

Mp3 Grey Larsen & Andr© Marchand - The Orange Tree



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An underground classic: A timeless integration of Irish and French Canadian traditional music and song, irresistible Quebecois foot-stomping with Irish flute, concertina, guitar, harmonium, tin whistle, and Andr Marchand's utterly natural vocals. 10 MP3 Songs WORLD: Celtic, FOLK: Traditional Folk Details: GREY LARSEN: Wooden flute, whistles, anglo concertina, fiddle, harmonium, field organ, piano ANDR MARCHAND: Guitar, feet, vocals "The Orange Tree" was originally issued in 1993 on Sugar Hill Records. That year, Stereo Review Magazine named it "Runner-Up World Music CD of the Year." All selections BMI, Sleepy Creek Music, unless otherwise indicated Produced by Grey Larsen and Andr Marchand Recorded by Grey Larsen at Sleepy Creek Recording, Unionville, IN Mixed by Grey Larsen at Uphill Recording, Bloomington, IN Mastered by David Glasser at Airshow, Springfield, VA Photography by Pierre David, Joliette, Quebec Illustration by Lisa Nilsson Here are Pete Sutherland's comments on "The Orange Tree": "I think I've always taken it for granted that Grey Andr would come together this way, to explore each other's music, to see how it would dovetail, to want the rest of us to share their excitement over it. Having had the good luck to have been party or partner to their past musical endeavors, I must make a bolder claim - I think I knew at least as well as they did what this album would sound like. I could hear Andr's utterly natural singing along with that big guitar's rolling rhythm, the chords like waves simultaneously hitting the beaches of Ireland and North America. I heard the musically well-traveled Grey's sprightly concertina and haunting flute donning their pioneer hats again, probing between the borders of Indiana and Qubec, and of further countries real and imagined. I could hear the new pieces these friends of mine would be concocting, the flying and floating melodies, the characteristically rich, dark, and exotic harmonies, the fusion of traditions. Of course underneath it all I could hear Andr's relentless footwork, the envy of drummers and drum machines on at least two continents. Grey Andr, I'm

sure you'll get a lot of fan letters. Consider this your first, and may I say a particular thanks for working so hard to do justice to this music of yours I've been hearing in my head for quite some time." Here are the lyrics to the songs, first in French and then in English.

QUI ME PASSERA LE BOIS' Ah! Qui me passera le bois, moi qui est si petite' C'est ce monsieur que voil I, N'a-t-il pas bonne mine' Refrain: Belle attendez-l, belle attendez, j'irai vous reconduire. Quand ils furent au milieu du bois, il se mit courir. Mais qu'avez-vous donc mon bon monsieur, qu'a'vous tant courir' J'entends venir les loups l-bas qui nous suivent la rive. Quand ils eurent travers le bois, la belle se mit rire. Belle qu'avez-vous, belle qu'avez-vous, qu'a-vous tant rire' Je ris de moi, Je ris de toi, de ta poltronnerie. D'avoir pris les perdrix du bois, pour les loups en furie.

WHO WILL HELP ME THROUGH THE WOODS' Who will help me through the woods' I am so small. Here is a man, doesn't he look fine' Refrain: Wait there pretty one, wait, I will go with you. When they were in the middle of the woods, he started to run. But what's the matter dear sir, why are you running so' I hear the wolves coming over there, they are following us along the shore. When they got out of the woods, she started to laugh. What's the matter pretty one, what's the matter, why are you laughing so' I'm laughing at you. I'm laughing at me and at your cowardice! To have mistaken partridges in the woods for fearsome wolves.

L'ORANGER Par derrire chez mon pre, un oranger il y a qui est si charg d'oranges, qu'on croit qu'il en rompra. Refrain: J'aime, j'aimerai, j'ai le coeur si gai D'entendre chanter, sonner, branler les cloches de l'amour Oh! gai, et tout en train les moulins glins, glins, Les moutons glon glon, d'la bergre Oh! gai. Je demande mon pre, quand on les cueillira, Il me fit pour rponse, quand ton amant viendra le v'!! Les oranges sont mres, mon amant ne vient pas. J'ai pris une chelette, mon panier sous mon bras, me v'!! J'ai cueilli les plus mres, laiss les vertes l. J'm'en vas au march vendre, au march de Java. Dans mon chemin j'rencontre, le fils d'un avocat. Ah qu'a'vous donc la belle dans votre panier au bras' Monsieur c'est des oranges ne vous en faut-il pas' Il me'en prit une douzaine, ne me les paya pas le gars! Ah monsieur mes oranges, vous ne m'les payez pas' Montez dedans ma chambre, mon pre vous les paiera. J'allais de chambre en chambre, le bonhomme n'y tait pas. Ah c'est toujours comme a avec les avocats les v'!!

