



# Smithsonian Folkways Recordings

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### THE SONGS

#### 1. The Shuttle

[Song text and music by Donna Hébert; fiddle tune: traditional]

**Chanterelle:** Donna Hébert, lead vocal, fiddle (b. 1948), Josée Vachon, vocal, clogging (b. 1960), Liza Constable, vocal, guitar (b. 1960), Alan Bradbury, bass (b. 1950)

We left our home in St. Hubert to work the Amoskeag  
In Manchester, New Hampshire, in 1883.  
My parents and my brothers all work the same as I;  
At the spinning and the weaving, we make the shuttles fly.  
Six days a week we rise at four to work our sixteen hours.  
*Ma mère* and me are spinners inside their tall brick towers;  
*Mon père*, he's in the weaving room; *mes frères*, they sweep the floor.  
We see them, but we cannot speak above the shuttle's roar.  
You'll find all ages in the mill, *'tit enfants et grandpères*;  
Their wages are a pittance, not enough to pay their share.  
All of us must labor here or else we do not eat;  
Our home is in a tenement with no water and no heat.  
On Sundays a great silence reigns, so sweet our ears do ring  
And to our God together we may raise a voice to sing.  
We rest so dear, so briefly, and visit where we may,

For Monday morn' will soon arrive when the shuttle rules our day.  
My friend, she had an accident, three fingers she has lost;  
Another boy was crushed to death, and who accounts the cost  
Of health and youth spent quickly in thumping mills of brick and tin;  
How do we keep our sanity in the shuttle's hellish din?  
Oh, my friends and family in lovely St. Hubert,  
Don't listen to recruiters when they ask to pay your fare.\*  
Stay at home, don't listen to their blandishments and lies,  
Or you'll end up, a slave like me to the shuttle that never dies.

*\*Recruiters originally from a community in Québec would go back home and snare new millhands with a free ticket south. Sometimes immigrants found themselves in hock for their fares and having to work them off on arrival.*

## 2. Devil's Dream

Rodney Miller, fiddle (b. 1951), Anne Percival, guitar (b. 1958)  
(no lyrics)

## 3. La bastringue

**Les franco-américains:** Carole Levesque, vocal (b. 1950), Leo DuFresne, piano (b. 1927), Lionel Oullette, fiddle (b. 1926), Gordon Muise, bass guitar (b. 1935), Harold Meuse, snare drum (b. 1929)

*Mademoiselle, voulez-vous danser La bastringue?*

*Mademoiselle, voulez-vous danser? La bastringue va commencer.*

*(Additional verses not found in this recording):*

*Oui, Monsieur, je veux bien danser La bastringue.*

*Oui, Monsieur, je veux bien danser La bastringue, si vous voulez.*

*Mademoiselle, il faut arrêter La bastringue.*

*Mademoiselle, il faut arrêter La bastringue; vous allez vous fatiguer.*

*Non, Monsieur, j'aime trop danser La bastringue!*

*Non, Monsieur, j'aime trop danser; je suis prêt' à r'commencer!*

*Mademoiselle, j'en peux plus de danser La bastringue.*

*Mademoiselle, j'en peux plus de danser car j'en ai des cors aux pieds.*

Mademoiselle, would you like to dance the Bastringue?

Mademoiselle, would you like to dance? The Bastringue is going to begin.

(Additional verses): Yes, Monsieur, I would like to dance the Bastringue.

Yes, Monsieur, I would like to dance the Bastringue, if you want.

Mademoiselle, we must stop dancing the Bastringue.

Mademoiselle, we must stop dancing the Bastringue; you are going to get too tired.

No, Monsieur, I like to dance the Bastringue too much!

No, Monsieur, I like to dance to the Bastringue too much! I'm ready to start again!

Mademoiselle, I can't dance the Bastringue any more.

Mademoiselle, I can't dance the Bastringue any more because I have corns on my feet.

