BAYOU BALLADS
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Twelve Folk-Songs
From Louisiana

Texts and Music Collected
By
MINA MONROE

Edited with the Collaboration of
KURT SCHINDLER

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BAYOU BALLADS of the LOUISIANA PLANTATIONS

The most definite recollections of my childhood on the Labranche Plantation in St. Charles Parish where we lived, are of the singing and dancing of the negroes. This plantation had been in our family from the days of the early settlers and, by a trick of fortune years after the war, with its resulting sh iftings and changes, my grandmother found herself mistress of a plantation on which she had lived as a child. Many of the negroes who had wandered away (in fact, nearly all of them) had by then returned to their birthplace to find themselves practically under the same masters and much the same régime, a condition greatly to their joy, judging from the tone of their reminiscences of “avant la guerre”—“befo’ de war.”

I remember the cheering peal of the “big bell” calling the men to the fields and to work. The last note had hardly died out when a great bustle began in which the shouting of the men to one another, the harnessing of mules, the cracking of whips, the dragging of heavy field implements, mingled in unrestrained confusion until, the mustering completed, the men rode away in conquest of the day’s work, singing as they went, their melodious voices now a vivid contrast to the din and noise before.

The songs they sang were appropriate neither to work nor to the joy of accomplishment. They were songs of long ago, the same songs my grandmother had heard, from much the same people, in her childhood, folk-songs that had composed themselves as incidents occurred; and, as usual with folk-music, especially that of primitive races, the origin—the composition of the song—had been provoked by suffering, the sensations they had felt and remembered the most poignantly. But here the key is no reliable guide to the mood the song expressed, and sentiments of gravity or gaiety, pain or pleasure, sorrow or happiness, cannot be detected by the simple clue of a minor or major mode. It would be interesting to trace back the instinct that prompted a crude people to allow themselves the same latitude Handel took in writing his Messiah in “Saul” in major, and the composers of innumerable scherzos in minor.

Whether the song was the expression of his sad or gaye hours, the most persuasive element of negro music in a certain snap, a vigor one must attribute primarily to the greatness, the joie de vivre, that he brought with him from the jungles from which, after all, he had as yet only partly emerged.

With the negroes of the Gulf and Mississippi Valley (Louisiana then comprising all that territory), French and Spanish dominations succeeded each other too rapidly to admit of anything beyond a very superficial imitation of the one nation or of the other in the music that was then in its making. One finds a verve that may well be French, or a sentimental langour one might call Spanish. The proximity in which the negro lived to the dominant race, lent after a time a certain similarity in expression as inevitable in his music as in the spoken tongue. Adaptations and phonetic changes in the unwritten speech of the negroes were the natural consequences of a continued influence of the written and therefore permanent languages surrounding them. These adaptations and phonetic changes were accompanied by a curious simplification of the syntax and etymology of the phrases absorbed, such as doing away with the articles and merging them into the nouns, and making like changes with verbs and pronouns, which resulted in sounds additionally melodiou s, that lend themselves particularly to verse and song.

But beyond a general influence of the Spanish and French, the negro’s music remains characterizedly his own, a creation, no an imitation.

The songs collected here are from those I have heard the negroes sing on the Louisiana plantations and in New Orleans.

The old mamma rocked us to sleep, gave us our meals, even bathed us, to the tune of these songs; each occasion having its special and appropriate melody. When asked where they came from she would insist that they had always existed; that her mother’s mother had taught them to her as she had been taught before. And so it went with the white children who were so fortunate as to be “raised” by some dusky guardian whom her young charges were existence itself.

A word would perhaps not be amiss in explanation of the design for the cover of this book if not in apology for its none too discreet coloring. It is a reproduction of a madras “tignon” (curtain) lent me for that purpose by one of our colored maids in New Orleans. There were two to choose from, both of which she sent with a word of regret that she could not offer them as a gift, as they had “come down” to her from her great-grandmother and she is to be “buri ed” in one of them; the other is for her sister.

Besides the patois in which are given the words of the songs as sung by the negroes, I have attempted to do the verses in French and English, maintaining as closely as possible in the translation the cadence and rhythm of the original form.

In the preparation of this edition I have had the collaboration of Mr. Kurt Schindler, whose knowledge
of the folk-songs of Spain and France and whose interest in the music of the South obviously fitted him for this particular task. In accordance with my plans and wishes the melodies were left untouched and the accompaniments have received a rhythmical texture and harmonic background that help create the French-Spanish atmosphere of Louisiana's music.

With the melodies thus presented in their primitive form, I believe this collection of Bayou Ballads has permanent value for the study of our folk-music. At the same time, the principle of simplicity in the settings has not been carried to such an extreme that the songs would not appeal to singers for recital purposes. On the contrary, I hope that a mode of presentation has been found which may render them both suitable and attractive for concert singers, and thus bring them to the attention of a wider circle of music-lovers.

MINA MOORE.

New York, September, 1921.
NOTES ON THE SONGS

(1)

"Ah, Suzette, chère" is simply a love-song in which the lover half reproachfully laments the indifference of the object of his affections. To his mind there is but one remedy, success, so he engages himself to the hard labor in the fields which yields "a heap of dollars" that he will bring her if she returns his affection.

The cadence, especially in the refrain, brings pleasantly to mind a Spanish serenade, which makes one naturally suppose the song to be of the Spanish origin in Louisiana—probably of the first domination, as the song is a very old one.

