

[Page 46 - Marguerite Gallant: Songs and Stories](#)ISSUE : [Issue 20](#)

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old crust of bread • and it was good enough for him." Isn't that a nice story? I think it's a very nice story. But I wish I could remember the story of Richard le Cordonnier. How did it go? There was a man and he was married to a woman and she was very very bad. And finally the devil came after her. So, he was a fiddler and a shoemaker. So after his wife was away for quite awhile, he became very lonely. So he started to hunt for his wife. First he went to heaven but she wasn't there. So he went to purgatory and she wasn't there. So he went to hell and there she was. He said to the devil, "I want the soul of my wife." "You can't have her," he said, "she's here for eternity." He said, "I'm going to have her anyway." "Well, if you're going to have her, you'll have to come in with her." "No, I'm not going in there. It's too hot. It's not a place for me, and I don't like it. I want a cooler place than that." So Richard has his bag and his fiddle and he said to the devil, "Do you like to dance?" "Oh yes, I love to dance. Waltzing is my favourite dance." So Richard begins to fiddle. And he plays for nine days. And at the end of nine days the devil was so overheated that all his fur was red hot. And so another devil came • and he said, "I want the soul of my wife." "You can't have her." He said, "If you don't give me the soul of my wife, I'm going to put you in my bag and I'm going to hammer you until the end of days." So he put him in the bag and he hammered on him • maybe a week, two weeks • but at the end of two weeks the devil was so flat he couldn't breathe. The story goes something like that, I think I can tell it right in French. Il y avait un homme et une femme, l'homme s'appelait Richard, le cordonnier. Sa femme mourut. Elle avait • te au paradis p'is il l'avions pas voulu la. Elle a ete au purgatoire p'is il la voulions pas en core. Mais il l'envoye en enfer et il la gardire. Ca fait que Richard le cordonnier n'aimait pas rester seul. Y se mettions en chemin pour aller en enfer pour chercher l'ame de sa femme. P'is c'etait un bon joueur de musique. Il arrive au paradis, sa femme n'etait pas la, au purgatoire sa femme n'etait pas la, mais en enfer sa femme etait la. "Que veux-tu? Que charches-tu?" Y dit, "Je veux l'ame de ma femme." "Ah, tu peux pas l'avoir." "Ben," y dit, "si tu veux pas me donner l'ame de ma femme, j'm'en vas te mette dans mon sac." Il l'a emprisonne dans son sac. P'is tout, d'un coup il y a un autre diable qu'arrive. "Qu'is qu'est lit?" "Il voulait pas me donner l'ame de ma femme. J' l' ai mis' dans mon sac. Eh bien, p'is toi si tu veux pas me donner l'ame de ma femme, j'm'en va te mette sur mon enclume, p'is j'vas te marteler jusqu'a la fin des siecles." ??a fesait pas bien. La, voilli un autre diable qu'arrive. Eh bien, y dit a Richard le cordonnier, "Que veux-tu? Que charche- tu?" Y dit, "Je charche l'ame de ma femme et je veux l'amener avec moi." "Mais," y dit, "tu l'auras pas." Y dit, "Est-ce que tu peux danser?" "Ah," y dit, "oui, je peux danser." Eh bien, Richard pris son violon p'is le vela a jouer du violon. Y dit, "Comme la valse est la danse favorite du diable." Le diable se mis la pointe du pied gauche en dedans et se mis a valser. Il valsit pendant neuf jours et au bout des neuf jours le diable tait tenement chauffe qu'il en avait tout le poll rouge. Ca fait y donner la femme a Richard le cordonnier, p'is les diables s'enfuirent dans le fond de l'enfer. P'is c'est toute, j'crois. Clothing



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