FOLK SONGS OF
FRENCH CANADA

Jacques Labrecque

Paul Fort, known as the Prince of contemporary French poets, wrote: "What a revelation to hear such pure French!"

Jacques Labrecque was born June 6, 1917 at St. Benoît, County of Two Mountains, in the Province of Quebec. He grew up around the old traditions of folk music, which he incorporated into his work as a singer and musician. Labrecque's songs reflect his deep love for his homeland and its French heritage.

In addition to his work as a singer, Labrecque has also made significant contributions to the study of Canadian folklore. He has released several albums and recorded numerous songs that have become classics in the Canadian music scene.

This lecture-recital was given in July 1955 at the Sorbonne in Paris for the students of the course on French Civilization. It was also broadcast on French television and radio in December 1956.

If the greatest authority--of this twentieth century--on French Folk Songs, Xavier Lebeau, dared to say on his first conference given at the "COLLEGE DE FRANCE" in 1927: "Before proceeding to any remarks on observations on Folk Songs of bygone days, is it not permitted to state to you? What should I personally say, having lived in France, as it is, that I cannot help expressing my love for its folklore in general and folk songs in particular.

It would be a mistake to make you believe that it is only my love of a sound repertoire, pure and live, many a times
Before singing you the oldest version that we can possibly find of A LA CLAIRE FONTAINE, I would like to say at the beginning of this concert that the characteristic factor of Traditional Folk Song is to go back through many, to have been taken during those excavations through ages and space, forms that have varied according to epochs, countries and the different type of work carried on by the people who sang the songs. Therefore giving birth to versions more or less numerous, more or less different.

Moreover, this is what differentiates Folk Songs from so many songs that make use of provincialisms or pseudo-nostalgic ways—that one can like or dislike—but that has nothing to do with Traditional Folk Song.

This Canadian song "A LA CLAIRE FONTAINE" was being sung in France in the 17th century, but under a different melody. It was already noted as a popular air in a book called "Les Brunettes et Petit Airs Tendres" that Christophe BALARD, exclusive printer of the King, published in Paris in 1703. The Canadian version, by its opening, its chorus, its melody, is nearer in style to the French version of the 17th century than are the greater number of modern French versions.

Avant de vous chanter la plus ancienne version d’A La Claire Fontaine ne serait-ce pas bon, dès le début de cet entretien de profiter que le voyage de la chanson folklorique est de remonter à un passé plusieurs fois séculaire, d’avoir pris au cours de ses transmissions à travers le temps et l’espace des formes qui ont varié selon l’époque, les pays, les travaux qu’elle accompagnait et d’avoir ainsi donné naissance à des versions plus ou moins nombreuses, plus ou moins différentes.

C’est d’ailleurs ce qui différencie la chanson folklorique de tant de chansons pittoresques ou pseudo-paysannes, que l’on peut aimer ou ne pas aimer, mais qui n’ont rien à voir avec la chanson traditionnelle.

Cette chanson canadienne "A LA CLAIRE FONTAINE" se chantait en France dès le XVIIe siècle, mais sur un air différent. On la retrouve déjà notée comme air populaire dans un recueil : "Les Brunettes et Petit Airs Tendres" que Christophe Ballard, seul imprimeur du Roy pour la musique, publia à Paris en 1703. La version canadienne, par son découpage, sa mélodie, se rapproche plus de la version française du 17e siècle que de la plupart des modernes versions françaises. Constates plutôt en écouter cette version de Ballard.
To the fountain clear
I went walking,
I found the water so clear
That I went swimming.

CHORUS:
I have loved you for a long time.
I will never forget you.

Under the leaves of an oak tree
I dried myself.
On the highest branch
A nightingale sang.

Sing nightingale sing
You who have a light heart
You have the heart to laugh
Mine is but to cry.

I lost my mistress
Without deserving it
Because of a bouquet of roses
Which I refused her.

I would want the rose
To be still on the rose bush
And I and my mistress
In the same intimacy.

A la claire fontaine
M'en alla prunner
J'ai trouvé l'eau si belle
Que je m'y suis baigné.

REFRAIN:
Lui y a longtemps que je t'aime
Jamais je ne t'oublierai.
Sou les feuilles d'un chêne
Je me suis fait sécher
Sur la plus haute branche
Le rossignol chantait.

SIDE 1, Band 3: UN AUVANT DES Nuits

On the sides of the Seine
I washed my feet
With an oak leaf
I then dried them.

