Légende de
L'ÉPI ROUGE

(Extrait de "L'Epluchette"
pièce de folklore, en 1 acte)

SAMPLE COPY

Paroles de
LOUVIGNY DE MONTIGNY

Musique de
WILFRID CHARETTE

with a Free Translation by
JOHN MURRAY GIBBON

60¢

Le Parnasse Musical
LACHUTE, QUE. CANADA

The Red Ear of Corn

Words by LOUVIGNY DE MONTIGNY *Music by WILFRID CHARETTE*

Free translation by J. MURRAY GIBBON

Tekakwitha, the maiden Iroquoian,
Was, when but four, as seer set aside;
But her stepmother, so jealous and inhuman,
Made up her mind to man she must be bride.
Around the hearth the talk was all of marriage,
Once on a night in May,
As in the field that border'd on the village,
The seeds of corn they lay.

The proud Renard to her fair hand aspiring,
Of twenty tribes most handsome warrior he.
Chief he would be no other wife desiring,
No other maiden to whom he'd married be.
By waterlilies they have set the altar,
Now that the groom was found.
Poor little bride, she seems awhile to falter!
The corn's above the ground.

To show she takes the man for whom they mean her,
Her duty 'tis to serve him at a meal . . .
"Come to my aid, O holy Catherine!"
Down the dish falls; it rolls against his heel.
Grave is the insult, swift with vengeance smarting.
Renard with ready knife
Strikes at the guilty face, then off goes darting.
The corn grows high with life.

The night is starless, the field yonder inviting;
Tekakwitha runs off for refuge there.
Beside the wood a doe is fast approaching;
It draws away the warrior's wrath elsewhere.
The eager hunter then dashes on it, swearing
Never to come again
Till he returns proud, the maiden's scalp a-wearing.
The corn has grown in grain.

The wounded girl in the foliage is there hidden;
Her hand has wiped the blood that made her blind.
In this retreat she felt her anguish deaden,
And in the ripe kernels the milk would find.
By charm her blood upon one ear is dripping,
Makes it forever bleed.
A glowing symbol, a vision consoling,
This ear with scarlet seed!

* * *

The magic grain the sweet favour is gaining
Of eyes most fair. Oh! three times happy he
Who unfolds its bounty while he's culling!
Love is for him, good luck in a high degree.
At Montreal this legend was first chanted.
It long ago was born.
Harvests give us the brides we have wanted.
Let's husk ears of corn!

MQ
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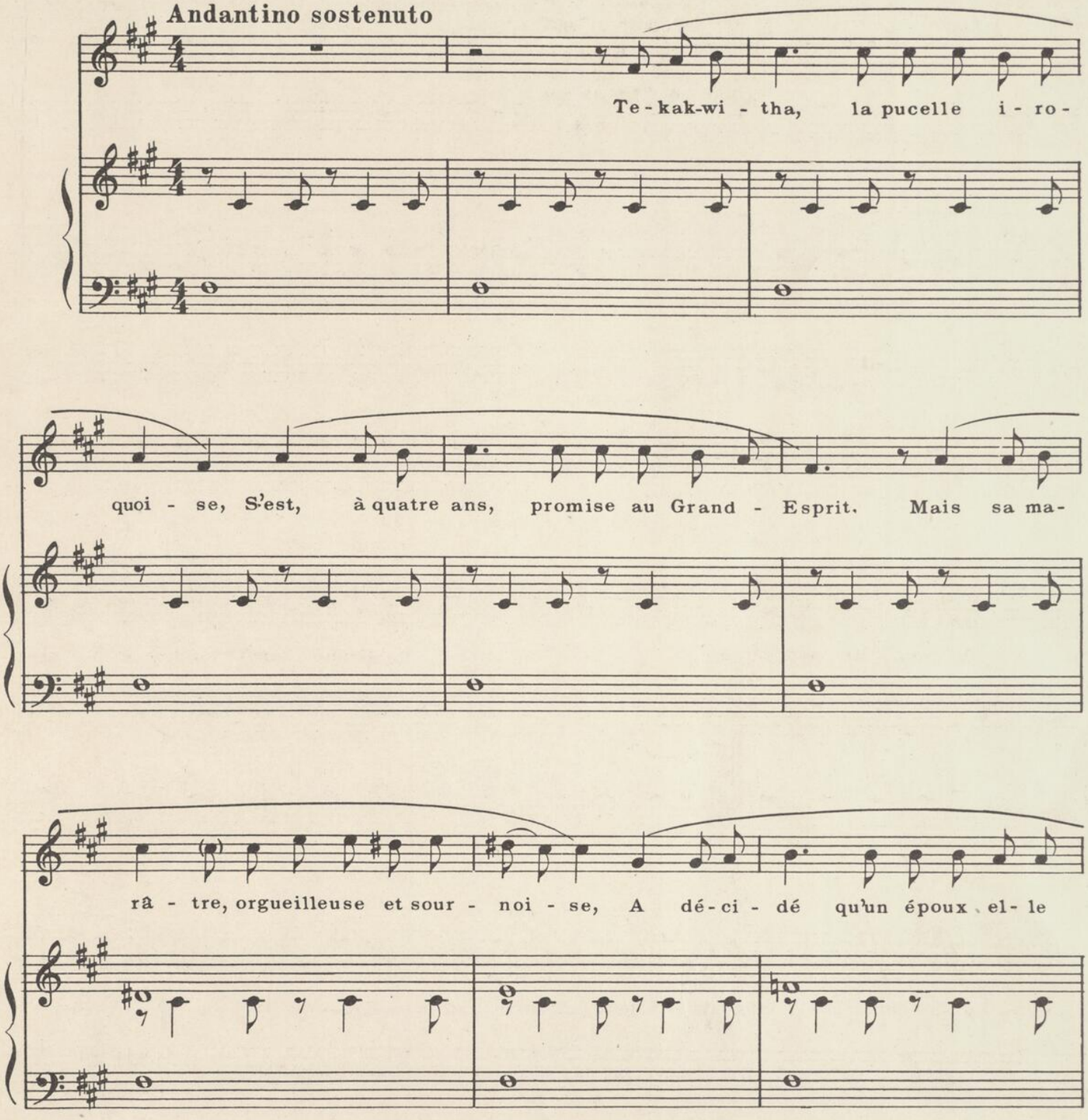
MUS

