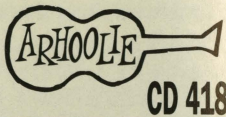


The Savoy-Doucet Cajun Band

"Live! at the Dance"



1. **INTRO & LA TALLE D' ERONCES**
(The Briar Bush) – vocal by Ann
2. **LA VALSE D'ORPHELIN**
(The Orphan Waltz) – vocal by Ann
3. **AMÉDÉ TWO-STEP** – instrumental
(Marc Savoy - Tradition Music Co./Bug Music BMI)
4. **LA VALSE DU MALCHANCEUX**
(The Unlucky Waltz) (Lawrence Walker) – vocal by Michael
5. **JEUNES GENS DE LA CAMPAGNE**
(Young People From The Country) – vocal by Ann
6. **QUAND J'ETAIS VAILLANT**
(When I Was A Nice Young Man) – vocals by Ann & Michael
7. **FE FE PONCHEAUX** – instrumental
8. **DANS LA LOUISIANE** (In Louisiana)
(Vin Bruce) – vocals by Marc & Ann
9. **PERRODIN TWO-STEP**
(E Is For Edwards) – instrumental
10. **LA DANSE DE MARDI GRAS**
(The Mardi Gras Dance) – vocal by Ann
11. **PETITE OU LA GROSSE** (Little or Big,
They're All the Same) - vocal by Ann

12. **LA VALSE DE VACHERS**
(The Cowboy Waltz) – vocal by Michael
 13. **TWO-STEP DE EUNICE**
– vocal by Ann
 14. **LA VALSE DES REIDS** – vocal by Ann
 15. **HÉ, MOM** – vocal by Ann
 16. **J'AI ETE-Z-AU BAL** (I Went To
The Dance) – vocals by Ann & Michael
 17. **HOME SWEET HOME** – instrumental
 18. **TEAR IT UP TWO-STEP** – instrumental
- Total Time: 76:06*

Marc Savoy – accordion & vocal
Ann Savoy – guitar & vocal
Michael Doucet – fiddle & vocal
Billy Wilson – bass on #1-4 & #16-18

Unless otherwise noted, all songs arranged by
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Produced by Chris Strachwitz
 All photos © by Ken Light
 Cover by Wayne Pope

(Continued inside on page 15)

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SAVOY-DOUCET

CAJUN BAND



LIVE! AT THE DANCE

The Savoy-Doucet Cajun Band

Live! at the Dance

A small bonfire crackles in the middle of the vast backyard, about halfway between the huge barn that's not nearly as rickety as it looks and the stately, spreading oak tree that shades the screened porch of the old family house: On one side of the yard, near the chicken coop, husky men wearing big gloves and tall rubber boots tend the steaming crawfish pots. On the other side, close to the fire, four musicians sit on wooden benches and chairs, bowing, strumming, striking, and squeezing a swirling kaleidoscope of sounds from fiddle, guitar, triangle, and accordion. Their eyes stare ahead into the dancing flames, occasionally shifting to the dozen or so couples dancing to the "Two-Step D'Amédé" or "Bosco Stomp," or spying on the children who are dashing about the yard from the swing to the trampoline to the freshly mowed field

behind the barn. Once every chorus or so, after a particularly searing fiddle flight or accordion torrent, the musicians glance at each other, allowing a spontaneous grin to momentarily break the trance.

I don't know how other people who are not born to it have come to the enchantment with Cajun music. My own incredibly privileged epiphany came two years ago on that warm, late spring night at the Savoy place in Eunice, Louisiana, near the heart of what they call the Cajun prairie. I'd been dropping in on concerts in the Bay Area and devouring discs of Cajun and Zydeco music for several years, moving backwards from the modern sounds of Beausoleil and Buckwheat Zydeco to such forebears as Joe Falcon and Cleoma Breaux, Amédé Ardoin, Dennis McGee, Clifton Chenier, and the Balfa Broth-

ers. But it wasn't until I stood there on southwestern Louisiana soil with a belly full of spicy crawfish and cold beer, mesmerized by not only the virtuosity but the immanent spirit of Marc and Ann Savoy and the friends who dropped by to make music deep into the night, that I felt the difference between critical fascination and visceral attachment. That evening, the music revealed itself as the vortex, not only for the all-consuming moment—fireflies tracing incandescent arcs through the dusk; Marc Savoy leading a tenderfoot posse of explorers through the bayou without a flashlight, guided by memories ingrained from childhood—but for an entire way of life.

