

Poetry Series

Paul Henry Dallaire
- poems -

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Paul Henry Dallaire(August 3-1941)

I am a recording artist and a Funeral Director by trade.

I played the Casino circuits with a band called Men of No Tomorrows named after one of my songs. I have a song going around the world and thanx to called 'A so long to Johnny Cash song'

'A song for Lech Walesa' highlights and the epilogue covering the credits at end of movie 'WALESA' Man of Hope ditributed all over the world and also in the movie soundtrack.

You may also take in a few photos at

You may hear my works at / or at [www@](#) & [paulhenrydallaire](#) at Google paul henry dallaire for more info.

A Bordeaux Thibodeau

Ouvre moi les portes du Penitencier
Raymond j'vois tu t'ai trouvee une autre ami
Belle p'tit Police descendon ecit et donne moye un p'tit bec
Parce que j'men r'tourne a Bordeaux Thibodeau

L'habit que j'porte coute trois cent piastres et j'chauffe un Cadillac
Une ch'mise de soi une montre en 'Or que j'ai tout payer cash
Un p'tit couteau de cinquante cents un masque et un bandeaux
Ca coute pas cher just condamner dix ans entre les barreaux

J'ai ete tirer busculer traite comme un cochon
A r'virai d'bord d'un froid du Nord a coup de poign sul'menton
J'voullait m'trouver d'l'ouvrage mais quand qui apprenne que j'vien d'Bordeaux
J'ai prit ma chance et j'ai lander c'it quand j'ai ete pour le gros lot

J'ai rencontrer une creature chaude comme le soleil
Ca y as prit un ans pour me montrer la couleur de son Abeille
Elle me parlait d'un belle maison et des fleurs qui donne du mielle
Mais tout ca coute d'l'argent et l'argent tombe pas du ciel

Paroles & Musique
Paul Henry Dallaire
Paul Henry Pub.
SOCAN

Paul Henry Dallaire

A Cowboy Street Singer I Know (Hey Lenny Boy))

A cowboy's dream is to go to Nashville Tennessee where all the cowboys seem to go, however, fate has it that this Lenny ends up on a park bench instead of Nashville.

I knew this guy personally and his real name is Len Poulin. I met Len in Ottawa Ontario Canada where we busked the streets together and drank a lot of beer at the Lafayette Hotel there. He is dead now but appeared on a couple small time films such as 'Rent' and maybe 'Cowboyz' produced by Peter Evanchuck (Film maker) of Ottawa, Canada.

There's play I wrote called 'Cowboyz For Breakfast' where Lenny (And he didn't like to be called Lenny) was busking on the streets on Ottawa one evening when a tall thin man wearing a cowboy suit came to him and threw a 100 dollar bill in his guitar case and gave him a beautiful cowboy shirt.

Upon chequing the material it was found to be a thin canvas like material made in the 1940's and Len claimed it was the real Hank Williams that gave him the shirt.

Lenny dreamed he went to heaven that night where he said he met Hank who told he had to come back to earth to do some unfinished business and chose his body to re-incarnate into. So Lenny becomes the real Hank Williams in modern times while Hank attends to unfinished business. So now when we drink after busking at the Lafayette Hotel he falls into this Hank williams personality and I'm wondering what the hell is going on with Lenny?

Then there is an episode when Lenny is hypnotized and the real Hank comes out of Lenny's somnabulistic state and tells the hypnotizer to leave Lenny alone and it's none of his business about what is going on and why he, Hank, is possessing the body and mind of Len Corey.

A Cowboy Street Singer I Know (Hey lenny boy)
(From the play Cowboyz for breakfast)

There's cowboy street singer I know
A product to Helen and Jim
They named him Len Corey but he thinks he's Hank Williams
Len Corey Has done lost his head

The cream of his dreams has gone bad

His Nashville's a park bench instead
Royalties he gets is but a small welfare cheque
Hear him singin don't you pay him no mind

Chorus

Hey Lenny boy sing me an old country song
About a woman's who'se done her man wrong
But please don't play for me 'The Frail Wildwood Flower'
I wanna hear about the flip side'O life

Now this cowboy street singer I know
Has got a red beaten face by the sun
He's a picture of you on life's other side
where your passage ticket is your guitar

Now at night we thirst for a beer
At the Lafayette house we appear
But confusion steps in when Len talks to Hank
Now all I need is Kitty Wells and Hank Snow

Paul Henry Dallaire
Paul Henry Pub SOCAN
: ASCAP

Paul Henry Dallaire

A So Long To Johnny Cash Song

It was nineteen fifty six when he came on to the scene
With his Big River woman who washed him down the stream
He sang about the good stuff the hobos and the trains
He shone the light on heroes remember Ira Hayes

Chorus;

Counterfeit Cash is what they call me
When I sing ol Johnny's tunes
Cause I look So Doggone Lonesome
Singing Folsom Prison Blues

But time don't mean a thing to me
Cause I cling on to to past
New country may be In to-day
But I still like Johnny Cash

Cause when he sang Give MY Love To Rose
It gave me food for thought
'Bout a young man out of prison
Dying by the railroad track

And I remember Luther Perkins
Pickin Marijuana Blues
Marshall Grant on bass
T'was the Tennessee Two

Verse:

Now I recall a young Johnny Cash
Back in nineteen sixty two
Johnny Yuma the Rebel was ridin high
And I was a young snapper too

Then he transformed to the man in black
And with June Carter were a smash
So let's roll out the carpet
Cause we love Johnny Cash

Now the good 'Lord' said that God is life
And with one loaf made many breads

He turned the water into wine
And raised Lazarus from the dead

Now if I come back for a second round
Just make me a real gone cat
I want nothin to do with that guy named Sue
I just want to be Johnny Cash

Cause when he sang Give My Love To Rose.....

Paul Henry Dallaire
Paul Henry Pub.
SOCAN

Paul Henry Dallaire

A Song For Lech Walesa

There's a call ringing loud around the country
and it echoes through our hills and foreign lands
Directed to the Unions Lech Walesa
should free the Polish people from his hands

A lot they think he is askin
but they just don't care to understand
To have bread 'n meat upon the supper table
John Paul said together we will stand

Chorus:

Solidarity is together
if you don't cross the line you understand (picket line)
Solidarity if forever
to fight Communism in our land

Well it's all right to form a good strong Union
but most of all to fight for being free
Joe Hill like Lech Walesa was unwanted
cause he fought for the rights of you and me

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

Verse:

Well Boys it's good to be a workin
at the site of a construction or a mine
And have the good ol local five two seven
get you paid for all your overtime

Now brothers of our Unions heed my story
for together we will make it by and by
Raise the scarlet flag of hope and glory
rise up and proclaim that battle cry

CHORUS:

Solidarity is together
if you don't cross the line understand (picket line)
Solidarity is forever
to fight Communism in our land

Well it's our right to form a good strong Union
but most of all to fight for being free
Joe Hill like Lech Walesa was unwanted
cause he fought for rights of you and me

From the shores of the Atlantic ocean
to the waters of Pacific in B.C. (British Colombia) Canada

Words/Music

Paul Henry Dallaire

Paul Henry Pub.

: ASCAP

This song was recorded at Snocan Recording Studios
Hollylane Blvd, Ottawa, Ontario. Canada (No longer exist)

Musicians on the session were:

Dave Dennison/ Lead guitar and Producer

Dusty King Jr./ Bass guitar

Sam Henry / Drums (Hitting his sticks on the piano or something)

Rick Evans/ Second part harmony where needed

Paul Henry Dallaire on vocals playing his blue Ovation stereo Ovation flat-top guitar.

Paul Henry Dallaire

A Town With No Train

Town with no train

The old home town don't look the same
Since they took out the old train
And now the railroad tracks are asphalt at the station

And where the rail yard was it's a new library
A parking lot where stood Doran's Brewery
As I get off the bus in this town with no train

Verse:

Gone is the Hilltop Rendez-vous
the Pav and Leone's Rose Room
And the Maple Leaf hotel is just memory

And tho still stands the head frame of the mine
Ghost miners still pace the picket line
and country Folks love beer in this town with no train

Chorus:

And I can still hear mother callin me
From the old house on Hillside St
come home son the shadows lenghten fast

And from the past a coal train whistle blows
Near Mascioli's sand pit where as a boy I roamed
as I walk the streets in this town with no train

(Talk)

Then I awake and look around me
At the Welcome Home Hotel
Realizing time had passed and I'm much older now

And tho the end of Pine Street beckons me
The bone yard of what used to be
Where they'll lay me down in this town with no train

Chorus:

And I can still hear mother callin me

From the old house on Hillside Steet
come home son the shadows lengthen fast

And from the past a coal train whistle blow
Near Mascioli's sand pit where as a boy I roamed
As the snow falls on this town with no train

Chorus: Repeat

And I can still hear mother callin me
from the old house on Hillside street
Come home son the shadows lengthen fast

And from the past a coal train whistle blows
near Mascioli's sand pit where as a boy I roamed
as I board the bus in this town with no train

Paul Henry Dallaire
Paul Henry
: ASCAP

Paul Henry Dallaire

America Bleeds/Roy Acuff Goodbye

Last night when I scrambled home neath the moonlight
down the hall thru the walls a new born baby cried
The sirens outside make me wish to be sober
for I feel a new song buildin deep in my heart

Marilyn Monroe moon shines bright thru my window
I turn off the T.V. and I turn out the light
She knows my love has gone to another
cry me a river you cool summer rain

Chorus:

Sing me a song of my beautiful brown eyes
the one that I lost to the Tennessee waltz
AMERICA BLEEDS for that chuck wagon Cowboy
pickin his guitar for his blue Kentucky girl
pickin his guitar for his blue Kentucky girl

Dinosaur people sang the real stuff
karaoke Cowboy got a notch on his gun
On the wings of the great speckled Bird he did fly
I got the freight train blues Roy Acuff goodbye
I got the freight train blues Roy Acuff goodbye

So by the light of the moon this song I did write
cause I've been ridin shotgun since the year of fifty five
Outside lookin in is the story of my life
Kentucky rye whiskey makes it all feel allright
Kentucky rye whiskey makes it all feel allright

Words/Music

Paul Henry Dallaire

Paul Henry Pub.

: ASCAP

Paul Henry Dallaire

Ballad Of Dead Man's Point

Folklore

This is a song about a the great fire that in 1911 destroyed the town of Porcupine ON. (Then called Golden City)Canada, now called Timmins. Roughly 300 people died and many are not accounted for because there were many prospectors in the bush at the time.