Légende de l'Epi rouge

(Extrait de "L'Epluchette," Pièce de folklore)

Par
LOUVIGNY DE MONTIGNY

Musique de
WILFRID CHARETTE



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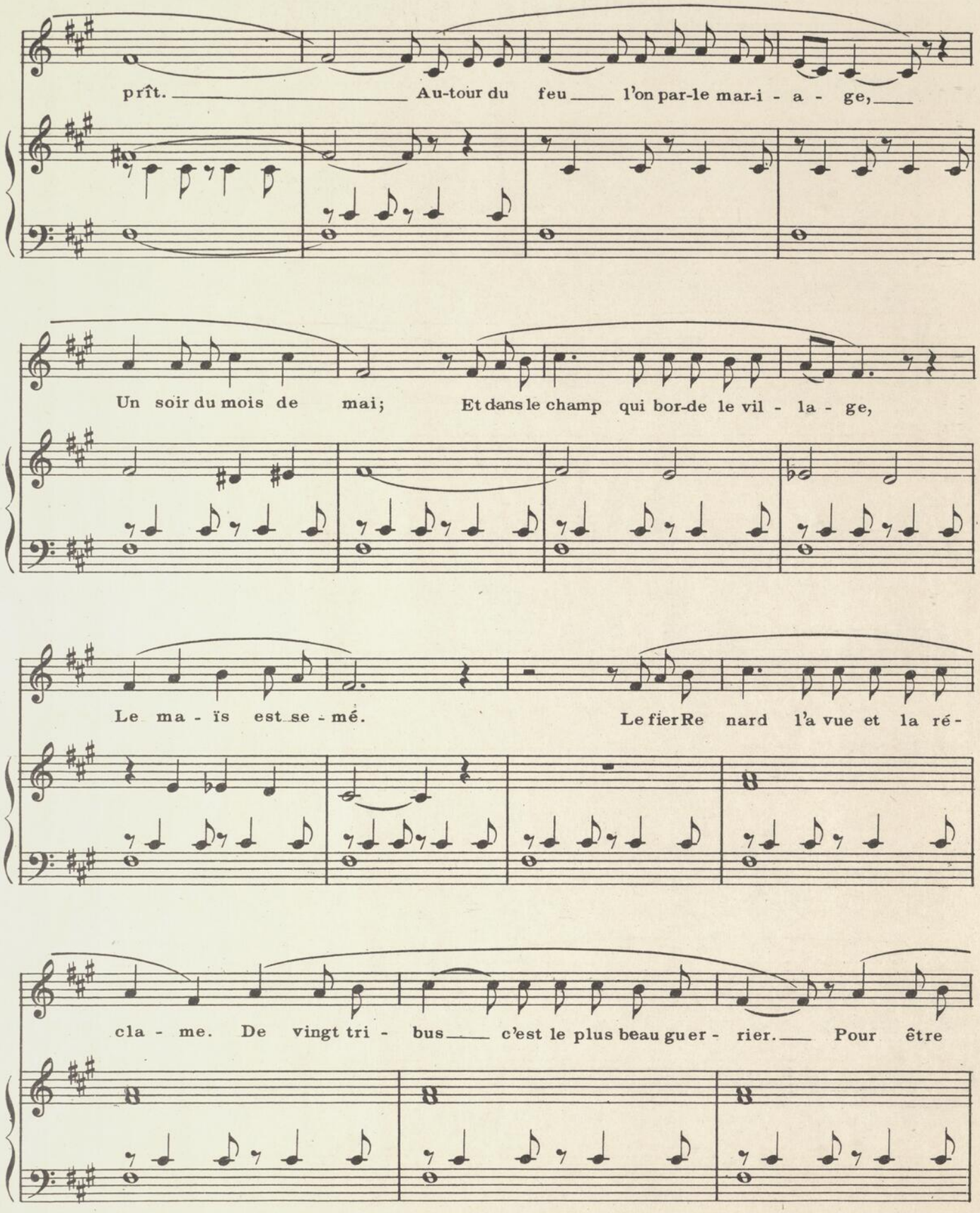
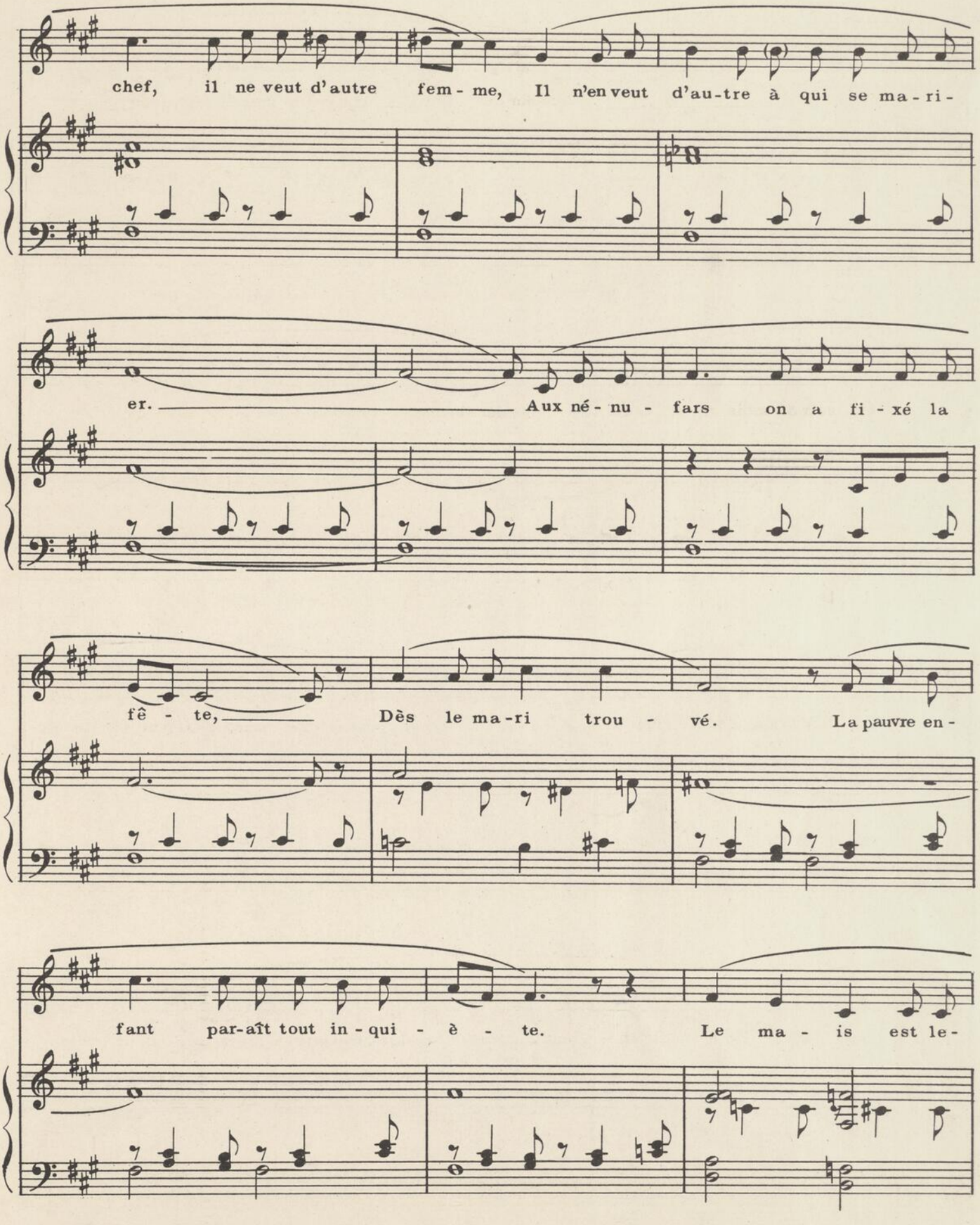
