

French-Canadian Songs

(With French and English Versions)

Edited by

JAMES EDMUND JONES, B.A.



CONTENTS

	<i>Page</i>
Vive la Canadienne	2
À la Claire Fontaine	4
Un Canadien Errant	6
Malbrouck - - -	8
Alouette - - -	10
Le Drapeau de Carillon	12
Le Brigadier - - -	14
Sur Mon Père - - -	16

Price 2/- Net.
50 cents.

Price 2/- Net.
50 cents.

London :
**FREDERICK
HARRIS
COMPANY**

14
Berners St., W.1

Ontario :
**FREDERICK
HARRIS
COMPANY**

Oakville

THESE Songs, for the most part, were carried from Normandy to Quebec by the French, and have been preserved as Folk Songs in Canada.

Copyright MCMXX, by The Frederick Harris Company

Sole Selling Rights for British Isles : ALFRED LENGNICK & Co., Ltd., 14 Berners Street, London, W.1

PRINTED IN ENGLAND

FRENCH-CANADIAN SONGS

With French and English Versions.

Vive la Canadienne!

Long live the Canadian Girl!

Solo 1st time, repeat as CHORUS.

Maestoso.

f

Viv - e la Ca - na - dien - ne, Vol - e, mon cœur vo - le, Viv -
Long live our bright Ca - na - dian girl; (Fly my heart, oh, fly to her!) Long

Musical notation for the first system, including treble and bass staves with lyrics.

f

e la Ca - na - dien - ne; Et ses jo - lis yeux doux.
live our bright Ca - na - dian girl, With eyes so soft and sweet.

Musical notation for the second system, including treble and bass staves with lyrics. The word "FINE." is written at the end of the system.

f

Et ses jo - lis yeux, doux, doux, doux, Et ses jo - lis yeux doux.
With eyes so soft and sweet, sweet, sweet, With eyes so soft and sweet.

Musical notation for the third system, including treble and bass staves with lyrics. The word "D.C." is written at the end of the system.

HQ
01047
MUS

VIVE LA CANADIENNE!

I

Vive la Canadienne,
 Vole, mon cœur, vole,
 Vive la Canadienne,
 Et ses jolis yeux doux,
 Et ses jolis yeux doux, doux, doux,
 Et ses jolis yeux doux.

2

Nous la menons aux noces,
 Vole, mon cœur, vole,
 Nous la menons aux noces,
 Dans tous ses beaux atours,
 Dans tous ses beaux atours, tours, tours,
 Dans tous ses beaux atours.

3

Nous faisons bonne chère,
 Vole, mon cœur, vole,
 Nous faisons bonne chère,
 Et nous avons bon goût.
 Et nous avons bon goût, goût, goût,
 Et nous avons bon goût.

4

On danse avec nos blondes,
 Vole, mon cœur, vole,
 On danse avec nos blondes,
 Nous changeons tour à tour.
 Nous changeons tour à tour, tour, tour,
 Nous changeons tour à tour.

5

Alors toute la terre,
 Vole, mon cœur, vole,
 Alors toute la terre
 Nous appartient en tout.
 Nous appartient en tout, tout, tout,
 Nous appartient en tout.

6

Ainsi le temps se passe,
 Vole, mon cœur, vole,
 Ainsi le temps se passe,
 Il est vraiment bien doux.
 Il est vraiment bien doux, doux, doux,
 Il est vraiment bien doux.

LONG LIVE THE CANADIAN GIRL.

I

Long live our bright Canadian girl.
 (Fly, my heart, oh fly to her.)
 Long live our bright Canadian girl,
 With eyes so soft and sweet,
 With eyes so soft and sweet, sweet, sweet,
 With eyes so soft and sweet.

2

We'll lead her to the bridal feast,
 (Fly, my heart, oh fly to her.)
 We'll lead her to the bridal feast,
 Decked in her best attire,
 Decked in her best attire, tire, tire,
 Decked in her best attire.

3

There we will drink and make good cheer
 (Fly, my heart, oh fly to her.)
 There we will drink and make good cheer,
 For none can better fare,
 For none can better fare, fare, fare,
 For none can better fare.

