

1. L'histoire de j^{te} Maudin 159 A — mother sheep & wolf.
2. Mrs. McNeil sings words of London Bridge. Transcribed by Danise

3. Song about a man who wanted to work himself in the river. He fell in and was drowned. ^{They were hunting around for someone to marry him.} The only one to marry him was the priest

= C'est à Paris sur le Roi
sung twice

= Dans la ville de St. Antoine

En haute sur la montagne (On top of the mountain) Words

transcribed by Danise, Mrs. Amireault

Dous Dous -

Bere-Bere - "

Reel 159A

- 1-4 Chanton le Pötüt Moulin; sung by children of West Pubnico School; Acadian French; explanation by their teacher Marie Catherine McNeil
- 4-7 Moutons Brebis; ~~another singing game~~ by children of primary grade in West Pubnico school with explanation by teacher
- 7-10 London Bridge Is Falling Down; played by same group and explained; also sung and explained by Mrs. Laura McNeil as played in her day.
- 10-15 C'etait un p'tit Bonhomme; sung by children of same school; French words put away so carefully cannot be found, but English translation given. Nice song; all of these are sung as though children well familiar with them
- 15-18 C'est a paris vivre le Roi; sung by Mrs. Louis Amirault, West Pubnico, aged 81, after which she gives the English translation.
- 18-22 Dans La Ville de Sainte Antoine; sung by Mrs. Amirault; with one more verse than given here; her words mixed up.
- 22-24 Sur La Montagne; sung by Mrs. Louis Amirault; 4 vs. with English translation; nice.
- * 24-26 Dors dors le p'tit bibi; sung by Mrs. Laura Irene McNeil, West Pubnico; this is a beautiful lullaby; see Folkways Record P.1006 Folk Music From Nova Scotia by Helen Creighton.
- 26-end Berce, or Rock-a-by the Baby; sung by Mrs. Louis Amirault in French and English; nice little lullaby.

* Veney Chelens pour Ecouter.

Mrs Louis Amirault

Chantons Le P'tit Moulin

- Q; What is this game the children are going play? This is the West Pubnico school, isn't it?
- A; Yes, the Primary department. This game is a little game called Let's Sing to the little Mill. The children say the sound that that the mill makes, Chic et chic et chic , Et chac, chac, chat; And the way it goes is that the children walk around in a circle and there is one child in the center with his eyes closed so he doesn't know where the children are when the song is over, when they say Chac! for the last time and then he goes around wherever he can find a direction and he finds a child and he feels his face and his features and tries to guess who the child is and then that same child that has been guessed takes his place in the center.
- Q; You don't blindfold them do you?
- A; No, they just put their hands over their eyes. Denise will you go in the center please. Denise D'Leon
(She's bending over with her eyes shut tightly

Chantons le p'tit moulin,
Chic et chic et chic
Et chac, chac, chat
Et, chantons le p'tit moulin
Chac!

(Now she stands up, she has her eyes tightly closed and she's feeling a little boy, she puts her hand up over his head, she's trying to guess who he is, she's feeling down his arms and his legs and now she's at his toes. She guessed correctly and now he goes into the center and the children sing again.

Sung by children of the Primary Department of the West Pubnico school and recorded by Helen Creighton, September 1955.

Moutons Brebis

The teacher Marie Catherine McNeil explains; This is a little game called Mouton Brebis a la queue, a sa mere and the children are all behind each other holding on either to their skirts or somewhere on the body, and one of them, the first one is the mother sheep, and they make a circle going around like this and the one in the center is a wolf and they ask questions like this, Moutons, Brebis a la queue, a sa mere, Qu'est-ce que tu fais vieux loup? and the wolf answers that he is making soup or he is making pie or something like that, until he comes to the point where he says he's sharpening his knife and then the last thing he says is that he is sharpening his knife to cut off their ears and then he tries to catch them as they run away. (The game is played)

Moutons, Brebis à la queue, à sa mere
Moutons, brebis à la queue, à sa mere
Qu'est-ce que tu fais vieux loup?

