

LA PART DU FEU by Le Vent du Nord



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1) **Lanlaire** Traditional - Olivier Demers

Did you know Lanlaire, whose death we're mourning
Others like him we rarely see, we don't see at all
Barely out of the womb, instead of crying and moaning
He was already making rounds, singing in every hall
Go Lanlaire yourself, so much people called him

Lanlaire Lonla, go Lanlaire yourself, Lonla you!

He was sent to college to learn Latin
He was sacrilegious and libertine
And whenever the stern master condemned him to old bread
His usual meal, he would tell him in Greek
Go Lanlaire yourself - that's all he knew

He was told to leave or stay, the life of a soldier is too frugal
A doctor too modest, a merchant too loyal
So you'd rather be a notary, but it's a costly position
Since you have no skills, be a lawyer, a stockbroker
Go Lanlaire yourself, the Devil was there

His wisdom he put only in allowed pleasures
Often with a new mistress but never changing friends
He was offered an agreeable wife with a sizeable dowry
Me, I'd go sell myself and be an idiot tomorrow, said he
And go Lanlaire myself, how do you call that

He did nothing of his life, so he did no evil
He was an envy-less poor, he lived on his native soil
He stayed single and didn't even have children
If you think you'll find countless heirs of his on this earth
Go Lanlaire yourself, they don't make 'em like him anymore

2) OCTOBRE 1837 [OCTOBER 1837] Nicolas Boulerice

The river ran with the wind
A storm was brewing in the distance
Face to face, the villages stared calmly
At the silent steeples, ready for the uprising

The old Canadians, less French than Indians
Were meeting to take hold of their destiny
In a town by the Richelieu River
Which used to be called the Iroquois' River

They left at sunrise, some went at night
Measuring distances by the pipes they smoke
From the States border or the Yamaska
On horse or on foot, all in the same footsteps

*Another month of October and trouble
As if the cold helped us take the bit between our teeth*

Folks of all trades came from six different counties
They were gathered when it rose
The column erected to liberty
And its sons brought together, a dream of equality

Canadians, Irishmen, some Englishmen too
Denouncing the attitude of England's noblemen
In ninety-two resolutions that provided
As many reasons to rebel

The head of its Party, its representative
Was pushing issues forward on Parliament Hill
Its ideas, wanted, got its people killed
But they didn't die down by the river

3) LA MINE [THE MINE] Traditional

A day of ire, memorable, a day of sorrow and pain
When many were ravaged, and many more left in tears
In the year of ninety-one, on the twenty-first of February
Working at the bottom, the bottom of the mine, where you'll never forget

The country is alarmed; so many elders, so many children
Young girls and women too, all going to the edge, crying
Young women are desponded, seeing their husbands all dead
Hitting their faces on the ground, saying "Dear God, what sad faith is this!"

Lying there, coming out of the flames, his wife is there, she recognizes him
She contemplates the scene, saying "Dear God, what will we do
Where is He, God of happiness, getting so many men killed this day
And alarming our town to satisfy a God of Love"

In what country, in what place did such disasters happened
History may say it was in the province of Nova Scotia
In the Springhill mine these hardships took place
Working at the bottom, the bottom of the mine, where you'll never forget

Can you tell us how many souls found dead bodies in these parts
By the number written in the book, one hundred and thirty appeared before God
But to know for sure and find the number of fatalities
Is near impossible, still unknown to this day

Stop crying, Christian women, God commands us to pray for His deceased
These are our brothers in suffering who are so good as to share their bread
What kept us alive by bringing us hardships
So that, at the end of our life, our death may be blessed.

6) LES MÉTIERS [THE TRADES] Traditional

The girls of St. Roman have five or six lovers each
The first one is lame, with a leg too short
I get disgusted just watching him come

The second one's a roofer, another troublesome trade
Another troublesome trade, a vicious trade indeed
If the cap happens to flip, the roofer be gone with it

The third one's a fisherman, another troublesome trade
Another troublesome trade, a vicious trade indeed
If the boat happens to tip, the fisherman be gone with it

The fourth one's an innkeeper, another troublesome trade
Another troublesome trade, a vicious trade indeed
If there aren't enough table legs, the glasses be gone with 'em

The fifth one's a fiddler, he shall have my dearest
He shall have my dearest, he shall practice on me
He can play the fiddle, I'll be making music

