Le Bal Chez Boulé

Dimanche après les vêpres y aura bal chez Boulé,
Mais il n'ira personne que ceux qui savent danser.

Chorus:
Vogue, marinier, vogue, vogue, vogue beau marinier.

Tout l'monde dansait d'son mieux, on s'faisait pas prier;
La fille de Jos Vialon ne voulut pas danser.
Pourquoi n'dansez-vous pas? Etes-vous trop fatiguée?
Ou bien avez-vous peur d'user vos beaux souliers?
Non, non, ce n'est pa ça, j'ai un p'tit cor au pied;
Je vais me contenter de vous regarder danser.
Tinest, le violoneux, laissait pas l'temps d'souffler,
Pour mettr' ça plus soulvant, tapait de ses deux pieds.
Baptiste, qui c'était l'pot, tout tremp' comme une lavette
S'écrier, "Domino! parc'que les femmes ont chaud!"

-from the singing of Lynn McGown
Another song from Lynn McGown (the last one was in this year’s Jan./Feb. issue). This one’s about a dance at the Boulé’s house where only people who know how to dance can attend. But Jos Vialon’s daughter isn’t dancing. Someone asks her if she’s too tired, or if she doesn’t want to spoil her nice shoes. “It’s not that,” she says. “I’ve got a corn on my toe, so I’ll just watch.” Tinnest, the fiddler, plays and taps his feet all night, giving no one a chance to catch their breath. The last verse is a really delightful example of linguistic osmosis where English words are adopted and spoken with French pronunciation. “Baptiste qui s’était l’set...” means “Baptiste who was calling the set...” Since so much of the fiddle music and dancing in Quebec are of Irish and Scottish origin, it makes sense that some of the words for these activities are English. It’s like when French mechanics meet their Quebecois counterparts—they can’t understand a word they’re saying. The Quebecois keep talking about “le gear-box” or “le tire” instead of “la boite de vitesses” and “le pneu”.

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