4

Our pretty maidens love the dance,
 (Fly, my heart, oh fly to her.)
 Our pretty maidens love the dance,
 They step with each in turn,
 They step with each in turn, turn, turn,
 They step with each in turn.

5

To us belongs this merry world,
 (Fly, my heart, oh fly to her.)
 To us belongs this merry world,
 And life that's free from care,
 And life that's free from care, care, care,
 And life that's free from care.

6

'Tis thus we while the hours away,
 (Fly, my heart, oh fly to her.)
 'Tis thus we while the hours away,
 For naught could be more sweet,
 For naught could be more sweet, sweet, sweet,
 For naught could be more sweet.

A la Claire Fontaine.

Down where the Spring is Sparkling.

Allegretto.

A la clair - e fon - tain - e, M'en al - lant prom - en - er,
Down where the spring is spark - ling,, Id - ling the sum - mer day;

J'a'i trou - vé l'eau si bel - le Que je m'y suis baig - né.
Found I the pool so plea - sant, plung'd in its cool - ing spray.

CHORUS. Amoroso.

Lui y'a long - temps, que je t'ai - me, Ja - mais je ne t'oub - lier - ai.
Love, I have lov'd you... ev - er, Love, I shall... love for aye.

- 1 A la claire fontaine
M'en allant promener,
J'ai trouvé l'eau si belle
Que je m'y suis baigné.
Lui y'a longtemps je t'aime,
Jamais je ne t'oublierai.
- 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.
Lui y'a longtemps je t'aime,
Jamais je ne t'oublierai.

- 1 Down where the spring is sparkling,
Idling the summer day;
Found I the pool so pleasant,
Plunged in its cooling spray.
Love, I have loved you ever,
Love, I shall love for aye.
- 2 Found I the pool so pleasant,
Plunged in its cooling spray,
Then in the oakwood shadows,
Resting my limbs, I lay.
Love, I have loved you ever,
Love, I shall love for aye.

A LA CLAIRE FONTAINE.

- 3 Sous les feuilles d'un chêne,
Ja me suis fait sécher;
Sur la plus haute branche
Le rossignol chantait.
Lui y'a longtemps je t'aime,
Jamais je ne t'oublierai.
- 4 Sur la plus haute branche
Le rossignol chantait.
Chante, rossignol, chante,
Toi qui as le cœur gai.
Lui y'a longtemps je t'aime,
Jamais je ne t'oublierai.
- 5 Chante, rossignol, chante,
Toi qui as le cœur gai;
Tu as le cœur à rire,
Moi, je l'ai-t-à pleurer.
Lui y'a longtemps je t'aime,
Jamais je ne t'oublierai.
- 6 Tu as le cœur à rire,
Moi, je l'ai-t-à pleurer,
J'ai perdu ma maîtresse,
Sans l' avoir mérité.
Lui y'a longtemps je t'aime,
Jamais je ne t'oublierai.
- 7 J'ai perdu ma maîtresse,
Sans l'avoir mérité,
Pour un bouquet de roses,
Que je lui refusai.
Lui y'a longtemps je t'aime,
Jamais je ne t'oublierai.
- 8 Pour un bouquet de roses,
Que je lui refusai.
Je voudrais que la rose
Fût encore au rosier.
Lui y'a longtemps je t'aime,
Jamais je ne t'oublierai.
- 9 Je voudrais que la rose
Fût encore au rosier,
Et moi et ma maîtresse
Dans les mêm's amitiés.
Lui y'a longtemps je t'aime,
Jamais je ne t'oublierai.

DOWN WHERE THE SPRING IS SPARKLING.

