

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FW 8778

# SONGS OF THE AUVERGNE

Sung by Lucie De Vienne Blanc

English Horn and Oboe Accompaniment by J. P. Vinay

Recorded by Samuel Gesser

Cover design by Ronald Clyne



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1736  
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V663  
1960

MUSIC LP



GRANDE  
PASSO PEL PRAT  
LOU BOUYE  
LOU BAILERO  
PASTORALE  
LOUS DOLHAIES  
PIERR'E SUJET O PENDRE  
LO FIOLAIRE  
BOURREE  
LA PASSION  
LOI VESPROI DEL FALGOUX  
ROSSIGNOLET DU BOIS  
OI, AI, AI, COUCI IEU FORAI  
LA DELAISSADO  
LO POSTOURO DELAISSADO  
EN PASSANT PAR LE BOIS  
MOUN PAIRE ME N'O LOUGADO  
QUAL LOU LI PORTORO  
SOUN, SOUN, BENI, BENI  
MALHUROÛS QU'O UNO FENNO  
LOU COUCUT  
LA PERNETTE  
LO GRANDO DE PRADOS (La Borbondo)

DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

# SONGS OF THE AUVERGNE



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## sung by Lucie De Vienne Blanc



### SIDE I

- Band 1. GRANDE
- Band 2. PASSO PEL PRAT
- Band 3. LOU BOUYE
- Band 4. LOU BAILERO
- Band 5. PASTORALE
- Band 6. LOUS DOLHAIES
- Band 7. PIERR'E SUJET O PENDRE
- Band 8. LO FIOLAIRE
- Band 9. BOURREE
- Band 10. LA PASSION
- Band 11. LOI VESPROI DEL FALGOUX
- Band 12. ROSSIGNOLET DU BOIS

### SIDE II

- Band 1. OI, AI, AI, COUCI IEU FORAI
- Band 2. LA DELAISSADO
- Band 3. LO POSTOURO DELAISSADO
- Band 4. EN PASSANT PAR LE BOIS
- Band 5. MOUN PAIRE ME N'O LOUGADO
- Band 6. QUAL LOU LI PORTORO
- Band 7. SOUN, SOUN, BENI, BENI
- Band 8. MALHURIOUS QU'O UNO FENNO
- Band 9. LOU COUCUT
- Band 10. LA PERNETTE
- Band 11. LO GRANDO DE PRADOS  
(LA BORODONDO)

English Horn and Oboe accompaniment by J.P. Vinay

recorded by Samuel Gesser

### LUCIE DE VIENNE BLANC

Born in France and brought up in China, Mrs. Lucie de Vienne Blanc is the President-Founder and Director of an actors studio known as The Proscenium. This center teaches that the quality of one's voice is a result of many inner factors, and that the starting point of achieving "technique" or "art" is the spontaneous expression of personality. Attached to the school is a Pocket Theatre, a workshop devoted to experimental theatre, and a "Mime" class taught by a former pupil of the celebrated Marcel Marceau.

She is one of the stars of french-speaking TV on the CBC network. A versatile actress, she has appeared in numerous plays during the past four years as well as a lecturer on various subjects of human interest on TV, radio and stage.

Mrs. de Vienne Blanc holds a Diploma of History of Music, Musical Ethnology and Pedagogy of the Schola Cantorum in Paris. She is a specialist in phonetics and voice

psychology and has pursued advance research work in neurology, psychology and phonetics in Paris, New York and Montreal; and is a member of the Speech and Logopedic Society of Canada.

Her personal career covers years of touring Europe as a classical singer. During the war she became involved in a professional capacity both with the French weekly newspaper "Pour la Victoire" and the United Nations in New York City. Founded a School of Voice in Salt Lake City, Utah; and was asked to do some confidential secretarial work for General de Gaulle during his visit to the U.S.A. in 1945.

Her recently published book "The Spirituality of Voice" (Editions du Cerf, Paris) is considered a must for anyone interested in vocal communication and its spiritual aspects.

She speaks four languages and travels a great deal. During these visits she has gathered material on folk-songs wherever she happened to be.

Ever since she came to Canada in 1949, she has taught singing and acting. Her singers have sung in many parts of the world and in 1958 her acting troupe won most of the Awards in the National Drama Festival of Canada.

# FOKLSONGS OF AUVERGNE

by  
Lucie de Vienne Blanc

Not much more than a half-century ago, France became aware of the historical value resting in the songs of its people and of the necessity to restore it to its original authenticity.

