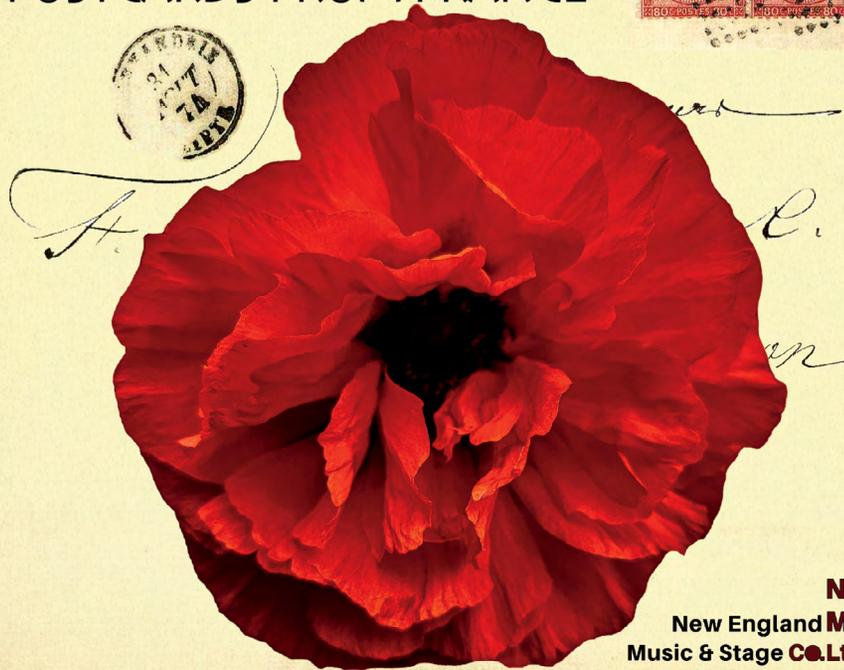


TAPESTRY

POSTCARDS FROM FRANCE



NE
New England MS
Music & Stage Co. Ltd.

Recorded in 2025 at Q Division Studios, Cambridge, MA
Recording, mixing and mastering engineer: Joel Edinberg
Project concept: Cristi Catt & Daniela Tasic
Producers: Cristi Catt & Daniela Tasic
Cover design: Margaret Cushing & Daniela Tasic

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Special thanks to our engineer Joel Edinberg for his expertise and understanding, Margaret Cushing for her beautiful album cover art, CD booklet and web design, Ruthie Ristich for co-producing “Les Berceaux (Sail Away)” and “Chanson de grand-père / Les danses de Lormont,” Allison Lund and Big and Little Productions for “Les Berceaux (Sail Away)” videography and video editing, Brenda Goodwin of Cambridge, MA for loaning her 1912 Martin 0-21 guitar, featured on “L’heure exquise,” Anastasia Krachkovskaya and Kira Johnson for their photos, our families for their endless support and patience with this project, Erica and Mona Shupp for believing in us, and to our dear co-founder and long time collaborator Laurie Monahan.

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Photo: Anastasia Krachkovskaya