## 4. Soufflons-y

**Martha Pellerin (1961-1998)** lead vocal, clogging, participants in soirée, antiphonal response

*Ce sont les gens de par chez nous  
 Ils ont fait faire un pâté chaud.  
 Soufflons-y ton tire lire lire (refrain)  
 Soufflons-y tout l'tour.  
 Ils ont fait faire un pâté chaud.  
 Ils l'ont fait faire bien assez gros  
 Ils l'ont fait faire bien assez gros.  
 On a trouvé un homme dedans.  
 On a trouvé encore bien plus,  
 On a trouvé un chat poilu.  
 Du chat poilu moi j'en mangerais plus  
 A moins qu'il soit bien arrosé  
 A moins qu'il soit bien arrosé  
 Avec du rhum pis du brandy.  
 These are the folks from around our place  
 Who had a hot pot pie made.  
 Let's blow on it, ton tire lire lire (refrain)  
 Let's blow on it, everyone take a turn.  
 Who had a hot pot pie made.  
 They had it made big enough  
 They had it made big enough.  
 We found a man in it.  
 We found even more,  
 We found a furry cat.  
 I'm not going to eat any of that furry cat  
 Unless it is basted well  
 Unless it is basted well  
 With some rum and some brandy.*

### **5. La bonn' femme Robert [Old Lady Robert]**

Bernie, Normand, Marc, and Michael Ouimet

*Par un dimanche après-midi en arrière du presbytère  
 J'aperçois Monsieur l'curé avec la bonn' femme Robert.  
 Ouich ton gais, si j'avais ma fronde (refrain)  
 Sapré gai j'te l'aurais frondée.  
 J'aperçois Monsieur l'curé avec la bonn' femme Robert.  
 Elle me dit, "Mon petit Pierre, vient donc saluer ton père."  
 Elle me dit, "Mon petit Pierre, vient donc saluer ton père."  
 Mon père n'a jamais porté de ces grandes robes noires;  
 Mon père n'a jamais porté de ces grandes robes noires.  
 Mon père n'a jamais porté de cas' carrée sur sa tête;  
 Mon père n'a jamais porté de cas' carrée sur sa tête.  
 Mon père n'a jamais chanté ni de messes ni de vêpres;  
 Mon père n'a jamais chanté ni de messes ni de vêpres.  
 Mon père a toujours chanté "vive le verre et la bouteille."*

*Mon père a toujours chanté "vive le verre et la bouteille."  
 Mon père n'a jamais couché avec la bonn' femme Robert.*  
 On a Sunday afternoon behind the parish house  
 I spied old lady Robert and our parish priest walking to and fro.  
 Oh, if I only had my slingshot (refrain)  
 Oh, how great a shot I would have sent at her.  
 I spied old lady Robert and our parish priest walking to and fro.  
 And said she to me, "Come, little Peter, come, greet your father."  
 And said she to me, "Come, little Peter, come, greet your father."  
 Never did my father wear such long black robes;  
 Never did my father wear such long black robes.  
 Never did my father wear such a square hat upon his head;  
 Never did my father wear such a square hat upon his head.  
 Never did my father sing masses or vespers;  
 Never did my father sing masses or vespers.  
 Always did my father sing, "Hail the glass and the bottle";  
 Always did my father sing, "Hail the glass and the bottle."  
 Never did my father sleep with old lady Robert.  
 [translation by Bernard Ouimet]

## **6. La guignolée**

Bernie, Normand, Marc, and Michael Ouimet

*Bonjour, le maîtr' et la maîtresse et tout le mond' de la maison,  
 Pour le dernier jour de l'année la guignolée vous nous devez.  
 Si vous voulez rien nous donner, dites-nous le;  
 On emmènera seulement la fill' aînée.  
 On lui fera faire bonn' chère, on lui fera chauffer les pieds  
 On vous demande seulement une chignée  
 De vingt à trente pieds de long, si vous voulez,  
 "La guignolée, la guignoloches, mettez du lard dedans nos poches!"  
 Quand nous fûmes au milieu du bois, nous fûmes à l'ombre;  
 J'entendais chanter le coucou et la colombe.  
 Rossignolet du vert bocage, rossignolet du bois joli,  
 Eh! Va-t'en dire à ma maîtresse que je me meurs pour ses beaux yeux.  
 Toute fille qui n'a pas d'amant, comment vit-elle?  
 Ell' vit toujours en soupirant, et toujours veille.*  
 Good day master and mistress and all who dwell in this house,  
 On this, the last day of the year, you do owe us the guignolée.  
 If nothing you wish to give us, pray tell us so;  
 Your eldest daughter instead we will bring.  
 Well will she be fed, warm will she be kept  
 A backbone of pork, twenty to thirty feet long, if you please, is all we ask.  
 Twenty to thirty feet long, if you please,  
 "The guignolée, the guignoloches, into our sack, salt pork do pack!"  
 Once in the middle of the wood, its shade covered us;