CHORUS:
What did one give me?
The one I loved most!
I heard the voice
Of a nightingale singing
Sing, nightingale, sing,
You have a light heart.

You have a heart so gay
And mine is so upset
Because my Pierre
Has gone away.

I had done nothing
That could have displeased him
Except a bouquet of roses
Which I refused from him.

In the middle of the rose
My heart is entwined
There is no locksmith in France
That could unlock it.

Je ne luy ay fait chose
Qui ait pu le faire
Hors un bouquet de roses
Que je luy refusay.

SUR LE BORD DE LA SAINNE

Sur le bord de la Seine
Me suis lavé les pieds
D'un' feuille de chêne
Me les suis essuyé.

REFRAIN:
Que ne m'a-t'on donné
Celuy qui j'ai tant aimé.
J'ai entendu la voix
D'un rossignol chanté
Chante, rossignol, chante
Tu as le cœur tant gay.

Tu as le coeur tant gay
Et moi je l'ai savouré
C'est de mon amy Pierre
Qui s'en est en allé.

SIDE 2, Band 1: SUR LE BORD DE LA SAINNE

In France, many a version of "Sur Le Bord de la Seine"
has been noted, but the better known one is this one
which has become a marching song.

En France, on en a noté de nombreuses versions dont la
plus connue est devenue chanson de marche.
COMING BACK FROM THE WEDDING
I was very tired
Next to a fountain
I stopped to rest.

CHERIE:
AHI! Wait for me
Whom I love
AHI! I wait and wait and wait
For the one that my heart loves.

The water was so clear
That I bathed myself in it
With an oak leaf
I dried myself.

On the highest branch
A nightingale sang
Sing, nightingale, sing,
You who have a light heart.

Mine is not the same
My lover has left me
Because of a rose (petal) but
That I refused him.

I wish that the rose
Was still on the rose bush
And that my friend Pierre
Still loved me.

I en revenant des noces
J'étais bien fatigué
Au bord d'une fontaine
Je me suis reposé.

REFRAIN:
AHI! Je l'attends, je l'attends,
Et je l'attends, et je l'attends.
Celle que j'aime, que mon cœur aime.
AHI! Je l'attends, je l'attends,
Et l'eau était si claire
Que je n'y suis baigné
A la feuille du chêne
Je ne suis escoué.

En revenant des noces
J'étais bien fatigué
Au bord d'une fontaine
Je me suis reposé.

REFRAIN:
AHI! Je l'attends, je l'attends,
Et je l'attends, et je l'attends.
Celle que j'aime, que mon cœur aime.
AHI! Je l'attends, je l'attends,
Et l'eau était si claire
Que je n'y suis baigné
A la feuille du chêne
Je ne suis escoué.

En revenant des noces
J'étais bien fatigué
Au bord d'une fontaine
Je me suis reposé.

REFRAIN:
AHI! Je l'attends, je l'attends,
Et je l'attends, et je l'attends.
Celle que j'aime, que mon cœur aime.
AHI! Je l'attends, je l'attends,
Et l'eau était si claire
Que je n'y suis baigné
A la feuille du chêne
Je ne suis escoué.

In Paris on the little bridge
On the side of a fountain
My father built a house
Tu bon, tu bon, tu bon,
Lift your beautiful petticoat
It's a pate of three pigeons
It's so long that it drags.
Sit down, and we will eat.

Marguerite is my name.
What are you wearing on your lap.
My father built a house
Tu bon, tu bon, tu bon,
Lift your beautiful petticoat
It's a pate of three pigeons
It's so long that it drags.
Sit down, and we will eat.

Marguerite is my name.
What are you wearing on your lap.
My father built a house
Tu bon, tu bon, tu bon,
Lift your beautiful petticoat
It's a pate of three pigeons
It's so long that it drags.
Sit down, and we will eat.

Of this story I could sing you many other versions
Collected in France, but for the present I will sing you
A version collected by Patrice COULAU in 1905 in La
Wéquières, situated in the department of the
[NORD-SEVRES], in France.

My father built a house
We'll empty the bottle
Marguerite is my name
But what have you under your belt?
It's a pate made of three pigeons
Sit yourself down there and we'll eat.

CHORUS:
Grains, onions,
Cucumbers and melon,
Ruts and chestnuts,
And gooseberries.
Sausages and blood-pudding
And brandy.

But the youngest one is my beau
We'll empty the bottle
He asked me my name.

