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And we sang all night, till 4 o'clock in the morning. And then she had to take the train in Inverness. So we went, me, and the driver, and her boy friend, and her. We went to Inverness with a half- ton truck. That was in 1944. (And, was there any pay for that?) No. In those days you could sing all night and--I wouldn't charge, anyway, because nobody was paying for it, no. (When you would come to a party there, would most of the other people be able to sing, too?) Well, the ones who were singing--not only me. There was a name, Albert LeBlanc--he's dead now. Dennis Aucoin was a good singer, better than me. He lived right alongside of me. Now he died. Albert LeBlanc was a good singer, too, but not like Dennis. Dennis was a perfect--and there was no tape in those days. Oh, there was somebody else I chummed with--his name was Freddie LeBlanc--he was a good singer. And his brother Arsene. {Leo told Rosie, "They were older than me, and they'd come to our house. There was also my eldest brother Freddie, who was a very good singer. Now, he's dead. I learned many songs from him, as he was older than me. The parties we had at home--I was very young, but I guess this was a part of me. The next day I'd whistle and sing little bits of songs. And as I got older, I'd learn the whole songs. I'd write them as well.... We could stay up usually, until 10:30 p.m., because we loved it.... We'd stay up, usually, until the end of a dance in the house. They'd sing until 3:00, 4:00 a.m. I'd listen to them until midnight, and then I'd fall asleep. The songs were all in my head.) And then there was another one, Leo Poirier, he died. And his son could sing too, but not like his father. But they were pretty good. (I notice that in that list there are no women.) Well, there were some women who were singing, but not like now. Now there's some women that have the good L'Anticosti Ecoutez mes amis La chanson que je vais vous chanter La chanson voyageur montant dans les chantiers Je vais vous raconter la misère que nous avons eue Dans ses profonds sentiers Surtout sur les chevrons. C'est en passant par Rimouski Qu'on s'a fait engager C'est pour l'Anticosti a bien fallu monter A bien fallu marcher cinq ou six milles à pied Pour être bon voyageur Il faut pas se décourager. Quand on arrive au camp C'est pas drôle de voir cela Les bunks sont faits en planches Les matelas en branches Quand c'est venu pour se coucher Les poux veulent nous dévorer Faut bien les endurer On a pas d'argent de gagné. Mais quand viens le dimanche A fallu se laver Et puis laver son Unge Et puis le repasser Si jamais que je peut avoir une femme Pour pouvoir laver mon linge Peut-être que le dimanche Je pourrais me reposer. Mais quand viens le jour de l'an Le plus beau jour de l'année Mes parents s'y rassemble Et moi je reste au camp Le showboy, les larmes aux yeux Mais, moi j'en suis pas mieux Assis sur mon sapin Pensant à ma catin. Mais quand viens le printemps On avait tous le coeur content D' avoir de l' argent de gagné Pour pouvoir s'en aller C'est en passant par Québec A bien fallu se mouiller le bec Au bout d' un mois passé On est encore cassé. Maintenant voilà ma chanson C'est moi qui la compose Vous me connaissez bien Mon nom, je suis AuCoin Je suis Leo AuCoin De la paroisse de Chéticamp Qui préfère mieux les filles Que ses



maudits chevrons. 1

THE COMPOSER IS ANOT L'Anticosti 1

Listen my friends The song that I'm going to sing The voyaging song whUe going up to the sites I'm going to recite to you the troubles that we had In these major trails Especially under the wooden coverings It's while passing through Rimouski We hired We had to move to 1' Anticosti We had to walk for five to six miles To l)e a good voyager You can not get discouraged. When we arrived at the camp It was not funny to see this The bunks were made of planks The mattresses made of branches When it was time to go to bed The lice had a huge appetite We had to endure As we had not made any money yet. When Sunday arrives We had to wash ourselves We had to wash our clothes Then iron them If I ever find myself a woman Who could wash my clothes Maybe on Sundays I could get some rest. When New Year's Day arrives The nicest day of the year My family gets together I remain at camp The showboy, with tears in his eyes I'm no better off Sitting on a pine Missing my doll. When comes the spring We had such contented hearts After having made some money So we can all go home It was by passing through Quebec We had to quench our thirst After a month had past We were again broke.

Now, here is my song It's me that composed it You all know me well My name, it is AuCoin I am Leo AuCoin From the parish of Chdticamp Who prefers the young girls To those blasted wooden coverings. HER LEO AUCOIN!

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