



TRUBADOURS

originals &
translations

The Black Veils

The songs of

Brassens

Brel

Ferré

Moustaki

&

The Black Veils

The Black Veils

TROUBADOURS: Originals and Translations

Written/translated & performed by Robert Alfonso & Todd Heller (the Black Veils).
Translated text and original songs published by Black Veils Media. BMI 2009.

TRACKS

1. **Sarah** • Georges Moustaki (Paille Musique) • Translation Alfonso/Heller
2. **Tango Ultimo** • Alfonso/Heller
3. **Jaurès** • Jacques Brel (Editions Jacques Brel) • Trans. Alfonso/Heller
4. **Don't Leave Me ("Ne me quitte pas")** • Jacques Brel (Editions Jacques Brel) • Trans. Alfonso/Heller
5. **Good Man from Auvergne ("Chanson pour l'Auvergnat")** • Georges Brassens (Warner-Chappell Music France) • Translation Alfonso/Heller
6. **All in Good Time ("Avec le temps")** • Léo Ferré (Mathieu Ferré et Cie) • Translation Alfonso/Heller
7. **Snowfall on Liège ("Il neige sur Liège")** • Jacques Brel (Editions Jacques Brel) • Translation Alfonso/Heller
8. **Angel on a Pony** • Alfonso/Heller
9. **May '40 ("Mai '40")** • Jacques Brel (Editions Jacques Brel) • Trans. Alfonso/Heller
10. **Mon amour d'antan** • Alfonso/Heller
11. **Paris** • Alfonso/Heller
12. **It's a Wonderful War** • Alfonso/Heller
13. **Feu et terre** • Alfonso/Heller

Extra guitar on "All in Good Time" played by John Avery. Thanks John!
Recorded & mixed by the Black Veils & mastered by Mike Hardwick, Oak Ridge, TN.
"Two Troubadours" (back cover) by Sarah Perry-Stout Illustration.
Photo of the Black Veils by Claire Alfonso.

The Black Veils would also like to thank:

France Brel & Jean-Marie Rigaud of the Fondation Brel; Georges Moustaki; Christian & Lucienne Brandtner; Louis-Jean Calvet; the Deprez family; and Claire.

11. Paris (Alfonso/Heller)

Stop crying
About what you could have had
Wake up now
You know there's more than good and bad
You still remember
All the love she showed to you
And how she cried when you said
There's nothing left for me to do
On her dress the tears were falling
And in her eyes you saw your reflection

In Paris your money
Paid for wine but it begged for love
She danced like Nijinski
While you just watched her from above
At the American Church
Almost down upon your knees
You saw yourself in the mirror
And sent it to your friends to read
But where were you when she was crying
And the power of the past was fading?
You've got to change, you've got to change
Wasn't it romantic
Rainy nights at the piano bar
You thought she was exotic
And you were more than you really are
With her wild brown hair
You'd have given her anything
What a dreamer
And you think she's still suffering
And it's a lonely song you're singing
Liberté à St Denis

12. It's a Wonderful War (Alfonso/Heller)

It's a wonderful war if you don't breathe
It's a wonderful war if you can't read
There's freedom for you if you'll believe
It's a wonderful war, it's a wonderful war

It's a wonderful war if you're not poor
It's a wonderful war if you're Christian
There's freedom from you if you just give in
It's a wonderful war, it's a wonderful war

13. Feu et terre (Alfonso/Heller)

Le feu, c'est masculin, comme ton père
La terre, c'est féminin, comme ta mère
More than one fire, on dit « les feux »
More than one earth, on dit « les terres »

Le feu, c'est masculin, comme ton père
La terre, c'est féminin, comme ta mère
Père le feu, mère la terre
Comprenez-vous les genres mes chères?
Father fire, mother earth
Now do you see what the genders are worth?