There was plenty of folksinging during the Medieval times and even up to the end of the last century; but, as the Renaissance entered into the Middle Ages, French literature became more and more that of the artists. Written by and for the upper classes, folksongs took on many of the social characteristics of the elite. Popular literature and music of that time was neglected and old songs either vanished or submitted to many alterations. The folksongs once written down lost whatever fanciful distortions the singer felt and gone forever were the many valuable versions linking the past.

There have been several reasons for our choice of Auvergne songs. Not that these songs are representative of France as a whole, but precisely because they are typical, most interesting, and offer a wider variety than do the songs emanating from other provinces.

This is due to the fact that the Province of Auvergne is a rather peculiar country: the climate is hard and so is living. It has been invaded numerous times, but it never seemed to have been very promising or attractive to intruders. Unlike most of France, the songs of Auvergne did retain their authenticity partly because of the hostile climate and partly due to the fact that the average Frenchman traditionally regards the inhabitants of Auvergne as being illiterate, poor, not too intelligent, and above all untidy. The French layman used to think of an "Auvergnat" solely as a "Bougnat" (small coal merchant), as a mediocre "shoe-repairman" or else as the owner of an untidy "bistrot". This has changed only recently. In past years, the Auvergnat who decided to quit his village did so to find a "small job" in a big city, and thus the tradition remained; just as the tourist visiting New York City will conclude that all Chinamen are launderers and all Coloured men shoe-shines or porters!

However, insofar as we are concerned, such a situation presented at least one advantage: being either isolated or disliked, the Auvergnat retained more of his own customs and much of his folklore, keeping it from being marred through alien additions.

From a geological viewpoint, the land of Auvergne is a very complex and heterogeneous one and therefore the craft and means of making a living are just as complex. Since folksongs are the very expression of daily life of a people, it is evident that the songs of Auvergne are typical and varied as is the country itself.

Auvergne (now divided into department of Cantal mostly, and part of the departments of Puy-de-Dôme, Aveyron, Haute-Loire and Lot) is located between the South and the Centre of France in the heart of the "Massif Central", itself a peculiar ridge of mountains which appeared in very ancient times, disappeared, reappeared again according to telluric accidents during a span of several thousand years. The landscape varies from one place to the next; the underground riches vary from coal - a witness of bygone gigantic forests - to ore, mineral waters. Volcanoes top plentiful valleys and sheep graze atop the desertic plateau made of calcar, known as the Causses, while cattle is raised in luxurious meadows next to plowed fields waiting for cereals to be grown. Winters may be very cold, summers frightfully hot; rain is abundant and up to the last twenty years roads were practically nonexistent.

The peasant of Auvergne looks like his very country: fierce, with sharply carved features; he rarely laughs and is by all means very suspicious of any intruder. The region has been consistently inhabited for the last 40 thousand years! The Caves of Lascaux, for instance, the dolmens and the Menhirs to be found all over the country, are landmarks of civilizations going back to the Prehistoric Man of Cro-Magnon and to the Celts - the latter being apparently the ancestors of the "Arvernes" (where from originates the word "Auvergne").

Even in our times, one can see many a charming modern cottage erected with its rear burrowed within the very rock that sheltered Man thousands of years ago!

Auvergne was invaded many times, by the Romans, the Alamans, the Barbar, the Arabs, and more recently by the Germans of Hitler. But either the invaders never cared to settle in such an arid country or the Auvergnat succeeded in sending them away. At any rate the people of Auvergne managed to retain most of its fundamental characteristics and even its former language - the langue d'oc, which however altered, is still spoken between the inhabitants. Due to its geographical position and to its terrain, Auvergne has given shelter to neighbours in search of freedom, whether in Carolingian times, when the people gave shelter to monks, soldiers, saints - or their praised relics - or more recently to French patriots during the famous Resistance Movement against the German invaders.

I hope that I have given sufficient reason for believing that the folksongs of Auvergne truly represent its people and area, and also hope that you will like the quaint charm of the songs we have selected for you. We feel certain that at least some of them will awaken faraway memories of the Songs of the Troubadours - most of them having come from this very country in the Middle-Ages - singing of their beloved impressive Chateaux, which ruins may still be seen atop the peaks and mounts of Auvergne, not far from the Roman Cloisters. Churches and Monasteries can be seen not far from the pilgrimage built in Rocamadour in token of the legend according to Durandal, - the sword of Roland was miraculously planted in the huge boulder that towers the river Adour.



J.P. Vinay

photo by P. Lamoureux

(VITA)

Jean-Paul VINAY, B.A., M.A., D.E.S., Lic. Lettres, Agrégé de l'Université, f.r.s.c.

