

Kyle Huval and the Dixie Club Ramblers “Amedee’s Waltz”

Recorded, mixed and mastered by Joel Savoy at Valcour Records in Eunice, Louisiana

Photography by Jo Vidrine

Design by Kelli Jones

All songs written by Kyle Huval and published by Down Dixie Publishing International except Veuve de Lac Bleu

Produced by Joel Savoy

VAL-CD-0052

Copyright 2021 Valcour Records

1. Bal de Cajun
2. Amedee’s Waltz
3. The Way Things Used to Be
4. Separation Two-Step
5. It’s You Who Will Cry
6. Old Farmer Two-Step
7. La Robe
8. Veuve de Lac Bleu
9. Montana Two-Step
10. Dernière Danse
11. The Woman in My Arms
12. Mardi Gras 1952

Featuring 11 new songs in the Cajun French language, Kyle Huval & The Dixie Club Rambler’s new album “Amédée’s Waltz” is an inspiring union of originality and tradition. Huval, one of the top accordionists of his generation, began playing French music at the age of 11 with the goal of becoming a songwriter in order to perpetuate the Cajun language and the Cajun *sentiment* by creating new songs for the Cajun music repertoire. With a variety of musical arrangements from an acoustic trio to a full dancehall band, “Amédée’s Waltz” is a refreshing collection of seemingly timeless new two-steps and waltzes rich with emotion and poetry straight from the heart of Cajun country.

The Story of Mardi Gras 1952:

The citizens of Evangeline Parish are renowned for their knowledge of Louisiana folklore and for their story-telling. Eugene Manuel, owner of the Holiday Lounge in Mamou, is one such character, and several months ago, Kyle, along with his wife Aliece and their 18-month old son Amédée went to visit him.

The bar wasn’t technically open, but as he has done many times in the past, if his friends want to go visit the Holiday, Eugene obliges to open the doors and show off his palace from a bygone era, the club opened by his father Tee Ed Manuel. The purpose of this visit was social, as Eugene always loves a good visit, but Kyle had an ulterior motive as well. For not long before, Eugene had told him a story about his grandparents during mardi gras in 1952 and Kyle was hoping to get a few more details for a song he was working on based on that story for the new album. As Eugene retold the story in both English and Cajun French, Kyle meticulously took notes in his notebook of songs and music which he had used to document all the words to his original songs for the new record.

In private, Eugene has often expressed his regret for not becoming a songwriter, saying how he loves songs that tell stories and stories are something that he possesses in abundance. Mardi Gras 1952 is not just another one of the original songs on the album, but an artistic relic of Eugene's family and Louisiana history. The story, filled with words like camisole and masque de grille, comes directly from the archaic tongue of Eugene in an attempt to preserve the vocabulary of old Cajuns. Mardi Gras 1952 serves not only as a musical preservation of the past, but also a gift to Eugene for his contributions to our band and the culture as a whole.

- *The Dixie Club Ramblers*

1. La Bal de Cajun

Allons aller, au bal de Cajun
Allons danser avec les jolies filles
Oh, t'après danser, au bal de Cajun bébé.

*Let's go to the Cajun dance
Let's dance with the pretty girls
Oh, you are dancing at the Cajun dance.*

Accordion and Vocals – Kyle Huval
Fiddle – Joel Savoy and Mitch Schexnyder
Bass – Jo Vidrine
Pedal Steel – Chris Stafford
Drums and Vocals – Cody Lafleur

2. Amedee's Waltz

Je me rappelle, quand toi t'es né
Moi je t'ai vu dans les bras de ta mère
Je t'ai ramené à ma maison, j'ai promis de te bien soigner
C'était la journée de mon garçon

Quand je t'ai tenu pour la première fois
J'ai mis ma main sur ta 'tit tête
Mon je m'ai mis à pleurer, ouais quand j'ai aperçu
Tu vas pas rester toujours petit comme ça

*I remember when you were born
I saw you in your Mother's arms*

*I brought you home and promised to always care for you
It was the day of my son*

