Six Creole Folk-Songs

with Original Creole and Translated English Texts

Music arranged & translations made

by Maud Cuney Hare

1.50 net
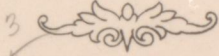
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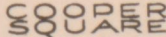
With
ORIGINAL CREOLE
And Translated
ENGLISH TEXT

BY

Maud Cuney Hare

SIX SONGS FOR MEDIUM VOICE
WITH
Piano Accompaniment

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380-382 BOYLSTON ST.   335-339 S. WABASH AVE.

"Noon!
　　Silence and heat;
A Creole tune
　　On the lips of old Fadette!

Noon!
　　Drowsy and sweet
The patois croon
　　On the lips of old Fadette!"

<div align="right">

LEON LAVIAUX
(Englished by John Myers O'Hara)

</div>

The familiar triumvirate to which American readers are most indebted for their knowledge of Creole life and song, is composed of Henry E. Krehbiel, George W. Cable and Lafcadio Hearn.

Hearn has said that Creole music is mostly Negro music remodeled by French composers and the melancholy beauty and quavering chant lightened by French influence and deepened by the Spanish.

The Creole folk-songs of the New World are those of the people of mixed blood in Louisiana and the bordering south-western states. Mainly African in rhythm, the music was brought to South American countries and to the West-Indies, thence to Louisiana, where it received a French and Spanish-American imprint by the settlers of the land. The majority of the songs that survive show a French influence while a few are known in variant form in France. They are interwoven with the history of Louisiana and the neighboring states and were in most instances linked to the dance.

In the early days of New Orleans it was the custom to use the old Place Congo, at the further end of historic Jackson Square, as an out-of-door dance hall and rendezvous. George W. Cable in his writings has given vividly colored descriptions of the throng gathered there–Senegalese from Cape Verde, Mandingoes from the Gambia River, Fouds from interior Africa, with Moors and Arabs and Congoes and Franco Congoes for whom the park and dance were named.

I am told however, by an elderly Creole neighbor who remembers those early days, that as late as 1855 Place Congo was open only to free persons of color and members of the white race and that the dance which lasted from two until nine on Sunday afternoon was a noticeable event in the life of the old city. In this square which is found at the opposite end of the ancient and more dignified Place d'Armes, were danced the "Counjai" with love for its theme; the "Bamboula," after the like-named African drum; the "Guiouba" (D'juba,) a nonsense dance, and the "Calinda" a sort of Fandango said to be from the Spanish que' linda.

The main instruments used in the dance were the drums, the quills (a Pan's pipe of reeds), the Marimba and the banjo which was often accompanied by a rattle made of a polished jaw-bone with loosened teeth. There was a group of 30 or more singers, the leader of whom often practised his gift of improvisation and took the part of soloist.

The songs are in the musical Creole language, a French patois that survives in the fascinating old French quarter of New Orleans and in many of the sleepy, quaint old Creole towns on the Atchafalaya and on the Bayou Teche. The Creole language shows many contractions and subtractions; every harsh letter is either softened or eliminated. However in singing the songs, the rules for French pronunciation are to be followed.

The themes of the songs are but few and those are of the primal emotions. While there are but few religious songs, there are many of satire and sarcasm, ridicule and mockery many of which sprang into being at carnival time, and far more love songs than are to be found among any other folk-song offering of America.

Distinct from the mountain song of Kentucky, The Negro Spiritual or the tribal melody of the Indian, the Creoles have added a new note in their gift to the folk-song of America. Out of their consciousness they speak to us in the words of Theocritus: "And to you in my turn, the charms of the clear – voiced muses, even all that they can give and all that my house has in store, these do I bring. The fairest meed of the gods is song."

<div align="right">

Maud Cuney Hare

</div>

Aurore Pradère

(A LOVE SONG)

1

Aurore Pradère, belle 'ti fille,
   Aurore Pradère, belle 'ti fille,
Aurore Pradère, belle 'ti fille,
   C'est li mo oulé, c'est li ma pren.
Ya moun qui dit li trop zolie,
   Ya moun qui dit li pas polie;
Tout ça ya dit, (Sia!) bin fou bin,
   C'est li mo oulé, c'est li ma pren.