In Paris on the little bridge
On the side of a fountain
My father built a house
Tu bon, tu bon, tu bon,
Lift your beautiful petticoat
It's a pate of three pigeons
It's so long that it drags.
Sit down, and we will eat.

Marguerite is my name.
What are you wearing on your lap.
My father built a house
Tu bon, tu bon, tu bon,
Lift your beautiful petticoat
It's a pate of three pigeons
It's so long that it drags.
Sit down, and we will eat.

My father built a house
We'll empty the bottle
Marguerite is my name
But what have you under your belt?
It's a pate made of three pigeons
Sit yourself down there and we'll eat.

CHORUS:
Grains, onions,
Cucumbers and melon,
Ruts and chestnuts,
And gooseberries.
Sausages and blood-pudding
And brandy.

But the youngest one is my beau
We'll empty the bottle
He asked me my name.

In Paris on the little bridge
On the side of a fountain
My father built a house
Tu bon, tu bon, tu bon,
Lift your beautiful petticoat
It's a pate of three pigeons
It's so long that it drags.
Sit down, and we will eat.

Marguerite is my name.
What are you wearing on your lap.
My father built a house
Tu bon, tu bon, tu bon,
Lift your beautiful petticoat
It's a pate of three pigeons
It's so long that it drags.
Sit down, and we will eat.

My father built a house
We'll empty the bottle
Marguerite is my name
But what have you under your belt?
It's a pate made of three pigeons
Sit yourself down there and we'll eat.

...
But already in 1865, in Canada, Ernest GAGNON, the first Canadian to show a real interest in Folk Songs, published a book of one hundred Folk Songs. This book, the first serious one published before the great systematic research of MAURICE BARRÉAU, represented the essential "trésors" of Canadian Folk Songs, or more exactly, the essential of GAGNON'S collection. On page 64 we therefore find a Canadian version of "MON PÈRE A FAIT BATIR MAISON" and that was collected in Joliette, Province of Quebec, at the Seminary. It was very popular among the students whom it is said, were singing it while revisiting their Latin terminations... SINTORUM... SINTERUM... SOLORUM... This may be one of the reasons why in Canada we still call this song: GENTICORUM.

My father built a house
Wıre, vare, vargenton
He built it with three gables.
Sıntorım, sıntorım, solorım...
On sitting down he made a leap.

CHORUS:
Sur le bri, etc.
That makes the sea and fish shake
And the pebbles on the bottom.

Three carpenters built it.

The youngest is my beau.

What have you in your skirt?

It's a pet of three pigeons.

Non père a fait bâtir maison,
Sont trois charpentiers qui la font
Viré, vare, vargenton,
L'a fait bâtir à trois pigeons.
Le plus jeune c'est mon signon.

REFRAIN:
Qu'apportez-vous dans votre jupe?
C'est un pis de trois pigeons.
Sur le sinterum,
Sur le sitorum,
Sur le solorum,
Genticorn sur solorum,
Heron flon flon sur la vert
Batter!
Qui fit trembler mer et poissons.
Viv' l'amourette en vargenton,
Ma lune, ma lune.
Et les cailloux qui sont au fond.

Gérard de Nerval is said to have been the first to make reference to the poetic song story of LE ROI LOYS (KING LOYS). He listed the words in his study of the "Vieilles Ballades Françaises" published in "la Syphide" in 1842 adding "There is a melody for which I would give all of Rossini, all of Mozart and all of Weber!" Patrice COIRAILT in his study of this song in his "Recherches sur notre ancienne chanson populaire traditionnelle" ("Re-searches on our ancient traditional Folk Song") adds in quoting de Nerval: "The reason is, that this melody recalled one of his first dreams of love, a love of boyhood, born on a beautiful night on UN GRAND PLACE VERTE EMBRASSÉE D'ORME ET DE TILLEULS... near an old castle, where a roundelay was the excuse for kisses and promises of marriage, at which Gérard had taken part with Adrienne, the princess of the castle. After which, while... L'OMBRE DESORME DES GRANDS ARBRES, et le... CLAIR DE LUNE MAISSANT has sung... LES MAJEURS D'UNE PRINCESSE ENFERMÉE DANS SA TOUR PAR LA VOLONTE D'UN PÈRE QUI LA PUNIT D'AVOIR AIMÉ.

King Louis is on his bridge
Holding his daughter by her waist
She asked him for a cavalier
Who had not even six deniers.

Yes, my father, I will have him!
Despite my mother who forbids me
And despite all my relatives
And you, my father, when I love so much!

