

Ballade of the ladies of bygone times



Edition de 1896 des Ballades de Villon

Ballade des dames du temps jadis

Written by François Villon in 1461, after his release under an amnesty and before a new arrest



François Villon. Federico Cantu



The Lady and the Unicorn. Touch

Dictes-moy où, n'en quel pays

Tell me where, or in what land is **Flora**, the lovely Roman, or Archipiades, or **Thaïs**, who was her first cousin; or **Echo**, replying whenever called across river or pool, and whose beauty was more than human? But where are the snows of yesteryear?



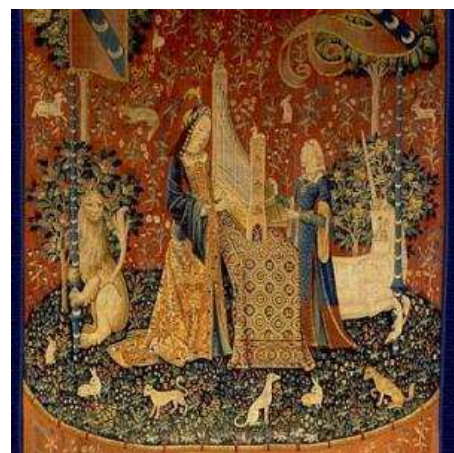
The Lady and the Unicorn. Taste



The Lady and the Unicorn. Smell

Où est la très sage Heloïs

Where is that brilliant lady **Heloise**, for whose sake **Peter Abelard** was castrated and became a monk at **Saint-Denis**? He suffered that misfortune because of his love for her. And where is that **queen** who ordered that **Buridan** be thrown into the Seine in a sack? But where are the snows of yesteryear?



The Lady and the Unicorn. Hearing



The Lady and the Unicorn. Sight

La royne Blanche comme ung lys

Queen **Blanche**, white as a lily, who sang with a siren's voice; Big-footed **Bertha**, **Beatrice**, **Alice**, **Arembourg** who ruled over Maine; and **Joan**, the good maiden of Lorraine who was burned by the English at Rouen — where are they, where, O **sovereign Virgin**? But where are the snows of yesteryear?



The Lady and the Unicorn. My one desire



Dame Montmartre. Unknown master

Envoi

Prince, do not ask in a week where they are, or in a year. The only answer you will get is this refrain: But where are the snows of yesteryear?



Je, François Villon