

**French
Songs of Old
Canada.**



W. Graham Robertson.

MUSIC LIBRARY



PRESENTED to the LIBRARY

by J. M. GIBBON

/ M Gibson

MACDONALD COLLEGE LIBRARY

French Songs of Old Canada.

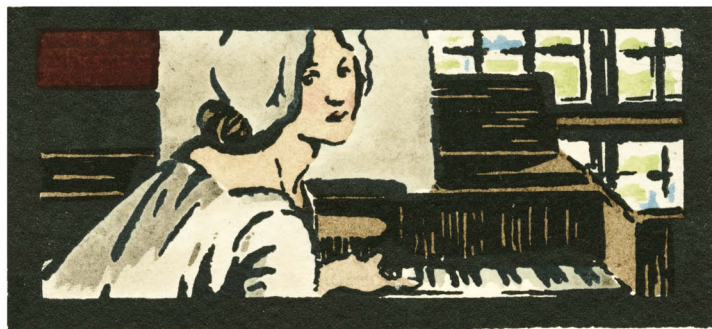
This Edition is limited to 350 Copies

For sale in England and America

Of which this is No.

French Songs of Old Canada.

Pictured by
W. Graham Robertson.



With Translations.

London
William Heinemann.
19 04

Contents.

Cécilia.

La belle rose.

À la claire fontaine.

Le chant d'Isabeau.

Ah, qui me passera le bois?

Petite Jeanneton.

Digue-dindaine.

En roulant ma boule.

Au jardin de mon père.

Gai lon la, gai le rosier.

D'ou viens tu?

L'Assemblée d'amour.

Je me fais maîtresse.

Joli coeur de rose.

La fille du roi d'Espagne.

Cécilia.



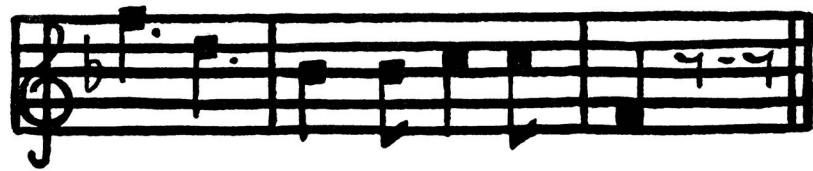
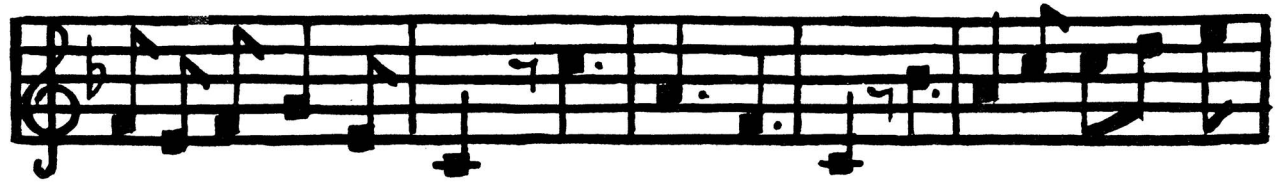
Cécilia.

Mon père n'avait fille que moi, (bis) Il devint amoureux de moi.
 Encore sur la mer il m'envoie. Ma mignonnette, embrassez moi.

Sautez, mignonne Cécilia!
 Ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! Cécilia! Ma mignonnette, embrassez moi.
 Ah! ah! Cécilia! Nenni, Monsieur, je n'oserais.

Encore sur la mer il m'envoie. Nenni, Monsieur, je n'oserais,
 Le marinier qui m'y menait Car si mon père le savait,

Le marinier qui m'y menait Car si mon père le savait
 Il devint amoureux de moi. Fille battue ce serait moi.



'Voulez-vous bell' qui lui dirait? Ils parl'nt français, latin aussi.
Ce serait les oiseaux des bois. Helas! que le monde est malin

Ce serait les oiseaux des bois. Helas! que le monde est malin (bis)
Les oiseaux des parlent ils? D'apprendre aux oiseaux le latin.
Sautez, mignonne Cécilia!

Les oiseaux des parlent ils? Ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! Cécilia!
Ils parl'nt français, latin aussi. Ah! ah! Cécilia!



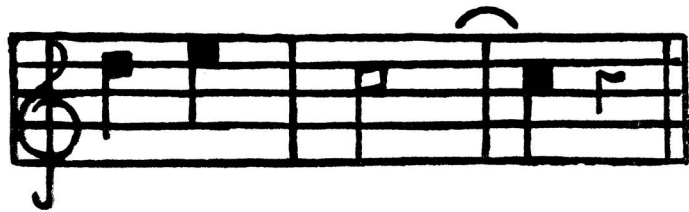
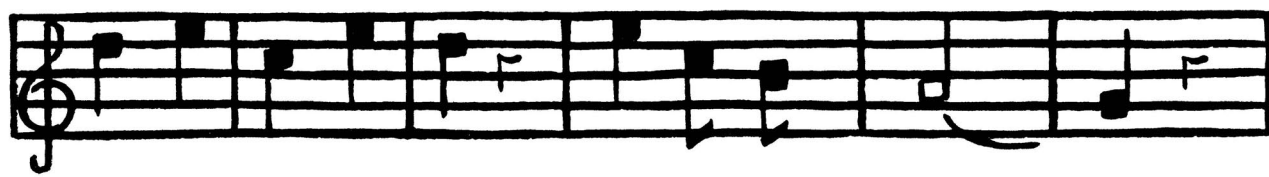


CÉCELIA.

La belle Rose.



La belle Rose



J'ai cueilli la belle rose (bis) **N**i mon père ni ma mère,
Qui pendait au rosier blanc. **N**i aucun de mes parents.

La belle rose.

Qui pendait au rosier blanc. **J**e m'en irai en service,
La belle ros' du rosier blanc. **E**n service pour un an.

Je l'ai porté chez mon père, **C**ombien gagnez-vous, la belle?
Entre **P**aris et **R**ouen. **C**ombien gagnez-vous par an?

Je n'ai pas trouvé personne **J**e gagne bien cinq cents livres,
Que le rossignol chantant. **C**inq cent livr's en argent blanc.

Qui me dit dans son langage **V**enez avec nous, la belle,
Mari'-toi, car il est temps. **N**ous vous en donn'rons six cents.
La belle rose.

Comment veux tu que j'm'y marie? **N**ous vous en donn'rons six cents.
Mon père en est pas content. **La belle ros' du rosier blanc.**





LA BELLE

ROSE.

À la Claire Fontaine.



