



GRIFF "The False Fly"

01. System 7 (Bela Fleck/Griff)

02. Visur (trad. Iceland)

An old Icelandic traditional song recorded from Rósa Guðmundsdóttir from Vatnsenda.

Augun mín og augun þín,	<i>My eyes and your eyes</i>
ó, þá fögru steina.	<i>oh those beautiful stones</i>
Mitt er þitt og þitt er mitt,	<i>mine was yours and yours was mine</i>
þú veist hvað ég meina.	<i>you know what I mean</i>
Langt er síðan sá ég hann,	<i>Long ago I saw him truly fair was he.</i>
sannlega fríður var hann,	<i>All that favours any man,</i>
allt sem prýða má einn mann,	<i>most of all he had</i>
mest af lýðum bar hann.	<i>You I sorrow for most of all</i>
Þig ég trega manna mest mædd af tára flóði	<i>oh that I never had seen you before</i>
ó, að við hefðum aldrei sést	<i>Dear beloved friend</i>
elsku vinurinn góði.	

03. The False Fly (Lyrics: trad./Music: Griff)

A tune, the Hairy Canary, from our former accordeonist Pascale Rubens, evolved into this song. Followed by Raphael's favourite Irish reel, "The Old Bush"

'O where are you going?' Cried the False False Fly
To the lovely little child on the road
'I am going to my school,' said the lovely little child
Only but seven years old

'Will you come along with me?' Cried the False False Fly
To the lovely little child on the road
'No, I won't come with you,' Said the lovely little child
Only but seven years old

'I will give you a ring,' Cried the False False Fly
To the lovely little child on the road
'Then you'd be my King,' Said the lovely little child
Only but seven years old

What is rounder than a ring, (And) what is higher than a king
Cried the fly to the child on the road
The sun is rounder than a ring, (And) God is higher than a King
Said the pretty child, seven years old

"I'll fling your dog a stone," cried the False False Fly
To the lovely little child on the road
I wish it were a bone," said the lovely little child
Only but seven years old

'What is higher than the sky, And what is deeper than the sea?
Cried the fly to the child on the road.
'Heaven is higher than the sky,' And 'Hell is deeper than the sea,'
Said the pretty child, seven years old

Then he flew away in flames Did the False False Fly
From the lovely little child on the road
'Twas the devil in disguise 'Twas a False FireFly'
Said the pretty little child on the road

04. Parpaioun (Lyrics:trad./Music:R. Decker)

<p>Prologue: Parpaioun, moun bel amic, O Parpaioun, maride-ti ! Dis ancian seguènt l'usage Pens' a te metre en meinage. Parpaioun, moun bel amic, O Parpaioun, maride-ti !</p> <p>Chanson: Parpaioun, maride-ti ! O Parpaioun, moun bel amic. Couma mi mariderai, Que de frema - iéu noun ai ? Li a respoundut la touòra : Iéu serai la tiéu signora. Maride-ti, o parpaioun, Que de frema n'auras proun. Parpaioun, maride-ti ! O Parpaioun, moun bel amic. Couma mi mariderai, Que de maioun iéu noun ai ? Li respoundet la limassa : Ti presterai ma carcassa. Maride-ti, o parpaioun, Que de maioun n'auras proun. Parpaioun, maride-ti ! O Parpaioun, moun bel amic. Couma mi mariderai, Que de lume iéu noun ai ? Li respoundet la luerna : Dau miéu cùu farai lanterna. Maride-ti, o parpaioun, Que de lume n'auras proun.</p>	<p>Prologue: Butterfly, my good friend O Butterfly, get married! Like the old custom says, Think about having a household. Butterfly, my good friend, Papillon, get married!</p> <p>Song: Butterfly, get married! O Butterfly, my beautiful friend. How do I get married, If I have no woman? The caterpillar replied: I'll be your lady. Marry, O Butterfly Cause you'll have plenty of women. Butterfly, get married! O Butterfly, my beautiful friend. How do I get married, I have no house? The snail replied: I'll lend you my shell. Marry, O Butterfly Houses you will have plenty. Butterfly, get married! O Butterfly, my beautiful friend. How do I get married, I have no light? The firefly replied: From my bottom I'll make you a lantern. Marry, O Butterfly Cause you'll have enough light. Butterfly, get married! O Butterfly, my beautiful friend. How do I get married, I have no music? From my behind I will play the drums Replied the cicada. Marry, O Butterfly Cause you'll have enough music.</p> <p>Epilogue:</p>
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Parpaioun, maride-ti !	All happy and satisfied,
O Parpaioun, moun bel	Butterfly married.
amic.	Returned from the Holy Mass,
Couma mi mariderai,	and given the gifts they had
Que de musica iéu noun	promised,
ai ?	Each animal went quickly
Dou miéu cùu farai	To honour the new husband.
timbala,	
Li respouonde la cigala.	
Maride-ti, o parpaioun,	
Que de musica n'auras	
proun.	

