



# Le Vent du Nord-Têtu

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Translation of lyrics by Francois Couture

## Noce tragique

*A just-married couple must face death. Doctors are helpless; the lovers will have to make a date in Heaven.*

*Brittany, Morbihan area. Source: Father Elain, Chants traditionnels de Pluherlin*

Two young people allied their destiny  
They laid together on the first night  
Oh, my husband, get up quickly  
I fear my days may end early

No, not at all, beautiful, there'll be remedies a-plenty  
I will summon the best doctor there is  
Be him in Europe or beyond the Rhine

If he comes too slowly, I shall go to meet him  
And I'll say "Hurry up, Medicine Man  
I fear my love's days are at an end"

When he got there, the lady was still alive  
She drew her hand from under the covers  
And said: "Farewell, my husband"

If God had willed it, we would have lived together  
Lived together in sweet harmony  
Alas, death will do us part

Blessed be death when it is brought by God  
They say that one day, in his Heavens,  
We shall be together again

Oh Mother, bring me my green silk vests  
I must unpick the velvet from them  
For my lady's days have ended!

## **Loup-garou**

Lyrics & music - Nicolas Boulerice

*Franciscans and the Papacy Serve up faraway kingdoms*

*For religions to be profitable You need wolves and you need sheep*

He was a mysterious young man  
Didn't go out much except at night  
Always miserably dressed and  
Wandering under the moonlight, empty-eyed

Ever since one moon-struck night  
Vanished his sweetheart  
After another evening spent  
Arguing with the parish priest

Neither Devil nor God he believed in  
Didn't go to Easter mass or confession  
Excommunicated and lonely he was  
And an animal woke up

A raging beast he turned into  
Sequestered by eternity  
In his home they found bones  
His wife's were among them

Hexed all too unwillingly  
This werewolf, running amok  
Is waiting for his moon, hunted  
By a bunch of mismatched hounds

They chased the man out of the county  
But the beast it found refuge  
Inside the monastery to take revenge  
On these churchy double-crossers

## **Le rosier**

lyrics : Mario Breault    music : Mario Breault & Olivier Demers

You've been seen holding a suitor's hand  
A prince's hand, surely not a peasant's

Red rosebush, white rosebush  
Tell me my dear, who's your sweetheart

But what about those pretty promises  
You made to me when you used to be at the convent

Nowadays, the torments of love is all the love I get  
And I curse this war that keeps me unfairly away

True, it's been a long time since I've got news from you  
But I thought, my dear, that it was only a matter of time

It would be dishonorable of me to believe gossipers  
To thwart the rumor I must outrun it

Before the next moon I'll leave my regiment  
These words I write to inform you of this plan

I am delighted to see you again in my lifetime  
Take a seat so we can have a friendly chat

A glass of red wine, a glass of white wine  
Tell me my dear, who's your sweetheart

Tomorrow the fate of the deserter awaits me  
So will you finally tell me the colour of your heart

Red sweetheart, white sweetheart  
Tell me my dear, which one is to be hung  
Tell me my dear, who's your sweetheart

## Confédération

lyrics - nicolas boulerice   music – nicolas boulerice   arr. – lvdn

**Following up on *Octobre 1837* and *Lettre à Durham (1839)*, this song is set at the time of the confederation (1867). A song about French-speaking Americans, a people who can be forgetful at times.**

Do you know the story of that great country, Canada  
A borrowed country, founded three times  
Falsely touted as bilingual, equal in law  
So the Francophones wouldn't revolt

Oh they avoided to rechristen the country  
To call their new colony "Borealia"  
They offered us a strange kind of freedom  
So the Francophones wouldn't revolt

Hoping that Cartier's children would die out  
The Molsons and McGills got well involved  
In the castle's clique they had strings to pull  
So the Francophones wouldn't revolt

"They'll sabotage themselves" dreamt our federative fathers  
But back from its despotic exile  
The French language was saved by an ex-patriot  
So the Francophones wouldn't revolt

Between two solitudes, far away from battle  
A new capital between two Canadas  
Leaving the ashes of Montreal, they chose the city of Ottawa  
So the Francophones wouldn't revolt

Are we but a prefix to this federation?  
We never signed their precious constitution  
The French Americans' country has yet to have a name  
Why aren't Francophones able to remember?

