publications demonstrate her dedication to folklore: *Chantons et turlutons la chanson folklorique québécoise* (1994), a book of songs and a cassette conceived for the children's and educational market; *La turlute des Little-Delisle* (1997), a compact disk of traditional songs aimed at the general public; *Vision d'une société par les chansons de tradition orale à caractère épique et tragique* (1997) a scholarly work of interest to ethnologists and researchers containing an anthology and literary study of 74 songs (words and music) which served as the basis for this album.

## ENSEMBLE CLAUDE-GERVAISE

The Ensemble Claude-Gervaise is specialised in the interpretation of early music on ancient instruments. The group, founded thirty years ago, has produced eight recordings and performed throughout Europe and North America, presenting music of the Middle Ages, the Renaissance and the French Regime (Nouvelle-France).

**1. Les anneaux de Marianson**  
*(Marianson's Rings)*

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|---|---|
| <p>1- -Marianson, my lady fair,<br/>Where has your husband gone?<br/>-He has gone to serve the king,<br/>I know not if he shall return.</p>                             | <p>9- He took Marianson by the hair<br/>And tied her to his horse's tail.<br/>Three days and nights he rode<br/>Without a backward glance.</p>                              |
| <p>2- -Marianson, my lady fair,<br/>Another lover you must take.<br/>-You speak falsely, knight so free,<br/>None other than Renaud shall I love.</p>                   | <p>10- There is neither hill or hillock<br/>Not stained with the blood of Marianson.<br/>When they came upon the great bridge<br/>She pleaded to be confessed.</p>          |
| <p>3- Marianson, most unwisely,<br/>Her three rings let him see.<br/>To the goldsmith he then went:<br/>-Make me three rings of gold.</p>                               | <p>11- -The only absolution you shall get<br/>Shall be the death I give you.<br/>Now tell me, bold and shameless whore,<br/>Where are your three rings of gold so fine?</p> |
| <p>4- Make them fine and make them round<br/>That they might be like Marianson's<br/>When the three rings were in his hand,<br/>Off he rode to seek Renaud.</p>         | <p>12- -Take the keys from my side,<br/>The three rings you soon shall find.<br/>No sooner had he turned the keys,<br/>The rings of gold had found.</p>                     |
| <p>5- -Good day to you, my knight so free,<br/>What news do you bring to me?<br/>-Marianson, the lady fair<br/>Has taken me to be her lover.</p>                        | <p>13- -Marianson, my lady fair,<br/>What will it take to make you well?<br/>-It will take but thread and needle<br/>To sew me up into a shroud.</p>                        |
| <p>6- -You speak falsely, oh knight so free!<br/>My loving wife is true to me.<br/>-I believe it, yet I disbelieve it,<br/>For here are the rings from her fingers!</p> | <p>14- -Marianson, my lady fair,<br/>Will you forgive your husband?<br/>-My own death I can forgive you<br/>But never that of the new-born child.</p>                       |
| <p>7- His mother upon the ramparts<br/>Saw Renaud, her son, approaching.<br/>-He returns not as a warrior<br/>But as a man filled with rage.</p>                        | <p>15- -Ah! cursed be the knight so free!<br/>May you be damned for all your lies!<br/>He then took out his shining sword<br/>And drove it straight into his heart.</p>     |
| <p>8- -Mother, show him his new-born son,<br/>That will surely bring him joy.<br/>He seized the child by the feet,<br/>And again the pavement killed him.</p>           |   |

**2. Le chevalier à la claire épée**  
**(The Knight of the Bright Shining Sword)**

- 1- One day, passing by, into his carriage he bade her climb.  
 To his father, anon, to her great misfortune he introduced her.
- 2- -Good day, father, here is the one, the only, that I love now and always.  
 -Oh no, my son, she is not for you! In my anger, I shall slay her.
- 3- He took out his bright shining sword, straight to her heart he drove it.  
 The maid fell back, the gallant young man fell into a swoon.
- 4- -Go, my son, and lift her up. She is not dead, she lives still!  
 She is as crimson as the rose upon the bush.
- 5- -How can she be as crimson as the rose upon the bush?  
 She was always as pale as a sheet of snow-white paper.
- 6- -Fair Émily, fair Émily, do you slumber, do you sleep?  
 -Nay, I do not slumber, I do not sleep, I feel death rapidly approach.
- 7- -Take these tokens, my love, from my fingers take these golden rings!  
 Smiling I received them, dying I return them.
- 8- -Barbaric father, she is dead, my loved one so fair and white.  
 To her tomb you have sent her, though she had not deserved it.