Andrew VanNorstrand Cristi Catt James Falzone Daniela Tasic Jeremiah McLane

Track List

- Tourdion [4:10]**
Anonymous, 16th c.
Arranged & performed by the Ensemble*
- Gnossienne 1 (A Dream of Satie) [3:43]**
Erik Satie (1866–1925), arr. James Falzone (Allos Musica, ASCAP)
James Falzone, clarinet
- Je te veux [4:35]**
*Erik Satie (1866–1925), arr. Ensemble**
Cristi Catt, Daniela Tasic, Jeremiah McLane, Andrew VanNorstrand
- Loup des neiges [2:13]**
Jeremiah McLane (Floating Bridge Music, BMI)
Jeremiah McLane, accordion
- Chanson de grand-père / Les danses de Lormont [4:17]**
Montagnarde de Pontgibaud Traditional, Auvergne
Chanson de grand-père Max Arham (fl. 1911–1917)
Chancelade Traditional, Nouvelle-Aquitaine
Les danses de Lormont César Franck (1822–1890)
Arranged & performed by the Ensemble*
- L’heure exquise [2:00]**
Reynaldo Hahn (1874–1947)
Cristi Catt, Andrew VanNorstrand
- Les Bretonnes / Pardon Breton [7:00]**
Les Bretonnes Reynaldo Hahn (1874–1947)
Trois matelots du port de Brest Traditional, Brittany
Pardon Breton Cécile Chaminade (1857–1944)
Arranged & performed by the Ensemble*
- Un grand amour qui s’achève [2:42]**
Marguerite Monnot (1903–1961) (SACEM); lyrics by Édith Piaf (1915–1963)
Daniela Tasic, Andrew VanNorstrand
- Les berceaux (Sail Away) [3:32]**
Gabriel Fauré (1845–1924),
arr. Cristi Catt (BMI)
Ensemble

*New England Music & Stage Co. Ltd, BMI

Total Playing Time [34:12]



Notes About the Songs

Tapestry was founded by Cristi Catt and Daniela Tosic with Laurie Monahan (emerita) to create bold, conceptual programs that travel through time weaving together a diverse range of genres and colors. **The Cleveland Plain Dealer** describes Tapestry as “*an ensemble that plants haunting vibrations, old and new, in our ears.*” Tapestry has toured extensively in Europe and the US, and also appeared in Colombia and Canada. Tapestry recorded four albums with Telarc International (now Concord Music) and two with a German label MDG. Their recordings won the Echo Prize in Germany, and Chamber Music America recording of the year. Tapestry is represented by Shupp Artists Management. This is their first indie album with New England Music & Stage Co. Ltd. / NEMS Co. Ltd.

Cristi Catt is happiest when following a path—seeking connections through music. This led to research grants to Portugal and Southern France and performances with Telltale Crossing, Le Bon Vent, and HourGlass. With Blue Thread, she traces shared stories and ballad migration from around the world to tell new tales. The LA Times describes her singing “as radiant and exciting.” Cristi is the author of *The Kinesthetic Singer*, *Lessons on Singing from Yoga and Basketball*. She teaches at Berklee College of Music and New England Conservatory. **Daniela Tosic** is a soloist and a chamber musician who specializes in early, contemporary, and world music repertoires. She is a founding member of Hourglass, Telltale Crossing and most recently marimba-voice duo Syldason. Known for her “burnished and warm sound” (The Boston Musical Intelligencer), Ms.Tosic performs regularly with Rumbarroco, a Latin-Baroque fusion ensemble that combines European music traditions with the music of the Americas, as well as La Donna Musicale, an ensemble devoted to music by women composers. She teaches voice at Merrimack College. **James Falzone**, clarinet and penny whistle, is an acclaimed member of the international jazz and creative music scenes, a veteran contemporary music lecturer and clinician, and an award-winning composer who has been commissioned by chamber ensembles, dance companies, choirs, and symphony orchestras around the globe. He has released a series of critically acclaimed recordings on his label, Allos Documents, and performs widely in North America and Europe. James is presently the Associate Dean & Professor of Music at Cornish College of the Arts at Seattle University. Accordionist/pianist **Jeremiah McLane** has a diverse musical background including blues, jazz, Celtic, Québécois, French, Scandinavian and other roots influenced music. He teaches regularly at summer music programs throughout the United States, is the founder and director of the Floating Bridge Music School, and currently teaches at the Upper Valley Music Center in Lebanon, NH. Jeremiah is the founder of Le Bon Vent, tours regularly with Kalos and Triton and performs with his wife, Annemieke McLane, in Cassotto Duo. He has released over thirty-five recordings on various labels. **Andrew VanNorstrand** is a musician, singer, and songwriter based in Springfield, Vermont. He has performed on festival stages, concert halls, dance floors, and living rooms all over North America and beyond. For eighteen years, he toured and recorded with the popular dance band Great Bear and is now often on the road with the folk/roots quartet The Faux Paws. Andrew’s debut solo album, *That We Could Find A Way To Be*, highlights the complicated intersections of love, faith, loss, and uncertainty. Andrew blends traditional folk, old-time, country, and western swing with a deep appreciation of indie-roots-Americana.

