

RECORDED AND ANNOTATED BY GERARD DOLE

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FA 2622

Louisiana Creole Music



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1978

MUSIC LP

SIDE A

- 1—LA ROBE PARASOL
Played on the accordion by ERASTE CARRIERE (a)
- 2—JE SUIS UN HOMME D'UNE GRANDE FAMILLE
Sung by INEZ CATALON (b)
- 3—LA VALSE A DEFUNT THÉODORE DÉJEAN
Played on the fiddle and sung by LYNN DOZART (c)
- 4—MAZURKA
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- 13—MAZURKA "SOLEIL APRES LEVER"
Played on the accordion and sung by FREMONT FONTENOT
with triangle accompaniment by RAY FONTENOT (d)

SIDE B

- 1—LA PORTE DE LA PRISON
Played on the fiddle and sung by LYNN DOZART (c)
- 2—HEY TITE MAMA
Played on the accordion and sung by ETIENNE LEWIS
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- 4—DU PAPIER DANS MON SOULIER
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- 7—LES DEUX COUSINES
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- 8—TIT POULET
Played on the accordion and sung by FREMONT FONTENOT (e)
- 9—DIXIELAND
Played on the accordion and sung by FREMONT FONTENOT (d)
with triangle accompaniment by RAY FONTENOT
- 10—LES BLUES DE LA PRISON
Played on the fiddle and sung by LYNN DOZART (c)
- 11—BULLY JACK
Played on the accordion and sung by FREMONT FONTENOT (e)

Louisiana Creole Music

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Louisiana Creole Music

This record gives a sampling of the older remaining styles of black creole music from the prairies of Lower Louisiana, such as it was played at the beginning of this century and until the coming of Zydeco (a modern style which will not be treated here)

According to the strict dictionary definition, a CREOLE is a person of pure white blood born in a country inhabited by blacks. In the course of time, the french-speaking, catholic blacks of lower Louisiana adopted the word " creole " and applied it among themselves as a term of praise.

The black creole's colour, his past, his culture and his life distinguish him from his Cajun neighbors. He has assumed many traits of the Louisiana French, practicing their religion and speaking their language but he still shows some vestigial traces of his african background. His social standing remains inferior to that of his white counterpart. He is a small share-cropper or manual laborer in the fields and is employed for the most arduous and the least rewarding work. Music and dance occupy a very important place in his life.

Louisiana black creole music ranges from gentile music to the blues.

Lighter-complexioned musicians play a softer, more structured music with polite words which sounds more or less like that of their Cajun neighbors (for whom they often played), while darker ones treat their black audience with their own sound : boisterous, bluesy, erotic and full of the characteristic african drive.

In fact, one could speak more of a distinct sound (wild or polite) than of a distinct repertory : some like Fremont Fontenot or Etienne Lewis will render waltzes and two-steps in a bluesy style, while others like Eraste Carrière will play a blues strictly following the structure of the dance. In the same way, Carrière will play a version of the melody precisely, while Lewis will make use of abundant improvisation to enrich it.

In the black creole community, the women are the primary carriers of the solo vocal and story telling tradition. The men are the players of instrumental music, using song words chiefly as an embellishment to the dance tunes.

Because in the past this music was rarely played for more than family and close neighbors , a solo musician usually would be sufficient for a house dance : one fiddler, one accordion player. (It is interesting to note that according to one very plausible theory, the accordion - later used extensively in cajun music - was first used in the region by black creoles who invented a bluesy cross-key technique).

Occasionally two musicians played together: an accordion was sometimes backed by a washboard or by an "os de bétaille," a mule's jaw struck in rythm, or even by a triangle. The accordion could also be accompanied by a fiddle.

Vocal techniques (pitch, hollers, free improvisation of words on domestic subjects) were only slightly similar to that of the neighboring cajuns.

The repertoire preserved white nineteenth century dances from the West Indies and early Louisiana adapted to their styles : contredanse, valse, mazurka , and " modern " american dances : one-step, two-step, dixieland, shoefly, blues .

INEZ CATALON was born in 1913. She lives in the village of KAPLAN . She knows a large number of old ballads, tales, ditties, lullabies of Plantation times.

ERASTE CARRIÈRE was born in 1901 . He lives in MALLET, just outside the village of LAWTELL.