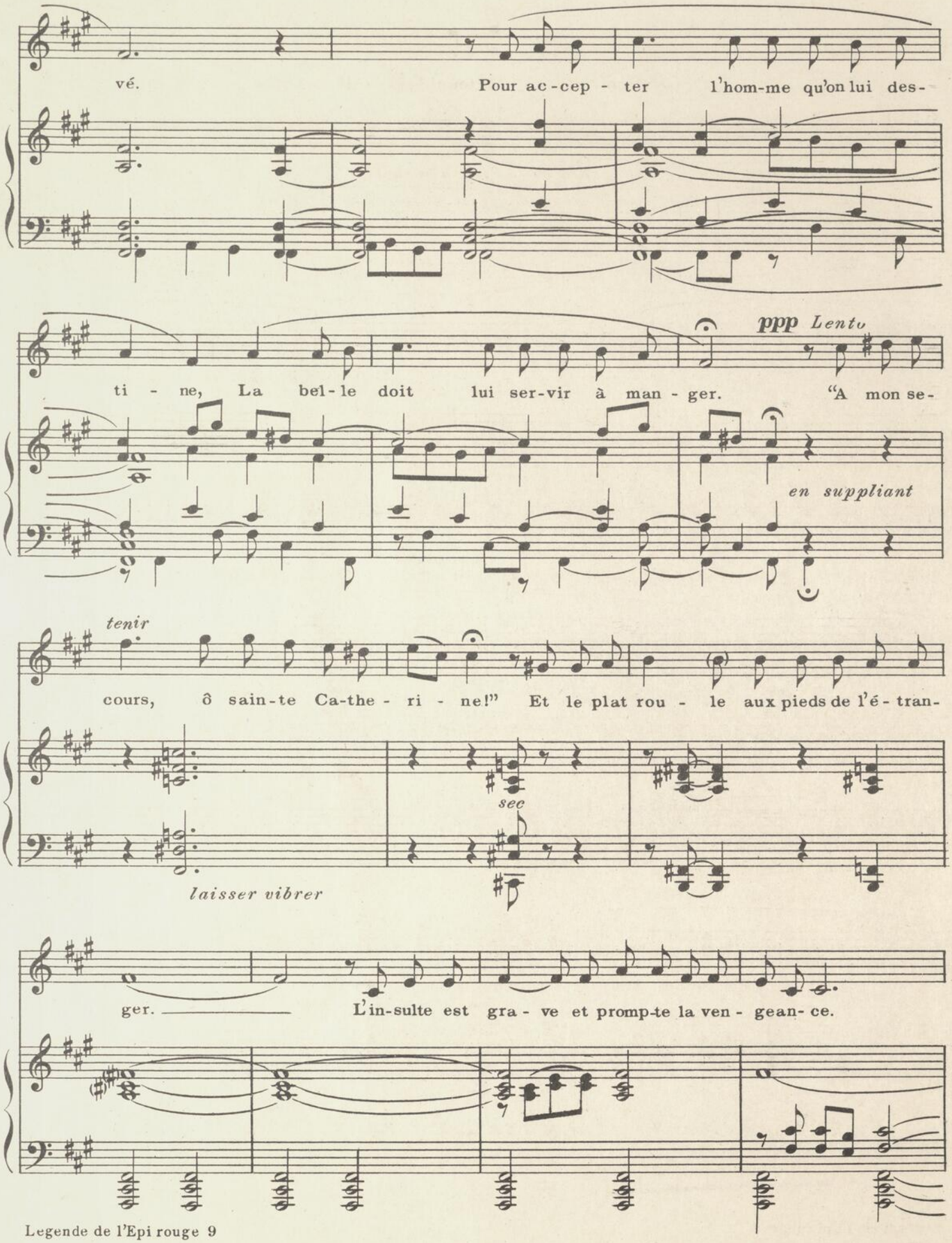
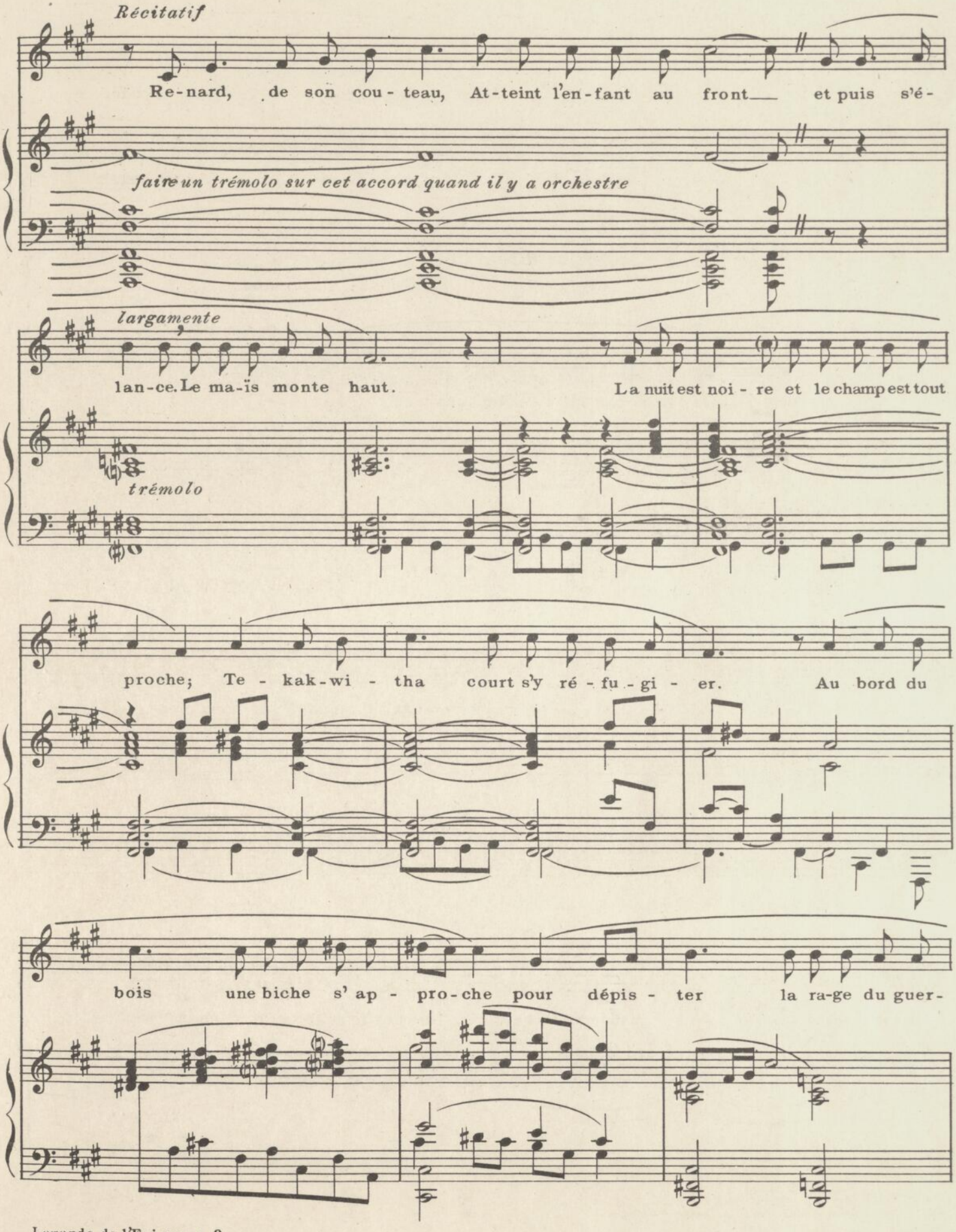
