

Four Quebecois Songs
Traditional Texts
Music by William Anderson

J'entends le moulin

Tique, taque, tique, taque
J'entends le moulin
Mon père a fait bâtir maison
J'entends le moulin
L'a fait bâtir à trois pignons
Sont trois charpeniers qui la font
J'entends le moulin
Mais le plus jeun', c'est mon mignon
Qu'apportes-tu, mon petit fripon?
J'entends le moulin
C'est un pâté de trois pigeons
Asseyons-nous et le mangeons
J'entends le moulin
En s'asseyant, il fit un bond
Qui fit trembler mer et poissons
Et les cailloux qui sont au fond
Tique, taque, tique, taque

Malbrough

Malbrough s'en va-t-en guerre
Mironton, Mironton, Mirontaine
Ne sait quand reviendra
Il reviendrez à Pâques
Ou a Trinité

La Trinité se passe
Malbrough ne revient pas
Madame à son tour monte
Si haut qu'elle peut monter

Elle aperçoit son page
Tout de noir, de noir habillé
Beau page, mon beau page
Quelles nouvelles apportez?

Aux nouvelles que j'apport
Vos beaux rêves vont pleurer

Quittez vos habits roses et vos satins brochés
Monsieur Malbrough et mort et enterré!

I hear the windmill

Tick, tock, tick, tock
I hear the windmill
My father built a house
I hear the windmill
He built it with three gables
There are three carpenters who built it
I hear the windmill
But the youngest is my sweetheart
What do you bring, my little rogue?
I hear the windmill
It is a pie of three pigeons
Let us sit and let's eat it
I hear the windmill
In seating himself, he made a great leap into the air
That made the sea and the fish tremble
And the stones at the very bottom
Tick, tock, tick, tock

Malbrough

Malbrough has gone to the war
Mironton, Mironton, Mirontaine
Who knows when he will return
Maybe he will return at Easter
Or on Trinity Sunday

Trinity Sunday has passed
Malbrough has not returned
My lady goes up into her tower
As high as she can climb

She sees her page
All in black, dressed in black
Lovely page, my lovely page
What news do you bring?

The news that I bring
Will make you cry in your dreams

Leave your clothes of pink and satin brooches
Monsieur Malbrough is dead and buried!

Fraise et les Framboises

Sur la route de Longueuil, de Longueuil a Chambly
J'ai rencontré trois beaux gars
Trois gars du pays, mmm

Ah, les fraises et les framboises du bon vin j'en ai bu
Croyez-moi, chers villageois,
Jamais j' me suis tant plu'

J'ai fait risette au jeune, c'était le plus joli
Il me clignait de l'oeil en me, disant ceci, mmm

Ah, les fraises et les framboises du bon vin j'en ai bu
Croyez-moi, chers villageois,
Jamais j' me suis tant plu'

Venez, venez la belle y en a encor' à boire
Son bras, son coeur aussi, mmm

Ah, les fraises et les framboises du bon vin j'en ai bu
Croyez-moi, chers villageois,
Jamais j' me suis tant plu'

Il m'offrit son bras et son coeur aussi
J'ai accepté les deux, et nous voilà partis

Ah, les fraises et les framboises du bon vin j'en ai bu
Croyez-moi, chers villageois,
Jamais j' me suis tant plu'

Ziguezou

M'en va t'a la fontaine pour y pêcher du poisson
La ziguezou-zin-zou
La fontaine est profonde, je me suis coulé au fond
La ziguezou-zin-zou

Fille en haut, fille en bas, fille, femme aussi!
Pis la bottine, pis rigolet – ha! ha!
Son p'tit porte-clé tout rouillé gaiement

La fontaine est profonde, je me suis coulé au fond
La ziguezou-zin-zou
Par icitte il y passe, trois cavaliers barons
La ziguezou-zin-zou

Raspberries and Strawberries

On the road from, Longueuil, Longueuil to Chambly
I encountered three lovely lads
Three lads from the country, mmm

Ah, raspberries and strawberries of the wine I drank
Believe me dear villagers,
I have never enjoyed myself so much

I laughed with the youngest, he was the most lovely
He winked his eye at me, saying this, mmm

Ah, raspberries and strawberries of the wine I drank
Believe me dear villagers,
I have never enjoyed myself so much

Come, come, the beauty is still here drinking
His arms, his heart also, mmm

Ah, raspberries and strawberries of the wine I drank
Believe me dear villagers,
I have never enjoyed myself so much

He offered me his arm and his heart also
I accepted both and off we went!

