

# BRAVE WOLFE

The Battle of the Plains of Abraham in 1759 made Canada British, but the death of General Wolfe almost overshadowed the victory. Very shortly after the battle this ballad about the colourful hero began to circulate through the British colonies.

*Mournfully*

Hum Em Am Hum Am Em

Hum p (Melody) p

1. Come, all you old men all, Let this de-light you; Come  
 2. I went to see my love, Think-ing to woo her; I

Hum Em Am Hum Am Em (Melody) G Hum

Hum Hum Hum Hum Hum

all you young men all, Let naught af-fright you.  
 sat down by her side, Not to un-do her; Hum

fail her C When comes the tri-al. My tongue did qui-ver; Hum Em Am

mf Hum Hum Hum Hum Hum

(Melody) Nor do not be dis-mayed At the  
 I could not speak my mind While

Hum Am Em Verses 1-7 last time Em Em Em

D.S. pp

Hum Hum Hum Hum Hum

first de-ni-al. D.S.  
 I was with her.

(Piano accompaniment on page 21 of cloth-bound edition.)

BRAVE WOLFE (Continued)

UNISON

Mournfully



1. Come, all you old men all, Let this de-light you; Come  
2. I went to see my love, Think-ing to woo her; I



all you young men all, Let naught af-fright you. Nor let your cou-rage  
sat down by her side, Not to un-do her; But when I looked on



fail When comes the tri-al. Nor do not be dis-mayed At the  
her My tongue did qui-ver; I could not speak my mind While



first de-ni-al. D.S.  
I was with her.

3. "Love, here's a diamond ring,  
Long time I've kept it  
All for your sake alone,  
If you'll accept it.  
When you this receipt view,  
Think on the giver;  
Madame, remember me,  
Or I'm undone forever."
4. Then forth went this brave youth  
And crossed the ocean;  
To free America  
Was his intention.  
He landed at Quebec  
With all his party,  
The city to attack,  
Both brave and hearty.
5. Brave Wolfe drew up his men  
In a line so pretty,  
On the Plains of Abraham  
Before the city.  
The French came marching down  
Arrayed to meet them,  
In double numbers 'round  
Resolved to beat them.
6. Montcalm and this brave youth  
Together walkéd;  
Between two armies they  
Like brothers talkéd,  
Till each one took his post  
And did retire.  
'Twas then these numerous hosts  
Commenced their fire.
7. The drums did loudly beat,  
With colours flying,  
The purple gore did stream,  
And men lay dying.  
Then shot from off his horse  
Fell that brave hero.  
We'll long lament his loss  
That day in sorrow.
8. He raised up his head  
Where the guns did rattle,  
And to his aide he said,  
"How goes the battle?"  
"Quebec is all our own,  
They can't prevent it."  
He said without a groan,  
"I die contented."

# UN CANADIEN ERRANT

## (Once a Canadian Lad)

After the rebellion of 1837 in Upper and Lower Canada, many of the rebels had to flee to the United States. This song about one of the banished lads became very popular with all French-Canadians.

Moodily

*F mp* *F* *F* *F* *Bb* *C*

1. Once a Ca - na - dian lad, Ex - iled from hearth and home,  
1. Un ca - na - dien er - rant, Ban - ni de ses foy - - ers,

*mp*

*F* *F* *F* *Dm* *Gm* *C*

Wan - dered, a - lone and sad, Through a - lien lands un - known.  
Un ca - na - dien er - - rant, Ban - ni de ses foy - - ers,

*mf* *C* *C7* *F* *mf* *Gm* *A7* *Dm*

Down by a rush - ing stream, Thought - ful and sad one day  
Par - cou - rait en pleu - rant Des pays é - - tran - gers.

*mf* *mf*

*f* *F* *Bb* *F* *mf* *Gm* *C* *F*

He watched the wa - ter pass And to it he did say:  
Par - cou - rait en pleu - - rant Des pays é - - tran - gers.

*f* *mf*

(Piano accompaniment on page 26 of cloth-bound edition.)

UN CANADIEN ERRANT (Continued)

2. "If you should reach my land,  
My most unhappy land,  
Please speak to all my friends  
So they will understand.  
Tell them how much I wish  
That I could be once more  
In my beloved land  
That I will see no more.

3. "My own beloved land  
I'll not forget till death,  
And I will speak of her  
With my last dying breath.  
My own beloved land  
I'll not forget till death,  
And I will speak of her  
With my last dying breath."

2. *Un jour, triste et pensif,  
Assis au bord des flots,  
Un jour, triste et pensif,  
Assis au bord des flots,  
Au courant fugitif  
Il adressa ces mots,  
Au courant fugitif  
Il adressa ces mots:*

4. "O jours si pleins d'appas  
Vous êtes disparus...  
O jours si pleins d'appas  
Vous êtes disparus,  
Et ma patrie, hélas!  
Je ne la verrai plus!  
Et ma patrie, hélas!  
Je ne la verrai plus!

3. "Si tu vois mon pays,  
Mon pays malheureux,  
Si tu vois mon pays,  
Mon pays malheureux,  
Va, dis à mes amis  
Que je me souviens d'eux,  
Va, dis à mes amis  
Que je me souviens d'eux.

5. "Non, mais en expirant,  
O mon cher Canada!  
Non, mais en expirant,  
O mon cher Canada!  
Mon regard languissant  
Vers toi se portera,  
Mon regard languissant  
Vers toi se portera . . ."

UNISON

## AN ESKIMO LULLABY

This example of the music of the Eskimos comes from Cape Dorset on the southern coast of Baffinland.

Freely

1. Still, now, and hear my sing — ing:  
2. We have a ti — — ny daugh — ter,  
3. Though she as yet knows no — — thing.

Sleep through the night, my dar — — ling.  
Thanks be to God, who sent her.  
She is so sweet, I'm sing — — ing.

(Piano accompaniment on page 20 of cloth-bound edition.)

TWO-PART

# JACK WAS EVERY INCH A SAILOR

A modern version of the Jonah story that is a favourite of the Newfoundland fishermen. Bacalhoo (pronounced back-a-loo) is a rocky island off the east coast of Newfoundland, and Indian Harbour was an important codfishing center in Labrador about 1900.

With a good lilt

*mf* (Melody) D A7

1. Now, 'twas twen-ty - five or thir-ty years since Jack first saw the light; He  
 2. When Jack grew up to be a man, he went to Lab-ra-dor; He  
 3. The whale went straight for Baf-fin's Bay 'bout nine-ty knots an hour, And

A7 A7# D

came in - to this world of woe one dark and storm-y night. He was  
 fished in In - dian Har - bour where his fa - ther fished be - fore; On  
 ev' - ry time he'd blow a spray, he'd send it in a shower. "Oh,

D D A7

born on board his fa - ther's ship as she was ly - ing to 'Bout  
 his re - turn - ing in the fog, he met a hea - vy gale, And  
 now," says Jack un - to him - self, "I must see what he's a - bout." He


A7 A7# D

twen-ty - five or thir-ty miles south - east of Bac - al - hoo.  
 Jack was swept in - to the sea and swal - lowed by a whale.  
 caught the whale all by the tail and turned him in - side out.