The fact that the words are in the French patois and without an element of the Spanish which crept in later (as a matter of fact, very few Spanish words did creep in even later) is not surprising. It is obvious that the negro’s ear, with its particular keenness for music, would catch cadence and rhythm long before a new and strange language affected phonetically the one he already spoke.

(2)

"Danzë Codaine," also a song appropriate to the children’s dining-room, was for the negroes a banquet-song the dignity of which placed it above the "Bamboula." Sometime at the end of the dance, after gumbo file served with flaky rice had sufficiently restored both entertainers and entertained, and when the refrain "N’a mannan li, n’s mannan h'" of the more popular Bamboula Song had been exhausted, "DanzëCodaine" came into its own in gusty tunes and with unmistakable gestures of further gastronomic anticipation.

(3)

Not the least of the tragedies accompanying the life of the negro in days gone by were the inevitable separations of individuals deeply attached to each other—separations poignantly felt by a people strongly emotional and, as demonstrated time and again, easily attached and heroically devoted where affection was involved.

"Clémentine" is bid for on all sides, to the great apprehension of her lover, who is a fixture on the plantation. His imagination sees danger at every point. He even suspects Peau-Rouge, the Indian Chief who comes periodically from the cypress swamps to dispose of his wicker baskets and the powdered sassafras leaves, an all-important ingredient for a successful gumbo. The black suitor never doubts that Peau-Rouge, his wares disposed of, lurks in the fields with all too apparent motives. But the final blow comes with an offer of purchase from the neighboring plantation, where Sieur de Marigny is enlarging his holdings. "Auf! what shall I do?"—Clémentine must go.

(4)

There is no more bitter draught for a negro than the airs a mulatto puts on towards his chummy-fued brother. A Louisiana proverb says:

"Put a mulatto on a horse and he will swear his mother is not a negro!"

"Gardez piti milatte-la" is another satirical song in which ridicule is cast upon a Mr. Banjo, a mulatto of very light hue, whose grand manner and elegant appearance are more than the darker ones can bear. Every detail of his dress, from the rakish tilt of his hat to the conspicuous squeak of his boots, the cane he twirls, the cigar he smokes, is a symbol of elegance and prosperity ridiculed in the song—though not without a pang of envy for these worldly blessings.

This song, slightly varied in the melody and words, is published in Mr. Krebsief’s book of Afro-American Folksongs.

(5)

A happy manner of announcing dinner in the nursery or in the children’s dining-room was with the singing of "Tant poetre-la tchulte," which, with its incessantly recurring "refrain," secured the most persuasive of appetizers.

The spirit of the song is "Quand le vin est versé il faut le boire," and the negro version of it loses none of its significance in the almost endless repetition of the second phrase.

It was one of the popular "Bamboula Songs" of the dances on the Place Congo in New Orleans, where in those days negroes from the African Congo were prize merchandise and where the name Congo easily stuck for generations to what is now (shades of the General!) "Beauregard Square." The word "bamboula" is itself derived from the drums of bamboo which chiefly furnished the music for the dances, bamboula meaning literally in the negro patois "that bamboo." The easy rhythm, snacking somewhat of the tom-tom, soon communicated itself from the dancers to those looking on, until scores of voices and twice as many clapping hands kept time to the never-ending refrain, and the dancers moved to the accompaniment of the entire audience.
“Pauv’ piti Mont’zelle Zizi” is thought by some to have originated in the West Indies and there is nothing to prove the contrary; but whether a product of the Islands or of the Southern States, certain it is that no melody was so universally known and sung on the Louisiana plantations as that of “Mont’zelle Zizi,” or “Lalotte,” as another version goes.

Here a negro lover laments the grief his sweetheart feels upon the discovery of a more successful rival in the affection of her white master, whose profligacy alone can account for the fine madness, the petticoats of silk and lace a certain Calabou displays with such effrontery. The fact that Calabou (not her real name, by the way, but a derivative surname) is a quadroon, of comparatively light complexion, a recent importation from the Islands, does but add to Mont’zelle Zizi’s cup of bitterness, all of which her black lover fully appreciates and deplores in pathetic self-effacement.

The words and the melody with slight variations are also published in Mr. Krebschel’s book of African-American Folk-songs.

From the children’s dining-room one easily passes on to the nursery, where the youngest member of the household is being rocked to sleep in the good old way to the solemn notes of “Gue-gue Solingalé.”

The song is almost an incantation, in which the ending phrase of each couplet, “ií con la park,” etc., is whispered in hushed tones. In a sort of wend fulla by the little ones are urged to “ba’ë’ chëmo-ba,” literally to “sweep the path clear,” the path being the tiny mind preparing for dreams.

The pictures evoked by the song are meant to soothe or to frighten the young charges to sleep. The wisdom of Bres Tortoise is of course unchallenged, and he is said even to talk upon occasions. Bres ‘Gater’s trick of dooning like a child to lute one to the edge of the swamp, there to become his victim, may be an old one, but is certainly one to be constantly exposed for the benefit of the eager young listeners. The picon’s habits are no less treacherous, and have from time immemorial inspired wholesome fear of this cozy wildcat, which is said to roam about the cane fields at dusk, ready to crop noiselessly from behind and spring at one’s neck. Whether a phantom of the imagination or a cruel reality, the mere mention of the picon was a warning potent to keep within bounds youngsters who would otherwise be inclined to venture beyond the vigilant eye of their nurse.