- 3 Then in the oakwood shadows
Resting my limbs I lay,
High on the topmost branches
Song-sparrows sing and sway.
Love, I have loved you ever,
Love, I shall love for aye.
- 4 High on the topmost branches
Song-sparrows sing and sway.
Sing, sing, you little sparrow,
Light is your heart and gay.
Love, I have loved you ever,
Love, I shall love for aye.
- 5 Sing, sing, you little sparrow,
Light is your heart and gay,
Your heart is full of laughter,
Mine, full of tears to-day.
Love, I have loved you ever,
Love, I shall love for aye.
- 6 Your heart is full of laughter,
Mine, full of tears to-day,
My love is lost me ever,
Gone from my life away.
Love, I have loved you ever,
Love, I shall love for aye.
- 7 My love is lost me ever,
Gone from my life away,
Just for a bunch of roses,
Snatched from her hand in play.
Love, I have loved you ever,
Love, I shall love for aye.
- 8 Just for a bunch of roses,
Snatched from her hand in play,
Oh, were the bunch of roses
Back in its garden gay!
Love, I have loved you ever,
Love, I shall love for aye.
- 9 Oh, were the bunch of roses
Back in the garden gay!
Oh, that my love would love me,
Love me as yesterday.
Love, I have loved you ever,
Love, I shall love always.

Un Canadien Errant.

An Exile Lone and Sad.

Translation by B. MORTON JONES.

Andante.

Un Ca - na - dien er - rant, Ban - ni de ses foy - ers,
An ex - ile lone and sad, From Can - a - da and home,

Un Ca - na - dien lone er - rant, Ban - ni de ses foy - ers,
An ex - ile lone and sad, From Can - a - da and home,

Par - cour - ait en pleur - ant, Des pa - ys, é - trang - ers.
By fate in for - eign lands Doom'd ev - er - more to roam,

Par - cour - ait en pleur - ant, Des pa - ys, é - trang - ers.
By fate in for - eign lands Doom'd ev - er - more to roam.

UN CANADIEN ERRANT.

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.

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.

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 te verrai plus!
 Et ma patrie, hélas!
 Je ne te verrai plus!

5

“Plongé dans les malheurs
 Loin de mes chers parents
 Plongé dans les malheurs
 Loin de mes chers parents,
 Je passe dans les pleurs,
 D’infortunés moments,
 Je passe dans les pleurs
 D’infortunés moments.

6

“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.”

AN EXILE LONE AND SAD.

1

An exile lone and sad,
 From Canada and home,
 By fate in foreign lands,
 Doomed evermore to roam;

2

One day in pensive mood,
 Seated a stream beside,
 To the fast-flowing wave,
 Thus, weeping low, he cried:

3

“If thou, in onward course,
 Should’st see my land, oh, then,
 Go, tell my friends that I
 Miudful of them remain.

4

“O hours so full of joy,
 Fled with the years long o’er,
 And thee, my native land,
 I shall behold no more.

5

“Plunged in the depths of woe,
 No friend to soothe appears;
 The moments as they pass
 Bring only sighs and tears.

6

“When low within my breast
 Life’s flickering spark shall burn,
 To thee, O Canada,
 My dying eye shall turn.”

Malbrouck.

Malbrouck to the War is Riding.

Marziale.

mf Mal - brouck s'en va - t-en guer - re, Ri too tra la, ri
 Mal - brouck to war is rid - ing, Ri too tra la, ri

mf

too tra la, Mal - brouck s'en va - t-en guer - re. Ne sait quand rev - ien dra.
 too tra la, Mal - brouck to war is rid - ing, In mar - tial proud ar - ray.

rall.

CHORUS.

1st and 2nd TENORS.

ad lib. *a tempo.*

Là - bas; cou - rez, cou - rez, cou - rez. Pe - tit - e fill', jeune et gen -
 Sir - rah! Hoo - ray, hoo - ray, hoo - ray! My lit - tle maid, charm - ing and

1st and 2nd BASSES.

- til - le; Cou - rez, cou - rez, cou - rez! Ven - ez ce soir vous a - mu - ser.....
 cheer - y, Hoo - ray, hoo - ray, hoo - ray! Come let us dance, come let us play.....

MALBROUCK.

1.

Malbrouck s'en va-t-en guerre,
Ri too tra la, ri too tra la,
Malbrouck s'en va-t-en guerre,
Ne sait quand reviendra.

CHORUS:

Là-bas; courez, courez, courez,
Petite fille, jeune et gentille;
Courez, courez, courez,
Venez ce soir vous amuser.