1

Aurore Pradère, pretty girl,
   Aurore Pradère, pretty girl,
Aurore Pradère, pretty girl,
   She's just what I want, and her I'll have.
Some say that she's too pretty, quite,
   Some folks they say she's not polite;
All this they say - Pshaw!— I'm no fool,
   Oh she's what I want, and her I'll have.

2

Aurore Pradère, belle 'ti fille,
   Aurore Pradère, belle 'ti fille,
Aurore Pradère, belle 'ti fille,
   C'est li mo oulé, c'est li ma pren.
Li pas mandé robe mousseline,
   Li pas mandé déba brodé;
Li pas mandé soulier prinelle,
   C'est li mo oulé, c'est li ma pren.

2

Aurore Pradère, pretty girl,
   Aurore Pradère, pretty girl,
Aurore Pradère, pretty girl,
   She's just what I want, and her I'll have.
She does not choose a muslin gown,
   She does not ask for 'broidered hose,
She does not want prunella shoes;
   Oh she's what I want, and her I'll have.

"Aurore Pradère" which was sung to a "Counjai," was one of the most popular of the old love-songs. A third verse, well known in Louisiana, reads:

"Ya moun qui dit li gagne la geole;
   Ya moun qui dit so m'man te folle,
Ya moun qui dit li gagne la geole;
   C'est li mo oule, c'est le ma pren."

"Some do say her mother's mad,   Some do say that she is bad."

It is interesting to note that "Aurore" was chosen by Henry F. Gilbert for the heroine in his Symphonic-ballet, "The Dance in Place Congo."

Aurore Pradère
(A LOVE SONG)

CREOLE FOLK-SONG
arranged by
MAUD CUNEY HARE

Voice

Au -
Au -

rore Pra-dère, belle 'ti fille, Au - rore Pra-dère, belle 'ti fille, Au -
rore Pra-dère, pret-ty girl, Au - rore Pra dère, pret-ty girl, Au -

rore Pra-dère, belle 'ti fille, C'est li mo ou-lé, c'est li ma pren.
rore Pra-dère, pret-ty girl, She's just what I want, and her I'll have.

21859-21

mf animato

Ya moun qui dit li trop zo-lie, Ya moun qui dit li pas po-lie; Tout
Li pas man-dé robe mous-se-line, Li pas man-dé dé-ba bro-dé; Li
Some say that she's too pret-ty, quite, Some folks they say she's not po-lite; All
She does not choose a mus-lin gown, She does not ask for 'broidered hose, She

mf *rall.* *p a tempo*

ça ya dit, (Sia!) bin fou bin, C'est li mo ou-lé, c'est li ma pren.
pas man-dé sou-lier pri-nelle, C'est li mo ou-lé, c'est li ma pren.
this they say — Pshaw!— I'm no fool, Oh she's what I want, and her I'll have.
does not want pru-nel-la shoes; Oh she's what I want, and her I'll have.

Au-rore Pra-dère, belle 'ti fille, Au-rore Pra-dère, belle 'ti fille, Au-
Au-rore Pra dère, pret-ty girl, Au-rore Pra-dère, pret-ty girl, Au-

rit. *p* *1. a tempo* *2. a tempo*

rore Pra-dère, belle 'ti fille, C'est li mo ou-lé, c'est li ma pren. li ma pren.
rore Pra-dère, pret-ty girl, She's just what I want, and her I'll have. her I'll have.

Gardé Piti Mulet Là
(Musieu Bainjo)
(SATIRICAL SONG)

1

Gardé piti Mulet là, "Musieu Bainjo,"
  La com' li insolent!
Chapeau sul' côté,
  Soulié qui fait "cric-crac"
Gardé piti Mulet là, "Musieu Bainjo,"
  La com' li insolent!

