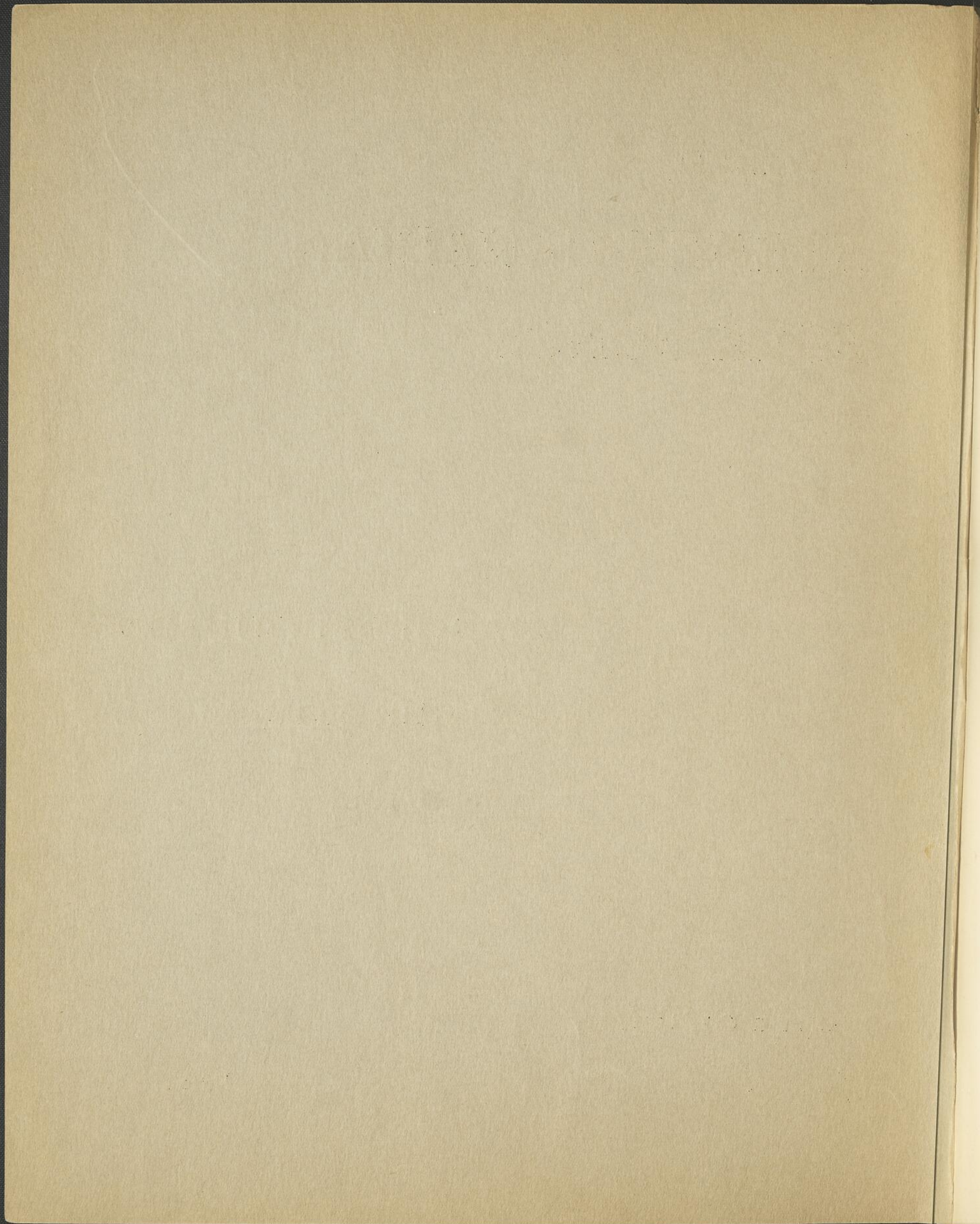


TWELVE
FRENCH-CANADIAN
FOLK SONGS

HAROLD BOULTON
AND
ARTHUR SOMERVELL

BOOSEY & CO., LTD.,
LONDON
and
NEW YORK.

Price 5/- net.



TWELVE ANCIENT
FRENCH-CANADIAN FOLK SONGS

Collected orally

BY

C. MARIUS BARBEAU

English translations

BY

HAROLD BOULTON

THE MUSIC ARRANGED

BY

ARTHUR SOMERVELL

Price 5/- net

*MS
Arthur Somervell*

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PREFACE.

FOR these characteristic French-Canadian Melodies we are indebted to the indefatigable researches of Mons. Marius Barbeau of the Royal Victoria Museum, Ottawa. This gentleman has on behalf of the Canadian Government collected, we understand, the incredible number of 7,000 such melodies, chiefly in the Province of Quebec where most of them were brought from France about three hundred years ago. Many of them have been preserved among the habitants and voyageurs of the French-Canadian province, while they have died out in the Mother Country. Of the twelve songs in this volume eleven fall into the category of importations from old France, but "*Envoyons de l'avant*" is particularly interesting as being evidently a logging song of French-Canadian growth. It is a most fortunate circumstance that an enlightened Government should have the services of such a skilled and patriotic enthusiast in preserving this folk-lore which in a generation more would, but for his efforts, have been lost for ever. Owing to personal friendship with Mons. Barbeau which we value very highly, we are allowed to make use of this priceless material.

H.B.

A.S.

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FRENCH-CANADIAN
FOLK SONGS

MARGOTON VA -T À L'IAU.

Margoton va-t à l'iau avecque son cruchon.
 La fontaine était creuse, elle est tombée au fond.
 "Ahie! ahie! ahie! ahie!"-se dit Margoton.

La fontaine était creuse, elle est tombée au fond.
 Par là passirent trois jeunes et beaux garçons.
 "Ahie! ahie! ahie! ahie!"-se dit Margoton.

Par là passirent trois jeunes et beaux garçons.
 "Que donnerez vous, la belle, si nous vous retirons?"
 "Ahie! ahie! ahie! ahie!"-se dit Margoton.

"Que donnerez vous, la belle, si nous vous retirons?"
 "Un doux baiser vous donne en guise de doublon;"
 "Ahie! ahie! ahie! ahie!"-se dit Margoton.

