

Chansons d'Acadie

chantees par Helene Baillargeon et Alan Mills Folkways Records FW 6923



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DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

COVER DESIGN BY RONALD CLYNE

SIDE I

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DANS LES PRISONS DE NANTES
ANGELIQUE
WING-TRA-LA

FOLKWAYS RECORDS Album No. FW 6923
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Chansons d'Acadie

chantées par Hélène Baillargeon et Alan Mills

This album by Canada's outstanding interpreters of folk songs is a fitting companion to their Folkways Album FW-6918 - "SONGS OF FRENCH-CANADA" - which has enjoyed wide popularity among record collectors.

Both Hélène Baillargeon and Alan Mills are bilingual Canadians who are dedicated to making known to others the rich heritage of French and English folk song that is theirs and their compatriots' in officially bilingual Canada. Together and separately, they have been featured for years on a variety of folk-music programs on Canada's government-owned radio and television networks, and they have been heard regularly in short-wave broadcasts to Latin-America and other countries over the CBC's "International Service" (Canada's equivalent to the "Voice of America").

A native Montrealer, Alan Mills is a former newspaperman who collected and sang folk songs as a hobby, while pounding the "police beat" for the Montreal Herald and the Montreal Gazette. After a chance-meeting with the late John Goss, one of England's foremost interpreters of folk songs, in 1935, he took "time-out" from newspaper work to join Goss's "London Singers", a male quintet which toured Canada and the United States singing folk songs and lieder for the ensuing two years. When that group disbanded in 1937, he returned to newspaper work, but abandoned the "Fourth Estate" for good in 1944, and since then he has devoted all his time to singing and acting for the CBC.

Hélène Baillargeon combines her active career in radio and TV with her equally busy career as a home-maker and mother. A twelfth generation Canadian, whose ancestors came to Quebec from the French province of Poitou back in the 17th Century, she was weaned and brought up

on the folk songs of her people. Her mother was a school-teacher and her father, a general merchant by profession, was known throughout Quebec's Beauce County, on the south shore of the St. Lawrence, as a folk singer and "raconteur" (story-teller). Today, she carries on the tradition of passing on the folk songs of her ancestors to her own three children, and her husband--André Coté, Q.C., Crown Attorney for the City of Montreal--is well known as the "raconteur" of the family.

SONGS OF ACADIA

Notes by ALAN MILLS

The Land of Acadia, immortalized in Longfellow's greatest epic, "Evangeline", lies in the eastern part of Canada which today comprises the Maritime Provinces of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island. Its first permanent colonization dates back to the early days of Canada's history, to the year 1605, when the French explorer Samuel de Champlain, together with Pierre de Guast, Sieur de Monts, and a small band of French noblemen and farmers, established the settlement of Port Royal (now known as Annapolis, N.S.).

One hundred and fifty years later, in 1755, the population of Acadia had grown to 18,000 when the English victoriously invaded that part of New France (a prelude to their conquest of the rest of Canada when Wolfe defeated Montcalm at Quebec in 1759). To discourage any possibility of a revolt among the Acadians, the English exiled more than half of them. Many of the broken families headed south, settling in Florida and Louisiana; others found their way to even more distant parts of the continent, such as Texas and -- eventually -- California, and a small number of the exiled succeeded (after a lapse of some years) in returning to their native land, to rejoin their friends and families and begin a new life under English rule.

Today, it has been estimated that the descendants of the exiled Acadians number well over a million throughout North America, and part of their cultural

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influence on this continent may be seen at once in some of the customs and songs of the "Cajuns" of Louisiana.

From the very beginning, the early settlers of Acadia created an atmosphere in which the folk songs, dances and customs of old France were encouraged. Champlain, himself, founded a social organization which he called "L'Ordre De Bon Temps" (The Order Of Good Cheer) for the principal purpose of carrying on these traditions of the old world.

Disbanded and almost forgotten in subsequent generations, this "order" was revived in recent years in many French-speaking districts of Canada, particularly in the Province of Quebec, and today scores of branches of the organization hold regular assemblies at which the folk songs and dances of the early French settlers are especially featured.