TROUBADOURS:
Originals and Translations
© 2009 Robert Alfonso and Todd Heller
(aka the Black Veils)

9. May '40 ("Mai '40," Jacques Brel)
English translation: Alfonso/Heller

They played a tune just like this tune
The day the war came around
They played a tune just like this tune
The day the war came to town

My eleven years of altitude
Discovered stunned and amazed
Stragglers soldiers tired and dazed
Bringing back my belgitude
The men were turning into men
The stations swallowed troops away
Those who hadn't gone away
And the women
The women clung to their husbands

They played a tune just like this tune....

See how the spring goes up in flames
The gunners passed us and they sang
Now they're coming back again
Their heads bowed down between their legs
We watched them pass before us crying
Our big brothers become old men
And our fathers turned to fog
And the women
The women clung to their children.

They played a tune just like this tune....

I discovered refugees
A peasant wandering in a daze
A man from the suburbs who'd escaped
An open city that was seized
I discovered the refused

Who'd had his gun replaced with fear
Walking broken and abused
And the women
The women clung to their tears

They played a tune just like this tune....

The sky more blue than we were used to
May of '40 raised a salute
To some disciplined German troops
Who crushed my belgitude
Honor ran out of patience
And every town was struck with dread
And every city snuffed out dead
And the women
The women clung to their silence.

10. Mon amour d'antan (Alfonso/Heller)

Ses yeux verts sourient dans ma memoir
Elle chante à ma paresse
Elle danse dans mes pleurs de joie
Et sur la tombe de ma tendresse

Ses mains douces font des gestes noirs
Sa voix sanglote *je t'aime toujours*
La voiture de mon amour ne freine pas
Quand elle danse dans le carrefour

Oui c'est mon amour
Oui c'est bien mon amour d'antan

Ses yeux verts s'éclairent dans ma memoir
Perçant la brume sur cet étang
Et quand elle danse vers ma détresse
Je vois encore ma femme d'antan.

1. Sarah ("Sarah," Georges Moustaki)
English translation: Alfonso/Heller

The woman lying in my bed
Turned twenty long ago
Her eyes engraved
With rings of age
Or love you'd say
And the day to day
Her lips worn out
By all the mouths
Kisses she's had
So often bad
Her color faint
Despite the paint
More pale than cream
Or a cold moonbeam

The woman lying in my bed
Turned twenty long ago
The breasts that sag
From the loves she's had
You wouldn't call
Pet names at all
Her body tired
From men's desires
Loved far too much
But not enough
Her back's bent down
So weighted down
By the memories
She's had to flee

The woman lying in my bed
Turned twenty long ago
But don't you laugh
And don't you touch
And save your crumbs
And your sarcasms
Because tonight
We'll reunite
Her body her hands
At my command
And it's her heart
Covered with scars
And full of tears
That calms my fears.



2. Tango Último (Alfonso/Heller)

Le seguí del aeropuerto de Bogotá
A través de los ríos, bosques
y montañas profundos y oscuros
Hasta tu pueblo de Bucaramanga
Por fin, llegaste al bar del Blue Lion
Con tu séquito de tontos muchachos
Y un grupo de música tocaba
un canción romántica
Bailaste un tango lento con un niño
A las cuatro de la mañana
Te fue con al mejor postor
Y las fantasmas de la noche volvían
al cementerio del día.

He let the flowers die
She watches butterflies
The witless old woman cries
There's a lot of that going around.

Au salon des somnambules
Cinq heures du matin
Les mains tremblant
Je te vois encore ma belle
Tous mes demains
Comme avant, avant-hier
Sauvage en simple déesse...
Ou peut-être que tu as oublié...
Je t'ai apporté une glace et des allumettes
Tant de choses sont périssables!

Et il n'y a pas beaucoup de choses
qui durent longtemps
Sauf la mort, l'amour, et leurs parfums.

Friends never come around
She'll never miss the sound
They lost everything they'd found
Waiting around to die.