2

Gardé piti Mulet là, "Musieu Bainjo,"
  La com' li insolent!
Foular á la pouche
  La canne á la main.
Gardé piti Mulet là, "Musieu Bainjo,"
  La com' li insolent!

1

See the little mulatto, "Mister Banjo"
  Hasn't he a saucy air!
Hat cock'd on one side,
  New shoes that go "cric-crac"
See the little mulatto, "Mister Banjo"
  Hasn't he a saucy air!

2

See the little mulatto, "Mister Banjo"
  Hasn't he a saucy air!
Kerchief in his vest,
  Walking-cane in hand.
See the little mulatto, "Mister Banjo"
  Hasn't he a saucy air!

"Musieu Bainjo" is a satirical song that was sung on a plantation in St. Charles Parish, La. Songs of mockery, pointed at times with cruel satire, were common among the Creole songs of Louisiana and the Antilles.

Gardé Piti Mulet Là
(Musieu Bainjo)
(SATIRICAL SONG)

CREOLE FOLK-SONG
arranged by
MAUD CUNEY HARE

Animato (♩ = 88)

Piano

mf à là banjo without pedal.

mf mockingly

Gar - dé   pi - ti   Mu - let
See   the   lit - tle   mu - lat -

là,   "Mu - sieu   Bain - jo,"   La   com' li   in - so -
to,   "Mis - ter   Ban - jo"   Hasn't   he   a   sau - cy

lent!   Cha - peau   sul'   cô - té,
air!   Hat   cock'd   on   one   side,

p

Sou lié qui fait "cric - crac"
New shoes that go "cric - crac"

Gar-dé pi-ti Mu-let là, "Mu-sieu Bain-jo," La com' li
See the lit-tle mu-lat-to, "Mis-ter Ban-jo," Hasn't he a

in - so - lent!
sau - cy air!

Gar-dé pi-ti Mu-let là, "Mu-sieu Bain-jo," La com' li in-so-
See the lit-tle mu-lat-to, "Mis-ter Ban-jo," Hasn't he a sau-cy

lent!
air!
Fou-lar á la pouche,
Ker-chief in his vest,

La canne á la main.
Walk-ing-cane in hand.
Gar-dé pi-ti Mu-let
See the lit-tle mu-lat-

là, "Mu-sieu Bain-jo", La com' li in-so-lent!
to, "Mis-ter Ban-jo", Hasn't he a sau-cy air!

Belle Layotte

(A LOVE SONG)

Englished by Mrs. Jean Paul Selinger

1.

Mo déja roulé tout la côte,
　Pancor ouar pareil belle Layotte.
Mo roulé tout la côte,
　Mo roulé tout la colonie;
Mo pancor ouar griffonne la,
　Qua mo gout comme la belle Layotte.
Mo déja roulé tout la côte,
　Pancor ouar pareil belle Layotte.

1.

I have sailed all along the shore,
　There is none like my belle Layotte.
I sail along the shore,
　I have roamed the country o'er;
But I find no name so dear,
　As that of my own belle Layotte.
I have sailed all along the shore,
　There is none like my belle Layotte.

2.

Mo déja roulé tout la côte,
　Pancor ouar pareil belle Layotte.
Jean Babét, mon ami,
　Si vous couri par en haut,
Vous mande belle Layotte.
　Cadeau la li té promi mouin.
Mo déja roulé tout la côte,
　Pancor ouar pareil belle Layotte.

2.

I have sailed all along the shore,
　There is none like my belle Layotte.
Oh, Jean Babet, my friend,
　If you to her I should send,
Ask of her the lover's knot
　She promised me, my belle Layotte.
I have sailed all along the shore,
　There is none like my belle Layotte.

3.