'My parents lived in Prairie Ronde ; that's where I was born and brought up. Then they moved to Plaquemine where I met my wife. Afterwards, we came to live here in Mallet.

My popa Ernest Carrière played accordion too; my old uncles were all good accordion players: in the evenings, they sat on the front porch and played music, passing time away. The first to play accordion was the black. I heard my late popa tell them story often: there were very few white folks who could play it then.

In the old days, they danced these country dances and mazurkas too. Country dances were danced by fours: I loved to watch them; I was still a kid you know, but sometimes my uncles would take me along to a house-dance.

Afterwards these old dances became more and more remote and then, when the new dances came out, they forgot the country dances, they danced them no more.

I played many house-dances in my youth: I played for the white and for my colour too. Over there in Prairie Ronde there was just one white player and they couldn't have him every time, so these white folks came and asked for me. They gave dances on Saturday nights, on Sunday afternoons and sometimes during the week. They came early to the ball and didn't stop dancing. By eleven or eleven thirty when they grew tired, they asked me to play "Home sweet home" and it was all through. The black danced later at night. Very often it was over midnight when the dance broke. They loved to dance, oh yes they did."

FREMONT FONTENOT was born in 1900. He lives on a farm in BASILE. He can play many early dances learnt from friends like Dego BILKIN, Menthol GUILLORY or relatives like ADAM FONTENOT.

"I started playing accordion in 1914 but I didn't catch the whole thing before sixteen and then I went on until I got married. I'm like K'Adam Fontenot: I can't sing, just cry sometimes."

BEE FONTENOT, Fremont's brother was born in 1907. He died in 1973. He was a share-cropper and lived in BASILE. His son, RAY FONTENOT plays triangle here with Frémont Fontenot.

JE SUIS UN HOMME D'UNE GRANDE FAMILLE

Je suis un homme d'une grande famille

Madame je suis venu vous trouver

Je suis venu vous d'mander votre fille

Si voulez m'la donner

Ah que je l'aime d'amour aussi tendre

Mais qu'je la trouve jolie comme un coeur

Acceptez moi pour votre gendre

Je suis venu y faire son bonheur

Ah mon ami ma fille est maligne

J'aimerais pas que vous l'attrap'nez

Elle me casse mes plats, ma vaisselle

Que les morceaux n'ont pas de valeur

Voilà c'est moi la plus adroite

Vous prenez moi, vous faites pour le mieux

Voilà vot' tête qui vous grisonne

Vous n'avez pas plus qu'une dent

Mon amitié c'est pour votre fille

Vous bonne vieille femme a rien qu'est pour vous

I'm a man of high society

Madam I come to see you

I come to ask you for your daughter

If you want to give her to me

Ah I love her so tenderly

She looks so pretty and so sweet

Accept me for your son-in-law

I come to give her happiness

Ah my friend my daughter is malicious

I wouldn't want you to have her

She breaks my plates and dishes

And the pieces are worthless

Here I am very capable

Yes take me, you'll do better

Look at your hair which is graying

You only have one tooth left

My love is for your daughter

Yes old woman, there's nothing for you

LA VALSE A DÉFUNT THEODORE DÉJEAN

Gardez donc mon tit bébé

Tout ça j'ai passé

Gardez donc y où tu m'as mis

Non non, mais il est pas tuned

Tu m'as mis dans les misères

Gardez donc quoi t'as fait

Look here, my li'll baby

All that I bore

Look at what you did

No, no my fiddle is 'not tuned

You put me in misery

Look at what you did to me

J'ai miséré pour t'aider
J'ai fait tout ça moi j'ai pu
Aujourd'hui j'suis misérable

Gardez donc mon tit bébé
Quoi faire faut j'arrête de jouer
C'est parce que tu vas mett' ta main
Dans ma figure et m'dire faut qu'j'arrête
Tit bébé quoi moi j'ai dit ?
Quoi j'ai fait pour t'faire du mal ?
T'après montrer au public
Tout ça t'après faire avec moi

INTERVIEW OF ÉRASTE CARRIÈRE

Mais mon premier accordéon, j'avais à l'entour
dans les douze, treize ans; mon popa m'avait a-
cheté un tit accordéon des années passées aux
Opélousas et les accordéons étaient bon marché,
c'était un tout petit accordéon, il avait payé
ça six escalins j'crois, oui c'est ça, six esca-
lins; et j'ai commencé à jouer après ça là, es-
sayer d'apprendre, j'ai go head et là ça été com-
me ça quequ'années; et là y m'en a acheté un un
peu plus fort; et c'est comme ça j'ai commencé.
Vous connaît, des années passées, y n'y avait pas
tous ces joueurs blancs comme à c't'heure là :
ha ben, j'jouais un tas des bals de maison pour
les blancs, mais c'était pas comme à c't'heure
non, whoua ! j'avais pas d'bass et ni pas rien
non, j'm'assisais, là en haut, moi tout seul, à
force des bras, mais à c't'heure, ça force plus
pour jouer des bals, non non !