Épilogue:

Tout countènt e satisfa,
 Parpaioun s'es marida.
 Au sant retour de la
 messo,
 Di doun qu'avien fa
 proumesso,
 Chasque animau venguè
 lèu
 Ounoura l'espous nouvèu.

05. How many Goats... (R. Decker)

... will be left?

06. Tourniquet (S. Salverius)**07. Sendedir** (Lyrics: K. Himmet /Music: L. Gültekin/Griff/Copper Arr: A. Lambinet)

Raphael learned this song from Emre Gültekin who's dad, Lütfü Gültekin, composed the melody for. The poetry is from Kul Himmet (XVI-XVII century) a troubadour which is known as one of the seven Great Poets from Turkey. The melody underwent some thorough "Griffification" and coppers were provided by Adrien Lambinet and Johan Dupont.

Vakti seherde	In twilight morning time
Aç?l?r perde	The curtain being dropped
Dü?tü?üm yerde	I fell on the floor
Derman sendedir	The cure relies with you
Dü?mü?üm kald?r	I stay falling over and over again
Mihnetim oldur	My trouble stays
A?lar?m güldür	and causes laughter
Derman sendedir	The cure relies with you
Benim biçare	Completely helpless
Kald?m avare	I stayed wandering
Yürek pür yare	A pure heart to help
Derman sendedir	The cure relies with you
Nefsi zalimi	Sensual, cruel
Gözle halimi	With gentle eyes
Sundum elimi	I offered my hand
Derman sendedir	The cure relies with you

08. Antiphone (S. Salverius)**09. Gula Gula** (Mari Boine)

A Cry from Mother Earth and our Foremothers and Forefathers. Will you listen for once? Hear the voices from the small peoples that try to continue to live in harmony with their environment following the old ways. Saami, Khakas, Sakha-Yakut, Albanian, Tuvan, Xhosa, Andean, Inuit, Altai, ... and many more to discover here.

Performed by Raphael De Cock on vocals and chatkhan & Rémi Decker on vocals, whistles and säckpipa.

Gula gula, nieida, gánda	Hear, hear, girl, boy
Gula máttut dál du curvot	Hear the cry of your
Manin attát eatnama	forefathers ask
duolvat	Why you let the earth become
Mirkkoduvvot. Guoriduvvot	polluted
?	Poisoned. Exhausted ?
Gula jiena, nieida, gánda	Hear the voices, girl, boy
Gula mátturáhkuid jiena	Hear the voices of our
Eana lea min buohkaid	foremothers
eadni	The Earth is our mother
Dan jos goddit ieza	If we take her life, we die
jápmi	with her
Leatgo diktán ie??at	Have you let yourself to be
báinnot?	stained?
Leatgo iešge mielde	Are you part of the game for
gilvvus	yourself too?
Gula máttut dál dus	Listen when the forefathers
jerret:	will ask you:
Itgo don muite gos don	Don't you remember where you
vulget?	came from?
Dus leat oappát, dus leat	You have sisters, you have
vieljat,	brothers,
Lulli-Ameriikka	in the jungles of South
arvevuvddiin,	America,
Ruonaeatnama	in the stony shores of
geadgerittuin.	Greenland.
Itgo don muite gos don	Don't you remember where you
vulget?	came from?