Most of the French folk songs of Acadia, as with most other folk songs of North America, came from the other side of the Atlantic, tho' they have undergone inevitable changes in their transmission and in their adaptation to the particular nature and requirements of the new land. Other songs grew out of the soil of Acadia, and out of the sea that laps its varied shores of grey rock, red earth and silver sand. But all the songs reflect the character of a hard-working, quiet-living, religious and happy people that takes its livelihood from the rich, rolling farmlands of the interior and from the fish-laden waters of the Atlantic, the Bay of Fundy, and the St. Lawrence Gulf.

This album consists mainly of native-born Acadian folk songs and includes, as well, a few of the traditional French songs that have become so much a part of the Acadian people that they have long since lost their old world identity.

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One of the oldest songs known to Christendom is a "riddle" ballad in which the Devil tries to confound a child with a series of questions, the idea being that the child must answer the riddles or forfeit his soul. Many variants of this song exist throughout the "old" and the "new" worlds, and one of the better-known versions in North America is called "The Devil's Nine Questions". This Acadian version takes its title from the first line of the song.

SIDE I, Band 1: OU VAS-TU MON P'TIT GARÇON?

"Où vas-tu mon p'tit garçon?
Où vas-tu mon p'tit garçon?
Je m'en viens, tu t'en vas, nous passons.
..." Je m'en vais droit à l'école
apprendre la parol' de Dieu"
Disait ça un enfant de sept ans.

"Qu'est-ce qu'est plus haut qu'les arbres? (2)
Je m'en viens, tu t'en vas, nous passons..."
...." Le Ciel est plus haut que l'arbr'
le soleil au firmament"
Disait ça un enfant de sept ans.

"Qu'est-ce qu'est plus creux qu'la mer? (2)
Je m'en viens, tu t'en vas, nous passons

..." L'enfer est cent fois plus creux,
l'enfer aux feux éternels"
Disait ça un enfant de sept ans.

"Qu'est-c' qui pousse sur nos terres? (2)
Je m'en viens, tu t'en vas, nous passons.
... Les avoines et les blés d'or,
les châtaignes et les poiriers,
Disait ça un enfant de sept ans.

"Que f'ras-tu quand tu s'ras grand? (2)
Je m'en viens, tu t'en vas, nous passons.
... Je cultiverai, les champs,
nourrirai femme et enfants.
Disait ça un enfant de sept ans.

(Translation)
Where go you, my little boy?
Where go you, my little boy?
(I am coming, you are going, we are passing.)
"I am going straight to school,
to learn the words of God."
So said the child of seven.

What is higher than the trees? (2)
(I am coming...etc...)
"Heaven's higher than the trees,
and the sun in its firmament."
So said the child of seven.

What is deeper than the sea? (2)
(I am coming...etc...)
"Hell is a hundred times deeper --
Hell of the eternal fires!"
So said the child of seven.

What grows out of our earth? (2)
(I am coming...etc...)
"Oats and golden wheat, chestnuts and pear trees!"
So said the child of seven.

What will you do when you're grown up? (2)
(I am coming...etc...)
"I will cultivate the fields,
and feed a wife and children!"
So said the child of seven.

One of the favorite folk songs, not only of Acadians, but of all French-speaking Canadians, is a lover's lament occasioned by a quarrel with his sweetheart because he refused to give her a bouquet of roses. There are countless versions of this song in eastern Canada, where it is sung not only as a love ballad but as a game-song and even a work-song. (For its best known version, see FOLKWAYS Album FP-29, "French-Canadian Folk Songs"). This particular variant comes from Prince Edward Island and is distinguished by its unusually gay tune, and by the fact that the girl is the complainant.

SIDE I, Band 2: A LA CLAIRE FONTAINE

A la claire fontaine, m'en allant promener,
J'ai trouvé l'eau si belle que je m'y suis baignée,
REF:- DEPUIS L'AURE DU JOUR JE L'ATTENDS,
CELUI QUE J'AIME, QUE MON COEUR AIME,
DEPUIS L'AURE DU JOUR JE L'ATTENDS,
CELUI QUE MON COEUR AIME TANT!

