

Classic Poetry Series

William Henry Drummond - poems -

Publication Date:

2012

Publisher:

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

William Henry Drummond(13 April, 1854 – 6 April, 1907)

William Henry Drummond is an Irish-born Canadian poet whose humorous dialect poems made him "one of the most popular authors in the English-speaking world," and "one of the most widely-read and loved poets" in Canada."His first book of poetry, *The Habitant* (1897), was extremely successful, establishing for him a reputation as a writer of dialect verse that has faded since his death."

Life

He was born near Mohill, County Leitrim, Ireland in 1854, as William Henry Drumm, the oldest of four sons of George Drumm and Elizabeth Morris Soden. The family emigrated to Canada in 1864, settling in Montreal. George Drummond died in 1866, leaving the family facing poverty. Mrs. Drumm opened a store, and the boys all delivered newspapers. When he was 14, William was apprenticed as a telegraph operator. He trained and worked at L'Abord-à-Plouffe on the Lake of Two Mountains, "a Quebec lumber town where he had his first encounters with the habitants and voyageurs who were to inspire (and even to preoccupy) the poet." In 1875 (when he was 21, legally the head of the household), he changed the family name to Drummond.

In 1876, Drummond went back to high school. He then studied medicine (unsuccessfully) at McGill College and (successfully) at Bishop's College. After interning in 1885, he practised medicine first in the Eastern Townships and then in Montreal starting in 1888. He became professor of hygiene at Bishop's in 1893, and of medical jurisprudence in 1894. In 1894, Drummond married Miss May Harvey, of Savanna-la-Mar, Jamaica. Their first child was born in 1895, but died just hours after birth. "Their second son, Charles Barclay, was born in July 1897, just before the publication of *The habitant and other French-Canadian poems*, the volume that transformed Drummond into one of the most popular authors in the English-speaking world."

The Habitant and Other Poems

According to his wife's unpublished biography, Drummond wrote "The Wreck of the Julie Plante" in 1879. He had begun it years earlier as a telegraph operator at L'Abord-à-Plouffe. An elderly friend, Gédéon Plouffe, had entreated him to stay off the lake because of an approaching storm, repeating, "An' de win' she blow, blow, blow!" Those words "rang so persistently in [Drummond's] ears that, at the

dead of night, unable to stand any longer the haunting refrain, he sprang from his bed and penned" the lines that were "to be the herald of his future fame." He supposedly used Lac St. Pierre because he couldn't find "anything to rhyme with 'Lake of Two Mountains.'" "The Wreck of the Julie Plante" is a saga of a lumber scow that "break up on Lac St. Pierre." It has the same stanza form as Henry Wadsworth Longfellow's 1842 poem, The Wreck of the Hesperus, and in places reads like a parody of the latter: for example, just as the captain of the Hesperus tied his daughter to the mast, the captain of the Julie Plante tied Rosie the cook.

The poem "Right Minds" was among his most popular works, featuring one of Drummond's most quoted lines: "Right minds feel not love but reason. And what reasonable man truly loves" The poem "was an instant success ... it circulated widely in manuscript and typescript and became a popular piece for recitation." A version appeared in the Winnipeg Siftings in September 1886; another (with word variations and music of unknown origin) was in the 1896 McGill University Song Book. "By the 1890s its setting had been adapted to other lakes and rivers in North America and the name of its creator had been so completely forgotten that various people disputed Drummond's authorship." It has been Drummond's most anthologized poem. Drummond composed other occasional poems for private circulation. "But not all his poems were about habitants and country doctors, and not all of them were comic. Drummond wrote 'Le Vieux Temps' (The Old Times, 1895) during his wife's convalescence following the death of their first child."

Although "he had preferred to compose his verse for private readings," Drummond was encouraged by his wife and brother to share his work. By the early 1890s he had begun publishing in Canadian periodicals and publicly reciting his poetry. In the middle of the decade he began planning a volume. Publishers were courting him by 1896. The Habitant and Other Poems appeared in 1897, with a New York publisher, illustrations by Canadian landscape artist F.S. Coburn, and an enthusiastic introduction (in French) by prominent poet Louis Fréchette. Fréchette "passed on a compliment that Henry Wadsworth Longfellow had paid to Drummond, calling him 'The pathfinder of a new land of song.'" With Fréchette's assurance that Drummond's dialect poetry did not mock them, French-Canadians "whole-heartedly supported his verse."