Entonces, por fin has ganado
Ganas siempre y siempre ganaras
Y estoy aquí en las Islas de los Roques
El tiempo no es feliz como
los días tranquilos en Clichy
Para siempre exiliado de corazón,
de fe, y de alma!



7. Snowfall on Liège ("Il neige sur Liège," Jacques Brel) English translation: Alfonso/Heller

It snows, it snows on Liège
And the snow over Liège
Puts on gloves for her show
It snows, it snows on Liège
Black bow of the Meuse
On a white clown's brow

So shatter the cries
Of the hours and the birds
Of the kids rolling hoops
And the dark and the drab
It snows, it snows on Liège
Let the river flow through silently

It snows, it snows on Liège
And so swirls the snow
Between the sky and Liège
That no one there knows if it snows,
If it snows on Liège
Or if it's Liège that's snowing
Towards the sky

And the blowing snow weds
The green lovers in haste
Whose course can be traced
Along the pale white square
It snows, it snows on Liège
Let the river deliver silently

Tonight, tonight it snows
Upon my dreams and Liège
Let the river pierce through silently.



8. Angel on a Pony (Alfonso/Heller)

Angels swimming in the air
They're having fun everywhere
They sprinkle stardust on the roof
And they laugh and they fly away

Angel on a pony
I know you'll never be phony
Hey pretty angel can I take a ride with you?

Girls are swimming in the stars
They're looking pretty in their cars
I've got a bucket of hearts in my hand
And I'm looking in the stars for you

Angel on a pony
Don't bring no phony
Hey pretty angel
can I take a ride with you?

Let's take a trip to the Amazon
We'll stop in Reykjavik and Viet Nam
Find a castle we can call our own
And do our magic when the lawyers come!

Angel on a pony
What's your patrimony
Hey pretty angel can I take a ride with you?

6. All in Good Time

("Avec le temps," Léo Ferré)

English translation: Alfonso/Heller

All in good time... all in good time,
everything goes
You forget the face and
you forget the voice
When the heart beats no more,
don't go looking for more
Just let it go, it's just as well

All in good time... all in good time,
everything goes
The other one who you loved and you
sought in the rain
The one who you knew
from barely a glance
Between the words, between the lines,
behind the mask
Of a painted-up vow that's turned in
for the night
All in good time it all fades out of sight

All in good time... all in good time,
everything goes
Even the sweetest memories –
you've got that kind of face
At the gallery I look for deals in the aisles
of death
Saturday night when tenderness
just up and leaves

All in good time... all in good time,
everything goes
The other one who you took
for not much, for a sneeze
The one you adored and adorned
with the wind
The one you sold your soul to
for a penny or two
And you followed behind just
like a dog
All in good time, oh, it's all right

All in good time... all in good time,
everything goes
The passions all gone
and the voices all gone
That whispered to you like those
poor people do
Don't stay out late, and most of all,
don't catch cold

All in good time... all in good time,
everything goes
And you feel all worn out like a
pastured old horse
And you feel yourself freeze in one more
random bed
And you're all alone but it's clear in your head
That you've been betrayed by all those lost years
All in good time... love disappears.

3. Jaurès ("Jaurès," Jacques Brel)

English translation: Alfonso/Heller

They were all used up at fifteen,
They faded just as they turned green,
Those twelve months were all December.
What kind of life did our grandparents lead
Between their absinthe and their Mass?
They were old before they started.
Fifteen hours each day on a leash
Leaves your face as gray as cinders.
Oh yes Sir, oh yes Master,

Why did they kill Jaurès?
Why did they kill Jaurès?

Well you can't say that they were slaves
To talk about the way they lived;
When you start out beaten down
It's hard to leave the place that made you.

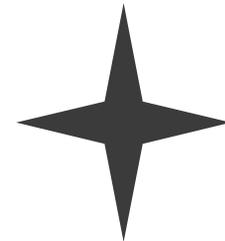
And still somehow hope could bloom
In the dreams that rose before their eyes,
The dreams of those few who refused
To crawl the whole way to their deaths.
Oh yes Master, oh yes Sir,

Why did they kill Jaurès?
Why did they kill Jaurès?