Strolling along by the lakeshore
I came by an old graveyard
The words written on a tombstone
Set my mind back many years ago

The year was nineteen eleven
T'was one hot July summer's day
Smoke filled the air then like an eclipse
The sky turned as black as the night

Chorus:

Our little town burned to dust many lives were lost
And it left behind a trail of woe and ashes
Those who died that day may their ghosts lead on the way
And protect us from another God we pray

Verse:

The fire came like thief in the night
With a wind crazy blowin wild
Down in the mine some went there to hide
But suffocated and did not survive

Others ran to the lakeside
Fleeing for their lives
Men and their horses could be safe there
But in the waters were doomed there to die

Narration

If ever when your fishing for Pickerel on Porcupine lake
Just down the hill at dead man's point
The always blowin breeze will connect you

To the past of North Ontario

And if you standing there gazing at the gravesites
Alongside the Loon calls and the lonesome jackpine grows
You can see the spot where the Weisse family's sleepin
Found in that mine shaft dark and deep below

Chorus:

Our little town burned to dust many lives were lost
And it left behind a trail of woe and heartaches
Those who died that day may their ghosts lead on the way
And protect us from another God we pray

Paul Henry Dallaire

Paul Henry Pub.

SOCAN

U.S. Rep: ASCAP

Paul Henry Dallaire

Battle For The Gold (The Lucky Loonie Song)

I couldn't believe my eyes when I saw the womens hockey game played that day. Everything to give the Canadians a penalty so they could steal the game. I understand they even had an American referee which I believe is illegal just like the Iraq war.

They even stomped on the Canadian flag. Yep the same people that elected George Bush He he. No shame at all.

By the way the Bluenose was a Canadian racing schooner(Large fishing boat?) and when the Americans were beaten they left the trophy on the porch outside the door of skipper's Angus Walters house not to face him in person. Ho ho. Here in this story a couple of guys buried a loonie at center ice for good luck while they were icing it with the Zamboni before the game.

Battle For The Gold (The Lucky Loonie Song)

Back in two thousand two we took a little trip
Down to Salt Lake City for the winter olympics
We took Canadian bacon maple syrup and some beans
To face the bloody Yankees with our women's hockey team

Chorus:

Well they huffed and they puffed they grunted and they ranted
Danced on our flag and they gave us penalties
But like the Bluenose did we kicked their asses back to Boston
From of Salt Lake City to the town of New Orleans

Well we fired that puck and the Yankees kept a comin
They weren't as fast as they were a while ago
We played so great against those bad news Americans
Cause were the world's hockey best in the battle for the gold

Oi Gretsky said we can take 'em by surprise
So they planted a loonie in'da center of dehice' (french)
Then with our power play we put the hammer down
And by the third period they were mince meat by the pound

Chorus;

Well they huffed and they puffed they grunted and they ranted
Danced on our flag and they gave us penalties

And like the Bluenose did we kicked their asses back to Boston
by way of Salt Lake City to the town of New Orleans

To be continued (anybody want to put in their own two cents))

Paul Henry Dallaire

Paul Henry Pub.

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Paul Henry Dallaire

Calgary Lady You Drive Me Crazy Song

Story about a horse really. There was song contest in Calgary Alberta Canada and I wrote a song about it. I read in the paper about a race horse named Calgary Lady and I decided great title for a song ha ha. Ralph Klein then the provincial leader sent me a certificate but I did not win the contest. As if someone from Ottawa would win.. ha ha.

Calgary Lady

Calgary your a lady
And I like the way you smile
And I need you to be with me
As I turn out the light

O! Alberta moon shinnin so bright
You drive me crazy Calgary lady
Moon's up above
And I'm in love

Well dine to candlelight
And celebrate our plans
And dance to the music
Of a good-time country band

And I'll give to you a ring
Made from golden sands
Cause you drive me crazy Calgary lady
Moon's up above and I'm in love

Repeat Chorus and end:

Paul Henry Dallaire
Paul Henry Pub.
SOCAN

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Paul Henry Dallaire

Ch' Pas Un Vrai Cowboy

Quand j'etais tout petit J'revait des cowboys
Avec les Indiens et mon p'tit fusils d'bois
La j'ai bien vieilli comme tout choses dans la vie
Quand q'une fille qui ma dit ch'ta pas un vrai cowboy

Excuse moi chere madame j'vous et pas sotiser
Non j'vien pas d'Hollywood ou bien Calgary
J'vien du Quebec que'l bon Dieu ma confi
Et si ch'pas un vrai cowboy bien d'ou vienne mes ennuits

Refrain:

Mon Dieu j'remercie mes parents pour ma vie
Et tout les belle choses quand j'etais tout petit
Et quand l'boeuf a Monette nous courrait au eclat
Ont jouait a cachette et fumait du tabac

Nous autre les cowboy on n'aime donc ca peche
Avec un beau verre pour poigner du Dore
Une pair de blue jeans qui a ete faite au Etats
Un vieux truck et des crepes faites s'un vieux poele a bois

Et la chere madame et si vous me croyer pas
Regarder mes bottes et les trous dans mes bas
Et si ch'pas un vrai cowboy et j'vous assure que j'e l'suis
Car tout que'c qui'manque c'est le yoddlle e i ti

Refrain:

Et la j'vous assure q'des vrai cowboy y en n'a plus
Aujoudh'ui sont tout faite a l'usine sont pa pure
Un vraie cowboy lui est faite au couteau
Et je suis l'seul qui reste s'bord cit de Toronto

Paroles/musique

Paul Henry Dallaire

Paul Henry Pub.

SOCAN

: ASCAP

Paul Henry Dallaire

Christmas In A Mining Town/With Sleigh Bells

Chorus:

Now there's a town where I was born
In Northeastern Ontario
A place we love to celebrate
Little baby Jesus and his birthday

The Eastern star the Shepherds quake
Angels in the snow the children make
Indian summer's o'er the great Pumpkin's gone
It's Christmas time in my home town

Verses:

Friends and families congregate
Popcorn balls and X-Mas cake
The church bazaar and the food bank drive
Making sure no one is left behind

The shopping list at the Timmins Square
Little Dorothy wants a cuddly Teddy Bear
Santa's there to grant your wish
Oh! what a special time of year this is

Toddlers write letters to Santa Claus
Rudolph's nose is lighting up
For that great sleigh ride across the sky
Children hush now don't you cry

End

Paul Henry Dallaire

Paul Henry Pub.
SOCAN

Paul Henry Dallaire

City With A Heart Of Gold

(Timmins Your My Town)

I got myself a love a love of my own
My dancin shoes are all worn down
Someone who will cherish the vows that we make
Hand me down my walkin cane

Chorus:

The the tall city woman's a Canadian treat
In praise of Tommy jack and Princess Maggie
In spring she wears a dress of tulips fit for a queen
The lady is my town

Verse:

She's got a heart of gold and romances with me
As we dance round and round
At the slopes of kamiskotia we did a little ski
Miss Timmins you wear the crown

Now in december we can skate and play shinny on the ice
With our friends across the river in Mattagami Heights
The maple leafs in autumn yellow red 'n green
The lady is my town

Yea Timmins your my town

Words & Music

Paul-Henry Dallaire

Paul Henry Pub. SOCAN

Paul Henry Dallaire

Coal Minin Blues

I was born one day in a small town shack by the river near the mill
My daddy worked in a coal mine sweatin hard to pay the bills
They called us river rats the high society did
Yes they did yes they did yes they did

Chorus:

Workin in a coal mine don't see much light of day
Workin in a coal mine I'm livin day to day
I got dem coal minin blues

At age sixteen from a childhood dream that seems like yesterday
I was lured to work in the coal mine it's in your blood they say
Now there ain't no doubt dust 'll burn me out and in time will destroy me
Yes it will yes it will yes it will

Chorus:

Workin in a coal mine don't see much light of day
Workin in a coal mine livin day to day
I got dem coal minin blues

Now when I die don't fret for me and please don't bury me
Just pickle my body so the boys can see what minin did to me
But before I go let me buy the boys just one more round
One more round one more round one more round

Chorus: End.

Paul Henry Dallaire
Paul henry Pub.
SOCAN

Paul Henry Dallaire

Death At The Belmoral Mine In Val D'or Qc. Canada

INTRODUCTION

The Belmoral mine disaster occurred at, or about 22: 00 hours on May 20,1980 in the Ferderber mine, located 10 km north-east of the town of Val D'Or. Quebec. The mine started development in October of 1978, and had been in production since August 1979.

The principle mining method was shrinkage stoping, with the possibility of sub-level stoping for wider Or zones.

The development of the mine consisted of a trackless access ramp from surface at a grade of 17%, connecting four levels at 100,200,250 and 500 feet depth. There were eight stopes at the time: four in production on the 200 level; two in production on the 350 level.

Twenty four miners were working underground during the evening of the disaster, eight of whom lost their lives: sixteen narrowly escaped serious injury or death.

Le 20 Mai 1980: Catastrophe a la mine Belmoral, situee a quelque kilometres au Sud de Val D'Or.

Lefondrement du toit de la mine provoque le deversement de milliers de tonnes d'eau at de boue. Huit mineurs perissent ensevelis, Vinght ans plus tard ce triste evenement demeure grave dans la memoire de Sylvain et Lise Legare et de Jean Paul Bordeleau, qui a vecu de pres ce drame.

Cette chanson est un temoignage a la memoire de:

Lucien Belanger
Guy Daigle
Guy Desruisseaux
Marc Godbout
Gille Legare
Normand Masse
Yvan St-Pierre
Marcel Vienneau

Death at the Belmoral mine in Val D'Or. P.Q.1980
(Men of no tomorrows)

T'was Tuesday the twentieth of may
Nineteen eighty was the year

The miners of Belmoral gold mine
That morning went down with their gear

Their work place a dark damp burrough
Where only the brave dare to try
Like the sun never shines in a hollow
Down there it's as black as the night

The officials claimed it was inspected
Tho no one seemed to know when
Gold stock was high on the market
So they gambled the lives of their men

They spoke of the grave situation
And heard the earth tremble and quake
The new road was under construction
To drill was a fatal mistake

Some say they heard an explosion
Some said they really don't know
The fact is it's too late to reason
For the eight men entombed there below

On tuesday may twenty seventh
A cry was heard it was said
The rescue attempt was doubled
In a frenzy to search for their friends

They tried but in vain for to reach them
For the slime kept pouring inside
Two weeks in that cold dark dungeon
They all were doomed there to die

Now mothers and fathers and relations
Will grieve for the rest of their lives
For the miners on shift who descended
In the depth of the Belmoral Mine

This song has been executed
By a hard rock miner who knows
Your chances are less than expected
And a man don't reap what he sows

Now young fellas heed to my story
If your lured by the lust of the mine
Your body will dust and turn into dust
And your future will run short of time

Paul Henry Dallaire
Paul Henry Pub.
SOCAN

For historical value:

This song was recorded in or about July or August of 1980 not long after the disaster and the song was finished being written.