CONTREDANSE & SHOEFLY SWING

Eraste Carrière: M'a y en a manière perdu !
Là, à c't'heure y a un aut' bout' qui va en
haut, y z'app'laient ça la shoefly swing; ça
c'était la finition de la contredanse.

BONJOUR LA BONNE ANNÉE

Bonjour la bonne année, la bonne et heureuse
année. J'vous la souhaite belle et heureuse
et l'paradis à la fin d'vos jours !

JE VOIS LA LUNE BELLE ET LONGUE

Tu vois, quand la lune est nouvelle, nouvelle
lune, tu dis :

Je vois la lune belle et longue
Saint Laurent beauté
Qui m'appelle à sa chapelle
Charité, paradis quand j'vas mourir
And the new moon .

I suffered to help you
I did all I could
Today I am unhappy

Look here, my li'll baby
Why should I stop playing ?
It's because you are going to put your hand
On my face and tell me to stop
Li'll baby what did I say ?
What did I do to harm you ?
You are showing to the audience
All the troubles you give me

Well my first accordion, I had it when I was
about twelve, thirteen years; my papa bought
me a small accordion of the old days in Opélou-
sas and the accordions were cheap then, it was
a very small accordion, he paid it six escalins
(\$ 1.50) I think, yes that's it, six escalins;
and I began to play then, tried to learn and I
went on like that for a few years; and then he
got me a bigger one and that's how I started.

You know, in years past, there were not many
white players like today : so I played a lot
of house dances for the white folks, but it was
not like today, no whaow ! I didn't have a bass
or anything
no, I sat on a chair on top of a table, working
the bellows all alone, by the strength of my
arms, but today, it is not so tiring to play
dances, no no !

I sort of got lost !
Now there is an other bit which goes at the
end, they called it shoefly swing, that was the
end of the country dance.

Welcome to the new year, the new and happy year.
I wish you good luck and happiness and heaven
when you die.

You see, when the moon is new, new moon,
you say:
I see the moon beautiful and long
Saint Laurent beauty
Who calls me to his chapel
Charity, paradise when I die
And the new moon .

EN ALLANT A MON LIT

En allant à mon lit, j'ai rencontré quatre
(n)âmes, quatre âmes,
Deux au pied et deux à la tête
Et Jésus au milieu
J'ai pris la Sainte Vierge pour ma mère,
Saint Jean vous avez pas vu mon p'tit fils Jésus?
Oui je l'ai vu les deux pieds cloués,
Les deux bras étendus et l'côté ouvert.
Celui qui dira cette (o)raison là trois fois,
Soir et matin,
Ne verra jamais la flamme de l'enfer.

BONNE NUIT MAM

Now the house is empty, but when we were all to-
gether, each one would go to bed, disait:
Bonne nuit Mom, bonne nuit Blanche, bonne nuit
Rina, bonne nuit!
Bonne nuit, merci ton père et moi!
C'était une prière qui finissait plus. Tout
que 'qu'un disait, you know:
Good night! Bonne nuit Mam, bonne nuit Pap!
The two comes first. Là, bonne nuit à tous les
autres. Et ça répondait : merci ton père et moi!
Aujourd'hui ça s'couche farce, ça s'lève bouvriquet!

MARDI GRAS (1916)

In the days before Lent the white and black alike celebrated their traditional Mardi Gras.
Many farmhouses of the prairies were visited by gangs of masked men: those were friendly
neighbors "running Mardi Gras" on foot, on horse-back or in buggies. They were having fun
and at the same time "begging" for chickens and rice for a big Mardi Gras ball and gumbo
Feast.

Oui mon cher et camarade !

Mardi Gras tu marron v'la tir !

Tit Galop, quand même tit poule, la charité !