The book "was both a popular and a critical success. Before the end of December 1897 four impressions of the edition had been issued.... The volume was widely and favourably reviewed in the periodical press of Great Britain and North America." By the time of Drummond's death, 38,000 copies had been printed.

Later life

Drummond found himself besieged with requests for speaking engagements, for magazine submissions, for more books. He did what he could. Three more volumes of *Habitant* verse were issued by 1905. "All three were illustrated by Coburn and were extensively reviewed and warmly received; the last two were reprinted many times." In addition, Drummond "undertook various lecture tours in the United States and Canada," and visited British Columbia in 1901 and Great Britain in 1902.

In August 1904 Drummond's only daughter, Moira, was born. That September his third son, William Harvey, died at three years of age. One of William Henry Drummond's "most famous poems, 'The last portage,' which appeared in *The voyageur* and other poems, came to him as a result of a dream that he had on Christmas Eve 1904 while he was still mourning the boy's death." In 1905 Drummond closed his Montreal medical practice. He began spending extensive time in Cobalt, Ontario, where he and his brothers had acquired interest in silver mines. "He served for a year as the town's first doctor, was vice-president of Drummond Silver Mine, and wrote poetry of life in the north."

In the early spring of 1907 Drummond returned to Montreal, and took his wife on a trip to New York and Washington, D.C.. By April, though, he had returned to Cobalt, where he died of a cerebral hemorrhage on the morning of April 6. "Probably no other Canadian poet has been so widely mourned." His funeral was held at St. George's Anglican Church (Montreal), where he had worshipped for much of his life, and he was buried in that city's Mount Royal Cemetery.

Recognition

Drummond was elected a fellow of the Royal Society of Literature of the United Kingdom in 1898 and a fellow of the Royal Society of Canada in 1899. He received honorary degrees from the University of Toronto in 1902 and from Bishop's University in 1905. "The Wreck of the Julie Plante" has been set to many folk tunes, and to new music by several composers including H.H. Godfrey, Geoffrey O'Hara, and Herbert Spencer. The Dr. William Henry Drummond Poetry Contest, one of the longest-running national poetry contests in Canada, was established in 1970 in Cobalt, Ontario. "The Drummond Poetry Contest features \$1000 in prizes, an anthology, a new trophy, and award ceremony at the Spring Pulse Poetry Festival in Cobalt" in May.

A Lament

My thoughts hold mortal strife;
I do detest my life,
And with lamenting cries
Peace to my soul to bring
Oft call that prince which here doth monarchize:
But he, grim grinning King,
Who caitiffs scorns, and doth the blest surprise,
Late having decked with beauty's rose his tomb,
Disdains to crop a weed, and will not come.

William Henry Drummond

Autumn Days

In dreams of the night I hear the call
Of wild duck scudding across the lake,
In dreams I see the old convent wall,
Where Ottawa's waters surge and break.

But Hercule awakes me ere the sun
Has painted the eastern skies with gold.
Hercule! true knight of the rod and gun
As ever lived in the days of old.

'Arise! tho' the moon hangs high above,
The sun will soon usher in the day,
And the southerly wind that sportsmen love
is blowing across St. Louis Bay.'

The wind is moaning among the trees,
Along the shore where the shadows lie,
And faintly borne on the fresh'ning breeze
From yonder point comes the loon's wild cry.

Like diamonds flashing athwart the tide
The dancing moonbeams quiver and glow,
As out on the deep we swiftly glide
To our distant Mecca, Ile Perrot.

Ile Perrot far to the southward lies,
Pointe Claire on the lee we leave behind,
And eager we gaze with longing eyes,
For faintest sign of the deadly 'blind'.

Past the point where Ottawa's current flows-
A league from St. Lawrence golden
sands-
Out in the bay where the wild grass grows
We mark the spot where our ambush stands.