I heard the cuckoo and the dove sing.  
Nightingale of the green grove,  
Nightingale of the pretty wood,  
Go tell my love that I pine for her sparkling eyes.  
How does a maiden live without a lover?  
She lives always sighing, always waiting.  
[Translation by Bernard Ouimet]

**7. *Te souviendras-tu de moi?* [Will You Remember Me?]**

Maria Perrault

*Te souviendras-tu de moi?*  
*Te souviendras-tu de moi?*  
*Quand tu pars, pourrais-j'te suivre?*  
*Fais-moi tes derniers adieux.*  
*Comment ferais-j'pour vivre,*  
*Chère amie, loin de tes yeux?*  
*Dans la peine et dans l'ennui (refrain)*  
*Mon coeur va languir sans toi,*  
*Toi que j'aime à la folie.*  
*Te souviendras-tu de moi?*  
*Sur les rochers les plus sauvages,*  
*Tous les jours j'irai pleurer,*  
*Demandant sur le rivage*  
*L'amie que j'ai tant aimée.*  
*Adieu-donc, ma chère amie.*  
*Adieu-donc, c'est pour toujours.*  
*Le baiser que je te donne*  
*Ne s'effacera jamais.*  
Will you remember me?  
When you leave, may I follow you?  
Say your final farewells.  
How will I be able to survive,  
Far from your eyes, dear friend?  
In sorrow and worry (refrain)  
My heart will languish without you,  
You, whom I love madly.  
Will you remember me?  
On the harshest of rocks,  
I will go and cry every day,  
While asking on the shore for  
The friend whom I loved so much.  
Farewell then, my dear friend.  
Farewell then is forever.  
The kiss that I give you  
Will never fade.

**8. Reel St. Hubert 1:20**

Dudley Laufman, fiddle, clogging (b. 1931), Jacqueline Laufman, fiddle, clogging (b. 1952)

(No lyrics)

**9. Les bûcherons [The Lumberjacks] 1:36**

Paul Baril, lead vocal (b. 1927), participants in *soirée*, antiphonal response

**Les bûcherons**

*J'ai fêté la semaine passée dans une auberge du comté*

*En arrivant à l'atelier le boss me dit, "Tu peux te pousser. "*

*Verse à verse à boire, mon gars (refrain)*

*Une autre job tu chercheras.*

*Je suis parti découragé pour m'en aller dans les chantiers*

*J'ai rencontré P'tit Gus Coleau, qui prenait le train pour Windigo.*

*On bûchera jusqu'au printemps afin d'avoir un peu d'argent*

*Au printemps on descendra, toutes les hôtels on visitera*

*Toutes les hôtels on visitera, toutes les hôtels on visitera.*

*Au bout de trois jours on sera cassé, mais il faudra recommencer.*

I feasted last week in a country inn

When I arrived at the workshop, the boss told me to keep on moving.

Pour a lot to drink, my boy (refrain)

You'll hunt for another job.

I left discouraged to go to the lumber camps

I met Little Gus Coleau, who was taking the train for Windigo

We will chop until spring so we'll have a little money

In Spring we'll come down, we'll visit all the hotels

We'll visit all the hotels, we'll visit all the hotels.

At the end of three days we'll be broke, and we'll have to start over

**10. St. Anne's Reel/Liberty**

Patrick Ross, Roland Cotnoir

(No lyrics)