It was recorded at Snocan recording Studio on Hollylane Blvd, Ottawa, a.

The musicians were: (If I can remember correctly) were as follows:

Dave Dennison: Lead guitar and producer of the song

Sam Henry: Played the drums beating his drum sticks on the piano or something
(Chuckle)

Rick Evans provided second part harmony where needed.

Dusty King Jr. played electric bass.

Paul Henry Dallaire played his Ovation stereo flat-top rhythm guitar.

It was on the same session as 'King of the Ottawa city Cowboys' the 'Cornwall Ontario song' and 'Death of the New York Central' #1 as you can tell the music is the same.

Paul Henry Dallaire

Death Of The New York Central

The information I wrote about the train was given to me personally by Orval Prophet. He remembered the train as he lived not far from the tracks in Edwards Ontario Canada and he knew some of the railroad men.. He also commented on the train's color and how it was painted and emphasised the look of a lion.

(Stripes I guess)

Also the names I used in the lyrics are actual names of the chatacters that worked on the railroad at the time and he remembered them.

I believe Orval was going to record this song before his untimely death. I sang at his funeral and he was buried in the cemetery in Winchester Ontario Canada

You can now hear a version at .

and hear the great fiddle of Pete Bowen

On drums, Buddy McCann, harmonica, Terry McCann,

Death Of The New York Central

Hear that New York Central groanin
Slowin down at Russell Station
Tar paper shacks where time has stopped
Fifty years ago

Everything around has flourished
But the old train was all finished
When the chug a lug of coal fire
Was replaced by diesel fuel

She was a school ride to the children
The milk run to the farmer
Painted like lion Jim Forsythe
The conductor

From Ottawa to Messena
Bringin mail and loved ones to ya
Folks ran out the back porch
When they heard her whistle whine

Chorus:

You can't hear her engine roar
For she's gone forever more
Oh how time has slipped away

You can them in the yard
Obsolete and rusted hard
Snow and rain has killed this train

Verse:

Bernie Campbell was station master
Dave Preston was a foreman
And in my past life
I was Casey Jones

Now I'm a railroad country Picker
Till my time is up I'll wonder
My next time around
I wanna be an engineer

Paul Henry Dallaire
Paul Henry Pub. SOCAN

Paul Henry Dallaire

El Nino

I was conversing with a gentleman after the icestorm of 98 when he told me he was on business in Texas when he heard about it on the radio and then commented that he missed the whole thing and wished he could have been here to witness the beauty of it.. I thought it deserved recognition. Paul.
I went through that ice storm and took a couple of pictures. Eventually I'll put them on my web page.

This song 'El Nino' has been adopted by Encyclopedia Of Music In Canada (Disaster Songs) Ice Strom 98

It was heard way down in Texas by the news on the radio
'bout an ice storm devastating Quebec and Ontario
It hit without much warnin and it put on quite a show
It beat all I ever saw like the Northern Lights aglow

Now the cow's ain't got no water and the chicken's are runnin 'round
The pumps that fed the pigs are dry cause the hydro poles are down
And the houses there all empty they've gone and locked the doors
The bus has come to take them to sleep on the school house floor

El Nino El Nino

It froze right down to china up to the pearly gates
The Yankees sent their linemen from the New York state
Now for eighteen days that winter will live in memory
Cause for eighteen days we fought the God El Nino from the sea

Now here's to the troops in khakis give 'em credit where it's due
They got a raw deal in Somalia and we got half the truth
And I may not remember my last computer date
But I won't forget the ice storm of nineteen ninety eight

Now spring has sprung and it comes to past the war of ice and snow
And all that's left are the trees that died which line the country roads

Paul Henry Dallaire
Paul Henry Pub.
SOCAN

Paul Henry Dallaire

End Of The Line For A Cowboy

A cowboy's last ride

A cowboy don't like big Ol cities
His religion is one of a kind
He'll sing you a song about the country
'Bout a drunk and a bottle of wine

He'll preach and he'll talk about heartaches
About a woman who'se done her man wrong
But he won't confess he's just like the rest
He wrote her that one special song

Chorus:

His conscience don't bother him
He has none as far as I know
But he'll love you and leave you
For the lights of the big rodeo

Verse:

Someday that same cowboy will wander
In the pastures where old cowboys ride
In his saddle he'll sit and will ponder
Of the days he was riding high

His reflection he'll see in the mirror
And the fact is no more can he ride
His last days will be as a dreamer
In the shadows of memories gone by

Chorus:

His conscience don't bother him
He has none as far as I know
Cause he'll love you and leave you
For the lights of the big rodeo
End.

Paul Henry Dallaire
Paul Henry Pub.

: ASCAP

Paul Henry Dallaire

Evelyna (I Adore You)

Evelena (I adore you)

Verse: Verse:

Behind my door there's a beautiful old mansion
and in the yard bloom roses all around

Chorus

I adore you Evelyna tho they say you can't be mine
my heart yearns dear Evelyna without you I'd rather die

Verse:

I know a girl who lives high and in fashion
but her parents don't want me to love her

Chorus:

I adore you Evelyna tho they say you can't be mine
my heart yearns dear Evelyna without you I'd rather die

Now I, ve panned for gold in Flynn Flon Manitoba
and watched the Geese fly South in the fall
In flight they sing of liberty and freedom
while I'm in chains at Cupid's beckon call

Now I will go in the midst of the redwood forest
and live my life in the shadows of our dreams
there on a tree I'll carve your name and mine love
my Valentine of precious memories

Chorus: end

Words & Music

Paul Henry Dallaire

Paul Henry Pub.

: ASCAP

Feelin Down In Cincinatti

Just when you think you've got it all
you find out you got nuthin
You could've lost your life
but a good man's hard to kill

Your Alice has gone to a wonderland
with a guy your kids call Daddy
You got the soup bone
she got the freezer and the meat

You knew her love had died when her kisses felt more
like mouth to mouth resuscitation
And the get up and go
she had got up and left

Now it's chewin the cud and reaching
for the bottle and the morning
You wake up dead
on her side 'o the bed

Chorus:

Now the blues ain't nuthin but a good man
feelin down in Cincinatti
While it's pouring rain
in sunny Tennessee

It's a Yukon love turned cold as ice
and your Burnin like Jamaica
Bit the Chinook winds of Albert
shall prevail

Verse:

What to do is sit back and look at your life
like an old Humphrey Bogart movie
Behind the window that you built
that shields your heart

here's to ya kid good-bye so long
it's been good to know ya

You see the blues ain't nuthin
but a good man feelin down

Paul Henry Dallaire
Paul Henry Pub.
SOCAN

Paul Henry Dallaire

Flyin In The Rain / Cocaine On My Brain

When I awoke this mornin
Dragged my body out of bed
I had a ex wife fever
Scramblin thru my head

Made me a cup o coffee
A little whiskey I poured in
Then I laid back on the sofa
Felt like Huckleberry Finn

Chorus;
Flyin in the rain
Cocaine on my brain
Layin in the sun
alone ain't no fun

Sand castles crumble
flat on the ground
Reflection in the water
Is me when I drown

I had a friend named Brenda
Crystal Meth was her friend
Handsome Ned the cowboy
Needle did him in

So when you feel that Norther
freezin through your brain
Lay off the whiskey
Get off the cocaine

Words & Music
Paul Henry Dallaire/Loopen Cash
Paul Henry Pub.

: ASCAP

For You My Love My Canada (Reworked)

Dedicated to the 800 young Canadian soldiers from Newfoundland and elsewhere in Canada who went over the top in the first world war and were murdered by Douglas Haig the British General responsible for this heinous act.
Never shall I buy Haig and Haig whiskey again.

I have travelled all the backroads of this country
Form Georgian Bay to Alberta's golden sands
And I've flown above the cold Atlantic waters
And saw Dick Nolans little boats of Newfoundland

In my mind I see the Franklin's Expedition
And it's Northwest passage George Bush's wants to claim
And just to eat farm fresh potatoes of New Brunswick
Is to sing of you your people and your trains
Chorus:
(For you my love my Canada)

Ottawa Oh! hear your native son's a callin
For the Indians dance to keep it wild and free
And a Nova Scotia's mother's heart is longing
who lost her Boys at Vimy Ridge and Normandy

From the factories and poolrooms of our cities
To the trucker that's clocked a million miles
From the Pizza joint to Toronto's Casa Loma
Your a little piece of heaven on this earth

From old Quebec's Laurentian mountains grandeur
To Yellowknife in the land of the Midnight Sun
The Northern Lights romance the moon of splendor
And dance for you my love my Canada

Chorus:

I have travelled all the back roads of this country
from the Yukon to the great Pacific Rim
To the waves of golden wheat fields of Saskatchewan
The C.N.R. Wilf Carter songs and lake Louise

It's the Maple Leaf and B.C.'s Captain Vancouver
Tommy Douglas Stompin' Tom and Shania Twain
And Hal Lone Pines verses of Prince Edward Island
to Lenny Breau best guitar picker you can name

Paul Henry Dallaire
Paul Henry Pub. SOCAN

U.S. Rep: ASCAP

Paul Henry Dallaire

Go To Sleep My Little Son

Chorus:

Go to sleep my little son and dream of things and toys
And I will pray for you while I'm away
Your too young my little man but try to understand
Why daddy had to go don't shed a tear

I can't sleep dear ol dad cause I feel so sad
It's hard for me to tell what's wrong or right
I kneel down at my bed side say a prayer every night
And wish that God will help along the way

In the springtime of our years we laughed and were so near
But I have reaped the seeds that I have sowed
Now in the yard I see a man walking hand in hand
With a boy like we used to you and me

Now it's the autumn of my years and I dream of days gone by
And I wonder just how your moma's doing
She's as pretty as before dad oh I long to see once more
Before the years have turned my hair to snow

Paul Henry Dallaire
Paul Henry Pub.
SOCAN

Paul Henry Dallaire

Goin Back To Moosonee/ On The Banks Of Old James Bay/

John Horden was the first missionary to open a church in Moose Factory just across the bay from Moosonee in the middle 1700's and in the spring to break the ice, they would fire a big black canon. I guess the echoing concussion of the shot helped break the ice in the bay.