The scene was quite different at Ashkenaz last Friday night, as the Savoy-Doucet Cajun Band—Marc Savoy on accordion, Ann Savoy on acoustic rhythm guitar and vocals, Michael Doucet on fiddle and vocals, with local stalwart Billy Wilson joining on electric bass—made one of its rare Bay Area appearances. When I

arrived, half an hour before showtime, the line of anxious patrons extended a full block down San Pablo Avenue. Cajun dance regulars were grumbling good-naturedly about the influx of "outsiders." Once inside—the show sold out at the door, but it seemed that everybody who wanted to eventually did get in—the two-steppers and less mobile listeners alike packed themselves shoulder-to-shoulder throughout David Nadel's beloved, rough-hewn dance hall.

If the room was soon pulsating under the sway of "La Valse de Cajun," "Evangeline Special," "Jeunes Filles de la Campagne," "The Eunice Two-Step," and "Diggy Liggy Lo," so my head was throbbing and reeling from the feverish grip of a pernicious cold. During the first set, I stood at the back of the hall, marveling at the way the dancers, some amazingly subtle and slick, some slightly awkward but stoked with enthusiasm, granted each other enough room to execute their intricate steps and turns. Outside on the sidewalk, those still waiting for

admission took advantage of the open space and danced with even more abandon.

My flu symptoms didn't subside, but within two or three numbers, my elevated temperature and near delirium became inextricably linked to the music. Billy Wilson's loping bass lines (which anchor half the Bay Area's Cajun and Zydeco bands) locked in with Ann Savoy's steady strumming and governed my pulse. Marc Savoy's heaving, buoyant waves of button accordion chords and runs triggered psychedelic visions in my skull, and Michael Doucet's fiddle lines soared and swooped through the multicolored haze like sea gulls on ecstasy, like fruit bats on acid. The dancers' erratic, unpredictable stomps on the hardwood floor exploded randomly like strings of firecrackers.

Then there was Ann's singing, pure and unornamented, floating in French above the supple tumult, breaking open my heart with song-stories that warned about getting married too early or recounted the ordeal of an

orphan seeking succor from the neighbors. The lyrics may have been in a foreign language blur, but the sentiments, from suffering to celebration, were palpable in every sweet note.

For the second set, I planted myself near the left side of the stage to get a closer look at the music-making process. Doucet and Marc Savoy were seated in the middle flanked by Wilson and Ann Savoy standing at either side. At times they all seemed a bit self-conscious—their performance was being recorded by Chris Strachwitz (who has made so much invaluable indigenous music available to the world) and engineer Phil Edwards for the next Savoy-Doucet album on the Arhoolie label. But, more typically, they surrendered themselves to the bliss of the music, staring out at the sea of waltzers, exchanging knowing glances when one or the other let loose a particularly astonishing fusillade of musical phrases. Every third or fourth song, Marc Savoy would get especially worked up whoop and holler, or shout out encouragement to

his Cajun pal "Come on, Doucet!" urging the fiddler to even higher peaks of expression.

Inevitably, the frenzy emanating from the stage would be communicated to the crowd. "It sure is good to be with some other crazy people," Marc said in one of his infrequent comments to the audience, and the feeling was blatantly mutual.

Cajuns may indeed be crazy, but 53-year-old Marc Savoy, 42-year-old Michael Doucet, and 41-year-old Ann Allen Savoy (Cajun by marriage) are the most focused lunatics you could ever hope to meet. Although I've been back to the Savoy spread another time (by the good graces of Nancy Covey, of Santa Monica, who takes her Festival Tours group there, as well as to D.L. Menard's house and Floyd Soileau's record store, between the two weekends of the annual New Orleans Jazz and Heritage Festival), and have visited Marc's workshop and read his cranky, uncompromising, philosophical mottoes scrawled across the cabinetry, I wouldn't pre-

sume to understand his complex and reputedly moody Cajun mindset any more than I grasp the full scope of Cajun history, despite a passing familiarity with the forced French migration from the Acadia peninsula (British Nova Scotia) to Louisiana in the mid-18th century.