Jean-Paul VINAY was born in Paris (France) but spent his early years in Normandy and studied at the Lycée du Havre, where he took his B.A. in 1928. He then undertook post-graduate studies simultaneously at the Sorbonne in Paris and at University College, London. A graduate of both universities, and Agrégé d'anglais from the University of France, Professor Vinay specialized early in the phonetic and linguistic structure of the main European languages, including Welsh, working under several famous scholars in this field, amongst whom P. Passy, J. Vendryes, J.B. Jopson and Daniel Jones. He taught in various Grammar schools in England and Wales, was for three years on the



staff of the Department of Phonetics at U.C.L., later became Chief Inspector for Modern Languages in the Paris schools. In 1946, he founded the chair of Experimental Phonetics at the University of Montreal; this soon expanded into a whole department, where Phonetics, Linguistics, Stylistics and Translation are taught at the post-graduate level. A member of the Royal Society of Canada, Prof. Vinay is also active in various linguistic societies in North America and in Europe, and currently Vice-President of the Canadian Linguistic Association. As a phonetician, he took a lively interest in sounds and in music, and plays the oboe and cor anglais as a hobby.

#### COMMENTS on the language of the record - by Jean Paul Vinay

The languages and dialects spoken in France to-day reflect the various layers of populations which make up its present-day ethnic structure. Before the Romans invaded Gaul, the majority of the population spoke Celtic dialects, which formed the basis on which Latin was to take root. Greek settlers on the Mediterranean shores and up the Rhone valley had opened up inroads into the country; they have left some words and a certain number of place-names. Once trade routes became opened between Italy and Spain, the South of France became densely settled by Roman citizens in what was to become the "Provincia", which is the modern Provence.

The more northerly provinces, on the other hand, remained long untouched by Roman culture, and had to be conquered by force under Julius Caesar around 55 BC. Once the conquest was over, strong centers of colonization were set up everywhere; after 4 centuries of bilingualism Latin slowly ousted Celtic dialects, which however survive to this day in diluted form (Celtic traits are still to be found in the modern French phonological system, for instance). Germanic invasions during the IVth and Vth centuries brought new linguistic elements into France, chiefly North of the river Loire, where Germanic settlements were most dense. But in spite of this influx of new words and forms, the lingua romanica rustica established in Gaul by the Romans survived everywhere (except in outlying districts, such as the Basque country, Brittany, Flanders, Alsace) and slowly emerged as the only living medium of communication.

This language, however, was not unified at once and still reflected the previous history of each region: the South showed stronger traces of latinization than the North or again than the South-East or "Alpine" district. Thus even nowadays when "standard" French is understood, spoken and taught everywhere in French territories, the local varieties of speech vary a great deal. Linguistics who study these speech differences are able to pinpoint certain variants with certain localities, thus mapping out what is known as a linguistic atlas.

The various dialects of the South are usually grouped under the general heading of "langue d'oc" or "provençal"; the northern group is called the "langue d'oïl (oui)" or "français" proper; and the south-eastern group, a much smaller group, subdivided into many sub-groups following the pattern of alpine valleys, is called "franco-provençal". Within each of these three groups, there are divergencies and innovations which sometimes prevent easy communication between speakers of each group.

While the frontier between langue d'oc and langue d'oïl cannot be sharply defined and has shifted considerably to the South since the Middle Ages under the pressure from the Parisian area, it is roughly accurate to fix it along an ideal line starting at the mouth of the river Gironde and running northwards to Angoulême and the Massif Central as far as Gannat on the Allier; from there on it curves down towards the Rhone valley which it reaches near Saint-Vallier; then cuts across the foothills of the Alps through the Vercors massif, La Mure and the Briançonnais.

Within the langue d'oc area, one can trace dialect frontiers which often overlap, but which are all alive to-day to some degree, some attaining literary status as is the case with Provençal, the language of Mistral and the Félibres. Ten dialects may thus be distinguished, whose French names follow below:

1. le gascon
2. le béarnais
3. le limousin
4. le caussenard
5. l'auvergnat (the langue of the present record)
6. le languedocien
7. l'alpin
8. le nizard (around Nice)
9. le rhodanien or Provençal (spoken on the eastern bank of the Rhone)
10. le marseillais.

In addition to these dialects, catalan (chiefly spoken in Spain) is also spoken in a small sector of the Pyrénées-Orientales, and Italian as a second language in parts coterminous with the Italian

riviera. Throughout all this area, French is spoken and taught in schools, with resulting blends of vocabulary and syntax, French features appearing in increasing numbers, especially in the vocabulary. The reverse trend is much less marked, although Provençal words have been adopted by the French as early as the XVth century, and the process is still going on.

