

A blue-toned photograph of a woman with dark hair, wearing a light-colored blouse, singing into a microphone and playing a classical guitar. She is positioned on the left side of the cover.

Folkways Records FW 8743

Sonia Malkine

sings French Songs
from the Provinces

cover design by Irwin Rosenhouse

Gahr

M
1730
M25
S699
1966

MUSIC LP

Sonia Malakine *sings* *French Songs from the Provinces*

DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

Library of Congress Card Catalogue No. R 66-3559

c 1966 FOLKWAYS RECORDS & SERVICE Corp., 701 Seventh Ave., New York City
Distributed by Folkways/Scholastic Records, 906 Sylvan Ave., Englewood Cliffs, N.J. 07632

O, MAGALI
CELLE QUI M'A DEMANDE
SIMONE
ROBIN
ADIEU, MADRAS
LES NOCES DU PAPILLON
DIS-MOI, JANETTE
LA FILLE DU LABOUROUX
LE PASTURIAU
DANS LES PRISONS DE NANTES
LE VIN GAULOIS
SUR LE PONT DE MORLAIX

Sonia Malkine sings French Songs from the Provinces

Des soldats un peu trop fatigues
Ma petite amie
Le soldat a une femme
Le soldat a une femme

Side I

- Band 1. O, Magali
- Band 2. Celle Qui M'a Demande
- Band 3. Simone
- Band 4. Robin
- Band 5. Adieu, Madras

Side II

- Band 1. Les Noces du Papillon
- Band 2. Dis-Moi, Janette
- Band 3. La Fille du Labourous
- Band 4. Le Pasturieu
- Band 5. Dans les Prisons de Nantes
- Band 6. Le Vin Gaulois
- Band 7. Sur le Pont de Morlaix

SIDE 1 Band 1

O, MAGALI: Provence

Magali was written by the great Provencal poet Frederic Mistral for his folk play *Mireille*. He was inspired by two different folk songs from Provence; the idea and lyrics from one, the tune from another. Mistral was greatly responsible for the revival of the interest in folklore and folk music in France in the last part of the last century. Magali is certainly one of the loveliest love ballads not only in Provence but in all of France as well.

O, MAGALI

O, Magali, ma tant amado,
Me te la testo au fenestroun.
Escouto un pau aquesto aubado,
De tambourin et de violoun.
Es plen d'estello a peramunt,
L'auro es toumbado,
Mai lis estello paliran
Quant te veiran.

Pas mal que del nurmur di broundo,

De toun aubado ieu fau cas.
Mais ieu m'envau dins la mar bloundo
me faire anguilo del roucas.
-O, Magali, si tu te fas
Lou pei del oundo,
Leu lou pescare me farai
Te pescarai.

O, MAGALI

O, Magali, my beloved,
Come to your window.
Listen to this morning song awhile,
Of tambourin and violin.
The sky is full of stars,
The hour is still,
But the stars will fade away
When they see you beauty.

No more than in the murmur of the
brook,

I am interested in your morning song.
I am going to the deep blue sea
And I'll become a fish under a rock.
-O, Magali, if you become
A fish among the waves,
I will become a fisherman
And I'll catch you!

Oh mai, si tu te fas pesaire,
Ti vertoulet quand jitaras,
Teu me faril 'auceau voulaire
M'encoularai dins lis compas.
-O, Magali, se tu te fas
L'auceau de l'aire,
Ieu lou cassaire me farai
Te cassarai.

I perdigau i bouscar ido,
Se venes tu, calo ti las,
Ieu bello roso virginello
M'espandirai dins l'espinas,
-O, Magali, si tu te fas
La roso bello,
Lou parpaion ieu me farai
Te beisarai.

Aro coumenco enfin de creire
Que noun me parles en risent.
Vaqui moun anneloun de veire,
Per souvenanco, beu jouvent!
-O, Magali, me fas de ben
Mai tre te veire!
Ve, lis estello, O, Magali,
Coumo an pali!