Traditional.

GABRIELLE AT THE WELL.

*Gabrielle ran with empty pitcher to the well,
 The well was empty, in, alas, the maiden fell,
 "Ahie! ahie! ahie ahie!"cried poor Gabrielle.*

*The well was empty, in, alas, the maiden fell,
 Three youths a-riding heard her calling from the well,
 "Ahie! ahie! ahie! ahie!"cried poor Gabrielle.*

*Three youths a-riding heard her calling from the well.
 "What will you give us if we draw you from the well?"
 "Ahie! ahie! ahie! ahie!"cried poor Gabrielle.*

*"What will you give us if we draw you from the well?"
 "I'll give you three score kisses, never, never tell."
 "Ahie! ahie! ahie! ahie!"cried poor Gabrielle.*

*English version by
 Harold Boulton.*

Margoton va-t à L'iau.

French words traditional.
English version by
HAROLD BOULTON.

Gabrielle at the well.

Traditional melody arranged by
ARTHUR SOMERVELL.

Allegro leggiero.

p

Margoton va-t à l'iau a-vec-que son cru-chon, Margoton
Gabrielle ran with emp-ty pit-cher to the well, Gabrielle

va-t à l'iau a-vec-que son cru-chon. La fontaine é - tait creuse, elle est tom-
ran with emp-ty pitcher to the well. The well was emp-ty, in, a-las, the

- bée au fond. "A-hie! a-hie! a-hie! a-hie!" se dit Mar-go-ton.
maid-en fell. "Ah-ie! ah-ie! ah-ie! ah-ie!" cried poor Ga-bri-elle.

La fon-taine é - tait
The well was emp - ty,

creuse, elle est tom - bée au fond, La fon-taine é - tait
in a - las the maid - en fell, The well was emp - ty,

creuse, elle est tom - bée au fond. Par là pas - si - rent trois jeu - nes et
in a - las the maid - en fell. Three youths a - rid - ing heard her calling

beaux gar - çons. "A - hie! a - hie! a - hie! a - hie!" se dit Mar - go -
from the well. "Ah - ie! ah - ie! ah - ie! ah - ie!" cried poor Ga - bri -

- ton. Par là pas - si - rent trois jeunes et beaux gar -
 - elle. Three youths a - rid - ing heard her call - ing from the

- çons, Par là pas - si - rent trois jeunes et beaux gar - çons. "Que donn' - rez -
 well, Three youths a - rid - ing heard her call - ing from the well. "What will you

vous, la bel - le, si nous vous r'ti - rons?" "A - hie! a - hie! a - hie!
 give us if we draw you from the well?" "Ah - ie! ah - ie! ah - ie!

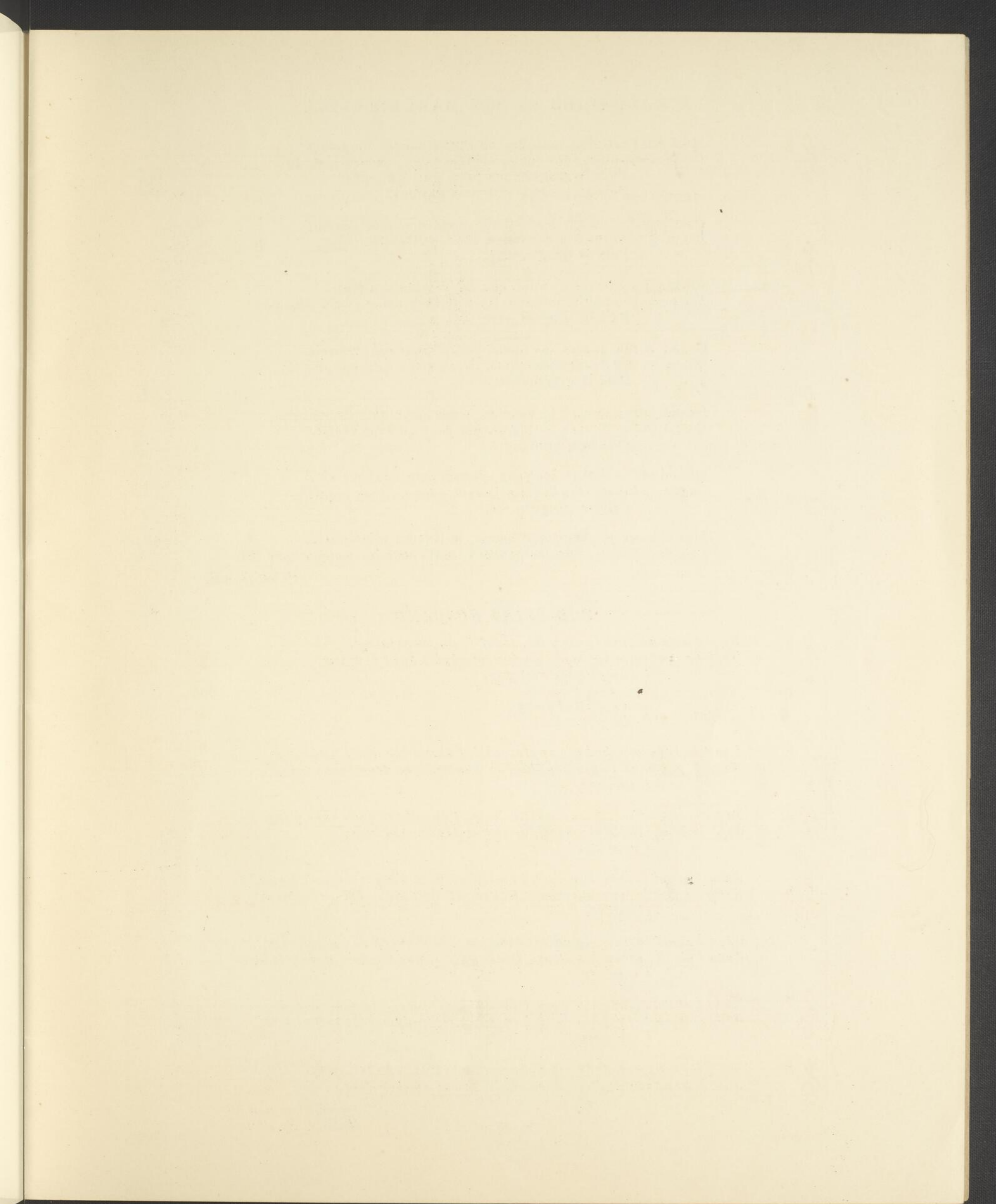
a - hie!" se dit Mar - go - ton.
 ah - ie!" cried poor Ga - bri - elle.