Goin back to Moosonee /on the Banks Of Old James Bay

I left a little town a little west of Cochrane town
Had to be back in Moosonee before the ground turns to brown
I'll mush my team and old dog sled in the land of ice 'n snow
I'm goin back to marry her so up north I will go

Many years I've been away a long time I've been gone
How I miss my mother and dad and all the folks around
But the one I miss especially is a girl I turned away
Prospecting for a gold mine a little south of Kirkland lake

North and west and treckin neath the cold winter sun
The Northern Lights would dance at night till the crack of dawn
When the temperature plunged I thought I'd die at forty nine below
I froze my scalp to the packsac I used for my pillow

Still on and on I pushed along when that Norther wind would blow
in the summer it's the blackflies of North Ontario
De keyper rum would keep me warm when there was nothing left
Goin through the Great Muskeg I nearly froze to death

I miss those rushing waters of the place where I was born
Just to hunt again the bear and otter on a cold and frosty morn
In spring they'll fire that big black canon breaking all the ice
Then It's Water Taxi to Moose Factory to hug my future wife

Next time I'll buy a ticket on the Polar Bear Express
Sitting in the club car like a snowbird I will rest
Cause mushing through the snow ain't what it's made out to be
Curse the white man but should thank him for the snow machine

When at last I reach that little town on the Banks Of Old James Bay
I hope she'll be still waiting and I'm wondering what she'll say
We'll marry in John Horden's church there we'll kneel and pray
In my heart will be springtime until my dyin day

Paul Henry Dallaire
Paul Henry Pub.

: ASCAP

e-mail

paulhenryd@

Songs on

Paul Henry Dallaire

Grande Riviere

Grande riviere i'll parle que tu est bête
et que tu montre au Saule Pleureur comment pleurer
Et les larmes que j'ai verser pour cette cousine
va t'inonder et moi je vais m'noyer
grande riviere mes reves tu a voler

J'l'ai rencontrer a Gaspé sur la place
ou un gros navire m'confi qu'a la partie
J'ai r'trouve ses pistes a e
ou elle ma faite un beau clin d'oeil et elle s'enfui
grande riviere tu est noir comme mes ennuits

Descend moi sur ton fleuve par che
pour Archambeau ou j'va finir mes jours
J l'aime a mort et j'manque ses embrasses
grande riviere j'va battre comme un tambour
c'est comme une femme pour jouer a un home des tours

Tu a gagne sur moi grande riviere
la j'va brailler mes peines a Granbe
Elle ma prit pour rien'que un autre Poisson d'la mer
et pour l'amour d'un autre pecheur elle ma tromper
grande riviere elle t'aime bien mieux que moye

Paul Henry Dallaire

Paul Henry Dallaire

I Used To Love Her A Lot

The internet gave me a love of my own
high class from Toronto no less
Brunette brown eyes best lookin thing in a skirt
In a pair of cowboy boots

A no fuss woman said all men are the same
She's been hurt by some other man
The Karen Kain of line dancing, jump skip n' hop
An attitude like a train

Chorus:

But she's got poetry in motion at the pin ball machine
Just another queen of karaoke singing 'I fall to pieces'
She's my Value Village baby makin Canada proud
But I used to love her a lot

Verse:

She had that Lorena Bobbitt syndrom giddy and hot
And I was king of the hill
Till she drank all my money and half of the rent
On beer and Chinese restaurants

And when I told her I loved her she called me a liar
and said I'm not your Bouffie d'amour
Then from Out Among the Stars Ray Charles cried out to me
hit the road Jack and don't you come back no more

Chorus: End

Extra verses:

I think I'll shuffle out to old Vanier town
And head for the Playmate Saloon
Katrina will dance in her birthday suit
Sitting in the champagne room

Now if there's a moral to this story let it be told
the new gold digger's aren't just old bearded men

She's a false hearted woman panning the net
for a free grub steak when ever she can

So be wise to the new world of web Parasites
and make your T.V. remote your best friend
Control the flix movies and scenes that you like
it's cheap and won't cost you a cent

Paul Henry Pub.

SOCAN

: ascap

Paul Henry Dallaire

I'll Lay My Boots Under Shania's Bed

Yes it's me there on the jukebox singin songs that I wrote
While I'm sittin here in Vegas getting drunk
And if your asking what I'm doin in this crazy gambling town
Let's say I've laid my money down

But I'll feel better come tomorrow pack my blues and board a plane
Buy a one way ticket down to Florida kiss the sun and leave the rain
This ol town has got me goin round in circles
But I'll be gone yes I'll be gone

I'll take my songs to tennessee where all the guitar pickers go
It's a childhood dream of singing on the Grand Ol Opry Show
And when I get to where I'm goin better late than not at all
I'll lay my boots under Shania's bed and wait for the curtain call

But I'll feel better come tomorrow from my feet up to my brain
Throw my prescription out the window and my prozac down the drain
And if my friends should ask about me tell 'em to turn on the radio
and play this song this song cause I'll be gone

I'm leaving now but I'll sure miss maple sugar time
as sweet the girl from Mechanicville I left three months behind
And I'm sorry Ted 'bout what you said but it's something I can't let go
They say a man's not a man when he turns his back on an Orphan of the road

Last Chorus:

But I'll feel better come tomorrow pack my blues and board a plane
buy a one way ticket down to Florida kiss the sun and leave the rain
This "ol town has got me goin 'round in circles
but I'll be gone yes I'll be gone

Paul Henry Dallaire
Paul Henry Pub. SOCAN

Paul Henry Dallaire

Jackleg Boogie

A jackleg weighs about 65 pounds about three feet long. You put steel at the end 2,4,6,8,10 feet long to drill the rock to make a tunnel. It's hard to operate and very dangerous cause it's got an air powered leg about 6 feet long attached by a 2 inch heavy rubber hose with a lot of pressure. Many men have been crushed by it's power.

And remember if he looks like a miner and talks like a miner he probably is one. And what does a miner look like? Well he walks a little slow with an air of being tuff and sometimes a little bowlegged and he doesn't talk much.

Richard Roy age 28 of Chelmsford Ontario Canada was killed by a jackleg on Jan 7th at the Kidd Creek Copper Mine in Timmins ON.

When you work in the mines you take your life in your hands
Breakin the rock and work as fast as you can
It takes an eight hour shift to drill an eight foot round
Slavin like a dog a thousand feet underground
At two thousand feet with the devil you bond
Gotta make the footage or the bonus is gone

You ain't nuthin but a miner till the day that you die
Livin like a mole for the rest of your life
Payin your bills cause the wolf's at your door
The finance company's the world biggest whore
And when payday comes you take the cage to daylight
Pick up your money to feed the kids and the wife

Chorus:

Well it's the jackleg boogie (jackleg boogie)
It's the jackleg boogie (jackleg boogie)
Well it's the jackleg boogie at the Dome mine all shift long

Verse:

First you muck out the round with a muckin machine
Connect all the hoses for the air that you'll need
You lay down the track and then you start to drill
Slap down the lever and then you shake and you reel
Then you dance all around with your boots on your feet
And do the jackleg boogie to send the Orr to the mill

Chorus:

Well it's the jackleg boogie (jackleg boogie)

It's the jackleg boogie (jackleg boogie)

Well it's the jackleg boogie at the Dome mine all shift long

Paul Henry Dallaire

Paul Henry Pub. SOCAN

Paul Henry Dallaire

Jesus Was A Social Democrat He Wore Sandals 'stead 'o Shoes

Jesus was a Social Democrat he wore sandals 'stead 'O shoes
a Nomad of the Desert with another bunch of Jews
I believe he had a girlfriend Mary Magdalene a shrew
He preached the words of wisdom to give us fortitude

A Donkey was his boxcar when he met the good Samaritan
Not so a prisoner of comfort this man from Jerusalem
It must 've been a bumpy ride for a King to ride a Mule
from one concert to another this Lord man paid his dues

And when usually broke as missfits usually are he'd forment a batch of wine
still hungry he would conjure-up some loafs of bread with a fish meal on the side
They claimed he walked on water in the holy book it's said
how about that trick when he woke up Lazarus from his deep sleep from the
dead

Jesus was a Social Democrat he wore sandals 'stead, o shoes
A Nomad from the desert with another bunch of Jews
I believe he had a girlfriend Mary Magdalene a Shrew
he preached the words of wisdom to give us fortitude

His Donkey was a box car when he met the good Samaritan
he shared his meager fortune this man from Jerusalem
The news is out another ploy to have found Joseph's tomb
another trick for money ain't it like the Jews

Paul Henry Dallaire

J'pense A Toi J'pense A Toi

Un verre de whiskey in ticket pour le train
q'j'en'barque a tout les matins
L'Amour a eu une chance avec ses ailes de volé
quand q'un jour a la cries l'camp

Refrain:

Comme a tout les fois q'tu est dans ma tete
j'pense a toi j'pense a toi j'pense a toi
La bouteille de whiskey supplie les blues d'attaqué
mon Coeur que tu a brisé

Couplait:

Un p'tit vents qui souffle a travers les Rideau
dans ma chambre emprisonné
Je cherchent pour d'l'Amour mais s'tait pas mon tour
c'est pas facile de t'oublier

Refrain:

Cmme a tout les fois q'tu est dans ma tete
j'pense a toi j'pense a toi j'pense a toi
La bouteille de whiskey supplie les blues d'attaqué
mon Coeur que tu a brisé

Paul Henry Dallaire

Paul Henry Dallaire

Just Another Sunday Mornin Comin Down

When I awoke this mornin I scrambled to the kitchen
At the breakfast table argued with my wife
'Bout some bill I didn't pay cause the price 'o gas went up again
So I parked the car and walked myself to work

I ran downstairs and slammed the door
Still woozy from the night before
From beer and cigarettes
With my friend Ray

Too much work and not enough play
Can give a man a failling grade
Like Jekyll 'n Hyde
Turn a nice guy to a drunk

Here's what I saw

Chorus

A broken vodka bottle here a pool of blood just over there
Guess from a fight the night before
Across the street a young girl walked a hooker fourteen years no more
Just another sunday mornin comin down

Verse:

I walked into a restaurant and ordered me a cup
A smile the waitress gave helped pass the day
Snake-oil sales men on T.V. preacher man's false prophecies
And love it when Jimmy Swaggart plays a tune

Then in walked two broken men vacant eyes open shut wide
Late for work I paid my bill and left the place
Then thought about Kris's pilgrim song and the demons of Johnny Cash and all
And thanked the Lord for strength to carry on

And here's what I saw

Chorus:

A broken vodka bottle here a pool of blood just over there
Guess from a fight the night before
Across the street a young girl walked a hooker fourteen years no more
Just another sunday mornin comin down

Paul Henry Dallaire
Paul Henry Pub.
SOCAN

Paul Henry Dallaire

King Of The Ottawa City Cowboys

I walked into a bar one night called 'Sidewinders' in Ottawa Ontario Canada They were having an electric bull riding contest and a woman won a trophy. I asked the waitress for a pen and the song was born. It got a lot of attention from The Raceway Tavern is where I was performing in the week-ends.