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The “postcards” on this album are the result of good times, travels, and collaborations. Cristi and Daniela picked songs and worked out vocal arrangements to bring into rehearsals. Jerry and Andrew listened and added textures and grooves under the vocals. Songs took on their own life with dance tunes and interludes woven in between. James swooped in from Seattle to layer in improvisations and inspire new directions. We laughed a lot. Pieces continued to evolve through performances and studio recordings.

Tourdion*

Anon., c. 1530 (Burgundy)

We begin our tour of France with a lively dance, inviting all to a feast of delicious food and fine wine. Tourdion or Tordion (from the French verb “tordre” / to twist), was a popular dance tune similar to a gaillard. Popular from the mid-15th to the late-16th centuries, it appears in Pierre Attaignant’s first publication of collected dances in 1530.

Gnossienne 1 (A Dream of Satie)

Erik Satie (1866–1925), arranged by James Falzone

Falzone writes: “Composer Erik Satie roamed the streets of the Montmartre neighborhood in Paris during the late 19th and early 20th centuries. A known eccentric, his odd habits included eating only white foods and collecting umbrellas, thousands of which were discovered in his tiny apartment when he died. All along, he composed remarkably beguiling melodies, especially his popular “Gymnopedie” and “Gnossienne”. My all-clarinet version of “Gnossienne No. 1” is meant to bring out the dreamy, surrealist qualities of Satie’s music, as if we have stopped in a smoke-filled bar, late at night, where Monsieur Satie is playing piano, a glass of his favorite absinthe at his side.”

Je te veux*

Erik Satie (1866–1925)

Eric Satie immersed himself in the popular music of the Belle Epoque, working as an accompanist at Le Chat Noir. He wrote “Je te veux” for Paulette Darty, a famous chanteuse and actress of the day. They first performed this valse chanté together in 1903 at La Scala, a popular cabaret in Paris.

Loup de neiges

Jeremiah McLane

McClane writes: “Far away on a distant shore, there was a very small village, and in the village lived a young boy whose parents were away much of the day. While his parents were at work, the boy would try out various musical instruments in the house. At first he felt lonely, wishing his friends could come play music with him, but then one day he was playing a song at the window and he saw a lone wolf approach through the snow. It sat directly below the window and seemed to listen as the boy played. Each day the wolf would return as the boy played and while the wolf sat listening, the boy felt less alone. And who knows, maybe the wolf did as well...”

Montagnarde de Pontgibaud / Chanson de grand-père / Chancelade / Les danses de Lormont*

Traditional, Auvergne / Max Arham (fl. 1911–1917) / Traditional, Nouvelle-Aquitaine / César Franck (1822–1890)

Max Arham’s “Chanson de grand-père” is a setting of a poem by Victor Hugo. Following the death of his son, Victor Hugo took charge of his grandchildren Georges and Jeanne Hugo. His collection of poetry “The Art of Being a Grandfather” (1877) is mainly devoted to the two of them, but more generally treats with great tenderness the charm and spontaneity of childhood. The lyrics to “Les danses de Lormont” are by celebrated French novelist and poet Marceline Desbordes-Valmore who describes festive dances and stunning sunsets in the resort town of Lormont. The arrangement is enriched by traditional instrumental tunes from Auvergne and Nouvelle-Aquitaine.