**11. Le grain de mil [The Millet Seed]**

Lucie Therrien, vocals, spoons, bodhrán

*Par derrière chez mon père, il y a un pommier doux*

*Les trois filles d'un prince sont endormies dessous. Ah!*

*Les trois filles d'un prince sont endormies dessous*

*La plus jeune se réveille, dit "Mon père, il est jour." Ah!*

*J'ai du grain de mil, j'ai du grain de paille. (refrain)*

*J'ai des orangers, j'ai du tril, j'ai du tricolis*

*J'ai des allumettes et j'ai des ananas*

*Des pierres, ah! fleuris, des lauriers fleuris*

*J'ai du zi, j'ai du zinnezi, j'ai du zinnezinne et j'ai du zinnezo*

*J'ai des beaux, j'ai des beaux, j'ai des beaux oiseaux.*

*La plus jeune se réveille, dit "Mon père, il est jour."*

*Non, ce n'est qu'une étoile qui éclaire nos amours  
Non, ce n'est qu'une étoile qui éclaire nos amours  
Ils sont partis en guerre, ils combattent pour nous  
Ils sont partis en guerre, ils combattent pour nous  
S'ils gagnent la bataille, ils auront nos amours  
S'ils gagnent la bataille, ils auront nos amours  
Qu'ils perdent ou bien qu'ils gagnent, ils les auront toujours.*”

Behind my father's house, there is a sweet apple tree  
The three daughters of a prince are asleep underneath. Ah!  
The three daughters of a prince are asleep underneath  
The youngest awakes and says, “Father, it is day” Ah!  
I have some millet seed, I have a bit of straw (refrain)  
I have orange trees, I have trill, I have tricolis  
I have matches and I have pineapples  
Stones, ah! blooming, some blooming laurels  
I have zi, I have zinnezi, I have zinnezinne and zinnezo  
I have beautiful, I have beautiful, I have beautiful birds.  
The youngest awakes and says, “Father, it is day”  
“No, it is not, but a star that lights up our loves  
No, it is not, but a star that lights up our loves  
They left in time of war, they are fighting for us  
They left in time of war, they are fighting for us  
If they win the battle, they will have our love  
If they win the battle, they will have our love  
Whether they lose or win, they will have our love forever.”

*Par derrière chez mon père, il y a un pommier doux  
Les trois filles d'un prince sont endormies dessous. Ah!  
Les trois filles d'un prince sont endormies dessous  
La plus jeune se réveille, dit "Mon père, il est jour." Ah!  
J'ai du grain de mil, j'ai du grain de paille. (refrain)  
J'ai des orangers, j'ai du tril, j'ai du tricolis  
J'ai des allumettes et j'ai des ananas  
Des pierres, ah! fleuris, des lauriers fleuris  
J'ai du zi, j'ai du zinnezi, j'ai du zinnezinne et j'ai du zinnezo  
J'ai des beaux, j'ai des beaux, j'ai des beaux oiseaux.  
La plus jeune se réveille, dit "Mon père, il est jour."*

*Non, ce n'est qu'une étoile qui éclaire nos amours  
Non, ce n'est qu'une étoile qui éclaire nos amours  
Ils sont partis en guerre, ils combattent pour nous  
Ils sont partis en guerre, ils combattent pour nous  
S'ils gagnent la bataille, ils auront nos amours  
S'ils gagnent la bataille, ils auront nos amours  
Qu'ils perdent ou bien qu'ils gagnent, ils les auront toujours.*  
Behind my father's house, there is a sweet apple tree  
The three daughters of a prince are asleep underneath. Ah!  
The three daughters of a prince are asleep underneath

The youngest awakes and says, "Father, it is day" Ah!  
I have some millet seed, I have a bit of straw (refrain)  
I have orange trees, I have trill, I have tricolis  
I have matches and I have pineapples  
Stones, ah! blooming, some blooming laurels  
I have zi, I have zinnezi, I have zinnezinne and zinnezo  
I have beautiful, I have beautiful, I have beautiful birds.  
The youngest awakes and says, "Father, it is day"  
No, it is not, but a star that lights up our loves  
No, it is not, but a star that lights up our loves  
They left in time of war, they are fighting for us  
They left in time of war, they are fighting for us  
If they win the battle, they will have our love  
If they win the battle, they will have our love  
Whether they lose or win, they will have our love forever.