*When I held you for the first time
I put my hand on your little head
I started to cry when I realized
You were not going to stay small like that forever.*

Accordion and Vocals – Kyle Huval
Fiddle – Joel Savoy
Guitar – Jo Vidrine and Kyle Huval
Pedal Steel – Chris Stafford

3. The Way Things Used to Be:

*Moi j'suis ici, après jongler de tout ça qu'arrivé
Et moi je peux pas te regarder dans tes yeux
Avec chagrin sur mon idée, et des larmes dans mon coeur
Après cacher tous mes larmes sur mon épaule*

*O' je souhait je pourrais te pardonner
C'est pas la peine pour les misères que tu m'as fait
O' Je souhait je pourrais t'oublier
Et tout quelque chose ouais ça serait comme c'était*

*C'est pas la peine pour brailler, le dommage est tout fait
Il y a une sourire sur ta figure quand je te voir
J'suis ici avec des larmes, moi je peux pas arrêter de pleurer
Il y a une chose j'aimerais te dire si je pourrais*

*I am here thinking of everything that happened
And I cannot look into your eyes
With sorrow on my mind and tears in my heart
I am hiding all my tears in my shoulder*

*I wish I could I could forgive you
It's no use because of all the misery that you have caused me
I wish I could forget*

And everything would be the way it used to be

*It's no use to cry the damage is done
And there is a smile on your face when I see you
I am here with tears and I cannot stop crying
There are things I would like to tell you if I could*

Accordion and Vocals – Kyle Huval
Fiddle – Joel Savoy
Guitar – Jo Vidrine and Chris Stafford
Pedal Steel – Chris Stafford

4. Separation Two-Step

Ma femme et moi sont séparés
Elle m'a donné les avocats et les papiers
Aujourd'hui j'ai rien à mon nom
Ouais, ma femme et moi sont divorcés

Mes amis peuvent pas me consoler
Elle a pris mon bien et tout j'ai fait
Je connais pas, ouais, comment j'va faire
Ouais, ma femme et moi sont séparés

*My wife and I are separated
She gave me the lawyers and the paperwork
Today, I have nothing to my name
Yes, my wife and I are divorced*

*My friends cannot comfort me
She took my wealth and all I have done
I do not know what I am going to do
Yes, my wife and I are separated*

Accordion and Vocals – Kyle Huval
Fiddle – Joel Savoy
Guitar – Jo Vidrine
Pedal Steel – Chris Stafford

5. It's You Who Will Cry

Hey bébé, mon je va's jamais te revoir encore
Tout le temps t'après me quitter et tout ça qu'arrivé
Hey bébé, c'est la dernière fois je te voir
Et asteure ouais asteure c'est toi qui vas pleurer

Hey bébé, moi je va's jamais brailler encore
Tout le temps tu me laissais, ouais pour trainailler
Hey bébé, c'est la dernière fois je te voir
Et asteure ouais asteure c'est toi qui vas pleurer

*Oh baby, I am never going to see you again
All the times you left me and all that happened
Oh baby, it's the last time I will see you
And now, yes now, it is you who will cry*

*Oh baby, I am never going to cry again
All the times you left me to go drag the streets
Oh baby, it's the last time I will see you
And now, yes now, it is you who will cry*

Accordion and Vocals – Kyle Huval

Fiddle – Joel Savoy

Guitar – Jo Vidrine

Pedal Steel – Chris Stafford

6. Old Farmer Two-Step

Les gaïmes ils chantent pas et les cabris sont tous malades
Mes enfants peuvent pas manger les haricots sont pas mangeables
Le vache ne fait pas lait, et mon cheval il crève de faim
Le foin est tout moisi, ma famille ils vont me laisser
Ouais ma ferme est toute foirée bébé

Mes poules ils pondent pas, la récolte est toute pourrie
Mes outils sont tout cassés, il y a personne qui peux m'aider
Pas de l'argent pour payer tout mes debts je suis obligé