(Piano accompaniment on page 40 of cloth-bound edition.)

JACK WAS EVERY INCH A SAILOR (Continued)

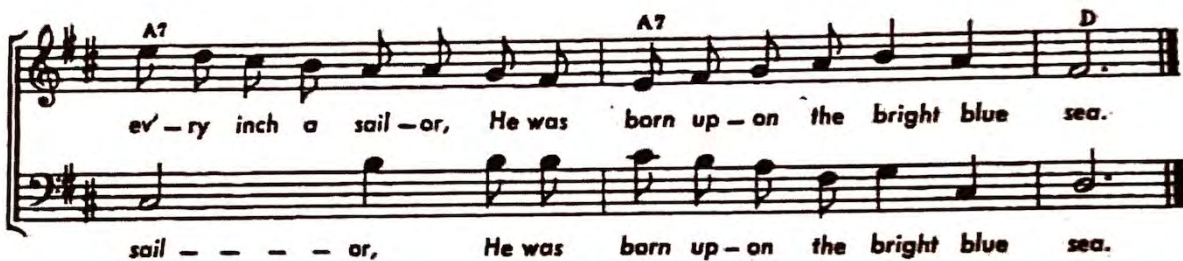
With energy  
REFRAIN:



Jack was ev'-ry inch a sail-or, Five and  
Jack was ev'-ry inch a sail - - - or, Five and twen-ty years a



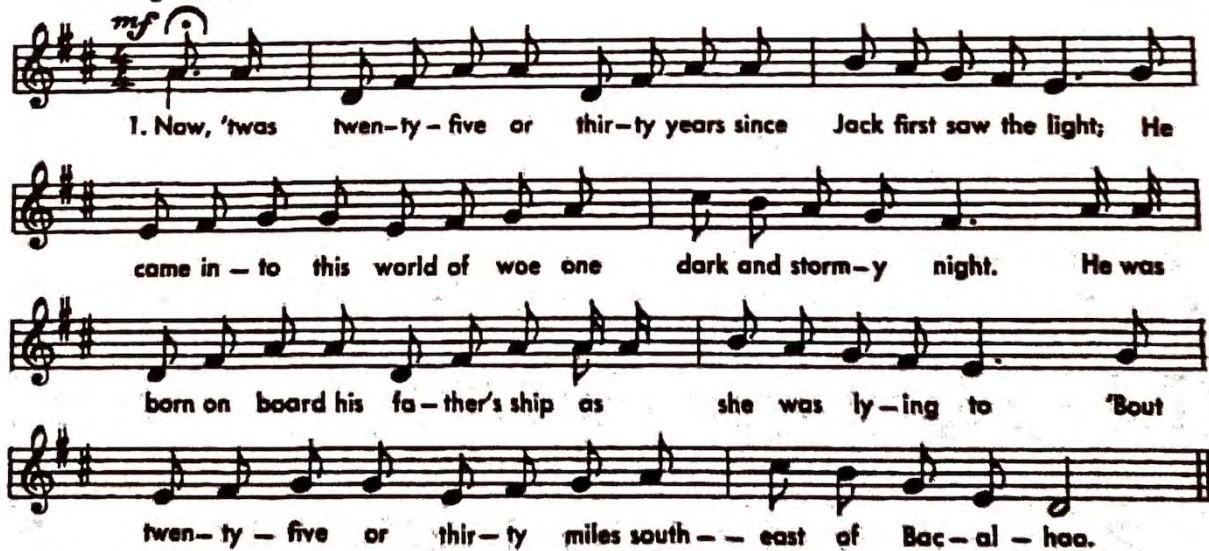
twen-ty years a whal-er; Jack was  
whal - - - er; Jack was ev'-ry inch a



ev'-ry inch a sail-or, He was born up-on the bright blue sea.  
sail - - - or, He was born up-on the bright blue sea.

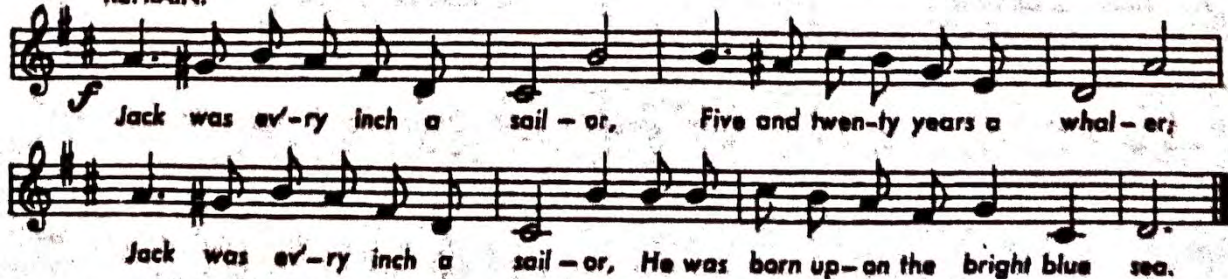
With a good lilt

UNISON



1. Now, 'twas twen-ty-five or thir-ty years since Jack first saw the light; He  
came in - to this world of woe one dark and storm-y night. He was  
born on board his fa-ther's ship as she was ly-ing to 'Bout  
twen-ty-five or thir-ty miles south - - east of Bac-al-hoo.

REFRAIN:



Jack was ev'-ry inch a sail-or, Five and twen-ty years a whal-er;  
Jack was ev'-ry inch a sail-or, He was born up-on the bright blue sea.

WE'LL RANT AND WE'LL ROAR (Continued)

5. There's plump little Polly, her name is Goldsworthy  
There's John Coady's Kitty, and Mary Tibbo',  
There's Clara from Bruley, and young Martha Foley,  
But the nicest of all is my girl in Toslow.

7. Farewell and adieu to ye girls of St. Kyran's,  
Of Paradise and Presque, big and little Bona;  
I'm bound unto Toslow to marry sweet Biddy,  
And if I don't do so, I'm afraid of her da.

6. Farewell and adieu to ye fair ones of Valen,  
Farewell and adieu to ye girls in the Cove;  
I'm bound to the westward, to the wall with the hole in,  
I'll take her from Toslow the wide world to rove.

8. We'll rant and we'll roar like true Newfoundlanders,  
We'll rant and we'll roar on deck and below,  
Until we see bottom inside the two sunkers,  
When straight through the Channel to Toslow we'll go!

S.A.T.B.

# NOVA SCOTIA SONG

A popular sailors' song that is traditional in Nova Scotia.

Rhythmically

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a treble and bass clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb). The tempo is marked 'mf' (mezzo-forte). The lyrics are as follows:

1. The sun was set - ting in the west, The birds were sing - ing on  
2. I grieve to leave my na - tive land, I grieve to leave my  
3. The drums they do beat and the wars do a - larm. The cap - tain calls, we  
4. I have three bro - thers and they are at rest, Their arms are fold - ed

ev - ry tree, All na - ture seemed in - - clined for rest, But  
com - rades all, And my pa - rents whom I held so dear, And the  
must o - - bey, So fare - well, fare - well to Nova Scotia's charms, For it's  
on their breast, But a poor simp - le sail - or just like me Must be

(Piano accompaniment on page 44 of cloth-bound edition.)