But, thanks to the intense commitment of Marc Savoy, who handcrafts the finest Cajun accordions, Ann Savoy, who has compiled and edited the wonderful **Cajun Music: A Reflection of a People**, and Michael Doucet, who leads Beausoleil, scores films, and jams with everybody from Richard Thompson to musicians from Madagascar, one of America's most self-contained and regionally specific subcultures not only continues to flourish but welcomes and embraces the interested outsider, hopefully passing on some of its better values and hard-won wisdom. The old guard—the elder Balfas, McGees, LeJeunes, Fontenots, and Ardoins, who kept Cajun culture alive when it was threatened by a southern Ameri-

can version of ethnic cleansing—is dying off. But the music builds upon their legacy and transcends cultural isolation. As Ann Savoy writes in the introduction to her book, “it serves to bond together the generations. Those who can identify with this music can

identify with the people because the music is a reflection of the lives, strengths, sorrows, and joys of the people.” Joue-la!

(Dirk Richardson – reviewing the dance at Ashkenaz in the East Bay Express 11/12/93)

The Music:

1. La Talle d'Eronces – This is the title Marc's old friends, Cyprien and Adam Landreneau, gave this song. The idea of a boy and girl in a briar bush was a subject of great hilarity at many a supper in the little town of Mamou. It really rocks along for a dance. The words are the basic dejected boyfriend. *I can't believe your mom and pop threw me out of the house! But you can still come out and join me under the briar bush if you like...*

2. La Valse d'Orphelin – Marc dug this song up from Amédé Ardoïn. Ardoïn's songs are plagued with the fact that he is alone in the world, no money or friends. Usually he tells a woman he can't have her because he is powerless against his fate, the fate of an orphan.

Mes parents ils sont presque tous morts
Cela qui restent il y en a plus qui veut me voir.

Quand j'suis malade il faut je vas c'ez
l'étranger

Et mes misères faudra je les prends comme
ça vient.

My relatives are almost all dead.
The ones still living don't want to see me anymore.

When I'm sick I have to go to strangers' houses

And I have to take my miseries as they come.

So goodbye, goodbye, mes parents
J'suis orphelin il y a beaucoup des années
Quand j'suis malade il faut je vas c'ez
l'étranger
Et mes misères faudra je les prends comme
ça vient.

So goodbye, goodbye, my family
I've been an orphan for many years.
When I'm sick I go to strangers' houses

And I have to take my miseries as they come.

3. Amédé Two-Step (instrumental) – This is our dancehall version of the tune Marc wrote in Amédé's style. Marc originally composed the tune in homage to Ardoïn. Though Ardoïn recorded a selection under the same title, this is another melody altogether.

4. La Valse du Malchanceux – This is a haunting tune by Lawrence Walker. The words in the song speak of this tune playing every time a bad event takes place in the singer's life. Michael has added some ideas to the old version.

C'est ça la valse qui est après jouer quand
mon j'ai fait mon idée

C'est ça la valse j'ai été après siffler quand
c'ez ma belle j'ai parti

C'est ça la valse que j'ai été après jongler
quand la belle j'ai demandé

C'est ça la valse qui est après joué quand
tes parents me la refusé.

That's the waltz that was playing when I
made up my mind

That's the waltz I was whistling when I left
to go to my love's house

That's the waltz that I was thinking about
when I asked them for my girl's hand

That's the waltz that was playing when
they refused me.

(Refrain) C'est ça la valse je veux tu me
joues au jour de ma mort

C'est ça la valse je veux tu me joues le jour
que je vas mourir

C'est ça la valse je veux tu me joues jusqu'à

That's the waltz I want you to play on the
day of my death

That's the waltz I want you to play the day
I'm gonna' die

That's the waltz I want you to play right to

la porte du cimetière
C'est ça la valse que mon j'appelle la valse
du malchanceux.

C'est ça la valse qui est après jouer, ouais,
quand la belle je l'ai volé
C'est ça la valse qui est après jouer quand
on s'a marié
C'est ça la valse qui est après jouer quand
on s'a séparé
C'est ça la valse qui est après jouer quand
notre ménage était cassé.

5. Jeunes Gens de la Campagne – This musician's warning to young people is a favorite in the dancehalls. I chose to sing the song in the style of the late Dennis McGee because I can't think of anyone who more embodied the message of this song. Michael uses the old rocking bow seconding to really give this an old feeling.

Jeunes gens de la campagne, mais mariez
pas vous-autres trop jeunes
S'amuser c'est trop belle, les filles sont
trop jolies
Mais gardons comme moi j'ai fait, mis un
femme dans l'embarras
Mais prend conseil de moi, conseil d'un
musicien.

the door of the cemetery
That's the waltz that I call the unlucky
waltz.

