

Upcoming concert

Flora and Fauna

THE THEME IS Plants and Animals, built around the *pièce de résistance*, Britten's *Rejoice in the Lamb*.

The concert will feature famous swan-songs by Gibbons, Arcadelt, and Hindemith; trees, flowers, birds, and fish in the music of Vaughan Williams, Irving Fine, and Thomas Fredrickson, and selected movements of the *Cantate pour une joie* by Quebecois composer Pierre Mercure (1927-1966).

Please reserve the date now and join Cerddorion on Saturday, May 19, 2001, at the Church of St. Luke in the Fields, 487 Hudson Street, Manhattan, for *Flora and Fauna*.

CERDDORION
vocal ensemble

directed by
Kristina Boerger

presents

CHANTONS
AN EVENING OF FRENCH SECULAR MUSIC



Tuesday February 20, 2001, 8:00 PM
The Park Slope United Methodist Church
Corner of 6th Avenue and 8th Street
Brooklyn

Saturday February 24, 2001, 8:00 PM
Church of St. Luke in the Fields
487 Hudson Street
Manhattan

CERDDORION

Sopranos

Prentice Clark
Panny King
Marilyn Lenat
Cathy Markoff
Wendy Reitmeier
Jeanette Rodriguez
Ellen Schorr

Altos

Sally Elliott
Susan Glass
Kate Kurz
Leonore Max
Myrna Nachman
Laura Servidei

Tenors

Jay Banks
David Deschamps
Philip Gallo
Tim Hutfilz
Togu Oppusunggu
Steve Parkey
Franklin Roth

Basses

Raphael Biran
Peter Cobb
John Hetland
Peter Kurz
Tod Mijanovich
Dale Rejtmar

Solos and small ensembles

Margot labourez les vignes: Jeanette Rodriguez, Panny King, Laura Servidei, Myrna Nachman, Peter Kurz, Togu Oppusunggu, Peter Cobb, Tod Mijanovich, Raphael Biran. **Quand je me trouve au pres de ma maîtresse:** Marilyn Lenat, Leonore Max, Philip Gallo, Raphael Biran. **Mon mari m'a diffamée:** Myrna Nachman, Jeanette Rodriguez, Ellen Schorr. **Bergeronette savoyienne:** Sally Elliott, Franklin Roth, John Hetland. **Chanter ne puis:** Cathy Markoff, David Deschamps, Tod Mijanovich. **Quant j'ai ouy le tabourin:** Togu Oppusunggu/Leonore Max. **Yver, vous n'estes qu'un villain:** Ellen Schorr/Marilyn Lenat, Kate Kurz, Tim Hutfilz, Tod Mijanovich. **Je ne me confesseray point:** David Deschamps, Jay Banks/Phillip Gallo, Dale Rejtmar. **Dieu des amans:** Prentice Clark, Kate Kurz, Tim Hutfilz, Togu Oppusunggu

About kristina boerger

KRISTINA BOERGER COMES to New York from Champaign-Urbana, where she recently completed her DMA in Choral Conducting and Literature at the University of Illinois. Currently Professor of Music History at Barnard College, She has served on the music faculties of Lake Forest College and Millikin University and as guest conductor, adjudicator, and ensemble clinician in several Midwestern cities, as well as in Tallahassee, Québec City, and Mar del Plata, Argentina. As Founding Director of AMASONG, an ensemble for 60 women's voices, Boerger has conducted and produced two award-winning compact disc recordings, appeared in several national venues, and toured the Czech Republic. Her work with AMASONG is the subject of a documentary soon to be aired on national public television.

Her choral arrangements and compositions are sung by ensembles throughout the country, and she was awarded the 2000 GLAMA for Best Composition. Boerger received her formative musical training from pianist Annie Sherter. As a singer in a variety of styles, she has appeared with The King's Noyse, Rocky Maffit, and Urban Bush Women and sung oratorio and opera roles with Concerto Urbano and B.A.Ch. In 1994 she sang the soprano Evangelist role in the Canadian premier of Arvo Pärt's *St. John Passion*, a CBC radio simulcast from the 17th Festival International de Lanaudière.

This season she joins The Western Wind, a vocal sextet renowned for its music education as well as performing and recording activities. Boerger is excited to be a part of the musical culture of New York City.