REFRAIN:

still there was no rest for me.  
 bon-ny, bon-ny lass that I do a-dore. Fare-well to No-va Sco-tia, the  
 ear-ly in the morn-ing I am far, far a-way.  
 tossed and dri-ven on the dark blue sea.

sea-bound coast! Let your mountains dark and drea-ry be, For when I am far a-way on the

bri-ny o-cean tossed Will you e-ver heave a sigh and a wish for me?

S.A.T.B.

## THE SQUID-JIGGIN' GROUND

The tale of what happens when the fishermen head for the squid-jiggin' ground is the most widely known of all Newfoundland songs. It was written some twenty-five years ago by a Newfoundland balladeer, Arthur Scammell, who now teaches school in Montreal.

Gaily and robustly

1. Oh, this is the place where the fish-er-men go-ther With  
 2. Some are work-in' their jig-gers while o-thers are yarn-in', There's

(Piano accompaniment on page 51 of cloth-bound edition.)



# Lukey's Boat

This popular nonsense ditty has several different versions, in Nova Scotia as well as Newfoundland.

3 verses

Lively, with humor

*Handwritten notes at top: 14x2x8 = 28 ~ 2.6 mm*

*Handwritten note: 1 = 88*

**Verse 1:**  
 Oh Luk-ey's boat is paint-ed green, A -

**Verse 2:**  
 Ha, me b'ys! Oh Luk - ey's boat is paint - ed green, The

**Verse 3:**  
 pret-ti-est boat that ev-er was seen, A - ha! a - ha me rid-dle I day!

**Chord Annotations:**  
 Verse 1: F, C, F, C  
 Verse 2: F, C, F, C7  
 Verse 3: F, Am, Gm, C, Bm, Am, Em, Dm, C, Bb, F, D7, C7, F

2. O, Lukey's boat got a fine fore cutty, Aha,  
me b'ys!  
O, Lukey's boat got a fine fore cutty,  
And every seam is chinked with putty,  
Aha! aha, me riddle -I-day!
3. "I think", said Lukey, "I'll make her  
bigger." Aha, me b'ys!  
"I think", said Lukey, "I'll make her  
bigger.  
I'll load her down with a one-claw jigger,"  
Aha! aha, me riddle -I-day!
4. "O now," said Lukey, "get aboard your  
grub", Aha me b'ys!  
"O now", said Lukey, "get aboard your  
grub,  
One split pea and a ten-pound tub",  
Aha! aha, me riddle -I-day!

5. O, Lukey's rolling out his grub, Aha, me  
b'ys!  
O, Lukey's rolling out his grub,  
A barrel and a bag and a ten-pound tub,  
Aha! aha, me riddle -I-day!
6. O, Lukey he sailed up the shore, Aha, me  
b'ys!  
O, Lukey he sailed up the shore,  
To get some fish from Labrador,  
Aha! aha, me riddle -I-day!
7. O, Lukey he looked 'round and 'round, Aha  
me b'ys!  
O, Lukey he looked 'round and 'round,  
"Me wife is dead for the blinds are down!"  
Aha! aha, me riddle -I-day!

8. "Oh now", said Lukey, "I don't care", Aha,  
me b'ys!  
"Oh now", said Lukey, "I don't care,  
I'll get me another in the fall of the year",  
Aha! aha, me riddle -I-day!

## Petty Harbour Bait Skiff

One of the favorite tragic songs of Newfoundland, this moving and highly poetic narrative ballad describes a disaster that overtook a small fishing vessel bound home to Petty Harbour (about 20 miles south of St. John's) after taking on a load of bait in Conception Bay. It is said to have been written by John Grace and was collected by Gerald S. Doyle.

Rather slowly, with reverence

Chords: Eb Fm7 Eb Cm Ab Eb Bb7 Cm

Lyrics: Good people all, both great and small, I hope you will at-tend, And

S.A.T.B.

# EN ROULANT MA BOULE

Marius Barbeau has collected over ninety-two different Canadian versions of the song about the "trois beaux canards". It originated in France in the fifteenth century, but in the New World it became the favourite paddling song of the voyageurs and coureurs-de-bois.

Gaily

*f*

En rou-lant ma bou-le rou-lant, En rou-lant ma bou - - le,

*mf*

1. Be - hind our house we have a pond, En rou-lant ma bou - le,  
1. Der - rièr chez nous, ya - t-un é - tang,

*mf*

Where three fine ducks swim 'round and 'round,  
Trois beaux ca-nards s'en vont bai-gnant, Rou - li, rou-lant, ma bou-le rou-lant,

\* These sections are to be sung by a solo voice the first time and by a group the second time.

(Piano accompaniment on page 56 of cloth-bound edition.)

EN ROULANT MA BOULE (Continued)

*f* G C G G C G D.S.

En rou-lant ma bou-le rou-lant, En rou-lant ma bou - - le.

*f* D.S.

- |                                                                                               |                                                                                       |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 2. To hunt them comes the young king's son,]2<br>With him he brings his shining gun.          | 5. From his bright eyes two di'monds fall,]2<br>And from his bill drops gold for all. |
| 3. He aims it at the black for fun,]2<br>But then he hits the whitest one.                    | 6. Out from his wing the red drops pour,]2<br>And on the wind his feathers soar.      |
| 4. "Oh, prince, now see what you have<br>done!]"2<br>You've killed my duck, the whitest one!" | 7. Three maidens fair his feathers take,]2<br>A bed for weary men they make.          |

- 
- |                                                                                  |                                                                                     |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 2. Trois beaux canards s'en vont baignant,]2<br>Le fils du roi s'en va chassant. | 8. Par dessous l'aile il perd son sang,]2<br>Par les yeux lui sort'nt des diamants. |
| 3. Le fils du roi s'en va chassant,]2<br>Avec son grand fusil d'argent.          | 9. Par les yeux lui sort'nt des diamants,]2<br>Et par le bec l'or et l'argent.      |
| 4. Avec son grand fusil d'argent,]2<br>Visa le noir, tua le blanc.               | 10. Et par le bec l'or et l'argent,]2<br>Toutes ses plum's s'en vont au vent.       |
| 5. Visa le noir, tua le blanc,]2<br>O fils du roi, tu es méchant!                | 11. Toutes ses plum's s'en vont au vent,]2<br>Trois dam's s'en vont les ramassant.  |
| 6. O fils du roi, tu es méchant!]"2<br>D'avoir tué mon canard blanc.             | 12. Trois dam's s'en vont les ramassant,]2<br>C'est pour en faire un lit de camp.   |
| 7. D'avoir tué mon canard blanc,]2<br>Par dessous l'aile il perd son sang.       | 13. C'est pour en faire un lit de camp,]2<br>Pour y coucher tous les passants.      |

S.A.B.