My daughter, your love you must change
Or you will go into the tower.
I'd rather die in the tower
My father, than change my love.

Burry, where are my guards
And my foot soldiers?
Bring my daughter to the tower
She will never again see daylight!

She stayed there over seven years
With no one speaking to her.
At the end of the seventh year
Her father came to visit her.

Good day my daughter how are you?
Faith, my father it goes ill
My feet are rotting in the earth
And the sides eaten by worms.

Le Roi Loys est sur son pont
Tendant sa file en son giron
Elle lui demande un cavalier
Qui n'a pas valissant six deniers.

En, oui, mon père, je l'aurai!
Malgré ma mère qui m'a portée,
Aussi malgré tous mes parents,
Et vous, mon père, que j'aime tant!

Ma file', il faut changer d'amour
Ou vous entrerez dans la tour.
- J'aime mieux mourir dans la tour
Mon père, que de changer d'amour.
But there is a Canadian version of this ROY LOYS, collected by Marius BARBEAU.

Who is the ruler of love?
The King's daughter wanted to love.
Her father wanted to stop her.
He constructed a tower for her.
Where she never saw nor was.
He had this tower made
For her to end her days in.

He made three hundred soldiers come
A canon of gold, three grenadiers
Went to conduct her to this tower.
He closed her in with irons on her feet
Over seven years passed
Without him going to visit her. (repeat)

At the end of the seventh year
Her father went to visit her:
Good day my daughter how are you?
My dearest father it goes very badly
One side is eaten by worms
And the other rotted by the irons.

My dearest father would you not
Make me a little present
To offer to my jailer
To have him take the irons off my feet?
My dear daughter you will have
A thousand gold pieces to count. (repeat)

If this love can leave you
Ah, yes, gold you will have.
I would rather lose the days
Than abandon my lover.
Never for the rest of my life
Will I forget my tender friend. (repeat)

These few versions of the story of Le Roi Loys, Mon Pere a Fait Batir Maison and A la Claire Fontaine, will have helped to demonstrate, I hope, the affinity of French Folk Song and Canadian Folk Song of French Language.

Julien THERIOT mentions in his book on Folk Song and authors belonging to the Romantic School of Literature, that there is not a province in France where Traditional Folk Songs have been preserved in all their integrity as in Canada. In fact I would like to say now I was amazed when I learned that in Canada we had already collected more than 130 versions of the story of the song "LES TROIS BEAUX CANARDS"; and if I say to you that there are as many versions as you can find people in a small parish, Marius BARBEAU, this great pioneer of Canadian Folklore, says that "its various versions resembles the branches of a tree; to grow it needed sap, space and time."

To illustrate this I will therefore sing 8 versions of this story that became for us Canadians, a paddling song, a work song or a dance song.

These quelques versions de l'histoire du Roi Loys, de MON PERE A FAIT BATIR MAISON et d'A LA CLAIR FONTEAINE, vous auront démontrée, je pense, les affinités de la Chanson Populaire Francaise et de la Chanson Folklorique Canadienne.

Julien THERIOT nous dit dans son volume LA CHANSON POPULAIRE ET LES ETIVAINS ROMANTIQUES, qu'il n'est pas de province en France où le repertoire des Chansons Populaires Traditionnelles se soit conservé plus purement et plus intégralement qu'au Canada. Quand j'appris qu'au Canada nous avions recueilli plus de 130 versions de la chanson des TROIS BEAUX CANARDS, j'en fus complètement stupéfait; et si moi je vous dis qu'il y en a presque autant qu'il y a de paroisses dans une paroisse, Marius Barbeau lui, ce grand pionnier du folklore canadien, nous dit que "leurs variantes ressemblent aux branches d'un arbre; pour pousser il leur faut de la sève, de l'espace et du temps."

Je vous ferai donc entendre huit versions de cette histoire dévenue pour nous soit une chanson d'aviron, de métiers ou de danse.
Here's the good wind
... the jolly wind
... my friend calls me
... the good wind
... the jolly wind
... my friend waits for me.

Behind our house there is a swamp (repeat)
Three fine ducks go swimming there.

Lift your feet, graceful shepherdess
Lift your feet lightly
The King's son goes hunting
With his large silver gun.

Aimed at the black, killed the white
0 son of the King you are wicked.
The wind, The kind wind
The north wind calls me
The wind, The kind wind
The north wind, my friend waits for me.

To have killed my white duck
Herrily, under the wind
Above his wing he leaves his blood
All along the riverside
The gentle wind, shepherd
The gentle wind.