Supporters of Cerddorion

Our concerts would not be possible without a great deal of financial assistance from our very best supporters. We are especially grateful to the following people, who contributed generously to Cerddorion for the present season:

Alan and Leslie Beller, Karsten Boerger, Ian Capps, Peter Cobb, Alice Frankel, Hans and Beatrice Frank, Jerise Fogel, David Glatstein, Robert Juceam, Dr. Priscilla Kauff, Steve Parkey, Susanne Peck, Charles Rodriguez, Bernard Sohmer, Ellen Schorr, Joseph Stern, Nancy Tooney, Robert Webber.

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About Us

NOW IN ITS SIXTH SEASON, CERDDORION (the name means “musicians” in Welsh) has quickly become one of the most admired ensembles in the thriving New York choral music scene. As the group’s name suggests, Cerddorion aspires to musicianship in its fullest sense, using the human voice to explore and fulfill the expressive potential of the art. Audiences have quickly come to know Cerddorion for its interpretive depth as well as its technical excellence.

Cerddorion’s repertoire spans the choral literature, from the early Renaissance to new works. Past programs have focused on Josquin Desprez; Monteverdi; early American hymns and spirituals; double-choir works by Bach and Schütz; Brahms, Schubert, and Rheinberger; Delius, Elgar, and other post-Romantics; Hindemith and his contemporaries; and 20th-century New York City composers.

Although still a relatively new ensemble, Cerddorion has attracted significant recognition. In August 1998 and August 1999 the group served as the resident teaching ensemble for the Dennis Keene Choral Festival in Kent, Connecticut. Other prestigious invitations include collaborations with the acclaimed early music ensemble Concert Royal in performances of Bach’s *Cantata 140* and Purcell’s *Dido and Aeneas*. Since October 1997, Cerddorion has been Artist-in-Residence at the New York Public Library’s Tompkins Square branch.

Robert Page, Director of the Mendelssohn Choir of Pittsburgh and professor of Music at Carnegie Mellon University, has called Cerddorion “a chamber ensemble where ‘ensemble’ is the key word. The sheen, the matching of sounds is a joy to hear ... whether it be Poulenc, Britten, Hindemith, Elgar or Victoria.”

Chantons: an evening of French secular music

Josquin Desprez (ca. 1450–1521) Jacques Arcadelt (1507–1568)	Petite Camusette Margot, labourez les vignes Quand je me trouve au pres de ma maîtresse Mon mari m’a diffamée
Josquin Desprez	
Francis Poulenc (1899–1963)	Chansons françaises Margoton va t’a l’iau La belle se sied au pied de la tour Pilons l’orge Clic, clac, dansez sabots C’est la petit’ fille du prince La belle si nous étions Ah! mon beau laboureur Les tisserands
Loyset Compère (1445–1518)	Bergeronette savoysienne Chanter ne puis
Claude Debussy (1862–1918) Text by Charles d’Orléans (1394–1465).	Trois chansons de Charles d’Orléans Dieu! qu’il la fait bon regarder Quant j’ai ouy le tabourin Yver, vous n’estes qu’un villain
Jacques Arcadelt	Je ne me confesseray point Dieu des amans
Morten Lauridsen (1943–) Text by Rainer Maria Rilke (1875–1926).	Les Chansons des Roses En une seule fleur La rose complète De ton rêve trop plein Contre qui, rose

Notes and Texts

IN ITS MOST INCLUSIVE DEFINITION, a *chanson* is any lyric setting of French words. The first so-called *chanson* repertoire was the body of monophonic songs of the Middle Ages as sung by the Troubadours and Trouvères. The name was subsequently given to court songs of the late sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, popular songs of the streets, cafes, and music halls of the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries, art songs of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, and folksongs.

Extensive monophonic *chansonniers* (songbooks) from the thirteenth century preserved a wealth of secular verse in the *formes fixes* and other rhyme and repetition schemes. Composers in many subsequent style periods returned to these manuscripts for source texts and even melodies. Adam de la Halle, who flourished at the dawn of the fourteenth century, was one of the first known composers to set chansons polyphonically. By the time of the great Josquin Desprez, in the later fifteenth century, printed collections of popular poems intended for musical setting were circulating widely. “Petite Camusette,” which opens our concert, displays his imitative use of melodic fragments and makes reference to two heroes, Robin Hood and Maid Marion, who featured prominently in the work of de la Halle. “Mon mari m’a diffamée” treats a popular *chanson* theme—the complaint of the ill-married wife—in sinuous melodies reminiscent of his Mass settings.