2.

Il reviendra-zà Pâques,
Ou à la Trinité.

3.

La Trinité se passe
Malbrouck ne revient pas.

4.

Madame à sa tour monte,
Si haut qu'elle peut monter.

5.

Elle aperçoit son page;
Tout de noir habillé.

6.

"Beau page; ah mon beau page;
Quell' nouvelle apportez?"

7.

"Aux novell's que j'apporte,
Vos beaux yeux vont pleurer."

8

"Quittez vos habits roses
Et vos satins brochés"

9.

"Monsieur Malbrouck est more,
Est mort et enterré."

10.

"J'l'ai vu porter en terre,
Par quatre z-officiers."

MALBROUCK.

1.

Malbrouck to the war is riding,
Ri-too-tra-la, ri-too-tra-la.
Malbrouck to the war is riding,
In martial proud array. Sirrah;

CHORUS:

Hooray, hooray, hooray!
My little maid, charming and cheery.
Hooray, Hooray, Hooray!
Come let us dance, come let us play!

2.

When shall he come a-riding,
Ri-too-tra-la, ri-too-tra-la.
When shall he come a-riding,
A-riding back this way! Sirrah, &c.

3.

He'll come of an Easter morning,
Or in the month of May. Sirrah, &c.

4.

The month of May is over,
Malbrouck is still away. Sirrah, &c.

5.

His waiting wife is gazing
From turrets high and grey,
Sirrah, &c.

6.

She sees his page arriving
In mournful black array. Sirrah, &c.

7.

"Oh, tell me, page, oh, tell me,
What news you bring me, pray."
Sirrah. &c.

8.

"The tidings that I bring you
Will change your locks to grey."
Sirrah, &c.

9.

"Put off your rich apparel,
And all your garments gay."
Sirrah, &c.

10.

"Malbrouck is dead and buried,
Is dead and laid away." Sirrah, &c

11.

"Four officers have borne him
To rest beneath the clay." Sirrah, &c.

Alouette

Pretty Skylark

Allegretto.

1. A - lou - et - te, gen - tille a - lou - et - te, A - lou - et - te, je te plu - me - rai.
 1. Pret - ty sky - lark, pret - ty lit - tle sky - lark, Pret - ty sky - lark I shall pluck you now.

* CHORUS.

Je te plu - me - rai la tête, je te plu - me - rai la tête, Et la tête, et la tête, Oh!
 Yes, I mean to pluck your head, Yes, I mean to pluck your head, And your head, and your head, Oh!

CHORUS IN UNISON. FINE.

A - lou - et - te, gen - tille a - lou - et - te, A - lou - et - te, je te plu - me - rai.
 Pret - ty sky - lark, pret - ty lit - tle sky - lark, Pret - ty sky - lark, I shall pluck you now.

FINE.

2. A - lou - et - te, gen - tille a - lou - et - te, A - lou - et - te, je te plu - me - rai.
 2. Pret - ty sky - lark, pret - ty lit - tle sky - lark, Pret - ty sky - lark, I shall pluck you now.

CHORUS. SOLO. CHORUS.

Je te plu-me-rai le bec, je te plu-me-rai le bec, Et le bec, et le bec, et la tête, et la tête.
 Yes, I mean to pluck your beak, Yes, I mean to pluck your beak, And your beak, and your beak, And your head, and your head.

*Repeat Chorus from **

3. A - lou - et - te, gen-tille a - lou - et - te, a - lou - et - te, je te plu - me - rai, je te plu - me - rai le nez,
 3. Pret - ty sky - lark, pret - ty lit - tle sky - lark, Pret - ty sky - lark, I shall pluck your nose, Yes, I mean to pluck your nose.

CHO. SOLO. CHO. SOLO. *Repeat Chorus from **
 je te plu - me - rai le nez, Et le nez, et le nez, et le bec, et le bec, Et la tête, et la tête.
 yes, I mean to pluck your nose, And your nose, and your nose, and your beak, and your beak, And your head, and your head.

