

Lyrics and Translations

Ah! Si Mon Moine Voulait Danser (Oh! If only my monk would dance with me!):

French

O danse mon moin' danse,
tu n'entends pas la danse.
Ah! Si mon moine voulait danser!
Un capuchon je lui donnerais.
Tu n'entends pas mon moulin, lon, la,
tu n'entends pas mon moulin marcher.
Ah! Si mon moine voulait danser!
Un ceinturon je lui donnerais.
Ah! Si mon moine voulait danser!
Un chapelet je lui donnerais.
Ah! Si mon moine voulait danser!
Un froc de bur' je lui donnerais.
S'il n'avait fait voeu de pauvreté!
Bien d'autres chos' je lui donnerais.

English

Dance, my monk, dance!
Don't you hear the dance?
Oh, if only my monk would dance with me,
I'd give him a hooded robe.
You don't hear my mill.
You don't hear my mill working.
Oh, if only my monk would dance with me,
I'd give him a braided belt.
Oh, if only my monk would dance with me,
I'd give him a rosary.
Oh, if only my monk would dance with me,
I'd give him a songbook.
If he hadn't made a vow of poverty,
I'd give him lots of other wonderful things, too!

Dans la prison de Londres (In London's Prison)

French

Dans la prison de Londres
Y'avait un prisonnier.
Person' ne v'nait le vouère
Que la fille du geôlier.

English

In London's prison
There was a prisoner.
Nobody came to see him
Except for the jailer's daughter.

Dites-moi donc la belle
Demain si je mourais?
Puisque je meurs demain
Lâchez-moi donc les pieds.

Tell me, my beautiful
What if I died tomorrow?
Since I will die tomorrow
Untie my feet.

Quand il eût les pieds lâches
À la mer s'est jeté.
À la première plonge
Il a manqué s'noyer.

When his feet were loose
To the sea threw himself
At the first dive
He almost drowned.

À la deuxième plonge
La mer a traversé.
Quand il fût sur ses côtes
Il se mit à chanter.

At the second dive
He crossed the sea.
When he reached the shore
He started to sing.

Si jamais j'y retourne
Oui je l'épouserai!

If I ever go back
Yes I will marry her!

Magnus Dominus (Great is the Lord)

Latin

Mágnus Dóminus, et laudábilis nimis.
Párvus Dóminus, et arábilis nimis.
Régnat in célo, dominátur in excélsó. Jácet
in fóno, dórmit in prasépio.
Ab éterno génitus, in splendórious
sanctórum, In sáculo nátus, pro salúte
hóminum.

English

Great is the LORD, and greatly to be praised.
Tiny is the LORD, and ever so dear.
He reigns in Heaven on high.
He lies in the hay, asleep in a manger.
Begotten from all eternity in the splendour of
the Saints, He is born into the world for the
salvation of mankind.

Thoughts on a Still Night

Mandarin

chuang qien ming yue quang.
yi shi di shang shuang,
Ju tou wang ming yue
di tou si gu xiang

English

Moonlight shines on the floor before my bed.
Could it be frost upon the ground?
I look upward, drawn to the bright moon
Then I lower my head, longing for home.

When the Earth Stands Still

Come listen in the silence of the moment before
rain comes down.

There's a deep sigh in the quiet of the forest and
the tall tree's crown.

Now hold me.

Will you take the time to hold me and embrace
the chill?

Or miss me,
will you take the time to miss me when the earth
stands still?

Cause there's no use running
cause the storm's still coming
and you've been running for too many years.

Come listen in the silence of the moment before
shadows fall.

Feel the tremor of your heartbeat matching
heartbeat as we both dissolve.

Now hold me....

Cause there's no use running
cause the storm's still coming
and you've been running for too many years.

So stay with me, held in my arms
Like branches of a tree
They'll shelter you for many years.

J'ai vû le loup (I saw the wolf)

French

J'ai vu le loup, le renard, le lièvre
J'ai vu le loup, le renard cheuler
C'est moi-même qui les ai rebeuillés

J'ai ouï le loup, le renard, le lièvre
J'ai ouï le loup, le renard chanter
C'est moi-même qui les ai rechignés
J'ai ouï le loup, le renard chanter

J'ai vu le loup, le renard, le lièvre
J'ai vu le loup, le renard danser
C'est moi-même qui les ai revirés
J'ai vu le loup, le renard danser

Parlez-moi (Speak to me)

French

Je cherche un peu partout
Dans l'espoir de trouver
Quelqu'un qui connaît bien la mer
Et son halein' salée

English

I saw the wolf, the fox and the hare.
I saw the wolf and the fox get drunk.
It was I who saw them.

I heard the wolf, the fox and the hare.
I heard the wolf and the fox sing.
It was I who imitated them.
I heard the wolf and the fox sing.

