

The snow falls on the city. The fog falls on my heart. People are walking tranquilly, bundled up in their happiness. And I turn in the streets like a carousel without children whose vanished music still plays with the wind. And I see again in the hollow of the pillow the clear morning shining in her eyes. You pretend that it is better to forget. I ask for nothing better. What do you want me to tell you? The snow melts in the sun. To remove all traces of it, two days are enough. But sorrow is not the same.

Chansons Populaires De France

13. **LE SOLDAT MECONTENT (The Dissatisfied Soldier)** In this song an unhappy soldier complains of the drums which awaken him in the morning, of the noble exercise of drilling, or the corporals drinking beer while he drinks water. The poor soldiers must have patience for in time of war the big guns will repay the discomforts they have suffered. The song was composed by the battalion drummer one day while beating retreat and regretting his wasting life.
14. **LES CANUTS (The Silkweavers)** The poor silkweavers make golden chasubles for the great of the church while they themselves have not even shirts to wear. They make rich coats and decorations for the great of the land while they themselves have not even palls for their coffins. But they warn, their time will come, and the rule of the great will end. The silkweavers will weave the shroud of the old world. A revolution can already be heard rumbling in the distance.
15. **LE TEMPS DES CERISES (Cherry Blossom Time)** This is a song of a disappointed lover. He sings of cherry blossom time when everyone is gay, the birds sing and lovers have sunlight in their hearts. But that time is short. So if you are afraid of the pains of love, avoid beautiful girls or you too, will suffer as the singer has. But the lover will always love cherry blossom time in spite of the constant pain in his heart, and the memory of that time will always be precious to him.
16. **LA BUTTE ROUGE (The Red Hill)** The red hill was the scene of a terrible battle where many workers and peasants were killed. It was baptised one dreadful morning in the blood of the innocent. Today there are vineyards there, one hears singing, and lovers exchange their vows. But at night can still be heard the cries of the wounded and dying, and in place of the vines can be seen the crosses on the graves of the dead.
17. **GIROFLE GIROFLA** The peasant has a pleasant house in lovely surroundings and an abundance of fruit and grain. But with war everything will be destroyed. Airplanes will set the sky on fire. His daughters will be raped. His sons will be killed in battle and their bodies eaten by crows. There can be nothing good on earth as long as there is war.
18. **LE CHANT DE LA LIBERATION (Le Chant des Partisans) (Song of Liberation)** This is the call to arms of the partisans. They are to take out their guns, their grenades, their knives, their dynamite. It is the partisans who break the bars of prisons. Hate and misery push them on, and they are killed. As soon as one dies, a friend appears to take his place in the battle for liberty.

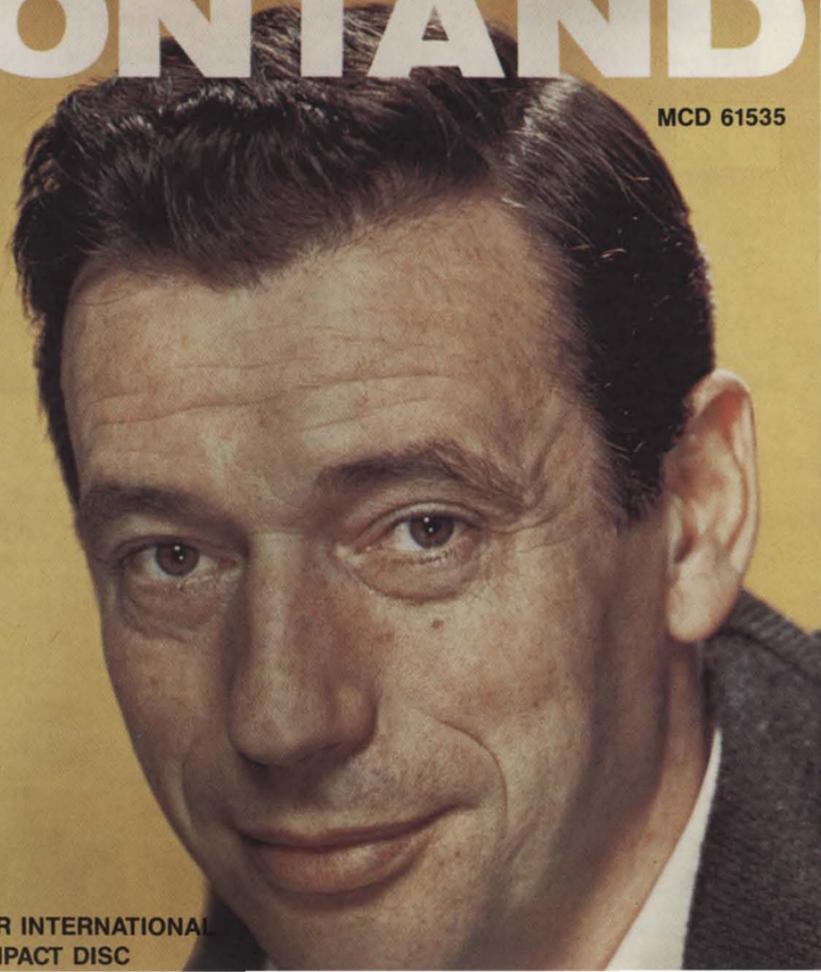
Translated by PATRICIA BENNETT
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Yves & his Songs of Paris



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Songs of Paris

1. **LE GAMIN DE PARIS** A child of Paris is a poem. In no other place are children the same. A child of Paris is a mixture of free sky, of bad and good. He is a sturdy sonnet, becoming sentimental when offered an orange. He is a tiny thing, hurling his defiance at the world. He is a tri-colored cockade in a mustard pot. He has the soul of Paris. His pants are too long for him. His hands are always in his pockets. He runs away whenever he sees a policeman.

