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throat). Everybody was going. (Mar? gie Gallant told me once that some? times they would take two candles, like a cross, and put it at the sides of the neck.) That's right-- two! It's a long time ago! And put it underneath here. (And they touch it to the neck.) Right. (And what was that for?) Well, that's the law they had in our church. And in Chet? icamp and in Margaree and Southwest and the Northeast--they all do that. But after the--I don't remember what was the Mass--and everybody was go? ing, then, after that. If they feel like singing again, they were going (to the house) till 12 o'clock. Not everybody, but maybe 10 or 15 left. You know what I mean. (So singing, it's safe to say, was very popular.) Oh, it was popular. (When you were 8 years old, did you desire to learn songs?) Yes. Oh, yes, I remember that. I've got a good memory. But if you ask me what I did last week, maybe I wouldn't be able to tell you. But I know the first day I went to school. Oh, yeah, I remember that. (Did you see other people singing, that you wanted to be like them?) Yes. (Who was it?) Well, the first thing it was my father. My father couldn't write his name. But he could learn a song faster than me.... My mother one time was telling me, not too long ago--my mother is still living--she's 97. (See "Minnie Au? coin of St. Joseph du Moine" in Is? sue 58 of Cape Breton's Magazine.) And she was telling me she had a song, and she sang that song. And my father never heard that (one)-- that's a long time ago. Maybe the first year they were married, or the second. They got married in 1917. My mother was singing that song when she was working, you know, not too loud. And it was a rainy day. And my father was on a kind of a couch. And he was listening to that. And after she was through with the song, my father said, "Where did you learn that?" And she told him, "I learned that--I don't know where." So (he) said, "Sing her a couple of times more." She sang it a couple of times more, and after that he

Un Jeune Soldat
Un jeune soldat qui
partait pour la guerre
A sa Louise s'en va faire ses adieux
Son franc chagrin inclin6
vers la guerre
Aussi des lannes doivent couler de ses yeux
n lui disait dans une
douce pens6e
A mon retour je serai dans l'espoir.
Refrain
Mais il lui dit et il repute
encore
Au revoir, ma Louise, au revoir.
M(Mi beau galant, si tu t'en vas en guerre
De t'y revoir l'espoir, je l'ai perdu
Quand tu seras tu6 dans la bataille
Moi, ta
Louise, tu me veras plus
Si tu m'aimais comme tu me le fait voir
Tu penserais
jamais de me laisser.
Viens dans mes bras la belle
quejet'embrasse
Viens recevoir
un doux baiser d'adieu
Emport6 moi aussi un blanc mouchoir
Pour essuyer les
larmes de mes yeux
S6chez vos pleurs abaisser vos alarmes
Car sur ma foi je jure
de vous aimer.
Le galant part, la belle est dans sa chambre
Nuit et le jour, eile ne
fait que pleurer
Nuit et le jour, eile pleure, eile s' y lamente
En regrettant son joli
temps pass6
Que Dieu veule bien nous pr6server la guerre
Tous les amants, les
filles h marier.
Au bout de six mois, k la porte de Louise
Trois petits coups, son
amant fut fr'p6
Ouvre, Ouvre la beUe, votre portre
A votre amant qui reviens de l'
arm6e
La belle s' y leve et va ouvrir la porte
A son amant qu'elle a toujours ch6ri.
Au bout de trois mois, on c616bra la noce
Parents, amis, tous 6taient invites
Tous les amis et les gens de la noce
Furent aussitot dans un grand d'euil plong6
Car



tout k coup, la belle est tomb6 morte Entre les bras de son cher amant ch6ri. Mais il dit plus, ni qu'il repute encore Au revoir, ma Louise au revoir Mais il dit plus, ni qu'il repute Au revoir, ma Louise, au revoir. One Young Soldier! A young soldier was leaving to go to war 1 His Louise was there to bid her good-byes Her sorrow veered towards the war Also tears flowed from her eyes He said to her in a soft moment When I return, F11 be full of hope. Chorus He said to her and still repeats Farewell, my Louise, Farewell. My gallant, if you should go to war To see you again, I've lost all hope When you get killed in batfle Me, your Louise, you will never see again If you loved me like you show it You would never leave me. Come into my arms, my beautifiil so I can embrace you Come receive a sweet good-bye kiss Bring me a white handkerchief So I can wipe the tears from my eyes Wipe your tears and cahn down For I swear, I'll always love you. The gallant leaves, the girl is in her room Night and day, all she does is cry Night and day, she cries and moans Regretting the good times in the past May God protect us from the war All the lovers, girls waiting to be married. At the end of six months, at Louise's door Three small knocks, her lover did knock Open, open the door, my beautiful To your lover, who's returned from the army She gets up and opens the door To her lover, her beloved darling. At the end of three months. we'll celebrate the wedding Parents and friends, everyone is invited All the friends and people of the wedding Were soon in a state of mourning For the girl had died aU of a sudden In the arms of her beloved. He no longer says or repeats Farewell, my Louise, Farewell. He no longer says or repeats Farewell, my Louise, FareweU. sang it after.... That's true. (I believe you. I have great faith in the memory of people who had to depend on their memory. You see, your fa? ther, as you say, did not write.) He never went to school, hardly. She sang 3 or 4 QUALITY FLOWERS AT REASONABLE RATES "I&"!&??y How'rs HOSPITALS • WEDDINGS FUNERALS • ANNIVERSARIES CORSAGES • BALLOONS, ETC. OPEN SUNDAYS 10-12 562-0662 273 TOWNSEND ST. OUR REPUTATION SAYS IT ALL! A - Motel and /'aUff/P' Dining Room "' %'f"'V'W%' (LICENSED) CHETICAMP 3-Diamond AAA Rating • Listed in yihere to Eat in Canads' Colour TVs • Phones Ideally located beside C. B. HIGHLANDS NATIONAL PARK • whale cruises • hiking • fishing • golfing saltwater beach • more! P. O. Box 1 Cheticamp, N.S. BOE IHO (902) 224-2400 Est. 1938: McKeown Family 39