# C'EST L'AVIRON (Pull on the Oars)

The canoemen added the paddling refrain to this ancient French ballad of the man who met three maidens on the road from La Rochelle, and they used its many verses to lighten the monotony of paddling from daybreak until dusk.

Moderately  
*mp* D D D G D *mp* D

1. Ri -- ding a -- long the road from Ro-chelle ci -- ty, Ri -- ding a --  
1. M'en -- re-ve -- nant de la jo-lie Ro -- chel -- le, M'en re-ve-

1. Ri -- ding a -- long the road from Ro-chelle ci -- ty, Ri -- ding a --  
1. M'en re-ve -- nant de la jo-lie Ro -- chel -- le, M'en re-ve-

D D G D *mf* D Bm

long the road from Ro-chelle ci -- ty, I met three girls and  
nant de la jo-lie Ro -- chel -- le, J'ai ren-con-tré trois

long the road from Ro-chelle ci -- ty, I met three girls and  
nant de la jo-lie Ro -- chel -- le, J'ai ren-con-tré trois

three girls and  
con-tré trois

REFRAIN:  
A7 D A *mf* D D A7

all of them were pret -- ty. Pull on the oars as we glide a -- long to --  
jo-lies de-moi-sel -- les. *mf* C'est l'a-vi-ron qui nous mè-ne, qui nous

all of them were pret -- ty. Pull on the oars as we glide a -- long to --  
jo-lies de-moi-sel -- les. *mf* C'est l'a-vi-ron qui nous mè-ne, qui nous

glide a --  
mè -- ne,

(Piano accompaniment on page 58 of cloth-bound edition.)

C'EST L'AVIRON (Continued)

ge -- ther, Pull on the oars as we glide a -- long. long.  
 mè -- ne, C'est l'a-vi -- ron qui nous mène en haut. haut.

ge -- ther, Pull on the oars as we glide a -- long. long.  
 mè -- ne, C'est l'a-vi -- ron qui nous mène en haut. haut.

long to-ge-ther,  
 qui nous mè-ne,

2. By chance I chose the one who was the beauty,]2  
 Lifted her up so she could ride beside me.
3. With ne'er a word we rode along together,]2  
 After a while, she said, "I'd like a drink, sir."
4. Quickly I found a spring from out the mountain,]2  
 But she'd not drink the water from the fountain.
5. On then we went to find her home and father.]2  
 When we got there she drank, but not of water.
6. Many a toast she drank to her dear mother,]2  
 Toasted again her sister and her brother.
7. When she had drunk to sister and to brother,]2  
 Turning to me, she toasted her own lover.

2. J'ai rencontré trois jolies demoiselles;]2  
 J'ai point choisi, mais j'ai pris la plus belle.
3. J'ai point choisi, mais j'ai pris la plus belle;]2  
 J'y fis monter derrière moi, sur ma selle.
4. J'y fis monter derrière moi, sur ma selle;]2  
 J'y fis cent lieues sans parler avec elle.
5. J'y fis cent lieues sans parler avec elle;]2  
 Au bout d'cent lieues, ell' me d'mandit à boire.
6. Au bout d'cent lieues, ell' me d'mandit à boire;]2  
 Je l'ai menée auprès d'une fontaine.
7. Je l'ai menée auprès d'une fontaine;]2  
 Quand ell' fut là, ell' ne voulut point boire.
8. Quand ell' fut là, ell' ne voulut point boire;]2  
 Je l'ai menée au logis de son père.
9. Je l'ai menée au logis de son père;]2  
 Quand ell' fut là, ell' buvait à pleins verres.
10. Quand ell' fut là, ell' buvait à pleins verres;]2  
 A la santé de son père et sa mère.
11. A la santé de son père et sa mère;]2  
 A la santé de ses soeurs et ses frères.
12. A la santé de ses soeurs et ses frères;]2  
 A la santé d'celui que son coeur aime.

# THE RAFTSMEN

The gayest of the French-Canadian lumbermen's songs is an almost exact counterpart of "The Lumber Camp Song" in its matter-of-fact cataloguing of life in the woods.

**Lustily**

1. The gay rafts - men, oh where are they? The gay rafts - - men, oh  
 1. Là ous-qu'y sont, tous les rafts-men? Là ous-qu'y sont, tous

**REFRAIN:**

where are they? To win-ter camps they're on their way. Bing on the ring!  
 les rafts-men? Dans les chan-quiers i' sont mon-tés. Bing sur la ring!

Bang on the ring! Hear the rafts-men loud-ly sing! Bing on the ring! Bing, bang!  
 Bang sur la ring! Lais-sez pas-ser les rafts-men, Bing sur la ring! Bing, bang!

2. Across Bytown they went today,]2  
 They've packed their grub, they cannot stay.

2. Et par Bytown y sont passés,]2  
 Avec leurs provisions achetées.

3. In bark canoes they make their way,]2  
 They reach the camp and shout "Hurray!"

3. En canots d'écorc' sont montés,]2  
 Et du plaisir y s'sont donné:

4. When meal time comes the men all say]2  
 "It's pork and beans again today."

4. De; "porc-and-beans" ils ont mangé]2  
 Pour les estomacs restaurer.

\* At this point the chorus may, in some verses, shout "Hey", clap their hands, stamp their feet, or use any other gay rhythmic punctuation.

(Piano accompaniment on page 74 of cloth-bound edition.)

THE RAFTSMEN (Continued)

- |                                                                                        |                                                                                   |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 5. Their axes sharp, with no delay]2<br>They swing and strike; the tall trees sway.    | 5. Dans les chanquiers sont arrivés;]2<br>Des manch's de hache ont fabriqué.      |
| 6. The logs they trim and drag away]2<br>To drive down when the ice gives way.         | 6. Que l'Otaouais fut étonné,]2<br>Tant faisait d'bruit leur hach' trempée.       |
| 7. In spring they draw their winter's pay]2<br>And go back home on holiday.            | 7. Quand le chanquier fut terminé]2<br>Chacun chez eux sont retourné.             |
| 8. To greet them come their ladies gay]2<br>Who help them spend their hard-earned pay. | 8. Leurs femm's ou blond's ont embrassé,]2<br>Tous très contents de se r'trouver. |

UNISON

## THE BADGER DRIVE

Many Newfoundland fishermen work in lumber camps in the interior during the winter, driving the logs down the rivers to the mills in the spring. Badger is just west of Grand Falls on the Exploits River, in the territory operated by the Anglo-Newfoundland Development Company, the "A.N.D." mentioned in the song. The words were written by an old Newfoundland folk-singer, John V. Devine.

Vigorously

1. There is one class of men in this coun-try That ne-ver is men-tioned in  
 song, And now, since their trade is ad-vanc-ing, They'll come out on  
 top be-fore long. They say that our sai-lors have dan-ger, And  
 like-wise our war-ri-ors bold, But there's none know the life of a dri-ver,  
**REFRAIN:**  
 What he suf-fers in hard-ships and cold. With their pike-poles and pea-vies and  
 ba-teaus and all, And they're sure to drive out in the spring, that's the time, With the  
 caulks in their boots as they get on the logs, And it's hard to get o-ver their time.