“Que donn’ rez - vous, la bel - le, si nous vous r’ti -
 “What will you give us, if we draw you from the

- rons?” “Que donn’ - rez - vous la bel - le, si nous vous r’ti -
 well?” “What will you give us if we draw you from the

- rons?” “Un doux bai - ser vous donne en gui - se de dou -
 well?” “I’ll give you three score kiss - es, ne - ver, ne - ver

rall.
 - blon; A - hie! a - hie! a - hie! a - hie!” se dit Mar - go - - ton.
 tell. Ah - ie! ah - ie! ah - ie! ah - ie!” crieed poor Ga - bri - - elle.
rall.



LA MALMARIÉE ET SON MARI ENSEVELI.

Mon mari est bien malade, en grand danger de mourir.
 Il m'envoie dessus ces côtes, chercher des pommes pour lui.
 Puis la gingu(e) m'a pris, gai, gai, gai,
 Puis la gingu(e) m'a pris gaiment gai.

Quand je fus dessus les côtes j'entendis sonner pour lui
 J(e) m'en retourne à la maison; il était mort, enseveli.
 Puis la gingu(e) etc.

(Dedans) six aunes de toile, que ma voisine avait pris.
 J'ai pris mes petits ciseaux fins; point à point je l(e) décousis.
 Puis la gingu(e) etc.

Quand je fus devers les pieds, j'avais peur qu'il me ruât.
 Quand je fus devers les mains, j'avais peur qu'il me poignât.
 Puis la gingu(e) etc.

Quand je fus devers la bouche, j'avais peur qu'il me mordît.
 Quand je fus devers le nez, j'avais peur qu'il me sentît.
 Puis la gingu(e) etc.

Quand je fus devers les yeux, j'avais peur qu'il me vît.
 Quand je fus devers la tête, j'avais peur qu'il me toquât.
 Puis la gingu(e) etc.

Mes ciseaux je pris quand même, le linceul je décousis,
 Conservant pour moi les pommes, mais pour les manger sans lui.

Traditional.

THE DYING HUSBAND.

*My old man was taken very ill, about to die, poor thing!
 When he sent me to his apple-yard, some apples home to bring.
 I was flighty and gay,
 Gay, gay, gay,
 And I flitted away
 Gaily gay.*

*I had hardly reached the apple-yard, I heard the death bell ring,
 When I got back to his chamber, he was dead as dead, poor thing.
 I was, etc.*

*In a shroud of linen, six yards long, I found the poor thing lay.
 So I took my little scissors for to cut the shroud away.
 I was, etc.*

*When I stood before his feet, I thought, "He'll kick me now, I know,"
 When I stood before his hands, I thought, "Of course, I'll get a blow."
 I was, etc.*

*When I stood before his nose, I thought, "He'll sniff me out all right,"
 When I stood before his mouth, I thought, "Of course, he's going to bite."
 I was, etc.*

*When I stood before his eyes I thought, of course, that he would see,
 When I stood before his head, I thought, "Of course, he'll butt at me."
 I was, etc.*

*But I took my scissors all the same to cut his shroud away,
 And I kept his apples on the shelf, to eat another day.
 I was, etc.*

La malmariée et son mari enseveli.

The dying husband.

French words traditional.
English version by
HAROLD BOULTON.

Traditional melody arranged by
ARTHUR SOMERVELL.

Allegretto.

mf

Mon ma - ri est bien ma -
My old man was ta - ken

- la-de, en grand danger de mou - -rir. Il m'en voiyedes-sur ces cô-tes, cher-cher
ve-ry ill, a - bout to die, poor thing! When he sent me to his ap-ple-yard, some

des pom- mes pour lui. Puis la gin- gue m'a pris, gai, gai, gai, Puis la gin- gue m'a
ap-ples home to bring. I was flight-y and gay, Gay, gay, gay, And I flit- ted a -

1. 2 etc. Fine
pris gai-ment gai. gai
- way, gai- ly gay. gay
p *pp*

LE JALOUX.

A un tout petit vieux mon père il m'y marie;
L'époux qu'il m'a donné est plein de jalousie.
J'espère qu'il en mourra de cette maladie.

Ce petit prince est fou, tout jaloux d'une mouche;
Il est toujours au guet de peur que l'on me touche.
Il deviendra jaloux du lit blanc où je couche.

Jetant la vue aux cieux, y fixa sa prunelle;
M'a dit: "Le firmament, il te trouve si belle
Qu'il te parle d'amour par ses mille hirondelles."

Traditional.

THE JEALOUS HUSBAND.

*To such a queer wee man
My foolish father married me,
The spouse he gave me to
Is full of tiresome jealousy.
I only hope he'll die
Of that same green-eyed malady.*

*My little Sultan's mad,
He's even jealous of a fly,
He's always half afraid
T'will light upon me by and bye.
His jealousy mistrusts
The very bed on which I lie.*

*Then looking up to heaven
He wildly rolls his jaundiced eyes,
"I'm quite upset," he says,
For now he's jealous of the skies!
"They send the swallows down
To play and flirt with you" he sighs.*

*English version by
Harold Boulton.*

Le Jaloux.

The jealous husband.

French words traditional.

English version by
HAROLD BOULTON.

Traditional melody arranged by
ARTHUR SOMERVELL.

Allegro.

mf
A un tout pe - tit vieux mon pè - re m'y ma -
To such a queer wee man My fool - ish fa - ther

- ri - e L'é - poux qu'il m'a don - né est plein de ja - lou -
mar-ried me, The spouse he gave me to Is full of tire - some

- si - e. J'es - père qu'il en mour - ra de cet - te ma - la -
jealous - y I on - ly hope he'll die Of that same green - eyed

- di - - e. Ce
mal - a - dy. My

f *rall.*

1. 2. 3.