J'ENDORS MON PETIT

A woman is waiting for her "beau" to come, but her husband has unexpectedly stayed at home.
So she sings a lullaby as a signal to her lover at the door:

J'endors mon petit, mon mari

J'endors mon petit !

Qu'il cogne mais qu'il gratte

Mon mari est là

Il n'a pas été z'à la compagnie

J'endors mon petit, mon mari

J'endors mon petit !

Le pauv'vieux est couché là bas, y connais pas :

Quoi c'que tu ramonches donc la vieille ?

J'endors mon petit, mon mari

J'endors mon petit !

On my way to bed, I met four souls

Two at the foot and two at the head
And Jesus in the middle

I took the holly virgin for my mother
Saint Jean have you seen my little son Jesus ?

Yes I saw him the two feet nailed,
his two arms extended and his side open
Whoever will say this prayer three times
Evening and morning,

Will never see the flames of hell.

Now the house is empty, but when we were all to-
gether, each one would go to bed saying:

Good night Mom, good night Blanche, good night
Rina, good night !

Good night, Your father and I thank you, !
It was an endless prayer.

Each one said, you know:
Good night ! Good night Mom, Good night Pap !

The two come first. Then good night to all the
others. And my parents replied: Your father and
I thank you ! Today, they go to bed as fools and
rise as asses !

Yes my dear friend and comrade !

???????

Canter, give us a small chicken for charity !

I rock my baby to sleep, my husband

I rock my baby to sleep !

Stop knocking and scraping,

My husband is in

He did not go out with his friends

I rock my baby to sleep, my husband

I rock my baby to sleep !

The poor old man is lying there, knowing nothing:

-What are you mumbling old woman ?

I rock my baby to sleep, my husband

I rock my baby to sleep !

COURTE DANSE & SHOEFLY

Frémont Fontenot : Une courte danse ? Ca, ça se danse par paire : quatre ou huit ou douze ou seize ! Non, non, / know, connais ça, j'connais ça ! Ca c'est pas dansé attrapé non, c'est dansé par paire. Tu peux pas danser à trois, tu peux pas danser à cinq, faut tu dances par paire, by the four, by the eight, by the twelve, yea !

Yes sir ! Yes sir !

(Frémont explained that the dancers sang "Yes sir !" as they turned)

Après celle-là, là nous z'aut' on dansait le shoefly, shoefly un peu brute, rude, Aubrey, tu t' rappelles ? I'll be damned !

MAZURKA "SOLEIL APRÈS LEVER"

Frémont Fontenot: C'est tout ça moi j'ai connu, la Mazurka "Soleil après lever, la lune après coucher" ou bien "Soleil après coucher, la lune après lever, ouais !" C'est tout ça moi j'ai connu; elle parle comme ça, voir ç'y dit :

Soleil après coucher
La lune après lever

Mil neuf cent dix huit, j'ai appris c'te valse !

LA PORTE DE LA PRISON

Oh j'ai parti
Qu'y m'ont mis dans la prison
Pauv' j'ai marché de prison comme d'jONGLÉ
Ooh mom, moi j'suis pas d'l'auteur
De tout ça qu'arrivé

Y m'ont condamné
Oh y m'ont condamné à la corde
Mais ma pauv' vieille moman
Moi j'suis pas l'auteur de ça
C'est pas moi qu'arrivé

Oh ma pauv' vieille moman
Elle s'a mis dans la porte
D'la prison m'a r'gardé
Elle m'a dit "mon garçon
T'es parti, j'connais pas jamais t'aurais été
Dans les torts comme ça

Tout ce j'y ai dit
J'ai dit à ma vieille moman
D'mande à tes amis
Pour t'aider et prier pour moi
Pour sauver mon âme de les flammes de l'enfer

Freeman Fontenot : A country dance ? You dance it in pairs : four or eight or twelve or sixteen ! I know how, I know how !

In this dance, you can't hold the ladies, no, it is danced in pairs. You can't dance by threes, you can't dance by fives, only in pairs, by the four, by the eight, by the twelve, yea !

Yes sir ! Yes sir !

Afterwards, we danced the shoefly, shoefly a little rough and rowdy, Aubrey, do you remember ? I'll be damned !

Freeman Fontenot: That's all I know of the Mazurka "the sun rises, the moon sets" or "the sun sets, the moon rises" yea ! That's all I know of it : it speaks like this, let's hear what it has to say :

The sun sets
The moon rises

Nineteen eighteen, I learnt that waltz then !