Well, if you become a fisherman,
And try to catch me in your net,
I will become a flying bird
And fly away over the fields.
-O, Magali, if you become
A bird of the air,
I will become a hunter
And chase after you.

Partridge and turtle dove,
If you come, you'll be caught in a net,
For I'll become a virgin rose
And will hide among the thorns.
-O, Magali, if you become
A beautiful rose,
I'll become a butterfly
And kiss you.

Now I'm beginning to believe
That you speak to me seriously.
Here is my ring of crystal,
As a keepsake, handsome young man!
-O, Magali, you make me so happy
Just to look at you!
Look, the stars, O, Magali,
Have faded away!

SIDE I: Band 2

CELLE QUI M'A DEMANDE: 15th Century.

Anonymous. Though it has never been as popular as its English sister, this song could be considered the French "Greensleeves." I learned it, many years ago, from the well-known French folklorist Paul Arma.

CELLE QUI M'A DEMANDE

Celle qui m'a demande
Argent, pour etre ma mie,
Elle m'a fait grand villainie.
Jamais je ne l'aimera!

CHORUS

As-tu point mis ton haut bonnet,
Petit, petit, petit bonhomme?
As-tu point mis ton haut bonnet,
Petit bonhomme, bonjommet?

Et bon gre en aie ma vie?
Lui faudrait-il prendre retour?
Et ne lui doit-il pas suffire
Si je lui donne m'amour?

Je la quitte en bonne foi.
Et ferai une autre amie,
Puisqu'elle demande partie
D'argent qu'avons elle et moi.

THE MAIDEN WHO ASKED ME

The maiden who asked me
Money, to be my own,
Did great villainy to me.
Never will I love her!

CHORUS

Have you put on your high bonnet,
Little, little, little man?
Have you you put on your high bonnet,
Little man, little man?

What should I do with my life?
Give it up for her sake?
Shouldn't it be enough
If I give her my love?

I leave her in good faith.
I will find another sweetheart,
So lons as she asks for her share
Of what we own together.

SIDE I Band 3

SIMONE: Beause

The subject of the servant girl of the village priest has been used many times in different ways. "Ah Si Mon Moine Voulait Danse!" so popular in Canada also deals with the idea of a girl's being vainly in love with a man of the cloth.

SIMONE

-D'o venez-vous si crotte,) bis
Monsieu le Cure?)
-Je m'en reviens du marche,
Simone, ma Simone.
Je m'en reviens du marche,
Ma petite mignonne.

-Que m'avez-vous apporte,) bis
M. le Cure?)
-Des souliers blancs pour danser,
Simone, ma Simone.
Des souliers blancs pour danser,
Ma petite mignonne.

-Je voudrais me confesser,) bis
M. le Cure.)
-Quel est ton plus gros peche,
Simone, ma Simone?
Quel est ton plus gros peche,
Ma petite mignonne?

Celui de trop vous aimer,) bis
M. le Cure.)
-Alors faut nous separer,
Simone, ma Simone.
Alors faut nous separer,
Ma petite mignonne.

Peut-etre que j'en mourrai,) bis
M. Le Cure.)
-Eh bien, je t'enterrai,
Simone, ma Simone.
Eh bien, je t'enterrai,
Ma petite mignonne.

Est-ce que vous me pleurerez,) bis
M. le Cure?)
-Non, car il faudra chanter,
Simone, ma Simone,
Requiescat in Pace,
Ma petite mignonne

SIMONE

-Where do you come from so
muddy,) bis
Reverend Father?)
-I am coming back from the fair,
Simone, little Simone.
I am coming back from the fair,
My gentle little girl.

-What did you bring back for me,) bis
Reverend Father?)
-White shoes to go dancing,
Simone, my Simone.
White shoes to go dancing,
My gentle little girl.

-I would like to go to confession,) bis
Reverend Father.)
-Tell me your greatest sin,
Simone my Simone.
Tell me your greatest sin,
My gentle little girl.

