

Further, Brasseaux lists some of the numerous immigrant groups that have flavored the gumbo of life in Louisiana over the centuries:

*les voyageurs*; the 1699 Canadian settlers; voluntary immigrants of the John Law era; forced immigrants of the early eighteenth century; *les filles à la cassette*; French military personnel (many of whom opted to remain in the colony); Alsatian religious exiles; Acadian exiles; Saint-Domingue refugees; refugees from the French Revolution; Bonapartist exiles; waves of nineteenth-century French (known within Louisiana's Francophone community as *les français étrangers*); Belgian and Swiss immigrants seeking economic opportunity; French Jews fleeing religious persecution in provinces along the German border; French, Belgian, and Canadian Catholic missionaries; Alsatian and Lorrainer refugees from the 1870 Franco-Prussian War; Lebanese Christian immigrants; twentieth-century French and Belgian war brides; European and French-Canadian teachers in the Council for the Development of French in Louisiana's bilingual programs; and Vietnamese, Cambodian, and Laotian refugees fleeing the communist takeover in their homelands. (Brasseaux 2008, 2-3)

On a pas réellement besoin de parler français quand même.  
C'est les États-Unis ici,  
Land of the Free.  
On restera toujours rien que des poor coonasses.  
I will not speak French on the school grounds.  
I will not speak French on the school grounds.

Coonass, non, non, ça gêne pas.  
C'est juste un petit nom.  
Ça veut rien dire.  
C'est pour s'amuser, ça gêne pas.  
On aime ça, c'est cute.  
Ça nous fait pas fâchés.  
Ça nous fait rire,  
Mais quand on doit rire, c'est en quelle langue qu'on rit?  
Et pour pleurer, c'est en quelle langue qu'on pleure?  
Et pour crier?  
Et chanter?  
Et aimer?  
Et vivre?

C'est les goddamns  
qui viennent  
Voler les enfants.  
Réveille! Réveille!  
Hommes acadiens  
Pour sauver l'héritage.

We don't really need to speak French anyway.  
It's the United States here,  
Land of the Free.  
We will always be nothing but poor coonasses.  
I will not speak French on the school grounds.  
I will not speak French on the school grounds.  
I will not speak French on the school grounds.

Coonass, no, no, it's okay.  
It's just a nickname.  
It does not mean anything.  
It's for fun, don't bother.  
We like it, it's cute.  
It doesn't make us angry.  
It makes us laugh  
But when you have to laugh, what language do you laugh in?  
And to cry, what language do we cry in?  
And to shout?  
And sing?  
And love?  
And live? (Arceneaux in Hamilton et al. 1987, 251-252)

The goddamns  
(nickname for British soldiers who carried out  
the Great Expulsion in the 1750s)  
Are coming  
To steal your children.  
Wake up! Wake up!  
Acadian men  
To save our heritage  
Richard Zachary

Mo connais premier fois-à yé pelé mo  
créole  
Yé dit pas parler ça  
C'est di vilain moyèr

Yé rete tout quichoce, tout ça m'olé fait  
Fait pas ça comme créole c'est di vilain  
Yé pas donné mo choix  
Yé gain force, yé gain loi  
Yé ça massacrer tout  
pis déclarer toi fou  
Mo suivi yé chemin  
Mo té tracassée plein  
Mo pas trouvé moyen  
Vini bon 'méricain  
Debbie Clifton

I know the first time I was called creole  
They told me not to talk like that  
It's ugly talk

They took everything, everything I did  
Don't act like a creole, it's the ugly way  
They didn't give me a choice  
They had the force, they had the law  
They massacred everything  
Then called you crazy  
I followed their road  
I worried a lot  
But I didn't find a way  
To become a good American. (trans. by the poet)

Devenu étranger à ma propre langue,  
Parler français, parler anglais,  
caméléon de culture,  
c'est quoi, quoi c'est ça  
la culture.

...

Dans toutes les langues  
Du monde, tout l'monde  
Criant d'une seule voix  
"J'su que j'su."  
Fin de la tyrannie.  
Délivrance à la paix.  
Richard Zachary

Having become a stranger to my own language,  
To speak English, to speak French,  
A cultural chameleon,  
It's what, what is  
Culture?

In all the languages  
of the world, of all the world,  
Crying out as a single voice,  
"I am, I am".  
The end of tyranny.  
Deliverance and peace. (trans. by the poet)