Wheat and barley
Take your glass, leave some for me
From her eyes two diamonds come
Take your glass
Take your glass
And leave some for me
Of this good beer.

And by the break of gold and silver
I like better the little red shoes
I like better the little white shoes.

All her feathers fly in the wind.

Three women go to pick them up
I go up on high
Then I come down
With their large white aprons
I play at "pie," I know how to draw,
Ahh! I start to travel.
I'll come down on the checkered board.

It's to make a camp bed
To give rest to all who pass by.
And then turn, and then turn
And then roll, and then roll,
And then tap, and then tap.
And tap again,
I saw the wolf, the fox, the hare.
I saw the wolf, the fox pass by.

We'll both lie down inside.
And we will have some little children.
And then turn ..........
of stories, legends, superstitions and songs; songs that had originally come from France and that were faithfully preserved. BAUMAU in a few years found, noted and recorded more than 9,000 versions of Folk Songs and more than 5,000 melodies.

We were only the artisans of this unique collection that he would be entitled to the eternal gratitude of his countrymen. For Canadians of French origin (as in the case of our compatriots of English origin) our Folk Songs are at the basis of our culture; they express what is the very breath of our life and make up our heritage: Le génie de la France! Here are a few songs from his collection:

I went to sleep
In the shade of a tree.
I woke up.
The tree was in flower.
In the wood of the nightingale.

I went away whistling
The length of the highroad.
Ah, just think of my boy.
What songs my flute did sing.
In the wood of the nightingale.

I woke up.
The tree was in flower.
I took my little knife.
I cut the little branch.
In the wood of the nightingale.

I went away whistling.
The length of the highroad.
I took my little knife.
The daughter of your neighbour.
In the wood of the nightingale.

I'm very endearing, dear,
Under the sun, under the sky.
I'm very endearing, dear,
Under the sun, under the sky.
To the rose, to the rose, to the rose.

Aha, mon garçon, relay.
Ce que ma flûte dit, relay.
Ma flûte, relay, a dit.
Au bois du rossignol.
Relay, relay, relay.

Ah, devinons, mon garçon, relay.
Ce que ma flûte dit, relay.
Ce que ma flûte dit:
Qu'il n'est d'autrui, relay.
La fillette de son roi, relay.
Au bois du rossignol.
Relay, relay, relay.

SECOND SIDE

In Canada, as in all other countries, everything ends with a song. So, "en v'la qu'launes!"

SIDE 2, Band 1: BOUNI BONI BOUNI

Je n'ai pas endormi, relay,
A l'ombre sous un thê, relay.
Je suis endormi, relay,
A l'ombre sous un thê.

Le thê était, relay.
Etait, relay, fleuri,
Au bois du rossignol.
Relay, relay, relay.

Le thê était fleuri.
J'ai pris mon p'tit couteau, relay.
Je l'ai relay relay.
Je l'ai relay, coupe.
Au bois du rossignol.
Relay, relay, relay.

J'ai pris mon p'tit couteau, relay.
La branch' je l'ai relay relay.
Je l'ai relay, coupe.
Au bois du rossignol.
Relay, relay, relay.

J'ai pris mon p'tit couteau, relay.
La branch' je l'ai coupe, relay.
La branch' je l'ai coupe.
J'en ai fait une flûte, relay.
Un beau sifflet, relay.
Au bois du rossignol.

J'ai pris mon p'tit couteau, relay.
La branch' je l'ai coupe, relay.
La branch' je l'ai coupe.
J'en ai fait une flûte, relay.
Un beau sifflet, relay.
Au bois du rossignol.

J'ai pris mon p'tit couteau, relay.
La branch' je l'ai coupe, relay.
La branch' je l'ai coupe.
J'en ai fait une flûte, relay.
Un beau sifflet, relay.
Au bois du rossignol.

In Canada, as in all the other countries, everything ends with a song. So, "en v'la qu'launes!"
I listen to the song of girls
Of young girls ready to be married
Going through the town
I hear them say, (repeat)
Mother, that I need a lover
Absolutely.

Be quiet little fool
You are still not yet fifteen
A young girl of your age
Must be good and remain good.
Until the age of sixteen
Without a lover.

Here, my daughter, here is a sun
To take you to the convent.
Yes, Mother, with this money
I'll buy myself a man
My heart will be much happier
Then at the convent.

Here, my girl, here is the road
To take you to the convent.
Yes, Mother, here is mine
Which takes me and brings me back
To the arms of my lover
Who waits for me.