D'OU VIENS-TU, BERGÈRE?
(Noel)

"D'ou viens-tu, bergère, d'ou viens-tu?"
"Je viens de l'étable de m'y promener.
J'ai vu un miracle qui vient d'arriver,
qui vient d'arriver."

"Qu'as-tu vu, bergère? Qu'as-tu vu?"
"J'ai vu dans l'étable un petit enfant,
Sur la paille fraîche, mis bien pauvrement,
mis bien pauvrement."

"Est-il beau, bergère, est-il beau?"
"Plus beau que la lune, aussi le soleil."
"Jamais dans le monde on vit son pareil
on vit son pareil."

"Rien de plus, bergère, rien de plus?"
"J'ai vu l'boeuf et l'âne, qui sont là présents,
Avec leur haleine réchauffent l'enfant,
réchauffent l'enfant."

"Rien de plus, bergère, rien de plus?"
"J'ai vu trois beaux anges descendus du ciel,
Chantant les louanges du Père éternel,
du Père éternel."

Traditional.

WHENCE CAME YOU, SHEPHERDESS?
(Carol)

"How now Shepherdess, and whence came you?"
"I came from the stable as it so befel,
Where mine eyes encountered happ'nings strange to tell."

"How now, Shepherdess, and what saw you?"
"In the manger lying a little babe was seen
Cleanly straw his pallet, though his lodging mean."

"Is he, Shepherdess, right fair to view?"
"Fairer than the moonbeam, brighter than the sun,
Never earth nor heaven looked on such an one"

"Tell me, Shepherdess, what more saw you?"
"Ox and ass attending, viewed his baby form,
Breathing gently on him for to keep him warm."

"Tell me, Shepherdess, what more saw you?"
"There stood three white angels, straight from heaven on high,
Carolling the praises of the Deity."

*English version by
Harold Boulton.*

D'ou viens-tu, Bergère?

Whence came you, Shepherdess?

French words traditional.

English version by
HAROLD BOULTON.

Traditional melody arranged by
ARTHUR SOMERVELL.

Andante con moto.

"D'ou viens-tu, ber-gè-re,
"How now Shepherdess, and

d'ou viens - tu?" "Je viens de l'é - ta - ble, de m'y pro-mè-ner.
whence came you?" "I came from the sta-ble as it so be-fel,

J'ai vu un mi - ra - cle qui vient d'ar - ri - ver, qui vient d'ar - ri - ver."
Where mine eyes en - countered happ'nings strange to tell, happ'nings strange to tell."

1 & 2.

3

- reil."
one." (4) "Rien de
(4) "Tell me,

plus, ber - gè - re, rien de plus?" "J'ai vu l'boeuf et
Shep - herd - ess, what more saw you? "Ox and ass at -

Pâ - ne, qui sont là pré - sents, A - vec leur ha -
- tend - ing viewed his ba - by form, Breathing gent - ly

- lei - ne ré-chauf-fent l'en - fant, ré-chauf-fent l'en -
on him for to keep him warm, for to keep him

- fant."
warm

5 "Rien de
5 "Tell me,

plus, ber - gè - re, rien de plus?" J'ai vu trois beaux
Shep - herd - ess, what more saw you?" "There stood three white

an - ges des - cen - dus du ciel, Chan - tant les lou -
an - gels, straight from Heav'n on high, Ca - rol - ling the

- an - ges du Père é - ter - nel, du Père é - ter - nel."
prais - es of the De - i - ty, of the De - i - - ty."

rall.

D'ou viens-tu, Bergère.

ENVOYONS DE L'AVANT, NOS GENS.

Quand on part du chanquier,
 Mes chers amis, tous le cœur gai,
 Pour aller voir tous nos parents,
 Mes chers amis, le cœur content.
 Envoyons de l'avant,
 Nos gens.
 Envoyons de l'avant!

Pour aller voir tous nos parents,
 Mes chers amis, le cœur content.
 Mais qu'on arrive en Canada,
 Il va falloir mouiller ça.
 Envoyons etc.

Ah! mais qu(e) ça soie tout mouillé,
 Vous allez voir qu(e) ça va marcher!
 Mais que nos amis nous voient arriver,
 Ils vont se mettre à rire, à chanter.
 Envoyons etc.

Dimanche au soir, à la veillée,
 Nous irons voir nos compagnées.
 Ils vont nous dire mais en entrant:
 "Voi là mon amant! J'ai le cœur content."
 Envoyons etc.

Et au milieu de la veillée,
 Ils vont nous parler de leurs cavaliers.
 Ils vont nous dire, mais en partant;
 "As-tu fréquenté des amants?"
 Envoyons etc.

Qui a composé la chanson?
 Ce sont trois jolis gargons
 Ont composé cette chanson
 En tapant sur nos flacons.
 Envoyons etc.

Traditional.

SHOVE THE BOAT ALONG, MY BOYS.
 Lumberjack Song.

*With our winter shacks deserted and the river running strong,
 Let us think of home and friends, my boys, and sing a merry song.
 Shove along, boys, shove along,
 Shove the boat along.*

*There are homesteads back in Canada we parted from last fall,
 Here's a dram to speed us there, my boys, a health to one and all.
 Shove along, etc.*

*When the village sees us coming, won't they laugh and sing outright,
 And we'll take our fancy girls, my boys, out walking Sunday night.
 Shove along, etc.*

*They will cry in joyful accents, "Here he comes, my lover true,"
 They will whisper in the dusk, my boys, how others came to woo.
 Shove along, etc.*

*They will whisper in the dusk, my boys, how others came to woo,
 Then at parting they will ask, my boys, if we were faithful too.
 Shove along, etc.*

*Now, if anybody wants to know who made this melodee,
 It was just three bully boys, my boys, who clink their glass like me.
 Shove along, etc.*

*English version by
 Harold Boulton.*

Envoyons de l'avant, nos gens.

Shove the boat along, my boys.

French words traditional.

English version by
HAROLD BOULTON.

Lumberjack Song.

Traditional melody arranged by
ARTHUR SOMERVELL.