We enter it just as crimson flush
Of morn illumines the hills with light,
And patiently wait the first mad rush

Of pinions soaring in airy flight.

A rustle of wings from over there,
Where all night long on watery bed
The flocks have slept - and the morning air
Rings with the messenger of lead.

Many a pilgrim from far away
Many a stranger from distant seas,
Is dying to-day on St. Louis Bay,
To requiem sung by the southern breeze.

And thus till the sound of the vesper bell
Comes stealing o'er Ottawa's dusky stream,
And the ancient light-house we know so well
Lights up the tide with its friendly gleam.

Then up with the anchor and ply the oar,
For homeward again our course must bear,
Farewell to the 'blind' by Ile Perrot's shore,
And welcome the harbor of old Pointe Claire!

William Henry Drummond

Bateese And His Little Decoys

O I'm very very tire Marie,
I wonder if I'm able hol' a gun
An' me dat 's alway risin' wit' de sun
An' travel on de water, an' paddle ma canoe
An' trap de mink an' beaver de fall an' winter
t'roo,
But now I t'ink dat fun is gone forever.

Wall! I'm mebbe stayin' long enough,
For eighty-four I see it on de spring;
Dough ma fader he was fellin' purty tough
An' at ninety year can do mos' ev'ry t'ing,
But I never know de feller, don't care how ole
he come,
Dat is n't sure to t'ink he 's got anoder year,
ba gum!
Before he lif' de anchor for de las' tam!

It 's not so easy lyin' on de bed,
An' lissen to de wil' bird on de bay,
Dey know dat poor bateese is nearly dead,
Or dey would n't have such good fun ev'ry
day!
Put ma gun upon de piller near de winder, jus'
for luck,
Den bring w'ere I can see dem, ma own nice
leetle duck
So I have some talk wit' dem mese'f dis
morning.

Ah! dere you 're comin' now! mes beaux
canards!
Dat 's very pleasan'day, an' how you feel?
Of course you dunno w'at I want you for,
Wall! lately I've been t'inkin a good deal
Of all de fuss I 'm havin' show you w'at you
ought to do
W'en de cole win' of October de blin' is blow-
ing t'roo

An' de bluebill 's flyin' up an' down de reever.

O! de bodder I 'm havin' wit' you all!
It 's makin' me feel ole before ma tam!
Stan' over dere upon de right again de wall,
Ma-dame Lapointe - I'm geevin' you Ma-
dame
'Cos you walk aroun' de sam' way as ma cousin
Aurelie
An' lak youse'f she 's havin' de large large
familee,
Now let us see you don 't forget your lesson!

Qu a-a-ck! you 're leetle hoarse to-day, don't
you t'ink?
Quack! quack! quack! dat 's right Mam-
zelle Louise!
You go lak dat, an' quicker dan a wink,
It 'll ring across de lake along de breeze,
Till de wil' bird dey will lissen up de reever
far an' near,
An' tole de noder wan too, de musique dey was
hear
An' dey 'll fly aroun' our head before we know
it.

Come here, Francois, an' min' you watch
yourse'f!
You can 't forget de las' day we was out,
Your breat'dere's very leetle of it lef'
An' tole you it was better shut your mout'
W'en you start dat fancy yellin', for it soun'
de sam' to me
Lak de devil he was goin' on de beeges' kin'
of spree,
Francois! dat 's not de way for mak'de
shootin' !

Wan-two-t'ree, -now let us hear you please,
It is n't vey hard job if you try,
Purten' you 're feelin' lonesome lak Louise
An' want to see de sweetheart bimeby,

Quack! quack! quack!
O! stop dat sreechin', don 't never spik no
more
For if anyt'ing, sapree, tonnerre! you're worsen
dan before,
I wonder w'at you do wit' all your schoolin'!

Come out from onderneat' de bed, Lisette,
I believe you was de fattes' of de lot;
It 's handy too of course, for you never feel de
wet,
An' w'en you lak to try it, O! w'at a voice
you got!
So let us play it's blowin' hard, an' duck is up
de win'
An' you want to reach dem- sure- now we're
ready for begin,
Hooraw! an' never min' de noise dat you 're
makin'.