I'm the king of the Ottawa city cowboys
I ride the electric bull
My horse is parked a metered stall
And thrives on Texaco fuel

I play my guitar my harp beat my drum
Even moan you a sad country song
And I sing for all the ladies
At the Raceway Tavern Saloon

All day I work for the man on the hill
In a three piece suit and a tie
But tonite I'm going to change all of this
Climb into my Chevy and ride

I've mastered all the new country dicso techniques
In a way that you've never seen
By day I work by night I play
In my sexy skin tight blue jeans

I toast y'all concrete city cowboys
The hard workin beer drinkin kind
May the landlord give you a credit
For what you drink here you do leave behind

And to all you gals at the bar stools
Don't pay that ol cowboy no mind
For when a cowboy is sad it's not half as bad
He'll do a computer game one more time

Chorus; End

Paul Henry Dallaire

Paul Henry Pub.

SOCAN

Paul Henry Dallaire

La Chanson A Ti-Ken Wallingford

Regarde le marche sur le trottoire avec ses jeans
Avec ses problemes qui porte dans un pack-sac
Un jour y etait une grande vedette avec d l'argent pit tout
Qie depenser comme c'ta d'leau

Et comme elle vire la terre pour le mieux des fois le pire
I'll cherche pour une tavern pour s confesser
Sa vie i'll vie dans la ligne vite c'est pas d'main je l'veux tout suite
Y a monter l'echelle trop vite et a tomber

Refrain:

C'est un chanteur i'll chante la pomme c'est un prophet i'll fume du pot
C'est un rocker et un faux pretre et un peu fou quand qui est sou
Avec ses bequilles et sa guitar un chanteur extra ordinaire
Un talent q'uon as pas vue sa fait longtemps

I'll a gouter le miel et la forsure dans les bars de vos p'tit ville
Y a vendu son future pour le moment
Ca vie est une contradiction entre la drug et la raison
Et dans ses ennuits perd son ch'min souvent

Et comme la terre elle vire pour le mieux et pour le pire
Vieillir pour lui dit rien y s'calice pas
Du bercage de son berceau au roulement du corbillard
Y aimait ca monter l'echelle just pour tomber

Paul Henry Dallaire
Paul Henry Pub. SOCAN

Paul Henry Dallaire

Le Cowboy Du Quebec

J'ai dix piastres dans mes poches
Et mon char est plein d'gaz
Et tous va bien dans ma vie
Dans mon habit du dimanche
et la belle lune qui est blanche
Ce soir j'vais danser c'est samedi

Je suis le cowboy du Quebec
Je chants des chansons que j'ai faite
Avec une Ange pour ma blonde
Ma guitar et mon mondes
Je suis le cowboy du quebec

Mon vieux char usage
Et comme i'll brille mes souliers
Parraille comme une vieille peau d'chien
Avec une belle coupe de ch'veux
Et un bon rasoir neuf
Ce soir j'vait d'i proposer

Paul Henry Dallaire

Les Bars Sont Ferme

Les Bars Sont Ferme

Les bars sont ferme et les femme i'll s'en alle
I'll n a personne personne dans la rue
qu'elle que esprits sont en panne a la garre
Pas d'place pour aller mais aux lit pour s'coucher

Refrain:

Mon Dieu regarde a ton semblable
Et tu fiere de ton coup mon ami
L'train qui m'embarque avec ma guitare
Mais tu la donne pour une chanson
Et moi bien je suis loin d'chez nous

L'aurore du matin comme une belle blonde qui m'enbrasse
Fait reflection dans mon verre de whisky
Pierro s'en dort car sa chandelle est morte
Et la lune danse pour ti Paul qui s'ennuit

Paul Henry Dallaire
Paul Henry Pub. SOCAN

Paul Henry Dallaire

'Lord Lord Lord' / I'M Lookin For A Love

I'm lookin for a love a love of my own

Lord Lord Lord

Someone who will cherish the vows that we make

Lord Lord Lord

Now Lord a won't you listen cause i'm talkin to you

please send me someone that can be true

Someone who will never make a me blue

Lord Lord Lord

Won't you send me a Mademoiselle as sweet as can be

let her find love in only me

I will make her happy just as long as can be

Lord Lord Lord

Some people pray for money fortune and fame

but I just want somebody who'll share my name

Lord Lord Lord

Words / Music

Paul Henry Dallaire

Paul Henry Pub.

: ASCAP

Paul Henry Dallaire

Lorraine

Lorraine

Les années s'écoulent lentement Lorraine
La gelée est où les fleurs poussent
Le soleil s'écoule tard sa mer Lorraine
La neige pousse sur les branches en fait

L'orchestre sonne sonore et loin Lorraine
Les beaux sons du bonheur laissent la journée
Les violons jouent tristes ce soir Lorraine
Dans l'temps d'un père il jouait si fort et gai

Je ne sens plus le froid Lorraine
Je sens que la noirceur va m'emporter
On va chanter nos chansons Lorraine
Tu vas d'être dans mes bras enfin

Parole et musique
Paul Henry Dallaire
Paul Henry Pub.
SOCAN

Paul Henry Dallaire

Lucie Ma Belle

Please recognize my new up to date website has a french side to promote my french songs.

Lucie Ma belle

A tu vue Lucie ma belle
C'était d'or en bars pour moi j'veous dit
Mais elle ma quitter pour une autre place
Elle ne m'aime plus et ses fini

Ci j'pourrait d'etre une hirondelle
Dans le ciel je vollerait
Comme les oiseaux en haut qui pleure
J'pense a elle et j'va brailler

A tu vue Lucie ma belle
Ci ta rencontre dit lui que je l'aime donc
Elle ma condamne sans une priere
Meprise contre moi sa fait mal elle mahi

Et quand le soir couvre les montagnes
Et quand le calme de la nuit se fait sentir
Je descendrer avec les hombrages
Et dans le fond de la riviere j'va m'endormir

Dit moi Monsieur
A tu vue Lucie ma belle

Paul Henry Dallaire

Ma P'Tit Ville De Pubnico (Le Retour)

Ma p'tit ville a Pubnico/Nouvelle Ecosse

Sur le bord de l'Atlantique dans l'Est du Canada
Il y a une place que je n'oublierai pas
Sur les rives de l'Acadie la p'tit ville de Pubnico
ou q'les vents d'la mer crient si fort l'hiver quand j'y pense j'ai des frissons

Les annees de mon enfance Ah! ca c'etait quel'que chose
Il y a une fille dans chaque histoire et dans la mienne un autre
mais elle ma brise l'coeur si souvent q'ca fait mal encore
et c'est pour ca que j'ai quitte la p'tit ville de Pubnico

Refrain:

Ou q'les Habitants travaillent la terre les pecheurs pechent la mer
Il y a du monde dans ce village 'that mean the world to me'
Et si l'Bon Dieu m'donnerait l'pouvoir de changer l'temps passe
je routournerai a Pubnico a r'prendre quoi j'ai laisser

Parlez:

Je manque de voir les p'tit bateaux qui glisse sur la mer
et plus q'ca j'manque ma charmante Natalie avec ses belle grande tresse noir
Un echo m'enporte la plainte des Acadiens deportee en Louisianne
La Nouvelle Ecosse est ma place natale et le Canada c'est mon pays

Refrain:

Ou q'les Fermiers travaillent la terre les pecheurs pechent la mer
Il y a du monde dans la Province that mean the world to me
Et si l'Bon Dieu m'donnerait l'pouvoir de changer l'temps passe
je retournerai a Pubnico a r'prendre quoi j'ai laisser

Paroles & Musique

Paul Henry Dallaire

Paul Henry Pub.

: ASCAP

Paul Henry Dallaire

Mon Pate Chinois

Mon Pate Chinois

Laisse moye manger mon pate chinois
P'tit fille ta robe j'voix aux travers
Tu est si mignone et tu est si bonne
Mai tu pense tout a l'anvers

J'te dit Q'll'amour s'pas une bebelle
Et tu comprend qu'e'lle maime plus
C; est 'tune automne qui passe dans vie
Et comme un arbre on reste nu

J'te dit q'a mon age tu m'aurait pas
Parce q'tasser vieux pour etre ton pere
Ton grand pere peu t'etre as tu est si jeune
Et je ne t'oubliurai jamais

Quand j'arive de mon voyage sur la route
Sa dort sa dort elle dort tout l'temps
Elle vie une vie tres embicieuse
Mais mes p'tit chien i'll m'aime quand meme
(Pas fini)

Parolles et Musique
Paul Henry Dallaire
Paul Henry Pub
SOCAN

Paul Henry Dallaire

My Good Old Car

I wrote this song in the dirty eighties when the price of gas had doubled and the rents were going sky high. The price of food had gone up terribly and the government didn't know what to do about it so they got Judy Erola Minister of Foreign Affairs to fool the people by bringing the metric system from France to Canada and that way people couldn't read the the prices at the pump cause it went from gallons to litres and their grocery weights were now in metric and not by the pound.

And it worked (but they didn't fool me) the people of Canada who are a passive bunch took it on the chin and slept all the way through it and paid through the nose.

The Tommy Hunter Show was Canadian country music show and they weren't about to get me the opportunity to appear on it. I was pissed off.

This song started off when they had towed my little sports car from a restaurant parking lot. Especially when the parking lot was almost empty. You can hear the song at

My Good Old Car

I can hear the north wind howlin
As I watch T.V. in black and white tonite
News cried out of war in the Falkland Island
But my own war's with the landlord who raised the rent a second time

The bailif downed a barn yard door this mornin
And hauled a John Deere to the auction yard
No more wheat for home made bread and cookies
Now the combine's gone his farmers pride's no more

Chorus:

And my good old car has gone to heaven
Mc kekan ran my carburator dry
And Mcguigan's army the little green hornets
Got it towed away now I'm thumbin for a ride

Verse:

I shuffled into town to do the groceries
But my old school didn't teach us metric weights
We'll sing the blues for Judy don't you know it
If our country's built on two inch nails the courthouse can't be straight

Now I believe in a good ol fashioned love song
With a different beat their story is the same
The lights of love don't shine so bright in Kingston (Prison)
Like the soup line don't compare to t-bone steak

We" tonite I'll leave the hills of Calabogie
Leave my wife and kids for big town Toronto
And tell the C.B.C. that I'm from Nashville
And sell my soul to Tennessee on the Tommy Hunter Show

Now you can sing the folks songs of our country
'bout the dark clouds of the south and acid rain
But when that flash of light comes have a bunker
And tell big brother the U.S.A. to keep the change

Chorus: End. Fini.

