

Chris Miller CD: Le bout s'approche 2016—Liner Notes, Lyrics and Translations

Turtle Tail (traditional)

A tribute to my Uncle Nolan Miller who played this song on accordion and who was a great influence.

'Tite fille quand je vas mourir
enterre moi pas dans le cimetièrre,
enterre moi donc dans le coin de la cour,
dans le coin de la cour chez ton papa
Enterre moi avec les yeux sortis,
c'est pour voir tes chers p'tits yeux,
qui vont rester si canaille,
ouais tout le temps de ta vie chérie.

Little girl when I die don't bury me in the cemetery.
Please bury me in the corner of your father's yard.
Bury me with my eyes "sticking out" of the ground
so I can see your eyes
Those eyes that will remain so mischievous
all your life darling!

Maudite petite criminelle de maudite
petite bouteille,
c'est toi bien.... qu'est la cause
si la belle veut pus de moi.
Allons à la queue de tortue,
c'est pour vive sur le pain perdu.
Allons à la queue de tortue,
c'est pour vive sur le pain perdu.

Damn little criminal of a cursed little bottle!
It's you who will be the reason if my girl
no longer wants to see me
Let's go to the "Turtle Tail" to live on French toast.
Let's go to the "Turtle Tail" to live on French toast.

Le boute s'approche (Chris Miller©2014)

"Le boute s'approche" came to me rather quickly after some conversations with my mom and reminiscing with Jeanette and Harry Aguiard in their kitchen on their farm in South Lake Charles area. Why is it that time seems to move faster the closer we get to the end?

Équand j'étais jeune, avec un rouleau d'argent
J'avais plein de temps,
les jours ressemblaient si longs.
Asteur je sus plus vieux,
j'ai les larmes dans les yeux
J'ai pus d'argent dans ma poche,
je pense le boute s'approche!

moi j'aimerais m'amuser
Mais sans d'argent dans ma poche,
je pense le boute s'approche!

Pour une jeune fille ou garçon,
le temps se passe si doucement
Christmas semble si loin,
pour un enfant avec rien
Asteur c'est trop vite,
pas le même que quand j'étais petit.
Je peux proche entendre "la cloche,"
je pense le boute s'approche!

The End Is Near

When I was young, with a roll of cash
I had plenty of time, the days seemed so long
Now I'm older, I have tears in my eyes.
No more money in my pocket,
I think the end is near!

Tu connais quoi ça dit,
équand le monde parle de la vie,
"Elle est comme un rouleau
de papier de commode.
Ça tourne plus en plus vite,
jusqu'à le rouleau est fini."
Ça fait, je vas m'en aller,
et laisse le bon temps rouler!

For a young girl or boy, the time passes slowly
Christmas seems so far away
for a child who has nothing.
Now it's too fast, It's not the same
as when I was young. I can almost hear "the
bell." I think the end is near!

Le soleil 'près se coucher,
le boute après approcher
J'ai envie de roulailler,

You know what they say when people talk about
life, They say "It's like a roll of toilet paper...
It seems to turn ever faster until the roll is all
gone."
So I'm going to go and let the good times roll!

The sun is setting, the end is approaching.
I want to go out partying, I'd like to have fun
But without money in my pocket,
I think the end is near!

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Braille, Braille, Cherie (J. Newman/J. Miller-Cajun version by Chris Miller)

I grew up listening to the vinyl records of Jimmy “C” Newman and his passing in the summer of 2014- prompted me to do a Cajun translation and Cajun waltz version of his first big country hit “Cry, Cry Darlin.”

Braille, Braille, Chérie

J'aurais de pleurer si tu me laisserais avec les blues
Braille, Braille, Chérie
C'est tout je ferais toute de la journée si je t'ai perdu
Pour moi il y aurait pus d' soleil.
Si jamais on est séparé
Braille, Braille, Chérie
C'est tout que je ferais,
Tu es la seule dedans mon coeur.