J'entends la chanson des filles,
Tiens, ma fille' voilà la somme
Pour te conduire au couvent,
Pour te conduire au couvent.
Oui, ma mère, voici la somme
De mes vingt et une
Pour te conduire au couvent.

Dans le vent, petit sotte,
Tu n'as pas encore quinze ans.
Un' jeune fille de mon âge
Doit être sage et rester sage.
Jusqu'à l'âge de seize ans
Sans amant.

Dans le vent, petit sotte,
Tu n'as pas encore quinze ans.
Un' jeune fille de mon âge
Doit être sage et rester sage.
Jusqu'à l'âge de seize ans
Sans amant.

A Paris dans une ronde,
Compose' de jeunes gens, (bis)
La plus vieille de la bande
Avait bien quatre-vingts ans.

REFRAIN:
De la don, berger, au din, dinson
De la don, berger, au dinde.
Elle fut se mettre en danse
A la main du plus galant. (bis)
Et lui dit bas à l'oreille:
Même qui bien doucement.

Oh! j'ai bien dans mon étable
Quinze vaches, dix bouv' blanches. (bis)
Et j'ai même dans ma bourse
Plus de trente mille francs.

Je les donnerai, contente,
A toi seul, si tu me prends. (bis)
Il regardait dans sa bouche,
Elle n'avait que trois dents.

Une groisille, et l'âtre rouge,
Et l'autre s'en va-t-au vent. (bis)
Le lundi c'était la noce,
Le mardi l'enterrement.

Le temps qu'on changeait la vieille
Lui, il comptait son argent. (bis)
J'ai point épousé la vieille,
Mais j'ai épousé l'argent.

J'ai point épousé la vieille,
Mais j'ai épousé l'argent (bis)
Avec l'argent de la vieille
J'aurai fille de vingt ans.

In Paris dancing a round
Composed of young people (repeat)
The oldest of the group
Was just twenty-four.

CHORUS:
De la don, shepherd, din, don.
De la don, shepherdess, au dinde.

She started to dance
Hand in hand with the most gallant one (repeat)
She told him softly in his ear
Lead me gently.

Oh! In my stable I have
Fifteen cows, ten white oxen (repeat)
And I even have in my purse
Over thirty thousand francs.

I would give them, happily,
To you alone, if you'll have me.
He looked into her mouth,
And she had but three teeth.

One moves, the other jumps
And another goes to the wind. (repeat)
On Monday it's the wedding.
On Tuesday the burial.

While changing the old woman
He was counting his money. (repeat)
I didn't marry the old woman
But I married money.

I didn't marry the old woman
But I married money
With the old lady's money
I will get a girl who is twenty.
DANS LA COUR DU PALAIS

In the courtyard of the palace
There is a German girl.
She had so many lovers
She didn't know which one to choose.

CHORUS:
I have something to say
And I must say it.
I see that he is laughing
No, no, I won't say it.

There was a little shoemaker
His love pleased her
In making his shoes
He asks for her hand.

Her father is in full favour
Her mother is pleased
It is only the neighbours
Who gossip together.

Gossip all they want
Yes, we will live together.
In a pretty little house
Coloured red and white.

Dans la cour du palais
Il y'a une allemande.
Elle avait tant d'amants,
Qu'elle ne sait lequel prendre.

REFRAIN:
J'ai quelque chose à dire,
Il faut pourtant qu'il l'entende,
Je m'aperçois qu'il rit.
Non, non, je l'dirai pas.

C'est un petit cordonnier,
Ses amours la contentent,
En brodant ses souliers,
En a fait la demande.

Son père le veut bien,
Sa mère en est contente
N'y a que les voisins
Qui murmurent ensemble.

Murmurent tant qu'ils wourent,
Oui, nous vivrons ensemble.
Dans un' maison coquet,
A couleur rouge et blanc.

SIDE II, Band 5: AU CHANT DE L'ALOUETTE

My father sent me to the tree
To gather fruit
I gathered nothing
I looked for nests.

CHORUS:
To the song of the lark
I wait and I sleep
I listen to the lark
Then I go to sleep.

I found the quail
I walked on its wing
And broke it.

She said to me young maiden
Go away from here
I am not a young maiden
You have lied.

Mon père m'envoi à l'arbre,
Je m'approche de l'aigle,
Je n'ai pas de cage,
Je suis cherché des nids.

REFRAIN:
Au chant de l'alouette,
Je vois et je dors
J'écoute l'alouette,
Puis je m'endors.