**3. Le nouveau-né noyé qui parle**  
**(The Drowned New-Born Speaks)**

- 1- Three men are reaping in the meadow,  
 Three maids are with them, tossing hay.  
*I am young, young*  
*I hear the ringing in the woods*  
*I am young and pretty.*
- 2- The littlest one gives birth to a child,  
 And into the river she throws him.
- 3- As she threw him in, the child did speak:  
 -Alas my mother, damned you shall be!
- 4- -My dear child, who told you that?  
 -Three angels in heaven told me so.
- 5- One is white, one is green and one is grey.  
 -My dear child, I shall fetch you back.
- 6- -Alas, my mother you are too late,  
 My little heart is dying away.

**4. La courtisane brûlée**  
**(The Burnt Courtesan)**

- 1- In Paris there is a bench  
 Covered in diamonds and gold.  
 Upon it sit three fair maids,  
 Clorie is the prettiest one of all.
- 2- The king heard speak of her,  
 This Clorie, he asked to see.  
 -Clorie, fair Clorie, the king would see you,  
 You must answer his command.
- 3- -What would the king want with me,  
 Me who does not even know him?  
 Fair Clorie to her chamber goes  
 And puts on a snow-white smock.
- 4- Fair Clorie dons a petticoat  
 Embroidered all in gold and silver,  
 Over all, puts on a gown so fine,  
 The queen herself has none so noble.
- 5- Fair Clorie puts on a hat  
 Upon which each diamond could buy a castle  
 Upon this hat, she wears a feather;  
 Thus she leaves, as radiant as the moon.
- 6- Fair Clorie to the castle goes  
 And to the king she goes forthwith.  
 She enters without fear or shame  
 With nary a greeting for king or queen.
- 7- -Fair Clorie, you shall be burned,  
 The queen has made the king swear it.  
 Burned in the living embers  
 Because you have pretended so.

**5. La fille du Roi Loys**  
**(King Loys' Daughter)**

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|--|---|
| <p>1- King Loys is upon his bridge,<br/>         Holding his daughter to his bosom.<br/>         She asks to wed a knight<br/>         Who hasn't a farthing to his name.</p>                      | <p>7- The fair Déom, passing nearby,<br/>         By letter sent her word:<br/>         -Feign death, have them wrap you into a shroud,<br/>         Let them carry you to Saint-Denis.</p>     |
| <p>2- -Oh father dear, he shall be mine,<br/>         In spite of my mother who bore me,<br/>         In spite of all my family,<br/>         And even you father, whom I love so dearly.</p>      | <p>8- The fair maid did not tarry,<br/>         That very moment fell down dead.<br/>         She let them wrap her in a shroud,<br/>         They carried her to Saint-Denis.</p>              |
| <p>3- He had his goalers remove her,<br/>         To a high tower they brought her.<br/>         There she stayed, while seven years went by,<br/>         And no one anywhere could find her.</p> | <p>9- The king, sobbing, walks behind,<br/>         The priests, singing, walk before.<br/>         The fair Déom, passing by:<br/>         -Stop you priests, stop at once!</p>                |
| <p>4- At the end of the seventh year,<br/>         Her father came to visit her.<br/>         -Good day my daughter, how do you fare?<br/>         -By my faith, father, I fare very poorly.</p>   | <p>10- Since my love you are burying<br/>         Permit me one last kiss.<br/>         Kissing her, he began to sigh,<br/>         The maid, she began to smile.</p>                           |
| <p>5- -One of my sides, the worms do eat,<br/>         The irons have rotted both my feet.<br/>         -My daughter, take a new lover<br/>         Or you shall die here in this tower!</p>       | <p>11- -Sound the trumpets and violins,<br/>         My daughter shall have her fair Déom!<br/>         We were bringing her to be buried,<br/>         Now we must take her to be married!</p> |
| <p>6- -I would rather still lose my life<br/>         Than abandon my own true love.<br/>         -Then my daughter, 'tis here you shall die,<br/>         No cure shall there be for you!</p>     |   |