L’heure exquise

Reynaldo Hahn (1874–1947)

Born in Caracas, Venezuela, Reynaldo Hahn de Echenagucia moved to Paris as a child where he studied with Gabriel Fauré and leading composers of the day. His setting of Paul Verlaine’s poem captures a fleeting moment of serene anticipation. Lovers await one another and are swept away by nature’s beauty as the pale

cont...

moon reflects on the water, the forest trembles, and solace drifts down from the sky. Andrew and Cristi discovered they shared a dream to record this piece, and decided to make it happen.

Les Bretonnes / Trois matelots du port de Brest / Pardon Breton*

Reynaldo Hahn (1874–1947) / Traditional, Bretagne / Cécile Chaminade (1857–1944) “Les Bretonnes” and “Pardon Breton” were originally choral compositions. “Les Bretonnes” juxtaposes sadness and yearning of women waiting by the sea, with brief intervals of rejoicing when their men return. “Pardon Breton” was inspired by traditional religious festivals known as Pardons in Brittany. These festivals are still an important part of Breton cultural identity. “Pardon Breton” depicts a scene of sailors returning to land during the Pardons festivities to celebrate with their mothers and sisters. “Trois matelots du port de Brest” is a traditional tune, known as *an dro* or *en dro* (Breton: “the turn”). It is a type of circle dance from Brittany.

Un grand amour qui s'achève

Marguerite Monnot (1903–1961); lyrics by Édith Piaf (1915–1963)

This poignant chanson was written by the first commercially successful female singer songwriter duo, Marguerite Monnot, music, and Édith Piaf, lyrics. Monnot was a child prodigy who attended the Paris Conservatory. Camille Saint-Saens is said to have remarked of her, “I have just heard the best pianist in the world.” Stage fright caused her to head in a new direction and she turned to composition and songwriting, eventually joining forces with Édith Piaf.

Les Berceaux (Sail Away)

Gabriel Fauré (1845–1924), arranged by Cristi Catt

Catt writes: “I fell in love with French *mélodie* in college and became particularly fascinated by this haunting song. Mothers rock their babies, knowing that someday they will be drawn to the sea and set out on their own adventures. Originally composed for solo voice and piano, I added a chorus, ‘Sail away. I’ll sail away someday,’ to capture the children’s perspective and reimagined the song as a duet for Daniela and me. As mothers who rocked and daughters who set sail, we understand both sides.”



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* = Arranged by the ensemble BMI, Tapestry, New England Music & Stage Co. Ltd. / NEMS Co. Ltd.

Gnossienne 1 (A Dream of Satie) Erik Satie (1866–1925), arranged by James Falzone (Allos Musica, ASCAP)

Loup des neiges composed by Jeremiah McLane (Floating Bridge Music, BMI)

Les Berceaux (Sail Away) Gabriel Fauré (1845–1924), arranged by Cristi Catt (BMI)

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Lyrics

Tourdion (Quand je bois du vin clairet)

Quand je bois du vin clairet,
Ami tout tourne, tourne, tourne...
Aussi désormais je bois Anjou ou Arbois.

Chantons et buvons:
À ce flacon faisons la guerre!
Chantons et buvons
Mes amis, buvons donc!

Le bon vin nous a rendu gais,
Chantons, oublions nos peines Chantons!
En mangeant d'un gras jambon
À ce flacon faisons la guerre!

Buvons bien, Buvons donc,
À ce flacon faisons la guerre!
Buvons bien, Buvons mes amis,
Trinquons, buvons, gaiement, chantons!
En mangeant d'un gras jambon
À ce flacon faisons la guerre! —César Geoffray

Je te veux

J'ai compris ta détresse cher amoureux
Et je cède à tes vœux, fais de moi ta maîtresse
Loin de nous la sagesse, plus de tristesse
J'aspire à l'instant précieux où nous serons heureux
Je te veux

Je n'ai pas de regrets et je n'ai qu'une envie
Près de toi là tout près, vivre toute ma vie
Que mon corps soit le tien et ta lèvre la mienne
Que ton corps soit le mien et que toute ma chair soit
tienne

J'ai compris ta détresse cher amoureux...