J'ai trouv' la saiille
Deux m's on nid
Je lui marchai sur l'aile
Je lui rompis.

Elle dit: Pussel,
Petite-tol d'ici
Je n'ai point pusselle
Tu as senti.

SIDE II, Band 6: LA FONTAINE EST PROFONDE

I went to the fountain (repeat)
To fill my little jug
When the pretty one was up on
The ground
She ran for refuge in her house.

The fountain is deep (repeat)
I fell to the bottom
She sat on the window
And wrote a song.

A cavalier stopped by
A cavalier baron.

What would you give my beauty
If I pulled you out?

Pull, pull she said
Afterwards we'll see.

Votre belle, si vous tirez du flot?
Tires, tires, dit-elle,
Yes ga nous verrons

N'en va-tà la fontaine
Pour remplir mon cruchon
Don don daine don,
Don daine, don daine.

La fontaine est profonde
Me suis coulée à fond
Don don daine don,
Don daine, don daine.

Un cavalier s'arrête
Un cavalier baron.

Quel donneriez-vous belle,
Si j'vous tirez du flot?

Quand la bell' fut à terre
S'enfuit à la maison
S'assit sur la fenêtre
Composa une chanson

Ce n'est pas la belle
Que nous vous demandons.
Vot' petit coeur en gage
Savoir si nous l'avons.

Mon petit coeur en gage
N'est pas pour un baron.

C'est pour un houm' de guerre
Portant la barb' au menton.

LA PERDRIOLE

The First day of May what will I give my love (repeat)
A young partridge that has just begun to fly
A partridge that flies in the wood.

The second day
Two turtle doves.
The third day
Three field mice.
The fourth day
Four ducks flying in the air.
The fifth day
Five rabbits scratching the earth.
The sixth day

Six running dogs.
The seventh day
Seven milk cows.
The eighth day
Eighth sheep and their wool.
The ninth day
Ten fat calves.

Le premier jour de mai que donnerai-je à ma mie,
Une perdriole, qui vient qui vole,
Une perdriole qui vole dans les bois.

Le deuxième jour
Deux tourterelles.
Le troisième jour
Trois rats des bois.
Le quatrième jour
Quatre canards volant en l'aire.
Le cinquième jour
Cinq lapins grattant la terre.
Le sixième jour
Six chèvres beaux gras.
MONSIEUR LE PÈRE

Monsieur the priest had no hat! (repeat)
If he hadn't given away all be collected
He could have had such a fine black hat.
To sing: — Christus Dominum nostrum
Kyrie eleison!

Shirts.

I will sing you a song
Composed of rib's
If there's a word of truth
I wish to lose my life!

CHORUS:
Mikte mik, I steal, katou;
Mikte mik, I fly.
I got up one morning
When the sun was setting
To go into my garden
To pull pumpkins.

On my path I met
A tree of gooseberries
I tapped my foot with my cane
And prunes fell down.

I fell on my toe
And my ear began to bleed.
I took a wagon on my back
And my oxen in my pockets.

C'est monsieur l'œuf qui n'avait pas d'chapeau!
S'il n'avait pas tout donné sa quête,
Le beau chapeau noir qu'il aurait pu avoir!
Pour chanter ... Christus Dominum nostrum
Kyrie eleison!

D'chemis's.

LES MENUSITES

Je vais vous chanter un' chanson
Composée de ménagères;
S'il y a un mot d' vérité dans
Je vous perdre la vie.

REPAIRED:
Mikte mik, je vol', katou;
Mikte mik, je voile.
Je m'inscrit levé de bon matin,
Comme le soleil se couche
C'est pour aller dans mon jardin
Y cueillir la citrouille.

Dans mon chemin, j'ai rencontré
Un arbre de grosselles.
J'y ai frappé ma canne au pied;
J'ai fait tomber des prunes.

Je vais vous chanter un' chanson
Composée de ménagères;
S'il y a un mot d' vérité dans
Je vous perdre la vie.

REPAIRED:
Mikte mik, je vol', katou;
Mikte mik, je voile.
Je m'inscrit levé de bon matin,
Comme le soleil se couche
C'est pour aller dans mon jardin
Y cueillir la citrouille.

Dans mon chemin, j'ai rencontré
Un arbre de grosselles.
J'y ai frappé ma canne au pied;
J'ai fait tomber des prunes.

STAFF II, Band 10: JE L'AIX VU VOIRE

There was a young girl with two servants
And when she dances she dances between them.