Like his contemporary Josquin, Loyset Compère was among the many French-born polyphonists to enjoy careers in both French- and Italian-speaking lands. Though his sacred opus is less extensive than Josquin’s, “Chanter ne puis” evinces the erudite contrapuntal craft more often associated with sacred motets and Mass settings. “Bergeronette savoytienne,” on the other hand, which belongs to a certain tradition of naughty punning, is appropriately set in a simpler style.

Born at the beginning of the sixteenth century, Jacques Arcadelt joined the ranks of the French *altremontani* when his career took him to Italy in the late 1520s. There he mastered the art of the Italian madrigal, a secular polyphonic form that demanded a composer’s highest craft and most daring innovation. When Arcadelt returned to France, his noble employers required chansons of him. These attained a vast popularity that was eclipsed only by the subsequent *chanson* output of the great Roland de Lassus. “Margot labourez les vignes,” “Dieu des amans,” and “Je ne me confesseray point” display the clarity and simplicity for which Arcadelt’s chansons were known

De ton rêve trop plein

De ton rêve trop plein,
fleur en dedans nombreuse,
mouillée comme une pleureuse,
tu te penches sur le matin.
Tes douces forces qui dorment,
dans un desir incertain,
développent ces tendres formes
entre joues et seins.

Overflowing with your dream
flower filled with flowers
wet as one who weeps.
you bow to the morning.
Your sweet powers sleep
in vague desire,
developing these tender forms
between cheeks and breasts.

Contre qui, rose

Contre qui, rose,
avez-vous adopté ces épines?
Votre joie trop fine vous a-t-elle forcée de
devenir cette chose armée?
Mais de qui vous protège cette arme exagérée?

Against whom, rose,
have you assumed these thorns?
Is it your too fragile joy that forced you
to become this armed thing?
But from whom does this exaggerated weapon
defend you?

Combien d’ennemis vous ai-je enlevées qui ne la
craignaient point?
Au contraire, d’été en automne,
vous blessez les soins qu’on vous donne.

How many enemies have I lifted from you
who did not fear it at all?
On the contrary, from summer to autumn,
you wound the care that I give you.

Je ne me confesseray point

Je ne me confesseray point, D'avoir aimé légèrement, Car j'ay gardé de point en point, La loy d'aymer loyalement. Aymé vous ay sy fermement, Qu'onques mon coeur rien n'y pensa, Qui vous peut donner du tourment, Jamais il ne vous offensa. Prenez pitié, arrêtez vous, Icy gist le cor et le coeur Dont amour le maistre de tous, en fut autres-fois le vainqueur Mais luy usant trop de rigueur, La fit sans estre aimé, aimer. Un variable et un moqueur, Mais mort mist fin à mal amer.	I will not confess To having loved lightly For I kept all points Of the law of loving faithfully. I loved you so unchangingly, That never did my heart think of anything That could cause you to suffer, Never gave you offense. Have pity, stop here, Here lies the body and the heart Of which Love the master of all was conquerer in days gone by. But by using too much harshness, He made her love without being loved. He is Changable and a mocker. But death brings an end to bad love.
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Dieu des amans

Dieu des amans qui mon feu congnoissez, Brulez mon coeur jusqu'au partir de l'ame, Ou m'en ostez pour donner a ma dame, Qui meurt en froit ou mourir me laissez.	God of love, you who know my fire, Burn my heart until the soul departs, Or remove it from me and give it to my lady Who is dying of cold scorn, or let me die.
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En une seule fleur

C'est pourtant nous qui t'avons proposé de remplir ton calice. Enchantée de cet artifice, ton abondance l'avait osé. Tu étais assez riche, pour devenir cent fois toi- même en une seule fleur; c'est l'état de celui qui aime... Mais tu n'as pas pensé ailleurs.	And yet it is we who offered to replenish your bloom. Enchanted by this artifice, your abundance dared to do it. You were rich enough to become yourself a hundred times in a single flower; such is the state of one who loves ... But you never thought otherwise.
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La rose compléte

J'ai une telle conscience de ton être, rose complète, que mon consentement te confond avec mon coeur en fête. Je te respire comme si tu étais, rose, toute la vie, Et je me sens l'ami parfait d'une telle amie.	I have such an awareness of your being, perfect rose, that my consent mistakes you for my heart in celebration. I breathe you in as if you were, rose, all of life, And I feel myself the perfect friend for such a friend.
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and which made so many of them accessible to singers of varying ability. In contrast, the demanding “Quand je me trouve au pres de ma maîtresse” is a contrafactum (re-texting) of his Italian madrigal “I vaghi fiori e l'amorose fronde.”