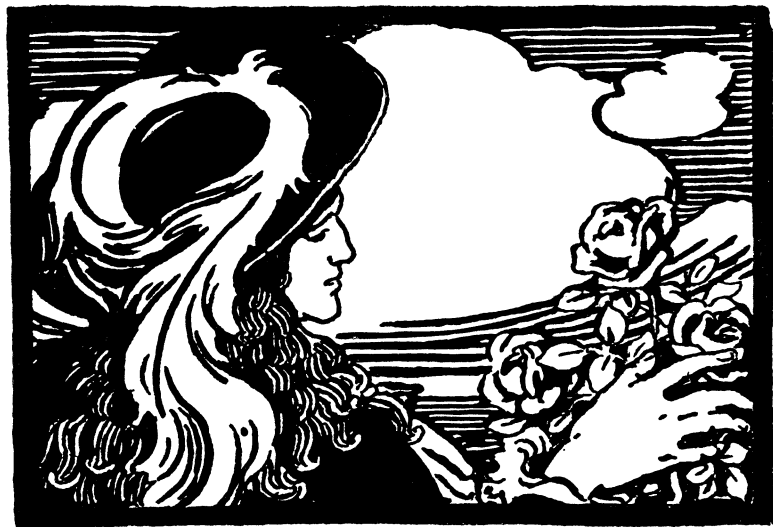
A la claire fontaine

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

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

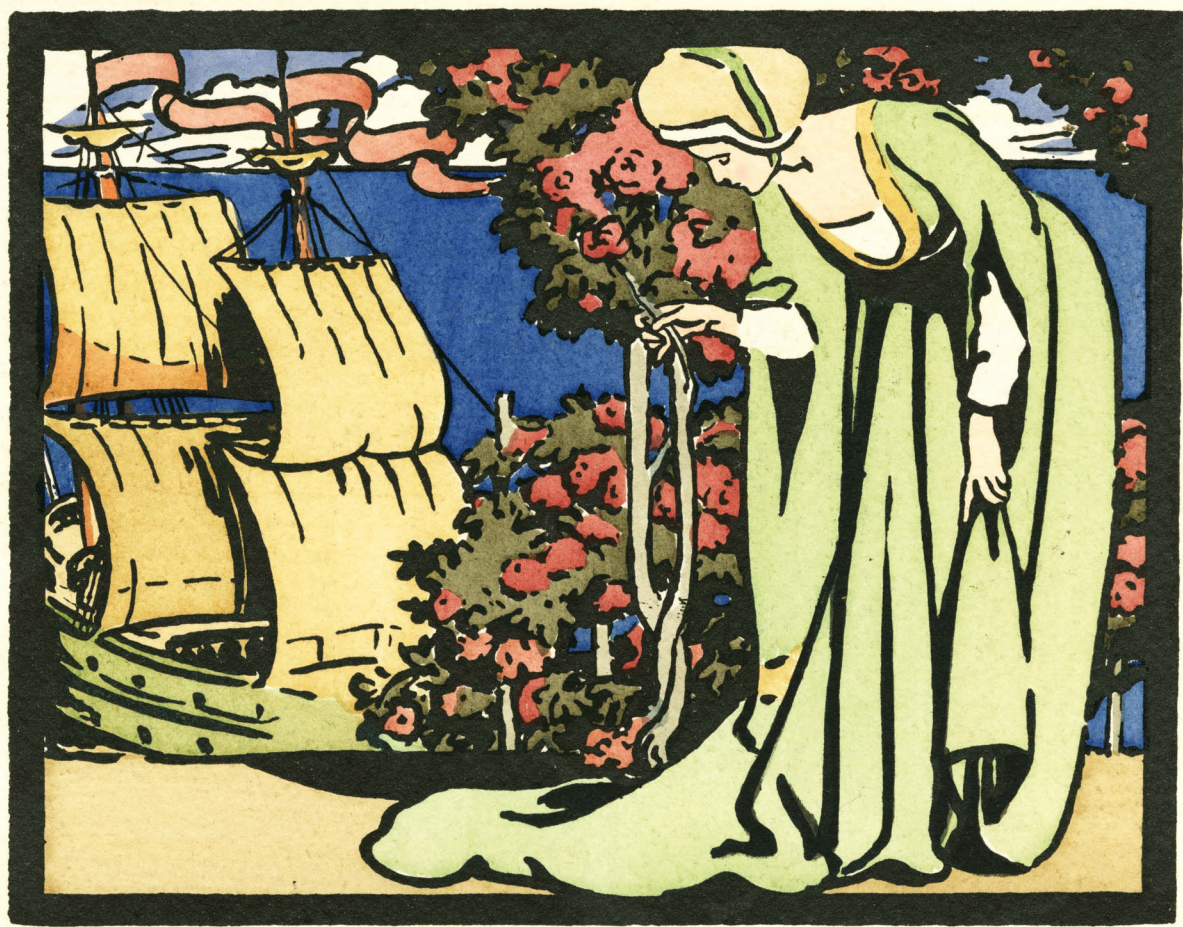
Sous les feuilles d'un chêne
Je me suis fait sécher ;
Sur la plus haute branche
Le rossignol chantait.

Chante rossignol, chante,
Toi qui a le cœur gai.
Tu as le cœur à rire
Moi je l'ai-t-à pleurer.
Lui ya longtemps que je t'aime,
Jamais je ne t'oublierai.



À LA CLAIRE FONTAINE.

Le chant d'Isabeau.



Le Chant d'Isabeau

Isabeau s'y promène
Le long de son jardin.
Le long de son jardin
Sur le bord de l'île,
Le long de son jardin
Sur le bord de l'eau,
Sur le bord du vaisseau.

Elle fit un' rencontre

De trente matelots
De trente matelots
Sur le bord de l'île, etc.

Le plus jeune des trente,
Il se mit à chanter.

'Le chanson que tu chantes
Je voudrais la savoir.'



'Embarque dans ma barque
Je te la chanterai.'

Quand elle fut dans la barque
Ell' se mit à pleurer.

'Je pleur mon anneau d'ore
Dans l'eau-z-il est tombé.'

'Ne pleure point la belle
Je vous le plongerai.'

De la première plonge
Le galant s'est noyé.
Le galant s'est noyé,
Sur le bord de l'île, etc





LE CHANT D'ISABEAU.

**Ah! qui me passera
le bois?**



Ah, qui me passera le bois

Ah, qui me passera le bois,
Moi qui suis si petite ?

Ce sera Monsieur que voilà :

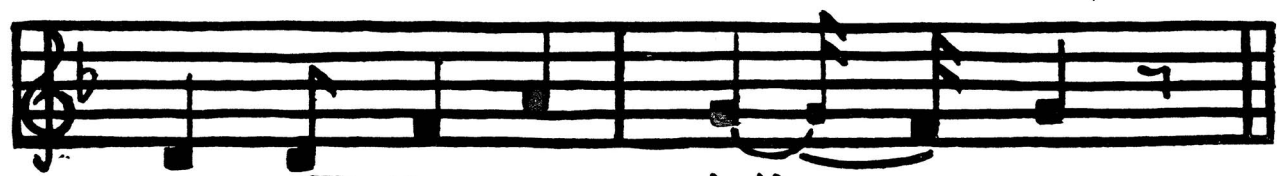
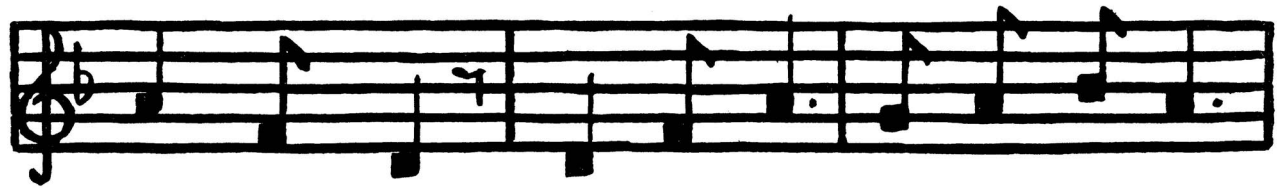
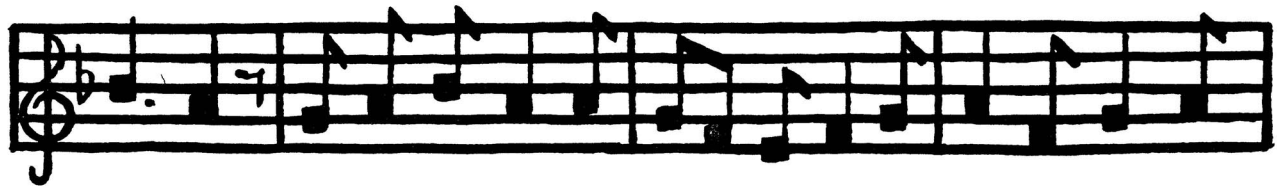
N'a-t-il pas bonne mine ? là !