CHORUS:
I saw her steal the ribbon, ribbon.
I saw her steal the ribbon donation.

They said to each other,
how happy we are (repeat)
To have our mistress between us here.

But she replies to them like a lady of honour
I am not a girl to have two servants.

But I am a girl to have
one of them. (repeat)
The one on my right hand will have my heart.
The one on my left hand will have a bouquet of flowers.
(repeat)
If he is not pleased, let him look elsewhere.
And if he is not pleased, let him look elsewhere.
(repeat)
Let him look elsewhere: I have my servant.

C'était une fillette qu'avait deux serviteurs (bis)
Et quand elle est en danse, elle est entre les deux.

REPAIRED:
Je l'ai vu voler le ruban, le ruban.
Je l'ai vu voler le ruban, la donation.

Ils s'aiment l'un à l'autre: Ah!
quand nous sommes heureux (bis)
D'avoir notre maîtresse ici entre nous deux.

Mais elle leur répond comme une fille d'honneur;
Je n'ai pas un' fille d'avoir deux serviteurs;

Je suis bien fillette! d'en avoir
un des deux. (bis)
Celui de mes mains droite, c'est lui qu'auroir mon cœur.

Celui de ma main gauche aura bouquet de fleurs. (bis)
Et s'il n'est pas content, qu'il aille chercher ailleurs.
Et s'il n'est pas content, qu'il aille chercher ailleurs,
(bis)
Qu'il aille chercher ailleurs; moi, j'ai mon serviteur.

LAQUELLE MARIERONS-NOUS

Which one will we marry
In this pretty garden of love?
Which one will we marry
In this garden of love?

Man'sell it will be you.

Which one will you give?
Monsieur it will be you.
Love, let us kiss.

Laquelle marierons-nous
Dans ce joli jardin d'amourettes?
Laquelle marierons-nous
Dans ce joli jardin d'amour.

Monsieur, ce sera vous.
Amour, embrasses-vous.

MAN'SELL' ce sera vous.

LA PETITE HIRONDELLE

Little swallow
Which has just a wing
You are going, flying, flying
You are going away flying.
Fly, fly, fly, fly, fly, fly.

Petite hirondelle
Qui n'a qu'un aile,
Tu t'en vas, volé, volé, volé,
Tu t'en vas volant,
Vole, vole, vole, vole, vole,
Tu t'en vas volant.
When the good man ploughs his oats (repeat)
He ploughs like this, he ploughs like that.
Marionette, marionia.
Oats, oats, that the earth brings.

When the good man sowed his oats
He sowed like this, he sowed like that.

He harrowed. He winnowed.
He moved. He ground.
He beat. He ate.

Quand le bonhomme labour sa avene, (bis)
Il labour' comm' ci, il labour' comm' ge,
Marionette, marionia.
Avene, avene, que la terre t'半月.

Quand le bonhomme a sené sa avene (bis)
Il la aven' comm' ci,

IL LA HERS' ...... IL LA VANS' ......

IL LA FAUCH' ...... IL LA MOUL' ......

IL LA MEUSES' ...... IL LA MANG' ......

Voici, pour terminer, une pensée de Son Excellence
Monsieur Jean Désy, Ambassadeur du Canada en France,
puisée dans son volume LES SENTIERS DE LA
CULTURE: "A cette heure où se fait la force du nombre
et de la matière, ce n'est pas par la seule puissance
économique ou démographique qu'il nous est possible
d'exercer un ascendant sur notre pays; c'est surtout
par l'esprit." Et je me permet de vous en cueillir,
sans mon enseignement dans nos écoles,
l'authentique esprit folklorique de nos Chansons
Populaires.

A LA CLAIRE FONTAINE:
Chansons Populaires du Canada,
Ernest Gagnon, Ed. Beauchemin - 1865

SUR LE BORD DE LA SHIRE:
"BRUNETTES ET PETITS AINS TENEBRES"
publiés à Paris - 1703

EN REVÊNANT DES SOCIÉ:
communiquées par Paul Delarue,
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LES JEUX FILLES A MAITRES:
Collection Marius Barbeau.

LA VIEILLE GALANT:
Chansons d'Acadie, Vol. 2,
Collection Pères Anselme & Daniel.

DANS LA COUR DU PALAIS:
Chansons d'Acadie, Vol. 3,
Collection Pères Anselme & Daniel.

AU CHANT DE L'ALOUETTE:
Chansons d'Acadie, Vol. 2,
Collection Pères Anselme & Daniel.