In the Post-Romantic period, several French composers explored anew the art of secular, a cappella, vocal polyphony. In Claude Debussy's small choral oeuvre, the *Trois Chansons de Charles d'Orléans* stands alone as a cappella composition. Debussy often looked back in French history while composing in the avant garde, and here he sets verse by Charles Valois. Born in 1394, this Duke of Orléans and twenty-year prisoner of the Hundred Years War was also an esteemed master of poetic verse. In “Dieu! qu'il la fait bon regarder,” Debussy bathes Valois' love poetry in the lush harmonic innovations for which he is so renowned. In “Quant j'ai ouy le tabourin,” he transfers the timbral experiments of his instrumental composition to the choral accompaniment. To close the set, “Yver, vous n'estes qu'un villain” celebrates the imitative techniques cultivated by the French Renaissance masters.

Francis Poulenc, whose compositional attitude fluctuated between piety and mischief, produced a significant choral opus, of which the *Chansons françaises* are the most playful. His melodies are original though crafted to sound folkloric. The texts, however, come from old sources; previous settings of “La belle se sied au pied de la tour” include one by Josquin. A Renaissance chanson tradition of onomatopoeia resurfaces in songs about barley grinders, mechanical looms, and stomping clogs. The set includes the obligatory *double-entendre* song, and—of course—a song about the vineyards of France.

Morten Lauridsen is an American; nor is the poet of *Les chansons des roses* a Frenchman, though Rilke did write more than 400 poems in French. Lauridsen chose these texts for their lyricism, superb craft, and elegant imagery. In keeping with a Renaissance tradition, Lauridsen supplies repetition schemes where the poems themselves have none, thus uniting them formally—as well as linguistically—with all the chansons on this evening's program.

—Kristina Boerger

Petite camusette

Petite camusette, à la mort m'avez mis.
Robin et Marion s'en vont au bois joly.
Ilz s'en vont bras à bras, ilz se sont endormis.
Petite camusette, à la mort m'avez mis.

Little snub-nose, you've put me to death.
Robin (Hood) and (Maid) Marion go off into the
pretty wood,
They go off arm in arm, they fell asleep.
Little snub-nose, you've put me to death.

Margot labourez les vignes

Margot labourez les vignes,
vignes, vignes, vignolet.
Margot labourez les vignes bien tost.
En revenant de Lorraine, Margot,
Rencontrai trois capitaines.
Ils m'ont saluée vilaine, Margot.
Je suis leurs fièvres quartaines.

Margot, go work the vines,
The vines, the vines.
Margot, go work the vines early.
While returning from Lorraine, Margot,
I encountered three captains.
They called me a low-born wench, Margot,
And they cursed me.

Quand je me trouve

Quand je me trouve aupres de ma maîtresse,
Et que ma bouche a la sienne j'approche,
Tant ay de joye, et tant ay de liesse,
Qu'en mon esprit nul desplaisir n'approche.
Et si n'ay peur qu'il en vienne reproche,
Parce qu'elle est de vertu la noblesse,
Mais je crains bien qu'en telle jouissance,
L'ame ne face en elle demeurance.

When I find myself near my mistress
And I bring my mouth close to hers
Such joy have I and such jubilation
That in my mind no pain approaches.
And if I do not fear that reproach will come of it,
Because she is nobility of virtue
Yet I fear greatly that in such joyousness
My soul will not find permanence in her.

Mon mary m'a diffamée

Mon mary m'a diffamée
Pour l'amour de mon amy
De la longue demourée
Que j'ay faicte avecques luy
Hé mon amy!
En despit de mon mary,
Qui me va tousiours batant,
J'en feray pis que d'avant.
Si je pers ma renommée
Pour l'amour de mon amy,
Point n'en doy estre blasmée
Car il est coinct et joly
Je n'ay bon jour ne demy
Avec se mary meschant;
J'en feray pis que d'avant.