## ***12. Entre moi***

Chanterelle: [cf. track 1]

*Au Canada, terre de mes aïeux, les gens de la campagne*

*Savent pas comme y sont chanceux;*

*Les rangs et les rivières, on n'peut les oublier*

*Y'a rien d'plus beau sur terre que ce pays carroté.*

*Ta da tsi de lum... (refrain)*

*Les cousins, les cousines, les monocles et les matantes,*

*J'suis toujours bien contenté de pouvoir les visiter.*

*Monte en haut, monte en bas, l'Canada ou les Etats*

*C'est donc dur à décider de quel bord j'veux rester.*

*Josée, qu'est-ce que tu fais là-bas dans les Etats?*



*Pas d'français, tout en anglais.*

*Qu'est-ce que tu fais pour rester là?*

*Josée, qu'est-ce que tu fais pour survivre dans les Etats?*

*La misère il doit n'y avoir, c'est c'que nous disaient nos grand-pères.*

*Au Canada, je vais à chaque année*

*Pour contenter mon bec de desserts et choses sucrées.*

*La tire, la tarte au sucre, mon doux, que tout est bon.*

*Mais, c'est vraiment pas juste, y'ont tous les gâteaux Vachon.*

*Josée, on m'a dit qu't'es heureuse aux Etats-Unis,*

*Qu't'habites-la, pis que t(u) (ne) hais pas ça.*

*Et le français, on le parle aussi.*

*Josée, j'comprends pas ta raison de rester là-bas;*

*T'es si loin de tes chers cousins.*

*Tu vas voir, tu reviendras bien.*

*Ces deux pays, je dois choisir entre eux.*

*Veillez bien m'écouter, je les aime bien tous les deux,*

*Mais comme je suis ici, et que je m'identifie,*

*Je n'suis plus Canadienne, mais Franco-Américaine.*

*Josée, cette année pour un mois j'ai visité*

*Le New York et ses environs, la Floride, et la ville de Boston.*

*Ah! Qu'le Maine c'est-y beau, et des plages y'en a-t'y gros.*

*Ton pays de nostalgie y t'envie en mots t'as dit.*

*Au Canada en visite une année,*

*Je me suis aperçue que bien des choses avaient changées.*

*C'est d'même que j'ai appris qu'on n'est pas mieux ailleurs.*

*Alors, j'dois conserver tout ce qui est dans mon coeur.*

In Canada, land of my ancestors, the countryfolk

Don't know how lucky they are;

The country roads and the rivers are unforgettable

Nothing on earth is more beautiful than these patchwork fields.

*Ta da tsi di de lum... (refrain)*

The cousins, uncles, and aunts

I'm always very happy to be able to visit them.

Climb high, climb low, Canada or the States;

It's so darn hard to decide on which side I want to stay.

Josée, what are you doing over there in the States?

No French, all in English

What are you doing to stay there?

Josée, what are you doing to survive in the States?

There must not be any poverty there, that's what our grandfathers used to tell us.

To Canada I go every year,

To satisfy my tastebuds with desserts and sweet treats.

Maple toffee, sugar pie, my sweet, how good it all is,

But it's really not fair that they have Vachon cakes.

Josée, I am told that you are happy in the United States,

That you live there, and that you don't hate it.

They speak French, too.

Josée, I don't understand your reason for staying over there.

You are so far from your dear cousins.

You will see, you will come back soon.

These two countries, I must choose between them.

Would you please listen to me, I like them both,

But since I am here and I know my identity,

I am no longer Canadian, but Franco-American.

Josée, for a month this year I visited

New York and its surroundings, Florida, and the city of Boston.

Ah! Maine is so beautiful, and there are so many beaches there

The country for which you have nostalgia darn well envies you.

While visiting Canada one year

I noticed that lots of things had changed.

I even learned in much the same way that we are not better elsewhere.

So, I must preserve everything that's in my heart.

*13. Growling Old Man, Grumbling Old Woman 1:55*

Ronald West, fiddle (b. 1925)

David Carr, guitar (b. 1940)

*14. Turlutte 1:25*

*Dent-de-Lion*

Claude Méthé, fiddle (b. 1952)

Dana Whittle, vocal, clogging (b. 1956)

15. Réveillez-vous, belle endormie [Wake Up, Sleeping Beauty] 2:05

Claude Méthé

*Réveillez-vous, belle endormie*

*Réveillez-vous, car il est jour*

*Prêtez l'oreille à la fenêtre*

*Vous entenderez parler d'amour.  
Qui est cette voix qui me parle,  
Et qui m'empêche de dormir?  
C'est votre amant, charmant belle  
Qui vient pour causer avec vous.  
Demandez-donc à votre père*

*S'il veut nous marier ou non.*

*S'il ne veut pas qu'on me le dise;*

*Je m'en irai au fond des bois.*

*Je m'en irai en hermitage*

*Finir mes jours près d'un ruisseau;*

*Ma nourriture sera d'herbage*

*Et ma boisson sera mes pleurs.*

*Mon père est en haut dans sa chambre*

*Sur son lit blanc prends son repos,*

*Dans sa main droite il tient une lettre,*

*C'est pour vous donner un congé.*

Wake up, sleeping beauty

Wake up, for it is day

Put your ear to the window

You will hear talk of love.