Oui je vois dans tes yeux, la divine promesse
Que ton coeur amoureux vient chercher ma caresse
Enlacés pour toujours, brûlés des mêmes flammes
Dans des rêves d'amour, nous échangerons nos deux
âmes
J'ai compris ta détresse cher amoureux ... —Henry
Pacory

Chanson de grand-père

Dancez, les petites filles,
Toutes en rond.
En vous voyant si gentilles,
Les bois riront. —Victor Hugo

Les danses de Lormont

Poursuivant les nouées
De nos chansons
De main en main nouées
Dansons! Dansons! —Marceline Desbordes-Valmore

L'heure exquise

La lune blanche
Luit dans les bois;
De chaque branche
Part une voix
Sous la ramée...

English Translations

Tourdion (Quand je bois du vin clairet)

When I drink white wine, friend,
Everything is turning, turning, turning ...
Also when I drink wine of Anjou or Arbois!

Let's sing and drink,
Wage war on the bottle,
Let's sing and drink,
Friends, let's drink!

Good wine makes us merry, let's sing,
And forget our pain, let's sing!
While we eat a juicy ham,
Let's wage war on this bottle!

Let's drink well, let's drink heartily,
Let's wage war on this bottle!
Let's drink well, let's drink, my friends,
Let's toast, let's drink, let's sing joyfully!
While we eat a juicy ham,
Let's drink, friends, drink now!

Je te veux

I understand your distress, dear lover,
And yield to your desires: make me your mistress.
Let's throw discretion and sadness to the winds.
I long for the moment when we shall be happy:
I want you.

I have no regrets and only one wish:
To be very close to you my whole life long.
Let my heart be yours and your lips mine,
Let your body be mine and mine, yours.

I understand your distress...

Yes, I see in your eyes the promise
That your loving heart seeks my caress.
Entwined forever, consumed by the same desire,
In dreams of love we'll exchange our souls.

I understand your distress...

Chanson de grand-père

Dance, little girls,
All in a circle.
Seeing you so gentle,
The woods will laugh.

Les danses de Lormont

Linked like a chain
Made of our songs
Hand in hand we go!

L'heure exquise

The white moon
Illuminates the forest.
Through the branches
A voice calls,
around the leaves...

Ô bien aimée.
L'étang reflète,
Profond miroir,
La silhouette
Du saule noir
Où le vent pleure...
Rêvons, c'est l'heure.
Un vaste et tendre
Apaisement
Semble descendre
Du firmament
Que l'astre irise...
C'est l'heure exquise. —*Paul Verlaine*

Les Bretonnes au cœur tendre

Les Bretonnes au cœur tendre
Pleurent au bord de la mer;
Les Bretons au cœur amer
Sont trop loin pour les entendre.

Mais vienne Pâque ou Noël,
Les Bretons et les Bretonnes
Se retrouvent près des tonnes
d'eau-de-vie et d'hydromel.

La tristesse de la race
S'éteint alors dans leurs yeux ;
Ainsi les plus tristes lieux
Ont leur sourire et leur grâce.

Mais ce n'est pas la gaieté
Aérienne et sans voiles
Qui chante et danse aux étoiles
Dans les belles nuits d'été.

C'est une gaieté farouche,
Un rire plein de frissons,
Ferment des âpres boissons
Qui leur ont brûlé la bouche.

