

DAME LOMBARDE

First version, sung by Mme. Zephirin Dorion, an Acadian of Port Daniel, Chaleur bay:

Chè-re voi-si-ne, en-sei-gnez-moi, mais en-sei-gnez-moi donc En-sei-gnez-moi de la-poi-son; c'est pour em-poi-son-ner, c'est pour em-poi-son-ner.

Second version, sung by Joseph Ouellet, la Tourelle, Gaspé:

Chè-re voi-si-ne, en-sei-gnez-moi, mais en-sei-gnez-moi donc, mais en-sei-gnez-moi donc, En-sei-gnez-moi de la-poi-son; c'est pour em-poi-son-ner, c'est pour em-poi-son-ner.

Third version, sung by François Miville, la Tourelle, Gaspé:

Ros-si-gno-let du bois jo-li, ah! dis-moi, je t'en prie, ah! dis-moi je t'en prie, mon ma-ri est ja-loux de moi, qu'est-c' que j'en fe-rai, qu'est-c' que j'en fe-rai.

Fourth version, sung by Ovide Souci, Temiscouata:

Ros-si-gno-let du bois jo-li, mais en-sei-gnez-moi donc, mais en-sei-
gnez-moi donc, En-sei-gnez-moi de la poi-son pour fair' mou-
rir mon ma-ri, pour fair' mou-rir mon ma-ri.

Fifth version, sung by Mme. Magloire Savard, Ruisseau-aux-Patates, Gaspé:

Chè-re voi-si-ne, en-sei-gnez-moi, mais en-sei-gnez-moi
donc, mais en-sei-gnez-moi donc, En-sei-gnez-moi de
la poi-son, c'est pour em-poi-son-ner, c'est pour em-poi-son-ner.

Sixth version, sung by Mme. Jean-Baptiste Leblond, Sainte-Famille, island of Orleans:

Ros-si-gno-let du bois jo-li, mais en-sei-gnez-moi
donc, mais en-sei-gnez-moi donc, En-sei-gnez-moi de la poi-
son pour em-poi-son-ner, mais pour em-poi-son-ner.

TRANSLATION

- 1 "O Gossip dear, please, teach me how,
O please, teach me how,
Please, teach me how to brew a drink,
O please teach me how to brew a deadly drink."
- 2 "A deadly drink you must distil,
Your husband to kill,
Who tortures you with jealousy.
And yonder you must climb upon the steepest hill.
- 3 There you will find an evil snake,
Now cut off its head.
Between two gold and silver plates
You must crush the snake until it is quite dead.
- 4 And in a pint of white sweet wine
You must place it first,
And when your husband home returns,
Home from the woods, then very great will be his thirst.
- 5 And he will say, 'Sweet Isabel,
Some cold water, please!
Then you will say, 'Not water cold,
Dear husband, let this sweet wine your thirst appease'."
- 6 And while she poured for him the wine,
O so black it turned,
The babe that in the cradle lay
He spoke up suddenly and his dear father warned.
- 7 "O father, father, do not drink!
It will make you die."
"Sweet Isabel, you drink this first."
"No, no," she said, "dear husband, no! No thirst have I."
- 8 "If death should come, my pretty sweet,
You will drink this first."
"My neighbour who has taught me this,
O now I pray that she may be forever cursed!"