Ah, raspberries and strawberries of the wine I drank
Believe me dear villagers,
I have never enjoyed myself so much

Ziguezou

I go to the fountain to catch some fish
La ziguezou-zin-zou
The fountain is deep, I sank to the bottom
La ziguezou-zin-zou

Girl at the top, girl at the bottom, girl, woman, too!
Then the boot, then the joke – ha! ha!
Her little key-chain rusted merrily

The fountain is deep, I sank to the bottom
La ziguezou-zin-zou
This way passes three baron knights
La ziguezou-zin-zou

Fille en haut, fille en bas...

Par icitte il y passe, trois cavaliers barons
La ziguezou-zin-zou
Que me donneriez vous belle si je vous tirais du fond?
La ziguezou-zin-zou

Fille en haut, fille en bas...

Que me donneriez vous belle si je vous tirais du fond?
La ziguezou-zin-zou
Tirez, tirez, dit elle, après ça nous verrons
La ziguezou-zin-zou

Fille en haut, fille en bas...

Tirez, tirez, dit elle, après ça nous verrons
La ziguezou-zin-zou
Quand la belle fut la terre, se se sauve a la maison
La ziguezou-zin-zou

Fille en haut, fille en bas...

Quand la belle fut la terre, se se sauve a la maison
La ziguezou-zin-zou
S'assoit à la fenêtre, compose une chanson
La ziguezou-zin-zou

Fille en haut, fille en bas...

S'assoit à la fenêtre, compose une chanson
La ziguezou-zin-zou
Mon petit coeur engage n'est pas pour un baron
La ziguezou-zin-zou

Fille en haut, fille en bas...

Mon petit coeur engage n'est pas pour un baron
La ziguezou-zin-zou
Mais pour un homme de guerre, qui a du pouel' au menton
La ziguezou-zin-zou

Fille en haut, fille en bas...

Girl at the top, girl at the bottom...

This way passes three baron knights
La ziguezou-zin-zou
What will you give me, lovely, if I pull you out of the depths?
La ziguezou-zin-zou

Girl at the top, girl at the bottom...

What will you give me if I pull you out?
La ziguezou-zin-zou
Pull, pull, she says. After that, we shall see
La ziguezou-zin-zou

Girl at the top, girl at the bottom...

Pull, pull, she says. After that, we shall see
La ziguezou-zin-zou
When the beauty reached the ground, she fled to her home
La ziguezou-zin-zou

Girl at the top, girl at the bottom...

When she reached the ground, she fled to her home
La ziguezou-zin-zou
She sat at her window and wrote a song
La ziguezou-zin-zou

Girl at the top, girl at the bottom...

She sat at her window and wrote a song
La ziguezou-zin-zou
My little heart is engaged, it is not for a baron
La ziguezou-zin-zou

Girl at the top, girl at the bottom...

My little heart is engaged, it is not for a baron
La ziguezou-zin-zou
But for a man of war, who has hair on his chin
La ziguezou-zin-zou

Girl at the top, girl at the bottom...

Song Cycle in the Form of 32 Variations

Music by Frank Brickle

An eine Äolsharfe

Angelehnt an die Efeuwand dieser alten Terrasse,
Du, einer luftgebornen Muse
Geheimnisvolles Saitenspiel,
Fang an,
Fange wieder an deine melodische Klage!
Ihr kommet, Winde, fern herüber
Ach! von des Knaben der mir so lieb war,
Frisch grünendem Hügel.
Und Frühlingsblüten unterwegs streifend,
Übersättigt mit Wohlgerüchen,
Wie süß bedrängt ihr dies Herz
Und säuselt her in die Saiten,
Angezogen von wohl lautender Wehmut,
Wachsend im Zug meiner Sehnsucht
Und hinsterbend wieder

Aber auf einmal,
Wie der Wind heftiger herstösst,
Ein holder Schrei der Harfe
Wiederholt mir zu süßen Erschrecken,
Meiner Seele plötzliche Regung;
Und hier - die volle Rose streut,
geschüttelt all ihre Blätter vor meine Füße

Beau soir

Lorsqu'au soleil couchant les rivières sont roses
Et qu'un tiède frisson court sur les champs de blé
Un conseil d'être heureux semble sortir des choses
Et monter vers le cœur troublé

Un conseil de goûter le charme d'être au monde
Cependant qu'on est jeune et que le soir est beau
Car nous nous en allons, comme s'en va cette onde
Elle, à la mer, nous au tombeau