Pesante. *f*

Quand on part du chan-quier, Mes chers a -
With our win-ter shacks de - sert - ed and the

- mis, tous le cœur gai, Pour al-ler voir tous nos pa - rents, Mes chers a -
ri - ver run-ning strong, Let us think of home and friends, my boys, and

- mis, le cœur con - tent. En-voy - ons d'l'a-vant, Nos gens. En-voy-ons d'l'a -
sing a mer - ry song. Shove a - long, boys, shove a - long, Shove the boat a -

- vant.
- long.

AVOINE, AVOINE.

(Ronde)

Quand le bonhomme a semé son avoine, (bis)
 (Refrain) Il l'a semée
 Comme ceci,
 Comme cela.

Avoine, avoine, que le grand Dieu te mène!

Quand le bonhomme a coupé son avoine, (bis)
 (Refrain) Il l'a coupée
 Comme . . .

Quand le bonhomme a tourné son avoine, (bis)
 (Refrain) Il l'a tournée. . .

Quand le bonhomme a rentré son avoine, (bis)
 (Refrain) Il l'a rentrée. . .

Quand le bonhomme a battu son avoine, (bis)
 (Refrain) Il l'a battue. . .

Quand le bonhomme a vanné son avoine, (bis)
 (Refrain) Il l'a vannée. . .

Quand le bonhomme empoche son avoine, (bis)
 (Refrain) L'a empochée. . .

Quand le bonhomme a fait moudr' son avoine, (bis)
 (Refrain) Il l'a fait moudr'. . .

Quand le bonhomme a mangé son avoine, (bis)
 (Refrain) Il l'a mangée. . .

Traditional

THE FARMER'S BARLEY.

(Roundelay)

*When the good farmer is going to sow his barley,
 How does he sow it?*

*Why just like this
 And just like that,
 The farmer's barley,
 God bless the farmer's barley.*

*When the good farmer is going to reap his barley,
 How does he reap it?
 Why just like this etc.*

*When the good farmer is going to turn his barley,
 How does he turn it?
 Why just like this etc.*

*When the good farmer is going to carry his barley,
 How does he carry it?
 Why just like this etc.*

*When the good farmer is going to thresh his barley,
 How does he thresh it?
 Why just like this etc.*

*When the good farmer is going to winnow his barley,
 How does he winnow it?
 Why just like this etc.*

*When the good farmer is going to pack his barley,
 How does he pack it?
 Why just like this etc.*

*When the good farmer is going to grind his barley,
 How does he grind it?
 Why just like this etc.*

*When the good farmer is going to eat his barley,
 How does he eat it?
 Why just like this*

*And just like that,
 The farmer's barley,
 God bless the farmer's barley.*

*English version by
 Harold Boulton.*

Avoine, Avoine!

The Farmer's Barley.

French words traditional.

English version by
HAROLD BOULTON.

Traditional melody arranged by
ARTHUR SOMERVELL.

Allegro. *Verses 1. 3. 5. 7.*

Quandle bon - hom - me a se - mé son a -
When the good far - mer is going to sow his

voi - - ne,
bar - - ley, Quand le bon - hom - - me a se - mé son a -
When the good far - - mer is going to sow his

- voi - - ne,
bar - - ley, Il l'a se - mée Com-me ce - ci, Com-me ce -
How does he sow it? Why just like this And just like

- la. A-voine, a - voi - ne que le grand Dieu te mè - ne!
that, The far-mer's bar - ley, God bless the farmer's bar - ley!

Verses 2. 4. 6. 8.

Quand le bon - hom - me a cou - pé son a - voi - ne,
When the good far - mer is going to reap his bar - ley,

Quand le bon - hom - me a cou - pé son a - voi - - ne,
When the good far - mer is going to reap his bar - - ley,

Il l'a cou - pee Comme ce - ci, Comme ce - la. A-voine, a -
How does he reap it? Why just like this And just like that, The farmer's

- voi - ne, que le grand Dieu te mê - - ne!
bar - ley, God bless the far-mer's bar - - ley!

Verse 9

ff

Quand le bon - hom - - me a man - gé son a - voi - - ne,
When the good far - - mer is going to eat his bar - - ley,

Quand le bon - hom - - me a man - gé son a - voi - - ne,
When the good far - - mer is going to eat his bar - - ley,

Il l'a man - gée. Comme ce - ci. Comme ce - la. A - voine, a -
How does he eat it? Why just like this And just like that, The far - mer's

- voi - - ne, que le grand Dieu te mè - - ne!
bar - - ley, God bless the far - mer's bar - - ley!

LE RICHARD.

Je suis un gros richard, regarde à mes souliers?
 N'ont ni point, ni couture, ni semell', ni quartier,
 Je vis content, mais sans m'y mettre en peine,
 Eh la! Je vis content, mais je vis content.

J'ai un' belle chemise, un fin équipement;
 Ell' n'a ni dos, ni manches, ni collet, ni devant,
 Je vis content, mais sans m'y mettre en peine,
 Eh la! Je vis content, mais je vis content.

Quand un pou me chagrine, par le cou je le prends;
 Je le mets sur mon ongle et je lui romps les reins.
 Je vis content, mais sans m'y mettre en peine,
 Eh la! Je vis content, mais je vis content

Traditional.

THE RICH MAN.

*I am a fine rich fellow, did you remark my shoe?
 It's wanting heel, it's wanting toe and sole and upper too.
 I live content without discouragement.
 I live content, I live content.*

*My shirt is very handsome, it's surely grand enough,
 It has no back, no front, no sleeve, no collar and no cuff.
 I live content without discouragement.
 I live content, but I live content.*

*Now, when a flea annoys me, I'll tell you what I do,
 I lay it flat upon my nail and crack its back in two.
 I live content without discouragement.
 I live content, but I live content.*

*English version by
 Harold Boulton.*

MA FILLE, VEUX-TU UN BOUQUET?

—Ma fille, veux-tu un bouquet (bis)

De marjolaine ou de muguet? (bis)

—Non, non, non, ma mère, non!

Ce n'est pas là ma maladie.

Gai, gai! quelle mère j'ai

Qui n'entend pas le bobo de sa fille!