A child of Paris is a poem. In no other place are children the same. His birthright is a past heavy with consequence which he feels without knowing the history of France. He sings in the streets for an ideal. He is a carefree and delighted taster of a life which sings. If necessary, he can, like Gavroche, join in the dance.

A child of Paris whispered to me, "If I leave here, you can be sure that the day before, I will have succeeded in putting Paris in a bottle."

2. **VEL' D'HIV'** Take the subway, plunge into the crowd. Everyone is here—mechanics, white collar workers, businessmen. Everyone gets out at Grenelle. And as you approach you see the big sign VELODROME D'HIVER. When I came for the first time, I don't know how many boxes ago, I was no higher than that, and my father carried me on his arm. No matter what is going on here, racing or boxing, afternoon or evening, there is always a huge crowd. Vel' d'Hiv' is a little Paris, a Paris which lives, a Paris which cries, a good-hearted Paris, a happy, joking Paris. I grew up here, but I always approach it with the eagerness of a bridegroom or a lover. And I always look forward to the next time.

3. **RUE LEPIC** Rue Lepic—in the market which is awakening at dawn. Color comes dancing over the fruit and the flowers. Rue Lepic, do you see the vegetable stands offering an abundance of red tomatoes, green grapes, golden melons, and cowlings, to the public? And the cries of the merchants mingle in a song, and the murmur of chattering women is like the sound of the sea. Rue Lepic—that old street of Paris swarms and lives and sings and weeps and beats like a heart.

Rue Lepic—there are people who wander aimlessly and stragglers who come to relax and gigolos who do nothing, or little more, resting in the morning on the terrace of the cafes. Over there two lovers are walking happily; at the vegetable stand they buy some spring flowers. Under the amused eyes of the on-lookers they kiss in a bouquet of lilies.

Rue Lepic—there are policemen and streetwalkers with rouged faces strolling in the sun. But especially there is a beautiful girl, as beautiful as the summer. And the street is proud of her clear skin and her good health to which the street gave birth. And always she says hello to her with love, and the street is in ecstasy to see her pass by.

And the street climbs and climbs toward Montmartre at the top, toward its beautiful mills at the top.

4. **LE COCHER DE FIACRE (The Cab Driver)** A cab driver and his horse go slowly in the night. The rain which falls mockingly drop by drop gently waters the driver, the horse, and the street. A cab driver and his horse go by in the rain without a passenger.

Roll, roll, cabriolet. You are no longer up to date. You, driver, and your whipped horse, are old pictures for us. You will disappear, for you are the last remnants of a former time.

In the night a cab driver and his horse go slowly, — a cab driver and his horse.

5. **FLAMENCO DE PARIS** You did not tell me that the exile's guitar sounds sometimes like a clarion call, you, my Spanish friend of the streets of Madrid, met last winter with a flower on your lips. I did not tell you that the guitars of Paris could learn your song, you, my Spanish friend of the streets of Madrid, met last winter with a flower on your lips. And then you went out into the streets of Paris, and you said nothing to me. Patience!

6. **GRAND BOULEVARDS** I love to stroll on the grand boulevards. There are so many, many things to see. You choose at random and you can get blisters wandering through the crowd. I love the little stands and stalls, the show windows, the lotteries and the talkative hawkers. They help you pass the time and forget your blues.

I am not a millionaire. I am a lathe operator in an automobile factory. I cannot pay for amusement every day of the week. So I have my little whims which amuse me and cost me nothing. When my work is finished, I walk between the Porte St. Denis and the Boulevard des Italiens.

I love to stroll on the grand boulevards. There are so many, many things to see. You see there are the great days of hope and days of anger when the mobs riot. There lives the heart of Paris, always ardent and sometimes rebellious. And the wonderful moments of history are described in all languages on our grand boulevards.

I love to stroll on the grand boulevards on summer evenings when everyone likes to go to bed late. I have a chance to see the pretty girls walking by. Then I go back to my little hotel room with its window with a view of the sky. Through the window come like a clarion the sounds and the lights of the enchanting world of the grand boulevards.

7. **RENDEZ-VOUS DE PANAME** You talk of a Bastille Day when there was excitement on the Rue de Paname. That day the Rue de Paname became the Tuileries where the king used to walk. The Seine watched from its bed, and the clock on the Gare d'Orsay smiled down on the gay parade arriving by subway, on foot, and on bicycle. There is no point in going to the movies for that day the theater is the Rue de Paname which performs for you. The program lasts all day and there is no charge.