Cry, Cry Darlin'
That's what I'd do if you would leave me with the blues
Cry, Cry, Darlin'
That's all I'd do all day if it was you I should lose.
For me there would be no sunshine,
if ever we should part
Cry Cry Darlin'
That's what I'd do, for you're the one, that's in my heart.

Braille, Braille, Chérie

J'aurais de pleurer si tu me laisserais avec les blues
Braille, Braille, Chérie
C'est tout je ferais toute de la journée si je t'ai perdu
Tu connais combien gros, je te manquerais
Si jamais on est séparé
Braille, Braille, Chérie
C'est tout que je ferais,
Tu es le seule dedans mon coeur.

Cry, Cry Darlin'
That's what I'd do if you would leave me with the blues
Cry, Cry, Darlin'
That's all I'd do all day if it was you I should lose.

You know how much I'd miss you,
if ever we should part
Cry Cry Darlin'
That's what I'd do, for you're the one, that's in my heart

Bell City Bounce aka ‘The Hayes Hop’ (Chris Miller ©2014)

This is a new little instrumental with a slow lope or “bounce.” Bell City and Hayes are two very small communities south of Lacassine. It was time for those communities to have a song named after them.

Opelousas (words by Chris Miller)

I wanted to add my own interpretation of the loneliness felt as I lived on the edge of where I grew up (Dad called it Grosse Isle) and stared across the vast “Mamou Prairie” toward Opelousas.

Moi, je veux toujours entendre ta voix sur la prairie. Oh, chère petite fille reviens-toi donc rejoindre ton mari. La maison semble si froid parce que toi, tu es pas là. Oh chère petite coeur, reviens aux Opelousas.

I want to hear your voice still on the prairie
Oh little girl please come back and reunite with your husband. The house seems so cold because you're not there Oh dear little heart, come back to Opelousas.

J'su's pas content sans toi chère p'tite monde à mon côté Sans toi à la maison moi, je braille plein toute la journée. Je cherche toute la prairie, ouais pour toi, mais tu es pas là. Oh chère petite coeur, reviens aux Opelousas.

I'm not happy without you, honey, at my side.
Without you at home I cry a lot all daylong.
I search all the prairie but you aren't there
Oh, dear little heart, come back to Opelousas.

Crowley Two-Step (Traditional)

When I was working on the farm, this song signaled “lunch time” or as we would say, “dinner time.” On Thursdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, KJEF radio in Jennings broadcast Jerry Dugas' Cajun Show “Allons Danser.” It broadcast 8 AM-12 noon. The Crowley Two-Step was the “Theme Song” of Jerry Dugas' show.

La Valse Duralde (Iry LeJeune)

This haunting waltz was originally recorded south of Lacassine in the home of Iry LeJeune. It is usually done with fiddle only because the melody does not transfer well to the accordion. I found that by playing the C accordion in the F position, the notes of this tune are more available to the accordionist. The words speak of lost love.

Lacassine Special (Iry LeJeune)

Growing up near Lacassine, it was impossible to escape the music and legacy of Iry LeJeune. I wanted to record this as a tribute to my childhood school and to one of my musical influences. I'd would like to thank David Greely for singing this legendary song.

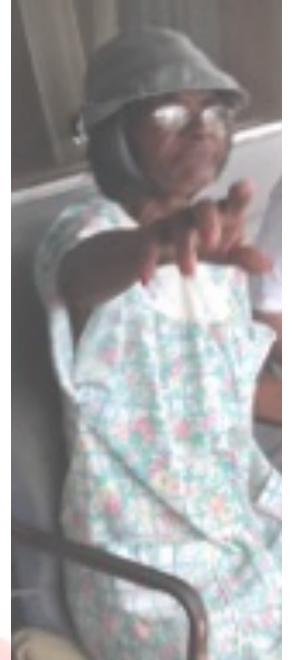
Chris Miller CD: Le bout s'approche 2016—Liner Notes, Lyrics and Translations

“SAYSO” (Chris Miller ©2014)

“Sayso” is the actual true story of how “Sayso” Senegal (who lived in my childhood area) got her nickname. Sayso and her family have always been like members of our own family of all the Millers of “Grosse Isle.” Sayso passed away June 29, 2016. She one of a kind and liked to dance!