Sommes nous au milieu du bois ?
Sommes nous à la rive ?

Quand nous fûmes au milieu du bois
Il se mit à courir.

Oh, qu'a-vous donc, mon beau Monsieur,
Qu'a-vous à tant courir, là !

J'entends venir des loups, là-bas,
Qui nous suiv' à la rive.
Quand ils eurent traversé le bois
La belle se mit à rire, là !



Bell' qu'avez-vous, bell' qu'avez-vous,
Qu'avez-vous à tant rire ?
Je ris de toi, je ris de moi,
De ta poltronnerie, la !

Je ris de toi, je ris de moi,
De ta poltronnerie ;
D'avoir pris les perdrix du bois
Pour les loups en furie, la !
Somm's nous au milieu du bois ?
Somm's nous à la rive ?





AH! QUI ME PASSERA LE BOIS?

Petite Jeanneton.



Petite Jeanneton

Quand j'étais chez mon père (bis)
Petite Jeanneton.

Dondaine don.

Petite Jeanneton.

Dondaine.

M'envoi'-t-à la fontaine
Pour pêcher du poisson.

La fontaine est profonde,
J'me suis coulée au fond.

Par ici-t-il y passe
Trois cavaliers barons.

Que donneriez vous, belle,
Qui vous tir'rait du fond?

Tirez, tirez, dit-elle,
Après ça, nous verrons.

Quand la belle fut tirée,
S'en fut à la maison.

S'assit sur la fenêtre,
Compose une chanson.

Ce n'est pas ça, la belle,
Que nous vous demandons.

C'est votre cœur en gage,
Savoir si nous l'aurons.

Mon petit cœur en gage
N'est pas pour un baron,

Mamère me le garde
Pour mon joli mignon.
Dondaine don.

Pour mon joli mignon.
Dondaine.





PETITE JEANNETON.

Digue-diņdaine.



Digue Dinçaine.



Quand j'étais de chez mon père, Ne vous mettez point-z-en peine.
Digue dindaine, Je saurai bien vous payer.

Jeune fille à marier.
Digue dindé. Il a pris son tirelire,
Jeune fille à marier. (bis) Il se mit à turluter.

Il m'envoie de sur ces plaines, Au son de son tirelire
Pourre les moutons garder. Les moutons s'sont rassemblés.

Moi qu'étais-t-encore jeunette, Ils se sont pris par la patte
J'oubliai mon déjeûner. Et se sont mis à danser.

Un valet de chez mon père Il'y-avait qu'un' vieill' grand'mère
Est venu me l'apporter. Qui ne voulait pas danser.

Tenez, petite brunette, Oh! qu'à vous, ma vieill' grand'mère,
Voilà votre déjeûner. Qu'avez vous à tant pleurer?

Que voulez vous que j'en fasse? Je pleure ton vieux grand-père
Mes moutons sont égarés! Que les loups ont étranglé!

Que donneriez-vous, la belle, Ils l'ont traîné dans la plaine,
Qui vous les ramènerait? Et les os lui ont croqué.





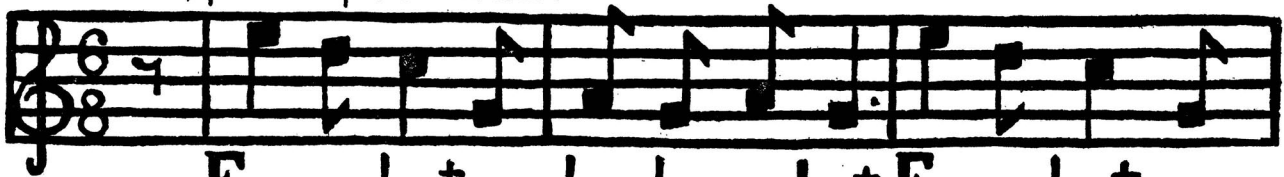
DIGUE - DINDAINE.

**En roulant
ma boule.**



En roulant ma boule

Voix seule, puis la reprise en chœur.



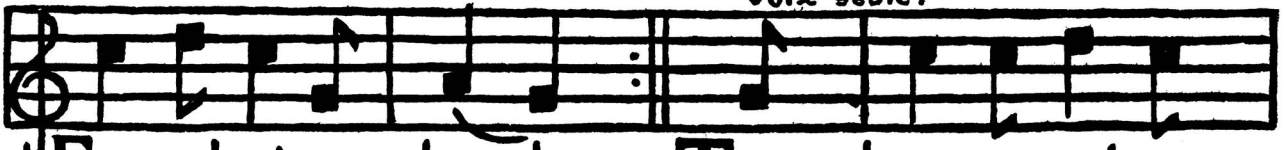
En roulant ma bou le roulant, En roulant ma

FIN Voix seule, repris en chœur.



bou - le. Der - rièr, chez nous, ya - t'un é - tang,

Voix seule.



En roulant ma bou - le. Trois beaux canards s'en



vont baignant. Rou - li roulant, ma boule roulant.

Le fils du roi s'en va chassant,
Avec son grand fusil d'argent.

Par les yeux lui sortent des diamants
Et par le bec l'or et l'argent.

Avec son grand fusil d'argent
Visa le noir, tua le blanc.

Toutes ses plum's s'en vont au vent.
Trois dam's s'en vont les ramassant.

O fils du roi, tu es méchant
D'avoir tué mon canard blanc!

Trois dam's s'en vont les ramassant,
C'est pour en faire un lit de camp.

C'est pour en faire un lit de camp,
En roulant ma boule.

Pour y coucher tous les passants.

Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant,
En roulant ma boule roulant,
En roulant ma boule.





EN ROULANT MA BOULE.

**Au jardin de
mon père.**

Au jardin de mon Père.



Au jardin de mon père
Un oranger lui ya, limouza,
Qui est si chargé d'oranges
Qu'on croit qu'il en rompra, limouza.
J'aime, j'aime, oh gai, gai, gai,
J'ai le cœur sañ gai ;
J'entendis chanter, danser
Les moutons, les moutons, don dé,
Doudou, les moutons, les moutons, les
moutons, les moutons, les moutons, don dé.