While it would be impossible to underline all the characteristics of langue d'oc phonology or morphology, one cannot help noticing the sharp distinction between the treatment of Latin K followed by pretonic A; that of A itself, which remains in langue d'oc practically unchanged from Latin days; and the presence of some phonemes or clusters unknown to standard French, such as LH (where French has LL), and the clusters TS and DZ. The nasal vowels, so characteristic of French, are not found in most dialects of oc where the homorganic M,N, and NG are still strongly sounded. All these features will appear clearly in the songs; they contribute to give a special colouring to Auvergnat, especially a rhythmical pattern which makes it very different from French, although the themes, the words used and the types of songs found in the folklore are obviously offsprings of a single culture.

#### SIDE I, Band 1: Harvesters. GRANDE.

Without words, only to stimulate the oxen and to forget loneliness.

#### GRANDE

Lo lo lo lo lo lo lo lo lo lo lèro  
Lo lo lo lo lo lo lo lo lo lo lo  
Lo lo lo lo lo lo lo lo lo lo lo lo lèrolo  
Lo lo lo lo lo lo lo lo lo lo lo lo lo lèrolo.

#### SIDE I, Band 2: PASSO PEL PRAT

I'm going thru the pasture, sweet,  
Hoping to see you and when we meet, we'll  
Talk about your love and we will be happy!

#### PASSO PEL PRAT

Passo pel prat, bëlottot!  
Ièu possoraï pel bouos!  
Quond lî sèras, poulotto  
M'espèroras se vouos!

Nous porlorèn, filhotto,  
Nous porlorèn toui dous;  
Quo's toun omour, droulotto,  
Qué me foro hurous!

#### SIDE I, Band 3: Flowers: LOU BOUYE

The "flower" returns from his work and drops his "yoke"; his wife is worried and offers him some good soup; he feels that Death is coming and tells her to bury him when he is dead in the depth of the cellar. The pilgrims will cross themselves with the Holy Water and recite prayers for him. Poor Bernard.

#### LOU BOUYE

Quond lou bouyé bé de laura  
Quond lou bouyé bé de laura  
Plont'oqui l'ogulhado  
Plont'oqui l'ogulhado

Trobo so fenno ol pe del fioc (bis)  
Touto descounsoulado (bis)

Se sias molaudo, digos-ou (bis)  
Te foren un poutagé (bis)  
Quond soral mouort', entaras-me (bis)  
Ol pus priound de lo cabo. (bis)

Les pélerins que possoroou (bis)  
Prendroou d'alo signado (bis)

Diroou pater ombé'n ave (bis)  
Per lo pauro Eernado. (bis)

#### SIDE I, Band 4: Shepherds: LOU BAILERO

One shepherd speaks to another, distant on the next hill: "You don't look as if you are having a good time over there? My pasture looks better that's true. Wait for me, I'll come and fetch you."

## LOU BAILERO

Pastré de delaï laïo as gairé de boun temp,  
Dio, lou bailero lero lero lero lero bailero lo.  
Enai pas gaire e dio, tu bailero lero lero lero lero  
lero bailero lo.  
Pastré, lou brat fai flour  
li cal gorda toun troupel  
L'herbes pus fin ol brat d'oici  
Pastré, couci foraï  
En obal i o lou bel riou  
Espero me, te bau cerca.

## SIDE I, Band 5: PASTORALE

Another shepherd joking with a distant companion: "Have you  
not seen the hare we chased?" "I did better, I caught it."  
'And what have you done with the skin, the ears, the tail?'  
I made a coat, a pair of gloves and a trumpet, and if you  
are willing to buy them, I'll bring them to you, shepherd!

## PASTORALE

Bailero lero lero Pastre de delaï laïo  
Bailero lero lero Pastre de delaï laïo  
As pas vist possa lo levre quo navo medre  
Lou bouon entre les combos de dobon  
Lous coudie entre los combos de dorié  
Ol trau lou bailero lerolerolerolero le  
O fa mai que lou beire possa que lai ottropa lou bailero lero le

E de kas fat de lo pel  
E de kas fat de las orilhas?  
E de kas fat de lo quio?  
E de kas fat tout oquo lou bailero  
De lo pel mai fat un montel  
De las ourilhas mai fat un porel de mitos  
E de lo kio uno troumpetto  
Se les me vouai croumpa te le portorai lou bailero

## SIDE I, Band 6: Hay or corn mowers: LOUS DOLHAIRES

There are 3 fellows mowing hay and 3 maidens gathering hay; the  
youngest one goes to fetch dinner, but the youngest lad does  
not care to eat because love keeps him from being hungry.