An important personage on the plantation and, therefore, one of whom there is frequent mention in the folk-songs, the songs of those days, is the white overseer, a salaried functionary, a sort of foreman in the fields, who in the songs was not destined for the beau rôle and often came in for the lion’s share of satire.

His authority over the negroes imbued them with awe, but did not always carry sufficient respect to restrain them from satirical accounts of his philanderings.

In many cases, as in the idyl of “Z’Amours Marianne,” they were not happy adventures to the end, especially when early frosts, disastrous to unique case, diminished the crop by half with a corresponding reduction of the foreman’s profits. Marianne is practical—a poor crop has but one meaning to her, and with directness and candor she loses no time in warning her lover that “No crops, no love” is her motto.

The song “En avant, Gréandiers” contains a rare, perhaps the only, martial allusion to be found in these plantation songs and small wonder. The lives of the negroes were so bounded and narrow, responsibility so much taken from them, that there was little chance of promoting initiative, and still less of developing the stuff soldiers are made of. The few insurrections incited on the Islands (Martinique and others) had ended very badly for the insurgents. In the Southern States, their chances of success were still slighter, while on the whole their lot was much more bearable.

In the song, the phrase “Ca qui mourir, tout pis pou vou’ yéi!” (“Who gets shot, for him the worse”) was sung in a most spirited and decontour manner. The song is to this day a popular one in Louisiana, and in New Orleans it is considered a not unfeeble melody as a funeral march on grand occasions, with the tempo a triple riutato.

Gottschalk made use of part of the melody in one of his piano pieces.

“Suzanne, Suzanne, jolie femme,” is among the poetic love-songs. Here, the human and practical element shows itself with delightful naïveté, while the eternal masculine praises the frugal tastes of his love.

“Cushioned seats, silk petticoats, fine madras turbans” are of course signs of opulence, a black sweetheart might justly aspire to. “Four-poster beds and Burgundy wine” are extravagances the white man cannot escape as the result of a successful courtship. In his philosophy, the black lover finds his lot far more satisfying in its unbounded simplicity than that of the free white man with its complicated and inevitable demands.

Whether Suzanne’s charm is due to her entire satisfaction with gumbo filé (the most frugal of creole dishes) remains vague, but none the less amazing.
The melody of the song was thought particularly fitted to the task of sweeping, especially on summer mornings when the languid strokes of the broom lent themselves admirably to the musical lift of its phrases. Scores of Southern courtyards have been swept to the tune of “Suzanne, Suzanne, jolie femme.”

(VI)

“Vous t'é in Morico” is another name song which might almost be called a hymn of hate inspired by the faithlessness of an overseer on the plantation towards his inamorata. She is at first touched to the quick by his change of heart, then enraged at the humiliation of being cast aside for another. She looks about for a means of revenge, which comes to her with the discovery that her forlorn lover is not white in spite of his light skin, that he has a touch of the tar-brush, a “tigon” (turban) in the family. With that information she accosts him publicly. “Touroneyote,” once a name of endearment, is now said with biting sarcasm.

(12)

No true disciple of a black mammy would ever have consented to take his bath except to the tune of the old “Bosoya” song, “Michié Prévâl”; the “Bou-djoum, bou-djoum” of the refrain being the psychological moment for the plunge into the tub. Bosoya is literally the protruding knotty root of a cypress-tree, and as applied to songs indicates what is crude or rough. The song is satirical, in the manner of the taunt songs of primitive peoples. The story it tells originated in this instance with a hall a certain Mr. Prévâl, an eccentric member of a distinguished family and sometimes called Judge Prévâl (though it is uncertain whether he was a magistrate), permitted to be given in the stable of his New Orleans house in the rue Héptal (now Governor Nicholls Street). It seems that a small admission fee was charged the negro guests to help towards music and refreshments, both of which were voted very poor. The affair ended in disorder. Many of those who attended found their way to the calaboose in the course of the evening and among them, tradition says, Mr. Prévâl himself, who, as proprietor, had improvidently failed to obtain the required permit from the authorities. The incidents of the ball which the song describes soon became widely known, Mr. Prévâl’s grand airs affording infinite delight to the colored people.

Each couplet of the song is separated from the next by the refrain “Danses Calinda, bou-djoum, bou-djoum,” with which words the participants impurposed the enlooker to join the dance.

In Louisiana, the Calinda was a war-dance in which men alone took part, stripped to the waist and brandishing sticks in a mock fight, while at the same time balancing upon their heads bottles filled with water from which one drop spilled put the participant hors de combat. Later the Calinda assumed more and more an objectionable character, until it was finally prohibited in the Place Congo in New Orleans about the eighties-forties. But I have it from the lips of an old darkey once an expert at the Calinda, that there was much sport in it at the stage of dancing with water-filled bottles, and that the last remaining dancer well deserved to have the water in his bottle replaced by good “nèfa” (whiskey) to celebrate his victory.