Je demande à mon père
Quand c'qu'on les cueillera, limouza.
Mon père me fait réponse:
Quand ton ami viendra, limouza.

Les oranges sont mûres,
Mon ami ne vient pas, limouza.
J'ai pris une échelle,
Mon panier dans mon bras, limouza.

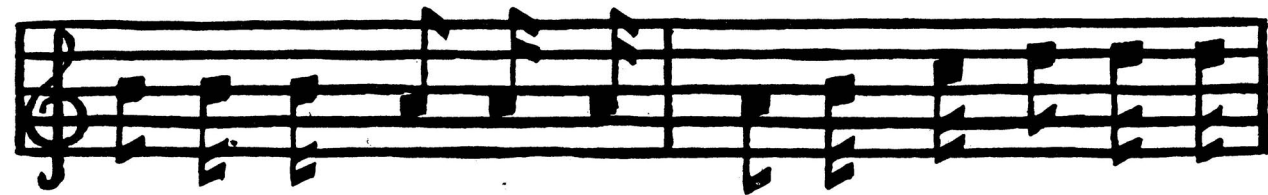
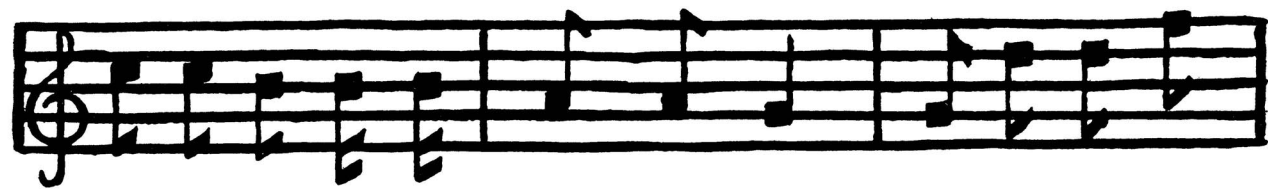
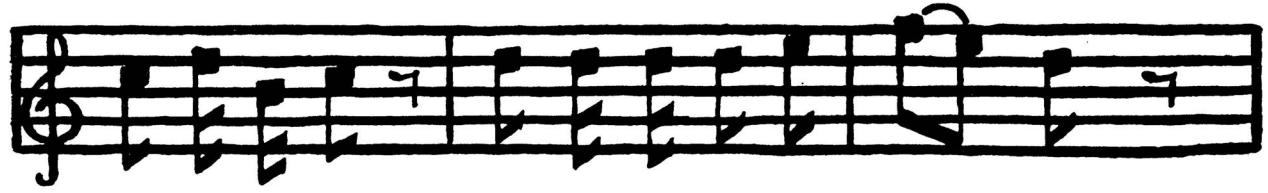
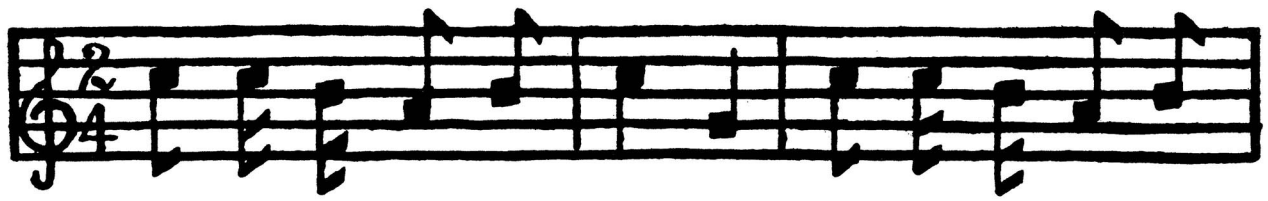
J'ai cueillis les plus mûres,
Laisai les vertes là, limouza.
M'en vais au marché vendre,
Au marché de Lava, limouza.

Dans mon chemin rencontre
Le fils d'un avocat, limouza ;
M'en prend une douzaine,
Ne me les paya pas, limouza.

Ah! Monsieur, mes oranges!
Vous n' me les payez pas, limouza.

Passer de chez mon père,
Il vous les paiera, limouza.
J'aime, j'aime, oh gai, gai, gai,
J'ai le cœur sañ gai ;

J'entendis chanter, danser
Les moutons, les moutons, don dé.
Doudou, les moutons, les moutons, les moutons
les moutons, les moutons, don dé.





AU JARDIN DE MON PÈRE.

**Gai lon la,
gai le rosier.**



Gai lon la, gai le rosier

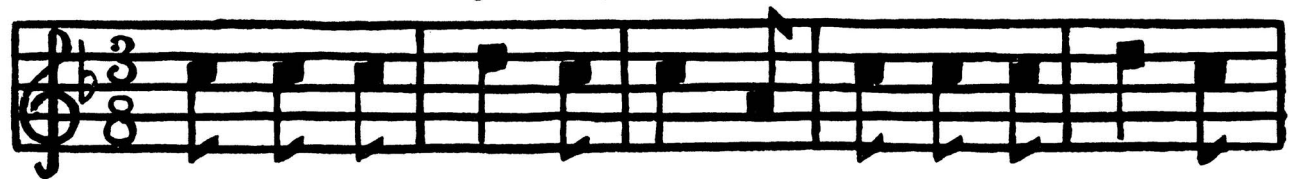
Parderrèr' chez ma tante
Lui ya-t-un bois joli ;
Le rossignol y chante
Et le jour et la nuit.
Gai lon la, gai le rosier
Du joli mois de mai.

Il chante pour ces belles
Qui n'ont pas de mari.
Il ne chante pas pour moi
Car j'en ai-t-un joli.

Il ne chant' pas pour moi
Car j'en ai-t-un joli.
Il n'est point dans la danse,
Il est bien loin d'ici.

Il n'est point dans la danse,
Il est bien loin d'ici.
Il est dans la Hollande:
Les Hollandais l'ont pris.
Gai lon la, gai le rosier
Du joli mois de mai.

Que donneriez-vous, belle,	Je donnerais Versailles,
Qui l'amènerait ici ?	Paris et Saint-Denis,
Je donnerais Versailles,	Et la claire fontaine
Paris et Saint-Denis.	De mon jardin joli.
Gai lon la, gai le rosier	
Du joli mois de mai.	





GAI LON LA.

D'où viens-tu ?



D'où viens tu?

D'où viens tu, bergère,
D'où viens tu?
Je viens de l'étable,
De m'y promener;
J'ai vu un miracle
Ce soir arrivé.

Qu'as-tu vu, bergère,
Qu'as-tu vu?
J'ai vu dans la crèche
Un petit enfant,
Sur la paille fraîche
Mis bien tendrement.

Rien de plus, bergère,
Rien de plus?
Saint' Marie, sa mère,
Qui lui fait boir' du lait;
Saint Joseph, son père,
Qui tremble de froid.

Rien de plus, bergère,
Rien de plus?
Ya le bœuf et l'âne
Qui sont par devant
Avec leur haleine
Réchauffent l'enfant.