*Repeat Chorus from **

4 Alouette, gentille alouette,
 Alouette, je te plumerai le dos,
 Et le dos, et le dos, et le nez, et le nez;
 Et le bec, et le bec, et la tête, et la tête; Oh!

4 Pretty skylark, pretty little skylark,
 Pretty skylark, I shall pluck you now.
 Yes, I mean to pluck your back (*bis*)
 And your back, and your back, and your nose, etc.

5 Alouette, gentille alouette,
 Alouette, je te plumerai les pattes,
 Et les pattes, et les pattes, et le dos, et le dos;
 Et le nez, et le nez, Et le bec, et le bec, Et la tête,
 et la tête, Oh!

5 Pretty skylark, pretty little skylark,
 Pretty skylark, I shall pluck you now.
 Yes, I mean to pluck your toes (*bis*)
 And your toes, and your toes, and your back, etc.

6 Alouette, gentille alouette,
 Alouette, je te plumerai le cou,
 Et le cou, et le cou, et les pattes, et les pattes;
 Et le dos, et le dos, Et le nez, et le nez, Et le bec,
 et le bec, Et la tête, et la tête, Oh!

6 Pretty skylark, pretty little skylark,
 Pretty skylark, I shall pluck you now.
 Yes, I mean to pluck your neck, (*bis*)
 And your neck, and your neck, and your toes, etc.

Le Drapeau de Carillon.

The Flag of Carillon.

At Carillon (now Ticonderoga), on Lake Champlain, Montcalm in 1758 drove back the English forces under General Abercrombie. A French soldier, after a vain attempt to rouse his nation to a sense of the danger in which their possessions on this continent were placed, returns to the scene of his former victory, and is supposed there to give utterance to the words of the song.

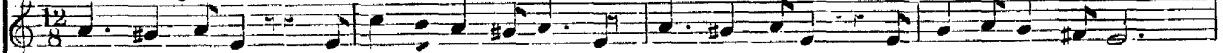
Words by OCTAVE CRÉMAZIE.

Translation by B. MORTON JONES.

CHARLES W. SABATIER.

Arran. ed by T. MARTENS.

SOLO. *Largamente.*




1. O Ca - ril - lon, je te re - vois en - co - re, Non plus hé - las! comme en ces jours bé - nis,
 1. O Ca - ril - lon, to thee once more re - turn - ing, Sad - ly I gaze on thy fa - mil - iar wall;
 2. Mes com - pagnons, d' - u - ne vaine es - pér - an - ce, Ber - çant en - cor' leurs cœurs toujours fran - çais,
 2. In vain my com - rades' cheeks are warm - ly glow - ing, In vain they lull with dreams of home their pain,

PIANO.




Où, dans tes murs, la trom - pet - te son - o - re, Pour te sau - ver nous a - vait ré - u - nis,
 Not as of yore, when hears with ar - dor burn - ing Throng'd thee to save at the loud bu - gle call.
 Les yeux tour - nés du cõ - té de la Fran - ce, Di - ront souvent: Re - viendront - ils ja - mais?
 In vain to France their heart is ev - er go - ing, Filled with this hope, "Will they come back a - gain?"

CHORUS. *Agitato.*



Je viens... à toi quand mon à - me..... suc - com - be
 To thee..... I come when low my heart..... is beat - ing,
 L'il lu si - on con - so - le - ra..... leur vi - e;
 This hope, .. tho' vain, will be their con - so - la - tion,



Agitato.



Et sent.... dé - ja son..... cou - ra - ge fai - blir,
 When cou - rage fails, and..... all a - round is drear.
 Moi, sans es - poir, quand... mes jours vont fin - ir,
 But when... at last my..... lone - ly death is near,

Oui, près.... de toi..... ve - nant cher - cher ma tom - be,
 Yea, near.... to thee..... my death more brave - ly meet - ing,
 Et sans.... at - tendre..... u - ne pa - role a - mi - e.
 Naught shall.... be mine..... of friend - ship's ad - mir - a - tion.

Pour mon.... dra - peau je viens... i - ci..... mou - rir.....
 Guard - ing.... my flag I come... to per - ish here.....