## LOUS DOLHAIRES

Obal dins lo ribieiro lo un prato dolha  
Lo un prato dolha, Ladoundéno  
Lo un prato dolha, Ladoundéno.

Sount tres joubes dolhaires  
Que l'ou prës o dolha,  
Que l'ou prës o dolha, // (bis)  
Ladoundéno.

Sount tres joubes filhetos  
L'ou prës o fénéja,  
L'ou prës o fénéja, // (bis)  
Ladoundéno.

Lo pus joubé de toutsé  
Bo querré lou dina,  
Bo querré lou dina, // (bis)  
Ladoundéno.

Lou pus joubé de toutsé  
Ne boulguet pas dina?  
Ne boulguet pas dina? // (bis)  
Ladoundéno.

E, de qu'obès, dolhaire,  
Que boulès pas dina?  
Que boulès pas dina? // (bis)  
Ladoundéno.

Es bouostr'omour, lo bello:  
M'empacho de monja!  
M'empacho de monja! // (bis)  
Ladoundéno!

## SIDE I, Band 7: PIERR'E SUJET O PENDRE

Peter might be hung one hour after mid-day. If you hang him,  
hang me to. Hang us both, but not with a rope, with a ribbon  
of love.

## PIERR'E SUJET O PENDRE

Pierr'e sujet o pendré,  
Tro lo lo lo lo lo lo lo lo

Pierr'e sujet o pendré  
Un'our'opres miejour,  
Un'our'opres miejour.

Mès se me pendès Pierré  
Tro, lo, lo, etc...  
Pendès nous toutes dous. (bis)

Noun pas omb' uno couordo,  
Tro, lo, lo, etc...  
Mès un ribon d'omour. (bis)

## SIDE I, Band 8: Spinning song: LO FIOLAIRE

I spin while watching my sheep; should my beau ask for one kiss,  
I'll be grateful and give him two instead of one!

## LO FIOLAIRE

Ton qu'ère pitchounelo, Gordave loui moutous  
Ti lirou lirou lirou lirou lirou lirou lirou lirou  
lirou lirou lirou la ladiri tou tou la la ra.

Obio' no counoulheto e n'ai pres un postrou  
etc...  
Per la loi biroudetoi, me domond' un poutou  
etc...  
E ieu soui pas ingrato, en liet d'un n'in fau dous!  
etc...

## SIDE I, Band 9: Dance: BOURREE

Bring the wine Lady, and give me the bill:  
Saddle my donkey for I want to leave.  
Were you pretty, I'd marry you Lady;  
But you are not, so you must go without "pechere".

## BOURREE

Portez chopine et venez compter, Madame, (bis)  
Bridez mon âne, je veux m'en aller, Madame, (bis)  
Si t'étais belle, on te marierait, petite (bis)  
Tu ne l'es guère, tu peux t'en passer, péchère (bis)

## SIDE I, Band 10: Chant de quete: LA PASSION

(A sort of a Carol like those sung by children at Xmas and Easter  
Time in order to gather presents for the Church). This one is  
the story of the Passion of Jesus-Christ.

## LA PASSION

La Passion du dous Jésus, qu'est moult triste et dolente,  
Ecoutez-la, petits et grans, s'il vous plaît de l'entendre! de!

Il a marché sept ans déchaus, pour faire pénitence,  
Il a jeûné quarante jours sans prendre soutenance

Au bout de ces quarante jours, il a bien voulu prendre  
Du pain bénit, deux doits de vin, une pomme d'orange.

Rencontra quantité de Juifs, lui ont fait révérence  
De leurs chapeaus, de leurs rameaus, de toute leur puissance.

Ci a dit Saint-Pierre à Saint-Jean: "Violà grand révérence!"  
A répondu le dous Jésus: "c'est trahison bien grande!"

Avant qu'il soit vendredi nuit, vous verrez mon corps pendre  
Vous verrez mes bras étendus sur une crois si grande.

Vous verrez mon chef couronné d'une aubépine blanche  
Vous verrez mes deux mains cloués et mes deux piés ensemble.

Vous verrez mon côté percé par un grand coup de lance.  
Vous verrez mon sang découler tout le long de mes membres.

Vous verrez mon sang ramassé par quatre petits anges.  
Vous verrez ma mère à mes piés, bien triste et bien dolente.

Vous verrez la terre trembler et les pierres se fendre  
Vous verrez la mer flamboyer comme un tison qui flambe.

Les étoiles qui sont au ciel, vous les verrez descendre,  
Verrez la lune et le soleil qui combattront ensemble. Amen!

La Passion du dous Jésus, qu'est moult triste et dolente,  
Qui la saura, qui la dira, gagera l'indulgence. Amen!

