

Le Vent du Nord

VOISINAGES

CIE035

Original language for songs & lyrics is French

All translations by François Couture

1. PAR-DESSUS LE PONT [ABOVE THE BRIDGE] words & music: Nicolas Boulerice and public domain

They say the apothecary Saint-Olive has been beaten up
By Berger—and perhaps Lambert, it's hard to see at night —
Who, in prison, wrote this song, above the bridge

He sent out for the justice men
Handing out fistfuls of money so that can be punished
The one who, in prison, wrote this song, above the bridge

On the town square are shackles, and Jean Berger in them
With around his neck a sign saying Writer of bad satire
Who, in prison, wrote this song, above the bridge

Those who benefited from this jolly matter
The judges and clerks and bailiffs and notaries
Who, in prison, wrote this song, above the bridge

Those noblemen and blowhards will go drink at Lafont's
All laughing at the expense of Saint-Olive, pissing him off
Who, in prison, wrote this song, above the bridge

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2. BIENVENUE [WELCOME] music: Olivier Demers

3. LE PARI DE JEANNE [JEANNE'S BET] words & music: Nicolas Boulerice

Setting sail from La Rochelle with 200,000 *livres* and a missal
The Société de Notre-Dame chose to bet on that woman
Piety incarnate, on an island, the city of a thousand steeples

Jeanne Mance chose one ship, Maisonneuve took another
Two vessels and a few oaths, cruising the St. Lawrence River
Piety incarnate, on an island, the city of a thousand steeples

Double-edged interests, to unite peoples while providing
The opportunity of a less miserable life, of an honourable New World
Piety incarnate, on an island, the city of a thousand steeples

Our folks will be mended, as they should, in the city
Here, winter, however murderous, makes the air and humans saner
Piety incarnate, on an island, the city of a thousand steeples

A hospital in America, a country of bread and bannock
Though Ville-Marie is catholic, its founder was a laywoman
Piety incarnate, on an island, the city of a thousand steeples

4. LE CANOTIER [THE ROWER] words & music: public domain

Sitting alone in a bark canoe as quick as the arrow or the wind
I brave the mighty rapids of the St. Lawrence River

That canoe is my travel companion, and when daylight fades
I flip it on the shore and it becomes my shelter for the night

Its sides are made of thin bark that I took from a paper birch tree
Its seams are made of roots and its oars of hardwood

In the rapids, I launch my canoe through bubbles and foam
It moves so briskly that it leaves no wake

Its shadow is always close to mine on the water
And when the time comes to portage, I carry it on my back

I have seen all the shores of the Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence
I know all the savage tribes and their various languages

When the time for my last voyage comes, if I don't disappear in the water
Please flip my canoe on top of my grave, by the waterside.

5. L'ACADIE [ACADIA] music: Nicolas Boulerice and public domain

6. FLEUVE [THE RIVER] words & music: Nicolas Boulerice

I am the River that charms, your tears a running in my bed
Fresh water, sea water, veins or arteries, I am Life, I am Mother

I hold the salt of the rainbows, all the treasures deep down below
And at dawn, as the wind blows, daylight makes my skin shine

The reds of hearts, the blues of the nation, I reflect your lights back at you
And like you, I am scared of the night, for humans barely sleep

In your stories about broken lighthouses and half-masted lights
My marine voice in your ears that are deaf as lanterns

A walking river, Magtogoek, from the estuary to Quebec City
I take on your words, your language, and call for better neighbourliness

The reds of hearts, the blues of the nation, I reflect your lights back at you
And like you, I am scared of the night, for humans barely sleep

7. LA LETTRE [THE LETTER] words & music: traditional

From the green grove, the lovers' passenger, the nightingale
Brought me a letter from my dear mistress
But the bird took the letter

In her rose-covered bed, and to love's nest it flew
Sat on the windowsill to write a fair song
And once the lady woke up

When the lady heard, yes, she heard me sing
Where are your cruel lovers who seem to me so faithful
But who tell you only lies

I have to leave come Sunday, what would you like me to bring?
I shall bring you a rose, the prettiest of all the roses
Blooming in the rosebush