Most of the couples and the melody with slight variations are published in Mr. Krebsiel’s book of Afro-American Folksongs.
BAYOU BALLADS
Ah, Suzette, chère
Ah, Suzette, dear

Allegretto comodo

Ah, Su - zette, chère,
Ah, Su - zette, de - er,
Ah, Su - zette, chère,

Ah, Su - zette, z’a - mie,
Ah, Su - zette, my child,
Ah, Su - zette, a - mie,

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to pas l'ai-main moin!
you love me so mo!
tu ne m'ai-mes pas!
Mal-lais la mon-

Mal-lais coupé cannes, chère amie,

Moi à la mon-

J'rai faire l'argent plein
Pour te le donner.

Mal-lais fait l'argent plein
Make a heap of dollars,
Pou por-ťe donne toit!

Géine to cut my canes, my Su-zette,

J'rai faire l'argent plein
Bring dem all to you!

Su-zette,

tagne, z'a-mie,

Mal-lais cou-pé cannes, chère amie,

hill, Su-zette,
Mal-lais la montagne, chère,  
I'm gwine up de hill, dear,  
Moi à la montagne, chère,  
Guine to cut my canes, dear,  
J'rai couper cannes, chère,  
J'rai couper cannes, chère,

Mal-lais fait l'argent plein  
Make a heap of dollars,  
J'rai faire l'argent plein  
Bring dem all to you!  
Pour te le donner.

Ah, Suzette, chère,  
Ah, Suzette, dear,  
Ah, Suzette, chère,  
tu ne m'aimes pas, chère,  
tu ne m'aimes pas, chère.
Ah, Suzette, z'ame, to pas l'ai-main moind!
Ah, Suzette, my child, you love me no mo'!
Ah, Suzette, a-mie, tu ne m'ai-mes pas!

Si to té zo-zo, z'ame, Et mo mê-me mo té fi-z'i,
If you was a bird, Suzette, And I was a gun, my Suzette,
Si tu-tais oiseau, a-mie, Et j'é-tais fu-sil, chère a-mie.

Mo séré tchéu-é toi-boum! Mo séré tchéu-é toi-raide!
I would shoot you down, sho'! I would shoot you dead!
Je te tu-e-rais-pan! Je te tu-e-rais-boum!
Si te té zo-ze, z’a-mie,  
If you was a bird, Suzette,  
Si tu étais ol-seau, a-mie,  
Et même, mo té fl-zi,  
And I was a gun, my Suzette,  
Et j’étais fusil, chère a-mie,

Mo sré tchou é toi-boum!  
I would shoot you down, sho!’  
Je te tu-e-rais-pan!  
(Parlé) Ah, cher bizaou d’acazou,  
(Spoken) Ah, my dear mahog’ny jewel,  
(Parlé) Ah, cher bijou d’acajou!

mo l’atmain iol comme cochon il l’atmain la bouse...  
I lub you, I lub you lak’ a pig lub de mud...  
Je l’alme comme les cochons alment la bouse!  
Mo sré tchoué toai raiée!  
I would shoot you dead!  
Je te tue-rais boum!
II
Dansez Codaine
Come dance Codaine

Tempo di Bamboula. Non troppo allegro, con moto grazioso

sez Co-daine, dan - sez Co-daine. C'est ma-caque qui a pe joue vlo-
dance Co-daine, come dance Co-daine, While the mon-key fid-dles up a
sez Co-daine, dan - sez Co-daine, C'est un singe qui joue le vic-
Dancez Co-daine, dansez Co-daine, C'est ma-

caque qui joue piano. Morceau cha-
mone key d'elles up a tune. A bit of spi-
singe qui joue la vio-

son, C'est qui chausse qui bon, C'est qui chausse qui doux! Morceau pi-
tail Makes it grand to eat, Makes it good and sweet! A bit of sen, C'est quelque chose de bon, C'est quelque chose de doux! Grain de pi-
ment om-bas le tcheu-pos-son, C'est qui chauze qui bon, C'est qui chauze qui doux! Come spi-cès keath the fish's tail Makes it grand to eat, Makes it good and sweet! Come

sez Co-daïne, dan-sez Co-daïne, C'est ma-caque qui pé joué vio-lon. Dan-
dance Co-daïne, come dance Co-daïne, While the mon-key fid-dies up a tune, Come

sez Co-daïne, dan-sez Co-daïne, C'est un singe qui joue le vio-lon, Dan-

dance Co-daïne, come dance Co-daïne, While the mon-key fid-dles up a tune!
III
Clémentine

Allegretto scherzando

 Ça fait moins la peine, Clémentine,
I am so afraid, Clémentine,
 Ça me fait d'elle peine, Clémentine,

Y'a pô mandé pour yo!
They're after you again!
On vous réclame toujours!
 Ça fait moins la peine, Clémentine,
You're in such demand, Clémentine,
 Ça me fait gros cœur, Clémentine,
 Ça fait moin la peine, Clé-mentine,  
They're of- ter you a-gain!
Ya pé man-dé pou yo!  
It puts my heart in pain!
On vous ré-clame tou-jours!  
Ça me fait gros cœur, Clé-men-tine,
Ca fait moin la ça fait moin la
It puts my heart in pain!
On vous fait trop la 
Ça me fait d'la
Z’indjin ca-ché dans fer-dosse A pé man-dé pou yo!
Red-skin cast an eye on you A hid-ing in the cane!
Peau-rouge ca-ché dans les champs Vousguette et vous é-ple,

Z’indjin ca-ché dans fer-dosse A pé man-dé pou yo!
Big Chief fol-lours of-fer you A stroll-ing down the lane!
Peau-rouge ca-ché dans les champs Vousguette et vous é-ple,