Mo déja roulé tout la côte,
　Pancor ouar pareil belle Layotte.
Domestique la maison,
　Ye tout faché avec mouin,
Para porte chanson la
　Mo composé pou la belle Layotte.
Mo déja roulé tout la côte,
　Pancor ouar pareil belle Layotte.

3.

I have sailed all along the shore,
　There is none like my belle Layotte.
The servants of the house,
　With me, all angry are,
For the song of love in a cot
　Which I composed for belle Layotte.
I have sailed all along the shore,
　There is none like my belle Layotte.

Probably danced to a "Calinda", The Spanish Creoles of Louisiana when inter-married with the French, spoke the French Creole language in preference to the Spanish language, so it is not unlikely that "Belle Layotte" sprang from the heart of one of the Spanish-French beaux of that period.

Belle Layotte

(A LOVE SONG)

CREOLE FOLK-SONG
arranged by
MAUD CUNEY HARE

Allegretto (♩ = 88)

Voice

Piano

(♩ = 72)

Mo dé - ja. rou - lé tout la côte, Pan-cor ouar pa - reil belle La-yotte.
I have sailed all a - long the shore, There is none like my belle La-yotte.

a tempo

Mo rou - lé tout la côte, Mo rou - lé tout la co - lo - nie;
Jean Ba - bét, mon a - mi, Si vous cou - ri par en haut,
I sail a - long the shore, I have roamed the coun - try o'er;
Oh, Jean Ba - bet, my friend, If you to her I should send,

Mo pan-cor ouar grif-fonne la, Qua mo gout comme la belle La-yotte.
Vous man-de belle La-yotte. Ca-deau la li té pro-mi mouin.
But I find no name so dear, As that of my own belle La-yotte.
Ask of her the lov-er's knot She promised me, my belle La-yotte.

Mo dé-jà rou-lé tout la côte, Pan-cor ouar pa-reil
I have sailed all a - long the shore, There is none like my

belle La-yotte. Mo dé-ja rou-lé tout la côte,
belle La-yotte. I have sailed all a - long the shore,

Pan-cor ouar pa-reil belle La-yotte. Aïe!
There is none like my belle La-yotte.

Quand mo-té jeune
(Bal fini)
(DANCE SONG)

[Quand mo-té jeun'
    Mo-té jonglé Michieu;
A c't'heur ma-pé vini vieux,
    Mo-pé jonglé bon Dieu.]

Ma-pé jonglé bon temps passé,
    Ma-pé jonglé bon temps passé,
Ma-pé jonglé bon temps passé,
    Ma-pé jonglé bon temps qu'est passé.

Le bal fini, bonsoir, Messieurs,
    Le bal fini, bonsoir, Mesdam'
M'al-lé parti,
    La, la, la, la, la!

[*While I was young,*
    Merry was I, dear Sirs;
And now when I am old,
    I still will merry be.]

I will be gay for pleasure flies,
    I will be gay for pleasure flies,
I will be gay, "good times" pass away,
    I will be gay, "good times" pass away.

The dance is done, Goodnight, Messieurs,
    The dance is done, Goodnight, Madames,
I go, I go!
    La, la, la, la, la!

"Quand mo-té jeune" was sung with the dance to an accompaniment of beating drums. The "Bal fini" was a farewell that was sung at close of the dance in "Place Congo."

It is the boast of the possession of eternal youth. I am gay when I am young and I will still be gay when I am old. "Good times" pass so be happy while life lasts.

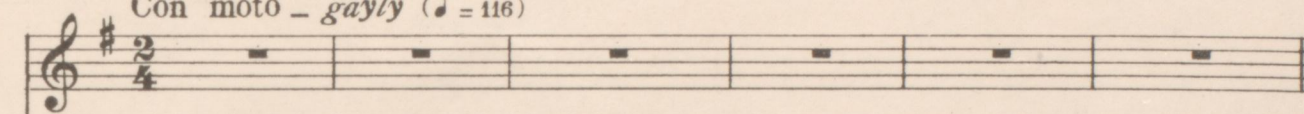"Good times" was a common expression among the Creoles.