Who is this voice talking to me,

And who prevents me from sleeping?

It is your lover, charming beauty,

Who comes to chat with you.

Then ask your father

Whether or not he wants to marry us.

Tell me if he doesn't want to;

I'll take off into the depths of the woods

I will go into hiding

To finish my days near a brook;

My food will be grasses

And my drink will be my tears.

My father is upstairs in his bedroom

On his white bed taking a rest;  
In his right hand he holds a letter,  
It is to give you your leave.

*16. Redwing 2:18*

*Marcel Robidas and the Maple Sugar Band*

Marcel Robidas, fiddle (b. 1930)

Bob Mazziotti, piano and fiddle (b. 1945)

Bill Zecker, guitar (b. 1950)

John Saucier, guitar (b. 1948)

*(No lyrics)*

*17. J'entends le moulin [I Hear the Mill] 3:56*

*Nightingale*

Jeremiah McLaine, accordion (b. 1957)

Becky Tracy, fiddle (b. 1962)

Keith Murphy, mandolin, piano, and clogging (b. 1965)

with André Marchand, back-up vocals

*Mon père a fait bâtir une maison, j'entends le moulin taque*

*L'a fait bâtir à trois pignons, tique tique... Tique taque*

*J'entends le moulin, tique tique tique (refrain)*

*J'entends le moulin tique.*

*Sont trois charpentiers qui la font,*

*Le plus jeune, c'est mon mignon.*

*Qu'apportes-tu, mon p'tit fripon?,*

*C'est un pâté de trois pigeons.*

*Asseyons-nous et le mangeons.*

*En s'asseyant il fit un bond*

*Qui fit trembler mer et poissons,*

*Et les cailloux qui sont au fond,*

My father had a house built, I hear the mill *taque*



Had it built with three gables, *tique tique...Tique taque*

I hear the mill, *tique, tique, tique* (refrain)

I hear the mill, *tique*

They are three carpenters who are doing it,

The youngest, he's my sweetheart.

What are you carrying there, my little rascal?

It's a paté of three pigeons.

Let's sit down and eat it.

While seating himself he took a leap

That made sea and fish tremble

And the pebbles on the bottom of the sea.

*18. Soirée Medley 9:09*

Michèle Choinière, lead vocal and piano (b. 1965)

Jeanne Begnoche, lead vocal (b. 1938)

Alberta Gagné, lead vocal (1908-1999)

Fabio Choinière, harmonica (b. 1928)

Maurice Paquette, accordion (b. 1934)

participants in *soirée*, antiphonal response

***Festîn de campagne*** [Country Feast]

*Nous avons fait un p'tit festin*

*Un festin de campagne*

*Nous invitons tous nos parents*

*Nos voisins et leurs femmes*

*Tout le monde chantait et moi j'criais* (refrain)

*Hip! hip! pon! pon! du fun y en avait!*

*Y'en avait pour tout l'monde!*

*Quand ça venait sur les minuits*

*Nous décorions les tables*

*Avec des fleurs de pissenlits*

*Et des bâtons de rhubarbe.*

*C'était le joueur de la violon  
Qui était plein comme un oeuf  
Et qui cherchait son arcanson  
A quatr'pattes sous le poêle.*

*L'compositeur de cette chanson  
N'est pas bien loin d'vous autres;  
Si vous lui passer l'flacon  
Il en chantera une autre.*

We made a little feast  
A country feast  
We invited all of our relatives  
Our neighbors and their wives

Everyone sang and me, I shouted (refrain)

*Hip! hip! pon! pon!* we had some fun!

There was some fun for everyone!

When the midnight hours approached

We decorated the tables

With some dandelion flowers

And some stalks of rhubarb.

It was the fiddle player

Who was stuffed like an egg

And who was looking for his rosin

On all fours under the stove.