THE ORANGE TREE Behind my father's house, there's an orange tree that is so full of oranges, we think it's going to break. Refrain: I love, I will love, my heart is full of happiness! to hear the bells of love ringing and singing, oh gay! Lively are the mills, ding ding, the sheep, dong dong, of the shepherdess, oh gay! I asked my father, when will we pick them' His answer was, when your lover arrives. Here he is! The oranges are ripe, my lover doesn't come. I took my

little ladder, my basket under my arm, here I am. I picked the ripest ones, left the green ones there. I headed for the market, the Java market. On my way there, I met the son of a lawyer. Oh what do you have, my pretty One, in the basket under your arm' Sir, these are oranges, don't you want any' He took a dozen from me, but did not pay for them, this fellow! Ah sir, won't you pay me for my oranges' Come up to my room, my father will pay for them. I went from room to room and his father was not there. Ah, it's always like that with lawyers, there they are!

L'IVROGNE PILIER DU CABARET (L'IVROGNE GRONDE PAR SA FEMME) C'tait la femme, la femme d'un soldat. (bis) Tous les soirs elle s'promne de taverne en taverne en cherchant son mari, Rosalie, avec une lanterne. Bonsoir l'htesse, mon mari est-il ici' Montez, montez en haut dans la plus haute chambre. Vous le trouverez couch, Rosalie, avec la servante. Bonsoir ivrogne, pilier du cabaret, Tu dpenses tout ton bien faire la bonne chre, et tes petits enfants, Rosalie, qui crient dans la misre. Oh! Toi ma femme, retire-toi d'ici. Laisse-moi m'divertir cette table ronde, avec tous mes amis, Rosalie, et personne ne m'y gronde. La pauvre femme s'en retourne en pleurant. Pleurez, pleurez enfants vous n'avez plus de pre. Je l'ai trouv couch, Rosalie, avec une autre mre. Oh vous ma mre ne dites pas cela' Nous savons que fort bien que nous avons un pre qui aime le bon vin, Rosalie, et nous ferons de mme. Maudits enfants, maudit cochon d'enfants, s'ecria la mre pleine de colre, vous serez tous cocus, Rosalie, comme le ft votre pre.

THE WIFE OF A DRUNKEN SOLDIER There once was a wife, a soldier's wife. (twice) Every night she would go from tavern to tavern searching for her husband, Rosalie, with a lantern. Good evening madam, is my husband here' Go up, go way upstairs to the highest room. You'll find him in bed, Rosalie, with the servant. Good evening drunkard, king of the tavern, You spend all that you have living it up, and your little children, Rosalie, they have nothing at all. Oh, my wife, go away from here. Let me have fun in this place with all of my friends, Rosalie, and no one scolds me here. The poor wife goes home in tears. Cry, cry my children, you no longer have a father. I found him in bed, Rosalie, with someone else's mother. Oh, mother, don't say that. We know all too well that we have a father who loves good wine, Rosalie, and we'll do the same. Cursed children, beastly children, Screamed the mother angrily. You will all be unfaithful, Rosalie, like your father was.

LES MENTERIES J'vas vous chanter une chanson, elle n'est pas ni courte ni longue, si y a un mot d'verit d'dans, je veux qu'ma vie y passe. Refrain: Ti yum ta ti ta ti da lam, ti yum ta ti ta ti di lam, ti yum ta ti ta ti da lam, ti yum ta ti di lam. J'ai pris mes boeufs dans ma poche, pis ma charrue sur ma tte. J'suis all pour labourer d'o c'qu'y avait pas d'terre. J'ai labour six sillons m'a demand six semaines. J'en ai sem de l'avoine, a venait

comme une tempte. J'ai trouv un vieux joual mort qui mangeait mon avoine. J'y ai coup les quatres pattes, i' fuyait comme une poudre. Dans mon chemin j'ai rencontr, c'est un arbre de prunelles. J'ai pris une perche, je l'ai gronde, a tombait comme de la cenne. M'en est tomb une su'l pied, m'a fait saigner l'oreille. Par dessous la plante du pied, z'y me voyions la cervelle. A PACK OF LIES I'm going to sing you a song that's neither short nor long. If there's a word of truth in it, I must've sung it wrong. Refrain: Ti yum ta ti ta ti da lam, ti yum ta ti ta ti di lam, ti yum ta ti ta ti da lam, ti yum ta ti di lam. I put the oxen in my pocket and the plough on my head. I went to plough where there was no soil. I ploughed six furrows and it took me six weeks. I sowed some oats, that grew before my very eyes. I found an old dead horse, that was eating my oats. I cut off his four legs, he disappeared into thin air. On my way, I came across a plum tree. I took a pole and scolded it, they came down hard and fast. One fell on my foot which made my ear bleed. From underneath the arch of my foot, it could see up into my brain.

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