**6. Dame Lombarde**  
*(Lady of Lombardy)*

- 1- -Ancient sorceress of these fair woods, show me an evil poison!  
 I will poison my old husband, jealous without cause, jealous without cause.
- 2- -An evil serpent's head you must cut off, you must cut off,  
 Between platters of silver and gold, you must crush it, you must crush it.
- 3- -In a pint of white wine, 'tis there you must put it, 'tis there you must put it.  
 When your husband returns from the fields, very thirsty he shall be, very thirsty he shall be.
- 4- He will say to you: -Dear Isabeau, bring me water, bring me water.  
 -It is not water, but new wine that you need, new wine that you need.
- 5- As the lady poured, black wine came forth, black wine came forth.  
 The babe in his cradle to his father cried out, to his father cried out.
- 6- -Oh father dear, if you drink it you shall die, if you drink it you shall die.  
 He said: -Dear wife, you shall drink it first, you shall drink it first.
- 7- -No, no, said she, my husband dear, I am not thirsty, I am not thirsty.  
 -By my sharp sword, drink it you shall, drink it you shall!
- 8- She had not drunk a single draught, down she fell, down she fell.  
 She had not drunk a second draught, she passed away, she passed away.
- 9- -May you be damned, ancient sorceress, for having taught me, for having taught me,  
 For having taught me to kill with this accursed poison, with this accursed poison.

The first versions of this song were collected in the mid-nineteenth century in the Piémont region of Northern Italy, ancient centre of Lombardy, where the song is known as "Dame Lombarde". According to Italian experts this "Dona Lombarda" is obviously linked to the tragic figure of Rosmonde, wife to the king of the Lombards. She died in Ravenna in 573, after being forced to drink a poisoned beverage originally intended for her second husband.

## 7. Jean Renaud

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|---|--|
| <p>1- When Jean Renaud came home from war,<br/>Carrying his bowels in his hands,<br/>His mother up on the ramparts<br/>Saw her son Renaud approaching.</p>      | <p>8- -For a broken golden platter,<br/>Why shed so many tears?<br/>When my Renaud returns from war,<br/>A more beautiful one will bring.</p>                    |
| <p>2- -Renaud, Renaud, rejoice, I say,<br/>Your wife has borne a son, a king.<br/>-Neither my wife nor my son<br/>Can cause me to rejoice.</p>                  | <p>9- When Sunday came,<br/>To high mass she wished to go.<br/>A red habit she would have worn,<br/>They gave her one of black instead.</p>                      |
| <p>3- I feel my death pursue me.<br/>Mother, make me a bed,<br/>Make it down below so low<br/>That the new mother shall not hear.</p>                           | <p>10- -Oh tell me, mother, granny dear,<br/>What these black garments signify?<br/>-Black so much more befits<br/>A woman fresh from childbirth's bed.</p>      |
| <p>4- -Not much time is left to me,<br/>At midnight I shall pass away.<br/>When midnight struck,<br/>Renaud, the king, gave up the ghost.</p>                   | <p>11- When they had gone into the church,<br/>A candle did they give to her.<br/>And she came to take her seat,<br/>Fresh earth she saw beneath her pew.</p>    |
| <p>5- Before the dawning of the day,<br/>They had to nail his coffin shut.<br/>His wife upstairs who heard the noise<br/>Began to moan upon her bed.</p>        | <p>12- -Oh tell me, my loving mother dear,<br/>Why has this soil been freshened?<br/>-My daughter, this I can hide no more:<br/>Renaud is dead and buried.</p>   |
| <p>6- -Ah! tell me mother, granny dear,<br/>What knocking do I hear below?<br/>-Daughter, it is the carpenters<br/>Working to repair the stairs.</p>            | <p>13- -Mother, tell the gravedigger<br/>To dig the grave for two<br/>And to dig the whole large enough<br/>To put with us the child as well.</p>                |
| <p>7- -Oh tell me mother mine, now grand,<br/>Why are the servants crying so?<br/>-'Tis the dishes they were washing,<br/>A golden platter they have broke.</p> | <p>14- -Oh earth, open yourself wide,<br/>That I might join Renaud, my king!<br/>The earth was rent, it opened wide<br/>And thus his wife she did sink down.</p> |