Fille: He Daddy...quoi t'es après faire?
Pere: Oh, pas much...quoi tu veux, fille?
Fille: Mon j'veux aller au village.
Pere: Au village? Mais quo' faire?
Fille: Mon j'veux un “sayso.”
Pere: Un sayso'd crème?
Fille: Oh, Ouais! Un sayso de crème à la glace!
Pere: Tu l'aime ça?!
Fille: Oh, ouais Daddy, Mon j'l'aime ça...UN TAS!
Pere: Well alright, Allons faire ça...Allons chercher un seso!!
Pere: Ok...Tiens fille! 'garde ton sayso'd crème.
Fille: Oh Daddy...'gardez-donc! c'est si beau!...et goute ça! UmmmMmmm! He Daddy, donne mon un 'ride' su' tes épaules.
Pere: Arghh! Oh, fille!, C'est tout'l'temps que'que chose avec toi! C'est çï et c'est çà!

Fille: Uh oh, Daddy...
Pere: Uh oh, Daddy?
Fille: Il après fond' su' ta tête!
Pere: AARGH! fille! Tu connais quoi?
Fille: No...Quoi, Daddy?
Pere: Je vas changer ton nom!
Fille: Mon nom!
Pere: Ouais, ton nom! On va t'appeler “sayso” Asteur et pour tout le temps tout'le monde va t'appeler “Sayso”
Fille: Aw Daddy!
Pere: Aww. non...c'est ca!
Fille: Mon j't'l'aime, Daddy....
Pere: Mon j't'l'aime,.....SAYSO! Allons “sayso!”



Le Reel de Grosse Isle (Chris Miller)

I've always enjoyed the playing of Quebecois accordionists and so was inspired to compose a little tune in a similar style. I chose do perform solo with only my feet as the accompaniment.

Ma jolie petite fille blonde (Words by Chris Miller)

A couple of years ago, I had two daughters get married. My blonde daughter wanted us to dance to “Jolie Blonde” for our father-daughter feature dance at her wedding. After thinking about this for a while, I was inspired to write new “Jolie Blonde” words. I, indeed, was having my own little Jolie Blonde “leave me.”

Hé ma jolie petite fille blonde,
Tu es si belle toute habillée avec ta couronne.
Et aujourd'hui j'ai pour te donner.
Mais je connais que je vas tout le temps t'aimer.

Hey there, my pretty little blonde daughter
You are so pretty all dressed up with your veil.
And today I have to give you away.
But I know I'll always love you.

Hé ma jolie petite fille blonde,
Tu es mariée, tu m'as quitté,
Pour faire une vie aussi loin avec ton mari,
Moi et Mom, on connaît on va s'ennuyer.

Hey there, my pretty little blonde daughter.
You are married, you left me,
To make a life far away with your husband
Me and Mom know that we'll be lonely.

Mazurka de tchoc (Blackbird Mazurka) ©2014 Chris Miller

I've been intrigued by all the different dances that were done in French Louisiana. I composed this tune after studying the steps for the Mazurka. Something about this melody reminded me of the sound of the black birds around the rice fields where I grew up.

Grand Lac Charles (words by Chris Miller)

Grand Lac Charles is an invitation to come experience everything modern Lake Charles has to offer while giving a nod to its history as a hideout for the pirate Jean LaFitte.

Si t'aimerais t'amuser,
ou pécher ou peut-être gambler
Il y a une place pour tout ces choses,
allons aller au grand Lac Charles!
Le pirate Jean LaFitte
avait l'habitude de venir icite
Katherine LeBleu c'était la cause
il venait tout le temps au grand Lac Charles!

If you would like to have fun or fish or gamble,
there's a place for all those things; Let's go to big
Lake Charles!