Ça fait moïn la peine, Clé-men-tine, Y’a pé man-dé pou
I am so a-fraid, Clé-men-tine, They’re of-fer you a-
Ça me fait d’la peine, Clé-men-tine, On vous ré-élame tou-
IV

Gardez piti milatte-là

Look at that Mulatto

Allegretto con grazia

Gardez piti milatte-là, Mi-chié Ban-jo, Com-ment li in- so-
Look at that mu-lat-to, ili Mis-ter Ban-jo, See how he struts so
Re-gar-dez ce ptit mu-latre, Mon-siür Ban-jo, Comme il est in-so-

lent!               Chapeau su' cò-té, Mi-chié Ban-jo, Ba-dine à la
proud!             Hat cock'd on one side, Mis-ter Ban-jo, Brandish-ing his
lent!               Chapeau de cò-té, Monsieur Ban-jo, Ba-dine à la
main,  
stick,  
main,

Souliers qu’a pe fait couinc couinc; Mi-chié Ban-jo,

Puffing such a big ci-gar, Mis-ter Ban-jo,

Cla-quant des souliers couinc couinc; Mon-sieur Ban-jo,

Ci-gare à la bouche! Gar-dez pl-ti mi-latte-là, Mi-chié Ban-jo,

Shiny bootsthat click and clack! Yet he’s but a half-cast, lil’ Mis-ter Ban-jo,

Ci-gare à la bouche! Re-gar-dez ceptit ma-latre, Mon-sieur Ban-jo,

Com-ment li in-so-lent!
Al-though he struts so proud!
Comme il est in-so-lent!

de Cresc.

Red. * marcato
V

Tan patate-là tchuite
When your potato's done

Andantino, quasi allegretto, ben ritmato

Et
When
Quand

con pedale

tan patate-là tchuite, Nà nan-nan li-lí, nà nan-nan li!
Et
your po-ta-to's done, It's time to eat it, it's time to eat!
When
la patate est cuite, faut la man-ger, oui, faut la man-ger!
Quand
Tan même il dans chaudière,
Wheth- er it's in your feu,
Quand même dans la chaudière,
Quand même des-sous la cendre,

Tan même il dans la cend',
Wheth- er it's in your fire,
Quand même des-sous la cendre,

Tan même il dans du feu,
Na nan-nan li, na nan-nan li!
Wheth- er in em- ber found, It's time to eat it, it's time to eat!
Quand même de-dans le feu, Nous la man-geons, oui, nous la man-geons!

Et tan patate-la tchuite,
Na nannan li, na nan-nan li!
Et
When your po- ta-to's done, It's time to eat it, It's time to eat!
Quand la patate est cuite, faut la man-ger, oui, faut la man-ger!

Quand
tan pa-tate-là tchulte, Nà nan-nan li - i, nà nan-nan li!
your po-ta-tes done, it's time to eat it, it's time to eat!
la pa-tate est cuite, faut la man-ger! oui, faut la man-ger!

Tan-mème li tout grill-lé,
Tan-mème li tout bri-lé.

Ent it, when crisp and fried, Ent it, when burn-ing hot,
Fût-elle tou-te grill-lée,
Fût-elle tou-te brû-lée,

Tan-mème li jist char-bon, Nà nan-nan li - i, nà nan-nan li!

Ent it, when black as coal, It's time to eat it, it's time to eat!
Ne fût-elle qu'un char-bon, Nous la man-geons, oui, nous la man-geons!

un poco cresc.
VI

Pauv' piti Mom'zelle Zizi
Pity poor Mam'zelle Zizi

Assai moderato

Pauv' pl-i ti Mom'-zelle Zi-zii, Pauv' pl-i ti Mom'.
Pit - y poor Mam'-zelle Zi-sii, Pit - y poor Mam'.
Pauvre pe-tite Mam'-zelle Zi-zii, Pauvre pe-tite Mam'.

zelle Zi - zii, Li gal-gnain bo - bo, bo - bo,
zelle Zi-sii, She's as sad as sad can be
zelle Zi - zii, A de gros cha-grins, cha-grins

bo, bo-bo, Li gai-gain in ma-la-die Dans son petit cœur à lié. Cala-lou porte madras, Li porte jilette.比特里, Cala-lou wears madras rare, Petit-uję coats of cœur meurtre. Cala-lou porte madras, Porte beaux ju-

In her little heart. Pit-y poor Madame Zizi! She's as sad as sad can be, Sick and tired of life is she, And her heart aches.
pon garni, Ca-la-lou por-té la soie, Li por-té belles-
silk-en ware, Ca-la-lou ureas rich bro-cape, Jew-els made of
pons garnis, Ca-la-lou shah-bile en soie, Bi-joux et den-
bel-les! Pauv’ pi-ti Mom’-zelle Zi-zi, Li gai-gnain in
fin-est jade. Pit-y poor Mam’-zelle Zi-zi! Sick and tired of
tel-les. Pauvre pe-tite Mam’-zelle Zi-zi Souf-fre du-ne
ma-la-die, Li gaignain bo-bo, bo-bo, Dans so pi-ti tkoeur.
life is she, She’s as sad as sad can be In her lit-tle heart.
ma-la-die, A de gros cha-grins, cha-grins Dans son pe-tit coeur.
VII
Gué-gué Solingaie
Berceuse

Allegretto grazioso

Gué-gué Solingaie,
Dreamland o-pens here,
Gué-gué, ba-lay-ez

baillez chimine
Sweep the dream path
le chemin des

là, clear!
songes!
Mâ dis li, oui, mâ dis li,
Lis-teu, chile, now lis-ten well,
On mâ dit que, dans la nuit,

Cal -
What the
On en -

p poco rit.
p poco rit.
a tempo  pp poco rall.

basse, li con-naix parler!