Quack! quack! quack! quack! O! let me
tak' de gun
For I would n't be astonish w'en Lisette is
get de start,
Roun' de house dey 'll come a-flyin', an' den
we 'll have de fun!
Yass, yass, kip up de flappin' , O! ain 't
she got the heart!
Not many duck can beat her, an' I wish I had
some more,
Can mak'de song lak dat upon de water!

Dat 's very funny how it ketch de crowd!
An' now dey 're goin, all de younger wan!
But if you don 't stop singin' out so loud,
I 'm sorry I mus' tole you all begone,
'Cos I want to go to sleep. for I ', very very
tire,
An' de shiver 's comin' on me! so Marie poke
up de fire
An' mebber I 'll feel better on de morning.

De leetle duck may call on de spring tam an'
de fall
W'en dey see de wil' bird flyin' on de air
Dey may cry aroun' hees door, but he 'll never
come no more
For showin' dem de lesson! ole Jean Bateese
Belair.

William Henry Drummond

Bateese The Lucky Man

He's always ketchin' doré, an' he 's always
ketchin' trout
On de place w'ere no wan else can ketch at all
He 's always ketchin' barbotte, dat 's w'at you
call bull-pout,
An' he never miss de wil' duck on de fall.

O! de pa'tridge do some skippin' w'en she see
heem on de swamp
For she know Bateese don't go for not'ing
dere,
An' de rabbit if he 's comin' , wall! you ought
to see heem jomp.
W'y he want to climb de tree he feel so
scare.

Affer two hour by de reever I hear hees leetle
song
Den I meet heem all hees pocket full of snipe,
An' me, I go de sam' place, an' I tramp de
w'ole day long
An' I'm only shootin' two or t'ree, Ba Cripe!

I start about de sun-rise, an' I put out ma
decoy,
An' before it 's comin' breakfas' , he 's holler
on hees boy
For carry home two dozen duck or more.

An' I'm freezin' on de blin'-me- from four
o'clock to nine
An' ev'ry duck she 's passin' up so high.
Dere 's blue-bill an' butter-ball, an' red-head,
de fines' kin
An' I might as well go shootin' on de sky.

Don't see de noder feller lak Bateese was lucky
man,
He can ketch de smartes' feesh is never

sweem,
An' de bird he seldom miss dem, let dem try
de hard dey can
W'y de eagle on de mountain can't fly
away from heem.

But all de bird, an' fish too, is geev'up feelin'
scare,
An' de rabbit he can stay at home in bed,
For he feesh an' shoot no longer, ole Jean
Bateese Belair,
'Cos he 's dead.

William Henry Drummond

Child Thoughts

WRITTEN TO COMMEMORATE THE ANNIVERSARY OF MY BROTHER TOM 'S BIRTHDAY

O memory, take my hand to-day
And lead me thro' the darkened bridge
Washed by the wild Atlantic spray
And spanning many a wind-swept ridge
Of sorrow, grief, of love and joy,
Of youthful hopes and manly fears!
O! let me cross the bridge of years
And see myself again a boy!

The shadows pass- I see the light,
O morning light, how clear and strong!
My native skies are smiling bright,
No more I grope my way along,
It comes, the murmur of the tide
Upon my ear - I hear the cry
Of wandering sea birds as they fly
In trooping squadrons far and near.

The breeze that blows o'er Mullaghmore
I feel against my boyish cheek
The white-walled huts that strew the shore
From Castlegal to old Belleek,
The fisher folk of Donegal,
Kindly of heart and strong of arm,
Who plough the ocean's treacherous farm,
How plainly I behold them all!

The thrush's song, the blackbird's note,
The wren within the hawthorn hedge,
The robin 's swelling vibrant throat,
The leveret crouching in the sedge!
In those dear days, ah! what was school?
When Nature made our pulses thrill!
The lessons we remember still
Were learnt at Nature's own footstool!