7) **Élise** Traditional - Nicolas Boulerice

The night my lovely Élise
Went to confession
She found her lover Louis
Under a priest's vestment
Disguised as a Capuchin
He confessed her in his own way

Here I am before you, Father
With a repentant heart
I kneel before you
And ask you penance
For every time I have sinned
Forgive me please

Father, a hundred times I have sworn
A hundred times I have been lazy
In truth, I have agreed
To utter idle words
I have badmouthed my neighbour
I did wrong in my own way

My daughter, it is not good
For you to wallow in such vices
It would be much better for you
To get rid of such malice
Be careful what you say
Now, get on with your confession

That completes, Father
My ordinary failings
Except for a young gentleman
With whom I am so enamored, oh God
I love him much, that is the trouble
He is the one who will touch my heart

My daughter, it is not good
For you to wallow in such vices
If you love him so, well
The situation is not so difficult
Lovely, don't you recognize me
Don't you want me for your only husband

Alas, the sweetie cried
Louis is the one confessing me
Luckily, I skillfully
Hid a secret from thee
For, if I had told it all
That one would have ruined it all

Well, sweetie, now I regret
Having spoken so early
Hadn't I been so hasty
I would have learned all your secrets
Surely I would have known
All your sins to this day

9) ROSSIGNOLET [NIGHTINGALE] Traditional

Nightingale of the lovely woods, please teach me
Teach me about poison, I need to poison

To poison my husband who is jealous of me
Go down to the streams, and there you will find

The head of an evil snake, which you will cut
And in a vessel of gold and silver you shall crush it

When your husband gets back from the fields, very thirsty he will be
He'll tell you "Dear woman, give me water to drink"

You shall tell him "My dear husband, 'tis not water you need
'Tis wine, not water you shall drink

While he drank, the wine turned darker
And the child in his crib warned his father

Don't drink of that wine, it will kill you
But the thirst I had was already killing me

10) MONTCALM Traditional

The chaplain performed the exhortation, then gave absolution
Easily, believe you me, children, he said, get busy
The Good Lord, His Mother, everyone is behind you

*They're dogs, with your feet, with your fists
Gotta smash their faces and jaws*

Soldiers, officers, generals, on that day all were heroes
Easily, believe you me, Montcalm as the late Hannibal
Proved himself a soldier and general

Let's not forget Mister De Lévis, who fought like a madman
Easily, believe you me, milady! No-one ever lacked valour
In the family of our lord

When the Englishmen saw they were bested, they started to get of there
Easily, believe you me, Montcalm bid them good night
Farewell, sires, until next time

*They're dogs, with their feet, with their fists
They would've smashed our faces and jaws*

12) LE CAVALIER ET LA BELLE [THE HORSEMAN AND THE SWEETIE] Traditional

Reel à Kerri [Kerri's Reel] - Olivier Demers

Behind my house, there is a field, and sheep
The sweetie is out there caring for them on her knees
Here comes the wolf, mad with hatred
The prettiest sheep he takes away

The sweetie cries out "only benefits
For he who shall bring back my sheep in exchange shall get my heart
Here comes a horseman, draws his shiny sword
Five or six rounds in the woods and the sheep is found

Here, sweetie, is your pretty thing
For this pleasure I give you, you shall give same to me
Of course, gentleman, you shall be paid, paid for your trouble
When the sheep gets shaved, its wool you shall get

I am not a thread merchant, nor a wool worker
'Tis your heart I'd enjoy, and I'll enjoy it just the same
Gentleman, don't talk so loudly, my mother is listening
If she hears you say such things, she will surely scowl us

13) ÉCRIS-MOI [WRITE TO ME] lyrics - Traditional / music - Simon Beaudry

Write to me often, write every day
Chase the clouds away, my heart is so heavy
Write to me often, write about the past
The sunny days of yore when we loved each other

Life is so hard since we parted
My heart is troubling me, my eyes have wept
I hear and I shout for our love
One day, reunited, shall stay forever

Alone in the dark night, I await your return
Countless dreams keep haunting me
In your absence, silently, I listen
To our promises, write to me often

Write to me often, write every day
Chase the clouds away, my heart is so heavy
Write to me often, write about the past
The sunny days of yore when we loved each other