I simply love you too much,) bis
Reverend Father.)
-Then we shall have to part,
Simone, my Simone.
Then we shall have to part,
My gentle little girl.

Perhaps I'll die of sorrow,) bis
Reverend Father.)
-Then I'll have to bury you,
Simone, my Simone.
Then I'll have to bury you,
My gentle little girl.

Then will you cry for me,) bis
Reverend Father?)
-No, for I would have to sing,
Simone, my Simone,
Requiescat in Pace,
My gentle little girl.

SIDE I: Band 4

ROBIN: 13th Century

Tender, lovely "Robin" is part of the oldest opera known in Europe, Le Jeu de Robin et Marion (The Play of Robin and Marion), by the 13th century trouvere, Adam de la Halle. (The trouveres were the troubadours of the North of France.)

ROBIN

Robin m'aime,
Robin m'a,
Robin m'a demandee.
Mon coeur bat!

Robin m'acheta dentelles
D'ecarlate bonne et belle.
Surtout coquet centurelle.
Oui, les voila.

ROBIN

Robin loves me,
Robin owns me,
Robin has asked for my hand.
How my heart is pounding!

Robin has bought me pretty laces
Of scarlet good and lovely.
Above all a pretty sash.
Yes, here they are!

Robin m'aime,
Robin m'a,
Robin m'a demandee.
Mon coeur bat!

Robin loves me,
Robin owns me,
Robin has asked for my hand.
How my heart is pounding!

SIDE I: Band 5

ADIEU, MADRAS: Creole French Song

ADIEU, MADRAS

Adieu, madras, adieu, foulard,
Adieu, robe soie, adieu, collier chou,
Doudou a moi, li ca pa'ti. (bis)
Helas, helas, c'est pour toujours.

Bonjou', Monsieur le Gouverneur,
Moi veni' fai' une petition
Pou' d'mande autorisation (bis)
Afin laisser doudou moin ici.

Non, non, non, non, il est trop tard.
Il a deja l'ancre leve,
Il est pare pour le depart, (bis)
Il est pret appareiller.

Adieu, madras, adieu, foulard,
Adieu, robe soie, adieu, collier chou,
Doudou a moi, li ca pa'ti. (bis)
Helas, helas, c'est pour toujours.

ADIEU, MADRAS

Goodbye, headscarf, goodbye, kerchief,
Goodbye, silk dress, goodbye, dear
necklace,
My sweetheart must go. (bis)

Alas, alas, it's for always.

Good morning, Mr. Governor,
I've come to make a request
To ask for authorization (bis)
To let my sweetheart stay.

No, no, no, no, it is too late.
The anchor has already been raised,
He is ready to go, (bis)
He is ready to leave.

Goodbye, headscarf, goodbye, kerchief,
Goodbye, silk dress, goodbye, dear
necklace,
My sweetheart must go. (bis)

Alas, alas, it's for always.

SIDE II: Band 1

LES NOCES DU PAPILLON

Charming children's song, very similar to "The Foggy Went A-courtin'" in content, without the disastrous ending! These words are by M. Bouchor on the ancient ring-dance.

LES NOCES DU PAPILLON

Il faut te marier,
Papillon couleur de neige?
Il faut te marier
Par devant le vieux murier?
-Mes amis, me marierai-je
Sans me faire un peu prier?
Il faut te marier,
Papillon couleur de neige?
Il faut te marier
Par devant le vieux murier?

Moi, dit le limacon,
Pour loger ta papillone,
Moi, dit le limacon,
Je te cede ma maison.
-Ce qu'un brave coeur me donne,
Je l'accepte sans facons.
Moi, dit ...

THE BUTTERFLY'S WEDDING

When will you get married,
Snow-white butterfly?
When will you get married
By the old mulberry tree?
-Dear friends, should I get married
Without playing hard-to-get?
When will you get married,
Snow-white butterfly?
When will you get married
By the old mulberry tree?