Cal - basse, li con-naix par-

tortoise may have to tell,

What the tortoise may have to
tend parler la Torte!

On en - tend parler la Tor -

a tempo  poco rit. 

ler!
tell!

vue!

p

Gué - gué So-lin-gale,

Dream - laud o-pens here,

Gué - gué, balayez

bal - liez chil - min - jà,

Sweep the dream-path clear!

le che - min des songes!

Mâ dis

Listen,

On m'a

come prima

pp
here,

Sweep the dream-path clear!

Listen,

le chemin des songes!

On m'a

now close your eyes,

In the cane-brake the wild-cat cries!

C'est Pi-chou qui te saute au cou!

poco rit.

Pi-chou, li con-nain tranquil;

C'est Pi-chou qui te saute au cou!

poco rit.

a tempo

In the cane-brake the wild-cat cries!

C'est Pi-chou qui te saute au cou!

a tempo

li, m'a dis li,

Pi-chou, li con-nain tranqu;

a tempo

C'est Pi-chou qui te saute au cou!

poco rall.

Pi-chou, li con-nain tranqu;

glor!

C'est Pi-chou qui te saute au cou!
VIII

Z'Amours Marianne

Marianne's Loves

Andantino animato e ben ritmato

un poco sostenuto

Marianne

Si l'amour vous si fort, Mi-ché-là,
Si l'amour est si fort, cher mon-sieur,

If, 0 Mas-sa, you love me so true,

a tempo

Si l'a -
mourez vous si fort, Mi-chié là
Mas-so, you love me so true,
mour est si fort, cher mon-sieur,
Si l'amour vous si

fort, Faut plein d'argent dans poche!
true, you must have mon-ey too!
fort, Faut plein d'argent les poches!
un poco sostenuto

Toutes mes cannes sont brû-lées, Ma-ri-anne,
Marry, see, all my cane is burnt down,
Toutes mes cannes sont brû-lées, Ma-ri-anne,
Toutes mes cannes sont brûlées,
Marianne,
Toutes mes cannes sont brûlées,
Marianne,
Marry, see, all my cane is burnt down,
All my cane is burnt
to get, Ma récolte est flam-bée!
my crop is all turned brown!
to get, Ma récolte est flam-bée!
molto con moto
mf vivace
mf vivace
mf vivace
mf vivace
Marianna
con spirito
a tempo

Si cannes à vous brûlées, Mi-chié là, Si cannes
If. O Mas-sa, your cane-field is dry, If.
Si vos cannes sont brûlées, cher mon-sieur, Si vos

f con molto spirito

à vous brûlées, Mi-chié là, Si cannes à vos bri-
Mas-sa, your cane-field is dry, If your cane-field is
cannes sont brûlées, cher mon-sieur, Si vos cannes sont brû-

f molto vivace

lées, L'amour à vous flam-bé!
dry, "No crop, no love," says Il!
bées, L'amour en est flam-bé!

f molto vivace

49856
IX

En avant, Grénadiers!
Forward March, Grenadiers!

Allegro marziale

En a-vant, gré-na-
For-ward march, gren-a-
En a-vant, gre-na-

diers! Ça qui mou-ri, n’a pas ra-tion! En a-vant, gré-na-
diers! He who gets shot, for him no ra-tions! For-ward march, gren-a-
diers! Ce-lui qui meurt n’a pas d’ra-tion. En a-vant, gre-na-

diers! Ça qui mou-ri, tant pis pour yé!
diers! He who gets shot, for him the worse! La, la, la la la, la, la la la, la la diers! Ce-lui qui meurt tant pis pour lui!
En avant, grenadiers! Ça qui mourir n'a pas raison.
Forward march, grenadiers! He who gets shot, for him no reputation.
En avant, grenadiers! Ce-lui que meurt n'a pas d'raison.

Ca qui mourir, tant pis pour yie!
Ca qui mourir, tant pis pour lui!
la, la la, la, la, la la, la la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la!
Suzanne, Suzanne, Jolie Femme!
Suzanne, Suzanne, Pretty One!

Allegretto con tenerezza

zanne, Su - zanne, jo - lli femme!

zanne, Su - zanne, pret - ty one!

zanne, Su - zanne, jo - lli femme!
Zanne, jolie femme! Li pas man-dé faux. Li
Zanne, pretty one! She does not want a
Zanne, jolie femme! Ne lui faut pas faux.

dolce, como primo

Teuill bourré, Li pas man-dé japon la seile, Li
cushion chair, She does not want silk underewear, She
teuill bour-rés, Ne lui faut pas jupon de seile, Ne

rall.

