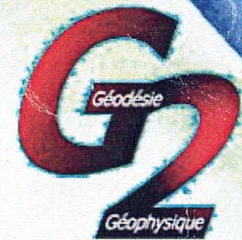


# COLLOQUE



**Repas Chez André, La Rochelle**

**23 novembre 2006 20h30**

**Songbook**

La Rochelle University Folk Club



Communauté  
d'Agglomération de  
**La Rochelle**

## My Way

Frank Sinatra

And now, the end is near;  
And so I face the final curtain.  
My friend, I'll say it clear,  
I'll state my case, of which I'm certain.

I've lived a life that's full.  
I've traveled each and every highway;  
And more, much more than this,  
I did it my way.

Regrets, I've had a few;  
But then again, too few to mention.  
I did what I had to do  
And saw it through without exemption.

I planned each charted course;  
Each careful step along the byway,  
But more, much more than this,  
I did it my way.

Yes, there were times, I'm sure you knew  
When I bit off more than I could chew.  
But through it all, when there was doubt,  
I ate it up and spit it out.  
I faced it all and I stood tall;  
And did it my way.

I've loved, I've laughed and cried.  
I've had my fill; my share of losing.  
And now, as tears subside,  
I find it all so amusing.

To think I did all that;  
And may I say - not in a shy way,  
No, oh no not me,  
I did it my way.

For what is a man, what has he got?  
If not himself, then he has naught.  
To say the things he truly feels;  
And not the words of one who kneels.  
The record shows I took the blows -  
And did it my way

**Santiana**

*So we'll heave her up and away  
we'll go*

*Heave away Santiana*

*Heave her up and away we'll go*

*All across the plains of Mexico*

We were sailing down the river  
from Liverpool

Away Santiana

Oh the sails were set and the  
hatches full

All across the plains of Mexico

In Mexico I long to be

Away Santiana

Where the tight waisted girl alone  
needs me

All across the plains of Mexico

Now those Spanish girls I do adore

Away Santiana

They all drink Pisco and ask for  
more

All across the plains of Mexico

Those girls so fine with the long  
black hair

Away Santiana

They'll rob you's blind and skin  
you's bare

All across the plains of Mexico

Now when I was a young man in me  
prime

Away Santiana

I chased those Spanish girls two  
at a time

All across the plains of Mexico

But now I'm old and getting grey

Away Santiana

Those little girls look the other  
way

All across the plains of Mexico

In Mexico where the land lies low

Away Santiana

Where there ain't no snow and the  
whalefish blow

All across the plains of Mexico

**CONTENTS**

Bye Bye Love .....	4
Back in the USSR.....	5
Behind Blue Eyes.....	6
Come Together .....	7
Love Me Tender.....	8
Lady Madonna.....	9
Sunny Afternoon.....	10
When I'm sixty-four.....	11
Oh, when the saints .....	12
With a Little Help From My Friends .....	13
It is Not Because You Are.....	14
Les Copaind d'Abord.....	15
Wine With Dinner.....	16
The Wild Rover.....	17
Dirty Old Town,.....	18
Molly Malone.....	19
Pique la baleine .....	20
Sloop John B.....	21
Santiana .....	22
My Way .....	23

## Bye Bye Love

Everly Brothers

Bye bye love  
Bye bye happiness, hello loneliness  
I think I' m-a gonna cry-y  
Bye bye love, bye bye sweet caress, hello emptiness  
I feel like I could di-ie  
Bye bye my love goodbye-eye

There goes my baby with-a someone new  
She sure looks happy, I sure am blue  
She was my baby till he stepped in  
Goodbye to romance that might have been

### CHORUS

I' m-a through with romance, I' m a-through with love  
I' m through with a' countin' the stars above  
And here' s the reason that I' m so free  
My lovin' baby is through with me

### CHORUS

Bye bye my love goodbye-eye  
Bye bye my love goodbye-eye

Bye bye my love goodbye-eye  
Bye bye my love goodbye-eye

## Sloop John B

Trad.