Sous les feuilles d'un chêne, je me suis fait sécher,
Sur la plus haute branche le rossignol chantait. REF:-

Chante, rossignol, chante, toi qui as le coeur gai,
Tu as le coeur à rire, moi je l'ai t'a pleurer. REF:-

J'ai perdu mon Jean-Pierre, sans l'avoir mérité,
Pour un bouquet de roses que je lui refusai. REF:-

Je voudrais que la rose fût encore au rosier,
Et moi et mon Jean-Pierre dans les mêmes amitiés. REF:-

(Translation)

By a clear streamlet, I went walking,
I found the water so nice that I bathed in it.

REF:- SINCE EARLY DAWN I WAIT FOR HIM,
THE ONE I LOVE, THAT MY HEART LOVES,
SINCE EARLY DAWN I WAIT FOR HIM,
THE ONE MY HEART LOVES SO.

Under the leaves of an oak, I dried myself,
On the highest branch the nightingale sang. REF:-

Sing, nightingale, sing, you whose heart is gay;
Yours is a laughing heart,
mine is for weeping. REF:-

I lost my Jean-Pierre, without deserving it,
For a bouquet of roses that I refused him. REF:-

I wish the rose were again on the rose-bush,
and me and my Jean-Pierre in like friendship. REF:-

In a land where sailors often had to leave their
sweethearts to go on long -- and sometimes
dangerous -- voyages, it's only natural to find
many songs that concern the parting of lovers and
their vows of undying faith to each other. Acadia
is particularly rich in this type of ballad, and
three of them are included in this album because of
their uncommon beauty, both musically and lyrically.
Not the least of these is "Ma Virginie".

SIDE I, Band 3: MA VIRGINIE

Ma Virginie, les larm' aux yeux,
Je viens pour te faire mes adieux.
Ah! Je m'en vais vers l'Amérique,
Je m'en vais vers l'Occident.
O, adieu donc, ma Virginie,
Les voill's sont déjà au vent.

Les voill's au vent, mon cher amant,
Cela me cause bien du tourment.
Tu subiras une tempête,
De l'orage, aussi du vent,
Tu périras dans un naufrage,
Moi, je serai sans amant.

Chère Virginie, ne crains donc rien!
Je suis un des premiers marins!
Je te promets, ma mignonnette,
De revenir au pays.
Nous nous marierons ensemble,
Moi et toi, chère Virginie.

(Translation)

My Virginie, with tearful eyes,
I come to bid you adieu.

Oh, I am going to America,
I am going westward.
Ah adieu, then, my Virginie,
The sails already are unfurled.

"The sails unfurled!" - oh, my love,
That causes me much sorrow.
You will meet a tempest,
Storms and winds,
You'll perish in the deep,
And I shall be without a lover.

Dear Virginie, have no fear,
I'm one of the finest sailors.
I promise you, my little one,
To return to this country,
And we shall get married,
You and I, dear Virginie.

One of the oldest and most widely-sung folk songs
of French-speaking Canada tells the story of a
princely hunter who shoots down a young lady's
favorite white duck by mistake. Originally brought
from France, this song has a hundred different
variants in Quebec and Acadia, the best known of
which is, perhaps, "EN ROULANT MA BOULE" (See
FOLKWAYS Album FP-708 - "French Songs for Children").

This Acadian version is one of the best.

SIDE I, Band 4: DERRIERE CHEZ-NOUS

Derrière chez-nous y'a t'un étang (2)
Trois beaux canards s'en vont baignant,
REF:- SUR LE BANC, SUR LE BORD DU BANC,
L'AMOUR M'APPELLE.
SUR LE BANC, SUR LE BORD DU BANC,
L'AMOUR M'ATTEND.

Trois beaux canards s'en vont baignant (2)
Le fils du roi s'en va chassant. REF:-

Le fils du roi s'en va chassant (2)
Avec son grand fusil d'argent. REF:-

Avec son grand fusil d'argent (2)
Visa le noir, tua le blanc. REF:-

Visa le noir, tua le blanc. (2)
"O fils du roi, tu es méchant!" REF:-

"O fils du roi, tu es méchant!" (2)
D'avoir tue mon canard blanc!" REF:-

(Translation)
Behind our home there is a pond (2)
Three lovely ducks go bathing there.
REF:- ON THE BENCH, ON THE EDGE OF THE BENCH,
LOVE CALLS ME.
ON THE BENCH, ON THE EDGE OF THE BENCH,
LOVE AWAITTS ME.

