

# Chante Pas, Petit Rouge! (Don't Crow, Little Red!)

Lyric: Ernie Theriot, Audrey Babineaux George, James Riopelle  
Music by Ernie Theriot  
Produced & arranged by Ernie Theriot  
Performed by Ernie Theriot and the Gris-Gris Band ( from  
Terrebonne Parish, Louisiana)  
Engineered & mixed by Charlie Positerry  
Executive Producer: Joe DuBois (past president, COLAA)  
Recorded at Olive Studios, Thibodaux, Louisiana  
Digital transcription to mp3: Joe Doherty

The Gris-Gris Band--Ernie Theriot (lead vocal & keyboard); Kevin  
Koike (lead electric guitar); Gerard Melancon (acoustic guitar &  
bass guitar); A.J. Daigle (fiddle); Tim Stivers (drums, percussion,  
& harmony vocal); Sammy Naquin (Cajun accordion)

Story art by Becky Theriot

Special thanks to-- Jane Eyrich, Larry Miller, James Hebert, Jane  
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SPCAI



## Lyric –

### As Sung (in Cajun French or English)

*Chante pas, Petit Rouge! Chant pas, mon gam.  
Cache-toi ici avec moi.  
Ils vont nous trouver si tu le fais.  
Chante Pas, Petit Rouge, chante pas!*

Today is your day at the bloody cockfight.  
Parrain and Papa, the'd bet on you tonight  
They' gonna' cuss; they gonna' shout  
When the little red rooster doesn't come out

*Depuis longtemmps on est bons amis  
Les matins quand je suis au lit  
Tu aimes chanter pour me réveiller,  
Mais, chante pas aujourd'hui!*

Come see! *Viens ici! Mais*, come see with me.  
We'll hide real quiet all day.  
When the night has passed, you'll be safe at last.  
You can crow your heart away!

If you want to stay alive, if you're going to survive  
*Chante pas, Petit Rouge, chante pas!*

NB: In Cajun French names, the word *Petit* is pronounced 'Ti

### Translated

Don't crow, Little Red! Don't sing, my little rooster  
Hide here with me.  
They're going to find you if you do it.  
Dont crow, Little Red, don't sing

*Aujourd'hui, c'est ton jour a la terrible bataille de gam.  
Godfather and Father, ils parieraient surment sûr toi à soir.  
Ils vont jurer et ils vont crier  
Quand le petit gam rouge sort pas.*

For a long time we have been good friends.  
At morningtime when I am in bed  
You love to sing to wake me up,  
But don't sing today!

*Viens voir! Come here! Well, viens voir avec moi.  
On va se cacher bien tranquille toute la journée  
Quand la nuit sera fini, tu seras sauvé a fin.  
Tu pourras chanter avec tout ton coeur!*

*Si tu veux rester en vie, si tu veux pas crever*  
Don't crow, Little Red, don't sing!