

Celine Dion

"Homage To Flix Leclerc"

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That's a medley of flix leclerc songs. flix is known in quebec as the greatest poet in quebec's history. since his songs are all poetry, it's pretty hard to really translate the meaning, so i claim to be able to give you translations or adaptations of his work, barely translations of the words he used.

(from bozo)

Dans un marais
De joncs mauvais
Y'avait
Un vieux chteau
Aux longs rideaux
Dans l'eau

In a marshland
Of bad bulrushes
There was
An old castle
With long curtains
In the water
Dans le chteau
Y'avait bozo
Le fils du matelot
Matre cans
De ce palais branlant

In the castle
There was bozo
The son of the seaman
Master of the house
Of this shaky castle
Vous devinez que cette histoire
Est triste boire
Puisque bozo le fou du lieu
Est amoureux

You guess that this story
Is sad to drink
Since bozo the fool of the place

Is in love
Celle qu'il aime n'est pas venue
C'est tout entendu
Comprenez a
Elle n'existe pas, , ,

The one he loves haven't come
That's all understood
Understand that
She doesn't exist, , ,
Si vous passez
Par ce pays
La nuit
Y'a un fanal
Comme un signal
De bal
Dansez, chantez
Bras enlacs
Afin de consoler
Pauvre bozo
Pleurant sur son radeau

If you pass
By this country
At night
There's a lantern
Like a signal
For a ball
Dance, sing
Arms interlaced
To comfort
Poor bozo
Crying on his raft
(from le p'tit bonheur)

C'est un petit bonheur
Que j'avais rama
Il tait tout en pleurs
Sur le bord d'un fo
Quand il m'a vu passer
Il s'est mis crier:
monsieur, ramassez-moi,
Chez vous emmenez-moi.

It's a little happiness
That i've gathered
It was all in tears
On the edge of a ditch
When it saw me passing by
It began to shout
"sir, grab me

At your place bring me
Mes frs m'ont oubli, je suis tomb, je suis malade
Si vous n'me cueillez point je vais mourrir, quelle
ballade!
Je me ferez petit, tendre et soumis, je vous le jure,
Monsieur, je vous en prie, d'livrez-moi de ma torture
Monsieur, je vous en prie, d'livrez-moi de ma tortur

My brothers have forgot me, i fell, i'm sick
Si you don't grab me i'll die, what a shame!
I'll make myself small, tender and obedient, i promise
you
Sir, i'm begging you, free me of my torture
Sur, i'm begging you, free me of my torture"
(from moi, mes souliers)

Moi, mes souliers ont beaucoup voyag,
Ils m'ont port de l'cole la guerre,
J'ai travers sur mes souliers ferrs
Le monde et sa misre

Me, my shoes have travelled a lot,
They carried me from school to war
I've crossed on my hob-nailed shoes
The world and its poverty
Moi, mes souliers ont pass dans les prs
Moi, mes souliers ont pitin la lune
Puis mes souliers ont couch chez les fes
Et fait dans plus d'une, , ,

Me, my shoes have passed through the meadows
Me, my shoes have stamped on the moon
Then my shoes have slept with the fairies
And make dance more than one, , ,
(from attends-moi, ti-gars)

Attends-moi, ti-gars,
Tu vas tomber si j'suis pas
Le plaisir de l'un
C'est d'voir l'autre se casser l'cou

Wait, little boy,
You'll fall if i'm not there
The fun of one
Is to see the other breaking his neck (failing)
La voisine a rit d'nous autres parce qu'on avait 12
enfants
Chang son fusil d'paule depuis qu'elle en a autant

The neighbor (woman) have laughed at us because we
had 12 children

Changed her mind since she has just as much
Attends-moi, ti-gars,
Tu vas tomber si j'suis pas
Le plaisir de l'un
C'est d'avoir l'autre se casser l'cou

Wait, little boy,
You'll fall if i'm not there
The fun of one
Is to see the other breaking his neck (failing)
Il est jeune, il est joli
Il est riche, il est poli
Mais une chose l'ennuie
C'est son valet qui a l'gnie

He's young, he's cute
He's rich, he's polite
But one thing bothers him
It's his valet that has the intelligence
Attends-moi, ti-gars,
Tu vas tomber si j'suis pas
Le plaisir de l'un
C'est d'avoir l'autre se casser l'cou

Wait, little boy,
You'll fall if i'm not there
The fun of one
Is to see the other breaking his neck (failing)
(from le train du nord)

Dans l'train pour sainte-adle
Y'avait un homme qui voulait dbarquer
Mais allez donc dbarquer
Quand l'train file cinquante milles l'heure
Et qu'en plus vous tes conducteur

In the train for sainte-adle
There was a man wanting to get off
But try to get off
When the train goes at fifty miles per hour
And that you're the driver
Oh! le train du nord

Oh! the train from north
Oh! dans le train pour sainte-adle
Y'avait rien qu'un passager,
C'tait encore le conducteur,
Imaginez pour voyager
Si c'est pas la vraie p'tite douleur, , ,

Oh! in the train to sainte-adle

There was only one passenger
That was again the driver
Imagine for travelling
If it's not the real little pain, , ,
Oh! le train du nord!

Oh! the train from north
Le train du nord
Le train du nord
A perdu l'nord,
Rendu l'aut'bord,
Le train du nord
A perdu l'nord
Mais c'est pas moi qui vas l'blmer
Oh! le train du nord

The train from north

The train from north Has lost the north Arrived on the
other side The train from north Has lost the north But i
won't be the one to blame him Oh! the train from north
(bis) (bis) Merci monsieur leclerc Thanks, sir leclerc

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