

Dans les airs by Le Vent du Nord



Borealis records BCD189

North American release: 2007

Le vieux cheval / The Old Horse (trad)

Translated by *John Rhodes*

My dear neighbor, whom I'm looking for,
an old white horse near its end
My dear neighbor, whom I'm looking for,
an old white horse near its end
Take your glass, and I'll take the bottle
Drink a little snort, sharpen our knives
We hurry, to go remove the skin

My dear neighbor, you let yourself go
How many bad winters have you had
My dear neighbor, you let yourself go
How many bad winters have you had
Take your glass, and I'll take the bottle
Drink a little snort, sharpen our knives
We hurry, to go remove the skin

You'll understand me more afterward, I swear, you
No one will have such power over you
You'll understand me more afterward, I swear, you
No one will have such power over you
Take your glass, and I'll take the bottle
Drink a little snort, sharpen our knives
We hurry, to go remove the skin

You will not drag anymore your master in winter,
all these capuchins (monks), and all these bags
You will not drag anymore your master in winter,
all these capuchins (monks), and all these bags

Take your glass, and I'll take the bottle
Drink a little snort, sharpen our knives
We hurry, to go remove the skin
We hurry, to go remove the skin
We hurry, to go remove the skin

Tour à bois

Lyrics by Nicolas Boulerice

-Translated by Kristin Nobel-

*Turn in turn, turn around
Turning wood and turning song,*

*We will sing to you a crafting song
A trickster turning all around*

*Firstly one must have the trick of spin,
Of scrolling like an artisan*

*And fixing the hardwood at its core
The heart of such fair-weather years*

*Thirdly in the turning of the piece
Must guide the narrow carving knife*

*Chisel used to shape the ebony
In ways ancient and ancient ways*

*Finessed and finished it is refined
With sawdust and with paraffin*

*Forging in its turn the song of wood
With tones that ring and then resound*

*Listen to the song of the turners
Who spin the dance and make it sing*