1. Je fais de la soupe.
2. Je mange ma soupe,
3. Je fais du pate.
4. Je mange mon pate.
5. J'éguisse mon couteau.
6. J'éguisse mon couteau pour vous couper les oreilles.

Sung by West Pubnico Primary School, described by the teacher and recorded by Miss Helen Creighton, September 1955.

Game ends with much laughter. This game is said not sung.

London Bridges ~~is~~ Falling Down
(Acadian French)

Explained by the teacher, Marie Catherine McNeil; The children are in a row one after the other and they pass under the arms which are made as an arch of two children in front and they go around until the song is over. At the (at the end they catch a child who is at the arch) end of the song they bring that child to jail, and they ask him what they like better when they are in jail. Now before the game has started, the two children who are forming the arch have decided what the children would like best either sometimes a golden apple or a golden banana or other things like that and then the children decide which of these they like best and they go on the side of either child and then after the game is all over they have sort of a tug-of-war and the strongest side wins.

Q; As I remember it as a child there were always a great many more on one side than the other.

A; Well many times it is like that. We can't tell now what this little girl and boy have decided, we'll find out later. (The game is played with the children singing in French.) These words were not written out in French.

Mrs. Laura McNeil, mother of the teacher tells how she played the game when she was a child, the words are slightly different.

Bis; T'as vole mamontre,
T'as casse ma chaine
Tu vas aller en prison, en prison, en prison,
Tu vas aller en prison,
Reste la, pour toujours.

Chorus; You have stolen my watch
You have broken my chain
You will go to prison, to prison, to prison,
You will go to prison,
Stay there for ever.

Sung by the children of the West Pubnico School, Primary Department
and recordee by Helen Creighton, 1955.

This is a song about a little man who was all black and dirty and he wanted to clean himself and he went to the river, and while he was cleaning himself he drowned. Then the people were hunting around for someone to mourn, and the only one they could find to mourn him was a priest who wore a long black gown and a square black hat.

Could they find no one to mourn him because he had been a bad man? I don't know whether he had no relatives. I don't think he was a bad man.

Children of West Pubnico school sing the song.

Where did the children learn their singing, from you?

Well I think so. Not just from me. They sing at home, before they come to school.

But you sing them to sing here too.

Yes, this is a song that the children knew before I came here.

Did you sing it Mrs. McNeil when you came to this school? Your pupils used to sing it? Yess? Did you sing it when you were a child?
No.

Sung by children of West Pubnico school; conversation with the teacher, Marie Catherine McNeil and her mother Mrs. Laura McNeil, recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1955.

C'est a Paris vivre le Roi

C'est a Paris vivre le Roi
 Une jeune fille quinze ou seize ans
 Qui voulait bien s'y marier
 Son Pere voulait y on empecher.

2

Il la fit prendre par trois soldats
 Par trois soldats trois officier,
 Il la fit mettre dans une cour
 Pour y empecher de faire l'armour.

3

Elle fut bien sept ans passee
 Son voir aucun de ces parent
 Au bout de la septieme annee
 Son pere vient la visiter.

4

Bon jour ma fille comment ca va
 Mon tres cher Pere /la va bien bas
 J'ai mes cotes ranges de vers
 Et mes deux pieds prit dans les fers.

5

Oh mon tres cher Pere auriez vous pas
 Cinq ou six francs a me donnez
 Si fait ma fille nous en avant
 Plus de cinq mille et cinq millions.

6

Nous en avant a te donnee
 A vos amours non plus pensee
 Oh mon tres cher Pere retourner vous en
 Avec votre or et votre argent.

7

Un jour son amant passa par la
 Un mot d'ecrit elle y donna
 Sur se mot d'ecrit ca y disait
 Ma mie mabondonez jamais.

8

Faite la morte et decédee
 A Saint Denis faites vous porter
 Le Clerge s'en va en chantant
 Son Pere par derriere en pleurons.