'The hounds are out! the beagles chase
Along the slopes of Tawley 's plain!
I rise and follow in the race
Till fox, or hare, or both are slain,
With heart ablaze, I loose the reins
Of all my childish fierce desire,
My faith! 't is Ireland plants the fire
And iron in her children's veins!

The mountain linnet whistles sweet
Among the gorse of summer-time,
As up the hill with eager feet
The sun of morning sees me climb
Until at last I sink to rest
Where heatherbells swing to the tune
That Benbo breezes softly croon-
A tired child on the mother's breast!

And now in wisdom's riper years,
Ah, wisdom! what a price we pay
Of sorrow, grief, of smiles and tears,
Before we reach that wiser day!
We meet to greet in joy and mirth
The white-haired parent of us all
Our childhood's memories to recall
And bless the land that gave us birth.

William Henry Drummond

De Bell Of St. Michel

Go 'way, go 'way, don't ring no more, ole bell of Saint Michel,
For if you do, I can't stay here, you know dat very well,
No matter how I close ma ear, I can't shut out de soun',
It rise so high 'bove all de noise of dis beeg Yankee town.

An' w'en it ring, I t'ink I feel de cool, cool summer breeze
Dat's blow across Lac Peezagonk, an' play among de trees,
Dey're makin' hay, I know mese'f, can smell de pleasant smell
O! how I wish I could be dere to-day on Saint Michel!

It's fonny t'ing, for me I'm sure, dat's travel ev'ryw'ere,
How moche I t'ink of long ago w'en I be leevin' dere;
I can't 'splain dat at all, at all, mebbe it's naturel,
But I can't help it w'en I hear de bell of Saint Michel.

Dere's plaintee t'ing I don't forget, but I remember bes'
De spot I fin' wan day on June de small san'piper's nes'
An' dat hole on de reever w'ere I ketch de beeg, beeg trout
Was very nearly pull me in before I pull heem out.

An' leetle Elodie Leclair, I wonner if she still
Leev jus' sam' place she use to leev on 'noder side de hill,
But s'pose she marry Joe Barbeau, dat's alway hangin' roun'
Since I am lef' ole Saint Michel for work on Yankee town.

Ah! dere she go, ding dong, ding dong, its back, encore again
An' ole chanson come on ma head of 'a la claire fontaine,'
I'm not surprise it soun' so sweet, more sweeter I can tell
For wit' de song also I hear de bell of Saint Michel.

It's very strange about dat bell, go ding dong all de w'ile
For when I'm small garçon at school, can't hear it half a mile;
But seems more farder I get off from Church of Saint Michel,
De more I see de ole village an' louder soun' de bell.

O! all de monee dat I mak' w'en I be travel roun'
Can't kip me long away from home on dis beeg Yankee town,
I t'ink I'll settle down again on Parish Saint Michel,
An' leev an' die more satisfy so long I hear dat bell.

William Henry Drummond

De Camp On De

You 'member de ole log-camp, Johnnie, up on de Cheval Gris,
W'ere we work so hard all winter, long ago you an' me?
Dere was fourteen man on de gang, den, all from our own paroisse,
An' only wan lef' dem feller is ourse'f an' Pierre Laframboise.

But Pierre can't see on de eye, Johnnie, I t'ink it's no good at all!
An' it wasn't for not'ing, you're gettin' rheumateez on de leg las' fall!
I t'ink it's no use waitin', for neider can come wit' me,
So alone I mak' leetle visit dat camp on de Cheval Gris.

An' if only you see it, Johnnie, an' change dere was all aroun',
Ev'ryt'ing gone but de timber an' dat is all fallin' down;
No sign of portage by de reever w'ere man dey was place canoe,
W'y, Johnnie, I'm cry lak de bébé, an' I'm glad you don't come, mon vieux!

But strange t'ing's happen me dere, Johnnie, mebbe I go asleep,
As I lissen de song of de rapide, as pas' de Longue Soo she sweep,
Ma head she go biz-z-z lak de sawmeel, I don't know w'at's wrong wit' me,
But firs' t'ing I don't know not'ing, an' den w'at you t'ink I see?