Le tax man il va venir, J'ai pas rien pour lui donner
Ouais ma ferme est toute foirée bébé

*The roosters don't crow and the goats are all sick
The children can't eat, the snap beans aren't edible
The cow does not make milk and the horse is starving
The hay is all moldy and my family is going to leave me
Yes my farm is all messed up*

*The chickens don't lay and the crops are all rotten
My tools are all broken and no one can help me
I do not have the money to pay all my debts
The tax man is going to come and I have nothing to give him
Yes my farm is all messed up.*

Accordion and Vocals – Kyle Huval
Fiddle – Joel Savoy and Chris Stafford
Guitar – Jo Vidrine
Pedal Steel – Chris Stafford

7. La Robe

La robe qui a été donnée pour ta fête l'année passée
Qui pend dans la placard avec les autres
La robe c'est pas la même depuis la dernière fois
Tu l'a portée avec mon cher meilleur ami

Je t'ai vu après danser, la robe tu la tournais
Tu traînait avec lui toute la nuit
Chaque fois toi tu reviens tu mets la robe droit-là
Jusqu'à la fois tu vas casser mon coeur encore

*The dress that I gave you for your birthday years back
The one that hangs in the closet
The dress that has not been the same since the last time
You wore it with my dearest best friend*

I saw you dancing and you turned that dress

*You stayed out with him all night
When you got back home, you put the dress back up
Until the next time that you are going break my heart again*

Fiddle – Joel Savoy

Vocals – Kyle Huval

Guitar – Jo Vidrine and Joel Savoy

8. La Veuve du lac bleu (Written by Ed and Bee Deshotels)

Dessus Lac Bleu, Il y a une veuve,
elle est plus belle que toutes les autres veuves
Ses Yeux ils sont bleus comme le bleu du ciel
Et son bec il est doux, comme le doux dans le miel

La veuve de Lac Bleu, elle a ses conditions
Elle dit ses mots dans sa petite chanson
Elle veut se marier, mais il faut l'en veux
Et batir et rester au Lac Bleu

Dessus Lac Bleu, Il y a plus de chansons
Il y a pus veuve et plus de condition
Il y a une maison, et pleine d'enfants
Dessus la côte du lac bleu

*At Blue Lake, there is a widow
She is the prettiest of all the widows
Her eyes are blue, like the blue in the sky
And her kiss is sweet like sweetness of honey*

*The widow of Blue Lake, she has these stipulations
She says the words of her little song
She wants to get married but certain things have to be done
To build and live on Lake Blue*

*At Lake Blue, There are no more songs
There are no more widows and no more stipulations
There is only a house full of children*

On the shores of Lake Blue

Accordion – Kyle Huval

Vocals – Kyle Huval and Chris Stafford

Fiddle – Joel Savoy

Guitar – Jo Vidrine

Pedal Steel – Chris Stafford

9. Montana Two-Step

Les Montagnes sont pleine du cuivre

Les hommes brutes et les jolies filles

On va aller à Grand Montana

Ouais, tout le monde est après esperer

Les bois de pins tout est vert,

les vallées les rivières

Le band Cajun est arrivé

Un bon temps ils vont passer

The mountains are full of copper

The men are tough and the women are pretty

We are going to Big Montana

Everyone is waiting

The forests of pine are all green

The valleys and the rivers

The Cajun band has arrived

They are going to pass a good time!

Accordion and Vocals – Kyle Huval

Fiddle – Joel Savoy and Mitch Schexnyder

Guitar – Jo Vidrine

Pedal Steel – Chris Stafford

Drums– Cody Lafleur

10. Dernière Danse

Espère donc j'aimerais danser

Avec toi jusqu'à tu dois partir
C'est peut être ma dernière chanson
Je t'ai vu près du bandstand pour longtemps

On a dansé et embrassé
Jolie bouclettes et beaux yeux bleus aussi innocentes
J'étais content et en amour
Quand la danse était tout fini et t'es parti

Aujourd'hui, Je attends toujours
Pour cette fille qui m'a donné ma dernière danse
Mes yeux regarde tout partout
Pour le moment tu marcherais travers la porte