Rien de plus, bergère,
Rien de plus?
Ya trois petits anges
Descendus du ciel
Chantant les louanges
Du Père Éternel.





D'OU VIENS - TU?

L'Assemblée d'Amour.



L'Assemblée d'Amour

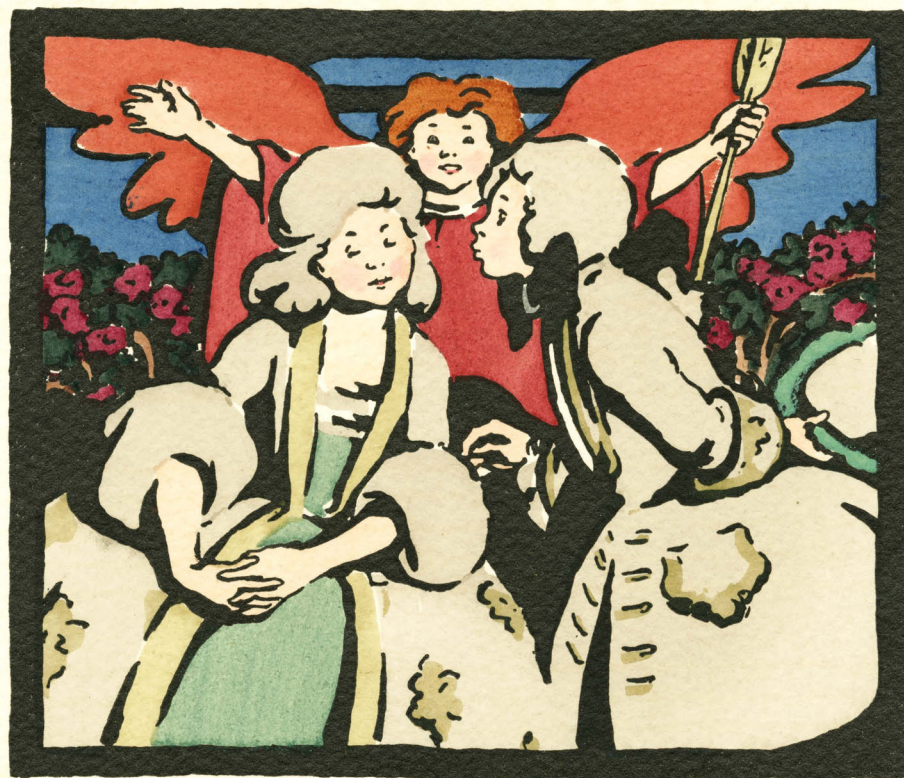


Ah! qui marierons-nous? (bis)
Mademoisell, ce sera vous,
Par l'assemblée d'**A**mour.
Oui, j'aimerai qui m'aime... qui m'aime...
Oui j'aimerai qui m'aimera.

Lui donnerons pour époux?
Mon doux **M**onsieur, ce sera vous.

Amour, saluez-vous!
Saluez-vous cinq ou six coups.

Amours, retirez-vous. (bis)
Retirez-vous chacun chez vous.
Par l'assemblée d'**A**mour.
Oui, j'aimerai qui m'aime... qui m'aime...
Oui, j'aimerai qui m'aimera.





L'ASSEMBLÉE

D'AMOUR.

**Je me fais
maîtresse.**

Je me fait maitresse.

Je me fait maitresse ya pas long temps. (bis)
J'irai la voir dimanche, dimanche j'irai,
Je ferai la demande à ma bien aimée.

Ah, si tu viens dimanche, j'n'y serai pas;
Je me mettrai biche dans un beau champ;
De moi tu n'auras pas de contentement.

Ah, si tu te mets biche dans un beau champ,
Je me mettrai chasseure, j'irai chasser;
Je chasserai la biche ma bien aimée.

Si tu te mets chasseure pour me chasser,
Je me mettrai malade dans un lit blanc;
De moi tu n'auras pas de contentement.

Si tu te mets malade dans un lit blanc,
Je me mettrai docteur pour te soigner:
Je soignerai la belle, ma bien aimée.

Si tu te mets docteur pour me soigner,
Je me mettrai sœur dans un couvent;
De moi tu n'auras pas de contentement.

Ah, si tu te mets sœur dans un couvent,
Je me mettrai prêcheur, j'irai prêcher;
Je prêcherai le cœur de ma bien aimée

Si tu te mets prêcheur pour me prêcher,
Je me mettrai soleil au firmament:
De moi tu n'auras pas de contentement.





Si tu te mets soleille au firmament, Si tu te mets nuage pour me cacher,
 Je me mettrai nuage pour te cacher: Je me mettrai saint Pierre au paradis:
 Je cacherai la belle, ma bien aimée. Je n'ouvrirai la porte qu'à mes bons amis.



JE ME FAIS MAÎTRESSE.

**Joli coeur
de rose.**



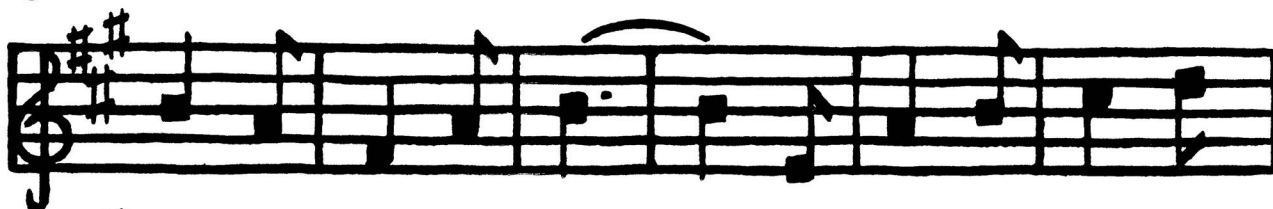
JOLI COEUR

DE ROSE.

La fille du roi d'Espagne.



La fille du roid d'Espagne



La fill' du roi d'Espagne,
Vogue, marinier, vogue!
Veut apprendre un métier,
Vogue, marinier!
Veut apprendre un métier.
Vogue, marinier!

A battre la lessive,
Vogue, marinier, vogue!
La battre et la couler,
Vogue, marinier!
La battre et la couler.
Vogue, marinier!





LA FILLE DU ROI D'ESPAGNE.

French Songs of Old Canada

Translated

London

William Heinemann

1904

Cecilia

My father has no child save me.

He sent me out again to sea.

(Dance to me, little Cecilia,
Ah ha, Cecilia !)

Alone he sent me out to sea,

But a sailor steered the boat for me.

(Dance to me, little Cecilia,
Ah ha, Cecilia !)

The sailor steered, and, sad to tell,

In love with me the sailor fell.

(Dance to me, little Cecilia,
Ah ha, Cecilia !)

Deeply in love he fell, I fear.

“Give me a kiss,” said he, “my dear.”

(Dance to me, little Cecilia,
Ah ha, Cecilia !)

“Give me a kiss, my dear,” he cried.

“Oh, sir, I dare not!” I replied.

(Dance to me, little Cecilia,
Ah ha, Cecilia !)