Gai, gai! quelle mère j'ai

Qui n'entend pas le bobo que j'ai.

—Ma fille, veux-tu un bonnet (bis)

De fine toile de Cambrai? (bis)

—Non, non, non, ma mère, etc.

—Ma fille, veux-tu un mari (bis)

Qui soit bien fait, qui soit joli? (bis)

—Oui, oui, oui, ma mère, oui!

Car c'est bien là ma maladie.

Gai, gai! quelle mère j'ai

(Qui) entend bien le bobo de sa fille!

Gai, gai! quelle mère j'ai

(Qui) entend bien le bobo que j'ai.

Traditional.

CHILD! DO YOU WANT A NOSEGAY?

Child! Do you want a nosegay bright? (bis)

Sweet marjoram or lilies white? (bis)

No! no! no! my mother, no!

No remedy at all you offer

Gay, gay, silly mother mine.

You cannot guess what it is that I suffer,

Gay, gay, silly mother mine,

You do not know why I fret and pine.

Child! would a bonnet comfort you? (bis)

Of cambric fine and smooth and new? (bis)

No! no! no! my mother, no! etc.

Child! would a husband hearten you? (bis)

One well set up and handsome too? (bis)

Yes, yes, yes, my mother, yes!

The remedy at last you offer.

Gay, gay, clever mother mine,

You guess the ill from which I suffer,

Gay, gay, clever mother mine,

You understand why I fret and pine.

English version by

Harold Boulton.

Ma fille, veux-tu un bouquet?

French words traditional. Child! Do you want a nosegay?

English version by
HAROLD BOULTON.

Traditional melody arranged by
ARTHUR SOMERVELL.

Allegro.

Ma fil - le, veux - tu un bou -
Child! Do you want a nose - gay

- quet, Ma fil - le, veux - tu un bou - quet De mar - jo -
bright? Child! Do you want a nose - - gay bright? Sweet mar - jo -

- laine ou de mu - guet? De mar - jo - laine ou de mu - guet? Non,
- ram or li - lies white? Sweet mar - jo - ram or li - lies white? No,

non, non, ma mè - re, non! C'e n'est pas là ma ma - la - di - e. Gai,
no, no, my mother, no! No re - me - dy at all you of - fer. Gay,

gai! quel-le mè-re j'ai Qui n'en-tend pas le bo-bo de sa fille! Gai,
 gay, sil-ly mother mine, You can-not guess what it is that I suffer! Gay,

gai! quel-le mè-re j'ai Qui n'en-tend pas le bo-bo que j'ai.
 gay, sil-ly mother mine, You do not know why I fret and pine.

j'ai. pine. Ma fil-le, veux-tu un ma-
 Child! Would a hus-band heart-en

- ri? Ma fil-le, veux-tu un ma-ri? Qui soit bien fait, qui soit jo-
 you? Child! Would a hus-band heart-en you? One well set up and hand-some

ff

- li? Qui soit bien fait, qui soit jo - li? Oui,
too? One well set up and hand - some too? Yes,

oui, oui, ma mère, oui! Car c'est bien là ma ma - la - di - e. Gai,
yes, yes, my mother, yes! The re - me - dy at last you of - fer. Gay,

gai! quel - le mè - re j'ai, Qui en - tend bien le bo - bo de sa fille! Gai,
gay, cle - ver mother mine, You guess the ill from which I suffer. Gay,

rall.

gai! quel - le mè - re j'ai, Qui en - tend bien le bo - bo que j'ai!
gay, cle - ver mother mine, You un - der - stand why I fret and pine.

rall.

LE MARCHAND DE VELOURS.

Mon père m'y marie avec un marchand de velours.
 Mon père m'y marie avec un marchand de velours.
 Le premier soir de mes noc's m'est arrivé un vilain tour.
 Ah gai lon la, vive la roulette,
 Gai lon la, vive la roulé.

Le premier jour des noc's m'est arrivé un vilain tour.
 Ne fus pas sitôt couchée que l'allouett' chanta le jour.
 Ah gai lon la, vive etc.

Ne fus pas sitôt couchée, l'allouett' chanta le jour.
 Elle disait dans son langage: "Ah, lève-toi, car il est jour!"
 Ah gai lon la, vive etc.

Elle disait dans son langage: "Ah, lève-toi, car il est jour!"
 "Faut-il pour un' jeun' mariée se lever avant le jour?"
 Ah gai lon la, etc.

Faut-il pour un' jeun' mariée se lever avant le jour?
 Y a du monde à la boutique qui veut marchander le velours.
 Ah gai lon la, vive etc

Le monde à la boutique veut marchander le velours.
 Que l'diable emporte la boutique, aussi le marchand de velours!
 Ah gai lon la, vive etc.

Le diable emport' boutique aussi le marchand de velours!
 Les chevaux de chez mon père, ils sont bien mieux soignés que moi.
 Ah gai lon la, vive etc.

Les chevaux de mon père ils sont bien mieux soignés que moi.
 Ils ont du foin et de l'avoine, un coup d'étrille chaque jour.
 Ah gai lon la, vive etc.

Du foin et de l'avoine, un coup d'étrille chaque jour.
 Et moi qui suis jeun' mariée, faut se lever avant le jour.
 Ah gai lon la, vive etc.

Traditional.

THE VELVET MERCHANT.

'Twas to a velvet merchant man
 My hand was given away, {bis
 The very night of our wedding,
 Evil fortune came to stay.
 Ah! Gai lon la, vive la roulette.
 Gai lon la vive la roule.

The night that we were wedded,
 Evil fortune came to stay, {bis
 We hardly stepped into bed
 Before the lark announced the day.
 Ah! gai lon la etc.

We hardly got to bed before
 The lark announced the day, {bis
 He just remarked in his language:
 "Up at once for it is day."
 Ah! gai lon la etc.

He just remarked: "Get up at once,
 Get up for it is day." {bis
 It is not right that a youthful bride
 Should rise before the day.
 Ah! gai lon la etc.

It is not right that a youthful bride
 Should rise before the day, {bis
 The people wait in the shop "We come
 For velvet" so they say.
 Ah! gai lon la etc.

