

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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