I saw the wolf, the fox and the hare.
I saw the wolf and the fox dance.
It was I who made them dance.
I saw the wolf and the fox dance.

English

I search everywhere in the hope of finding
someone who knows the salty breath of the sea,
someone who can tell me why the sound of the

Qui pourrait bien me dire
Pourquoi j'ai dans la peau
Le bruit des vagues sur la plage
Le chant liquide et pur de l'eau

Parlez-moi de la mer
Racontez-moi son histoire
Dites-moi parlez-moi
Pour que je sois marin
Parlez-moi de la mer,
Dites-moi, parlez-moi

J'ai parlé de la plaine
Aux vieux de mon pays,
Ils n'ont pas su beaucoup m'aider
Ils ne m'ont pas compris.
Ils ont parlé du temps
Qui se perd dans l'oubli,
De l'ennui de la solitude
Mais de la plaine ils n'ont rien dit

Parlez-moi de la plaine
Racontez-moi son histoire
Dites-moi, parlez-moi
Pour que je vois plus loin
Parlez-moi de la plaine,
Dites-moi, parlez-moi

J'ai parlé à ma mère,
Elle qui connaît si bien
Tous les grands héros légendaires
Dont on ne dit plus rien.
Elle m'a parlé d'espoir
De la mort de la vie
De l'amour du don du chagrin
Mais de la terre elle n'a rien dit.

Enseignez-moi la terre
Apprenez-moi la mer
Expliquez-moi la plaine
Pour que je la comprenne
Donnez-moi les mots qu'il me faut.
Parlez-moi de la terre
Racontez-moi son histoire,
Dites-moi, Parlez-moi
Pour que je sois gardien
Parlez-moi de la terre

waves on the shore and the pure and liquid song of
the sea flow through my very being.

Speak to me of the sea.
Tell me its story so that I may become a sailor.

I spoke of the prairies to the elders of my country
but they could not help me.
They did not understand me.
They spoke of time that is lost in forgetfulness, of
loneliness, of solitude - but of the prairies they
said nothing.

Speak to me of the prairies.
Tell me their story so that I may be able to see
beyond the horizon.

I spoke to my mother. She knows so well all the
great legendary heroes of which we no longer
speak.
She spoke to me of hope, of death, of life, of love,
of giving and of grief. But of the earth she did not
speak.

Teach me the earth and the sea and the prairies so
that I may understand them.
Give me the words that I need.
Speak to me of the earth.
Tell me its story so that I may become its guardian

Innu

Nukum
tshipatshi a itapishtin uenapissish? tshetshi
tipatshimushtuin
ueshkat ka aussiuin
tan itenitakanipan nutshimit
anu mishapan

English

Grandmother
Can I lay down next to you for a while? Can you tell
me about life
When you were young
When our land was bigger

Friend, Pass Softly

FRIEND, pass softly. Here is one
Morning spent her gold upon;
Suns enriched her, and the beat
Of April's tide flowed at her feet.
With each blossom, lovelier she;

Lovelier she with every leaf.
Spring forgets her now, and we
Count her summers by our grief

Ave Joseph

Latin

Ave, Joseph, gratia plena dominus tecum
Benedictus tu in hominibus,
Et benedictus fructus ventris sponsae tuae
Jesus, tua Jesus.

Sanctae Joseph, sponse Mariae Virginis,
Et pater nutritiae Jesu:
Ora pro nobis famulabus tuis,
Tuam que familiam,
Continua protection custodi.

English

Hail, Joseph, full of grace, the Lord is with you.
Blessed are you among men,
and blessed is the fruit of your bride's womb
Jesus, your Jesus.

Saint Joseph, spouse of the Virgin Mary,
and the foster father of Jesus:
pray for us, your servants
and your family,
giving us continual protection

Miss Jane Austen

Happy the lab'rer in his Sunday clothes!
In light-drab coat, in well-darn'd hose,
In waistcoat smart and hat upon his head,
To church, to church, to church he goes;
As oft with conscious pride he downward
throws
A glance upon the ample cabbage rose
Which stuck in buttonhole regales his nose,

Rise Up, My Love, My Fair One

Rise up my love, my fair one,
and come away.
For, lo, the winter is past
the rain is over and gone;
The flowers appear on the earth;

He envies not the gaiest London beaux.
In church he takes his seat among the rows,
Pays to the place the rev'rence he owes,
Likes best the prayers whose meaning least
he knows.
Lists to the sermon in a soft'ning doze,
And rouses joyous at the welcome close.

the time of the singing of birds is come,
Arise my love, my fair one, and come away
Come away,
away.