Oh I left
They put me in jail
Poor me, I walked to the prison, thinking
Ooh mom, I'm not the author
Of all that happened

They sentenced me
They sentenced me to death by hanging
But, poor old mama
I'm not the author
Of what happened

Oh my poor old mama
She stood at the prison gate
Looking at me
She said " my boy
You left, I never thought before
That you could be in trouble like that

All I could say
Could say to my old mama was
Ask your friends
To help you and pray for me
To save my soul from the flames of hell

I found interesting to include here three versions (B1 - B5 - B10) based on the song "La porte de la prison". According to Bee Fontenot, this tune was composed by a friend of his, "Défunt Douglas". This "late Douglas" had been sentenced for having shot a man who was stealing chickens in his yard. Tony Russell, noted English discographer, gives an interesting idea:

"You know that song La porte de la prison: Fontenot talks about the writer being a black musician called Douglas. Also, in an interview with Dennis Mc Gee and Sady Courville, they refer to a "bad nigger" called Douglas who poisoned Amédée Ardoin! I have a record on tape made in 1929 by a Douglas Bellar, La Valse La Prison, which I think is the same song. I guess this might be the very same Douglas. The record by Bellar certainly sounds like a black musician, in which case, Amédée Ardoin was not the only black musician to record French music in the early days."

HEY TITE MAMA

Hey tite mama
T'as pu voir comme toi-même
Aussi loin d'la maison toi tite fille
Pour marcher à la maison

Hey guette là-bas toi tite fille
Mais moi j'ai n'joins pour aller
Mais j'vas m'en aller z'à pied

SOLEIL EST PROCHE COUCHÉ

Soleil est proche couché
Mon nègre est pas arrivé
Couche couche après brûler
Caillette est pas tirée
Vas voir quelle heure il est

DU PAPIER DANS MON SOULIER

A paper in my shoes
Du papier dans mon soulier
C'est pas la peine tu m'fais du mal!

J'AI PRIS MON CH'MIN

J'ai pris mon ch'min et moi j'ai été
Cogner à la porte, j'ai fait "tite dame"
Oh voui j'ai dit, quand l'a ouvert la porte
J'ai dit "tite dame", priez pour moi
J'suis condamné pour les flammes d'enfer
Oh voui tite dame, priez pour moi

J'ai été partout et j'ai d'mandé
Personne a v'nu pour voir à moi
J'suis condamné pour les flammes d'enfer
Pas m'y braille, y z'ont peur de v'nir
J'suis condamné, m'ont condamné à la corde
J'vas sortir un jour qui vient

HEY CATIN

Hey catin, et où moi j'vas aller dimanche?
Oh catin, pour à jamais t'es moir?

Hey li'll mama
You could see it by yourself
You are too far from home, you li'll girl
To walk back home

Hey look here you li'll girl
I'm on my way to go
I'll walk to you

The sun goes down
My man is not back
The mush is burning
The cow is not milked
Go see what time it is

A paper in my shoes
Paper in my shoe
It's no use to hurt me!

I started on my way
And knocked at the door, crying "Li'll lady"
Oh yes I said when she opened the door
"Li'll lady, pray for me"
I'm doomed to the flames of hell
Oh yes, li'll lady, pray for me

I walked around and asked
If anyone came to see me
I'm doomed to the flames of hell
I shouldn't cry, they are afraid to come
I have been sentenced to death by hanging
I'll go out some day to come

Hey, doll, where can I go on Sunday?
Hey, doll, why are you never with me?

LES DEUX COUSINES

Frémont Fontenot is sitting on the gallery of his house. He is surrounded by his family.

Frémont: Là j'vas jouer les deux cousines à c't'heure!

Alexandrine (his god-child): Alright!

Alexandrine: C'est pas une chanson ça?

Frémont: Les deux cousines!

A: les deux cousines, mais tu dis rien pour la cousine!

F: (rire) ouais, moi le dis pas, la musique le dit!

A: Qu'qu'chose vous pouvez dire pour cousine!

F: ouais.

Freeman: I will play now the two cousins!

Alexandrine (his god-child): alright!

A: isn't it a song?

F: the two cousins!

A: the two cousins, but you say nothing for the cousin!

F: (laughing) yea, I say nothing, the music tells it!