If they had the bad luck to survive
It was only to go off to the war,
Just to end their lives in war,
On the orders of men with swords
Who sent them off without a thought
To offer up on the fields of horror
Their 20 years yet to be born,
And so they died, wracked with fear,
Completely wretched, oh yes Master,
Covered in payers, oh yes Sir....

Demand of the world you young and
blessed
At least the time for souvenirs,
At least the time for sighs and tears.

Why did they kill Jaurès?
Why did they kill Jaurès?



4. Don't Leave Me
(*"Ne me quitte pas,"* Jacques Brel)
English trans.: Alfonso/Heller

Don't leave me
Just forget it all
We can forget it all
It's gone now, see
Just forget the times
Our desires crossed
And the time we lost
Thinking how we might
Forget those hours
That would crucify
On a cross of "why"
That joy of ours
Don't leave me
Don't leave me
Don't leave me
Don't leave me

I will offer you
Pearls made of rain
That come from a land
Where rain never falls
I'll dig in the dirt
Even after I'm gone
Just to cover your long
Form in gold and light
I will make you a land
Where the king will be love
Where the law will be love
And where you will be queen

Don't leave me
Don't leave me
Don't leave me
Don't leave me
I'll invent for you
The words of a fool
As plain as can be
I will tell you then
About those lovers who
Twice saw their two
Hearts melt into one
Then I'll retell the one
About the king who died
Because he was denied
The light of your sun
Don't leave me
Don't leave me
Don't leave me
Don't leave me

It's often been seen
A volcano explode
When it was believed
To be far too old
And then it appears
In some burned-out fields
That the wheat grows in yields
Like the greatest of years

And when night comes back
For the sky to burn true
Will the red and the black
Stay apart and as two
Don't leave me
Don't leave me
Don't leave me
Don't leave me

Don't leave me
I won't cry anymore
I won't talk anymore
I'll just hide in here
Just to look at you
As you dance and smile
And listen to you
Sing, and then laugh
Let me turn into
The shadow of your shadow
The shadow of your hand
The shadow of your dog
Don't leave me
Don't leave me
Don't leave me
Don't leave me.



5. Good Man from Auvergne
(*Chanson pour l'Auvergnat* G. Brassens)
English translation: Alfonso/Heller

This song's for you good man from Auvergne
Who didn't think twice when you did learn
T'was cold in my life and not as it should
You gave me four pieces of wood
T'was you who gave me fire when
All the fine gentle women and men
All those good folks with style and grace
Slammed the door right in my face
It seemed nothing more than a wood fire
But it did warm my body entire
And in my soul it's burning still
Its joyfulness forever will
Good man from Auvergne when you pass away
When Azreal's driver takes you that day
May he speed you 'cross the heavens above
To eternal love

This song's for you good innkeeper's wife
Who didn't think twice about saving my life
When I was starving and surely half dead
You shared with me four crusts of bread
T'was you who opened your cupboard when
All the fine gentle women and men
All those good folks with honor and grace
Made light of the need on my face
It seemed nothing more than a crust of bread
But it did warm my body well fed
And in my soul it's burning still
The feast in it forever will

Good innkeeper's wife when you pass away
When Azreal's driver takes you that day
May he speed you 'cross the heavens above
To eternal love

This song's for you good man from afar
Who didn't think twice about who you are
When I was condemned and taken away
By the local constabulary
You who didn't applaud it when
All the fine gentle women and men
All those good folks were happy and gay
To see my corpse carted away
T'was nothing more than a sweet smile
But it did warm me all the while
And in my soul it's just begun
To shine like the afternoon sun
Good man from afar when you pass away
When Azreal's driver takes you that day
May he speed you 'cross the heavens above
To eternal love