## **La chaise ardente**

Lyrics: trad / music:- trad / Olivier Demers

Listen and listen well to the tragic fate of these lovers  
She drowned to death at the tender age of 20  
Night and day he sighed, drowning in despair  
Thinking all night of his dead beloved

One day Satan, the traitor, appeared before him  
To offer help for the price of his soul of course  
What do you want from me, tell me please  
Take me to the place where my beloved lies

And Satan took him, flying faster than wind itself  
Over the mountains, over the buildings  
He took him to a vast hall where  
He saw his sweetheart burning in a blazing chair

Tell me my love, can you hear me? What is this place?  
Why aren't you in Heaven as it should be?  
That damned Satan is tormenting me night and day  
For the sin we committed together my love

Tell me dearest, can I kiss you?  
A kiss on the lips like we used to  
No no dear lover don't come near me  
The heat from my body would likely kill you

Tell me dearest, what message should I bring  
To your father, to your mother, to your brother and older sister  
Tell them my love to be good, to behave  
To not play lovers' games.

# Forillon

Lyrics : Maurice Joncas / Music : Pierre Michaud

They had been in this town  
For several generations  
To live and die, that was the rule  
For the people of Forillon

Fishing boat in the summer  
Axe and saw in the winter  
Joy and happiness in fair measure  
That was their world in a nutshell

They came and turned it upside down  
Walking, measuring, surveying  
They intend to bulldoze everything  
Or so they said in Ottawa

Quebec agreed with that plan  
So they'll have to leave it all behind  
Home, house, parents, friends  
And bid farewell in Gaspésie

To leave your land for Montréal  
Gaspé, Québec or elsewhere  
Despite the sorrow in your heart  
Everything will turn out fine

Go to the big city to die  
It's not a hard thing to do  
A tree that's been uprooted  
Will always come to die

Tonight, yesterday, tomorrow perhaps  
We're all pretty sure of it  
Gaspésie our home  
Will change ever so deeply

In Forillon strangers  
Will come in numbers to visit  
Forgetting that we were the ones  
Who cleared that land 100 years ago

They had been in this town  
For several generations  
To live and die, that was the rule  
For the people of Forillon

Fishing boat in the summer  
Axe and saw in the winter  
Joy and happiness in fair measure  
It's not their world anymore  
Pay your ticket at the gate

## **Pauvre enfant**

Lyrics : trad / music : - trad & Olivier Demers

People have pity of my misery  
Help me, I'm just a poor child  
I'm hungry I'm thirsty O is your life  
A heavy burden when your mother's gone

My mother so good is no more  
I wander alone on the path  
Holding out my hand to beg  
For a piece of bread I rarely get

When the long grey dress of the night  
Hides away the fine blue skies  
Under foliage flapping in the breeze  
I cast my eyes toward the past

I can see her, my mother so good  
I can feel my head resting on her bosom  
I want to speak, I think I feel her presence  
But only the echo answers the orphan

When the sun comes up, all alight  
I come out of my dusty shed shaking  
To the Lord Almighty I send a prayer  
I feel less miserable once I've prayed

I think about heaven, the happiness of innocence  
Where reigns God the Father of the weak ones  
I hope He will take away my pain  
He is a good father, he loves the orphan

## **L'échafaud**

Lyrics: trad / music: Nicolas Boulerice

Once I had a sweetheart  
A hundred times prettier than day  
A jealous friend took her from me  
So I killed him to avenge my life

Tonight under the moonlight  
I will go listen to the tale  
Of all the misfortunes that have been  
Oppressing me for so long

Shackled deep underground  
Alone in my dark cell  
I cry while I pray  
For no-one can hear me weeping

If I had wings like a bird  
I would flee my prison  
And go to my sweetheart's arms  
Free at last I would go to die

Tomorrow I shall see the sun  
Standing on the gallows  
Before the hangman's cruel hand  
Slips the blindfold over my eyes



## **Papineau**

Lyrics: trad / music: Nicolas Boulerice

In the city of Toronto, My God what a pretty city  
So perfect in its beauty  
Papineau cannot set foot

Go and tell Papineau I'm not afraid of him  
Go and tell him I look down on him  
In the daytime as in the nighttime

When Papineau heard that, he got into battle  
And started firing his cannon  
So well the pretty city shook

Courage friends courage, the city is being looted  
And they shouted Hurrah for Papineau  
We have taken Toronto

## **Amant volage**

Lyrics: trad / music: Simon Beaudry

For me losing a lover  
Is peanuts and nothing more  
I'll still lose five or six hundred of them  
For I am still young

*I'd tell them even more  
I decide when I adore*

Change is not prohibited  
And I will love many more  
My sweet lady when I lose you  
I won't be losing much

If I said that I love you  
You shouldn't have believed me  
If I did say it I take it back  
For I will forget about it