We come on the sloop John B  
My grandfather and me  
Around Nassau town we did roam  
Drinking all night  
Got into a fight  
Well I feel so broke up  
I want to go home

*So hoist up the John B's sail  
See how the mainsail sets  
Call for the Captain ashore  
Let me go home, let me go home  
I wanna go home  
Well I feel so broke up  
I wanna go home*

The first mate he got drunk  
And broke in the Cap'n's trunk  
The constable had to come and take him away  
Sheriff John Stone  
Why don't you leave me alone, yeah yeah  
Well I feel so broke up I wanna go home

*So hoist up the John B's sail  
See how the mainsail sets  
Call for the Captain ashore  
Let me go home, let me go home  
I wanna go home, let me go home  
Why don't you let me go home  
I feel so broke up I wanna go home  
Let me go home*

The poor cook he caught the fits  
And threw away all my grits  
And then he took and he ate up all of my corn  
Let me go home  
Why don't they let me go home  
This is the worst trip I've ever been on

## Pique la baleine

Pour retrouver ma douce amie  
*Oh mes boués, ouh là ouh là là.*  
Pour retrouver ma douce amie  
*Oh mes boués, ouh là ouh là là.*

**Pique la baleine, joli baleinier**  
**Pique la baleine, je veux naviguer.**

Aux mille mers j'ai navigué.  
*Oh mes boués....*

Des mers du nord aux mers du sud.

Je l'ai r'trouvée quand j'm'ai neyé.

Au fond d' mer ell' m'espérait.

Tous deux ensemble on a pleuré.

En couple à elle j'm'suis couché

## Back in the USSR

(Lennon/McCartney)

Flew in from Miami Beach BOAC.  
Didn't get to bed last night.  
On the way the paper bag was on my knee.  
Man I had I dreadful flight.  
I'm back in the USSR.  
You don't know how lucky you lucky you are boy  
Back in the USSR.

Been away so long I hardly knew the place.  
Gee it's good to be back home.  
Leave it till tomorrow to unpack my case.  
Honey disconnect the phone.  
I'm back in the USSR.  
You don't know how lucky you are boy  
Back in the US. Back in the US. Back in the USSR.

Well the Ukraine girls really knock me out.  
They leave the West behind.  
And Moscow girls make me sing and shout  
That Georgia's always on my mind.  
I'm back in the USSR.  
You don't know how lucky you are boys  
Back in the USSR.

Show me round your snow peaked mountains way down south  
Take me to your daddy's farm  
Let me hear your balalaikas ringing out  
Come and keep your comrade warm.  
I'm back in the USSR.  
You don't know how lucky you boys  
Back in the USSR.

## Behind Blue Eyes

The Who

No one knows what it's like	But my dreams
To be the bad man	They aren't as empty
To be the sad man	As my conscience seems to be
Behind blue eyes	
	I have hours, only lonely
No one knows what it's like	My love is vengeance
To be hated	That's never free
To be fated	
To telling only lies	When my fist clenches, crack it open
But my dreams	Before I use it and lose my cool
They aren't as empty	When I smile, tell me some bad news
As my conscience seems to be	Before I laugh and act like a fool
I have hours, only lonely	
My love is vengeance	If I swallow anything evil
That's never free	Put your finger down my throat
	If I shiver, please give me a blanket
No one knows what it's like	Keep me warm, let me wear your coat
To feel these feelings	
Like I do	No one knows what it's like
And I blame you	To be the bad man
No one bites back as hard	To be the sad man
On their anger	Behind blue eyes
None of my pain and woe	
Can show through	

## Molly Malone

---

In Dublin's fair city where girls are so pretty  
 Twas there that I first met sweet Molly Malone  
 As she wheeled her wheelbarrow  
 Through street broad and narrow  
 Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive oh"

*Alive, alive oh, alive, alive oh,  
 Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive oh"  
 Alive, alive oh, alive, alive oh,  
 Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive oh"*

Now she was a fishmonger and sure twas no wonder  
 For so were her mother and father before  
 And they each wheeled their barrows  
 Through streets broad and narrow  
 Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive oh"