Three lovely ducks go bathing there (2)
The King's son goes a-hunting. REF:-

The King's son goes a-hunting (2)
With his big silver gun. REF:-

With his big silver gun. (2)
Sights the black and kills the white. REF:-

Sights the black and kills the white (2)
 O, king's son, you are bad! REF:-

O, king's son, you are bad! (2)
 For having killed my white duck! REF:-

Among the native Acadian songs are many sea ballads, and one of the favorites is a haunting medley that tells the story of a fisherman who lost his life in a sudden squall.

SIDE I, Band 5: PARTONS! LA MER EST BELLE!

La pêche sera bonne; amis, partons sans bruit,
 La pleine lune donne presque toute la nuit.
 Il faut, qu'avant l'aurore, nous soyons de retour,
 Pour admirer encore les merveilles du jour.
 REF:- PARTONS! LA MER EST BELLE!
 EMBARQUONS-NOUS, PECHEURS,
 GUIDONS NOTRE NACELLE, RAMONS AVEC ARDEUR!
 AUX MATS, HISSONS LES VOILES!
 LE CIEL EST PUR ET BEAU,
 JE VOIS BRILLER L'ETOILE QUI GUIDE
 LES MATELOTS.

Ainsi parlait mon père, quand il quitta le port;
 Il ne s'attendait guère à y trouver la mort.
 Ce fut un soir d'orage, il fut surpris, soudain,
 Et jeté au rivage, à son cruel destin! REF:-

 (Translation)
 The fishing will be good, friends;
 let's leave noiselessly.
 The full moon will last almost all night.
 Before dawn, we must return,
 To enjoy once again the wonders of day.
 REF:- LET'S GO, THE SEA IS FINE!
 LET'S GET ABOARD, FISHERMEN!
 LET'S GUIDE OUR BOAT, AND ROW WITH ZEAL!
 TO THE MASTS! - HOIST THE SAILS! -
 THE SKY IS NICE AND CLEAR,
 I SEE, SHINING, THE STAR THAT
 GUIDES THE SAILORS.

Thus spoke my father, as he left the port,
 Little suspecting that he would find his death.
 It was a sudden storm that took him by surprise,
 And hurled him ashore to his cruel fate! REF:-

 Songs of old maids who deplore their spinsterhood are found in the folklore of every land, but this Acadian song about a "vieille fille", with its completely irrelevant nonsense chorus, has an unusual twist in that it involves no less a personage than St. Peter, who refuses to open the "pearly gates" for the spinster.

SIDE I, Band 6: SUR LA MONTAGNE DU LOUP

Par un dimanche au soir, en m'en allant veiller, (2)
 Dans mon chemin rencontr' une vieille
 vieille fille qui pleurait:

REF:- "J'SUIS PAS CAPABLE, SUR LA MONTAGNE DU LOUP,
 J'SUIS PAS CAPABLE, SUR LA MONTAGNE DU LOUP,
 J'SUIS PAS CAPABLE D'Y ARRIVER!"

Je lui ai demandé: "Qu'avez-vous à pleurer?" (2)
 "Je pleure, je suis vieille fille,
 j'ai pas pu m'en trouver!" ..REF:-

"Je pleure, je suis vieille fille,
 j'ai pas pu m'en trouver (2)
 J'arrive en l'autre monde,
 l'visage tout massacré!" ..REF:-

"J'arrive en l'autre monde,
 l'visage tout massacré! (2)
 Saint Pierre, qu'est à la porte,
 veut pas m'laisser rentrer!" ..REF:-

"Saint Pierre, qu'est à la porte,
 veut pas m'laisser rentrer! (2)
 Car il m'a demandé: 'Etes-vous mariée?'" ..REF:-

"Car il m'a demandé: 'Etes-vous mariée?'" (2)
 J'ai bien cherché partout;
 j'ai pas pu m'en trouver!" ..REF:-

"J'ai bien cherché partout;
 j'ai pas pu m'en trouver! (2)
 Vous autres, mes jeunes filles,
 tâchez d'vous marier." ..REF:-

"Vous autres, mes jeunes filles,
 tâchez d'vous marier, (2)
 Car la mort d'une vieille fille,
 c'est une mort enragée!" ..REF:-

One Sunday evening, as I was going visiting, (2)
 On my way I met an old maid who was crying:
 REF:- "I CANNOT, ON WOLF MOUNTAIN,
 I CANNOT, ON WOLF MOUNTAIN,
 I CANNOT GET THERE!"