# I'SE THE B'Y THAT BUILDS THE BOAT

Most Newfoundlanders love to dance, and this lively ditty is one of their favourite dance tunes. Dr. Leslie Bell and his singers introduced it to the rest of Canada.

Very rhythmically

The musical score is written for SATB voices and piano accompaniment. It consists of four systems of music. Each system has a vocal line with lyrics and a piano accompaniment line. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The tempo is marked 'Very rhythmically' and the dynamics are 'mf'. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and bar lines. Chord symbols (D, G, D7) are placed above the vocal lines. The lyrics are arranged in two columns for each system.

**System 1:** *mf*  
1. I'se the b'y that builds the boat, And I'se the b'y that sails her!  
2. Sods and rinds to cover yer flake, Cake and tea for sup - per,  
I'se the b'y I'se the b'y

**System 2:**  
I'se the b'y that catch-es the fish And takes 'em home to Li -- zer.  
Cod-fish in the spring o' the year Fried in maggot-y but - ter.  
I'se the b'y

**System 3:** **REFRAIN:**  
Hip yer part - ner, Sal - ly Tibba'! Hip yer part - ner, Sal - ly Brown!

**System 4:**  
Fo - go, Twil - lin - gate, Mor - ton's Har - bour, All a - round the cir - cle!

3. I don't want your maggaty fish,  
That's no good for winter;  
I could buy as good as that  
Down in Bonavista.

4. I took Lizer to a dance,  
And faith, but she could travell  
And every step that she did take  
Was up to her knees in gravel.

5. Susan White, she's out of sight,  
Her petticoat wants a border;  
Old Sam Oliver, in the dark,  
He kissed her in the corner.

(Piano accompaniment on page 116 of cloth-bound edition.)

# THE KELLIGREWS SOIREE

This hilarious account of the high jinks at an island jamboree is one of the most popular songs in Newfoundland. Kelligrews is a real place—a small village southwest of St. John's—but we can't guarantee the authenticity of the other details. The strong Irish flavour is characteristic of many Newfoundland songs.

Swing it

1. You may talk of Cla-ra No-lan's Ball or an - y thing you  
 2. Oh, I bar-rowed Clu-ney's bea-ver as I squared my yards to  
 3. Oh, when I ar-rived at Bet-sy Snooks' that night at half past

choose, But it could-n't hold a snuff-box to the spree at Kel-li-grews. If you  
 sail, And a swal-low-tail from Ho-gan that was fox-y on the tail; Bil-ly  
 eight, The place was blocked with car-riag-es, stood wait-ing at the gate. With

want your eye - balls straight-ened, just come out next week with me, And you'll  
 Cud-da-hie's old work - ing pants and Pat-sy No-lan's shoes, And an  
 Clu-ney's fun - nel on my pate, the first words Bet - - sy said: "Here

CHORUS: G  
 have to wear your glas-ses at the Kel - li - grews Soi - ree. There was birch rine,  
 old white vest from Fo-gar-ty to sport at Kel-li - grews. There was Dan Milley,  
 comes a lo-cal preach-er with the pul - pit on his head." There was Bill Mews,

(Piano accompaniment on page 110 of cloth-bound edition.)

THE KELLIGREWS SOIREE (Continued)

tar twine, cher - ry wine, and tur - pen - line, Jowls and ca - va - - lan - ces,  
 Joe Lilly, Tan - - tan, and Mrs. Tilley Dan - cing like a little filly, 'twould  
 Dan Hughes, Wil - son, Taft, and Ted - dy Roose, While Bry - ant he sat in the blues and

gin - ger beer and tea, Pigs' feet, cats' meat, dump - lings boiled  
 raise your heart to see. Jim Brine, Din Ryan, Flip - per Smith, and  
 look - ing hard at me; Jim Fling, Tom King, John - son, cham - pion

in a sheet, Dan - de - lion and cra - ckies' teeth at the Kel - li - grews Soi - ree.  
 Ca - ro - line; I tell you, boys, we had a time at the Kel - li - grews Soi - ree.  
 of the ring, And all the box - ers I could bring, at the Kel - li - grews Soi - ree.

4. "The Saratoga Lancers first," Miss Betsy kindly said;  
 Sure I danced with Nancy Cranan and her Grannie on the "Head";  
 And Hogan danced with Betsy. Oh, you should have seen his shoes  
 As he lashed old muskets from the rack that night at Kelligrews.

CHORUS:

There was boiled guineas, cold guineas, bullocks' heads, and  
 pickaninnies,  
 And everything to catch the pennies, you'd break your sides to see;  
 Boiled duff, cold duff, apple jam was in a cuff;  
 I tell you, boys, we had enough at the Kelligrews Soiree.

5. Crooked Flavin struck the fiddler and a hand I then took in;  
 You should see George Cluney's beaver, and it flattened to the rim!  
 And Hogan's coat was like a vest—the tails were gone, you see.  
 "Oh," says I, "the devil haul ye and your Kelligrews Soiree."

CHORUS:

There was birch rine, tar twine, cherry wine, and turpentine,  
 Jowls and cavalances, ginger beer and tea,  
 Pigs' feet, cats' meat, dumplings boiled in a sheet,  
 Dandelion and crackies' teeth at the Kelligrews Soiree.

S.A.T.B.

# AH! SI MON MOINE VOULAIT DANSER!

## (Come and Dance with Me!)

In early days in the west the voyageurs used to dance to this tune when they gathered at the fur-trading posts for an evening's gaiety. The French words tell of the inducements which a young lady offers a monk in an effort to get him to dance. The song is also a favourite with Quebec children who sing it as they spin their tops.

Gaily  
*mp*

1. If you will come and dance with me, If you will come and dance with me, *A*  
1. Ah! si mon moi-ne vou-lait dan-ser! Ah! si mon moi-ne vou-lait dan-ser! *Un*

*mp* *mf*

fea-thered cap I will give to thee, *A* fea-thered cap I will give to thee.  
ca - pu - chon je lui don-ne-rai-s, *Un* ca - pu - chon je lui don-ne-rai-s.

### REFRAIN:

*f* *mf*  
Come, my lass, let's trip now, To - - ge - ther let us skip now, *As*  
Dan-se, mon main', dan - sel Tu n'en-tends pas la dan - se, Tu

light - ly on the mea - sures go Our feet move mer - ri - ly to and fro.  
n'en-tends pas mon mou - lin, lon la, Tu n'en-tends pas mon mou - lin mar-cher.

\* Here the altos sing "Come" in English and "Danse" in French.

(Piano accompaniment on page 106 of cloth-bound edition.)