9

Quand il furent aux coin du marcher
 Ont recontree un joli chevalier,
 Oh si ma mie et decédee
 Morte ou envie je la verrez.

10

Il a pris ses petit ciseaux d'argent
 Il a decondu le grand drap blanc
 La belle y donni un soupire
 La belle lue rondit le desir.

11

On ne connaît pas la trahison
Entre les filles et les garçon,
Il faudra dans les marier
Afin qu'il n'en soit plus parler.

Sung by Mrs. Louis Armirault. West Pubnico, 1948.

English Translation; The song begins at Paris with Long Live the King
The girl's father didn't want her to get married as she was only
fifteen or sixteen years old. He had her taken by three officers and
put in a tower to stop her from making love. She was there over 7
years without seeing any of her family. At the end of seven years
came to visit her, "Good day my daughter how are you?" And she says
"My dear father it goes very low. The cords are gnawing at my sides
and my two feet are in irons. My very dear Father would you have five
of six francs to give me." And she says, "Yes, my daughter. We have
more than five million. We have some to give you. To your lover do
not think again." "Oh, my very dear Father, go back home with gold and
silver." One day her lover passed that way and she gave him a word
of writing on that word of writing it said, "My love, abandon me never."
"Make believe you are dead, to St. Denis have someone carry you."
The clergy goes along singing, her father behind weeping. When they
were at the corner of the market they met a handsome cavalier, "Oh
if my love is dead or alive, I will see her." He took his small
silver scissors, he ~~unsewed~~ sewed the big white sheet, she gave him
a sigh and again she gave him his wish. One does not know betrayal
between girls and boys, they will have to be married so that nothing
more is said about it.

Recorded in September 1955, by Helen Creighton.

Dans La Ville de Sainte Antoine

Reel 159A

Dans la ville de Sainte Antoine
Il y a t'une demoiselle,
Elle se mari a son joli loisi
Mais elle en a du sepeuti.

Elle a t'une belle mere
Qui s'en souci djere
Qui tous les jours elle disait a son fils
Quand vas-tu aller la faire mourri.

Sung by Mrs Louis Amirault, West Pubnico; these are not her exact words, and she records more than these two verses; recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1955

(note says he r words are all mixed up; she was very elderly at this time)

This is about a girl that was on the mountain and she was crying. Her lover asked her what she had, and she said she loved too much. He said love is not a cry; God would not have given us a heart - he would have made our hearts of stone if he hadn't wanted us to love. That's the third(verse) and the fourth is the butterflies live on flowers and you are living on love.

(Mrs. Amirault mentions titles of songs and says): They are all love songs. I knew lots of soldier songs. She sings a few verses of a song whose name is not given.

How old are you Mrs Amirault?

Eighty-one. I am not a young chicken.

Words in French put away so carefully cannot be found.
Sung by Mrs. Louis Amirault, West Pubnico, and recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1955

Dors dors le p'tit bibi

Reel 159A

Dors dors le p'tit bibi,
C'est le beau p'tit bibi à mamam,
Dors dors dors dors,
Dors dors le bibi à mamam.

Demain s'y fait beau j'irons su grand père,
Dors dors le p'tit bibi,
Dors dors dors dors,
Dors le beau p'tit bibi à mamam.

Sung by Mrs. Laura McNeil, West Pubnico, and recorded by Helen
Creighton Sept. 1955

See Folkways Record, Folk Music From Nova Scotia P1006 by
Helen Creighton

Berce, or Rock-a by the Baby
Lullaby

Reel 159A 26-end

sung first in French with occasional English words; then in English

Rock-a-by the baby,
Your cradle is green,
Father is a nobleman,
Mother is the queen.

I thought she was a lady,
She wears a golden ring,
Oh Johnny play the drum,
The drum for the king.

Rock-a by the baby
Your cradle is green,
Father is a nobleman,
Mother is the queen.

Sung by Mrs Louis Amirault, West Pubnico, and recorded by
Helen Creighton, Sept. 1955