That's the waltz that was playing when I
stole my girl
That's the waltz that was playing when we
got married
That's the waltz that was playing when we
separated
That's the waltz that was playing when
our marriage broke up.

Young people from the country, don't get
married too young
Having fun is too beautiful, the girls are
too pretty
Look what I've done, gotten a woman in
trouble
Take warning from me, take advice from a
musician.

6. Quand J'Étais Vaillant – We first heard this unique ballad on the tapes of Louisiana music that Alan and John Lomax collected in the 1930's. The words are full of imagery, echoing the original song which was first recorded in Nova Scotia with a more ornamented tune and a convent instead of a hut. Michael came up with this title because part of the words were missing on the original recording.

Quand mon j'étais vaillant j'aperçois ma
maitresse
Si je serais près d'elle je lui ferais l'amour

Je suis dans ma chaumière à bénir mon
chagrin.

"O, du chagrin," dit-elle, "Ne tirez pas un tas.

Vous avez des maitresses bien plus jolie
que moi
Allez-vous en les voir, retirez vous de
moi."

"Des fois je me retire, je veux me retirer
Toi, tu n'es pas si belle tu as des vanités

J'estime mieux ma bouteille que toi dans
tes beautés."

"Buvons, chers camarades, abandonons
l'amour

Back when I was a nice young man I saw
my mistress in the distance
If I were near to her I would make love
with her
But I'm in my hut wallowing in my misery.

"Oh, sorrow?" she said, "Don't make so
much out of that.

You have mistresses that are much prettier
than I am
Go see them, remove yourself from my
presence."

"Sometimes I do leave, so I'm going to leave
You're not so beautiful - you are some
what vain

I have more esteem for my bottle than you
in all your beauty."

Let's drink, dear comrades, let's abandon
love.

Abandonons les filles, nous les
fréquenterons plus
Ça vole leurs difficultés, souvent ils ne
sont pas."

Let's abandon women, not frequent them
any more.
They steal their troubles, often they have
none of their own.

7. Fe Fe Poncheaux – one of Marc and Michael's favorite two-steps first recorded in 1928 by Joe Falcon under the same title .

8. Dans la Louisiane – Vin Bruce wrote this song which shows a sense of family closeness and the love the Cajuns have for their Louisiana. Marc and I had this song sung at our wedding because I had to, for the sake of love, leave my home state, and this lifestyle change was a big decision in my life. We love to sing this together and it brings back fond memories.

J'ai demandé à ton pop si je pouvais, ouais,
te marier

I asked your pop if I could have you

J'ai demandé à ta mom si je pouvais, donc,
te prendre.

I asked your mom if I could take you

La seule réponse j'ai eu, "Tu peux l'avoir,

The only answer they gave me was, "You
can have her

Si tu te maries dedans la Louisiane."

If you marry her in Louisiana."

La bague, ça je t'achète, ouais, ça me coûte
pleine d'argent

The ring I bought you cost me a lot of
money

La bague, ça je t'achète, ouais c'est pour toi
tout le temps

The ring I bought you was for you forever

Un' chose je veux te dire, si jamais toi, tu
me quittes

One thing I want to say to you, if ever you
leave me

Je seras après t'espérer dedans la Louisiane.

I'll be waiting for you in Louisiana.

9. Perrodin Two-Step – Here we play this old classic in the key of "E" which makes it sound like a 78 record. Marc and Michael really make this number live. Marc subtitled this song "E is for Edwards" because an "E" accordion is as unique as our illustrious governor!

10. La Danse de Mardi Gras – For many years Marc, Michael, and I played on the Eunice Mardi Gras band wagon. During the run we would repeat the words to this version of the beautiful old Mardi Gras song over and over as the riders approached the houses. So the haunting melody recalls to our minds all the good times we had and the riders in their homemade costumes crossing the fields on horseback in the early morning fog.

Les Mardi Gras ça vient de l'Angleterre,
tout letour, autour du moyeu

The Mardi Gras they come from England,
and all around the hub

Ça passe un' fois par an, demander la
charité

They come once a year to ask for charity

Quand-même si c'est un' poule grasse, un'
'tite poule grasse ou des gratons.

Even if it's just for a little fat chicken, a little
fat chicken or some pig skins.

Les Mardi Gras sont pas des malfecteurs,
c'est juste des chamandeurs

The Mardi Gras aren't wrong doers, they're
just beggars

Ça demande un' 'tite poule grasse, du pain
maïs ou des gratons

They ask for a little fat chicken, some corn
bread or some pig skins

Ça demande un' patate douce, des gratons
ou un' 'tite poulet.