Je peux pas manger, je peux pas dormir
Je pense tout le temps de ma vie sans toi
Je voulais me marier, je voulais vieillir
Ouais avec toi à mon côté près du bandstand

*Wait there! I would like to dance
With you until you have to go
It's maybe my last song
I saw you standing by the bandstand for a while now*

*We danced, We embraced
Her pretty curls and pretty eyes so innocent
I was so happy, and in love
When the dance was over and you left*

*Today, I am still waiting
For that girl that gave me my last dance
My eyes wander all around
For the moment that you would walk through the door*

*I cant eat, I cant sleep
I always think about my life without you
I wanted to marry, I wanted to grow old*

With you at my side by the bandstand

Accordion and Vocals – Kyle Huval

Fiddles – Joel Savoy

Guitar – Jo Vidrine

Pedal Steel – Chris Stafford

11. The Woman in my Arms

Une décision sur mon idée, oh faudra que je le fait

Ouais une décision qui peut ruiner toute ma vie

Asteure mon j'suis là, je connais pas qui je va's chiosir

La femme dedans mes bras, c'est pas la femme sur mon idée

Mon je peux pas faire mon idée, et le monde parle mal de moi

Oh ma conscience et mon Coeur et aussi lourd

Asteure mon je suis ici, tous les deux sur mon idée

La femme dedans mon couer c'est pas la femme sur borde mon lit.

A decision on my mind that I will have to make

Oh, a decision, that could ruin my life

Now, I am there, and I don't know who I will choose

The woman in my arms is not the woman on my mind

I cannot make up my mind and people talk poorly of me

Oh my conscious and my heart are very heavy

Now, I am here, both of them on my mind

The woman in my heart, is not the woman on the edge of my bed

Accordion and Vocals – Kyle Huval

Fiddle – Joel Savoy and Mitch Schexnyder

Bass- Jo Vidrine

Pedal Steel – Chris Stafford

Drums – Cody Lafleur

12. Mardi Gras 52'

Proche l'année de cinquante deux

Maman restait à la maison

PawPaw partait pour travailler tout la journée à la maison louée
C'était le jour de Mardi Gras

Maman est devenue suspect
Parceque Pawpaw était pamponné
Sa chemise était aussi propre
Et ses souliers étaient trop brillant
Pour un jour plein d'ouvrage

Elle a cousu des morceaux de linge
Elle a fait une masque de grille
Pour faire une camisole de Mardi Gras
Elle est parti à Mamou
Pour voir si il trainaillait

Après midi Maman est arrivé
Sa figure était cachée
Les hommes et les filles étaient séparés
Toutes les femmes espéraient
Pour une homme de choisir une

Pawpaw il a choisi Maman
Pauvre lui il savait pas que c'était elle
Ils ont dansé pour un tit bout de temps
Il dit, "tu dances pareil comme ma femme"
Elle a dit, "C'est parceque j'suis ta femme"

Tout ça est arrivé au Mardi Gras.

*Around the year 52'
Grandma was staying at home
Grandpa left to go work
All day on the rent houses
It was Mardi Gras day*

*Grandma became suspicious
Because Grandpa was all dressed up*

*His shirt was all clean
And his shoes were all shiny
For a day full of work*

*She sewed pieces of clothing
She made a screen mask
To make a Mardi Gras costume
She left to go to Mamou
To see if he was dragging the streets*

*Around noon Grandma arrived
Her face was hidden
The men and the women were separated
All the women waiting
For one of the men to choose one*

*Grandpa chose Grandma
Poor him, he did not know it was her
They danced for a little while
He said, "You dance just like my wife"
Then she said, "That's because I am your wife"
All this happened on Mardi Gras Day.*

Accordion and Vocals – Kyle Huval
Fiddle – Mitch Schexnyder
Guitar – Joel Savoy
Bass- Jo Vidrine
Pedal Steel and Organ– Chris Stafford
Drums – Cody Lafleur