I, said the snail,
To shelter your pretty bride,
I, said the snail,
For you shall give up my shell.
-What a good heart gives me,
I accept without ado.
I, said ...

J'ai la, dit la fourmi,
Des fragments de vertes cosses,
J'ai la, dit la fourmi,
Quelques grains de ble parmi.
-Ah, le beau repas de noces !
Tu regales ton ami !
J'ai la, dit ...

I have here, said the ant,
Fragments of green pea pods,
I have here, said the ant,
A few grains of wheat, also.
-Ah, what a great wedding dinner !
You know how to treat a friend !
I have ...

Moi, dit l'abeille d'or,
Mon dessert fera merveille.
Moi, dit l'abeille d'or,
J'ai du miel liquide encor.
-Grand merci, gentille abeille,
Qui partages ton tresor !
Moi, dit ...

Then, said the golden bee,
My dessert will be a marvel.
Then, said the golden bee,
I have honey flowing still.
-Many thanks, sweet little bee,
Who share your treasure with me !
Then ...

Voici, cher papillon,
Pour le bal, fifres et timbales.
Voici, cher papillon,
La musique du sillon.
-C'est aimable a vous, cigale,
C'est aimable a toi, grillon.
Voici, ...

Here come, dear butterfly,
For the ball, fifers and drums.
Here come, dear butterfly,
Music from the furrow.
-It's so nice of you, cicada,
It's so nice of you, cricket.
Here ...

Pour toi je vais briller,
Dit le ver-luisant dans l'herbe,
Pour toi je vais briller.
Ne te fais donc plus prier ?
Je veux bien me marier !
Il faut te marier,
Papillon couleur de neige ?
Par devant le vieux murier ?

And for you I will shine,
Said the glow worm in the grass,
And for you I will shine.
-Dear friends, everything is great,
I shall get married today !
When will you get married,
Snow-white butterfly ?
By the old mulberry tree ?

SIDE II: Band 2

DIS-MOI, JANETTE: Languedoc

Many people, who come to Paris from this region, effectively open little shops where they sell firewood, coal, wine and tobacco. The bougnats are dear to the heart of all Parisians. The tune of this song has been used for other songs.

DIS-MOI, JANETTE

Dis-moi, Janette,
Veux-tu te louer, ladurette ?
Dis-moi, Janette,
Veux-tu te louer ?
Nenny, ma mere,
Je veux me marier, ladurette.
Nenny, ma mere,
Je veux me marier.

Je veux un homme
Sachant travailler, ladurette.
Je veux un homme
Sachant travailler,
Piocher la vigne,
Et faucher le pre, ladurette.
Piocher la vigne
Et faucher le pre.

TELL ME, JANETTE

Tell me, Jannette,
Will you go to work, ladurette ?
Tell me, Janette,
Will you go to work ?
Oh no, dear mother,
I want to get married, ladurette.
Oh no, dear mother,
I want to get married.

I want a man
Who is not afraid of work, ladurette.
I want a man
Who is not afraid of work,
Who can hoe the vineyard,
And can cut the hay, ladurette.
Who can hoe the vineyard
And can cut the hay.

Tiendrons boutique
Vendrons du tabac, ladurette.
Tiendrons boutique
Vendrons du tabac.
Sixsous, le vin rouge,
Et douze le muscat, ladurette.
Six sous, le vin rouge,
Et douze, le muscat.

We'll have a shop
And we'll sell tobacco, ladurette.
We'll have a shop
And we'll sell tobacco.
Six cents the red wine,
And twelve cents, muscatel, ladurette.
Six cents, the red wine,
And twelve cents, the muscatel.

SIDE II: Band 3

LA FILLE DU LABOUROUX: Vendee

I learned this song so many years ago, I can't remember when or where. The only other version I know of has almost the same tune, but it is in the major key, which gives the song a very different flavor.