She died of a fever and no one could save her  
 And that was the end of sweet Molly Malone  
 Now her ghost wheels her barrow  
 Through streets broad and narrow  
 Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive oh"

**Dirty Old Town,**  
copyright 1985 Ewan McCall

I met my love by the gas works wall  
Dreamed a dream by the old canal  
Kissed a girl by the factory wall

Dirty old town  
Dirty old town

Clouds a drifting across the moon  
Cats a prowling on their beat  
Spring's a girl in the street at night

Dirty old town  
Dirty old town

Heard a siren from the docks  
Saw a train set the night on fire  
Smelled the spring on the smoky wind

Dirty old town  
Dirty old town

I'm going to make me a good sharp axe  
Shining steel tempered in the fire  
Will chop you down like an old dead tree

Dirty old town  
Dirty old town

**Come Together**

Beatles

Here come old flat top, He come grooving up slowly,  
He got Joo Joo eyeball, He one holy roller  
He got Hair down to his knee;  
Got to be a joker, he just do what he please.

He wear no shoe shine, he got toe jam football  
He got monkey finger, he shoot co-ca cola  
He say, "I know you, you know me."  
One thing I can tell you is you got to be free

Come Together, Right now, over me

He bag production, He got wal-rus gumboot  
He got O-no sideboard, He one spinal cracker  
He got feet down below his knee  
Hold you in his armchair, you can feel his disease  
Come together, right now, over me

He roller coaster, he got early warning  
He got muddy water, He one Mo-jo filter  
He say, " One and one and one is three."  
Got to be good looking 'cause he so hard to see  
Come together, Right now, over me

### Love Me Tender

Vera Matson - Elvis Presley

Love me tender  
Love me sweet,  
Never let me go.  
You have made my life complete,  
And I love you so.

Love me tender,  
Love me true,  
All my dreams fulfilled.  
For my darlin' I love you,  
And I always will.

Love me tender,  
Love me long,  
Take me to your heart.  
For it's there that I belong,  
And we'll never part.

Love me tender,  
Love me dear,  
Tell me you are mine.  
I'll be yours through all the years,  
Till the end of time.

(when at last my dreams come true  
Darling this I know  
Happiness will follow you  
Everywhere you go)

### The Wild Rover

Trad.

Chorus:

*And it's no, nay, never  
no, nay never no more  
will I play the wild rover,  
no never no more*

I've been a wild rover for many's the year,  
and I've spent all me money on whiskey and beer  
but now I'm returning with gold in great store  
and I never will play the wild rover no more

I went to an alehouse I used to frequent  
I told the landlady my money was spent  
I ask her for credit, she answered me nay  
such a custom as yours I can have any day

I brought from me pocket ten sovereigns bright,  
and the landlady's eyes opened wide with delight  
she said:"I have whiskeys and wines of the best  
and the words that you told me were only in jest"

I'll go home to my parents, confess what I've done  
and I'll ask them to pardon their prodigal son  
and when they've caressed me, as oft times before  
I never will play the wild rover no more.



## Wine With Dinner

Loudon Wainright III

Don't know who I insulted, maybe it was you  
The drinks I had resulted in a tirade or two  
Went downtown to get in trouble, I accomplished that,  
Drank some drinks, flew off the handle, right off of the bat.

### Chorus

Drinks before dinner, wine with dinner, after dinner drinks,  
Single entendre, help me Ronda, locate my cuff links,  
Come with me and you will see it all will be alright  
Rudolf the red-nosed wino is going to guide our sleigh tonight.

Sometimes when I drink too much the next day I can't think,  
Sometimes when I drink too much the next day I can't drink  
Sometimes when I drink too much I feel like throwing up,  
Sometimes when I drink too much I cannot get it up.

They say the drink will shrivel my liver and also wreck my looks  
But my hero is Dino Martin, I like Foster Brook's  
I know a little cosy joint where you and I can go  
Let us spend a lost week-end under the volcano

Keep your hemp and your mushrooms, your smack and Nembutal  
Me I'm into fruit and grains, give me alcohol  
Call me thirsty, call me oral, call me what you like  
But when I'm sober call me Tom and do not call me Mike.