3. Cet étendard, qu'au grand jour des batailles,
 Noble Montcalm, tu plaças dans ma main,
 Cet étendard qu'aux portes de Versailles,
 Naguère, hélas! je déployais en vain.
 Je te remets aux champs où de ta gloire
 Vivra toujours l'immortel souvenir,
 Et dans ma tombe emportant ta mémoire,
 Pour mon drapeau je viens ici mourir.
4. Qu'ils sont heureux ceux qui dans la mêlée
 Près de Lévis moururent en soldats!
 En expirant, leur âme consolée,
 Voyait la gloire adoucir leur trépas.
 Vous qui dormez dans votre froide bière,
 Vous que j'implore à mon dernier soupir,
 Réveillez-vous! Apportant ma bannière,
 Sur vos tombeaux, je viens ici mourir.

3. Noble Montcalm thou gavest me this standard,
 'Midst shot and shell upon the battle plain,
 Bearing it, lately to Versailles I wandered,
 But there, alas! I unfurled it in vain.
 Back now I place it where the recollection
 Of thy great deeds shall ne'er fade or grow sere,
 And unto death shall last my deep affection,—
 Guarding my flag I come to perish here.
4. Thrice happy they to whom by fate 'twas given
 'Mid the brave throng near Levi's height to die,
 For them the cloud by one glad ray was riven,
 Glory could sweeten their sad destiny.
 Ye who now slumber till the great awaking,
 On whom I call with dying accents clear,—
 Awake! my banner in my hand I'm taking,
 Upon your graves I come to perish here.

Le Brigadier

Two Men at Arms came Riding Slowly

Musicals.
mf

Deux gen - dar - mes un beau di - mar - che Che - vauche - ai - nt le long du sent - i -
Two men at arms came rid - ing slow - ly A - down the green path smooth and

mf

er clear, L'un por - tait la sar - di - ne blanch - e, L'au - tre le jau - ne bau - dri -
One held the rank of ser - geant low - ly; The oth - er that of bri - ga -

er. Le prem - ier..... dit d'un ton so - no - re, Le temps est beau pour la sai -
The Brig - a - dier cried, "Brave Pan - do - re, The weath - er's fine; no sign of

CHORUS IN UNISON. 1st and 2nd Tenor.

son. rain." Pr - r - an, pan, pan, pan, pan, pan, pran, pr - r - an, pan, pan, pan, pan, pan, pan. "Brig - a -
"Brig - a -

- dier," ré - pon - dit Pan - do - re, " Brig - a - dier, vous a - vez rai - son..... Brig - a -
 - dier," laugh - ing cried Pan - do - re, " Brig - a - dier, right you are a - gain..... Brig - a -
 1st and 2nd BASS.
 Brig - a - dier, Pan - do - re, vous a - vez rai -
 Brig - a - dier, Pan - do - re, right you are a -

- dier," ré - pon - dit Pan - do - re, " Brig - a - dier vous a - vez rai - son."
 - dier," laugh - ing cried Pan - do - re, " Brig - a - dier right you are a - gain."
 son, Brig - a - dier. Pan - do - re,
 gain, Brig - a - dier, Pan - do - re.

English version by the Hon Justice McLennan.

2 Ah! c'est un métier difficile,
 Garantir la propriété
 Défendre les champs et la ville.
 Du vol et de l'iniquité,
 Pourtant l'épouse que j'adore,
 Repose seule à la maison.
 Brigadier, répondit Pandore.
 Brigadier, vous avez raison.

3 La gloire c'est une couronne
 Faite de rose et de laurier,
 J'ai servi Vénus et Bellone,
 Je suis époux et brigadier;
 Mais je poursuis ce météore
 Qui vers Chalchos guida Jason.
 Brigadier, répondit Pandore,
 Brigadier, vous avez raison.

4 Phébus au bout de sa carrière
 Put encore les apercevoir;
 Le brigadier, de sa voix fière,
 Réveillait les échos du soir:
 Je vois, dit-il, le soleil qui dore
 Ces verts côteaux, à l'horizon.
 Brigadier, répondit Pandore,
 Brigadier, vous avez raison.

