

Tólf akadísk þjóðlög

í útsetningu Carls Philippe Gionets
Tónleikar í Listasafni Sigurjóns Ólafssonar
6. október 2024

L'escaouette

It's monsieur the groom
And madame the bride
They did not have supper yet
A small mill on the river
A small boat to cross the water
The fire on the mountain
Boy run boy run away.
I saw the wolf the fox the hare
I saw the big city explode
I trampled my blanket under my feet

Le rosier blanc - The White Rosebush

I picked the beautiful rose
That hung on the white rosebush
The beautiful rose
The beautiful rose from the white rosebush

I brought it to my mother
Between Paris and Rouen
The beautiful rose
The beautiful rose from the white rosebush

I have found no one
But the singing nightingale
The beautiful rose
The beautiful rose from the white rosebush

He said to me in his language
“Get married because it is time”
The beautiful rose
The beautiful rose from the white rosebush.

Le jardinier du couvent - The Convent Gardener

Gather 'round, young boys and girls
I'll sing you a song
It's about a pretty young lady
Who every night and every morning
Had love on her mind
She didn't love any other than her own lover.

Her mother had her put in a convent
Without asking her consent
At five or six in the morning at dawn
Her mother took her to the meeting place
“Take good care of my dearest daughter
So that no boy sees her here.”

The handsome and gallant young gentleman did not delay
As a gardener he got dressed
Straight to the convent he went
With a heart full of purposes
He went to ask the Mother Superior
For work in her garden.

Her young lover had worked well
Five or six days with much love
To see Éléonore pass by
Every evening and every morning
Walking with the Mother Superior
In the alleys of her garden.

Her young lover did not miss his chance
To the window he went
“Wake up, dear Éléonore
For it is time to go to the fields!”
Without saying goodbye to the Mother Superior
They both left the convent.

Every young boy who loves joy
Cross the mountains and enjoy yourself
For if the girls are our mistresses
The boys are their servants
Since it is you, charming Éléonore
You who charmed my heart

Wing tra la

On my way I meet a gentle rider
He spoke of love, I told him to come in.

Wing tra la de li tra la la de li tra la la de lai dé

“Monsieur, take a chair, Monsieur, let's talk”
“I do not want a chair, I want to get married!”

With the most beautiful girl in the neighbourhood!”
Her father, upstairs, listening, began to rant

“I will not give away my daughter to a vile dressmaker
For with his needle he could prick her ... ”

Au chant de l'alouette - To the song of the lark

My father sends me to the tree to pick fruits
I did not pick them, I looked for bird nests.

*To the song of the lark, I keep vigil and I sleep
I listen to the lark and then I fall asleep.*

I found the quail sitting in its nest
I stepped on her wing and broke it!

She said to me, “You virgin, get out of here!”
“I'm not a virgin!” I said.

Écrivez-moi - Write to me

Write to me to sweeten the absence
By writing to each other we are less unhappy
By giving each other the sweetest hope
We are both reunited!
Write to me!

Write to me if you still love me
If your heart is sweet as it was
For a long, long time I have adored you
I swear to you today on my faith
Write to me!

I write to you in the shadow of the Spheres
By writing to each other we speak softly
Yes, I confess it, in this solitary place,
All is quiet, but my heart is not
Write to me!

L'étoile du Nord - The North Star

I'm leaving for a journey
Following the North Star
I know the crew
That's all my comfort
We must hoist the sails
Good God! What a sad fate
You will pray to God my beautiful one
For us to reach the port.

When you're in those islands
Those remote islands
There will be girls
Who will know how to charm you there
And I, the unfortunate one

I will be abandoned
For love is deceitful
When far away from each other.

Love my sweet love
Remember what I have promised
Before I leave
I'll tell you again
Be faithful and wise to me
Keep your heart for me
When I return from my journey
I will make you happy ...

Le pommier doux - The sweet Apple Tree

Behind my father's house
there is a sweet apple tree.
The leaves are green
and the fruit is sweet.

*Ah! I have millet grain
Ah! I have grain of straw
I have orange trees
I have tri I have tricoli
I have matches and I have pineapples
I have gunflint I have flowering laurel
I have zis I have zenezis
I have zenezines and I have zenezos
I have beautiful birds.*

The three daughters of a prince
are asleep underneath the apple tree.
The youngest one wakes up
and says "My sister it is day"!

"No, it is only a star
that illuminates our love.
Our lovers are at war
they fight for us.

If they win the battle
they will have our love.
Whether they lose or win
they will always have our love."

La belle Françoise - The beautiful Françoise

The beautiful Françoise wants to get married
Her lover goes to see her in the evening after supper.

*We have to drink and then leave dondaine
And sing away we go dondé.*

He found her alone on her bed crying
"But what have you then my beautiful one,
what have you to cry so much about?"

"They told me yesterday evening
that you are leaving for the war".
"Those who told you so have told the truth".

"Come with me right to the base of the rock
When I return from the war I will marry you".

Farewell, beautiful Françoise lon gai ...
Farewell, beautiful Françoise ...

Tout passe - Everything will pass

Under the skies all is change, everything will pass,
And whatever humanity does their days go away
Faster than a river everything will pass

Great truth apart from eternity everything will pass
Let us make use of grace time is precious
While under our eyes everything will pass

Like a ship sliding away on water everything will pass
There is no trace of it thus goes the honours
Goods and greats everything will pass

Such is our fate with death everything will pass
Nothing is more effective to endure our ills
Than these two simple words: everything will pass.

Le prince Eugène - The Prince Eugène

Ah, tell me, Prince Eugène, what have you done
in your life?

I went through the cities, *Long live the day!* to go to Paris
Long live the flower of ly'!

But when he was out in the wide open path, he
looked behind him
He saw twenty men coming,
his greatest enemies.

He asked the twenty men
"What are you looking for here?"
We are looking for a fight,
we must fight here!

He killed fourteen of them, his greatest enemies.
But when the fifteenth came for him,
his bright sword broke.

Go tell my wife to take care of my son.
When he is old enough, let him take revenge too.

Go tell my mother that I died here.
Let her build a chapel, in the middle of Paris!

Partons, la mer est belle - Let us leave, the sea is beautiful

Friends, let's leave quietly
The fishing will be good
The moon that is shining
Will light up the night sky.
We must be back before dawn
We must return
To fall sleep once more
Before it is daylight!

Let us leave, the sea is beautiful
Let us embark, fishermen
Let's guide our boat
Let us row with ardour!
To the masts let's hoist the sails,
The sky is pure and beautiful!
I see the shining star
That guides the sailors.

So sang my father
When he left the port
He hardly expected
To find death there!
By the winds by the storm
He was suddenly surprised
And from a cruel shipwreck
He suffered his fate!

I have only my mother left
Who has nothing
She is in misery
I am her only support.
Let's row, let's row fast
I see her there,
I see her inviting me
By holding out her arms to me!