**8. La belle qui fait la morte pour son honneur garder**  
*(The Maid who Feigns Death her Honour for to Keep)*

- 1- Underneath the white rose bushes, a fair maid walks  
 Whiter than the snow, more beautiful than the day.  
 Three captains come to court her.
- 2- The youngest of the three takes her by her hand so white,  
 -Come up, come up, fair princess, upon my fine grey steed.  
 To the hostelry in town I shall take you.
- 3- No sooner has she arrived, the hostess asks her:  
 -Tell me, fair maid, oh tell me true,  
 Came you here by force or for your pleasure?
- 4- The maid replies: -I am here by force!  
 Behind my father's house the king's men took me,  
 Brought me here to his hostelry.
- 5- At suppertime the captain enters:  
 -Drink and eat, fair maid, with hearty appetite,  
 For with we three captains you shall spend the night.
- 6- At bed-time the maid falls down dead.  
 -Toll, toll the bells, toll them with great haste!  
 Here my heart is in mourning, for the fair maid is dead.
- 7- -Where shall we bury her, this princess so fair?  
 Behind her father's house, underneath the flowering lilies.  
 To the earth her body shall go, to paradise her soul.
- 8- Three days and nights go by, and then the fair maid awakens:  
 -Open, open my tomb, dear father, if you love me!  
 Three days have I feigned death, my honour for to keep.

**9. La fille tuée par sa mère**  
*(The Girl Killed by her Mother)*

- 1- There was a knight returning home from war.  
 He took one hundred crowns to give Élisabeau.  
 -Fair Maid, these are yours if you would but kiss me.
- 2- -Oh no, fair knight, for my honour I must keep!  
 Her mother, listening within, heard her daughter's words:  
 -You will take the money from this baron knight!
- 3- -Oh mother, cruel mother, you who did bear me,  
 You who did suckle me at your very own breast,  
 Do you dare abandon me for nothing more than money?
- 4- The mother, up above, came quickly down the stairs,  
 Flying down she came, with a sharp knife in her hand,  
 And most vigorously she cut out her daughter's heart.
- 5- Élisabeau's brother learned of his sister's death.  
 -Oh mother, by four or five of my horses you will be dragged!  
 I'll have you drawn and quartered, 'tis what you deserve.

**10. La maumariée vengée par ses frères**  
*(The Ill-married Wife Avenged by her Brothers)*

- 1- The first year I was married,  
 He beat me with sticks and rods,  
 He bloodied me from head to foot.
  
- 2- The second year I was married,  
 My swaddling child he ripped from my breast  
 And pitilessly threw him to his vicious dogs.
  
- 3- The third year I was married  
 -Wife, do you see yonder coming your three brothers?  
 I warn you, be careful, speak not a word!
  
- 4- -Good day, serving-maid, where is the lady of the castle?  
 -Olivier, my brother, 'tis to her you speak!  
 -Olivier, my brother, have you forgotten me?
  
- 5- -Oh my sister dear, what's become of you beauty?  
 She answered high: -I have been very sick.  
 She answered low: - He has pierced my side.
  