5 Puis ils revèrent en silence;
 On n'entendit plus que le pas
 Des chevaux marchant en cadence,
 Le brigadier ne parlait pas;
 Mais quand parut la pâle aurore,
 On entendit un vague son;
 Brigadier, répondit Pandore,
 Brigadier, vous avez raison.

2 "It is no easy matter surely
 To guard the peasant in his cot,
 To hold the cities so securely
 That thieves break in and plunder not;
 And yet the wife whom I adore
 In safety dwells while love doth reign."
 "Brigadier," smiling said Pandore,
 "Brigadier, right you are again."

3 "For Glory's wreath of fairest flowers,
 With rose and laurel intertwined;
 For love and war, immortal powers,
 I live—and cast the rest behind.
 The star that Jason led of yore
 I chase and trust the prize to gain."
 "Brigadier," laughing cried Pandore,
 "Brigadier, right you are again."

4 "It brings bright days of youth before me,
 That Past now gone beyond recall,
 When beauty flung her fetters o'er me
 I came submissive to her call.
 And yet the heart breaks o'er and o'er
 The strongest links of Cupid's chain."
 "Brigadier," laughing cried Pandore,
 "Brigadier, right you are again."

5 As Phœbus hid his glories under
 The golden clouds that veil the west,
 Our hero with his voice of thunder,
 Still broke the evening's quiet rest.
 "Farewell!" he cried, "on distant shore
 Your light will gild both hill and plain."
 "Brigadier," laughing cried Pandore,
 "Brigadier, right you are again."

6 He ceased—and now their horses' tramping
 Fell softly on the yielding ground,
 And, save their iron bridles champing,
 They passed along and made no sound.
 But when Aurora smiled once more,
 One still might hear the faint refrain:—
 "Brigadier," smiling said Pandore,
 "Brigadier, right you are again."

Sur mon Père. On his Father.

English Version by JAS. EDMUND JONES.

SOLO. CHORUS.

1. Quand j'é - tais sur mon père } Dzing, dzing, dzing - e, Boom, boom, boom - e,
1. When I lived on my fa - ther,

SOLO. CHORUS.

Quand j'é - tais sur mon père Gar - çon in - mar - i - é Ah! oui! Ah! oui!
When I lived on my fa - ther In - sin - gle bless - ed - ness Ah! yes! Ah! yes!

Gar - çon in - mar - i - é Ah! oui! Ah! oui! Gar - çon in - mar - i - é.
In sin - gle bless - ed - ness Ah! yes! Ah! yes! In sin - gle bless - ed - ness.

- 2 Je n'avais rien à faire
Qu'une femme à chercher.
- 3 A présent j'en ai une
Qui me fait enragé.
- 4 Elle m'envoie à l'ouvrage
Sans boire et sans manger.
- 5 Quand je reviens de l'ouvrage
Tout mouillé, tout glacé.
- 6 Je demande à ma femme
Si j'ai de quoi manger.
- 7 Va-tu manger du diable,
J'ai mangé des pâtés.
- 8 Les os sont sous la table
Si tu veux les ronger.

- 2 Nought else to do in life
Than seek a charming wife.
- 3 Now have I surely had
One who nigh drives me mad.
- 4 Off to my work I'm sent
Sans food and aliment.
- 5 And then when home I get
Starved quite with cold and wet.
- 6 I ask my wife, so sweet,
What I may have to eat.
- 7 "May the devil that surmise;
I've eaten all the pies.
- 8 "Bones are beneath the table,
Gnaw them, if you are able."

GOD SAVE THE KING.

Dieu protège le Roi,
En lui nous avons foi,
Vive le Roi.
Qu'il soit victorieux,
Et que son peuple heureux
Le comble de ses vœux;
Vive le Roi.

Qu'il règne de longs jours
Que son nom soit toujours
Notre secours.
Protecteur de la loi
Et défenseur des droits,
Notre espoir est en toi,
Vive le Roi.

Version by BENS. SULZER of "God Save the King."