AHI SI MON MOINE VOULAIT DANSER! (Continued)

- |                                                                                                              |                                                                                                         |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 2. If you will come and dance with me, <sup>2</sup><br>Bright silver shoes I will give to thee. <sup>2</sup> | 4. If you will come and dance with me, <sup>2</sup><br>A kiss or two I will give to thee. <sup>2</sup>  |
| 3. If you will come and dance with me, <sup>2</sup><br>A dress of blue I will give to thee. <sup>2</sup>     | 5. And if you'll give me a kiss or two, <sup>2</sup><br>A ring of gold I will give to you. <sup>2</sup> |

2. Ah! si mon moine voulait danser!<sup>2</sup>  
Un ceinturon je lui donnerais.<sup>2</sup>

4. Ah! si mon moine voulait danser!<sup>2</sup>  
Un froc de bur' je lui donnerais.<sup>2</sup>

3. Ah! si mon moine voulait danser!<sup>2</sup>  
Un chapelet je lui donnerais.<sup>2</sup>

5. Ah! si mon moine voulait danser!<sup>2</sup>  
Un beau psautier je lui donnerais.<sup>2</sup>

6. S'il n'avant fait voeu de pauvreté,  
Bien d'autres chos' je lui donnerais.<sup>2</sup>

S.A.T.B.

## LE BAL CHEZ BOULÉ (Boule's Ball)

The sad tale of the troubles of José Blais originated in one of the French villages along the St. Lawrence well over a century ago. Its lively rhythm and rustic humour catch the spirit of the gay habitant parties.

Gaily

1. Di - manche, a-près les vèpr's, y au - ra bal chez Bou - lé; Mais  
1. When Sun - day ves - pers end, we all then have our chance To  
2. Jo - - sé, like all the rest, de - - sired to join the fun, But

il n'i - ra per - sonn' que ceux qui sav'nt dan - ser.  
go to Bou - lé's ball if we know how to dance.  
then his mo - ther said, "Not till your chores are done."

(Continued)

(Piano accompaniment on page 108 of cloth-bound edition.)

# BONHOMME! BONHOMME!

## (My Friend! My Friend!)

This lively cumulative song is a favourite for group singing among both French and English Canadians. It is usually performed with actions suggesting the playing of the various instruments.

Full of fun *mf* Solo *>* B $\flat$  Chorus B $\flat$  C $\sharp$

1. My friend, my friend, can you play this? My friend, my friend, can you play  
1. Bon-homm', bon - homm', sais-tu jou - er? Bon-homm', bon - homm', sais-tu jou -

F7 Solo B $\flat$  Chorus Cmaj

this? Can you play this on the vi - o - lin? Can you play this on the vi - - o -  
er? Sais-tu jou - er de ce vi-o-lon - là? Sais-tu jou - er de ce vi - o - lon -

## REFRAIN:

Solo Chorus *ff* *f* *molto rit.* *a tempo*

lin? Zing, zing, zing on the vi - o - lin. My friend! My friend! You are not  
là? Zing, zing, zing de ce vi-o-lon - là. Bon-homm'! Bon-homm'! Tu n'es pas

B $\flat$  B $\flat$  E $\flat$  F7 B $\flat$

bass in your own home When we come here to play!  
maitr' dans ta mai - son Quand nous y som - - mes!

2. Can you play this on the tiny flute?]  
Toot, toot, toot on the tiny flute.

2. Sais-tu jouer de cett' flôte-là?]  
Flôt, flôt, flôt, de cett' flôte-là.

3. Can you play this on the big bass drum?]  
Boom, boom, boom on the big bass drum.

3. Sais-tu jouer de ce tambour-là?]  
Boum, boum, boum de ce tambour-là.

4. Can you play this on the great big horn?]  
Ta-ta-ra on the great big horn.

4. Sais-tu jouer de ce cornet-là?]  
Ta-ta-ra de ce cornet là.

5. Can you play this on your little jug?]  
Glug, glug, glug on your little jug.

5. Sais-tu jouer de cett' bouteill'-là?]  
Glou, glou, glou de cett' bouteill'-là.

\* After first stanza, repeat this phrase with the words in reverse order. Thus the last stanza will run:  
"Glug, glug, glug on your little jug, Ta-ta-ra on the great big horn, Boom, boom, boom on the big bass drum, Toot, toot, toot on the tiny flute, Zing, zing, zing on the violin."

(Piano accompaniment on page 120 of cloth-bound edition.)

# ALOUETTE!

The most popular and most widely sung of all our songs. In this somewhat peculiar ode to a skylark the lark is informed that "I will pluck your head, your beak, your nose, your eyes, your neck, your wings, your back, your feet, your tail."

With gusto

*Solo* **ff** **C** **f** **F** **C7** **F**

Oh, ——— A — lou — et — te, gen — tille A — lou — et — te,

*Chorus* **ff** **p** **A** — — — lou — — — et — te,

**ff** **p**

A' — — — — — lou — — — — —

**F** **C7** **F** **F**

A — — lou — et — te, je r'y plu — me — rai. A — — lou — et — te,

A — lou — et — te, A — lou — et — te, **f**

A — — — — — A — — — — — et', A — — — — — lou — et — te,

et — — — — — te, A — — — — — lou — — — — —

**C7** **F** **F** **C7** **f** **Fine**

gen — tille A — lou — et — te, A — lou — et — te, je r'y plu — me — rai.

**Fine**

gen — tille A — lou — et — te, A — lou — et — te, je r'y plu — me — rai.

**Fine**

et — — — — — te, A — — — — — lou — et — — — — — te,

(Piano accompaniment on page 118 of cloth-bound edition.)

ALOUETTE! (Continued)

Solo <i>mf</i> <b>F</b>	Chorus <b>C7</b>	<i>mf</i>
1. Je t'y plu-me-rai la têt',	Je t'y plu-me-rai la têt',	
2. Je t'y plu-me-rai le bec,	Je t'y plu-me-rai le bec,	
3. Je t'y plu-me-rai le nez,	Je t'y plu-me-rai le nez,	
4. Je t'y plu-me-rai les yeux,	Je t'y plu-me-rai les yeux,	
5. Je t'y plu-me-rai le cou,	Je t'y plu-me-rai le cou,	
6. Je t'y plu-me-rai les ail's,	Je t'y plu-me-rai les ail's,	
7. Je t'y plu-me-rai le dos,	Je t'y plu-me-rai le dos,	
8. Je t'y plu-me-rai les patt's,	Je t'y plu-me-rai les patt's,	
9. Je t'y plu-me-rai la queue,	Je t'y plu-me-rai la queue,	

Solo <i>f</i> <b>C7</b>	Chorus	Solo <i>f</i> <b>C7</b> <i>rit.</i>	Chorus	D.C.
Et la têt',	Et la têt',	A - lou - ett',    A - lou - ett',		
Et le bec,	Et le bec,			
Et le nez,	Et le nez,			
Et les yeux,	Et les yeux,			
Et le cou,	Et le cou,			
Et les ail's,	Et les ail's,			
Et le dos,	Et le dos,			
Et les patt's,	Et les patt's,			
Et la queue,	Et la queue,			

\* In each stanza after the first, the words of all the preceding stanzas are repeated in reverse order. Thus the final stanza will run: "Et la queue, . . . et les patt's, . . . et le dos, . . . et les ail's, . . . et le cou, . . . et les yeux, . . . et le nez, . . . et le bec, . . . et la têt'!"