Plaignez-les de vivre encor ;
Ce sont des enfants barbares,
Ah ! les dieux furent avares
Pour les derniers-nés d'Armor! —*Charles Le Goffic*

Pardon Breton

Matelots de la mer Bretonne
Que berçait le vent monotone
Ecoutez!
Joyeuses dans l'air
comme des oiseaux qu'on délivre
Les cloches aux notes de cuivre
Les cloches volent avec un grand bruit clair.
C'est le Pardon!
Vos mères et vos sœurs sont toutes
avec des bouquets dans la main
Larguez donc vos voiles dernières
Cardes baisers et des prières
Vous attendent sur le chemin
Larguez!
Le long des routes vos mères
sous toutes des prières
Vous attendent sur le chemin
Larguez! —*Armand Silvestre*

Oh beloved!
The pond reflects
Like a deep mirror
The silhouette
Of a dark willow.
Where the wind weeps
We dream, this is the hour.
A vast and tender
Calm
Floats down to us
From the heavens
An iridescent star...
This is the exquisite hour.

Les Bretonnes

The forlorn Breton women
Weep by the sea;
The bitter Breton men
Are too far away to hear them.

But when Easter or Christmas comes,
The Breton men and women
Gather around barrels
Of brandy and mead.

The sadness of their kind
Fades from their eyes;
Even the saddest places
Have their smiles and their graces.

But it is not lighthearted,
Uninhibited joy
As they sing and dance under the stars
On beautiful summer nights.

It is a fierce celebration,
Ice cold laughter,
Harsh drinks
Burn their mouths.

Pity them their fate;
They are resilient, these Breton souls,
Ah! the Gods were stingy
towards the last-born of Armor!

Pardon Breton

Sailors of the Breton sea,
You who are lulled by the monotonous wind.
Listen!
Joy is in the air like birds set free.
The bells, flying high with their notes of brass
are ringing, loud and clear.
It's time for Forgiveness!
Your mothers and sisters are here, waiting for you
with flowers.
Cast off your sails! Come back to the land!
Kisses and prayers await you on the way.
Cast off!
Along the roads, your mothers,
with all their prayers waiting for you.
Cast off!

Un grand amour qui s'achève

Un grand amour qui s'achève
Ça fait pleurer tous vos rêves
Et quand tu disais que tu m'aimais
Mon amour tu le croyais
Bah! Si ton cœur est bohème
On n'y peut rien, c'est la vie
On est si fou quand on aime
Ma mie...

Un grand amour qui s'achève
Ça fait pleurer tous vos rêves
Et quand tu disais que tu m'aimais
Mon amour tu le croyais
Il se pourrait que j'en meure
On n'y peut rien, c'est la vie
Je ne veux pas que tu pleures
Ma mie... —*Édith Piaf*

Les berceaux (Sail Away)

Le long du quai les grands vaisseaux,
Que la houle incline en silence,
Ne prennent pas garde aux berceaux
Que la main des femmes balance.
(I'll Sail Away Someday)

Mais viendra le jour des adieux,
Car il faut que les femmes pleurent,
Et que les hommes curieux
Tentent les horizons qui leurrent.
(I'll Sail Away Someday)

Et ce jour-là les grands vaisseaux,
Fuyant le port qui diminue,
Sentent leur masse retenue
Par l'âme des lointains berceaux.
(I'll Sail Away Someday) —*Sully Prudhomme*

Un grand amour qui s'achève

A great love that ends
makes all your dreams weep.
And when you said you loved me,
My love, you believed it.
Well, if your heart is bohemian
There's nothing we can do about it, that's life!
We are so crazy when we love,
My sweetheart.

A great love that ends
makes all your dreams weep.
And when you said you loved me,
My love, you believed it.
I might die from this
and there's not a thing we can do about it, that's life!
I don't want you to cry
My sweetheart.

Les berceaux (Sail Away)

Along the quay the large ships,
Leaning in silence with a surge,
Pay no attention to the cradles
Rocked by the hands of women.
(I'll Sail Away Someday)

But the day of goodbyes will come,
When the women must cry,
And when curious men
Are tempted by the luring horizons.
(I'll Sail Away Someday)

And that day the great ships,
Fleeing the diminishing port,
Shall feel their mass retained
By the soul of the distant cradles.
(I'll Sail Away Someday)