### Last Chorus

Drinks before dinner, wine with dinner, after dinner drinks,  
Single entendre, help me Ronda, look for missing links,  
Come with me and you will see it all will be alright  
Rudolf the red-nosed wino is going to guide our sleigh tonight.

## Lady Madonna

The Beatles

Lady Madonna children at your feet  
wonder how you manage to make ends meet ?  
Who finds the money when you pay the rent ?  
did you think that money was heaven sent ?

Friday night arrives without a suit - case  
Sunday morning creeping like a nun  
Monday's child has learn't to tie his bootlace.  
See how they run

Lady Madonna children at your breast  
wonder how you manage to feed the rest  
Lady Madonna Lying on your bed  
listen to the music playing in your head

Tuesday afternoon is never ending.  
Wednesday morning papers didnt come  
Thursday night your stocking needed mending.  
See how they run

Lady Madonna children at your feet  
wonder how you manage to make ends meet?

## Sunny Afternoon

The Kinks

The tax man's taken all my dough, And left me in my stately home, Lazing on a sunny afternoon. And I can't sail my yacht, He's taken everything I've got, All I've got's this sunny afternoon.	Lazing on a sunny afternoon.  Help me, help me, help me sail away, Well give me two good reasons why I oughta stay. 'Cause I love to live so pleasantly, Live this life of luxury, Lazing on a sunny afternoon. In the summertime In the summertime In the summertime
Save me, save me, save me from this squeeze. I got a big fat mama trying to break me. And I love to live so pleasantly, Live this life of luxury, Lazing on a sunny afternoon. In the summertime In the summertime In the summertime	Lazing on a sunny afternoon. In the summertime In the summertime In the summertime  Ah, save me, save me, save me from this squeeze. I got a big fat mama trying to break me. And I love to live so pleasantly, Live this life of luxury, Lazing on a sunny afternoon. In the summertime In the summertime In the summertime In the summertime In the summertime
My girlfriend's run off with my car, And gone back to her ma and pa, Telling tales of drunkenness and cruelty. Now I'm sitting here, Sipping at my ice cold beer,	Lazing on a sunny afternoon. In the summertime In the summertime In the summertime In the summertime In the summertime

## Les Copaind d'Abord

Non ce n'était pas le radeau De la Méduse, ce bateau Qu'on se le dis' au fond des ports, Dis' au fond des ports Il naviguait en pèr' peinard Sur la grand-mare des canards Et s'app'lait les Copains d'abord, Les Copains d'abord.	C'était leur seule litanie, Leur Credo leur Confiteor, Aux copains d'abord.  Au moindre coup de Trafalgar, C'est l'amitié qui prenait l'quart C'est ell' qui leur montrait le nord Leur montrait le nord Et quand ils étaient en détress' Qu'eux bras lançaient des S.O.S On aurait dit des sémaphores, Les copains d'abord.
Ses « fluctuat nec mergitur » C'était pas d"la littérature' N'en dépaïse aux jeteurs de sort, Aux jeteurs de sort, Son capitaine et ses mat'lots N'étaient pas des enfants d'salauds Mais des amis franco de port, Des copains d'abord.	Aux rendez-vous des bons copains Y'avait pas souvent de lapins, Quand l'un d'entre eux manquait à bord, C'est qu'il était mort. Oui, mais jamais, au grand jamais, Son trou dans l'eau n'se refermait, Cent ans après, coquin de sort ! Il manquait encore.
C'était pas des amis de lux' Des petits Castor et Pollux Des gens de Sodome et Gomorrh', Sodome et Gomorrh', C'étaient des amis choisis Par Montaigne et La Boétie, Sur le ventre ils se tapaient fort, Les copains d'abord.	Des bateaux, j'en ai pris beaucoup, Mais le seul qui ait tenu le coup, Qui n'ait jamais viré de bord, Mais viré de bord, Naviguait en père peinard Sur la grand-mare des canards Et s'app'lait les Copains d'abord, Les Copains d'abord.
C'étaient pas des anges non plus, L'Évangile, ils l'avaient pas lu, Mais ils s'aimaient tout's voil's dehors Toutes voil's dehors, Jean, Pierre, Paul et compagnie,	

**It is Not Because You Are**

(Renaud)

It is not because you are,  
I love you because I do  
C'est pas parc'que you are me qu'I  
am you.