My husband has defamed me
For the love for my friend,
because of the long time
I stayed with him.
Hey, my friend!
To spite my husband,
Who is always beating me,
I shall do it worse than before.
If I lose my good name
Because of my love for my friend,
I ought not to be blamed,
For he is fine and handsome.
I do not have a good day not even half
With this nasty husband;
I shall do it worse than before.

Dieu! qu'il la fait bon regarder

Dieu! Qu'il la fait bon regarder
La gracieuse bonne et belle;
Pour les grans biens que sont en elle
Chascun est prest de la louer.
Qui se pourroit d'elle lasser?
Tousjours sa beauté renouvelle.
Par de ça, ne de là, la mer
Ne scay dame ne damoiselle
Qui soit en tous bien parfaits telle.
C'est ung songe que diI penser:
Dieu! Qu'il la fait bon regarder!

Lord! He made her good to look at
Gracious, good and lovely;
For the great virtues in her
All are ready to praise her.
Who could grow weary of her?
Always her beauty renews itself.
Search here, search there,
I know of no lady or damsel
Who is in all virtues as perfect.
It is a dream to think about her:
Lord! He made made her good to look at!

Quant j'ai ouy le tabourin

Quant j'ai ouy le tabourin
Sonner, pour s'en aller au may,
En mon lit n'en ay fait affray
Ne levé mon chief du coissin;
En disant: il est trop matin
Ung peu je me rendormiray:
Jeunes gens partent leur butin;
De non chaloir m'accointerray
A lui je m'abutineray
Trouvé l'ay plus prochain voisin.

When I heard the drum
Calling us to May Day
I lay in bed making nothing of it
Nor lifting my head from the cushion,
While saying, it's too early,
I'm going to go back to sleep for a bit.
Let the young folk share their spoils.
I don't care to take part in their games
Or be around them.
I've found a nearer neighbor.

Yver, vous n'estes qu'un villain

Yver, vous n'estes qu'un villain,
Esté est plaisant et gentil,
En témoing de may et d'avril
Qui l'accompaignent soir et main.
Este revet champs, bois et fleurs
De sa livrée de verdure
Et de maintes autres couleurs
Par l'ordonnance de Nature.
Mais vous, Yver, trop estes plain
De nège, vent, pluye et grézil;
On vous deust banir en exil.
Sans point flater, je parle plain,
Yver, vous n'estes qu'un villain!

Winter, you are nothing but a lout!
Summer is pleasant and agreeable,
Bearing witness to April and May
Who accompany her early and late.
Summer clothes the fields, woods, and flowers
In her livery of green
And many other colors,
As Nature prescribes.
But you, winter, are too full
Of snow, wind, rain, and sleet.
You should be banished into exile.
Not to flatter, I'll speak plainly,
Winter, you are nothing but a lout!

Les tisserands

Les tisserands sont pir' que les évêques	Weavers are worse than bishops.
Tous les lundis ils s'en font une fête	Every Monday they have a party.
Et tipe et tape et tipe et tape est-il trop gros, est-il trop fin	And tip and tap, and tip and tap. Is it too coarse? Is it too fine?
Et couchés tard, levés matin	And late to bed, early to rise,
En roulant la navette le beau temps viendra	Keep the shuttle rolling and the good times will come around.
Et le Mardi ils ont mal à la tête	Tuesday they have headaches.
Le Mercredi ils vont changer leur pièce	Wednesday they change their cloth.
Et le Jeudi ils vont voir leur maîtresse	Thursday they go to see their mistress.
Le Vendredi ils travaillent sans cesse	Friday they work without a break.
Le Samedi la pièce n'est pas faite	Saturday the job's not done.
Et le Dimanche il faut de l'argent maître.	Sunday, we need some money, master.