“Oh, sir, I dare not give a kiss,

For my papa would hear of this.”

(Dance to me, little Cecilia,
Ah ha, Cecilia !)

“And if papa but only knew

He’d beat his daughter black and blue.”

(Dance to me, little Cecilia,
Ah ha, Cecilia !)

“Yes, soundly beaten I should be.”

“But who would tell of this?” said he.

(Dance to me, little Cecilia,
Ah ha, Cecilia !)

“But who would tell of this, my dear?”

“The little birds that sing so clear.”

(Dance to me, little Cecilia,
Ah ha, Cecilia !)

“The little birds that sing so shrill.”

“But birds won’t tell!” “O yes, they will.”

(Dance to me, little Cecilia,
Ah ha, Cecilia !)

“But birds don’t speak.” “O yes, they do. They all talk French—and Latin, too.”

(Dance to me, little Cecilia,
Ah ha, Cecilia !)

“Alas, the world is bad and vain!

Who taught those birds to speak so plain!”

(Dance to me, little Cecilia,
Ah ha, Cecilia !)

The Rose

(La belle Rose)

RED and white the garden roses,

But the wild white rose for me.

(Rose of the Roses.)

But the wild white rose for me.

(Fair are thy roses, white rose tree.)

One by one I stole its petals

Wrapped in silk of cramoisie.

(Rose of the Roses.)

Wrapped in silk of cramoisie.

(Fair are thy roses, white rose tree.)

To my father's house I bore them.

Hard by Rouen dwelleth he.

(Rose of the Roses.)

Hard by Rouen dwelleth he.

(Fair are thy roses, white rose tree.)

Silent stood the house and lonely,

None to hear and none to see.

(Rose of the Roses.)

None to hear and none to see.

(Fair are thy roses, white rose tree.)

Philomel alone was singing,

"Maiden, maiden, marry thee!"

(Rose of the Roses.)

"Maiden, maiden, marry thee!"

(Fair are thy roses, white rose tree.)

"Philomel, how may I wed me?"

What may be my marriage fee?"

(Rose of the Roses.)

"What may be my marriage fee?"

(Fair are thy roses, white rose tree.)

"Nor my father nor my mother

Seek to find a mate for me!"

(Rose of the Roses.)

"Seek to find a mate for me!"

(Fair are thy roses, white rose tree.)

"Out into the world I'll hie me,

For a year a handmaid be!"

(Rose of the Roses.)

"For a year a handmaid be!"

(Fair are thy roses, white rose tree.)

"What thy wage? What gain, O fair
one,

When again thou standest free?"

(Rose of the Roses.)

"When again thou standest free?"

(Fair are thy roses, white rose tree.)

"Fair my wage, a silver fairing,

Silver pounds in hundreds three."

(Rose of the Roses.)

"Silver pounds in hundreds three."

(Fair are thy roses, white rose tree.)

"Nay, six hundred gladly give I.

Maiden fair, come thou with me."

(Rose of the Roses.)

"Maiden fair, come thou with me."

(Fair are thy roses, white rose tree.)

By the clear Fountain

(À la claire fontaine)

By the clear running fountain

In the woods as I lay

All so fair flowed the water

I fain in it would play.

(Never more may I forget thee;

I've loved thee so many a day.)

All so fair flowed the water

That I fain there would play.

In the cool shadowed greenwood

Where sunbeams never stray.

(Never more may I forget thee;

I've loved thee so many a day.)

In the green shadowed woodland
Where no sunbeams may stray,
I hear from the oak tree
The nightingale's soft lay.
(Never more may I forget thee ;
I've loved thee so many a day.)

From the oak's woven branches
Pours the sweet roundelay.
O thou glad-hearted songster,
How shrill thy notes and gay !
(Never more may I forget thee ;
I've loved thee so many a day.)

Sing, ah, sing through the twilight
With thy notes shrill and gay.
Light thy heart is with laughter
And mine with tears is grey.
(Never more may I forget thee ;
I've loved thee so many a day.)

Ah, I would those red roses
Blossomed still on their spray,
And that they and the rose tree
Beneath the ocean lay !
(Never more may I forget thee ;
I've loved thee so many a day.)

Light thy heart is with laughter,
Mine with salt tears is grey.
I have long lost my loved one,
She would not with me stay.
(Never more may I forget thee ;
I've loved thee so many a day.)

I have long lost my loved one,
Nor with me would she stay.
For a knot of red roses
She threw my heart away.
(Never more may I forget thee ;
I've loved thee so many a day.)

Once she bade bring her roses.
Why did I say her nay ?
Ah, would those red roses
Were still upon the spray !
(Never more may I forget thee ;
I've loved thee so many a day.)

Isabeau

(Le chant d'Isabeau)

ISABEAU was a-walking
All down her garden gay.
All down her garden gay
To the island shores a-nigh.
All down her garden gay
Where the tide flows high,
Where the gallant ships lie.

Came by thirty bold sailors
Singing their roundelay.
Singing their roundelay
To the island shores a-nigh, &c.

A brave song sang the youngest ;
Sweetly his notes did ring.
Sweetly his notes did ring
To the island shores a-nigh.
Sweetly his notes did ring.
Where the tide flows high,
Where the gallant ships lie.

"The brave song that you sing me
Fain I myself would sing.
Fain I myself would sing."
To the island shores a-nigh, &c.

“The sea’s breast for the sea song ;
Lady, put out with me!
Lady, put out with me!”
 To the island shores a-nigh, &c.

Their boat cleaves through the
 waters:
Isabeau, why weeps she?
Isabeau, why weeps she?
 To the island shores a-nigh, &c.

“Why weep, lady, why weep you?
May not your grief be told?
May not your grief be told?”
 To the island shores a-nigh, &c.

“My ring, lost in the ocean.
Ah, for my ring of gold!
Ah, for my ring of gold!”
 To the island shores a-nigh, &c.

“Weep not, sweet, O my lady.
Swiftly your ring I’ll save!
Swiftly your ring I’ll save!”
 To the island shores a-nigh, &c.

O dark, dark are the waters!
Drowned is the sailor brave.
Drowned is the sailor brave.
 To the island shores a-nigh.
Drowned is the sailor brave.
Where the tide runs high,
Where the gallant ships lie.

The Ways of the Wood

(Ah, qui me passera le bois?)

“Ah, who will walk the wood with me,
Poor little me, so fearful?
Here stands a man will guide me
 through,
As brave he looks as any two!”
(Are we in midst of the wood?
Are we at the forest rim?)

When we were deep within the wood
My gallant fell a flying.
—“What do you fear, my gallant gay?
Why hasten you so fast away?”
(Are we in midst of the wood?
Are we at the forest rim?)

—“Wolves! There are wolves! I hear
 them cry.
Wolves are our steps pursuing!”
When from the wood they came once more
The maiden fell a laughing sore.
(Are we in midst of the wood?
Are we at the forest rim?)

—“Why do you laugh, O maiden fair!
Why do you laugh so sorely?”
—“I laugh at you, sir, nothing less;
A coward in your fearfulness!”
(Are we in midst of the wood?
Are we at the forest rim?)