Pas man-dé tignon ma-dresse, Suzanne, Suzanne,
wants no ma-drass on her hair, Suzanne, Suzanne,
lui faut point tur-bans d’ma-drass Suzanne, Suzanne,

un poco cresc.
a tempo

\[\text{jo-lle femme!}\]
\[\text{pre-ty one!}\]
\[\text{jo-lle femme!}\]

\[\text{p a tempo}\]
\[\text{mp}\]

\[\text{Su-}\]
\[\text{zanne, Su-}\]
\[\text{zanne, Su-}\]
\[\text{zanne, Su-}\]
\[\text{zanne, Su-}\]
\[\text{zanne, Su-}\]
\[\text{zanne, Su-}\]
\[\text{zanne, Su-}\]

\[\text{Su-}\]
\[\text{zanne, Su-}\]
\[\text{zanne, Su-}\]
\[\text{zanne, Su-}\]
\[\text{zanne, Su-}\]

29886
Zanne, jolie femme!

Li pas man-dé lit à co-lonne, Li

Zanne, pret-ty one!

She wants no bed of qual-i-ty, She

Zanne, jolie femme!

Ne lui faut pas lit à co-lonne, Ne

Pas man-dé du vin Bour-gogne, Li

Wants no wine of Bur-gun-dy, With

Lui faut pas vin de Bour-gogne, Son

Seul dé-sir gom-

Bo fi-lé, Su-zanne, Su-zanne, jol-

Happy she! Su-zanne, Su-zanne, pre-

Filé, Su-zanne, Su-zanne, jol-

Lie femme!

Lie femme, jolie femme!

Lie femme, jolie femme!
XI

"Vous t'ê in Morico!"
"You are a Blackamoor!"

Allegro

p

Ah!
Ah!
Ah!

Tou-cou-youte, mo con-nain vous, Vous tê in mo ri-co! Yan
Too-coo-yute, too well I know, A black-a-moor are you! No
Tou-cou-youte, je vous con-nais, Vous êtes un mo ri-caud! Nya

P

rit.

a tempo

pas sa-von qui as-sez bon Pou blan-chi vous la
soap has might to wash the blight And scrub you white all
pas d'sa-von qui est as-sez bon Pour vous blan-chir la
peau!
Through!

Quand blances les yales va don-né bal, Vous qui l'ai-main val-
You may not dare to enter there Where all the white folks
peau!
Et quand les blancs donn'ront leurs bals, Vous qui al-mez val-

* Ces blances-la.
You know, a black-a-moor are you! No
Vous connais, Vous êtes un moricau!

You know, a black-a-moor are you! No
Vous connais, Vous êtes un moricau!

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You know, a black-a-moor are you! No
Vous connais, Vous êtes un moricau!

You know, a black-a-moor are you! No
Vous connais, Vous êtes un moricau!
Allegretto comodo

1. Michié Préval
2. Pre-val in his
3. Mon-sieur Pré-

Val li donnain grand bal, Li té nég' pa-yé pou sau-
ball gave a fancy ball, Made the nig- gers pay for to
val il don-na grand bal, Fit les négres pay-er pour sau-
të in pé. Dan-sez Ca-lin-da, bou-djoum, bou-djoum! Dan-
dance and play. Come dance Ca-lin-da, boo-joom, boo-joom! Come
sez Ca-lin-da, bou-djoum, bou-djoum!
sez Ca-lin-da, boo-joom, boo-joom!
don-
ter du pied. Dan-sez Ca-lin-da, bou-djoum, bou-djoum! Dan-

2. Dans l'é-qui-rie-là ya-vé grand gu-la, Mo cré
2. In the sta-bles wide they jiggéd side by side, Horse and
2. Dans l'é-eu-rie-lú l'on fit grand gu-la, Les che-
chouaï la - ylé té bien é - ton - nés. Dan - sez Ca - lin -
mare a - maxîl at the do - ings gazed. Come dance Ca - lin -
vaux, je crois, sé - ton-naient, ma foi! Dan - sez Ca - lin -
da, bou-djoum, bou-djoum! Dan - sez Ca - lin - da, bou-djoum, bou-
da, boo-joom, boo-joom! Come dance Ca - lin - da, boo-joom, boo -
da, bou-djoum, bou-djoum! Dan - sez Ca - lin - da, bou-djoum, bou -
djoum!
3. Mi - chié Pré - val li té -
joom!
3. And first in the dance how Pré -
djoum!
3. Com - man-dant du bal fut Mon -
4. Mi - chlé Ma - zu - ro dans so gros bi -
4. At the door Ma - zu - ro sold the cards for the
4. Mon - sieur Ma - zu - ro dans son grand bu -

ro, Li jist som* cra - paud dans in baille do -
show With a face like a frog in a marsyb
treau Sau - tait com - me cra - paud dans un gros ton -

lo. Dan - sez Ca - lin - da, bou - djoum, bou -
bog. Come dance Ca - lin - da, boo - foom, boo -
neau. Dan - sez Ca - lin - da, bou - djoum, bou -

* semble

29886
djom! Dan - sez Ca - lin - da, bou - djoum, bou - 
foom! Come dance Ca - lin - da, boo - joom, boo - 
djom! Dan - sez Ca - lin - da, bou - djoum, bou - 

5. Yo tê* gain né-gresses belles pas-sé mai - 
foom! 5. Co-lor'd maids ga - lore look' d as ne'er be - 
djom! 5. Né-gresses en ma - dras leurs maî-tresses sur - 

tres-ses, Qui vo - lê belles-belles dans l'ar - moir mom - zelles. Dan - 
fore, For they stole their dress from their mis - ses' press. Come 
passer, On vo - lê belles-belles dans l'ar - moir des mam' zelles. Dan - 