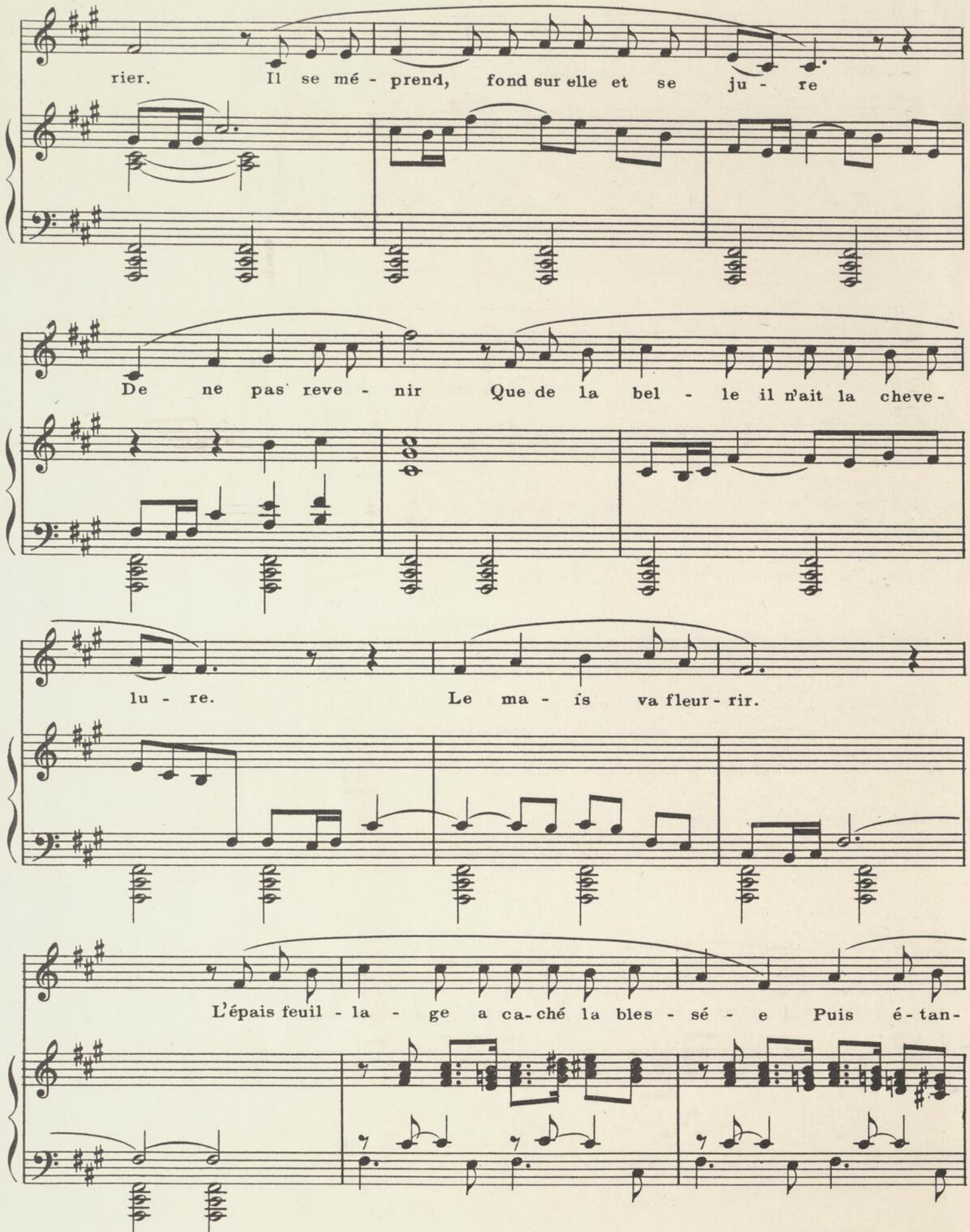
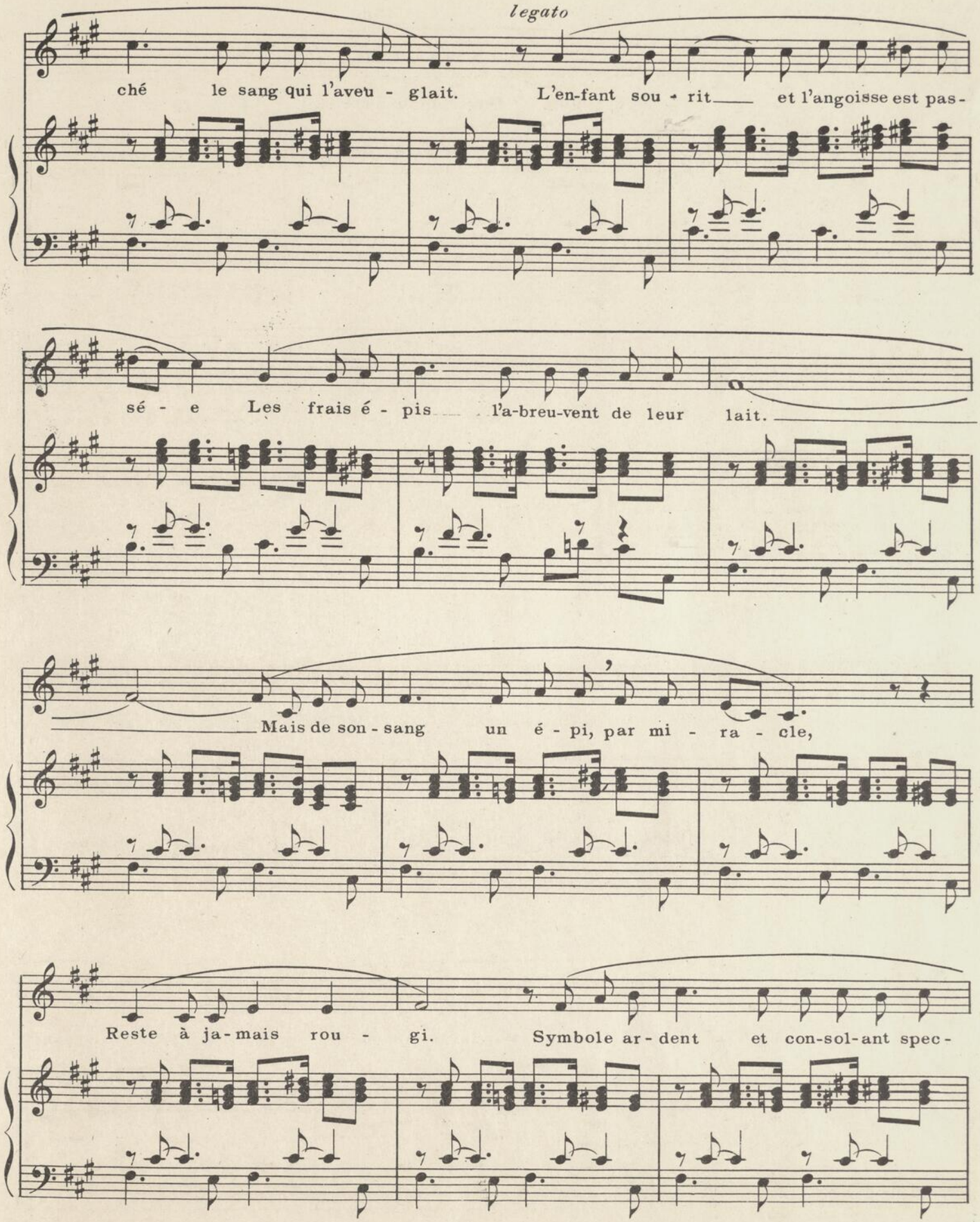