## SIDE I, Band 11: Satire: LOI VESPROI DEL FALGOUX

What have they done to you. Monsieur le Cure? They have stolen



my surplice, my sole, my square bonnet, my garters, my robe, my socks...and my servant who was such a nice girl!

#### LOI VESPROI DEL FALGOUX

E de que bous au fat, Moussu lou Curat, de que bous au mal fat?  
M'au raubat moun surpili que n'ero mal de bourro que de li,  
Mal me n'aube mal fat!

E de que bous au... etc...  
M'au raubat moun estolo que me coustavo uno pistolo,  
Mal me n'au be mal fat!

E de que bous... etc...  
M'au raubat lou bounet carrat que toutos los cloucos y au cloucat  
Mal me n'au be mal fat!

E de que bous... etc...  
M'au raubat mas djarretieros qu'èrou de pel de vipera,  
Mal me n'au be mal fat!

E de que bous... etc...  
M'au raubat lou robat que n'èro de pel de rat,  
etc...

E de que bous... etc...  
M'au raubat mas chaussetas que teniéou ton caudos mas penotas,  
etc...

E de que bous... etc...  
M'au raubat ma pauro serbento que la pauro n'éro ton djento,  
E me n'au pas mal fat!

#### SIDE I, Band 12: ROSSIGNOLET DU BOIS

"Rossignolet du bois" is a very well known song which can be found in many parts of Central France and is obviously of Medieval origin.

#### ROSSIGNOLET DU BOIS

Rossignolet du bois, Rossignolet sauvage  
Apprends-moi ton langage, apprends-moi à parler  
Et dis-moi la manière comment il faut aimer  
Comment il faut aimer.

#### SIDE II, Band 1: OI AI AI COUCI IEU FORAI

She says, "What shall I do? I cannot get up... I have no clothes to my name?" Peter goes to the fair, buys everything she needs so finally, she consents to get up!

#### OI? AI, AI COUCI IEU FORAI

Oi, ai, ai! Couci ieu forai?  
N'ai pas de couoiffo!  
Pierrou bo'lo fieiro,  
Pierrou lo li croumpo,  
Pierrou lo li pouorto,  
Pierrou lo li doun' inquer'ès pas levado.  
Dzomai ne se lèvo!  
Lèvo, lèvo, loudzourbè! Morgoridoto, lèvo tè!

Oi, ai, ai, couci ieu forai?  
N'ai pas de moutsodou!  
Pierrou bo' lo fièiro, etc...

Oi, ai, ai, couci ieu forai?  
N'ai pas de boborel!  
Pierrou bo' lo fièiro, etc...

Oi, ai, ai, couci ieu forai?  
N'ai pas de caüssos!  
Pierrou etc...

Oi, moun Diou! que fo frèt!  
Me cal quitta lou lièt!  
Ogotset los caüssos,  
E mai lo comio,  
E mai lou coutilhou,  
E mai lou boborel,  
E mai lou moutsodou  
E ne metèt lo couoiffo!  
Que soui bèle, so diguèt!  
E morgorido se levèt.

#### SIDE II, Band 2: Love song. LA DELAISSADO

A young shepherdess expects her <sup>beaux</sup> but he does not come.  
When the moon comes with the night, she weeps in her despair.

#### LA DELAISSADO

Uno postourelo Esper'olai ol capt del bouès lougolont  
d'oguelo me ne ben pas. Ay! soui delaissado,  
demouret o ploura!

Ay! soui delaissado!  
Que n'ai pas vist lou mio golont!  
Cresio que m'aimabo  
E tont l'aime ieu!

Luziguet l'estélo,  
Oquelo que marco lo nuet,  
E lo pauro postoureleto  
Demouret o ploura!

#### SIDE II, Band 3: LO POSTOURO DELAISSADO

A young maiden sitting on the grass weeps for her lost love.  
Feeling just as forlorn as the lonely turtle-dove that has lost her mate.

#### LO POSTOURO DELAISSADO

Uno jionto postouro Un d'oquesse motis  
Ossitado su l'herbeto. Plouro soun bel omi.

Garò, serio be ouro  
Que fougessou tournat;  
Quauquo postouro maito  
Soun cur auro douna.

Ah! Pàuro postourèlo  
Delaissado soui ièu,  
Coumo lo tourtourèlo  
Qu'o perdu soun poriou!

#### SIDE II, Band 4: EN PASSANT PAR LE BOIS

While walking across the woods I heard a voice repeating:  
"I have lost my beloved". Don't you weep; sweet fifteen  
year old maidens, don't you love so much your beaux, they'll  
depart and you'll be abandoned.