They ask for a sweet potato, some pig
skins, or a little fat chicken .

Capitaine, capitaine, voyage ton flag, allons
aller c'ez notre voisin

Captain, captain, fly your flag, let's go to
the neighbor's house

On est là tous les soirs demander la charité
On est là tous les soirs, ouais, au gumbo

We're there every night asking for charity
We're there every night at Savoy's gumbo.

c'ez Savoy.

11. Petite ou la Grosse – “Little or big, they’re all the same. Give one of your girls to me, Madame Edwards, give one to me.” These are the words of an enthusiastic man looking for a lover. We play this number with a piano key accordion because it is very popular in the Zydeco tradition.

12. La Valse de Vachers – Dennis McGee recorded this song in 1929 and sings of a cowboy saddling up his horse to go check on his cows. Cattle farming was a big part of the economy in Louisiana at the turn of the century. Michael tunes his fiddle in open tuning as Dennis showed him and sings his own words about looking for his girl on his horse.

Ouais, je prends mon vieux cable et mes éperons pour aller	I catch my old rope and spurs to go
Pour aller chercher, ouais, ma belle.	To go to look for my beautiful girl
Elle est là, bien cachée, en dessous les grands bois, malheureuse	She’s over there, well hidden in the woods
Aussi loin, ouais d’icite, je vas m’en aller.	It’s so far from here, but I must go.
Ouais, je prends mon vieux cable et mes éperons pour aller	Yes, I take my old rope and my spurs to go
Pour aller embrasser, ouais, ma belle.	To go kiss my beautiful girl
Mais tu connais c’est aussi loin, faudra j’allais pour la voir	But you know it’s so far I’ll have to go
Mon seul compagnon sera les étoiles dans le ciel.	My only companion will be the stars in the sky.

13. Two-Step de Eunice – This is one of the best accordion two-steps Amédé Ardoin ever recorded. Amédé traveled and lived on and off around Eunice where he played dances with Dennis McGee and Sady Courville at house parties and an upstairs dancehall called Abe’s Palace.

14. La Valse des Reids – I remember Dennis playing this song when he would visit us, and I always loved the melody. Michael actually recorded this song with Dennis in the ‘80’s. Finally we heard his early recording of the number and got to hear him, as a young man, sing it. This is a re-written version inspired by Dennis McGee’s original. Michael draws the melody out with his rich fiddle playing and I placed the words closely together to use them almost as musical notes, syllables stressing rhythm, which was always Dennis’ singing style.

Malheureuse, gardez donc, quoi tu m’as fait, tu m’as laissé	So look, my wretched one, what you’ve done to me
Dans les chemins, moi tout seul.	You’ve left me all alone in the streets
Tu m’as quitté, bébé, tu connais, mais ton cher nèg’,	You left me, baby, but you know your old man
Il t’aime autant, cher ‘tit monde.	He loves you so much, my dear “little world”
Mais fais pas ça-z-avec moi, joli cœur, mais tu connais mais ton cher cœur, il t’aime autant.	Don’t do that with me ,pretty heart, you know your dear heart loves you so much
C’est toi, toi seule, dans le pays, c’est toi, tout seule, mais tu connais,	It’s you, only you, in the whole country, only you, but you know that
Mes chères bouclettes.	My dear little curly haired girl.
Oublies pas tous les promesses tu m’as fait bien, toi ‘tit monde	Don’t forget all those promises you made me, dear “little world”
Quand t’as aimé, quand t’as aimé.	When you were loving, when you were loving
Mais tu m’as laissé mon tout seul dans les chemins, mais va-t’en donc,	But you left me all alone in the streets, so just go off
Avec les autres, ouais, vas t’en donc.	With the others, yes, just go .

Oublies pas, cher 'tit monde, ça-z-je t'ai
dit, je donnerais tout, mais ouais de
l'argent du pays pour ton 'tit coeur,
C'est toi, toiseule, tu connais, cher 'tit coeur,
je t'aime autant,
Mes chères bouclettes:

Don't forget, dear little heart, what I told
you, I'd give all the money in the coun
try for your little heart.
It's you, only you, you know dear little
heart, I love you so much
My dear curly haired girl.

15. Hé, Mom – Mayeus LaFleur and Leo Soileau recorded this song in 1928. It is the song of an orphan's pain and longing, Mayeus crying out to meet his mother before he would die. Ironically, he was shot and killed shortly after the appearance of the record, before ever having succeeded in locating his mother. This version has two bridges which make it even more intriguing.