* il y avait
29886
sez Ca-linda, bou-djoum, bou-djoum! Dan-
dance Ca-linda, boo-joon, boo-joon! Come
dance Ca-linda, boo-joon, boo-joon!
sez Ca-linda, bou-djoum, bou-djoum!
staccato
diminuendo molto

6. "Comment don, Za-zou, to vo-le mo qui-lotte?" "Non, non,
6. "What is this, Za-zoo, sto-len pants on you?" "Suh, Ah
6. "Comment done, Ya-zou, t'a vo-le ma cu-lotte?" "Non, non,

pp
Non, maitre, mo jist prend vos bottes! Dan-sez Callin-

dan, bou-djoum, bou-djoum! Dan-sez Callin-da, bou-djoum, bou-
da, boo-joom, boo-joom! Come dance Callin-da, boo-joom, boo-
da, bou-djoum, bou-djoum! Dan-sez Callin-da, bou-djoum, bou-

djoum!

7. A-la* maitre gé-oile il trou-
7. Mas-ter Jai- lor come, said: I
7. Le maître de gé-oile trou-va

* Alà - Voilà

20886
vé ça si drôle, Li dit: "Moin aus si, mo fo bal 1-
like this game. Now I want to see how they'll dance for
ça si drôle, Li dit: "Moi aus si, je frai bal 1-
col!" Dan sez Ca-lin-da, bou-djoum, bou-djoum! Dan-
me!" Come dance Ca-lin-da, boo-joom, boo-joom! Come
col!" Dan sez Ca-lin-da, bou-djoum, bou-djoum! Dan-
sez Ca-lin-da, bou-djoum, bou-djoum!
dance Ca-lin-da, boo-joom, boo-joom!
sez Ca-lin-da, bou-djoum, bou-djoum!
un pochissimo crescendo
8. Yé prend Malté Pré-val, yé met-té li pri-son, Pas-qué li don-nain
8. In the pri-son pent Pre-val did re-pent That he took a
8. On prit Malté Pré-val, on le mit en pri-son, Pour a-voir don-né

bal pou vo-lé nous l’ar-zent. Dan-sez Ca-lin-da, bou-djoum, bou-
chance with his skin-game dance. Come dance Ca-lin-da, boo-joom, boo-
bal pour nous vo-ler l’ar-gent. Dan-sez Ca-lin-da, bou-djoum, bou-
djoum! Dan-sez Ca-lin-da, bou-djoum, bou-djoum!
joom! Come dance Ca-lin-da, boo-joom, boo-joom!
djoum! Dan-sez Ca-lin-da, bou-djoum, bou-djoum!

un pochissimo crescendo

* Yé prend ils ont pris.
9. Li don-nain sou-pé pou nous ré-ga-
9. And to say the least, it was a sor-ry
9. Il don-na sou-per pour nous ré-ga-

lé; So vié* la mi-sique don-nain
feast, For his mu-sic cheap made the
ler; Sa mau-vai-se mu-sique nous don-

nous la co-lque. Dan-sez Cal-in-da, bou-
dan-cers weep. Come dance Cal-in-da, boo-
a la co-lque. Dan-sez Cal-in-da, bou-

* vié = vieille
Djoum, bou-djoum! Dan-sez Carlin-da, bou-
Djoum, bou-djoum! Come dance Carlin-da, boo-
Djoum, bou-djoum! Dan-sez Carlin-da, bou-

10. Pauv' Nan-
10. And Ma-
10. Pauv're

cy La-biche, qui gain* jambe fi-zeau, Vo-lé
dam Ma-zu-ro gave poor Nance such a blow, As she
Nancy La-biche aux jambes de fu-zeau, Prit les

* gain = avait

29886
fauz mol - lets à Ma - dame Ma - zu - ro. Dan -
cried on the keg with her stolen false leg. Come
mol - lets faux de Ma - dame Ma - zu - ro. Dan -

sez Ca - lin - da, bou - djoum, bou - djoum, Dan - sez Ca - lin -
dance Ca - lin - da, boo - joom, boo - joom! Come dance Ca - lin -
sez Ca - lin - da, bou - djoum, bou - djoum, Dan - sez Ca - lin -
da, bou - djoum, bou - djoum! 11. Paup' Mi -
da, boo - joom, boo - joom! 11. Now the
da, bou - djoum, bou - djoum! 11. Paup'vre
chêlé Préval mo crē li bien malade, Li va feast is all o'ër and Préval's mighty sore, Will no
Maitre Préval se sent tit bien mal, Jamais

non legato

pli donraine bal dans la rue Hôpital, Dan more ca rouse in his el e gent house. Come
plus donra bal dans la rae Hôpital. Dan

sez Calinda, bou djoum, bou djoum! Dan
dance Calinda, bootjoom, bootjoom! Come
sez Calinda, bou djoum, bou djoum! Dan
12. Li trouvé cent piastre peu pa-
12. When the judgment was passed, he paid
12. Moy-en-nant cent piastre il sii-

yé so là-mande, Li dit: "Bien mer-ci, pli
up to the last, "God for-bid," said he, "no more
ra du dé-sastr; il dit: "Bien mer-ci, plus de
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