



**20 Printemps**

**Le Vent du Nord**

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## **English translations of lyrics**

Translator : François Couture / Editorial consultant: Jo Frost

### **1. AMÉRIQUOIS (AMERIKUOIS)**

Lyrics and music by nicolas boulerice

Expeditions, new lands discoverers in canoes  
A young nation like the first ones, travelling on the rivers

Making harsh winters theirs, ascending the river to its seas  
Mississippi, war stakes and great peace with our brothers

Ameriquois travellers, multiracial Quebekana  
With our loves, our courage, to imprint our songs with the landscape

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It's a story where lumberjacks went to the woods with doubts  
And came back around summer, answers to their questions in their pockets

They would open up the north, build cities, protect forts  
Permeated by the land in canoes flying in the black sky

Ameriquois travellers, multiracial Quebekana  
With our loves, our courage, to imprint our songs with the landscape

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From Louis Riel to Jean Lesage, we will have loosened the collars  
From the white squares of heritage to the red squares signifying enough

It's a language of to the four winds, leaving traces and children  
A little bit of France, a lot of time, our America will have seen big

Ameriquois travellers, mixed-race Quebekana  
With our loves, our courage, to imprint our songs with the landscape

## 2. L'AUBERGE (THE INN)

Traditional lyrics and music from Serge Thériault's repertoire

The other day in an inn, with several of my friends

I spent the night drinking, my mistress by my side

I like to drink, I pride myself on it

I want to spend my goods property, I'm always in the same mood

I take time as it comes

Every day my mother scolds me, she calls me a libertine

She tells me that I'm in the world to cause her grief

Let the black dresses pass by, let the hymns pass by

We will tell them that we are drinking all their heirs' money

The other day in an inn, with several of my friends

They are folks like us who get drunk on drink

The beadle, that great drunkard, will he drink just like us?

Will he drink in the next world as he drank among us?

### 3. DANS L'EAU-DE-VIE DE L'ARBRE (IN THE TREE'S SPIRIT AQUA VITÆ)

Lyrics and music by Nicolas Boulerice with a traditional tune from Jean Carignan's repertoire

The elders knew it, and even those before them  
How they were bleeding them every spring  
First cut them, respecting the wood  
So that it can flow, without causing death

Taste and enjoy the country in order to attach oneself to it  
Let the boredom take hold of you with the spirit of the tree  
Let the nights take hold of you with the spirit of the maple tree...

When the blood of the earth flowed enough  
We emptied our pails in the barrels of time  
Under the iron vats, we lit the maple tree  
Condemning it to boil its fellow trees

Taste and enjoy the country in order to attach oneself to it  
Let the boredom take hold of you with the spirit of the tree

And when finally the palette of days lay ahead stretched  
Punctuated with memories With punctuated memories and loves growing sweeter  
Evaporating winter, keeping what matters most  
Reducing miseries, getting closer to the sky

Taste and enjoy the country in order to attach oneself to it  
Let the boredom take hold of you with the spirit of the tree  
let the nights take hold of you with the spirit of the maple tree

#### **4. SI VOUS VOULEZ (IF YOU WILL)**

Lyrics and music from the repertoire of Jean-Paul Guimond and Alphonse Otis

If you want me to sing, pour me a glass of wine  
May it be sweet and enthralling, as long as love brings us together

Ah ah ah! don't give me, if you want me to sing  
Ah ah ah! never give me water between meals

Why don't you all go to the table and get some new wine?  
To fill the cups and glasses, the bottles and then the jars

The party is over, we have to think about leaving  
It's high time I went, before I die on all fours

In the morning when I wake up I feel all wrinkled  
I emptied so many glasses and bottles of this good wine that wakes us up

I wish the rivers, fountains and streams  
Would come to rinse the mugs, the glasses, the bottles and the jars

## 5. VOS AMITIÉS LA BELLE (YOUR FRIENDSHIP BEAUTY)

Traditional lyrics and music with a composition by Olivier Demers, arrangements TBD

I was very placid in my youth  
I entertained myself as much as nobility  
At the four corners of the table red wine, white wine  
I quenched my thirst while having fun

One night I wanted to go see my mistress  
I found her on her bed, crying without ceasing  
Oh, what's wrong, beauty, what makes you cry so much?  
Have you changed your mind about our friendship?

I have heard of many things, sir  
That you are going from cabaret to cabaret  
Even so, beautiful, it is nothing to you  
Our friendship will always stay true

I have heard many other things, sir  
That you make love to me as to many others  
Even so, beautiful, it is nothing to you  
Our friendship will always stay true

## 6. MA LOUISE (MY LOUISE)

Traditional lyrics and music from Robert Deveau's repertoire with a composition by Simon Beaudry and André Brunet.