Marie Madeleine

French

Marie Madeleine ton p'tit jupon de laine,
ta p'tite jupe carreautee, ton p'tit jupon
pique.
Mon père avait une p'tite vache noire.
Ell' donnait yin que du lait caillé.
Elle cherchait yin qu'à m'en corner.
J'étais obligé de l'attacher.
Un jour son câbl'il a cassé.
La vache m'a envoyé revoler.
À plat ventre sur le tas d'fumier.
J'étais beau quand je m'suis relevé.
Ça a pris trois jours pour m'nettoyer.

English

Mary Madeleine your little woollen petticoat,
your little checkered skirt, your little fitted
petticoat.
My father had a little black cow.
She gave nothing but sour milk.
She wanted nothing but to corner me.
I was obliged to tie her up.
One day her cable broke.
The cow sent me flying.
Lying on a heap of manure.
I looked *great* when I got up.
It took three days to get clean.

Red River Valley

From this valley they say you are going
I shall miss your bright eyes and sweet smile

For you take with you all of the sunshine
That has brightened my pathway awhile

So consider a while, ere you leave me
Do not hasten to bid me adieu
But remember the Red River Valley
And the Red River girl who loved you

So remember the valley you're leaving
Oh how lonely, how sad it will be

Mrs. Austen

This morning I woke from a quiet repose,
I first rubbed my eyes and I next blew my
nose;
With my stockings and shoes I then covered
my toes,
And proceeded to put on the rest of my
clothes,

This was finished in less than an hour, I
suppose

I employed myself next in repairing my
hose,
'twas a work of necessity not what I chose;
Of my sock I'd much rather have knit
twenty rows,
My work being done, I look'd through the
windows.

Feller From Fortune

Oh, there's lots of fish in Bonavist' Harbour,
Lots of fish right in around here'
Boys and girls are fishin' together'
Forty-five from Carbonear.

Chorus:

Oh, catch-a-hold this one, catch-a-hold that one
Swing around this one, swing around she;
Dance around this one, dance around that one
Diddle-dum this one, diddle-dum dee.
Oh, Sally is the pride of Cat Harbour,
Ain't been swung since last year,
Drinkin' rum and wine and cassis
What the boys brought home from St Pierre.

Oh, Sally goes to church every Sunday
Not for to sing nor for to hear,

and remember the heart you are breaking
and be true to your promise to me

Come and sit by my side if you love me
Do not hasten to bid me adieu
Oh remember the Red River Valley
And the Red River girl who loved you

And with pleasure beheld all the bucks and
the does,
The cows and the bullocks, the wethers and
ewes,
To the library each morning the family goes,
So I went with the rest, though I felt rather
froze.

My flesh is much warmer, my blood freer
flows,
When I work in the garden with rakes and
with hoes,
And now I believe I must come to a close,
For I find I grow stupid e'en while I
compose,

If I write any longer my verse will be prose

But to see the feller from Fortune
What was down here fishin' the year .

Oh, Sally's got a bouncin' new baby,
Father said that he didn't care,
'Cause she got that from the feller from Fortune
What was down here fishin' the year.

Oh, Uncle George got up in the mornin',
He got up in an 'ell of a tear
And he ripped the arse right out of his britches
Now he's got ne'er pair to wear.

Oh, there's lots of fish in Bonavist' Harbour,
Lots of fishermen in around here;
Swing your partner, Jimmy Joe Jacobs,
I'll be home in the spring of the year.

J'entends le moulin

French

J'entends le moulin (tique tique taque)
Mon père a fait bâtir maison.
La fait bâtir à trois pignons.
Sont trois charpentiers qui la font.
Le plus jeune c'est mon mignon.
Qu'apporte-tu dans ton jupon?
C'est un pâté de trois pigeons.
Asseyons-nous et le mangeons.
En s'asseyant il fit un bond,
Qui fit trembler mer et poisson
Et les cailloux qui sont au fond.

English

I hear the millwheel (tique tique taque)
My father is having a house built.
It's being built with three gables.
There are three carpenters building it.
The youngest is my darling.
What do you have in your apron?
It's a pie made of three pigeons.
Let's sit down and eat it.
While sitting down they all lept up,
Causing the sea and fish to tremble,
and the stones on the bottom of the sea.

Walk Out on the Water

Still got a ticket to play
I won't be walking away
I feel all the weight of the world
I won't get another one
Won't get another one
Won't get another one
Won't get

Will I be singing a hallelujah
When I walk out on the water?
I'm not going under
I own the space that I occupy

Oh, oh hallelujah
I climb up through the trees
I'm strong enough to bleed

All Too Soon

No one's in doubt that the children singing
All too soon shall be women and men
And the bonny new land
That we shaped with our hand
It'll roll to the ocean again.