I asked her: "What are you crying for?" (2)
 "I cry because I'm an old maid,
 and can't find anyone!" ..REF:-

"I cry because I'm an old maid,
 and can't find anyone. (2)
 I arrive in the Other World,
 my face in a mess!" ..REF:-

"I arrive in the Other world, my
 face in a mess! (2)
 St. Peter, at the door, doesn't want to
 let me enter". ..REF:-

"St. Peter, at the door, doesn't want to
 let me enter! (2)
 For he asked me: 'Are you married?'" ..REF:-

"For he asked me: 'Are you married?'" (2)
 I searched well everywhere,
 but couldn't find anyone!" ..REF:-

"I searched well everywhere,
 but couldn't find anyone! (2)
 You others, young maids, try to get married." ..REF:-

"You others, young maids, try to get married, (2)
 For to die an old maid is a maddening death!" ..REF:-

SIDE I, Band 7: J'AI UNE BRUNE -- (A native
Acadian love song in the form of a dialogue.)

J'ai une brune, une jolie brunette,
Tous ses parents me défendent de l'aimer.
Tous ses parents, tous ses parents,
Tous ses parents me défendent de l'aimer.
Tous ses parents, tous ses parents,
Tous ses parents me défendent de l'aimer.

Je m'en irai dans un lieu solitaire,
Finir mes jours à l'ombre d'un rocher.
Finir mes jours...etc.

Mon cher amant, que faut-il pour te plaire?
S'il faut mon coeur, je suis prête à l'donner.
S'il faut mon coeur...etc.

(Translation)

I have a girl, a pretty brunette,
All her relatives forbid me to love her.
All her relatives, all her relatives,
All her relatives forbid me to love her.
All her relatives, all her relatives,
All her relatives forbid me to love her.

I will go to some solitary spot
And end my days in the shade of a rock.
End my days...etc...

My dear love, what can I do to please you?
If you want my heart I'm ready to give it.
If you want my heart...etc.

It is natural that this album should include a
few verses of an ancient "cantique" which has been
the national hymn of Acadia since the time of the
early settlers of Port Royal. When they left the
shores of France to come to the New World, they
were given this hymn by King Louis XIII, and to
this day it is sung at all Acadian festivals.

SIDE I, Band 8: AVE MARIS STELLA

Ave, maris stella,	(Translation)
Dei mater alma,	Hail, Star of the Sea!
Atque semper virgo,	Mother of God,
Felix coeli porta.	And Holy Virgin,
	Happy Portal of Heaven!

Sumens illud Ave	Receive this Ave
Gabrielis ore,	Through Gabriel's mouth,
Funda nos in pace,	Keep us in peace
Mutans Hevae nomen.	Changing Eve's name.

Sit laus Deo Patri,	Glory to God, the Father,
Summo Christo decus,	To Christ, the King
Spiritui Sancto,	To the Holy Spirit,
Tribus honor unus.	Honor three in one.

For poetic expression sensitively wedded to a
fitting melody, it would be difficult to find a
better example than this next Acadian song, which
tells a charming story of a pretty shepherdess
who puts off an ardent suitor with thoughts of
higher things.

SIDE II, Band 1: DESSUS LA FOUGERE

L'autre jour en m'y promenant
Le long de ces petits bois charmants
J'ai aperçu bergère,
Soignant son blanc troupeau
Dessus la fougère,
A l'ombre des ormeaux.

Alors j'ai levé mon chapeau:
C'était pour la saluer comm'il faut,
En lui disant: "Bergère,
Si tu voulais m'aimer,
Dessus la fougère,
Je serais ton berger".

..."Oh! aimez-moi, aimez-moi pas,
De tout cela, je m'en soucie guère,
Je suis trop jeun' bergère,
A l'âge de quinze ans,
Dessus la fougère,
Pour avoir un amant...."

Mais quand j'aurai mes dix-huit ans,
Je m'en irai dedans un couvent,
Je serai religieuse,
Pour y passer mon temps
Et ma vie heureuse,
J'n'ai pas besoin d'amant".