# À LA CLAIRE FONTAINE

## (By the Clear Running Fountain)

The men of Champlain's Order of Good Cheer are said to have sung "A la claire fontaine" at Port Royal in 1605. The early explorers and coureurs-de-bois used it as a paddling song, and the habitants and their wives sang it as they cleared their land along the St. Lawrence. After New France became British, the French-Canadians used it as a way of vowing that they would never forget their homeland.

Nostalgically

*mp* *F* *C7* *F* *C7* *F*

1. By the clear run-ning foun-tain I strayed one sum-mer day.  
1. A la clai-re fon-tai-ne M'en al-lant pro-me-ner,

*mp*

*F* *Dm* *F* *mf* *G7* *C7*

The wa-ter looked so cool-ing I bathed with-out de-lay.  
J'ai trou-vé l'eau si bel-le Que je m'y suis bai-gné.

*mf*

REFRAIN: *F* *mp* *Dm* *F* *G7* *C7* *F*

Ma-ny long years have I loved you, E-ver in my heart you'll stay.  
Lui ya long temps que je l'ai-me, Ja-mais je ne l'ou-blie-rai.

*mp*

2. Beneath an oak tree shady  
I dried myself that day,  
When from the topmost branch  
A bird's song came my way.

3. Sing, nightingale, keep singing,  
Your heart is always gay.  
You have no cares to grieve you,  
While I could weep today.

4. You have no cares to grieve you,  
While I could weep today,  
For I have lost my loved one  
In such a senseless way.

5. She wanted some red roses  
But I did rudely say  
She could not have the roses  
That I had picked that day.

6. Now I wish those red roses  
Were on their bush today,  
While I and my beloved  
Still went our old sweet way.

(Continued)

(Piano accompaniment on page 134 of cloth-bound edition.)

2. J'ai trouvé l'eau si belle  
Que je m'y suis baigné,  
Sous les feuilles d'un chêne  
Je me suis fait sécher.

3. Sous les feuilles d'un chêne  
Je me suis fait sécher,  
Sur la plus haute branche  
Le rossignol chantait.

4. Sur la plus haute branche  
Le rossignol chantait.  
Chante, rossignol, chante,  
Toi qui as le cœur gai.

5. Chante, rossignol, chante,  
Toi qui as le cœur gai,  
Tu as le cœur à rire,  
Moi je l'ai-t-a pleurer.

6. Tu as le cœur à rire,  
Moi je l'ai-t-a pleurer;  
J'ai perdu ma maîtresse  
Sans l'avoir mérité.

7. J'ai perdu ma maîtresse  
Sans l'avoir mérité,  
Pour un bouquet de roses  
Que je lui refusai.

8. Pour un bouquet de roses  
Que je lui refusai.  
Je voudrais que la rose  
Fût encore au rosier.

9. Je voudrais que la rose  
Fût encore au rosier,  
Et moi et ma maîtresse  
Dans les mém's amitiés.

S.A.T.B.

## VIVE LA CANADIENNE! (Of My Canadian Girl I Sing)

A popular French-Canadian toast to the Canadian girl.

Quickly

1. Of my Ca-na-dian girl I sing, Gai - - ly our voi - ces ring!  
1. Vi - ve la Ca - na - - dien - - nel Vo - le, mon cœur, vo - - lel

Chords: D, D, mf Bm, A7

Of my Ca-na-dian girl I sing And her sweet eyes so blue, And  
Vi - ve la Ca - na - - dien - - ne Et ses ja - lis yeux doux, Et

Chords: D, D, Em, A7, D Fine f

Fine

(Piano accompaniment on page 146 of cloth-bound edition.)

S.A.T.B.

# MARY ANN

Dr. Marius Barbeau heard this unusual sailor's song at Tadoussac, Quebec, from Edouard Hovington, who had been a *coureur-de-bois* with the Hudson's Bay Company. He had learned it from an Irish sailor around 1850. It is descended from the English song, "The True Lover's Farewell", and is closely related to "The Turtle Dove".

Slowly

1. Oh, fare thee well, my own true love, Oh,  
2. Oh, yon - der don't you see the dove A -

Chords: C, P, C, F, G, C

fare thee well, my dear! For the ship is wait - ing; the wind blows  
sit - ting on the stile? She is mourn ing the loss of her own true

Chords: C, C, G, G, mf, C, C, Am

high, And I am bound a - way for the sea, Ma - ry Ann, And  
love As I do now for you, my dear, Ma - ry Ann, As

Chords: Em, G7, C, Am, G7, P, Am, Am, P

I am bound a - way for the sea, Ma - ry Ann! Ann!  
I do now for you, my dear, Ma - ry Ann!

Chords: G, C, Am, rit., G7, P, C, C, last time

Performance markings: D.S., rit., D.S.

(Piano accompaniment on page 142 of cloth-bound edition.)

S.A.T.B.

# LAND OF THE SILVER BIRCH

A popular song in Ontario summer camps. It has been widely sung for at least twenty years, but no one seems to know when or where it originated.

With a steady rhythm

*f* *Dm* *Am* *Bb* *F*

1. Land of the sil-ver birch, home of the bea-ver,  
 2. Down in the for-est, deep in the low-lands,  
 3. High on a rock-y ledge I'll build my wig-wam,

*Bb* *C* *Dm* *Eb* *Bb* *Am* *Bb*

Where still the might-y moose wan-ders at will, Blue lake and  
 My heart cries out for thee, hills of the north. Blue lake and  
 Close by the wa-ter's edge, si-lent and still. Blue lake and

*f* *mp* *Cm* *slightly slower* *Am* *Bb* *mp* *Dm* **REFRAIN:**

rock-y shore, I will re--turn once more. Boom de de boom boom,  
 rock-y shore, I will re--turn once more.  
 rock-y shore, I will re--turn once more.

*mp* *slightly slower* *mp*

*Dm* *di* *mi* *Dm* *nu* *Dm* *en* *do* *ppp*

Boom de de boom boom, Boom de de boom boom, Boo - - - oom.

*ppp*

*di* *mi* *nu* *en* *do*

(Piano accompaniment on page 190 of cloth-bound edition.)

LAND OF THE SILVER BIRCH (Continued)

TWO-PART

With a steady rhythm

1. Land of the sil - ver birch, home of the bea - - ver,  
 2. Down in the for - - est, deep in the low - - lands,  
 3. High on a rock - y ledge I'll build my wig - - wam,

Where still the might-y moose wan-ders at will, Blue lake and  
 My heart cries out for thee, hills of the north. Blue lake and  
 Close by the wa-ter's edge, si-lent and still. Blue lake and

REFRAIN:

*mp* *slightly slower* *mp*

rock - y shore, I will re - - turn once more.  
 rock - y shore, I will re - - turn once more. Boom de de boom boom,  
 rock - y shore, I will re - - turn once more.