Pretty, pretty rose, such torments you make me feel
You're costing me two times twice, a hundred times twice
One hundred coins

One hundred coins aren't that much, my honour and much more
My honour, the benefit of me, that doesn't hurt
My pretty twenty-year-old heart

8. DU NORD AU SUD [FROM NORTH TO SOUTH] music: traditional and Olivier Demers

9. UNE NUIT DANS LES AUBERGES [A NIGHT AT THE INNS] words & music: Jean-Claude Mirandette

Back when I was young, I'd spend my time around girls
I'd go to the inns to spend the night
I'd drink white wine, whisky spirits and grenadine
With Laurier Tremblay and his three sailors

I'd drink white wine, whisky spirits
With Laurier Tremblay and his three sailors
When we'd all be tipsy, we'd tell tales from the high countries
And charm frivolous girls with our carnations

When we'd all be tipsy, we'd tell tales
And charm frivolous girls with our carnations
The music would start around seven thirty, and we'd get dizzy
From dancing until midnight without a care in the world

The music would start around seven thirty
Dancing until midnight without a care in the world
At about one thirty, I'd go up to my room with Lisette
Lisette, oh Lisette with her eyes so sweet

At about one thirty, I'd go up to my room
Lisette, oh Lisette with her eyes so sweet
After a drop of whisky, she'd drop her garters and everything else
Even the proudest priest wouldn't have said no

After a drop of whisky, she'd drop her garters
Even the proudest priest wouldn't have said no
We'd spend the night caressing and promising
And come morning I'd take her home

We'd spend the night caressing
And come morning I'd take her home
Dear André, make me your wife, oh, what a heritage!

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Nevermore will I spend the night at the inns

I am a good girl, I'll never be frivolous

10. CARILLON words and music: public domain

Twas a day of celebration near Carillon
Englishmen advancing under our cannon
Banners in front, guns loaded
Maluron malurette, maluron maluré

While having a wash in the morning, the old Choyens
Thought, I'll be damned, they're moving in nicely
Comes morning the Hurons will put on their war headdress
Maluron malurette, maluron maluré

Suddenly, sotto voce, our general
Said, "The music is ready, let the dance begin
And may it last until sundown"
Maluron malurette, maluron maluré

Throw them nuts to entertain them
If they're hungry, they can eat lead
And take a powder as much as they want
Maluron malurette, maluron maluré

We aimed at their aigrettes and big plumes
We fired at their epaulettes and bonnets
Many a mug reddened the fields
Maluron malurette, maluron maluré

One laid down on the grass to rest
Another crawled to his cot, unable to walk
Our drunken general was getting tired
Maluron malurette, maluron maluré

Among themselves they said, "We got trashed!"
We got annihilated and we'd better not forget it
Montcalm is not as stupid as we hoped for

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Maluron malurette, maluron maluré

11. SALUT RÉJEAN [HI RÉJEAN] music: Réjean Simard and Réjean Lizotte

12. FLEUR RADIEUSE [RADIANT FLOWER] music: André Brunet

LE VENT DU NORD

Toutes les œuvres, traditionnelles ou créations nouvelles, sont arrangées par les cinq membres du Vent du Nord.

Nicolas Boulerice	vocals, hurdy-gurdy, piano
André Brunet	violin, foot-tapping, vocals
Réjean Brunet	bass, diatonic accordion, Jew's harp, vocals
Olivier Demers	violin, mandolin, foot-tapping, Jew's harp, vocals
André (Dédé) Gagné	vocals, guitar, bouzouki

Specials Guests	
Blake Miller	ti-fer
Le lion de Cléopâtre	vocals

L'ÉQUIPE

Recording	Charles-Émile Beaudin, assisted by Marilyn Dubé, at Studios Piccolo, Montréal
Mixing	Charles-Émile Beaudin & LVDN
Mastering	Marc-Olivier Bouchard, Le Lab Mastering, Montréal
Photos	Annie Diotte
Graphic Design	Olivier Ménard, Relief Création
Texts	Nicolas Boulerice
Proofreading	Olivier Demers, Odette Lebert & Jean-Guy Lorrain
Translation	François Couture

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