A young soldier who was leaving for war, to his Louise went to say goodbye  
His forehead bowed to the ground in sorrow, soft tears rolled from his eyes  
But he gave her a piece of advice: when I come back I'll be yours

But he said to her, he told her again, goodbye my Louise goodbye

My beautiful lover if you go to war, to see you again I lose hope  
Once you get killed in battle, I, your Louise, will not see you again  
If you loved me like you showed me, you would never think of leaving me

Come in my arms, beautiful, that I kiss you, come to receive a sweet farewell kiss  
Bring me a white handkerchief too, to wipe the tears from my eyes  
Stop your crying, beautiful, dry your tears, because I sear i love you I promise to love you

The young soldier left, the beauty stayed in her room, night and day she cried and cried  
Night and day she cried and lamented, regretting lovely times spent  
May God save from war all the lovers of unmarried girls

After six months, at Louise's door, the handsome soldier knocked three times  
Open, open the door, you beautiful, open for your lover who came back from the army  
The beauty got up and went to open the door for her lover, her beloved

After a month we celebrated the wedding, the whole family was invited  
All the friends, all the people at the wedding party immediately went in deep mourning  
Because suddenly the beauty fell dead in the arms of her beloved

## 7. MARIANNE

traditional lyrics and music from Jean-Paul Guimond's repertoire with a composition by Nicolas Boulerice

Morableur, Sorbleur, Marianne

Where were you last night, Sorbleur, did you go to see your sister, Corbleur

Dear God, I said, my husband

I went to the fountain, dear God, to wash my woollen stockings ah, Jesus

Morableur, Sorbleur, Marianne

Does it take a week, Sorbleur, to wash woollen stockings, Corbleur?

Dear God, I said, my husband

The fountain was soiled, dear God, the birds of the sky bathe there ah, Jesus

Morableur, Sorbleur, Marianne

Tell me then - who soiled it, Sorbleur, I believe it was you - who troubled it, Corbleur

Dear God, I said, my husband

It is the Queen's horses, dear God, who came to drink there ah, Jesus

Morableur, Sorbleur, Marianne

Where are they - may I see them, Sorbleur, Cause I haven't seen one, Corbleur

Dear God, I said, my husband

They all just left, dear God, they followed the gray mare ah, Jesus

Morableur, Sorbleur, Marianne

I saw you - last night, Sorbleur, with a man - with a black beard, Corbleur

Dear God, I said, my husband

That was your first cousin, dear God, ah! the beautiful Evangeline ah, Jesus

Morableur, Sorbleur, Marianne

Does she have a black beard, Sorbleur, my cousin Evangline, Corbleur

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Dear God, I said, my husband  
She had eaten blackberries, dear God, and they were really very ripe ah, Jesus

Morbleur, Sorbleur, Marianne  
Are there blackberries - even in the winter, Sorbleur, I'd like to see some, Corbleur  
Dear God, I said, my husband  
In the garden at my father's house, dear God, there are blackberries, even in the winter ah,  
Jesus

Morbleur, Sorbleur, Marianne  
You have to get down on your knees, Sorbleur, so that I can cut your throat, Corbleur  
Dear God, I said, my husband  
Wait until the fall, dear God, I'll make you grow horns, Jesus

Morbleur, Sorbleur, Marianne  
Repeat to me - what you just said, Sorbleur, I think – I might have misunderstood, Corbleur  
Dear God, I said, my husband  
Wait until the fall, dear God, I'll feed you some apples corn, Jesus

Morbleur, Sorbleur, Marianne  
Get up, I forgive you, Sorbleur, if you feed me apples corn, Corbleur

## 8. LE NAVIRE DE BAYONNE (THE SHIP FROM BAYONNE)

Traditional lyrics and music, instrumental composition by Olivier Demers

It was a beautiful Friday, we had left Spain  
To go to France, to Paris, on a big ship from Bayonne  
As soon as we hit the open sea the wind veered to the south-west  
We had to trim our sails to face this northeaster

The wind was so strong, my god what a tempest  
Half of our people were crying, the rest were singing praises  
The others were singing praises and prayed to God aloud  
Gentlemen, take good care that the ship veers across

We were struck by a green sea, on the deck of our ship  
The slabs can no longer provide, let's cut the mainmast, please  
Let's cut the mainmast, please, and throw the canoes out  
Let's keep the rest of our sails to bury our poor bodies

The captain stepped forward being the master of the ship  
As long as I live or die, my mainmast will stay with me  
Courage, my sons, courage, our ship is holding up well  
Let's make a wish, please, while we still can

They fell on their knees, praying to the divine Mary  
And our great Saint Nicholas for wanting to save our lives  
A great mass we will say once we can gather again  
In the chapel of Notre-Dame, we will pray to God with devotion

It's the pilot of the ship who wrote this song  
Wrote it all while crossing those isles

It's up to you people of France, who sail on the sea  
Sail cautiously, especially in the harsh winter weather

### **9. JARDINS (GARDENS)**

lyrics and music by Nicolas Boulerice with an instrumental composition by Nicolas and Simon Beaudry

A visionary idea, in the heart of winters  
A new brotherhood for these proud peoples  
The words of our peers in white and green countries

Forced regimes, forced to admit  
Inequalities, submit our flesh  
It is in misery that we are most united

Reach out, first to your neighbour  
Doubting oneself like water in wine  
Extend your hand, along the path  
Always the same human in every garden

Time, the past, the old partners  
Questioned, egalitarian lures  
Speaking secularism on our corner of the earth

Do you have your licence, to appropriate yourself?  
What is your opinion, did you publish it?  
Hide the comments, unmask the ideas

Reach out, first to your neighbour  
Doubting oneself like water in wine  
Extend your hand, along the path  
Always the same human in every garden

Add genres, remove some from words  
Walking on eggshells, some on water

There are no gods like there are no skin colours

No emissary in front of us

To err is human, like all chains

All a stone's throw from a serene foundation