They're waiting in the shop, they come
 For velvet, so they say. {bis
 But devil take shop and velvet
 And the velvet man away.
 Ah! gai lon la etc.

But devil take the velvet
 And the velvet man away. {bis
 My father's horses are cared for
 Better far than me, I say.
 Ah! gai lon la etc.

They keep my father's horses
 Better far than me, I say, {bis
 For they have oats, they have hay,
 And get a grooming every day.
 Ah! gai lon la etc.

For they have oats and they have hay {bis
 And a grooming every day;
 But I, a bride newly-wed, must rise
 Before the break of day.
 Ah! gai lon la etc.

Refrain in English.

Hey troll loll lay, set the wheel a rolling.
 Hey troll loll lay, roll the wheel around.

English version by
 Harold Boulton.

Le marchand de velours.

French words traditional.

English version by
HAROLD BOULTON.

Allegro.

The velvet merchant.

Traditional melody arranged by
ARTHUR SOMERVELL.

Mon père m'y ma-rie a-vec un
'Twas to a vel-vet mer-chant man My

marchand de ve-lours, Mon père m'y ma-rie a-vec un marchand de ve-lours. Le premier
hand was giv'n a-way. 'Twas to a vel-vet mer-chant man My hand was giv'n a-way. The ve-ry

soir de mes noc's m'est ar-ri - -vé un vilain tour. Ah gai lon la, vi-ve la rou-
night of our wed-ding, E-vil for-tune came to stay. Ah! Gai lon la, vi-ve la rou-

1. 2 etc. Fine.

- let-te, Gai lon la, vi-ve la rou-lé
- let-te, Gai lon la, vi-ve la rou-lé.

JEANNETON PRIT SA FAUCILLE.

Jeanneton prit sa faucille pour aller couper du jonc,
 Mais quand sa botte fut faite,
 Ell' s'endormit tout du long.

Hélas, pourquoi s'endormit elle, la petite Jeanneton?

Mais quand sa botte fut faite, ell' s'endormit tout du long.
 Par hasard passent par là trois chevaliers de renom.

Hélas, etc.

Par hasard passent par là trois chevaliers de renom,
 Le premier, un peu timide, la regard' d'un air mignon.

Hélas, etc.

Le premier, un peu timide, la regard' d'un air mignon.
 Le second, un peu plus brave, l'embrasse sur le menton.

Hélas, etc.

Le second, un peu plus brave, l'embrasse sur le menton.
 Ce que fit le troisième n'est pas dit dans la chanson.

Hélas, etc.

Traditional.

JEANNETON TOOK HER SICKLE.

*Jeanneton she took her sickle, cutting rushes all day long,
 With a sheaf under her head she went to sleep, so says the song.
 Heigho! And why were you so sleepy, pretty little Jeanneton?*

*So upon the sheaf of rushes slept the pretty Jeanneton,
 When behold over the hill three cavaliers came riding on.
 Heigho! And why were you so sleepy, pretty little Jeanneton?*

*Number one, a little bashful, shyly looked at Jeanneton,
 Number two lifted her chin and left a saucy kiss thereon.
 Heigho! And why were you so sleepy, pretty little Jeanneton?*

*Then the first and second sprang to horse and gaily rode along,
 Not a word as to the third is ever mentioned in the song.
 Heigho! And why were you so sleepy, pretty little Jeanneton?*

*English version by
 Harold Boulton.*

Jeanneton prit sa faucille.

Jeanneton took her sickle.

French words traditional.

English version by
HAROLD BOULTON.

Traditional melody arranged by
ARTHUR SOMERVELL.

Allegretto.

p

Jean - ne - ton prit sa fau - cil - le pour al -
Jean - ne - ton she took her sic - kle, cut - ting

- ler cou - per du jonc, Mais quand sa bot - te fut
rush - es all day long, With a sheaf un - der her

fai - te, Ell' s'en - dor - mit tout du long.
head she went to sleep, so says the song.

He - las, pour - quoi s'en - dor - mit el - le, la pe -
Heigh - ho! And why were you so sleep - y, pret - ty

- ti - te Jean - ne - ton?
lit - tle Jean - ne - ton?

1. 2. 3. *last*
 Mais quand Le se -
So up - Then the

- cond, un peu plus bra - ve, l'em - bras - se sur le men -
first and se - cond sprang to horse and gai - ly rode a -

- ton. Ce que fit le troi - si - è - me n'est pas
- long. Not a word as to the third is e - ver

dit dans la chan - son Hé - las, pour -
men - tioned in the song. Heigh - ho! And

- quoi s'en - dor - mit el - le, la pe - ti - te Jean - ne -
why were you so sleep - y, pret - ty lit - tle Jean - ne -

- ton?
- ton?

poco rall.

JE NE SUIS PAS SI VILAINE.

C'est en passant par Varennes,
 Cach(e) ton, tire, cach(e) ton bas,
 J'ai rencontré trois capitaines,
 Cach(e) ton, tire, cach(e) ton bas,
 Cach(e) ton joli bas de laine,
 Car on le verra.

J'ai rencontré trois capitaines....
 Ils m'ont traitée de vilaine....
 -Je ne suis pas si vilaine,

Puisque le fils du roi m'aime.

Il m'a donné pour étrennes
 Un beau violon d'ébène,
 Une rose de marjolaine.

Si elle fleurit, je serai reine;
 Si elle fane, je serai vilaine.

Traditional.

I'M NOT SO BAD.

*I was walking most discreetly,
 (Pull your frock a little low)
 When three captains chanced to meet me,
 Pull your, hide your stockings, so;
 Hide your pretty woollen stockings
 Or too much you'll shew.*

*And the captains were not blameless,
 But I really am not shameless.*

*For the King's son on my bosom,
 Laid a rosebud there to blossom.*

*If it blooms, I'm Queen, and blameless,
 If it fades, I'm bad and shameless.*

*English version by
 Harold Boulton.*

Je ne suis pas si vilaine.

French words traditional.

I'm not so bad.

English version by
HAROLD BOULTON.

Traditional melody arranged by
ARTHUR SOMERVELL.

Allegretto.