A: you could say something for your cousin!

F: yea.

TIT POULET

Alexandrine: Jouez que'qu'chose qui saute!

Frémont: qui saute?

A: Joe Pitre et nana!

F: (rire) on va jouer d'aut'choses

A: tu connais Joe Pitre et nana?

F: Non, moi j'joue plus ça; on va jouer le tit poulet.

Oh ho ho!

Tit poulet! Tit poulet!

Alexandrine: Play something jumpy!

Freeman: Jumpy?

A: Joe Pitre et Nana!

F: (laughing) we'll play something else

A: You don't know Joe Pitre et Nana

F: no, I don't play it any longer; we'll play li'll chicken.

Oh ho ho!

Li'll chicken! li'll chicken!

DIXIELAND

Oh Dixieland! Oh my Dixieland!

Hey Dixieland! Oh Dixieland!

Frémont Fontenot: Mille neuf cent dix neuf! J'avais dix-neuf ans quand j'ai appris "Dixieland", je me rappelle ça bien; j'ai appris ça avec défunt Amédée euh, Cadam, Cadam Fontenot: on était parents moi et lui. C'était pas un chanteur, donc, mais quand y prenait l'accordéon, look at, look at, look at!

Freeman Fontenot: Nineteen nineteen! I was nineteen when I learnt "Dixieland", I remember it well; I learnt that with late Amédée, no, K'adam, K'adam Fontenot: we were relatives. He was not a singer, but when he played accordion, look at, look at, look at!

LES BLUES DE LA PRISON

Oh comment j'vais faire t-y?

J'étais gone pour aller

Juste pour voir mon ami

l'y m'ont ramassé

m'ont mis dans la prison

J'ai miséré tout là

Juste pour eux et pour tout vous autres

Que'qu'un de mes amis

Pour v'nir voir à moi

Moi j'croyais

J'aurais eu que'qu'un

Qui s'rait v'nu voir à moi

Quand même un d'mes frères

Ou un d'mes soeurs, d'mes amis

Ca v'nait pas!

Oh what can I do now?

I was on my way

Just to see my friend

When they picked me up

and put me in jail

I was in trouble there

Just by their fault and by yours

I wish some of my friends

would come and see me

I thought

that someone

would have come and see me

Even one of my brothers

or sisters, or one of my friends

They would not come!

Nous on est ici perdu
Pour qu'qu'chose j'ai pas rien fait

Z'une aut'chose moi j'ai vu
C'est quand ma pauv' vieille moman
Est v'nu s'planter dans la porte d'la prison
Tout ça j'ai pu faire
C'était y dire "Ma pauv' vieille moman
Prie donc pour moi
Pour sauver mon âme de les flammes de l'enfer."

Etienne Lewis: Pourquoi t'as arrêté? Qui n'y n'a?

Lynn Dozart: Pas rien, Charley me donne envie de ri-
re!

BULLY JACK

Okey, j'v'as jouer Bully Jack, j'vas jouer une valse
vieux back time!

Bully Jack ici, Bully Jack là-bas!

Here we are, lost
For something I did not do

An other thing I saw
When my poor old mama
Came and stood at the prison gate
All I could do
Was to tell her "My poor old mama
Pray for me
To save my soul from the flames of hell"

Etienne Lewis: Why did you stop? What's up?

Lynn Dozart: Nothing, Charley makes me lough!

Okey, I will play Bully Jack; I will play a
waltz of the old days!

Bully Jack here, Bully Jack there!

DU PAPIER DANS MON SYLLIÈRE

J'ai pris mon ch'nin et j'ai fait
Cagner à la porte j'ai fait "L'été d'été"
Oh oui j'ai dit quand t'as ouvert la porte
J'ai dit "L'été d'été", j'ai dit "L'été d'été"
J'ai dit "L'été d'été", j'ai dit "L'été d'été"
Oh oui j'ai dit "L'été d'été", j'ai dit "L'été d'été"
J'ai dit "L'été d'été", j'ai dit "L'été d'été"
Personne a v'nu pour t'ouvrir la porte
J'ai dit "L'été d'été", j'ai dit "L'été d'été"
Pas n'y brail' y a pas n'y brail' y a pas n'y brail'
J'ai dit "L'été d'été", j'ai dit "L'été d'été"
J'vas venir un jour qui vient

HEY CHARLEY

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