Paul Henry Dallaire
Paul Henry Pub. SOCAN

Paul Henry Dallaire

Nine Eleven

Here's a Johnny Cash tune called San Quentin that I transposed a little and I think he'd agree with me in any case

Nine eleven you've been livin hell to me
You've tormented me since two thousand two and three
You've tortured me just to see me cry
At Abu Grabe you striped me of my pride

Nine eleven I hate every inch of you
You've cut me and you scared me through and through
You're machines of war are rollin throught the land
Making money for the rich Americans

Nine eleven what good do you think you do
Control the world just to protect a few
You bent my heart and mind and warped my soul
Your Israeli wall turn my blood a little cold

Nine eleven may you rot in burning hell
For your twisted lies you'll pay the bible tells
History is never kind to men who cheat
George Bush and Stephen Harper will be meat
Nine eleven I hate every inch iof you

Paul Henry Dallaire

Ode To Timmins And South Porcupine Song

There a place East of Sault where I go
On highway eleven North of Toronto
Near the Xtrata Kidd Creek copper mine
It's the city of Timmins and South Porcupine

There's the Hollinger mine and the Shania Twain Center
So proud of whose bed have your boots been under
And Les Costello the Flyin Father and Schumacher town
It's the place where Frank and Peter Mahovlich were born

Chorus:

In summer the farmers rise early at dawn
Their hands tell a story of Ancestors gone
They'll feed this great Nation with tractors and hoes
At the ol Mountjoy market their produce are sold

Verse:

When I was a boy we'd play cowboys and Indians
With my trusty dog Ginger by old Feldman's mill
Roy Rogers and the Rocket man they were my heroes
At a nickel for popcorn and two bits for the show

There's the one forty four goes South to Sudbury
On the way there's Gogama Indian territory
And were next of kin to the great Trans Canada Highway
You go West to Alberta and East P.E.I.

Chorus: End.

Words & Music

Paul Henry Dallaire

Paul Henry Pub.

SOCAN

Paul Henry Dallaire

On Top Of Stoney Mountain

On top Of Stoney Mountain

On top of stoney mountain
Is a wall of brick and stone
A place where all the unfit go
To spend some time alone

What is right and what is wrong
Can you dear sir tell me
Answer me not Shakespearean
'To be or not to be'

Society has labelled me
Since the that I was born
A reject unable to concentrate
Beaten to the bone

My life has been but a bind
Between the poor and middle class
Too rich to beg upon the street
And too poor to give at mass

Now when I die you'll wonder why
I smile so readily
For in that box of velvet
I will rest eternally

And when I rise to glory
I will come back eventually
To haunt damn old society
Cause I wasn't guilty period.

Paul Henry Dallaire
Paul Henry

Paul Henry Dallaire

Oscar And Reeva Were Lovers

Oscar and Reeva were lovers
and Lordy how they could love
Oscar was a real Blade Runner
and Reeva was his live in doll
But he shot her dead
and now she lives no more

Oscar crawled out of the bedroom
during the night so t'is said
Boom boom boom shot Reeva
right thru that bathroom door
Providence just wasn't on their side

Now the moral of this story
is if you do wrong they'll lock you in jail
And if you ain't got bail money
they'll throw away the key
Your gonna rot in the can
and justice how it is

Words/Traditional music
Paul Henry Dallaire
Paul Henry Pub.

: ASCAP

Paul Henry Dallaire

Parking Lot Gringo

Last year June 2007 I left Ottawa and travelled in my Motor home through Quebec and Ontario. I found many resemblances in the places where I went and experienced a little bit of nostalgia in Cornwall Ontario and Chicoutimi Quebec. I mean every town looks the same and there's no better place to be in the summer than Canada.

Parking lot Gringo

I gave my notice at the place where I live
Gotta be something better than living like this
So I said good-bye to the life I once knew
With an old camper truck and new how do you do's

Now I'm heading out to the big rodeo
Where my backyard's the world and my windshield the road
With my old Martin guitar and a few dollar bills
A new take on my pension gives me a new thrill

Chorus:

I'm a parking lot gringo I live where I'm at
If I don't like my neighbors I just step on the gas
A gypsy they say cause I don't fit in
I keep my nose to the grinder and my back to the wind

Verse;

No rent and no hydro no phone bills to pay
Good-bye to the mice I said 'have a nice day'
Then gave my adieus to the girls at Tim Hortons
Don't cry for me I'm just a stone that's a rollin

I'm a modern day Hobo in a boxcar with class
My wheels are all rubber don't need railroad tracks
My outhouse is inside and it's great I love beans
I got propane to heat me and it's lovin machine

Now I'm the Pied Piper conducting the band
The lamplighter to light the night in the land
My credentials are countless and you oughta know
I'm a long list of hobos and kings of the road

Now the North snow blows cold and soon it will snow
Gotta head out to Florida and get this show on the road
But one thing's for certain when I get to where I'm at
i'll find me a spot where me 'n my old truck can squat

Paul Henry Dallaire
Paul Henry Pub.
SOCAN

U.S. Rep: ASCAP

Paul Henry Dallaire

Pickin Neath The Marilyn Monroe Moon

I wrote this song one night when I came home a little drunk to say the least. The original title was (Marilyn Monroe Moon) The television was on and an American war movie was playing and way overdramatizing the story. for some reason I hated actors that night as I hung around with a few of them where we would take in a bar or two on the Quebec side of Ottawa Ontario Canada.

I think most of them are lazy and full of shit and in real life we put too much emphasis on what they say and especially their friggin politics and so on...Bla bla bla... Oh, did I forget to mention I was recently seperated from my wife and in the middle of a breakdown Mmmm.

Pickin neath the Marilyn Monroe moon

Last night when I scrambled home neath the moonlight
Down the hall through the walls a new born baby cried
The sirens outside make me wish to be sober
For I feel a new song buildin deep in my heart

Marilyn Monroe moon shines bright through my window
I turn off the T.V. and I turn out the light
She knows my love has gone to another
Cry me a river you cool summer rain

Dinosaur people sing about love
Karaoke cowboy got a notch on his gun
How men dance alone to the beat of the drummer
It's a new do si do and it's Saturday night (Hee Haw)

Chorus:

Sing me a song of my beautiful brown eyes
The one that I lost to the Tennessee Waltz
America bleeds for that chuckwagon cowboy
Pickin his guitar neath the Marilyn Monroe moon

Verse:

Goddamn the pushman Lord I've had enough
Script call for actors who lie like rug
Cop killers hijackers make people cry

Like the sound of a train whistle moanin goodbye

So by the light of the moon this song I did write
Cause I've been riding shotgun since the year of fifty five
Outside lookin is the story of my life
Newfoundland screech makes it all feel alright (Strong booze)

Chorus:

Sing me a song of my beautiful brown eyes
The one that I lost to the Tennessee Waltz
America bleeds for that chuckwagon cowboy
Pickin his guitar neath the Marilyn Monroe moon

Original Chorus; 1st 2 lines:

Sing me a song of my silver haired mother
Strawberries for breakfast and ice-cream in June)
America bleeds for that chuckwagon cowboy
Pickin his guitar neath the Marilyn Monroe moon

Words & Music

Paul Henry Dallaire
Paul Henry Pub.
SOCAN

Paul Henry Dallaire

Princess Maggie Of Kamiskotia

This lady was born at Nighthawk center a little east of Timmins On Canada. I remember my father telling me that she could skin a beaver faster than you could smoke a cigarette.

She was a leader in the sufra jet movement for womans equality rights and she didn't even know it. She was a big name around here but somehow or rather the hometown seemed to have forgotten she ever existed, they even tore her shack down.

It's a shame shame double shame that I can't even find a trace of her in the local graveyard. She married a frenchman by the name of Bill Leclair from Kamiskotia so her full married name was Princess Maggie Buffalo Leclair.

Her father was a full blooded Chipewa Indian.

I guess all that remains is this song I wrote for her.

She liked a little taste of whiskey every once in a while and was very hospitable for woods people who ventured in the area as she live in a cabin which also has been torn apart and nothing remains of that.

She buried a husband and two children on Kamiakotia island.

There was naught but rocks and forests
In our little country town
And that hard rock gold miner
Worked the earth deep underground

Maggie was hard yet gentle
And the will and strength she showed
That she could not be beaten down
By the rain 'n sleet and snow

Besides Kamiskotia mountain
She'd stopped and rest awhile
And drink tea from a cup of birch
For she had walked many weary miles

Over the fields of wheat and corn
She'd sight a flock of Geese
Flyin in military form
So high so wild so free

She represented her culture well
For a proud woman was she
Like Chief Dan George the Indian
She'll go down in history

The springtime sun has melted
All around as you can see
Except that packed down snow shoe trail
Left by Maggie and me

This verse to be sung:

The years have been so many since the day you were my bride
To-day the snow fall Maggie covering all the country side
Very soon eternal spring will bring back the honey bees
And the water of the river will dance for you and me

Just a simple song for Maggie
My life my dream come true
Indian blood flows in her veins
And she speaks the parlez vous

Verse:

We've trekked across this country
In the rain through woodland green
Watches the Northern Lights at midnight
When the clouds have blown away

And when the night time brought us home
Sleeping neath the jackpine tree
We'd bathe our feet in the morning dew
Just you Maggie and me

Now the great of spirits
Have taken her away
May the ghost of Maggie roam these valleys
In Canada's great domain

And when her search is over
May she find not ill remains
Of a land that once was Indian
And is the white man still to blame

She's Gone

I see her smillin face on the streets and everywhere
If the phone should ring I'll get it just hopin she'll be there
This motel that I'm a crashin ain't no Holiday Inn
It's a hell of a place and a mess that I'm in
But She's gone yea she's gone

I've read some books on see the lights and how to live alone
It's crazy at the laundrymat as my white shirts turn to brown
At night I pace the floor and cry and howl at the moon
In the mornin I wake realizing she ain't you
But she's gone yea she's gone

I called a Blueline Taxi for to go to Montreal
To see some friends and family for a home cooked meal that's all
The grey haired cabby prophesized that live is like a song
If you don't like the chorus just change the words around
But she's gone yea she's gone

Narration:

Now mothers help your daughters father lead your sons
Teach them well in their convictions and they never will go wrong

Repeat: Chorus

I see her smillin face on the streets..... End

Paul Henry Dallaire

Paul Henry Pub.

SOCAN

Paul Henry Dallaire

Star Studded Blue Rodeo (The Hank Snow Song)

This is a song poem about Hank Snow The Singing Ranger a Canadian icon country singer and song writer from Nova Scotia known throughout the world. He gave Hal Willis and Ginger their first break when he booked them to tour with Elvis Presley. 'I Don't Hurt Anymore: ' Mmmm.