When I have rencontré you,  
You was a jeune fille au pair,  
And I put a spell on you,  
And you roule a pelle to me.

Together we go partout  
On my mob it was super  
It was friday on my mind,  
It was a story d'amour.

CH

You was really beautiful  
In the middle of the foule.  
Don't let me misunderstood,  
Don't let me sinon I boude.

My loving, my marshmallow,  
You are belle and I are beau  
You give me all what you have  
I say thank you, you are bien  
brave.

I wanted marry with you,  
And make love very beaucoup,  
To have a max of children,  
Just like Stone and Charden.

But one day that must arrive,  
Together we disputed.  
For a stupid story of fric,  
We decide to divorcé.

CH

You chialé comme une madeleine,  
Not me, I have my dignité.  
You tell me: you are a sale mec !  
I tell you: poil to the bec !

That's comme ça that you thank  
me

To have learning you english ?  
Eh ! That's not you qui m'a  
appris,

My grand-father was rosbeef  
Les Copains d'abord.

**When I'm sixty-four**

Lennon/McCartney

When I get older losing my hair  
many years from now  
will you still be sending me a valentine  
birthday greeting, bottle of wine  
If I'd been out till quarter to three  
would you lock the door  
Will you still need me  
Will you still feed me  
When I'm sixty-four

You'll be older too  
And if you say the word  
I could stay with you

I could be handy mending a fuse  
when your light have gone  
You can knit a sweater by the fireside  
Sunday mornings, go for a ride  
Doing the garden, digging the weeds  
Who could ask for more  
Will you still need me  
Will you still feed me  
When I'm sixty-four

Every summer we can rent a cottage on the  
Isle of Wight, if it's not too dear  
We shall scrimp and save  
Grandchildren on your knee  
Vera, Chuck, and Dave

Send me a postcard, drop me a line  
stating point of view  
indicate precisely what you mean to say  
yours sincerely wasting away  
Give me your answer fill in a form  
mine forever more  
Will you still need me  
Will you still feed me  
When I'm sixty-four

### Oh, when the saints

Oh, when the saints go marching in,  
Oh, when the saints go marching in  
Lord how I want to be in that number  
When the saints go marching in

And when the sun begins to shine  
And when the sun begins to shine  
Lord, how I want to be in that number  
When the sun begins to shine

Oh, when the saints go marching in,  
Oh, when the saints go marching in  
Lord how I want to be in that number  
When the saints go marching in

Oh, when the trumpet sounds its call  
Oh, when the trumpet sounds its call  
Lord, how I want to be in that number  
When the trumpet sounds its call

Oh, when the saints go marching in,  
Oh, when the saints go marching in  
Lord how I want to be in that number  
When the saints go marching in

### With a Little Help From My Friends

John Lennon and Paul McCartney

What would you do if I sang out of tune?  
Would you stand up and walk out on me?  
Lend me your ears and I'll sing you a song,  
I will try not to sing out of key, oh

I get by with a little help from my friends, mmm, I get high with a  
little help from my friends  
Mmm, I'm gonna try with a little help from my friends!

What do I do when my love is away  
(does it worry you to be alone?)  
How do I feel by the end of the day  
(are you sad because you're on your own?) NO!

#### CHORUS

(Do you need anybody?) I need somebody to love  
(Could it be anybody?) I want somebody to love

Would you believe in a love at first sight?  
Yes I'm certain that it happens all the time  
(What do you see when you turn out the light?)  
I can't tell you but I know its mine OH!

#### CHORUS

(Do you need anybody?) I just need someone to love  
(Could it be anybody?) I want somebody to love