Quand mo-té jeune
Bal fini
(DANCE SONG)

CREOLE FOLK-SONG
arranged by
MAUD CUNEY HARE

Con moto – *gayly* ($\quarternote$ = 116)

Voice

Piano

Quand mo - té jeun', Mo - té jon - glé Mi - chieu; A
While I was young, Mer-ry was I, dear Sirs; And

c't'heur ma-pé vi - ni vieux, Mo - pé jon - glé bon Dieu.
now when I am old, I still will mer - ry be.

[2] *mf*

pé jon - glé bon Dieu. Ma - pé jon - glé bon temps pas -
still will mer - ry be. I will be gay for pleas - ure

p

sé, Ma - pé jon - glé bon temps pas - sé, Ma - pé jon -
flies, I will be gay for pleas - ure flies, I will be

colla voce

[3] *mf* **[3]** *p*

glé bon temps___ pas - sé, Ma - pé jon
gay, "good times" pass a - way, I will be

mf *colla voce*

rit. mf

glé bon temps qu'est pas - sé.
gay, "good times" pass a - way.

rit. mf

mf *a tempo*

Le bal fi - ni,___
The dance is done,___

(♪ = 120)

f a tempo

mf

bon - soir, Mes - sieurs, Le bal fi - ni,___
Good - night, Mes - sieurs, The dance is done,___

rit. e dim.

p

bon - soir, Mes - dam', M'al - lé par - ti, La,
Good night, Ma - dames, I go, I go! La,

rit. e dim.

p

pp

la, la, la, la!
la, la, la, la!

pp a tempo

l.h.

ppp

Aine, dé, trois, Caroline

(SONG OF LONGING)

1

Aine, dé, trois, Caroline
  Ça, ça, yé comme ça, ma chère!
Aine, dé, trois, Caroline
  Ça, ça, yé comme ça, ma chère!
Papa di "Non", Maman di "Oui",
  C'est li m'oulé, c'est li ma pren.
Ya pas larzan, poù a-cheté cabanne,
  C'est li m'oulé, c'est li ma pren.

1

One, two, three, Caroline
  What is the matter with thee?
One, two, three, Caroline
  What is the matter with thee?
Papa says "No", Mama says "Yes",
  'Tis he (whom) I want and him I'll have.
No money has he, a cabin to buy,
  'Tis he I want, and he wants me.

2

Aine, dé, trois, Caroline
  Pas paré comme ça, ma chère!
Aine, dé, trois, Caroline
  Pas paré comme ça, ma chère!
Sam'di l'amour, Dimanch' marie,
  Lundi matin, piti dans bras.
N'a pas couvert', n'a pas de draps,
  N'a pas a rien, Piti dans bras.

2

One, two, three, Caroline
  Do not talk that way, my Dear.
One, two, three, Caroline
  Do not talk that way, my Dear.
Saturday love, Sunday to wed,
  Monday morn, Baby in arms.
There is no quilt, no little bed,
  Not anything, Baby in arms.

Aine, dé, trois, Caroline is a "Counjai" and was first noted in St. Charles Parish, La. It is also familiar with the interchangeable names of "Adeline" and "Azelie". The Creole phrase "Ça, ça, yé" is from the French "Qu'est ce". "Qui ça ça yé" therefore standing as "What's the matter".

H. E. Krehbiel in speaking of the song says: "In its way the song "Caroline" lets light into the tragedy as well as the romance of the domestic life of the young Creole slaves. Marriage, that state of blissful respectability denied to the multitude either by law or social conditions".

Aine, dé, trois, Caroline
(SONG OF LONGING)

CREOLE FOLK-SONG
arranged by
MAUD CUNEY HARE

Aine, dé, trois, Ca-ro-line
One, two, three, Car-o-line

1 {Ça, ça, yé comme ça, ma chère!
2 {Pas pa-ré comme ça, ma chère!
1 {What____ is the mat-ter with thee?
2 {Do not talk that way, my Dear.