#### EN PASSANT PAR LE BOIS

En passant par le bois  
J'entendis une voix  
Qui disait loin de moi,  
Criant à tous les vents  
D'un air tout languissant:  
J'ai perdu mon aimant!

Belle, ne pleure pas, //  
Ne te chagrine pas, // (bis)  
Le Bon Dieu t'aimera! //  
Le Bon Dieu est partout,  
Au Ciel, dans les amours!  
La bell' pleurerait toujours.

Galant, si j'avais su //  
D'avoir mon temps perdu, // (bis)  
Je ne t'aurais pas vu! //  
Avec un autre aimant  
Et bien fidèlement  
J'aurais le coeur content!

Mais le sort m'a réduit //  
A prendre mon fusil // (bis)  
Et mon sabre joli. //  
C'est pour aller sur l'eau,  
Sur mer, dans un vaisseau,  
Combattre sur les flots.

La mer s'agrandira //  
Le vaisseau périra // (bis)  
Et mon aimant mourra //  
Adieu, aimant trompeur,  
Il faut se dire adieu  
Les larmes pleins les yeux!

Fillettes de quinze ans //  
Qui avez des aimants, // (bis)  
Ne les aimez pas tant! //  
Il faudra les quitter,  
Vous serez délaissées  
Après avoir aimé.



man with a "vielle"

SIDE II, Band 5: MOUN PAIRE ME N'O LOUGADO

My father sent me to work. But, don't you tell. I met my beau  
and we kiss a-plenty. Just don't tell: chut!

Moun païré mé n'o lougado,  
Moun païré mé n'o lougado  
Per ona gorda lo bacado.  
Chut chut chut chut  
Tu que zo cal pas dire chut.  
Chut me nes pas tont dé brut'menes pas tont dé brut!

E n'è soui pus leu estado (bis)  
Què moun oman m'o rencountrado  
Chut, chut...

N'ai pas ieu fatcho de fusados (bis)  
Coum'o fa guel de poutounados  
Chut, chut...

Sé n'i o bē de miliour couoifado (bis)  
N'i o pas de miliour embrassado  
Chut, chut

SIDE II, Band 6: QUAL LOU LI PORTORO

What shall I bring her? A charming little twig, lah, lah!  
I would bring it to her if I knew her to be alone, lah, lah!  
I entered her garden and found her asleep, lah, lah!  
Wake up, I brought you a twig... She took the twig and the  
heart of the beau! lah, lah!

QUAL LOU LI PORTORO

Qual lou li portoro?  
Qual lou li portoro?  
Lou romel o lo bello, la la.  
Lou romel o lo bello?

Ieu lou li portorio (bis)  
Sé lo crézio souletto,  
la la,  
Sé lo crézio souletto!

Dintro dins soun jordi (bis)  
Lo trouvo-d-endurmido  
la la.  
Lo trouvo-d-endurmido.

E dérébilho-té (bis)  
Qué lou romel té porto  
la la.  
Qué lou romel té porto!

Elo prend lou romel (bis)  
Guel lou cur dē lo bello,  
la la.  
Guel lou cur dē lo bello.

SIDE II, Band 7: SOUN, SOUN, BENI, BENI

Come, slumber, come  
Slumber does not come, "pechere" the infant does not go to sleep  
Come, slumber, come.

SOUN, SOUN, BENI BENI.

Soun, soun, béni, béni béni, Soun, soun, béni, béni, doun!  
Soun, soun, béni, béni, béni, Soun, soun, béni d'endocon.  
Lou soun, soun, bouol pas béni, pécalré!  
Lou soun soun bouol pas béni, L'éfontou s'en bouol pas durmi!  
Soun, soun, béni, béni, béni; Soun, soun béni, béni, doun!  
Lou soun, soun, bouol pas béni, L'éfontou bouol pas durmi!  
Soun, soun, béni, béni, béni; Soun, soun, béni o l'éfron!

SIDE II, Band 8: Satire: MALHUROUS QU'O UNO FENNO

Unhappy is he who has a wife; unhappy is he who has none; he  
who has one wants none, he who has none wants one. Tradera  
laderi dera.

MALHUROUS QU'O UNO FENNO

Malhurous qu'o uno fenno,  
Malhurous que n'o cap!  
Malhurous qu'o uno fenno,  
Malhurous que n'o cap!  
Que n'o cap n'en bou uno,  
Que n'o uno n'en bou cap!

Hurouzo lo fenno  
Qu'o l'ome que li ca! // (bis)  
Hurouz'inquero mal  
Oquelo que n'o cap!