*di - - mi - - nu - - en - - do* *ppp*

Boom de de boom boom, Boom de de boom boom, Boo - - - - oom.



S. B.  
and/or  
T. B.

## THE WRECK OF THE 'ASIA'

Many ships have sunk in the Great Lakes, and one of the worst disasters was the loss of the *Asia* on September 14, 1882. It went down in broad daylight in Georgian Bay with the loss of over two hundred lives. The ballad about it was sung both in Great Lake ports and in the Ontario lumbercamps.

Like a dirge

1. Loud roared the dread-ful tu- mult, and stor- my  
2. There were three and thir- ty shan- ty boys, whole- heart- ed,

1. Hund- red souls she had  
2. Tried to save the cap-

was stout and brave. When the A- sia left her  
on board, like- wise a

To make this ballad more interesting to perform, feel at liberty to sing different verses in one or more of the following ways:

1. Melody in unison.
2. Two vocal parts a cappella.
3. Melody or both parts with the piano accompaniment in the Library Edition.
4. Melody or both parts with the left hand part of the piano accompaniment in the Library Edition.

NB - Note that the words assigned the bass part are found in the last two lines of the verses as printed. The other verses can be treated similarly. Phrase the bass part according to the text.



hund - red souls she had on board, like - wise a  
 tried to save the cap - tain as the wa - ters  
 on that trip this gal -  
 no!" cried he, "Ne'er think  
 cost - ly store, And on that trip this gal - lant  
 round him raged. "Oh, no!" cried he, "Ne'er think of  
 lant of ship she sank to rise  
 of me till all on board  
 ship she sank to rise no more.  
 me till all on board are saved."  
 no are more.  
 are saved.

3. I'll ne'er forget MacDougall — that was his honored name,  
 Immortalized by gallant deeds and handed down to fame.  
 The cabin-boy next passed away, so young and true and brave.  
 His parents weep while his body sleeps in the Georgian's watery grave.
4. And likewise Willie Christie, with his lately-wedded bride,  
 Were bound for Manitoulin where her parents did reside.  
 "If we had only left this boat last evening at Owen Sound!  
 Oh, Willie, dear, why came we here to in these waters down?"
5. Of all the souls she had on board two only are alive —  
 Miss Morrison and Tinkiss, they only did survive.  
 Miss Morrison and Tinkiss—their names I'll ne'er forget,  
 Protected by a lifeboat which five times did upset.
6. That boat was seen to hold eighteen which into her did climb,  
 But it upset, and down they went—there were seven at one time.  
 Now in the deep their bodies sleep; their earthly trials are o'er,  
 And on the beach their bones do bleach along the Georgian shore.

# THE CATTLE BUYER

This unusual local song from Ontario dates from 1911 when reciprocity was the issue of the day. The cattle buyer composed the verses as he drove his buggy a-long Ontario's winding roads, setting them to a variation of the old Irish tune that railroad workers appropriated for "Jerry Go lie That Car." Burk's Falls is a small town between Huntsville and North Bay, and the Mag probably refers to the town of Magnetawan.

Happily

1. I am a cat-tle buy-er from Burk's Falls town, And I drive from the peep of  
 2. I met an old la-dy on the mil-ler's swing bridge, She was wait-ing for the Glen-gar-ry

Detailed description: This system contains the first two lines of the song. The music is written in a key with one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature. The melody is on a treble clef staff, and the bass line is on a bass clef staff. Chords are indicated above the treble staff: F major for the first two measures and F major for the last two measures. The lyrics are written below the treble staff, with two verses provided.

day.  
 Rose.

As my bug-gy goes by, the farm-ers they will cry: "What's the  
 She was go- ing to get mar- ried to Char-lie, so she said; He had

Detailed description: This system contains the third and fourth lines of the song. The treble staff has a B-flat key signature. Chords are indicated above the treble staff: B-flat major for the first measure, D minor for the second and fourth measures, and D minor for the fifth measure. The lyrics continue from the previous system.

price of your cat-tle to- day?" I would drive clean through Ry-er- son And  
 gone to get a new suit of clothes. I drove an old roan which was all skin and bone, And a

Detailed description: This system contains the fifth and sixth lines of the song. Chords are indicated above the treble staff: D minor for the first measure, C7 for the second measure, F major for the third measure, D minor for the fourth measure, and A minor for the fifth measure. The lyrics continue.

clean through the town- ship of Spence. It was up to the Mag and  
 bug-gy that had three wheels on. Now I'd soon-er see you walk than to

Detailed description: This system contains the seventh and eighth lines of the song. Chords are indicated above the treble staff: B-flat major for the first measure, B-flat major for the second measure, and D minor for the third measure. The lyrics conclude the song.



home with the jag - Oh, what an e - nor - mous ex - pense !  
lis - ten to your talk, So I said, "Old nag, get a - long."

3. 'Twas down in Mitchell swamp where I met old Daddy Brant,  
And it happened to be on election day.  
"Now by the golly's damn," he said, "I'll never vote Reform,  
For I never liked Sir Wilfred Laurier.  
It's by the gee whiz, let those Yankees mind their biz,  
And to heck with their Reciprocity,"  
So I didn't chew the rag but I started for the Mag,  
And I bid the old man good day.
  
4. I met Joe and Ike on the shores of Ahmic Lake  
And they shouted a great tally-ho.  
They wanted me to dine but I said I hadn't time,  
And they said they'd let everything go.  
The chickens were all gone and the cattle sold in town,  
And the cattle boys were working in the hay,  
So I didn't chew the rag and I started for the Mag,  
And I bid them all good day.



# I WENT TO THE MARKET

Songs that make equal use of our two official languages are very rare, and this is one of the best examples. The lesson it teaches is that it is hard to do business with la fille d'un avocat — a lawyer's daughter. When she buys two dozen of the young man's apples she says that Papa will pay — but he doesn't.

Dance!

1. I went to the mar - ket, mon p'tit pa - nier sous mon bras.  
 2. The first girl I met was la fill' d'un a - vo - cat. The

went to the mar - ket, mon p'tit pa - nier sous mon bras. The  
 first girl I met was la fill' d'un a - vo - cat. She

REFRAIN:  
 first girl I met was la fill' d'un a - vo - cat. } I love you,  
 said, "What have you got dans ce beau p'tit pa - nier - la?" }

vous n'm'at - ten - dez guè - re, I love you, vous n'm'at - ten - dez pas !

3. She said: "What hav' you got dans ce beau p'tit panier-là?" ] 2  
 —I've got some apples, n'en n'achèteriez-vous pas? . . .
4. —I've got some apples, n'en n'achèteriez-vous pas? ] 2  
 "Oh! Give me two dozens, pis l'bonhomm' te paiera ça . . ."
5. "Oh! Give me two dozens, pis l'bonhomm' te paiera ça . . ." ] 2  
 I gave her two dozens . . . mais l'bonhomm' y payait pas . . .
6. I gave her two dozens . . . mais l'bonhomm' y payait pas . . . ] 2  
 Such is the business avec la fill' d'un avocat! . . .