Bergeronette savoyienne

Bergeronette savoyienne, qui gardes moutons aux praz, Dy moy si vieulx estre mienne, je te don'ray uns soulas et ung p'tit chaperon. Dy moi se tu m'aymeras ou par la merande ou non. Je suis la proche voisine de monsieur le cura, Et pour chose qu'on me die mon vouloir ne changera pour François ni Bourgoignon. Par le cor Dé, si fera ou par la merande ou non.	Little shepherdess of Savoy, who guards sheep in the meadows, Tell me if you will be mine, I will regale you And give you a little hood. Tell me if you will love me At snack-time or not. [she replies:] I'm the nearest neighbor of Monsieur the priest. And whatever they say to me, my mind won't change for Frenchman or Burgundian. By the power of God it will be so, At snack-time or not.
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Chanter ne puis

Chanter ne puis, chieux la mynonne. Ou volentiers prendroye déduyt. Pourquoy? Pour ce qu'elle me fuyt. La raison y est assez bonne. Souvent entre gens la blasonne Et dis d'elle que c'est tout bruyt. Mes veslà: fortune me nuyt. Aussi son fres maitien m'estonne.	I cannot sing, my darling, Or take any pleasure in pastimes. Why? Because she flees me. She has sufficient reason: Often I blazon her among the people And say of her that she is all noise. Thus fortune injures me. But her cold bearing astonishes me.
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Margoton va t'a l'iau

Margoton va t'a l'iau avecque son cruchon. La fontaine était creuse elle est tombée au fond Aie aie aie aie aie se dit Margoton. Par là passèrent trois jeunes et beaux garçons. Que don'rez-vous la belle qu'on vous tir' du fond. Tirez d'abord dit-elle après ça nous verrons. Quand la bell' fut tirée commence une chanson. Ce n'est pas ça la bell' que nous vous demandons. C'est votre petit Coeur savoir si nous l'aurons. Mon petit Coeur messir's n'est point pour greluchons.	Margoton goes to the water with her jar. The well was deep, she fell to the bottom. Woe, woe, woe is me, says Margoton to herself. Three young and handsome lads passed by. What would you give, fair maid, for us to pull you from the bottom. Pull first says she, after that we'll see. When the fair maid had been pulled she begins a song. That's not, fair maid, what we're asking of you. We want to know if we will have your little heart. My little heart, sires, is not for beardless boys.
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La belle se sied au pied de la tour

La belle se sied au pied de la tour, Qui pleure et soupire et mène grand dolour. Son père lui demande: fille qu'avez vous? Volez-vous mari ou volez-vous seignour? Je ne veuille mari je ne veuille seignour. Je veuille le mien ami qui pourrit en la tour. Par Dieu ma belle fille alors ne l'aurez vous, Car il sera pendu demain au point du jour. Père, si on le pend, enfouyés moi dessous; Ainsi diront les gens, ce sont loyales amours.	The fair maid sits at the foot of the tower, Cries, sighs, and sorrows greatly. Her father asks her: Daughter, what's the matter? Do you want a husband, or do you want a lord? I don't want a husband, I don't want a lord. I want my true love who rots in the tower. Good Lord, my fair daughter, you won't have him, For he is to be hanged tomorrow at dawn. Father, if he is to be hanged, bury me beneath; Then the people will say: these are faithful lovers.
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Pilons l'orge

Pilons l'orge pilons la. Mon père m'y maria à un villain m'y donna (Tirez vous ci, tirez vous la) Qui de rien ne me donna. Mais s'il continue cela Battu vraiment il sera.	Let's grind the barley there. My father married me off To a rogue he gave me (Pull here, pull there) Who won't give me a thing. But if he continues like that A whipping he'll surely get.
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Clic, clac, dansez sabots

Clic clac dansez sabots et que crèvent les bombardes	Dance, clogs, clickety-clack. Let the shawms play fit to burst.
Clic clac dansez sabots et qu'éclatent les pipeaux. Mais comment mener la danse quand les belles n'y sont pas	Dance, clogs, clickety-clack. Let the pipes ring out. But how can we have a dance when there are no girls here?
Allons donc quérir les filles ben sur qu'il n'en manquera-pas?	Let's go and look for some girls; there'll be plenty of them, for sure.
Ben l'bonjour messieux et dames donnerez-vous la bell' que v'la?	Good day, masters and mistresses. Will you give us the fair maid there?
Les fill's c'est fait pour l'ménage et pour garder la maison.	Daughters were made to raise a family and keep house.
Ouais mais pour fair' mariage vous faudra ben des garçons.	Yes, but to make a marriage you surely need boys.
Vous n'en avez point fait d'autre vous patronne et vous patron.	You didn't do anything differently, you master and you mistress.
Allez donc ensemble au diable ça s'ra ben un débarras.	Then go to the devil together, and good riddance.
Ah! Patron et vous patronne qu'on s'embrasse pour de bon.	Ah! master and mistress, why not all embrace roundly?
Clic clac ...	Clickety-clack ...