16. J'ai Eté-z-au Bal (I Went to the Dance) – "I went to the dance last night, I'm gonna' go again tonight, and if the occasion presents itself I'm gonna' go again tomorrow night..." We felt it was appropriate to include this "confession of a dancehall addict" because we were surrounded by a crowd of some of the best dancers we'd ever seen and the party was drawing to a close.

17. & 18. Home, Sweet Home/ Tear It Up Two-Step – The dance is over, goodnight, thanks for coming....Now, let's see you do it again!

(Comments, texts, transcriptions and translations of the songs by Ann Allen Savoy)

For more information on the history of Cajun music and lyrics to 106 songs, see **Cajun Music: A Reflection of a People, Vol. 1** available from Bluebird Press, PO Box 941, Eunice, LA 70535 – \$32.00 + \$4.50 postage.

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(Continued from back cover)

1, 2, 3, 4, 16, 17, & 18 recorded at Ashkenaz, Berkeley, Ca., 11/5/93 by Phil Edwards.

#6 recorded in Pittsburgh, Pa., at Synod Hall 1/29/94 by Scott Johnson.

5, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, & 15 recorded at The Birchmere in Alexandria, Va., 1/28/94 by Bill Wolf.

Special thanks to Etienne Viator for lending us his "E" accordion used on # 11.

Tapes mastered by Michael Cogan at Bay Records, Berkeley, Ca.

Also by the Savoy-Doucet Cajun Band:

CD/C 316 "Two-Step D'Amédé"

CD/C 389 "Home Music with Spirits"

The Savoy and Michael Doucet are featured in "J'ai Été Au Bal (I Went to the Dance): The Cajun and Zydeco Music of Louisiana," a film by Les Blank, Chris Strachwitz, and Maureen Gosling (\$29.98).

The film sound track is available on:

CD/C 331 "J'ai Été Au Bal" Vol. I

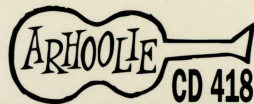
CD/C 332 "J'ai Été Au Bal" Vol. II



Ashkenaz, Berkeley, Ca., November 5, 1993. Photo by Ken Light

The Savoy-Doucet Cajun Band

"Live! at the Dance"



Over 76 Minutes of Classic CAJUN Music

1. **INTRO & LA TALLE D'ERONCES**
(The Briar Bush) – vocal by Ann (4:46)
2. **LA VALSE D'ORPHELIN**
(The Orphan Waltz) – vocal by Ann (4:38)
3. **AMÉDÉ TWO-STEP** – instrumental
(Marc Savoy - Tradition Music Co./Bug Music BMI) (5:26)
4. **LA VALSE DU MALCHANCEUX**
(The Unlucky Waltz) (Lawrence Walker) – vocal by Michael (5:13)
5. **JEUNES GENS DE LA CAMPAGNE**
(Young People From The Country)
– vocal by Ann (3:49)
6. **QUAND J'ETAIS VAILLANT**
(When I Was A Nice Young Man) – vocals
by Ann & Michael (2:11)
7. **FE FE PONCHEAUX** – instrumental (4:42)
8. **DANS LA LOUISIANE** (In Louisiana)
(Vin Bruce) – vocals by Marc & Ann (6:13)
9. **PERRODIN TWO-STEP**
(E Is For Edwards) – instrumental (4:24)
10. **LA DANSE DE MARDI GRAS**
(The Mardi Gras Dance) – vocal by Ann (4:41)
11. **PETITE OU LA GROSSE** (Little or Big,
They're All the Same) - vocal by Ann (4:23)

12. **LA VALSE DE VACHERS**
(The Cowboy Waltz) – vocal by Michael (4:13)
13. **TWO-STEP DE EUNICE** – vocal by Ann (4:00)
14. **LA VALSE DES REIDS** – vocal by Ann (3:46)
15. **HÉ, MOM** – vocal by Ann (3:59)
16. **J'AI ETE-Z-AU BAL** (I Went To
The Dance) – vocals by Ann & Michael (6:36)
17. **HOME SWEET HOME** – instrumental (:55)
18. **TEAR IT UP TWO-STEP** – instrumental (1:03)

Total Time: 76:06

Marc Savoy – accordion & vocal

Ann Savoy – guitar & vocal

Michael Doucet – fiddle & vocal

Billy Wilson – bass on #1–4 & #16–18

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