Aine, dé, trois, Ca-ro-line
One, two, three, Car-o-line

1 {Ça, ça, yé comme ça, ma chère!
2 {Pas pa-ré comme ça, ma chère!
1 {What____ is the mat-ter with thee?
2 {Do not talk that way, my Dear.

expressivo

Pa - pa di "Non," Ma - man di "Oui," C'est li m'ou - lé, c'est li ma pren.
Sam' di l'a - mour, Di - manch' ma - rie, Lun - di ma - tin, pi - ti dans bras.
Pa - pa says "No," Ma - ma says "Yes," 'Tis he I want and him I'll have.
Sat - ur - day love, Sun - day to wed, Mon - day ___ morn, Ba - by in arms.

expressivo

rit.

Ya pas lar - zan, pou a - che - té ca - banne,
N'a pas cou - vert', n'a pas de draps, ___
No mon - ey has he, a cab - in to buy,
There is no quilt, no lit - tle bed, ___

rit.

f a tempo   *accel.*

C'est li m'ou - lé, c'est li ma pren.
N'a pas a rien, Pi - ti dans bras.
'Tis he I want, and he wants me.
Not a thing ___ Ba - by in arms.

f a tempo   *accel.*

Dialogue d'Amour
(SONG OF MOCKERY)

Si l'amou à vou si grand, Michié la,
 Si l'amou à vou si grand, Michié la,
Si l'amou à vou si grand,
 Faut donné plein l'argent.

Toutes mes cann' sont brulées, Mariann',
 Sont brulées, Mariann',
Toutes mes cann' sont brulées,
 Et je suis ruiné.

Si cann' à vous brulé, Michié la,
 Si cann' à vous brulé, Michié la,
Si cann' à vous brulé,
 L'amou à nous flambé!

If your love can be so great, my dear Sir,
 If your love can be so great, my dear Sir,
If your love can be so great,
 Then give me your silver.

All of my cane is burned, Marianne,
 Is burned, Marianne,
All of my cane is burned,
 And ruined am I.

If plantations are lost, my dear Sir,
 If your cane is destroyed, my dear Sir,
If your cane is burned,
 Then love is lost in flames.

"Dialogue d'amour" is said to be a "Calinda", a dance that was linked to songs of derision and which ended the evening's gayety at Place Congo..

One of the instruments used to accompany the song and dance, was a drum which was made to produce a rattle like castanets.

Money of silver is more commonly used in the south, than that of gold or paper: sugar - cane plantations are a principal source of wealth in this section.

Dialogue d'Amour
(SONG OF MOCKERY)

CREOLE FOLK-SONG
arranged by
MAUD CUNEY HARE

Voice

Lentement (♩ = 80) *Lightly*

Piano

f

Ped. ※ *simile*

archly

Si l'a - mou à vou si
If your love can be so

grand, Mi - chié la, Si l'a - mou à vou si grand, Mi - chié
great, my dear Sir, If your love can be so great, my dear

la, Si l'a - mou à vou si grand, Faut don - né plein l'ar -
Sir, If your love can be so great, Then give me your sil -

gent.
ver.

Tou-tes mes cann' sont bru -
All of my cane is___

lèes, Ma - ri - ann', sont bru lèes, Ma - ri - ann', Tou-tes mes
burned, Ma - ri - anne, is___ burned, Ma - ri - anne, All of my

cann' sont bru - lées, Et je suis rui - né.
cane is___ burned, and___ ruined am I.

a tempo

flippantly

mf a tempo

Si cann' à vous bru - lé, Mi - chié la, Si
If plan - ta - tions are lost, my dear Sir, If

mf

cann' à vous bru - lé, Mi - chié la, Si cann' à vous bru -
your cane is de - stroyed, my dear Sir, If your cane is

f *f*

lé, L'a-mou à nous flam - bé!
burned, Then love is lost in flames.

mf *mf* *ff*