10. Les Mots... (Lyrics:R. Decker./Music:R. De Cock/R. Decker)

Je respire pas je chante,
Et quoi qu'on me demande
Les mots, les noms, les notes
Je les ferai respirer

Inspirer la beauté
Expirer la gaieté
Des sentiments débordants
Mon coeur condoléant

Mon coeur qui me réclame
Déclame bien s'exclame
Des mots, des noms, des notes
Oppressant mes poumons

Mes poumons qui expirent
 Se rétractent puis s'étirent
 Essoufflement ardent
 Comme une syncope en sept temps

Ik adem niet ik zing,
 En wat je'r ook van vindt
 Les mots, les noms, les notes
 Je les ferai respirer
 Ces temps qui me font vivre,
 Marcher ou bien courir
 Ces mots, ces noms, ces notes
 Impasses de ma pensée

Une pensée aride
 Envers les gens avides
 Qui au lieu de chanter
 Ne font que nous emmerder

Ik adem niet ik zing,
 En wat je'r ook van vindt
 J'expirerai ma pensée
 Et ça, quitte à m'essouffler

Je respire pas je chante
 Et quoi qu'on me demande
 J'expirerai ma pensée
 Et ça, quitte à m'essouffler

11. Searching (trad. England)

As I walked out one May morning,
 One May morning betime,
 I met a maid from home had strayed
 Just as the sun did shine.

"What makes you rise so soon, my dear,
 Your journey to pursue?
 Your pretty little feet they tread so sweet,
 Strikes off the morning dew"

"I'm going to feed my father's flock,
 His young and tender lambs,
 That over hills and over dales
 Lie a-waiting for their dams".
 "Oh stay, oh stay, you handsome maid
 And rest a moment here.
 For there is none but you alone
 That I do love so dear.

For I am thine and thou art mine.
 No man shall uncomf'ort thee.
 We'll join our hands in wedlock bands
 And married we shall be".

12. Genova (R. Decker)

13. Dodeca Medita (M. Decombel)

GHOST TRACK: Clann a Righ (trad)

A magical song that Griff performed on their concert at The Hebridean Celtic

festival in Stornoway, Scotland 2008. The song was also collected from the Isle of Lewis. It's a charming song, looking forward to the splendid wedding of the child being sung to. It is also said to be a melody for the highland pipes that survived as a lullaby in times when music was forbidden by the church. Raphael finishes off with the tune not on bagpipes but with overtone singing over the drone of his voice.

Bidh Clann Ulaidh, laoigh 's a lurain	The Children of Ulster, calves and pretty boys,
Bidh Clann Ulaidh, air do bhanais	The Children of Ulster will be at your wedding
Bidh Clann Amhlaidh, nam fir ghreanmhor	Clan Aulay, those lively, active men will be
Deanamh an danns' air do bhanais	Dancing along at your wedding
Bidh Clann a Righ, bidh Clann a Righ	The King's clan, the King's clan
Bidh Clann a Righ, air do bhanais	The King's clan will be at your wedding
Bidh Clann a Righ, seinnear a phiob	The King's clan will play the bagpipes
Olar am fion air do bhanais	and will drink wine at your wedding
Bidh Clann Choinnich, nam feachd soilleir	Clan (mac)Kenzie of the bright hordes
Bidh Clann Choinnich air do bhanais	Clan Kenzie will be at your wedding
Bidh Clann Dhomhnaill, tha cho neonach	Clan Donald who are so unusual will be
Deanamh an danns' air do bhanais	Dancing along at your wedding
Bidh Clann a Righ, bidh Clann a Righ	
Bidh Clann a Righ, air do bhanais	
Bidh Clann a Righ, seinnear a phiob	
Olar am fion air do bhanais	