Die Lorelei

Ich weiss nicht, was soll es bedeuten,
Dass ich so traurig bin
Ein Märchen aus alten Zeiten,
Das kommt mir nicht aus dem Sinn

Die Luft ist kühl und es dunkelt
Und ruhig fließt der Rhein
Der Gipfel des Berges funkelt
Im Abendsonnenschein

Die schönste Jungfrau sitzet
Dort oben wunderbar
Ihr goldnes Geschmeide blitzet
Sie kämmt ihr goldenes Haar

To an Aeolian Harp

Leaning on the ivy-covered wall of this old terrace
You, an airborne muse
of a mysterious harp,
Begin,
Begin again your sweet lament!
You come, winds, from far away
Ah! From the fresh green grave
of the boy who was so dear to me
And touching the spring flowers along the way
Saturated with fragrance
How sweetly you weigh on my heart
And gently sigh the strings
full of melodious melancholy
Swelling with my longing
and dying away again

But all at once
As the wind blows stronger
A sweet cry from the harp
Echoing my sweet apprehension
My soul is suddenly moved
And here, a full-blown rose shaken,
Strews all her petals at my feet

Beautiful evening

When the rivers are rosy in the setting sun
And a mild tremor runs over the cornfields
An exhortation to be happy seems to emanate from things
And rises toward the troubled heart

An exhortation to enjoy the charm of being alive
While one is young and the evening is beautiful
For we go away, as this stream goes
She to the sea, we to the tomb

The Lorelei

I do not know what it means
That I am so sad
A tale from the olden times
Will not go from my mind

The air is cool and it grows dark
And peacefully flows the Rhine
The peak of the mountain sparkles
in the evening sunlight

The most beautiful girl is sitting
Wonderfully up there
Her golden jewels shine,
She combs her golden hair

Sie kämmt es mit goldenem Kamme
Und singt ein Lied dabei
Das hat eine wundersame
Gewaltige Melodei

Den Schiffer im kleinen Schiffe
Ergreift es mit wildem Weh
Er schaut nicht die Felsenriffe,
Er schaut nur hinauf in die Höh'

Ich glaube, die Wellen verschlingen
Am Ende Schiffer und Kahn;
Und das hat mit ihrem Singen
Die Lorelei getan

Le manoir de Rosemonde

De sa dent soudaine et vorace
Comme un chien, l'amour m'a mordu
En suivant mon sang répandu,
Va, tu pourras suivre ma trace

Prends un cheval de bonne race
Pars, et suis mon chemin ardu
Fondrière ou sentier perdu,
Si la course ne te harasse!

En passant par où j'ai passé,
Tu verras que seul et blessé
J'ai parcouru ce triste monde,
Et qu'ainsi je m'en fus mourir

Bien loin, bien loin, sans découvrir
Le bleu manoir de Rosemonde

Der Tod, das ist die kühle Nacht

Der Tod, das ist die kühle Nacht,
Das Leben ist der schwüle Tag
Es dunkelt schon, mich schläfert,
Der Tag hat mich müd' gemacht

Über mein Bett erhebt sich ein Baum
Drin singt die Junge Nachtigall;
Sie singt von lauter Liebe
Ich hör' es sogar im Traum

Kennst du das Land

Kennst du das Land, wo die Zitronen blühen,
Im dunkeln Laub die Gold-Orangen glühen,
Ein sanfter Wind vom blauen Himmel weht,
Die Myrten still und hoch der Lorbeer steht?
Kennst du es Wohl? Dahin! Dahin!
Möcht' ich mit dir, o mein Geliebter, ziehn.

She comes it with a golden comb
And sings a song there
That has a miraculously
powerful melody

The sailor in his little ship
Is seized with wild distress
He does not look at the rocky reef
He only looks upward

I think, the waves
In the end devoured the sailor and the boat
And this, with her singing,
The Lorelei has done

The manor of Rosamund

With its sudden and voracious fang
Like a dog, love has bitten me
By following the blood I have shed,
Go! You will be able to follow my trail

Take a thoroughbred horse
Set out, and follow my arduous way
Through the bog or hidden path
If the ride does not exhaust you

In passing where I have passed,
You will see that alone and wounded
I have ranged this sad world
And that thus, I went to die

Far away, far away, without discovering
The blue manor of Rosamund

Death is the cool night

Death is the cool night
Life is the sultry day
It is already growing dark, I am sleepy
The day has made me weary

Over my bed grows a tree
In it, the young nightingale sings
She sings of nothing but love
I hear it, even in my dreams

Do you know the country?

