

Jane Siberry**"Quoi, Ma Voisine, Es-Tu Fachâfâœ?"**

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Neighbor, what has you so excited? Do tell me please

Haven't you heard a child is born that all want to see?

Son of a pure and modest virgin, Mary's her name

They say, her baby is the savior prophets proclaim

I would be pleased to go with you so likely I'll go

But can we take our time to see him? Shop on the road?

Have you some cake to take the infant? Sugar-plums,
too?

I'm sure that Mary's house is lovely, tidy and new

I am afraid that you're mistaken, wrong as can be

This blessed maiden has no splendid rich place to stay

For she lies within a wretched stable, dirty and poor

There is no table for your presents, only the floor

Surely she has a warm soft cradle there for the child

One has to rock and calm an infant so weak and so
mild

What sort of guards and servants has she to give her
aid?

Cannot the heavenly father's power help the poor
maid?

All they could think to find for a cradle, a manger bed

Bundle of dusty, dry straw to pillow his head

Joseph, her husband, he cares for Mary best as he can

In place of servant, ox and donkey are looking on
Traveling tires me and this journey seems a long way
Only to see a new-born baby lying on hay
Maybe you shepherds find excitement in this affair
But I am used to things much better in which to share
You must not talk that way, my neighbor, mark what I
say
Upon my honor, this is our savior born on this day
It is his choice to come so humbly there in a stall
Granting his power and grace so gently to one and all
O blessed mother, free us all from arrogant pride
May we, when life on earth is ended, hasten to your
side
Daring to hope you will present us to your dear son
And that we'll gain the bliss and joy of paradise won

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