prît. Au-tour du feu l'on par-le mar-i - a - ge,
Un soir du mois de mai; Et dans le champ qui bor-de le vil - la - ge,
Le ma - ïs est se - mé. Le fier Re nard l'a vue et la ré-
cla - me. De vingt tri - bus c'est le plus beau guer - rier. Pour être

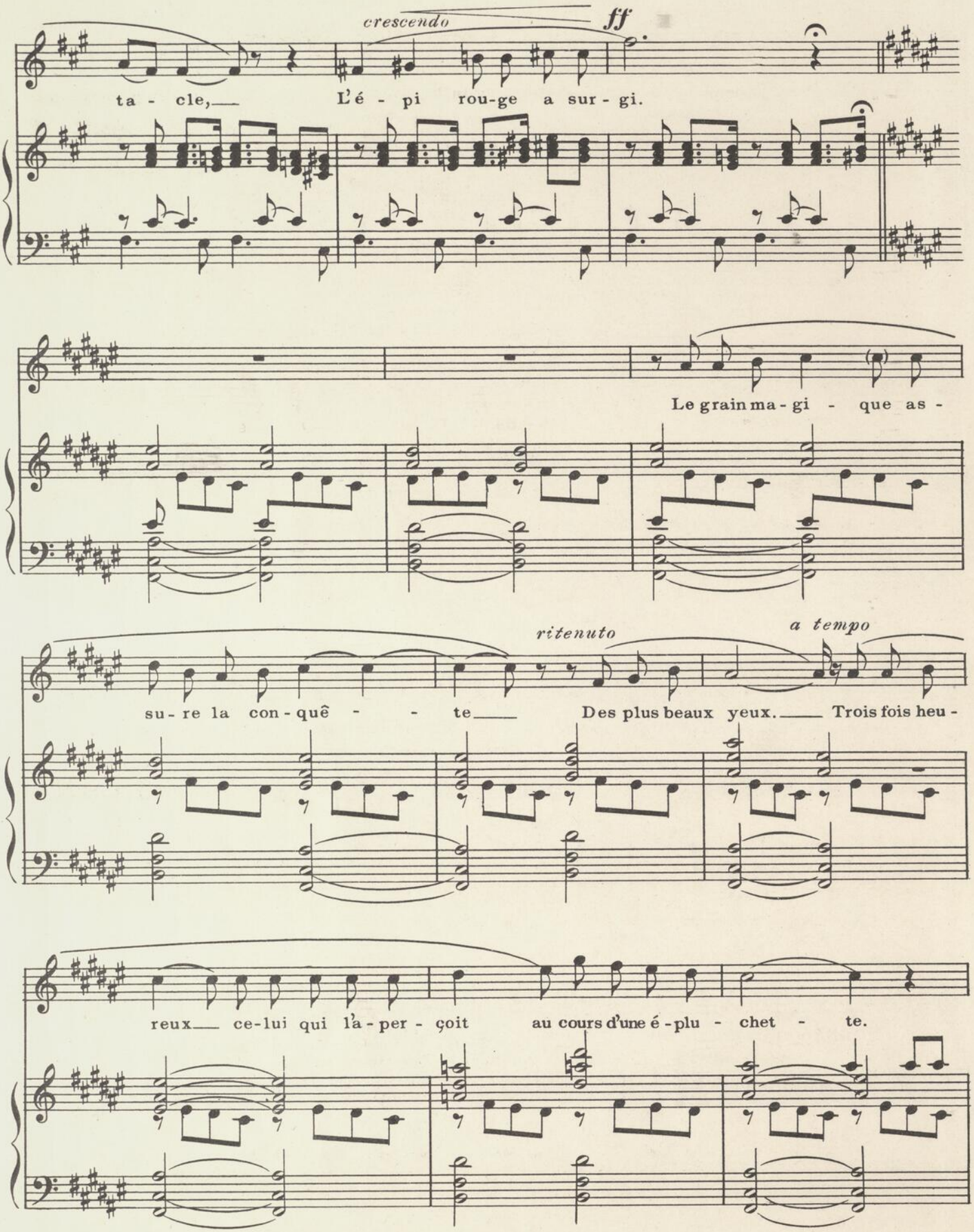

chef, il ne veut d'autre fem - me, Il n'en veut d'au-tre à qui se ma - ri -
er. Aux né - nu - fars on a fi - xé la
fê - te, Dès le ma-ri trou - vé. La pauvre en -
fant par-aît tout in - qui - è - te. Le ma - is est le -