(Translation)

The other day, while out walking
Alongside the charming bushes,
I noticed a shepherdess
Tending her white sheep
Under the ferns,
In the shade of the elms.

So I took off my hat
To greet her properly,
Saying: "Shepherdess,
If you would love me
Under the ferns,
I would be your shepherd."

"Oh, love me, love me not!
Of such things I don't care much!
I am too young a shepherdess,
At the age of fifteen,
Under the ferns
To have a lover!"

"When I'll be eighteen,
I'll enter a convent;
I will be a nun
To pass my time
And my life happily,
I don't need a lover!"

Talking birds, able to communicate with human
beings, especially girls, are found in several
Acadian folk songs, especially among the old tradi-
tional songs that were brought from France many

generations ago. One of the most charming of these, taken from the folklore collection of Laval University, at Quebec, is the lively little tune which follows:

SIDE II, Band 2: AU CHANT DE L'ALOUETTE

REFRAIN:- AU CHANT DE L'ALOUETTE, JE VEILLE, JE DORS,
J'ECOUTE L'ALOUETTE, PUIS JE M'ENDORS.

On m'envoie-t'-a l'herb', c'est pour y cueillir, (2)
Je n'ai pas cueilli, j'ai cherché des nids ...REF:-

Je n'ai pas cueilli, j'ai cherché des nids, (2)
J'ai trouvé la caill' assise sur son nid ...REF:-

J'ai trouvé la caill' assise sur son nid, (2)
Ell' me dit: "Pucelle, retire-toi d'ici!" ...REF:-

Ell' me dit: "Pucelle, retire-toi d'ici!" (2)
"Je n'suis pas pucell', tu en as menti!" ...REF:-

(Translation)

REFRAIN:- TO THE SINGING OF THE LARK,
I WATCH, I SLEEP,
I LISTEN TO THE LARK AND I FALL ASLEEP.

I was sent out to gather some grass, (2)
I gathered none, I looked for nests. ...REF:-

I gathered none, I looked for nests, (2)
I found the quail, sitting on her nest. ...REF:-

I found the quail sitting on her nest, (2)
She said to me: "Maiden, get away from here!" ...REF:-

She said to me: "Maiden, get away from here!" (2)
I am not a "maid", you are mistaken! ...REF:-

SIDE II, Band 3: JOSEPHINE -- (See note regarding
"Ma Virginie", Side I, Band 3.)

Je suis venu, ma charmant' Joséphine,
Je suis venu pour te fair' mes adieux.
Je vais partir pour un voyage,
C'est à savoir quand je m'en reviendrai.

Quand tu seras éloigné sur la mèr(e)
A Joséphin', tu ne penseras plus.
Enverras-tu de tes nouvelles
A Joséphin' que t'as toujours aimée?

Faudra que le papier soit bien rare,
L'encre et la plume, il faudra qu'y-en ait pas
Pour pas qu'j'écrive à Joséphine,
Celle que mon coeur a toujours aimée.

J'ai parcouru les vallons et les plaines.
J'ai entendu le rossignol chanter.
Et il disait, dans son langage,
"Les amoureux sont souvent malheureux".

(Translation)

I have come, my charming Josephine,
I have come to bid you adieu,

I'm leaving on a voyage,
Who knows when I may return.

When you're far away at sea,
Of Josephine you won't think any more;
Will you send some of your news
To Josephine, whom you've always loved?

Paper would have to be scarce,
And pen and ink unavailable
For me not to write to Josephine,
The one my heart has always loved.

I have wandered o'er valleys and plains,
I have heard the nightingale sing,
And he said, in his language:
"Lovers are often unhappy."

In contrast to the gentle thoughts expressed in "Josephine", the following song is a short and sharp dialogue between two lovers who evidently are on the brink of separation. At first glance, one might suspect that there's more to the song, that the story it tells isn't quite finished, but the Acadians sing it this way and leave their listeners to imagine what they will.

SIDE II, Band 4: LA BELLE, SI J'AVAIS SU!

La belle, si j'avais su! La belle, si j'avais cru
Que jamais nos amours en auront parvenu.
J'aurais pas tout dépensé mon argent
La soir, au cabaret, avec tous tes parents!