- 6- -Oh tell me, sister dear, where has your child gone?  
 She answered high: -He is dead and buried.  
 She answered low: -His dogs have devoured him.
  
- 7- -Oh tell me, sister dear, where has your husband gone?  
 She answered high: -Gone a-hunting.  
 She answered low: -Hiding in his room.
  
- 8- Olivier, the eldest, found him hiding 'neath his bed,  
 The second brother stabbed him in the heart,  
 The youngest brother threw his body in the moat.
  
- 9- -Oh tell me, sister dear, why do you shed these tears?  
 For sister dear, when you remarry,  
 You shall choose from among my very own knights.
  
- 10- -Oh no, my brother, never shall I remarry.  
 For like the first one, he would do the same,  
 No, my brother dear, never shall I remarry.

**11. Le galant qui voit mourir s'amie**  
***(The Gallant Young Man who Sees his Loved One Die)***

- 1- As I awoke one morning, long before the moon did rise,  
I went to see my friend, the one I love so dearly,  
The one I've loved since I was fifteen.
- 2- I arrived at her door, I softly knocked three times.  
-Open the door if you love me, my fair maid.  
Make haste, for I must speak with you.
- 3- My gallant young man, how shall I open the door for you?  
I am lying here, very sick in my snow-white bed,  
I fear that I shall surely die!
- 4- No sooner had midnight struck, the maiden she fell dead.  
The gallant young man began to weep and moan,  
As he looked upon his fair maid dead.
- 5- -Dry your eyes, gallant young man, other girls there are a-plenty.  
There is here a girl, a rich merchant's daughter  
Who is rolling in gold and silver.
- 6- -I'd rather have my lover in calico dress  
Than all these girls, these rich merchant's daughters  
With all their gold and silver.

**12. La princesse de l'Albion (Daïe, dé li daïe)**  
*(The Princess of Albion (Di, day lee di))*

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>1- One day the prince of Albion<br/>Did decide to take a wife.<br/>A wealthy baron's daughter fair<br/>The queen, his mother gave to him.</p>                           | <p>6- -Bring back word, worthy news peddlers,<br/>Of my good deeds, my noble causes<br/>Whether or not it pleases these great lords,<br/>A rich sultan I will wed!</p>      |
| <p>2- -My son, 'tis time to leave your lovers,<br/>To quit your mistresses so dear,<br/>For this young maid, so worthy of our court,<br/>Will give you handsome heirs.</p> | <p>7- One day, leaving a hostelry,<br/>The fair sultan and the princess<br/>Resolved from Paris far to flee.<br/>Close behind the gossip mongers came.</p>                  |
| <p><i>Di, dee, di, day lee di!</i><br/> <i>Di, day lee di day lee day, day lee di!</i></p>   |   |
| <p>3- The fair princess was acclaimed<br/>More than the prince, more than the queen.<br/>All their honours took upon herself,<br/>The court was sore offended.</p>         | <p>8- -Stop, fair maid! Saracen, halt at once!<br/>More news of you we must report.<br/>-Of my true love, you shall know nothing!<br/>Enough, kind sirs! Out of my way!</p> |
| <p>4- -My son, you must repudiate her<br/>And have her hunted like a felon!<br/>Handsome heirs she has given you,<br/>But your honour you must regain.</p>                 | <p>9- Vile gossip mongers, lawless predators<br/>Gave chase at frightening speed.<br/>Forced them to the great bridge<br/>Against which their carriage crashed.</p>         |
| <p>5- The fair princess leaves Albion<br/>To roam the world with mournful heart.<br/>-Fair lady, of you what do they say?<br/>Can you be the one they have repudiated?</p> | <p>10- Never were shed so many tears<br/>For a princess of the realm.<br/>Before her gate, thousands of flowers<br/>Crowned her Queen of hearts.</p>                        |
|  | <p>11- When her funeral train did pass<br/>Before the people all in tears,<br/>The queen, at last, saluted her,<br/>Seeking forgiveness for her deeds.</p>                  |

Written and composed by Monique Jutras and Jean-Claude Bélanger in the style of a medieval ballad, this song relates the contemporary story of one of England's most famous princesses, whose life and death caused much ink to flow at the dawn of the third millennium...