C'est la petit' fille du prince

C'est la petit' fill' du prince qui voulait se marier. Sus l'bord de Loire mariez-vous la belle, Sus l'bord de l'eau, sus l'bord de Loire joli matelot.	It is the prince's little daughter who wished to marry.
Elle voit venir un' barque et quarant' gallants dedans.	On the banks of the Loire, get married, fair maid, On the banks of the water, on the banks of the Loire, the handsome sailor.
Sus l'bord de Loire...	She sees a boat come with forty young men aboard.
Le plus jeune des quarante lui commence une chanson...	On the banks of the Loire...
Votre chanson que vous dites je voudrais bien la savoir...	The youngest of the forty begins to sing her a song ...
Si vous venez dans ma barque, belle, je vous l'apprendrai.	The song you're singing, I'd love to know it...
La belle a fait ses cent toures en écoutant la chanson...	If you come on my boat, I will teach it to you...
Tout au bout de ses cent toures la bell' se mit à pleurer...	The fair one made her hundred turns while listening to the song...
Pourquoi tant pleurer, ma mie, quand je chante une chanson?...	At the end of her hundred turns the fair maid starts to weep...
C'est mon coeur qu'est plein de larmes parce que vous l'avez gagné...	Why do you weep so, my sweet, when I sing you a song...
	My heart is full of tears because you have captured

Ne pleur' plus ton coeur la belle car je te le rendrai...
N'est pas si facile à rendre comme de l'argent prêté...
Sus l'bord de Loire...

it...
Weep no more, fair one, for I shall give it back to you...
It is not as easy to return as borrowed money...

On the banks of the Loire...

La belle si nous étions

La bell' si nous étions dedans stu hautbois	Pretty maid, if we were in the wood,
On s'y mangerions fort bien des noix.	We could eat our fill of nuts.
On s'y mangerions à notre loisi nique nac no muse.	We could eat them to our heart's content.
Belle vous m'avez t'emberlifé, t'emberlificoté par votre biauté.	Pretty maid, you have gotten me all muddled with your beauty.
La bell' si nous étions dedans stu vivier	Pretty maid, if we were by the pond,
On s'y mettrons des p'tits canards nager.	We could put little ducks in to swim.
On s'y mettrions à notre loisi nique nac no muse.	We could put them in to our heart's content.
La bell' si nous étions dedans stu fourneau	Pretty maid, if we were by the oven,
On s'y mangerions des p'tits pâtés tout chauds.	We could eat little hot meat pies.
On s'y mangerions à notre loisi nique nac no muse.	We could eat them to our heart's content.
La bell' si nous étions dedans stu jardin	Pretty maid, if we were in the garden,
On s'y chanterions soir et matin.	We could sing night and day.
On s'y chanterions à notre loisi nique nac no muse.	We could sing to our heart's content.

Ah! Mon bon laboureur

Ah! Mon beau laboureur, Beau laboureur de vigne ô lire ô la. N'avez pas vu passer Margueritte ma mie? Je don'rais cent écus qui dire où est ma mie.	Ah, my handsome workman, Handsome workman in the vineyards o lire o la. Haven't you seen my true love Marguerite pass by? I would give a hundred crowns if you tell me where my true love is.
Monsieur comptez-les là entrez dans notre vigne. Dessous un prunier blanc la belle est endormie. Je la poussay trios fois sans qu'elle osat mot dire. La quatrième fois son petit coeur soupire. Pour qui soupirez-vous Margueritte ma mie? Je soupire pour vous et ne puis m'en dédire. Les voisins nous ont vus et ils iront tout dire. Laissons les gens parler et n'en faisons que rire. Quand ils auront tout dit n'auront plus rien à dire.	Sir, count them out there and enter our vineyard. The fair maid lies sleeping beneath a white plum tree. I urged her three times, but she dared not say a word. The fourth time, her little heart sighs. For whom do you sigh, Marguerite, my love? I sigh for you and can't deny it. The neighbors have seen us and they will tell all. Let people talk and we'll just laugh at it. When they have told all, they'll have nothing more to say.