The composer of this song

Is not far from you;

If you pass him the flask

He'll sing another one.

***Par un samedi matin*** [One Saturday Morning]

*Par un samedi matin Lucille se marie*

*Elle prend un homme agé, agé de vingt-neuf ans*

*La p'tite Lucille, comme elle a le coeur content.*

*Il l'a prend par la main, l'a conduit à l'église.*

*Marche, ma belle Lucille, fait bien tous tes pas*

*Ma belle Lucille, on marchera très longtemps.*

*Il l'a prend par la main, l'a conduit à la table.*

*Regarde, ma belle Lucille, regard tous tes parents*

*Ma belle Lucille, comme ils ont tous l'air content.*

*Il l'a prend par la main, l'a conduit à la danse.*

*Danse, ma belle Lucille, fait bien tous tes pas*

*Ma belle Lucille, on dansera longtemps.*

One Saturday morning, Lucille is getting married.

She takes an older man, 29 years old

Little Lucille, how she has a happy heart.

He takes her by the hand and leads her to the church.

March, my beautiful Lucille, step lively

We're going to march a long time.

He takes her by the hand and leads her to the table.

Look, my beautiful Lucille, look at all your relatives,

My beautiful Lucille, how happy they all look.

He takes her by the hand and leads her to the dance.

Dance my beautiful Lucille, step lively

My beautiful Lucille, we're going to dance a long time.

### **I Went to the Market**

I went to the market *mon panier pendu aux bras*

I want some apples *combien les vendez-vous?*

I love you, *non, Monsieur, vous m'aimez guère* (refrain)

I love you, *non, Monsieur, vous m'aimez pas*

I want some apples *combien les vendez-vous?*

A dollar a dozen *combien en voulez-vous?*

A dollar a dozen *combien en voulez-vous?*

I'll take one dozen *le bonhomme vous les paiera.*

I'll take one dozen *le bonhomme vous les paiera.*

I went at home *le bonhomme n'y était pas.*

I went at home *le bonhomme n'y était pas.*

I went upstairs *le bonhomme y était là.*

I went upstairs *le bonhomme y était là.*

I want some money, *non t'en auras pas.*

I looked in his pocketbook, *de l'argent y en avait pas.*

I went to the market, my basket hanging from my arms

I want some apples, how much are you selling them for?

I love you, no sir, you hardly love me (refrain)

I love you, no sir, you do not love me.

I want some apples, how much are you selling them for?

A dollar a dozen, how many do you want?

A dollar a dozen, how many do you want?

I'll take one dozen, my husband will pay you for them.

I'll take one dozen, my husband will pay you for them.

I went home, my husband was not there

I went home, my husband was not there

I went upstairs, my husband was right there

I went upstairs, my husband was right there

I want some money, no, you won't have any

I looked in his pocketbook, there was no money.

*19. Valse du temps 2:04*

*Michèle Choinière*

*Quand les fleurs montrent leurs belles couleurs*

*avant qu'elles vieillissent*

*Quand les étoiles tombent du ciel*

*sans savoir où elles se trouveront*

*Quand les oiseaux s'en vont*

*en étant amoureux.*

*et j'essaye d'attraper le temps,*

*et j'essaye de me souvenir*

*de chaque regard, chaque son,*

*avant que le silence me rend sourde*



*et j'ai senti mon coeur, mon âme légère*

*flotter dans le vent*

*en voyant les petites feuilles danser, tomber,*

*se rencontrer, pendant une valse*

*du temps au clair de la lune.*

When the flowers show their beautiful colors

before they fade

When the stars fall from the sky

without knowing where they will end up

When the birds leave

having been in love

and I try to catch time

and I try to remember

each look, each sound

before the silence makes me deaf

and I felt my heart, my light-hearted soul

float in the wind

while seeing the little leaves dance, fall, meet  
during a waltz of time in the light of the moon.

*20. Patte du mouton 1:35*

Laurier "Larry" Riendeau, fiddle, clogging (b. 1927); Henry Riendeau, guitar (b. 1928)

*(No lyrics)*

*21. Valse des pasteureaux [Shepherd's Waltz] 1:44*

Rodney Miller, violin [cf. track 2]

Anne Percival, guitar

*(No lyrics)*