LA FILLE DU LABOUROUX
C'etait la fille d'un labouroux. (bis)

On dit qu'elle est tant belle. (bis)

On dit qu'elle a tant d'amouroux. (bis)
Qu'elle ne sait lequel prendre. (bis)

Moi, j'ai des vaches et des boeufs (bis)
Des sous plein ma chaussette (bis)

Moi, j'ai du ble plein mon grenier, (bis)
Mon pere il est le maire. (bis)

T'en viendras-tu dans ce vert pre, (bis)
L'herbe elle y est si tendre. (bis)

Allez, allez, riches gallants ! (bis)
Ne veut point marriage. (bis)

THE PLOUGHMAN'S DAUGHTER

She was the daughter of a
ploughman. (bis)

They say she is beautiful. (bis)

They say she has so many beaux. (bis)
She knows not which one to choose. (bis)

I have plenty of cows and oxen (bis)
And a stocking full of gold. (bis)

I have a barn full of wheat, (bis)
And my father is the mayor. (bis)

Will you come with me to this green field.
The grass there is so soft! (bis)

Go away, go, you rich old beaux ! (bis)
I do not want marriage. (bis)

SIDE II: Band 4

LE PASTURIAU

Very popular, it has many variations in several parts of the country.

LE PASTURIAU

Quand j'étais chez mon pere,
Apprenti pasturiau,
Il m'envoyait sur la lande
Pour garder les troupeaux

THE SHEPHERD

When I was in my father's house,
A young apprentice shepherd,
He sent me to the fields
to watch the sheep.

CHORUS

Troupiaux, troupeaux,
Je n'en avias guere,
Troupiaux, troupeaux,
Je n'en avais biaux.

CHORUS

Flock, flock,
I didn't have much,
Flock, flock,
I didn't have many.

Oh, je n'en avais guere.
Je m'avais que trois agneaux,
Et le loup de la plaine
M'a mange le plus beau.

Oh I didn't have many.

I had only three lambs,
And the wolf of the prairie
Ate the biggest one.

Il etait si vorace,
M'a laisse que la piau
Et les poils de la bete
Pour me faire un mantau.

He was so voracious,
He left only the skin
And the wool of the lamb
To make myself a coat.

SIDE II: Band 5

DANS LES PRISONS DE NANTES: Bretagne

We don't know who the prisoner was, but the theme of the prisoner's delivery by the soft-hearted warden's daughter is a very popular one. One of many versions, this one is from Brittany where it originated.

DANS LES PRISONS DE NANTES

Dans les prisons de Nantes
Il y a un prisonier (bis)
Que personne ne va voir,
Ques la fille du geolier.
La la, la la la la.

Pour lui porter a boire,
A boire et a manger.(bis)
-Dites-moi donc, la belle,
Qu'est-ce que l'on dit de moi?
La la ...

La fillette est jeunette,
Elle se mit a pleurer. (bis)
-On dit par toute la ville
Que demain vous mourrez!
La la ...

Las, si demain je meurs,
Deliez-moi les pieds. (bis)
Le prisonier, alerte,
Dans la Loire a saute.
La la ...

Toutes les cloches de Nantes
Se mirent a sonner (bis)
Pour toutes les filles de Nantes
Et tous les prisoniers.
La la ...

IN THE PRISON OF NANTES

In the prison of Nantes
There is a prisoner (bis)
That no one goes to see
But the warden's daughter.
La la, la la la la.

To bring him drinking water,
His daily food also. (bis)
-Tell me, pretty maiden,
What do people say of me?
La la ...

The maid is young and sweet,
And she started to weep. (bis)
-They say all over the town
That tomorrow you will die.
La la ...

Alas, if tomorrow I die,
Please, do untie my feet. (bis)
Then, swift, the prisoner
Jumped into the River Loire.
La la ...

Then all the bells of Nantes
Rang, rang, and rang again (bis)
For all the nice girls of Nantes
And all the prisoners.
La la la ...

