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Marguerite Gallant: Songs and Stories Here is a song we used to sing: Mon pere n'avait un 'ane Tout comme vous Semblable a vous Je crois qu' c'est vous Mon pere n'avait un ane Tout comme vous Il avait des grandes dents Tout comme vous Semblable a vous Je crois qu' c'est vous Il avait des grandes dents Tout comme vous Il avait des grandes pattes Tout comme vous Semblable a vous Je crois qu' c'est vous Il avait des grandes pattes Tout comme vous Do you know what that is? "My father had a donkey, just like you, the same as you, I think it's you." Now isn't that nice? "Well, now, that donkey had big long ears, he had big long teeth, he had big long tail, he had fluffy hair, he had big long legs, funny hooves • just like you!" Oh, that was the nicest song to me. Everybody used to sing it. And then you'd get the stick for all your nice singing. I used to sing and my brother used to say, "Hey there, if you want to be lonesome, why don't you be lonesome to yourself!" Now wasn't that a compliment? But I didn't care. I'd sing anyway. People ask me, what do you do when you're alone? Well, sometimes I tell myself stor- Standing; Charlie, Mary Ellen, Tom. Marguerite, Simon, Elizabeth; seated; Henry, Patrice Gallant (father), Olive Deveau Gallant (mother), Michel Deveau (cousin). ies, sometimes I sing, sometiraes I remem? ber all the old jokes in the olden time. Listen. Oh, this was years and years ago. I suppose I wasn't even born. They were having a party. And they were crying for liquor. And look, my cousin, that fellow could steal the eyes out of your head. They said to him, "You haven't got any brains." He said, "If you give me two dol? lars I'll give you all the rum you want." And an old man in Margaree used to sell rum. And this night, I suppose it was a night like tonight, I suppose it was kind of stormy. So there comes my cousin, a knock at the door. He said, "I saw your light shining and I was so cold, I thought I'd come in and say how do you do to you." And he says, "That's not all." He says, "Years ago you sold me a bottle of rum, and I didn't pay for it." "Oh," the old man said, "that isn't anything." "Oh," my cousin said, "I came in on purpose to pay you." "Well," the old man says, "you're an honest man."- Then after he got warmed up, he stood to button his coat, the old man said, "Aren't you going to buy another bottle of rum?" "Oh well," he said, "that two dollars was all I had. I have no more money." "Well then," the old man said, "I'll give you all the rum you want to take home, because you are an honest man." Well, he went back to St. Joseph du Moine there and they had the time of their life, for two dollars. We were poor. We had nothing to play with but rocks and stones. (Couldn't your fa? ther make you a toy?) You know, my father