Le pays de Samuel

Adding dotted lines to a map
Following an arrow and going back to your bow
Trading your buildings for a rowboat
And pelts, a few acres, for your king

Dreaming better than these Spanish soldiers
Inventing a New World of Creole people
Where everyone can speak
Where the whole would be greater, like a symbol

He fled religions and craziness
Helped by an oddly friendly King
He went on the conquest of his life
Injecting his spirit into America

At the end of his journey, New France
Welcomed settlers in a land of plenty
He died on Christmas Day, feeling confident
Leaving us with his only child, hope

Champlain led a complex life
Champlain dreamt of our country
From the coastline to the hinterland, through the rivers
We still have to build this country

Adieu du village

Where do you come from, Pierrick, where do you come from, Pierrot?
I come from the schools, from the schools of the country

You lied with your whole mouth, you come from seeing your friend
I’d like to see your friend dead, her heart lying here

What would you give me, Mother, if I went to get it?
Would give you a white shirt, as much money as you need

Gallant took his sword, went on his way
Arrived at the door, knocked three times

Farewell from the village, my dear, farewell, my friend, I’m leaving

He woke up the pretty one and the door opened
Took her by the hand, led her to the garden

Took his sword, stabbed her right in the heart
Took her heart and her tongue, brought them back to his mother

A knock on the door, justice came in
They took Pierrick, led him to the gallows

Put a rope around his neck, but the rope broke
His life was saved, no one touched him
Cotillon du capitaine

Le soir arrive

When the evening comes, I walk around
In the shadow of the moon that is there so often

**Supreme beauty, it's inside of me**
That I say I love you, do you want to love me?
Do you, do you want them to say I love me or do you want to love me?

Along the shore, out of a green grove
I hear sweet words being said

When the evening comes, my heart sighs
Like a mother close to her child

I lay down on a bed of roses
I see the thing I've been dreaming of

Le Jardinier

The other day as I was walking, I heard the complaint of a maiden
Who sang softly: *I see my lawn withering
My beautiful rose bush is in despair, will it die from lack of water?*

Quietly, I come closer and tell her softly
*Miss, I will help with your gardening
Taking care of your rose bush, your flowers, will they die from lack of water?*

*Sir, are you a gardener? Do you know agriculture?*  
*Ha! Can you grow things, in the heat, in the cold?*
*Knowing the ground well, the flowers in every season*

Yes, I'm a good gardener and I know plants very well  
As soon as I garden, fruit grows instantly
*I’ll show you the power of my pretty little watering can*

*Sir, come into my garden to water my little vines*  
*All my flowers and my plants, all my pretty flowers*
*Since you’re such a great gardener, I hope you’ll water my rose bush with love*

Le step à Alexis
Louisbourg

It was you, noble emperor, who appointed me governor
Of Louisbourg, remarkable city, which we thought was safe
We thought it was impregnable, but it couldn’t resist

Was it a lack of canons, of gunpowder, of ammunition?
A garrison of two thousand men, we had so much backup
I’d like to know what Louisbourg was lacking

Day and night, the French tried to ease their hunger
Day and night, in the trenches, with water up to their knees
Twenty thousand men were assaulting them

The city was in dire straits, fire raged in several places
The wall couldn’t resist people climbing over it
We beat the drum to surrender

I imposed a condition, for me and my entire garrison
To come out of our homes, armed and with a drum beating
Flying our banners, leaving behind luggage and money

I left five hundred cannons, a thousand barrels of gunpowder and lead
Ten thousand quarts of flour and thirty thousand cannonballs
The English looked fine, after their war against the French

Farewell, lovely Louisbourg, farewell forever
In this moment of distress, so much unhappiness
I regretfully leave you, you and all your directors

La mère à l’échafaud

Hell didn’t seem so bad
For a 20-year-old girl
Who had killed her handsome lover

We took her, leading her
To the president’s prison
Where she had her handsome child

We took her, leading her
To the gallows, to the shrouds
Where we hung her in the wind

Here are the keys to my trunk
You will find 500 francs
To raise my handsome child

Send him to school
So he can learn his Kyrie
To pray for both of us
Évolution tranquille

Here’s the story of a lady during the seigneurial system
The songs of four seasons within her banal windmill
The horses that went into the field came back as horsepower
Industry turned the wheel into a naval engine

The beams of each street light now brighten the streets
An unfamiliar song plays on the radio
And water runs inside our walls, like men in the city
Looking for work that nobody wants to do

The old values transform themselves at the right price
Even though our religious thoughts still limit the mind
Life is so tough and dirty that even money crashes
Making way for the appearance of Nazi uniforms

Our pockets are now empty, no more feasts
Fear has won, card games become battles
The unemployed went in to vote, to put things on track
Some come out on their feet; others lay on the ground

In the hearts of Quebecers, fire explodes
When humans push each other into the lion’s den
The girl who became a woman fights for her rights
Hoping that between the two of us, we might be less crazy

The world that was mine has begun to change
New minds, fertile grounds, Quiet (R)evolution

Au régiment

I wake up earlier than usual, earlier than dawn
Where the pretty one lives, I will make love to her

Pretty one, are you asleep, are you slumbering, dear Nanon?
If you’re asleep, wake up, your lover is talking to you

The pretty one with her candle, she puts on her white petticoat
She opens the door for her faithful lover

Hey, is that you, dear lover, she says
Hey, is that you, dear lover, back from the regiment?

Oh, shut up, pretty one, you are killing me
The regiment calls for me, I must obey

I enrolled for six years in Lorient
I enrolled for six years to serve the regiment

Six years, dear lover, six years, that’s too long
Who will listen to my sorrow, my sadness, my anguish?

I will go into those fields still crying
Still crying for my dear lover, who died in the regiment
The boys from the village are nice kids
They’ll make love to you, filled with regret

They’ll tell you, once in a while, don’t cry so much
Don’t cry so much for your dear lover, he’ll come back soon

The boys from the village don’t know how to make love
Always the same language, always the same speech

They aren’t like you, dear lover
They aren’t like you: there is always change

Chaousaro

Long ago, the land was just a vast desert
Nothing grew there, just miserable weeds
A single water source kept people alive
A place guarded by the Abenakis

Let’s sing about the legendary creature
The story of Chaousaro
The father of the Richelieu River
The story of the valley of fire

A spark started the fire in the hinterland
Burning down crops, houses, and wickerwork
To save us, we called the glorious beast
A sentinel, like a lakeside dragon

The long jaws of the prehistoric animal
Split the land, in a heroic gesture
Water followed it, drowning the flames behind it
Between the lake and the St. Lawrence, a river was born

Turlutte à bassinette

Côte-Nord