

Poulenc, Chansons Francaises

**I. Margoton va t'a l'iau**  
**Margoton goes to fetch water**

Margoton goes to fetch water with her little jug  
The spring was in a deep hollow and she fell in.  
Oh dear... said Margoton to herself.

Margoton goes to fetch water with her little jug  
Three handsome young men pass by  
Oh dear... said Margoton to herself.

Margoton goes to fetch water with her little jug  
What will you give, pretty one, if we pull you out?  
Oh dear... said Margoton to herself.

Margoton goes to fetch water with her little jug  
Pull me out first, she says, and then we'll see.  
Oh dear... said Margoton to herself.

Margoton goes to fetch water with her little jug  
When the pretty one was out she strikes up a song.  
Oh dear... said Margoton to herself.

Margoton goes to fetch water with her little jug  
This is not what we want, pretty one.  
Oh dear... said Margoton to herself.

Margoton goes to fetch water with her little jug  
It is to hold your little heart if we may.  
Oh dear... said Margoton to herself.

Margoton goes to fetch water with her little jug  
My little heart, sirs, is not for lechers.  
Oh dear... said Margoton to herself.

**II. La belle se sied au pied de la tour**  
**The fair maid sits at the foot of the tower**

The fair maid sits at the foot of the tower,  
And weeps and moans and heaves with great grief.

Her father asks: daughter what is wrong  
Do you want a husband or do you want a lord.

I do not want a husband, I do not want a lord,  
I want my beloved who languishes in the tower.

By heaven, my dear daughter, you shall not have him  
For tomorrow he is to be hanged at dawn.

Father, if they hang him, bury me beneath  
So people will say these were loyal lovers.

**III. Pilons l'orge**  
**Thrash the barley**

Thrash the barley, thrash the barley,  
Thrash the barley, thrash it well.

My father is going to marry me off  
Thrash the barley, thrash it well  
He's giving me to a rascal  
Pull here, pull there

He's giving me to a rascal  
Thrash the barley, thrash it well  
Who never gave me a thing  
Pull here, pull there

Who never gave me a thing  
Thrash the barley, thrash it well  
But if he continues in that  
Pull here, pull there

But if he continues in that  
Thrash the barley, thrash it well  
He will be soundly beaten  
Pull here, pull there

**IV. Clic, clac, dansez sabots**  
**Click, clack, dance clogs**

Clic, clac, dansez sabots  
and let the canons explode.  
Click, clack, dance clogs  
and let the reed-pipes sing out.

But how is one to call the tune  
when the pretty girls are not here

Let us seek the girls  
surely we won't go without

Well, good-day, lords and ladies  
will you give us the pretty girl there?

Girls are made for housework  
and to look after the home

Yes, but to get married  
you need to have boys

You did not do things any differently,  
you sir and you, madam

Then you can go to the devil  
and good riddance

Ah, sir and you too, madam  
Let us embrace and have done.

**VII. Ah! Mon Beau Laboureur**  
**Ah! My handsome farm lad**

Ah! My handsome farm lad,  
Handsome farm lad working on the vines,

Have you seen Marguerite, my love, pass by?  
I'll give a hundred écus to him who tells me where  
she is.

Sir, count them out there, come into our vineyard  
Beneath a plum tree the pretty maid is sleeping.

I budged her three times without her stirring  
The fourth time her little heart sighed.

What are you sighing for, Marguerite, my love?  
I sigh for you, and do not deny it.

The neighbors have seen us and will tell all,  
Let people gossip, we'll just laugh.

When they've said all, they won't have more to say.  
Handsome farm lad working on the vines,

**VIII. Les Tisserands**  
**The Weavers**

The weavers are worse than the bishops  
Every Monday they have a jolly time

And tip and tap, and tip and tap  
Is it too coarse? Is it too fine?  
Late in bed, early to rise,  
In plying the shuttle good times will come.

Every Monday they have a jolly time  
On Tuesday they have a headache.  
On Wednesday they go to load their looms.  
On Thursday they go to see their mistress.  
On Friday they work without ceasing.  
On Saturday their place is not quite finished.  
And on Sunday money is needed, master.

Trans. Dr. Erik Jones

Reger, Acht ausgewählte Volkslieder

**5. Trutze nicht**  
**Don't be defiant**

Little girl with blue eyes, come with me!  
Let us bask in heaven's bliss, follow me!  
Down in the quiet valley,  
to the beautiful waterfalls we walk.

If you want to be defiant, go ahead.  
It will truly be of little benefit to you, believe me.  
Your beauty and youthful appeal will fade away,  
you best believe it.

Go and warn your friends of what will happen,  
"Prudish girl, let's find you a partner,  
Otherwise you'll be left behind like me."  
Don't be defiant!

Trans. L.W.

**7. Schwäbisches Tanzliedchen**  
**Swabian Dance Song**

Rosebush and holly tree,  
When my dear lass I see,  
Filled is my heart with joy,  
Without alloy. La la la. . .

Rose-red and snowy-white,  
Dear eyes with glances bright,  
Dear little maid divine,  
Would she were mine! La la la. . .

Oh, for her arm's embrace,  
Red lips, and fresh, sweet face,  
Swift are her tiny feet,  
Dainty and fleet, tiny feet! La la la. . .

When in her eyes of blue  
I read the message true,  
Filled is my longing breast  
With heavenly rest. La la la. . .

English version by Kurt Schindler and Deems Taylor