The pirate, Jean LaFitte, had a habit of coming
here. Katherine LeBleu was the reason he would
often come to Lake Charles!

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Viens Avec Moi aka “Woodlawn Waltz”- (Chris Miller ©2014)

I grew up on a farm between Lacassine and Woodlawn. As far as I know, Woodlawn had never had a song named after it. It was time.

Viens-toi donc mais avec moi,
quitte ton pop et ta mom,
Laisse tout ça, tout les tracas,
quitte-toi donc tout les misères!
Tu connais---chère, t'étais tout maltraitée
Dit bye-bye de les jours
à tes larmes, malheureuse!
Rapelle-toi, chère, les conseils toi tu as écouté
Viens-toi donc mais avec moi...j
e voudrais mourir dans tes bras!

Come With Me aka “Woodlawn Waltz”

Do come with me, leave your dad and mom.
Leave all that, all the troubles,
Leave all your sufferings!
You know, dear, you were abused, mistreated.
Say goodbye to the days of your tears,
unhappy one!
Remember dear, the advice that you heard
Do come with me. I want to die in your arms!

Deux boîtes à Kaplan (Two Boxes in Kaplan)

This is a two-accordion duet by Tim Broussard on a C “accordion and Chris Miller on an F. I like to offer this track in memory of Dallas Roy who had an iconic recording of this tune.

La Polka à Odile (Odile Falcon)

My girls have been singing this polka from the documentary “J'ai été au bal” for years and I was happy to have Camryn sing it for this project. We used only the accordion, fiddle and triangle for this track.

Oh, catin, allons danser cette belle polka,
c'est toi qui dances si bien,
c'est toi la reine de la salle
C'est toi la reine de salle, de la salle à Paul Royer
C'est toi la reine de salle,
et de la salle à Paul Royer
Les robes en barrée rouge les petites corsages
en barrée rose et les petits colles en caoutchouc
c'était les filles à Neuville Menard.

Oh, dear, let's dance this pretty polka
It's you who dance so well, It's you who is the
queen of the hall. You're the queen of the hall, of
Paul Royer's hall.

The dresses striped in red and the little blouses
striped in pink and the little collars of plastic,
those were the girls of Neuville Menard.

Musicians

Chris Miller-Vocals, Cajun Accordion, Acoustic Guitars, Drums, Fiddles on “Braille” and “Mazurka”, high harmony fiddle on Duralde Waltz, triangle, scrub board

David Greely-Fiddle, vocals on #8 Lacassine

Laine Thibodeaux-Steel Guitar on #2 Le bout s'approche, #3 Braille, braille, chérie, #8 Lacassine, #10 Jolie petite fille blonde

Tim Broussard-bass on #2 and #3, duet accordion on “Deux boîtes à Kaplan”

Camryn Miller-Clements, vocal on “Sayso” and “La Polka à Odile Falcon”

Ray Ellender-electric guitar on Sayso

Ty Ellender-drums on “La queue de tortue” and “Grand Lac Charles”

Matt Moss-bass on “Sayso”

Produced by Chris Miller Recorded and engineered by Matt Moss at EMF Productions, Lake Charles, LA; 2014 Mixed by Matt Moss and Chris Miller; Mastering by Matt Moss

99 Year Waltz was recorded in 2014 in the living room of then a 94 yr Mr. Milton Vanicor in Welsh, LA. I recorded a number of tracks for his own CD project and they were released as the CD “Un Souvenir de Milton Vanicor.” Mr. Milton sang and played fiddle; I played accordion—in this case and rare 1963 “Starling” accordion that was made by Val Lopez. Mr. Milton's daughter, Jeanette Aguiard played guitar as did his nephew Orsy Vanicor. Rounding out the group was Mr. Milton's grandson, Jim Marcantel, on second fiddle. This song became a sort of theme song for Mr. Milton as he claimed he was going to still be singing it whenever he turned 99 years old! He almost made it. He died a few days short of his 97th birthday in June 2015.

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