Si tu l'as dépensé, c'parc'que, tu l'as bien voulu,
Combien de fois, je te l'ai défendu!
Combien de fois nous avons veillé tous deux
Le soir, à la chandelle, comme de brav's amoureux!

(Translation)

My pretty, had I known! My pretty, had I thought
That never would our love have been fulfilled,
I would not have spent all my money
At night, in the cabaret, on your relatives!

If you have spent it, it's 'cause you wanted to!
How many times did I forbid it!
How many times have we, alone, spent
The evening by candle light, like fond lovers!

An ancient French ballad, which tells the story of a jailor's daughter who falls in love with a doomed prisoner and gives him his freedom, is one of the traditional songs that have been sung in the land of Acadia for 300 years, to a number of different tunes. It has lightened the work of women at the spinning-wheel, has measured the paddle strokes of early "voyageurs" as their canoes explored unknown lakes and rivers, and has helped to pass many a weary hour of farmers, fishermen and lumbermen.

⑥ The following tune was sung as a spinning song:-

SIDE II, Band 5: DANS LES PRISONS DE NANTES

Dans les prisons de Nantes

Il y a t'un prisonnier,

GAI FALURON FALURETTE,

Il y a t'un prisonnier,

GAI FALURON DONDE

Que personne ne va voire

Sauf la fille du geôlier, GAI..etc.

Un jour il lui demande

"Qu'est-ce que l'on dit de moi?" GAI..etc.

"On dit dans toute la ville

Que demain, vous mourrez," GAI..etc.

"Ah! si demain je meure,

Ah! Déliez-moi les pieds." GAI..etc.

La fille, encore jeune,ette,

Lui a lâché les pieds. GAI..etc.

Le garçon, fort alerte,

A la mer s'est jeté. GAI..etc.

Quand il fut sur ces côtes

Il se mit à chanter, GAI..etc.

"Que Dieu bénisse les filles!

Surtout celle du geôlier," GAI..etc.

"Si je retourne à Nantes,

Oui, je l'épouserai!" GAI..etc.

(Translation)

In the prison of Nantes

There is a prisoner.

GAI FALURON FALURETTE,

There is a prisoner,

GAI FALURON DONDE.

That no one went to see

Except the jailor's daughter, GAI..etc.

One day, he asked her

"What is being said about me?" GAI..etc.

"Tis said throughout the town

That tomorrow you will die." GAI..etc.

"O, if tomorrow I die

Then untie my feet." GAI..etc.

The girl, being young,

Set free his feet. GAI..etc.

The youth, very alert,

Hurled himself into the sea. GAI..etc.

When he had reached his own shores

He began to sing. GAI..etc.

"God bless girls,

Above all, that of the jailor!" GAI..etc...

"If I return to Nantes,

Yes! I'll marry her!"...GAI..etc.

- (2) Last of the "three songs of parting" mentioned earlier (see "Ma Virginie" and "Josephine"), this tender ballad is another dialogue between a sailor and his sweetheart. As in "Ma Virginie", the sailor says he's off for America, but it's noteworthy that the last verse states the wind is from the north, indicating that he is heading south, whereas in "Ma Virginie" the sailor says he's sailing WESTWARD. This, together, with the more-than-usual emphasis that the voyage is undertaken with regret could indicate that this song might have grown out of the "Exile".

SIDE II, Band 6: ANGELIQUE

- (2) Adieu, je vais m'embarquer, charmante Angélique,
Sur ces eaux, j'irai voguer jusqu'en Amérique,
Dans six mois, je reviendrai;
(2) Après le voyage,
Alors, je t'épouserai,
(2) Si j'ai l'avantage.

- Quand tu seras éloigné dedans l'Amérique,
Ah! tu vas vite oublier ta chère Angélique.
(2) Et tu me délaisseras pour une autre belle!
Ton serment, tu fausseras,
(2) Me quittant pour elle.

- Ne crains rien, jusqu'à la mort, tu me seras chère,
(2) Nulle belle, en aucun port, ne pourra me plaire.
Tiens, voilà cet anneau d'or, et qu'il soit le gage
De l'amour, jusqu'à la mort,
(2) Auquel je m'engage.

- Avec la tristesse au coeur, oui, je te l'assure,
Je verserai mille pleurs sur ton aventure.
(2) L'équipage périra, tu feras naufrage;
Ton bateau se brisera,
Battu par l'orage.