Do you know the country, where the lemon trees bloom,
Where among the dark leaves the golden oranges glow,
Where a soft wind wafts from the blue heaven,
The myrtle calm and the laurel grows high?
Do you really know it? There! There!
I want to go with you, my beloved

Kennst du das Haus? Auf Säulen ruht sein Dach
Es glänzt der Saal, es schimmert das Gemach
Und Marmorbilder stehn und sehn mich an:
Was hat man dir, du armes Kind, getan?
Kennst du es wohl? Dahin! Dahin!
Möcht ich mit dir, o mein Beschützer, ziehn

Kennst du den Berg und seinen Wolkensteg?
Das Maultier sucht im Nebel seinen Weg;
In Höhlen wohnt der Drachen alte Brut;
Es stürzt der Fels und über ihn die Flut.
Kennst du ihn wohl? Dahin! Dahin!
Geht unser Weg! O Vater, lass uns ziehn!

Regimen Sanitatis Salerni
From “Regimen Sanitatis Salerni” of 1066
Translation by Paul Salerni

I. Delle Carne Porcina

Senza vino la porcina carne è della pecorina
Ben peggior: se al vin si mesce, quasi farmaco riesce
Del maial sono buoni i quarti, son cattive l’altre parti

II. Della Nausea Marina

Mai non fia che incomodare, colui debba il mal di mare
Che da pria flutto marino,
preso avrà misto col vino

III. Della Stagioni dell’Anno

Quando regna primavera usa tavola leggera
Nell’ardor dei giorni estivi troppi cibi son nocivi
Nell’autun bada che i frutti
Non t’apportin gravi lutti
Ma nel tempo delle nevi
Quanto vuoi manduca e bevi

IV. Del Modo di Correggere le Cattive Bevande

Salvia e ruta nel bicchiere, ti faran sicuro il bere
Se di rosa aggiungi il fiore, scemerai l’estro d’amore

V. Del Condimento Universale

Aglio, salvia, e pepe fino
Sale, prezzemolo, e buon vino
Se il miscuglio non si falsa
Forman sempre buona salsa

Do you know the house? The roof rests on columns
The great hall shines, the rooms glitter,
And marble statues stand looking at me:
“What have they done to you, poor child?”
Do you really know it? There! There!
I want to go with you, my protector

Do you know the mountain and its cloudy path?
The mule searches for its way in the mist;
In the caves lives the ancient brood of dragons;
The cliffs falls sheer and the river runs over it
Do you really know it? There! There!
That is our path! Oh, father, let us go!

I. On Pork

Without wine the pork would be much worse
If wine is mixed with it, almost medicinal effects ensue
The hindquarters of the pig are good, other parts are bad

II. On Seasickness

Never will you be made uncomfortable by seasickness
If, before you go on the water,
you take boiled meat with wine

III. On the Seasons of the Year

When springtime reigns, eat a light menu
In the heat of summer days, too much food is bad for you
In the autumn, watch out that fruit
Does not put you into grave mourning
But in the time of snows,
Eat and drink as much as you want

IV. How to Correct Bad Drinks

Sage and rue in the glass will make you a safe drink
If you add a flower from a rose, it will reduce the fever of love

V. The Universal Condiment

Garlic, sage, and fine pepper
Salt, parsley, and good wine
If you mix them in the right proportions
They will always make a good sauce

VI. Della Lavatura Delle Mani

Se gli umori serbar vuoi sani, lava spesso le tue mani
Recar suol dopo le cene tal lavacro un doppio bene
Alle man toglie l'untume e degli occhi aguzza il lume

VII. Del Pane

Mai non fare l'apparecchio di pan caldo o troppo vecchio
Ma che sia ben fermentato sia ben cotto e bucherato
Di bastante sal condito, e di gran ben cernito
Non far uso della crosta, che talor doglie ti costa
Che sia replico salato, sia ben cotto e fermentato
Sia salubre, sia sincero
Senza questo vale un zero

VI. On the Washing of Hands

If you want your humors to stay healthy, wash hands often
Do the same after supper, such washing gives benefits
Also trim your fingernails, it will sharpen your vision

VII. On Bread

Never let bread utensils become too old or too hot
If you want it well-risen, cooked, and crusted
Use enough salt and make sure the flour is well-sifted
Do not use the crust, sometimes it will give you pain
If the bread is adequately salted, cooked, and risen
It will be true and healthy
Without this, it is worth nothing