Blue Rodeo
(The Hank Snow song)

There's a man a legend I know a poet and writer of songs
Born in Brooklyn Nova Scotia a true blue canadian boy
He sang of love's lost hi-ways his big hit was called 'Movin On'
It's Hank Snow the Singing Ranger Liverpool's own pride and joy

Chorus:

Now there must be a place up in heaven
Where the sidewalks are all paved with gold
Boxcars and old silver engines
Where pickers and gone cowboys go

Where there's rhinestones and a stage like the opry
And the northern lights light up the show
To see Hank sing in God's choir
In a star studded blue rodeo

Verse:

Now Hank and his Rainbow Ranch Boys
Picked his flat-top like nobody could
He captured the heart of the American Dream
And yes sir he's been everywhere

Now each time I sing and play my guitar
And delightfully so for the crowd
I'll belt out my 'Old Nova Scotia Home'
And somehow I can see Hank standin beside me
Pickin and a grinnin just singing along

Chorus:

Now there must be a place up in heaven

Where the sidewalks are all paved with gold
Boxcars and old silver engines
Where pickers and gone cowboys go

Where there's rhinestones and a stage like the opry
And the Northern Lights light up the show
To see Hank sing in God's choir
In a star studded blue rodeo

Words and Music
Paul Henry Dallaire
Paul Henry Pub.
SOCAN

Paul Henry Dallaire

Stop Your Bitchin

live a good life
grieve as you must
Bury your dead
and shut up

Paul Henry Dallaire

The Great Britain Waltz

Now once upon a time in an old country
Far away in a place called Paris France
Where August ninety seven is remembered
Of a crash that left the world in a trance

Lady Di on her way home from a party
With her prince in his mercedez benz
When just passed midnight it turned into a pumpkin
It's the story of a fairy tale end

Chorus;
Now dance to the great britain waltz
Twirl around in your fine satin dress
But don't two step to close to the crevice
Cause if you do you'll fall over the edge

And when you fall you fly to a wonderland
To an everlasting sleep among the dead
Where princes and frogs have no power
To kiss you awake from the spell

Verse:
Now in the real world of speed and super hiways
Where flesh colides with concrete and steel
And if your dancin with the devil in the fast lane
The joker's wild he'll sweep you off your feet

Now you can change the words of an old song
Re-arrange the words for somebody new
Candle in the wind they say an old flame
That can't hold a candle to you

Words and Music
Paul Henry Dallaire
Paul Henry Pub.
SOCAN

The Legend Of Tommy Jack

I remember him even tho I was young and the stories went around in those days how he got ripped off by another prospector by the name of George (Jamie) Jamieson.

I wrote this song just to set the record straight. Tommy could'nt read or write and was a simple man. Some people say that this wasn't the case but according to my facts it did. That's my story and I'm stickin to it.

Again I could't find a trace of him in the local Timmins cemetery and yet his face is advertized around town. (Shame on you Timmins)

There was a great picture of him at the Empire Hotel in Timmins but someone stole it and it never turned up again. It probably is hanging on someone's wall. Since the last time, I spoke to someone who may have the picture.

The tune's chorus is 'Little Brown Jug'

The Legend Of Tommy Jack
(The missing painting)

In an old log shack roof tarred in black
Lived ol Tommy Jack with a packsack back
But he ain't comin back no he ain't comin back
And that's the legend of Ol Tom Jack

He searched for gold found copper instead
Sold his claims to Jamie t'is said
Price of copper d'gone up but he didn't know
But Jamie did and stole the whole damn showin

In Timmins town he's walk about
Brushin flies but there were none around
In the heat of summer he's dress real fine
In winter undies from the old mine site

Now some folks say they knew him well
While smokin his pipe stories he'd tell
The other day I saw him downtown
Buyin a tent for the old campground

Now at the Empire Hotel there hung a picture

Of he himself Tommy Jack great prospector
Moustache and all in unshaven grandeur
Could have been rich had he known better

Now on the wall where hung that picture
There's a faded outline there as a reminder
Now whoever stole that goldarn fixture
Will be sought in hell forever after

Paul Henry Dallaire
Paul Henry. Pub SOCAN

Paul Henry Dallaire

The Other Way Christian Soldier

Let's go the other way get on your knees and pray
If you want some love not a bullet in your heart
Give your troubles to the Lord cause he's one you can afford
Melt your cannonballs of fire and throw away your gun

If you meet some lonely soul who on this earth can't reach his goal
Lift him up pick him up and walk the mystic trail
Be a shepherd of good hope it's the devil's anti-dote
And take your hat off when you walk by id's church

Chorus:

Now it came to past two thousand years
The scriptures read the word
The leader of the pact the guy is comin back
Christian soldier

Nostradamus wrote the line in these years of modern times
A frightening king will come to rule the world
So for the sake of Jesus Christ be ready for the fight
Make your body lean and feed your hungry soul

Now dance to the Devil's reel for it echoes out of tune
with global warming slowly creepin in
A new world order cries Trump missiles on the fly
Tonite the moon is blood and there's no place to hide

Paul Henry Dallaire

The Ottawa Valley Song

Fort Coulonge is about fifty miles west of Ottawa Ontario the Capital City of Canada and I guess you could say Mac Beattie and his band The Ottawa Valley Melodiers was a country music legend here in the Ottawa valley area and I still is.

Have you ever been where the Coulonge River flows
Timbers a fallin and the whistlin wind blows
Lumberjacks drive the river keepin logs on the go
To make pulp into paper must roll

When springtime comes home with a glory for all
A festive of tulips and the Rideau Canal
The call of Quebec is luring me back
To the town of Old Chelsea where grandpa was born

Chorus:

In summer the farmers rise early at dawn
Their hands tell a story of ancestors gone
They'll feed this great nation with tractors and hoes
At the old byward market their produce are sold

Now autumn is a beauty in the Gatineau Hills
Speckled trout fishing by the old sugar mills
Get your quota of partridge in the bush their galore
And the flies don't bite hard when there's a breeze in Arnprior

There's Luskville and Aylmer Buckingham and Wakefied
West down to Pembroke and up north maniwaki
And the road to Masham is a haven to me
And God bless Mack Beattie and the renfrew Valley

Chorus:

In summer the farmers rise early at dawn
Their hands tell a story of ancestors gone
They'll feed this great nation with tractors and hoes
At the old Byward Market their produce are sold

Paul Henry Dallaire
Paul Henry Pub. SOCAN

Paul Henry Dallaire

The Widow's Walk/Land Across The Sea

Lord I'm blind in this world of darkness
need your soft and gentle hand to lead me on
On my knees I beg for tender kindness
be my compass on the sea and take me home

Chorus:

Lead my boat take me home to that land across the sea
let me anchor my ship to the port where you will be
Lead my boat take me home to that land across the sea
on the sands of time on the shores of Galilee

Verse:

I can't see the stars to guide me master
for I'm lost in the fog and all alone
The rain is heavy on my shoulders
and my ship is sinking low and I will drown

Talk:

The storm has passed and somehow I see a light shining bright in a little bay
window
and inside the house a woman glares towards the sea
Tho I am here on a full moonlight I leave no shadows
my woman walks the Widow's walk and weeps for me

Chorus and end.

Words/Music

Paul Henry Dallaire

Paul Henry Dallaire

There's A Rat Toot Toot In The Casket/The Embalmer's Lament Song

Mrs. Sigmund was a grand old Lady
she died in her sleep one night
So we layed her out in her best attire
and in the parlor dimmed the light

When the next morning all hell broke loose
when little John went about his rounds
Something had paid Mrs. Sigmund a call
and a corpse without a nose he found

Chorus:

There's Rat toot toot in the casket
how he got there no one knows
He must live downstairs in the cellar
and through the building where he roams

Up and down the funeral walls
where the dead are to re-pose
He's pest that Rat we gotta kill him
cause he ate nd's nose

Now my job as a Trade Embalmer
is to do my very best
So I restored Mrs. Sigmund's nose
in this room of holiness

And with a two by four he hit it
and I believe it took three whacks
He had made his home in the casket
and that's how we killed that dirty Rat

Now the moral to this story
is to know that when you die
Funeral homes charge way too much
and it's cheaper just to fry

And now Mrs. Sigmund

looking like the Queen of the ball
A free funeral with Pall bearers in style
with a hearse new nose and all

when little John went about his rounds
Something had paid Mrs. Sigmund a call
and a corpse without a nose he found

Chorus:

There's a Rat toot toot in the casket
how he got there no one knows
He must live downstairs in the cellar
and through the building is where he roams

Up and down the funeral walls
where the dead are to repose
he's a pest that Rat we gotta kill him
cause he ate Mrs. Sigmund's nose

Now my job as a Trade Embalmer
is to do your very best
so I restored Mrs. Sigmund's nose
in this room of Holiness

And with a two by four he hit
and I believe it took three whacks
he had made his home in the casket
and that's how we killed that dirty Rat

Now if there's a moral to this story
is to be prudent when you die
Cause Funeral Homes charge way too much
and it's cheaper just to fry

And Mrs. Sigmund
looking like the Queen of the ball
a free funeral and Pallbearers in style
with a hearse new nose and all

A true story by:

Paul Henry Dallaire

Paul Henry Dallaire

Un Gars Appelé Suzette

MON PERE A PARTIE QUAND J'ETAIS TOUT JEUNE
MA MÈRE PIS MOYÉ ON ÉTAIT BIEN EN PEINE
LA SEUL AFFAIR QUI NOUS A LAISSER
S'T'UNE VIELLE GUITARE ET UNE BOUTEILLE DE VIN VIDE

JE L'BLAME PAS PARCE QU'Y'A ÉTÉ'S'CACHER
MAIS LA PIRE AFFAIRE QUI AURAIT PU M'DONNER
C'EST QUAND QUI A PRIT'A PORTE Y M'A APPELÉ SUZETTE

Y PENSSA PEU-ETRE QUE C'TAS PAS MAL DROLE
S'TA RIDICULE MAIS S'TAS PAS D'MA FAUTE
J'AI PASSÉ MA VIE A M'BATTRE TOUT L'TEMPS TOUJOURS

UNE FILLE RIAIT D'MOYÉ ET MA FACE V'NA ROUGE
UN GARS M'AGACAIT ET J'Y TORDAIT L'COU
LA VIE EST PAS SIMPLE POUR UN GARS APPELÉ SUZETTE

J'AI GRANDI VITE ET J'AI V'NU FÉROCE
AVEC MES POIGNS DURE COMME D'LA ROCHE
D'VILLE EN VILLE J'COURRAIS POUR CACHER MA HONTE

J'MEI FAITE UNE PROMESSE AVEC LES ETOILES
DE CHERCHÉ LES BARS ET LES HOTELS
ET TUER L'HOMME QUI MA DONNÉ S'NOM LA

C'ETAIT MONTREAL DANS L'MOIS D'JUILLET
Y FESSAIT CHAUD ET J'AVAIS SOIF
POUR UNE BONNE BIÈRE MOLSON CANADIENNE

DANS UNE VIEILLE TAVERNE DANS UNE RUE D'BOUE
ASSIE A UNE TABLE AU CARTE QUI JOUENT
C'TA LUI L'TABARNAK (BEEP) QUI MA APPELÉ SUZETTE

