

## Acadian Saturday Night

Stan Rogers

Uncle Emmel's been gone now nearly ten days  
Told his wife he'd be gone for the fishin  
But in the waters off St. Pierre and Miquelon Isles  
The fishes come in bottles of gold  
If the Anne-Marie don't break and the Mounties stay blind, he'll  
be back before the moon is risin  
With a very fine catch all safe in the hold  
Thirty cases of Trinidad Light  
For Acadian Saturday Night

Now Emmiline Comeu works at the general store  
Papa says it's good for the custom  
She's got eyes like fire and hair past her shoulders  
As shiny black as ant'racite coal  
You can see her sunday morning on St. Phillipe Road  
Her momma close behind like a dragon  
But her momma don't know what she does behind the hall  
Away from the music and the light  
On Acadian Saturday Night

And it's oh ho, don't the fiddle make you roll?  
Your heart, she'd pound like a hammer  
There's a fat lady beatin the piano like a drum  
And everybody's higher than a kite  
On Acadian Saturday Night

Now Granpa says it was better in his day  
The Mounties stayed away from the parties  
And they didn't mind a fight when the spirits got high  
You could always throw em out in the snow  
And the rum was better and it came in bigger bottles  
And the revenue cutters were slow,  
Still the old Anne-Marie has wings on the water  
And there's nothin like Trinidad Light  
On Acadian Saturday Night

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