Children welcome you with firecrackers, and you will be tired from walking. But come as you are to celebrate the 14th of July. Long ago Lizou danced a cotillon at the corner in a linen skirt trimmed with lace. Today, my little doll in nylon, you will turn to the sound of an accordion. But does not the heart smile the same now as long ago? Paris surrounds itself every year with song to celebrate its joy.

Tomorrow when all is over the puppet show will return to its usual place. You will again be able to see all the children in the Tuileries when school is out. The Seine will remain in its bed. And if you question the clock on the Gare d'Orsay it will tell you that everything passes in life. But we will be there next year to celebrate the 14th of July in Paris.

8. **LA GRANDE CITE** I was born in the city where factories are born, where the men and the turbines live an unhealthy life in the shadow of the artificial clouds spewed forth by the chimneys. And men come and go to the noise of sirens. It is the big city which pushes and grows.

How strange they are, these people who walk in the street. How strange they, these people lost in the crowds. The serenade of the thieves rises like a monotonous chant, and the serenade of the good people and those who are not so good. I watch them live and I find it strange.

But there is in the city a young girl with soft skin, a girl who doesn't bathe enough, whose dress is torn, but a little piece of the sky has fallen into her eyes. I don't see the factories any more, I don't hear the machines any more. How strange it is, a heart which walks in the street. How strange it is, a heart lost in the crowd. The serenade of love, the serenade of all times, rises over the city to sing her praise, and I am there to follow it. And I find it strange.

9. **FAUBOURG ST. MARTIN** Offering a little bit of paradise, a suburb of Paris has given us its heart, all of its heart. It has given it in its song, many songs. And if you enter by chance into one of its dark corridors you will hear many secrets.

Faubourg St. Martin, the cradle of tales of love, of all the tunes we hum every day, of old houses with walls blackened by the years...Faubourg St. Martin, which sings for the whole world the eternal song of the happiness of living and loving. Faubourg St. Martin, you will always be the most beautiful suburb, the suburb of love.

Sometimes a ghost seems to touch you; a spirit of the past has gone by. It is the spirit of some great person wandering in the street to sing of love.

10. **LA BALLADE DE PARIS** So many poems have written about Paris that I don't know what to sing to praise your beauty, my Paris. It is this, or that, or something else—I don't know. Why am I so moved when I walk down a Paris street?

Walking along the quai I found an old book, yellow with age. I read there of the suffering and joy you have known. Since your beginning your streets have written stories, stories of love which lived and died. There has been fighting. Each of your paving stones has served to defend liberty. There is the struggle of all the men who have made you as you are, my Paris. They built Notre Dame, the Place de la Concorde, the Tuileries gardens, all Paris. They took the Bastille while singing, built the Eiffel Tower while dancing. The years have passed by gently, and Paris remains young.

Is it this, or that, or something else? I don't know. Why am I so moved when I walk down a Paris street?

11. **LUNA PARK** In my factory at Puteaux you could say I have a good job. Every day of the year I turn the same bolt all day long. But that does not keep me from singing. When I have my little hour of liberty I go straight to Luna Park. On the midway I see girls everywhere and they sing too.

Work is bewildering and dirty. When I receive my pay at the end of the month I know that at Puteaux there are guys richer than I, but that does not keep me from singing. Luna Park is my story of gaiety. At all the stands people greet me. The owners welcome me. The girls and boys there are my family. Elsewhere I am nothing, but here I am someone.

12. **NEIGE SUR LA VILLE (Snow on the City)** The snow falls on the city. The fog falls on my heart. People are walking tranquilly, bundled up in their happiness. And I turn in the streets like a carousel without children whose vanished music still plays with the wind.

And I see again in the heat of summer the swirl of a pretty dress, and on my arm which reaches out for it, I feel the slim and supple waist.

What do you want me to tell you? I don't know anything like it. The gray snow is pretty when there is sunshine in the heart. I see the clinging shadows in the lights of the cafe. Let us go. Night is approaching. On earth one never loves too much.

YVES MONTAND: SONGS OF PARIS

(and others)



PARIS

1. LE GAMIN DE PARIS
2. VEL' D'HIV'
3. RUE LEPIC
4. LE COCHER DE FIACRE
5. FLAMENCO DE PARIS
6. GRAND BOULEVARDS
7. RENDEZ-VOUS DE PANAME
8. LA GRANDE CITE
9. FAUBOURG ST. MARTIN
10. LA BALLADE DE PARIS
11. LUNA PARK
12. NEIGE SUR LA VILLE

CHANSONS POPULAIRES DE FRANCE

13. LE SOLDAT MECONTENT
14. LES CANUTS
15. LE TEMPS DES CERISES
16. LA BUTTE ROUGE
17. GIROFLE GIROFLA
18. LE CHANT DE LA LIBERATION (Le Chant des Partisans)

Accompanied by Bob Castella & His Orchestra
English Translations Enclosed. Total Playing Time: 54:35



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