- Adieu, mes amis, Adieu, il nous faut partir(e).
(2) Il nous faut quitter ce lieu,
mais sans grand désir(e).
Le vent qui nous est du nord est bien agréable,
(2) Il nous faut quitter ce port,
C'est bien regrettable.

- (2) ----
(Translation)
(2) Adieu, I am going abroad, charming Angelique,
On these waters I will sail to America,
In six months I will return;
(2) After the voyage, then I'll marry you,
If I have the chance.

- (2) When you are far away in America,
Ah! you'll quickly forget your dear Angelique,
And you'll leave me for some other pretty one,
(2) Your promise you will break
In leaving me for her.

- (2) Have no fear; unto death will you be dear to me,
No pretty one, in any port, could please me;
(2) Come, here's a golden ring, and it shall be a token
Of love unto death,
To whom I am betrothed.

With a heart full of sadness, I assure you
I'll lose a thousand tears over your adventure;
The crew will perish, you will drown,
Your boat will break,
Beaten by the storm.

Adieu, my friends, adieu! We must part.
We must leave this place, but without much desire,
The wind, which is from the north, is most agreeable.
We must leave this port,
It is most regrettable.

Typical of the humor of Acadians is this lively
courtship song that tells the tale of a tailor who
found his trade an obstacle to marrying the girl of
his choice.

SIDE I, Band 7: WING-TRA-LA

Par un dimanche au soir(e), m'en allant promener,
Dans mon chemin j'rencontre mon gentil cavalier,
WING-TRA-LA-DERI, TRA-LA-LA-DELI, TRA-LA-LA-DELI-DE.

Dans mon chemin j'rencontre mon gentil cavalier;
M'a parlé d'amourettes, je lui ai dit d'entrer.
WING-TRA-LA...etc.

M'a parlé d'amourettes, je lui ai dit d'entrer;
"Monsieur, prenez une chaise" Monsieur, venez causer."
WING-TRA-LA...etc.

"Monsieur, prenez une chaise; Monsieur, venez causer."
"Je ne veux pas une chaise; je veux me marier!"
WING-TRA-LA...etc.

"Je ne veux pas une chaise, je veux me marier!"
"Avec la plus belle fille qui soit dans le quartier!"
WING-TRA-LA...etc.

"Avec la plus belle fille qui soit dans le quartier!"
Mon père qu'est aux écoutes, s'est mis à tempêter:
WING-TRA-LA...etc.

Mon père qu'est aux écoutes, s'est mis à tempêter;
"Je ne donn' pas ma fille à un vil couturier!"
WING-TRA-LA...etc.

"Je ne donn' pas ma fille à un vil couturier!"
Car avec ses aiguilles il pourrait la piquer!"
WING-TRA-LA...etc...

"Car avec ses aiguilles il pourrait la piquer!"
L'couturier s'en retourne, injuriant son métier:
WING-TRA-LA...etc.

L'couturier s'en retourne, injuriant son métier:
"Sinon de mes aiguilles, je serais marié!"
WING-TRA-LA...

(Translation)

One Sunday evening while I was out walking,
On my way I met my nice boy-friend.
WING-TRA-LA...etc.

On my way I met my nice boy-friend:
He spoke to me flirtingly; I asked him to come in.
WING-TRA-LA...etc.

He spoke to me flirtingly; I asked him to come in.
Sir, have a chair; sir, let's talk.
WING-TRA-LA...etc.

Sir, have a chair; sir, let's talk.
"I don't want a chair! I want to get married."
WING-TRA-LA...etc.

I don't want a chair; I want to get married."
To the nicest girl around here!
WING-TRA-LA...etc.

To the nicest girl around here.
My father, who was listening, roared:
WING-TRA-LA...etc.

My father, who was listening, roared:
"I won't give my daughter to a vile tailor!"
WING-TRA-LA...etc.

"I won't give my daughter to a vile tailor!"
Because, with his needles, he might prick her!"
WING-TRA-LA...etc.

"Because, with his needles, he might prick her!"
The tailor went off, cursing his trade.
WING-TRA-LA...etc.

The tailor went off, cursing his trade:
"If not for my needles, I would be married!"
WING-TRA-LA...etc.