Tradéra laderi derère // (bis)  
Tradéra laderi dera. //

SIDE II, Band 9: LOU COUCUT

The cuckoo is a beautiful bird; none is nicer than the cuckoo  
when he sings. If all the cuckoos wept, they would make the  
nicest brook and if all of them carried bells, they would  
sound like five hundred trumpets! (It is of course an allusion to  
the cuckholds)

LOU COUCUT

Lou coucut qu'e'l un auzel  
Qué n'io pas cat plus de to bel  
Coumo lou coucut quond conto;  
Lou mio coucut, lou tio coucut,  
Lou coucut des autres: Dio!  
Obès pas entendut Conta lou coucut?

Lou coucut ès blanc e gris;  
N'io pas cat plus de to poulit  
Coumo lou coucut quond conto!  
Lou mio coucut, etc...

Per obal, ol found del prat,  
Io' n'aubre flourit e gronat  
Que lou coucut li conto!  
Lou mio coucut, etc...

E se toutsé les coucuts,  
Toutse bouliou bœuré de l'alo  
Toririoù lou plus bel riou!  
Lou mio coucut, etc...

E se toutsé les coucuts  
Bouliou pourta sounetto, ô!  
Ne foriun cinq cents troumpetto!  
Lou mio coucut, etc...

SIDE II, Band 10: LA PERNETTE

This song is a very ancient ballad: Pernette gets up, her mother  
thinks she is sickhearted and tells her that he will be married  
with some rich baron or even the son of a prince; Pernette wants  
no one else than her beloved Peter whom they will hang, for he  
is in prison; Pernette wishes to be buried with him and everyone  
passing thereafter will beg the Almighty to forgive the unhappy  
lovers.



LA PERNETTE

La Pernette se leve Tra la la la la la la la la la.  
La Pernette se lève, Trois heurs'devant le jour,  
Trois heurs'devant le jour, en soupirant d'amour.

Et vient la voir sa mère Tra la la la la etc...  
Et vient la voir sa mère, "Pernette qu'avez-vous,  
Avez-vous mal de tête ou bien le mal d'amour?

Ai pas le mal de tête, Tra la la la la etc...  
Ai pas le mal de tête, mais bien le mal d'amour  
Mais bien le mal d'amour

Ne pleure pas, Pernette, Tra la la la la etc...  
Ne pleure pas, Pernette, car nous te marierons  
Avec le fils d'un prince ou l'ainé d'un baron.

Je veux mon ami Pierre, Tra la la la la etc...  
Je veux mon ami Pierre qui languit en prison  
Qui languit en prison.

Non, l'auras pas ton Pierre, Tra la la la la etc...  
Non, l'auras pas ton Pierre, ils le pendouilleront, Tra la etc.  
Ils le pendouilleront.

Au chemin de Saint Pierre, enterrez-nous tous deux  
Couvrez-le donc de roses, et moi de toutes flours  
Au mitan de la pierre, planterez une croix,  
Et les passants qui passent, se mettront à genoux  
Diront: que Dieu pardonne, Tra la la la la etc...  
Diront: que Dieu pardonne, aux pauvres amoureux, Tra la etc.  
Aux pauvres amoureux.

SIDE II, Band 11: LO GRANDO DE PRADOS (LA BOROBONDO)

Marching song. The daughter of a peasant is going to Marseilles  
to see the King pass by. The King sees her and asks who is that

"drole" (meaning a "little nothing") and she protests that she  
is no "drole", but a peasant daughter.

LO GRANDO DE PRADOS (LA BORODONDO)

S'en onet o Morsilho, Borobin bon bon borobon (bis)  
S'en onet o Morsilho, Lo filho d'un poyson, Borobon, bon bon  
Lo filho d'un poyson, Lo filho d'un poyson.

S'en onet o Morsilho // (bis)  
Borobin bon bon borobon //  
S'en onet o Morsilho  
Beyre lou Rey possa,  
Borobon, bon bon.  
Beyré lou Rey possa. (bis)

Lou Rey o so fenestro, // (bis)  
Borobin bon bon borobon, //  
Lou Rey o so fenestro  
Remorquet Jionetoun,  
Borobon, bon bon,  
Remorquet Jionetoun. (bis)

De qu'ès oquelo drollo, // (bis)  
Borobin bon bon borobon, //  
De qu'ès oquelo drollo  
Que nous ogachio tont,  
Borobon, bon bon  
Que nous ogachio tont? (bis)

Ièu souis pas uno drollo, // (bis)  
Borobin bon bon borobon, //  
Ièu sou pas uno drollo  
Souis filho d'un poyson  
Borobon, bon bon  
Souis filho d'un poyson! (bis)