C'est en passant par Va -
I was walking most dis -

-ren-nes, Cach' ton, ti-re, cach' ton bas, J'ai ren-con-tré trois ca-pi-tai-nes, Cach' ton,
-cree-ty, (Pull your frock a lit-tle low, When three captains chanced to meet me, Pull your,

ti-re, cach' ton bas, Cach' ton jo-li bas de lai-ne, Car on le ver-
hide your stockings, so; Hide your pret-ty wool-len stock-ings Or too much you'll

-ra.
shew.

1. 2. 3. 4.

LA PETITE GALIOTE.

Petite galiote, toi qui vas dans les Iles,
Toi qui vas dans les Iles faire un si long voyage,
Prie Dieu qu'il te conserv', toi et ton équipage.

Quand nous fûmes au large à cent lieues de terre,
Trois gros navires flamands sont venus pour nous prendre:
"Petit navir' français, os'-rais-tu te défendre?"

Nous sommes vingt ou trente, tous du même accord.
Nous souffrirons la mort plutôt que de nous rendre;
Mettrons le feu à bord, nous ferons de la cendre.

Avions pour avantage trois vaillants charpentiers.
Ils ont tant travaillé qu'ils nous ont mis étanches.
Par la grâce de Dieu, nous arrivons en France.

Nous arrivons en France à grands coups de canons.
Les canons ont tiré, pour saluer la ville.
Vive le roi Louis! Votre navire arrive."

Traditional.

THE LITTLE SHIP.

*Brave little ship that goes sailing
Out to the faraway islands,
Out to the faraway islands,
Heedless of wind and weather,
Pray God to guard you safe,
You and your crew together.*

*When we were out on the ocean
Many a league from the harbour,
Three Flemish ships approached us
Bidding our crew surrender.
"Poor little cockboat of France
Not a soul will dare defend her!"*

*Here we are, France is before us,
Salvoes of cannons salute her,
Town of our birth, we greet you,
Full of renown and glory,
Three cheers for King Louis,
And herewith ends our story.*

*We were but twenty or thirty
All of a mind in the matter,
All of a mind to perish
Rather than to surrender.
We'll set our vessel on fire,
And burn her hulk to a cinder.*

*Then by the favour of fortune
Three gallant carpenters saved us,
Plugged us with stanchions handy,
Toiling with skill devoted.
Praise God, for back to France
In time the good ship floated.*

*English version by
Harold Boulton.*

La petite Galiote.

French words traditional.

English version by
HAROLD BOULTON.

The little Ship.

Traditional melody arranged by
ARTHUR SOMERVELL.

Andante con moto. *p*

Pe - ti - te ga - - li -
Brave lit - tle ship that goes

- o - te, toi qui vas dans les I - les, Toi qui vas dans les
sail - ing Out to the far - a - way Is - lands, Out to the far - a - way

I - les faire un si long voy - a - ge, Prie Dieu qu'il
Is - lands, Heed - less of wind and wea - - ther, Pray God to

te con - serv', toi et ton é - qui - pa - - ge cen - dre.
guard you safe, You and your crew to - ge - - ther. cin - - der.

1. 2. 3.

f rather faster

A - vions pour a - van - ta - - ge trois vail-lants char - pen -
 Then by the fa - vour of for - - tune Three gal - lant car - pen - ters

- tiers,..... Ils ont tant tra - vail - lé.....
 saved us, Plugged us with stan - chions handy,

qu'ils nous ont mis é - tan - ches. Par..... la
 Toil - ing with skill de - vo - - ted, Praise God, for

grâ - ce de Dieu, nous ar - - ri - vons en Fran - ce.
 back to France In time the good ship float - - ed.

Tempo I^o *ff*

Nous ar - ri - vons en Fran - ce
Here we are, France is be - fore us,

à grands coups de ca - nons. Le ca - non 'ons ti -
Sal - voes of can - non sa - lute her, Town of our birth, we

- ré, sa - - lu - er la vil - - le. Vi - ve le
greet you, Full of re - noun and glo - - ry, Three cheers for

roi Lou - is! Vo - tre na - vi - re ar - ri - - ve!
King Lou - is, and here - with ends our sto - - ry!

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I hate the dreadful Hollow	I have led her Home
A Voice by the Cedar Tree	Come into the Garden
She came to the Village Church	Maud
O let the solid Ground	The fault was mine
Birds in the High Hall Garden	Dead, long dead
Go not, happy Day	O that 'twere possible
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Such a starved bank of moss	The worst of it
Meeting at night	After
My Star	From "Easter Day"
Nay but you, who do not	

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I cannot tell what you say	Words by	Charles Kingsley
Dainty little Maiden	Lord Tennyson	
Young Love lies sleeping	Christina Rossetti	
Underneath the growing Grass	Christina Rossetti	
O what comes over the Sea	Christina Rossetti	
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Annie Laurie	
Kelvin Grove	Lyle
Cam' ye by Athol	James Hogg
Bonnie Dundee	Sir Walter Scott
Ye banks and braes	Burns
The Laird o' Cockpen	Lady Nairne
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When I was one-and-twenty
There pass the careless People
In Summer-time on Bredon
The Street sounds to the Soldier's Tread
On the Idle Hill of Summer
White in the Moon the Long Road lies
Think no more, Lad, laugh, be jolly
Into my Heart an air that kills
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O Swallow, Swallow	She came to the Village Church
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Home they brought her Warrior	
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As through the land	D
Do. (2nd Setting)	E♭
Birds in the high Hall-garden	E♭
Come into the garden, Maud	G
Dreamland	E♭
Evening Shadows	D & E
Go not, happy day	F
In Summer-time on Bredon	C
In the Early dawning	E minor
Kingdom by the Sea (A)	D & E
Loveliest of Trees, the Cherry now	E
Love unto love	E♭

Maud has a garden	B♭
Mine own Country	E, F, & G
On a Summer morning	B♭, C, & D
Silent Voice (The)	F
Spring is here	G, B♭, & C
Sweet and Low	D, E♭, & F
This joyful Easter-tide	F
Two songs from "Maud" Cycle—	
O that 'twere possible	B
She came to the Village	D
When I was one-and-twenty	B
When Spring returns	C & D♭
Will you come back Home	
Young love lies sleeping	E♭

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