**13. Le flambeau d'amour**  
*(The Torch of Love)*

- 1- There is a maid of fifteen years, good God she is in love!  
 Her father has her locked away in a tower  
 So that none might court her.
- 2- Her lover who was there, his sweet face bathed in tears:  
 -Let yourself be locked in the tower,  
 I will go to you every day, my dear.
- 3- -My dear lover, when you come, take this torch for your sign.  
 When I set the torch alight  
 It will be the signal for you to come.
- 4- Round eleven or twelve o'clock, he sees the burning flare.  
 The gallant young man made such haste,  
 That into the sea he did fall.
- 5- And when the morning's light did break, the maid to her window came,  
 And looking on both sides all around  
 She saw the young man, her lover, drowned.
- 6- She took the sharp point of her scissors and pierced her veins  
 And she let her life's blood flow out  
 To find its way to her faithful lover.
- 7- -Our marriage did our parents cruelly oppose.  
 Let us both die now for all eternity,  
 To celebrate our wedding in heaven above.

## CRÉDITS / CREDITS

### 1- Les anneaux de Marianson /

*Marianson's rings* (4:27)

Gilles Plante: douçaine, flûte à bec alto / *dulcina, treble recorder*

Diane Plante : taille de viole / *tenor viol*

Monique Jutras : voix, guitare / *voice, guitar*

Texte adapté par / *Text adapted by* : Monique Jutras

Mélodie adaptée\* de la version publiée dans / *Music adapted\* from version in* :

*Vision d'une société par les chansons de tradition orale à caractère épique et tragique,*

Conrad Laforte et Monique Jutras, Québec, Les Presses de l'Université Laval, 1997, p. 156.

### 2- Le chevalier à la claire épée /

*The Knight of the Bright Shining Sword* (2:43)

Gilles Plante: cromornes / *krumhorns*

Michel Robidoux: percussions / *percussion*

Monique Jutras: voix guitare, / *voice, guitar*

Texte adapté par / *Text adapted by* : Monique Jutras

Mélodie adaptée\* de la version publiée dans / *Music adapted\* from version in* :

*Vision d'une société...*, op. cit., p. 172.

### 3- Le nouveau-né noyé qui parle /

*The Drowned New-Born Speaks* (3:05)

Gilles Plante: flûte à bec basse, douçaine / *bass recorder, dulcina*

Diane Plante : vièle à archet / *medieval fiddle*

Monique Jutras: voix guitare, / *voice, guitar*

Texte adapté par / *Text adapted by* : Monique Jutras, Jean-Claude Bélanger

Mélodie adaptée\* de la version publiée dans / *Music adapted\* from version in* :

*Littérature orale en Gaspésie*, Carmen Roy, Ottawa, (Ministère du Nord Canadien et des ressources nationales), 1955, p. 283.

### 4- La courtisane brûlée

*The Burnt Courtesan* (4 :21)

Marcel Benoît : improvisation au luth / *lute improvising*

Diane Plante : basse de viole / *bass viol*

Gilles Plante : flûte ténor / *tenor recorder*

Monique Jutras: voix guitare, / *voice, guitar*

Texte adapté par / *Text adapted by* : Monique Jutras, Jean-Claude Bélanger

Mélodie adaptée\* de la version publiée dans / *Music adapted\* from version in* :

*Vision d'une société...*, op. cit., p. 492.

### 5- La fille du roi Loys /

*King Loy's Daughter* (4 :12)

Gilles Plante : chalémie, flûte à bec contrebasse, petite flûte à bec /

*shawm, great bass recorder, small recorder*

Diane Plante: vièle à archet / *medieval fiddle*

Michel Robidoux : percussions / *percussion*

Monique Jutras: voix guitare, / *voice, guitar*

Texte adapté par / *Text adapted by* : Monique Jutras

Mélodie adaptée\* de la version publiée dans / *Music adapted\* from version in* :

*Le rossignol y chante*, Marius Barbeau, Ottawa (Imprimerie de la Reine), 1962, p. 189.