SIDE II: Band 6

LE VIN GAULOIS: Bretagne

Le Comte de la Villemarque notes in his Barzaz Breiz that this is one of the most ancient songs ever discovered in Brittany or any other part of France. It seems to have been sung, before the Christianization of Brittany, by the Breton warriors returning from their expeditions to the south of Nantes. They had no knowledge of wine-making yet, but loved the Gallic wine. So, every year they would raid the Gallic villages and steal the wine. Here they compare it to the Gallic blood, both flowing for the occasion! The song is not only in honor of the wine, but also of the sword that helped them win it, and of their old Celtic gods: the Earth, the Sky, the Oak, the Fire, and the Sun.

LE VIN GAULOIS

Vive le vieux de vigne) bis
Le vieux vin gaulois !)
Tan tan, terre et ciel,
Chene, feu rouge et soleil,
Flot de sang vermeil.

Mieux que biere ou vin de pomme,) bis
Mieux vaut vin gaulois !)
Tan tan ...

THE WINE OF GAUL

Long live the old wine of vine,) bis
The old Gallic wine!)
Tan tan, earth and sky,
Oak, red fire and sun,
Flowing scarlet blood.

Better than beer or apple wine,) bis
Best is Gallic wine!)
Tan tan ...

C'est le vin gaulois qui coule,) bis
C'est le sang gaulois.)
Tan Tan ...

Sang et vin meles ruissellent,) bis
Sang et vin gaulois.)
Tan tan ...

Glaive, maitre des batailles,) bis
Glaive, honneur a toi!)
Tan tan ...

Chant du glaive bleu qui frappe,) bis
Chant du glaive roi!)
Tan tan ...

Qu'au soleil le fer flamboie) bis
Comme l'arc-en-ciel!)

It is the Gallic wine a-flowing,) bis
It is the Gallic blood.)
Tan tan ...

Blood and wine mixed are flowing,) bis
Gallic wine and blood.)
Tan tan ...

Sword, master of battles,) bis
Sword, honor to you!)
Tan tan ...

Song of the blue sword striking,) bis
Song of the king of swords!)
Tan tan ...

Let the steel shine in the sun) bis
Just like a rainbow!)

SIDE II: Band 7

SUR LE PONT DE MORLAIX: Bretagne

Curious sea shanty. Curious because of the chorus in English. Of course, besides fighting each other for centuries, the Bretons and British sailors have at least one fight in common, the treacherous English Channel (in France we call it La Manche). Fishermen from both countries are in constant contact. Welsh and Bretons--both Celtic--understand each other. My old friend and expert, Sam Eskin, and I have argued over the words "old fellow" in the chorus. Sam says they just don't sound right! It is possibly a derivation born of a mispronunciation of some other English words. But this is the way it is sung.

SUR LE PONT MORLAIX

C'est en passant sur le pont de
Morlaix,
Haul away, old fellow, away,
La Belle Helene j'ai rencontre,
Haul away, old fellow, away.

Bien humblement l'ai saluee,
Haul ...
D'un doux sourire elle m'a remercie,
Haul ...

Mais je sais bien que c'est charite,
Haul ...
Car c'est une dame de qualite,
Haul ...

C'est la fille d'un captain Nantais,
Haul ...
A matelot elle ne sera jamais,
Haul ...

Matelots, mon coeur est embrume,
Haul ...
Buvons tout de meme a sa beaute,
Haul ...

ON THE BRIDGE OF MORLAIX

As I was crossing the bridge of
Morlaix,
Haul away, old fellow, away,
Beautiful Helen I chanced to meet,
Haul away, old fellow, away.

Very humbly I saluted her,
Haul ...
With a sweet smile she answered me,
Haul ...

But I know it was charity,
Haul ...
For she's a lady of high degree,
Haul ...

She's the daughter of a Nantes Captain,
Haul ...
She'll never belong to a poor sailor,
Haul ...

Mates, my heart is misty tonight,
Haul ...
But still let's drink to her beauty,
Haul ...