No one's in doubt that the tale we're bringing
Can't turn time back to where he was then
For the old ways they change

I'll grow my wings like a butterfly

I woke up alone on the shore
The sun it fought through my eyes
Wondering what all this is for
Is it for you?

Phone stuck, hung up
I never hear what you say you're saying
Line cut when the door shut
I don't know why I'm straying

Everything's happening the way I want
Everything's happening the way I want
Is everything happening the way I want?
Everything's happening the way I want.

But the new is so strange
Will it ever be simple again?

No one's in doubt that the children singing
All too soon shall be women and men
And the canny old land
That we never could command
It'll roll to the ocean again.

Grandpa was in the war, and when he came back to
Nova Scotia
He had a bride in tow, who had no English but “Yes and
No Sir”

What made her leave her home to be with someone she
hardly knew?

(What would make her leave her home?)

How she must have hated to feel alone, she must have
cried when the day was through

(I would hate to feel so alone)

Oh and this was a part of earth

Where you could hold onto one another

This was a line of work

A-where the whole town was like your brother

Ah but now it's getting hard to stay

(Now the children)

The children move to a bigger city

(move away)

And there is really nothing you can say

(There is really nothing)

But what a shame, and what a terribly pity

(That you can say, but)

Haven't got a notion, how to stop the motion, rolling to
the ocean, that's the magic potion

(Roll on down the bay)

Haven't got a notion, how to stop the motion, rolling to
the ocean, that's the magic potion

(Fundy to Biscay)

They say,

The world is getting smaller every day, oh every day

But to make it pay

Well everybody has to move away, so far away

Haven't got a notion, how to stop the motion, rolling to
the ocean, that's the magic potion

(Roll on down the bay)

Haven't got a notion, how to stop the motion, rolling to
the ocean, that's the magic potion

(Fundy to Biscay)

You know,

How much a Maritimer hates to go, and isn't it so,

Just how much we owe

(We know how much we owe)

To the land that watched our parents grow

(We love the land that watched our parents grow)

When life was oh, so deep and slow

And hard, but deep, and proud

Was the life we were once allowed,

We knew our soul never could be bowed,

(Never to be bowed)

Dealing with the ocean, when you're Nova Scotian,
turns into a sign of family devotion

(You deal with what you know)

Dealing with the ocean, when you're Nova Scotian,
turns into a sign of family devotion

Grandpa was in the war, and when he came back to
Nova Scotia

He had a bride in tow, who had no English but Yes and
No Sir

What made her leave her home to be with someone she
hardly knew?

(Don't cast me off discourteously)

How she must have hated to feel alone, she must have
cried when the day was through

(For I have loved you so long)

No one's in doubt that the children singing

All too soon shall be women and men

And the canny old land

That we never could command

It'll roll to the ocean again.

Les Voyageurs de la Gattineau (The Travellers on the Gattineau)

French

Nous partîmes pour un voyage en canot sur la
Gatineau
Plus souvent les pieds par terre et la charge sur
le dos
Là, pensions à notre jeune âge qu'on avait si mal
passé
À courir dans les auberges, notre argent avions
dépensé

Quand nous fûmes sur ces rives, de lac en lac
jusqu'au camp
C'est ici qu'on est destiné à bâtir, mes chers
enfants
À bâtir une cabane ce qu'on appelle un chantier
Un chantier mais d'épinette, en bois rond non
pas carré

Que chacun y prenne sa place, c'est ici qu'on va
coucher
Qu'on va dormir sur la paille de branches
qu'on va rapailler
Mettez y cent fois des branches, mais des
branches de sapin
Et pour mieux être à son aise, la plus grosse en
d'sour des reins

Ah! si jamais je retourne au pays d'où c'que je
d'viens
Je ferai de moi un homme et non pas un bon à
rien
J'abandonnerai la cabane dans ces bois si
éloignés
Je prendrai soin de ma femme sans courrir dans
les chantiers

J'abandonnerai la cabane dans ces bois si
éloignés
Je prendrai soin de ma femme sans courrir dans
les chantiers

English

We set off for a canoe trip on the Gatineau
More often on foot and the load on our backs
There, we thought of our youth that we had spent so
badly
Running in the inns, spending our money

When we reached these shores, from lake to lake to
the camp
It is here that we are destined to build, my dear
children
To build a cabin what we call a camp
A camp but of spruce, round wood not square

Let everyone take their place, here is where we will
sleep
We will sleep on the bed of branches that we will
gather
Put branches a hundred times, but branches of fir
And to be more comfortable, the largest under the
back

Ah! if I ever return to the country where I come
from
I will make a man of myself and not a good-for-
nothing
I will leave the cabin in these distant woods
I will take care of my wife without running into the
camps

I will leave the cabin in these distant woods
I will take care of my wife without running into the
camps