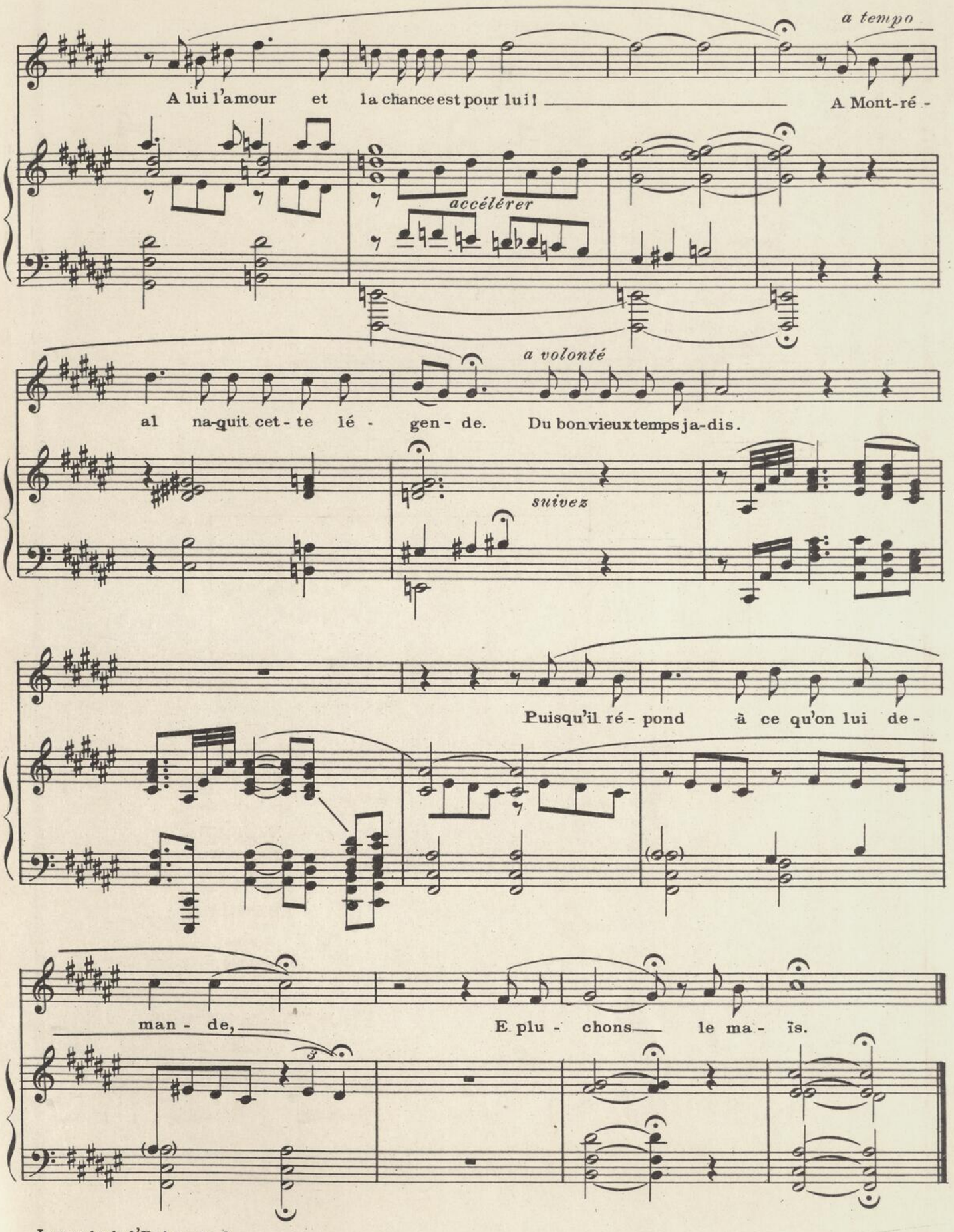

vé.
Pour ac-cep - ter l'hom-me qu'on lui des-
ppp Lento
ti - ne, La bel-le doit lui ser-vir à man - ger. "A mon se-
en suppliant
tenir
cours, ô sain-te Ca-the - ri - ne!" Et le plat rou - le aux pieds de l'é - tran-
sec
laisser vibrer
ger.
L'in-sulte est gra - ve et promp-te la ven - gean-ce.


Récitatif
Re-nard, de son cou-teau, At-teint l'en-fant au front et puis s'é-
faire un trémolo sur cet accord quand il y a orchestre
largamente
lan-ce. Le ma-ïs monte haut. La nuit est noi-re et le champ est tout
trémolo
proche; Te-kak-wi-tha court s'y ré-fu-gi-er. Au bord du
bois une biche s'ap-pro-che pour dépis-ter la ra-ge du guer-


rier. Il se mé - prend, fond sur elle et se ju - re
De ne pas reve - nir Que de la bel - le il n'ait la cheve -
lu - re. Le ma - is va fleur - rir.
L'épais feuil - la - ge a ca-ché la bles - sé - e Puis é-tan-


legato
ché le sang qui l'aveu - glait. L'en-fant sou - rit et l'angoisse est pas-
sé - e Les frais é - pis l'a-breu-vent de leur lait.
Mais de son - sang un é - pi, par mi - ra - cle,
Reste à ja-mais rou - gi. Symbole ar-dent et con-sol-ant spec-


crescendo
ff
ta - cle, L'é - pi rou-ge a sur - gi.
Le grain ma - gi - que as -
ritenuto
a tempo
su - re la con - quê - - te Des plus beaux yeux. Trois fois heu -
reux ce-lui qui l'a - per - çoit au cours d'une é - plu - chet - te.


a tempo
A lui l'amour et la chance est pour lui ! A Mont-ré -
accélérer
a volonté
al na-quit cet-te lé - gen-de. Du bon vieux temps ja-dis.
suivez
Puisqu'il ré-pond à ce qu'on lui de-
man-de, E plu-chons le ma-ïs.

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