“I laugh at you—at myself too.
I laugh at you so fearful.
You heard the raging wolves go by,
I heard a little partridge cry!”
(Are we in the midst of the wood?
Are we at the forest rim?)

Little Jeannette

(Petite Jeanneton)

I, LITTLE maid Jeannette,
When I at home did dwell
 Down, down a down.
When I at home did dwell
 Ding dong bell.

To seek for fish they sent me,
All swimming in the well.
 Down, down a down.
All swimming in the well.
 Ding dong bell.

So cold and dark the waters;
Into the deeps I fell.
 Down, down a down.
Into the deeps I fell.
 Ding dong bell.

Three noble knights came riding.
Mark you what now befell.
 Down, down a down.
Mark you what now befell.
 Ding dong bell.

“What guerdon if we save you?
What wage, fair damozel?”
 Down, down a down.
“What wage, fair damozel?”
 Ding dong bell.

“Save me, I pray you, save me!
And after—who can tell?”
 Down, down a down.
“And after—who can tell?”
 Ding dong bell.

Quickly then from them fled she
Back to her maiden cell.
 Down, down a down.
Back to her maiden cell.
 Ding dong bell.

There at the window sang she
Sweeter than Philomel.
 Down, down a down.
Sweeter than Philomel.
 Ding dong bell.

“Ah sing not thus, fair maiden,
Close in your citadel!”
 Down, down a down.
“Close in your citadel!”
 Ding dong bell.

“’Tis for your heart we languish.
Ah why our love repel?”
 Down, down a down.
“Ah why our love repel?”
 Ding dong bell.

“My little heart, fair nobles,
Is not to buy or sell.”
 Down, down a down.
“Is not to buy or sell.”
 Ding dong bell.

“I wait my true love’s coming.
My mother guards me well.”
 Down, down a down.
“My mother guards me well.”
 Ding dong bell.

Digue Dindaine

WHEN I lived at home with father
Digue dindaine.

Maiden I at maidhood's May.
Digue dindé.

Maiden I at maidhood's May.

Far into the fields they sent me
Digue dindaine.

Guarding sheep the live-long day.
Digue dindé.

Guarding sheep the live-long day.

Like a young and thoughtless maiden
Digue dindaine.

Dinnerless I went away
Digue dindé.

Dinnerless I went away.

After me a henchman bore it,
Digue dindaine.

And to me did softly say :
Digue dindé.

"Turn to me, my dark-eyed sweeting."
Digue dindaine.

"Eat and drink without delay"
Digue dindé.

"Eat and drink without delay."

"Eat and drink, alas, I may not."
Digue dindaine.

"All my sheep have gone astray"
Digue dindé.

"All my sheep have gone astray."

"Pretty one, if I recall them,"
Digue dindaine.

"How will you my toil repay?"
Digue dindé.

"How will you my toil repay?"

"O kind sir, you must not doubt me."
Digue dindaine.

"Ever I my debts defray."
Digue dindé.

"Ever I my debts defray."

Forth an oaten pipe he drew him,
Digue dindaine.

And a rustic air did play.
Digue dindé.

And a rustic air did play.

Skipping to the magic music
Digue dindaine.

Came the sheep by many a way.
Digue dindé.

In a ring they fell a dancing,
Digue dindaine.

Dancing to his roundelay
Digue dindé

Dancing to his roundelay

But one aged sheep was silent,
Digue dindaine.

Would not join the blithe array.
Digue dindé

Would not join the blithe array.

"O poor grandam, wherefore weep you?"
Digue dindaine.

"Wherefore sigh, ah well-a-day?"
Digue dindé.

"Wherefore sigh, ah well-a-day?"

"Child, I weep your poor grandfather"
Digue dindaine.

"Whom the great grey wolves did slay."
Digue dindé.

"Whom the great greywolves did slay."

"Seethewhitebonescrackedandbroken,"
Digue dindaine.

"Wherethewolves tore down their prey."
Digue dindé.

"Wherethewolves tore down their prey."

Keep the ball a-rolling

(En roulant ma boule)

BEHIND our house a pond there lay

Keep the ball a-rolling.

Three fine fat ducks came there to play

Away, away,

Rolling away,

Keep the ball a-rolling away,

Keep the ball a-rolling!

The King's young son came by one day,

Keep the ball a-rolling,

With his great silver gun so gay.

Away, away, &c.

With his great silver gun so gay,

Keep the ball a-rolling.

He sought the black—the white did slay.

Away, away, &c.

“O wicked prince, alack-a-day!

Keep the ball a-rolling.

That my white duck must be your prey ”

Away, away, &c.

“His blood of rubies ebbs away.”

Keep the ball a-rolling.

“His eyes shed diamonds, bright of

ray.”

Away, away, &c.

“His tears are diamonds, bright of

ray.”

Keep the ball a-rolling

“Silver and gold his beak inlay.”

Away, away, &c.

“Upon the winds his feathers stray.”

Keep the ball a-rolling.

Three dames came by in rich array

Away, away, &c.

The feathers' flight these ladies

stay.”

Keep the ball a-rolling.

To make a bed they would essay.

Away, away, &c.

A little bed wherein to lay,

Keep the ball a-rolling.

All passers by from every way.

Away, away,

Rolling away,

Keep the ball a-rolling away,

Keep the ball a-rolling!

Down in my father's garden

(Au jardin de mon père)

DOWN in my father's garden
Grows there an orange tree, limouza.
Thickly the boughs are laden,
Thickly as well may be, limouza.

Love my love! O gay, gay, gay.

O my heart is gay!

Through the fields I hear all day
Dance and song. Little lambkin, play.
Gay, gay, gay little lamb,
Little calf, little kid, little lambkin play!

"Tell me, my father, tell me,
When may the feast be spread,
limouza?"

"Daughter, my little daughter,
When you be wooed and wed, limouza."

Love my love! O gay, gay, gay. &c.

Ripe is the fruit and golden;
Comes never one to woo, limouza.
Off to the tree I hie me,
Ladder and basket too, limouza.

Love my love! O gay, gay, gay. &c.

Pluck I the red, the golden,
Leave I the green to grow, limouza.
Forth to the market fare I,
Down in the town below, limouza.

Love my love! O gay, gay, gay. &c.

Forth to the market faring,
Meet I a lawyer's son, limouza.
Taking my fruit in plenty,
Money he pays me none, limouza.

Love my love! O gay, gay, gay. &c.

"Nay, sir, no gift I offer,
Give me my price, I pray, limouza."

"Ask you my father, pretty one,
He will my debt repay, limouza."

Love my love! O gay, gay, gay.

O my heart is gay!

Through the fields I hear all day
Dance and song. Little lambkin
play!

Gay, gay, gay, little lamb,
Little calf, little kid, little lambkin play

Gai lon la

ADOWN my aunt's rose garden
Grows many a greenwood tree.
The nightingale is singing
His endless melody.

May is near, month of the Rose,
Month of the red rose tree.

He sings for all fair ladies
Who lone and loveless be.
He sings for these fair ladies;
He does not sing for me.

May is near, month of the Rose,
Month of the red rose tree.