### 6- Dame Lombarde /

*Lady of Lombardy* (3 :46)

Gilles Plante : cervelas / *racket*

Diane Plante : taille de viole / *tenor viole*

Monique Jutras: voix guitare, / *voice, guitar*

Texte adapté par / *Text adapted by* : Monique Jutras, Jean-Claude Bélanger

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*Collection François Brassard*, manuscrit 170, Archives de folklore de l'Université Laval.

- 7- Jean Renaud (5 :42)**  
 Gilles Plante : harpe Renaissance, chœur / *Renaissance harp, vocals*  
 Denis Plante : chœur / *vocals*  
 Michel Robidoux : cloche / *bell*  
 Monique Jutras : voix, voix parlée, guitare / *voice, spoken voice, guitar*  
 Texte adapté par / *Text adapted by* : Monique Jutras  
 Mélodie adaptée\* de la version publiée dans / *Music adapted\* from version in* :  
*Le rossignol y chante*, op. cit., p. 129.
- 8- La belle qui fait la morte pour son honneur garder /**  
***The Maid who Feigns Death her Honour for to Keep* (3:30)**  
 Gilles Plante, Diane Plante, Denis Plante : chœur / *vocals*  
 Monique Jutras : voix, chœur, guitare / *voice, vocals, guitar*  
 Texte adapté par / *Text adapted by* : Monique Jutras, Jean-Claude Bélanger  
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*Vision d'une société...*, op. cit., p. 285
- 9- La fille tuée par sa mère /**  
***The Girl Killed by her Mother* (3:16)**  
 Monique Jutras: voix / *voice*  
 Texte adapté par / *Text adapted by* : Monique Jutras  
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*Vision d'une société...*, op. cit., p. 266.
- 10- La maumariée vengée par ses frères /**  
***The Ill-married Wife Avenged by her Brothers* (4:37)**  
 Gilles Plante: cervelas, flûte à bec ténor, chœur / *racket, tenor recorder, vocals*  
 Diane Plante, Denis Plante : chœur / *vocals*  
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*Vision d'une société...*, op. cit., p. 203.
- 11- Le galant qui voit mourir s'amie /**  
***The Gallant young Man who Sees his Loved One Die* (3:33)**  
 Monique Jutras: voix, guimbardes / *voice, jaw's harps*  
 Texte adapté par / *Text adapted by* : Jean-Claude Bélanger  
 Mélodie adaptée\* de la version publiée dans / *Music adapted\* from version in* :  
*Chansons folkloriques françaises du Canada*, Marguerite et Raoul D'Harcourt, Québec, Presses de l'Université Laval, Paris, Presses Universitaires de France, 1956, p. 121.
- 12- La princesse de l'Albion (Daïe, dé li daïe) /**  
***The Princess of Albion (Di, day lee di)* (4:51)**  
 Diane Plante: taille de viole / *tenor viol*  
 Philippe Gélinas : saqueboutes / *sacbut*  
 Marcel Benoît : percussions / *percussion*  
 Gilles Plante, Denis Plante, Diane Plante : chœur / *vocals*  
 Michel Robidoux : percussions, cloche / *percussion, bell*  
 Monique Jutras : voix, guitare, chœur / *voice, guitar, chorus*  
 Texte écrit par / *Text written by* : Monique Jutras, Jean-Claude Bélanger  
 Musique composée par / *Music composed by* : Jean-Claude Bélanger
- 13- Le flambeau d'amour /**  
***The Torch of Love* (3 :30)**  
 Diane Plante : vièle à archet, basse de viole / *medieval fiddle, bass viol*  
 Gilles Plante : flûtes à bec basse, contrebasse et alto, chœur / *great bass, bass and treble recorders, vocals*  
 Denis Plante : chœur / *vocals*  
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*Vision d'une société...*, op. cit., p. 222.

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