JAI R'CONNU LA FACE DE MON BON PÈRE
D'UNE VIEILLE PHOTO QUI GARDAIT MA MÈRE
Y AVAIT UNE CICATRICE SA JOUE ET UN OEIL QUI LOUCHE

Y ETAIT GROS ET GRAND L'DOS COURBÉ ET LES CH'VEUX BLANC
J'UI EST DIT MON NOM EST SUZETTE

COMMENT CA VA LA TU VA MOURIR

J'Y AI FOURRÉ UN COUP D'POIGN Y A TOMBER SU'L DOS
I'LL MA SURPRIT AVEC UN COUTEAU
ET MA TRANCHÉ UNE PARTIE DE MON OREILLES

LA J'Y AI CASSÉ UNE CHAISE SU'L TOP LA TÊTE
A TRAVERS LA VITE COMME DEUX BÊTES
R'VOLANT DANS RUE S'ROULANT DANS BOUETTE LA BIÈRE ET L'SANG

LA J'VOU DIT DES FRICASSES COMME ÇA J'EN N'AI EU SOUVENT
MAIS JE M'EN RAPPELLE PAS QUAND
Y ETAIT FORT COMME UN OURS ET MORDAIT COMME UN CROCODILE

Y C'EST L'EVELE D'BOUT ET EN SOURIENT
ET J'AI VU QUI Y MANQUAIT 'N DENTS
Y DIT FISTON J'AI D'QUOI A T'DIRE ECOUTE MOYE

MON FILS LE MONDE EST CROCHE ET FAUT D'ETRE FORT
POUR PASSER A TRAVERS CETTE VIE D'ACORD
ET MOI CH'TA PAS LA POUR AIDER A MON GARÇON

CA FAIT QUE CH'TAI DONNÉ S'NOM LA ET J'AI DIT BYE BYE
TU VA SURVIVE OR YOU'R GONNA DIE
ET C'EST NOM LA QUI A MIS D'LA MINE DANS TON CRAYON

ET LA TU VIEN D'GAGNER UNE GRAND BATAILLE
ET CH SAIT Q'TU AIS ET CH'TE BLAME PAS
DE M'FINIR CAR C'EST TON DROIT

MAIS TU DEVRAIT M'REMERCIER AVANT TU M'TUE
POUR TON QUOI Q'TA DANS TÊTE TU LA PAS DANS L'CVL
ET PARDONNE MOI T'AVOIR DONNÉ'S NOM LÀ

QUOI VEUX TU QUE J'FASSE
Y MA APPELÉ SON FILS ET J'L'AI APPELÉ MON PÈRE
ET J'AI PARTI AVEC UN AUTRE POINT DE VU

ET J'PENSE À CA DE TEMPS EN TEMPS
A TOUTES LES FOIS QUE J'GAGNE QUAND J'ME BAT
ET CI JAMAIS J'AURAI UN P'TIT GARÇON
JE L'APPELLERA DAVID WILLY

N'IMPORTE QUOI MES PAS SUZETTE

PAROLES ET MUSIQUE
PAUL HENRY DALLAIRE
PAUL HENRY PUB.
SOCAN

U.S. REP: ASCAP

C'EST QUAND Y A PARTI Y MA APPELEZ SUZETTE

Y PENSSAIT PEU-ETRE QUE C'ETAI PAS MAL DROLE
C'TA PEU T'ETE RIDICULE MAIS S'TA PAS D'MA FAUTE
J'AI PASSE MA VIE A M'BATTRE TOUT L'TEMPS TOUJOURS

UNE FILLE RIAIT ET MA FACE V'NA ROUGE
UN GARS M'AGACAIT ET J'Y TORDAIT L'COUP
LA VIE EST PAS DROLE POUR UN GARS APPELEZ SUZETTE

J'AI GRANDI VITE ET J'AI V'NU FEROCÉ
AVEC MES POIBGS DURE COMME D'DA ROCHE
DE VILLE EN VILLE J'COURRAIT POUR CACHE MA HONTE

J'MAIS FAITE UNE PROMESSE AVEC LES ETOILES
DE CHERCHE DANS LES BARS ET HOTELS
POUR TUE L'GARS QUI MA DONNE S'NOM LA

C'ETAIT MONTREAL DANS L'MOIS D'JUILLET

Y FESSAIT CHAU ET J'AVAIS SOIF
POUR UNE BONNE BIÈRE MOLSON CANADIENNE

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ASS IA UNE TABLE AU CARTE QUI JOUENT
C'ETAIT L'TABARNAK(BEEP)QUI MA APPELEZ SUZETTE

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D'UNE VIEILLE PHOTO QUI AVAIT MA MERE
Y AVAIT UNE CICATRICE SA JOUE ET UN OEIL QUI LOUCHE

Y ETAIT GROS ET GRAND L'DOS COURBE ET LES CH'VEUX BLANC
EN 'L'REGARDENT MON SANG V'NU FROID
JE LUI EST DIE MON NOM EST SUZETTE COMMENT SA VA

J'Y EST FOUREE UN COUP D'POINGS Y A TOMBE SU'L DOS
I'LL MA SURPRIT AVEC UN COUTEAU
OU Y MA TRANCHE UNE PARTIE DO MON OREILLE

LA J'Y CASSE UNE CHAISE A SU'L CROWN D'LA TETE
A TRAVERS LA VITE DANS LA RUE COME DEUX BETE
ON S'ROULLAIT DANS BOUETTE LA BIÈRE ET SANG

LA J'VOUS DIT QUE J'MES BATTU SOUVENT
MAIS JE MEN RAPPEL PAS QUAND
Y ETAIT FORT COMME UN OURS ET MORDENT COMME UN CROCODILE

LA RENDU D'BOUT Y SACRENT ET EN SOURIENT
YA ETE POUR SON FUSILS MAIS J'TA PLUS VITE QUE LUI
ET I'LL DIT

MON FILS LE VIE EST DURE ET FAUT D'ETRE FORT
ET MOI CH'TA PAS LA POUR T'AIDER D'ACCORD

CA FAIT Q'CH'TES DONNE S'NOM LA ET J'AI DIT BYE BYE
Y VA SURVIE OR YOUR GONNA DIE
ET C'EST C'NOM LA QUI MIS D'LA MINE DANS TON CRAYON

LA TU VIEN D'GANE UNE GRANDE BATAILLE
ET CH'SAI TU MAHI ET J'TE BLAME PAS

PAUL HENRY DALLAIRE;

C'EST QUAND QUI A PARTIE Y MA APPELEZ SUZETTE

Y PENSSA PEU-ETRE QUE C'ETAIT DROLE
Y A BEAUCOUPS D'MONDE QUI RIAIT MAIS S'TA PAS D'MA FAUTE
J'AI PASSE MA VIE A 'M BATTRE TOUT L' TEMPS TOUJOURS

YNE FIE RIAIT ET MA FACE V'NA ROUGE
UN GARS M'AGACAIT ET J'Y TORDAIT L'COUP
LA PAS DROLE POUR UN GARS APPELEZ SUZETTE

J'AI GRANDI VITE ET J'AI V'NU FEROCÉ
AVEC MES POINGS DURE COMME D'LA ROCHE
D'VILLE EN VILLE J'COURRAIT POUR CACHE MA HONTE

J'MAI FAITE UNE PROMESSE AVEC LES ETOILES
DE CHERCHE DANS LES BARS ET HOTEL
ET TUE L'GARS QUI MA DONNE S'NOM LA

CETAIT MONTREAL DANS LE MOIS D'JUILLET
Y FESSAIT CHAUD ET J'COMMECAIT AVOIR SOIF
POUR UNE BONNE BIERE MOLSON CANADIENNE

DAND UNE VIEILLE TAVERNE DANS 'UNE RUE D'BOUE
ASSIE A UNE TABLE AU CARTE QUI JOUE
C'ETAIT L'TABARNAK (BEEP)QUI MA APPELEZ SUZETTE

J'AI R'CONNU SA FACE DE MON BON PERE
D'UNE VIEILLE PHOTO QUI GARDAIT MA MERE
Y AVAIT UNE CICATRICE SA JOUE ET UN OEIL LOUCHENT

Y ETAIT GROS ET GRAND LE DOS COURBE ET LES CH'VEUX BLANC
ET EN L'REGARDENT MON SANG A V'NU FROID
j'UI AI DIT MON NOM EST SUZETTE COMMENT CA VA

Paul Henry Dallaire

Warm Vancouver Rains

Oh carry me to California
It's my farewell and time to move along
I fell in love with Old Vancouver
Someday she'll reach for me and I'll be gone

When the liquors good down goes the whiskey
The only way I know to mend this cowboy's pride
So freight train blow your lonesome whistle
And sing for me that Hobo Bills Last Ride

Chorus:

And Lord Oh how I miss the girl from London
And how I miss those kisses I love best
The taste of wine that night and her affection
Haunt me taunt me in these warm Vancouver rains

Narrate:

You know it's hard sometimes for a man to face the truth
about how he manhandled yesterday where he's at right now
and where he's headed tomorrow
If only I'd a listened an little more perhaps she'd
still be with me now

We'll I guess come next summer I'll hock this old guitar of mine,
for a train ticket home, get me a job in the mines, save my money
and buy myself and brand new pick up truck
who knows she may take this old guitar picker back
In the meantime well it's another town a different girl
and the same old song

Chorus: End.

Paul Henry Dallaire

Where The Mattagami Flows

This is the original:

It's the City of Timmins Where The Mattagami Flows

There's a place East of Sault St. Marie where I go
On hi-way eleven North of Toronto
Just past Texas Gulf's Kidd Creek Copper mine
It's the City of Timmins and South Porcupine

Go ski on the mountain the hills are just great
The ghost of Maggie will greet you at Kamiskotia Lake
The Shania Twain Center and their Gold Mine Tours
Sure proud of 'Whose Beds Have your Boots Been Under'

Chorus:

In summer the farmers rise early at dawn
Their hands tell a story of ancestors gone
They'll feed this great nation with tractors and hoes
At the the old Mountjoy Market their produce are sold

(It's the City of Timmins where the Mattagami flows)

Verse:

Now springtime is a beauty that all can behold
The leaves are a treasure of diamonds and gold
The blooming of tulips will remind us all
That the Pickerel will soon bite at old Sandy Falls

There's one forty four south to Sudbury
On the way there's Gogama Indian Territory
And the road to North Bay is a haven to me
Where grandpa came to settle in the North Country

(It's the city of Timmins where the Mattagami flows)
the City of Timmins the place I was born)

(It's

In the Key of (C) major

Words & Music

Paul Henry Dallaire
Paul Henry Pub. SOCAN

Paul Henry Dallaire