So fair my love and gallant,
The song is not for me.
He is not with the dancers,
But far beyond the sea.

May is near, month of the Rose,
Month of the red rose tree.

He is not with the dancers,
But far beyond the sea.
Bound in a Dutchman's dungeon
He pines in slavery.

May is near, month of the Rose,
Month of the red rose tree.

Bound in a Dutchman's dungeon
He pines in slavery.
"What shall he have, fair lady,
Who brings him home to thee?"
 May is near, month of the Rose,
 Month of the red rose tree.

"What shall he have, fair lady,
Who brings him home to thee?"
"Ah, I would give Versailles,
Paris and Saint Denis!"
 May is near, month of the Rose,
 Month of the red rose tree.

"Ah, I would give Versailles,
Paris and Saint Denis.
And this clear fountain flowing
O'er thyme and rosemary."
 May is here, month of the Rose,
 Month of the red rose tree.

Whence Away?

(D'où viens-tu?)

—WHENCE away, Jeannette?
 Whence away?

—By the stable yonder
Down among the hay
I have seen a wonder
Newly born to-day.

—What did'st see, Jeannette?
 What did'st see?

—A baby in a manger,
Tiny as may be.
There upon the sweet straw
Laid all tenderly.

—Who watched there, Jeannette?
 Who watched there?

—Blessed Mother Mary,
Maiden bosom bare,
Joseph cold and weary
In the chill night air.

—More's to say, Jeannette.
 More's to say.

—Lo, the ass and oxen,
By Him as they lay,
Breathed upon the baby
To keep the cold away.

—Stood none by, Jeannette?
 Stood none by?

—Came three little angels,
Angels from the sky,
Softly singing praises
Of the Lord most high.

The Court of Love

(L'Assemblée d'Amour)

“ WHO will go marry ? Who will be a bride to-day ? Mademoiselle, what do you say Before the Court of Love ? ”	“ Kiss, little lovers, Give your kisses lovingly. Plight you your troth with kisses th Before the Court of Love. ’
“ Yes, I will love who loves—who loves me ; Yes, I will love who loves me well. ”	“ Yes, I will love who loves—who lo me ; Yes, I will love who loves me well. ’
“ Where is the bridegroom ? Who will wed the bride to-day ? Now, little sir, what do you say Before the Court of Love ? ”	“ Part, little lovers, Kiss and part without delay. Then to your homes go each away, Before the Court of Love. ’
“ Yes, I will love who loves—who loves me ; Yes, I will love who loves me well. ”	“ Yes, I will love who loves—who lo me ; Yes, I will love who loves me well. ’

The Wise Maid

(Je me fais maîtresse)

LATE I found a mistress wise past compare. Late I found a mistress wise past compare. On Sunday I shall see her, thus shall it be ; And I will beg a boon of her, my fair ladye.	“ Oh, if you be a white doe, far the you stray, Oh, if you be a white doe, far the you stray, I’ll turn me to a huntsman, swift I be, And I’ll outrun the white doe, O fair ladye ! ”
“ Oh, if you come on Sunday, I’ll not be there. Oh, if you come on Sunday, I’ll not be there. For I shall be a white doe ; far, far I’ll stray, And you will never catch me, try, sir, how you may ! ”	“ If you will turn a huntsman hun for me, If you will turn a huntsman hun for me, I’ll turn me to a fleet fish dar away, And you will never catch me, try how you may ! ”

“ If you will be a fleet fish darting away,
If you will be a fleet fish darting away,
Then I will go an angling full craftily;
The fish will soon be landed, O my fair
ladye ! ”

“ If you will go an angling full craftily,
If you will go an angling full craftily,
Then pale upon a death-bed I'll seem
to lie,
And you will never touch me, though
you fain would try ! ”

“ If pale upon a death-bed you seem to
lie,
If pale upon a death-bed you seem to lie,
Then I will be a doctor seeking a fee,
And I will cure my true love, O my
fair ladye. ”

“ If you will be a doctor seeking a fee,
If you will be a doctor seeking a fee,
Then I will be a sad nun in convent
gray,
And you can never reach me, try, sir,
how you may. ”

“ If you will be a sad nun in convent
gray,
If you will be a sad nun in convent
gray,

Then I will be a preacher, bending my
knee ;
My text shall be a love song, O my
fair ladye. ”

“ If you will be a preacher, bending
your knee,
If you will be a preacher, bending your
knee,
Then I will be the great sun, high in
the sky,
And you can never reach me, though
you fain would try. ”

“ Oh, if you are the great sun, high in
the sky,
Oh, if you are the great sun, high in the
sky,
Then I will rise a cloudlet up from the
sea,
And in my arms I'll hide you, O my
fair ladye. ”

“ But if you rise a cloudlet up from the
sea,
But if you rise a cloudlet up from the
sea,
'Tis I will be Saint Peter at Heaven's
Gate,
And you shall never enter, though you
long may wait. ”

Heart of the Rose

(Joli cœur de rose)

It was a lofty frigate
(Sweet heart of sweet red roses.)
Came sailing gallantly.
(Heart of the red rose tree.)

It was a lovely maiden
(Sweet heart of sweet red roses.)
Sat weeping by the sea.
(Heart of the red rose tree.)

“ Oh, tell me, fair one, tell me ;” (Sweet heart of sweet red roses.)	For the first time he plunges (Sweet heart of sweet red roses.)
“ Why weep so bitterly ?” (Heart of the red rose tree.)	The prisoned gold to free. (Heart of the red rose tree.)
“ My ring of gold I weep for,” (Sweet heart of sweet red roses.)	A second time he plunges. (Sweet heart of sweet red roses.)
“ Deep fallen in the sea.” (Heart of the red rose tree.)	Half grasps the glittering fee. (Heart of the red rose tree.)
“ What will you give, fair maiden,” (Sweet heart of sweet red roses.)	Once more he leaps to gain it, (Sweet heart of sweet red roses.)
“ To him who brings it thee ?” (Heart of the red rose tree.)	—Nor back alive came he. (Heart of the red rose tree.)
“ Only my heart to give him ” (Sweet heart of sweet red roses.)	Like fish in shallow drifting, (Sweet heart of sweet red roses.)
“ Who brings my ring to me.” (Heart of the red rose tree.)	Oh, sad and fair to see ! (Heart of the red rose tree.)
The youth has doffed his doublet, (Sweet heart of sweet red roses.)	Beneath his father’s window (Sweet heart of sweet red roses.)
Into the deep springs he. (Heart of the red rose tree.)	The dead floats silently. (Heart of the red rose tree.)

“ And for a woman’s plaything
(Sweet heart of sweet red roses.)
My son is lost to me !”
(Heart of the red rose tree.)

The King of Spain’s Daughter

(La fille du Roi d’Espagne)

THE King of Spain’s fair daughter (Row, ye mariners, row away) A trade is fain to know. (Row, my comrades, row.)	To beat the sheets and wring them, (Row, ye mariners, row away.) And wash them white as snow. (Row, my comrades, row.)
--	---

folio	RARE BOOK	
M1678	Music	1149846
F74		
c. 1		

AUTHOR

TITLE

French songs of old Canada.

1149846

