

Mon pauvre coeur - E. Dédé

1. *When I see you, oh! my blond creole on your balcony*

Oh! I believe I see a lively halo ornatng your face

Holy child each day I implore you with Ardor

To share the flame that consumes my poor heart.

2 .

If you would like, notwithstanding your opulence, to love only me:

You should tell me so, in order to relieve my suffering

I am here for you...listen to me cherished idol

When I tell you that my soul takes wing always towards you

3.

I have suffered too much. I have no more hope for the future.

I have suffered too much in my short existence.

I want to die.

After my death, come sweet dove

For my unhappiness,

come to my grave or my tomb sometime

to pour out your tears!

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Dance Conni Conné, the Nunutsie, dance (little) papa!

When the sweet potato is cooked, we'll eat it.

And even if it's not cooked, we'll eat it!

Lisette, ma chère amie—Camille Nickerson

Lisette, you have left the plain.

I have lost my joy.

My eyes are like fountains

Since last I saw you

By day, when I cut sugar cane

I think of my love.

By night, when I am in bed

In sleep, I see you still.

If you go to the city

You'll find there are dandies

Who are quick to dupe ladies

With mouths sweeter than honey.

You'll believe they are sincere

While their hearts are deceitful.

This is a snake who,

Like a rat, knows well how to deceive.

Lisette, my dear friend.

Lisette, you have left the plain

I have lost my joy.

Translation by Jean Bernard Cerin