Yourse'f an' res' of de boy, Johnnie, by light of de coal oil lamp,
An' you're singin' an' tolin' story, sittin' aroun' de camp,
We hear de win' on de chimley, an' we know it was beeg, beeg storm,
But ole box stove she is roarin', an' camp's feelin' nice an' warm.

I t'ink you're on boar' of de raf', Johnnie, near head of Riviere du Loup,
W'en LeRoy an' young Patsy Kelly get drown comin' down de Soo,
Wall! I see me dem very same feller, jus' lak you see me to-day,
Playin' dat game dey call checker, de game dey was play alway!

An' Louis Charette asleep, Johnnie, wit' hees back up agen de wall,
Makin' soche noise wit' hees nose, dat you t'ink it was moose on de fall,
I s'pose he's de mos' fattes' man dere 'cept mebbe Bateese La Rue,
But if I mak' fonne on poor Louis, I know he was good boy too!

W'at you do over dere on your bunk, Johnnie, lightin' dem allumettes,
Are you shame 'cos de girl she write you, is dat de las' wan you get?
It's fonny you can't do widout it ev'ry tam you was goin' bed,
W'y readin' dat letter so offen, you mus have it all on de head!

Dat's de very sam' letter, Johnnie, was comin' t'ree mont' ago,
I t'ink I know somet'ing about it, 'cos I fin' it wan day on de snow.
An' I see on de foot dat letter, Philomene she is do lak dis: * * *
I'm not very moche on de school, me, but I t'ink dat was mean de kiss.

Wall! nobody's kickin' de row, Johnnie, an' if allumettes' fini,
Put Philomene off on your pocket, an' sing leetle song wit' me;
For don't matter de hard you be workin' toujours you're un bon garçon,
An' nobody sing lak our Johnnie, Kebeck to de Mattawa!

An' it's den you be let her go, Johnnie, till roof she was mos' cave in,
An' if dere's firs' prize on de singin', Bagosh! you're de man can win!
Affer dat come fidelle of Joe Pilon, an' he's feller can make it play,
So we're clearin' de floor right off den, for have leetle small danser.

An' w'en dance she was tout finis, Johnnie, I go de sam' bunk wit' you
W'ere we sleep lak two broder, an' dream of de girl on Riviere du Loup,
Very nice until somebody call me, it soun' lak de boss Pelang,
'Leve toi, Jeremie ma young feller, or else you'll be late on de gang.'

An' den I am wak' up, Johnnie, an' w'ere do you t'ink I be?
Dere was de wood an' mountain, dere was de Cheval Gris,
But w'ere is de boy an' musique I hear only w'ile ago?
Gone lak de flower las' summer, gone lak de winter snow!

An' de young man was bring me up, Johnnie, dat's son of ma boy Maxime,
Say, 'Gran'fader, w'at is de matter, you havin' de bad, bad dream?
Come look on your face on de well dere, it's w'ite lak I never see,
Mebbe 't was better you're stayin', an' not go along wit' me.'

An' w'en I look down de well, Johnnie, an' see de ole feller dere,
I say on mese'f 'you be makin' fou Jeremie Chateauvert,
For t'ink you're garçon agen. Ha! ha! jus' 'cos you are close de eye,
An' only commence for leevin' w'en you're ready almos' for die!'

Ah! dat's how de young day pass, Johnnie, purty moche lak de t'ing I see,
Sometam dey be las' leetle longer, sam' as wit' you an' me,
But no matter de ole we're leevin', de tam she must come some day,
W'en boss on de place above, Johnnie, he's callin' us all away.

I'm glad I was go on de camp, Johnnie, I t'ink it will do me good,

Mebbe it's las' tam too, for sure, I'll never pass on de wood,
For I don't expec' moche longer ole Jeremie will be lef',
But about w'at I see dat day, Johnnie, tole nobody but yourse'f.

William Henry Drummond

De Habitant

De place I get born, me, is up on de reever
Near foot of de rapide dat's call Cheval Blanc
Beeg mountain behin' it, so high you can't climb it
An' whole place she's mebbe two honder arpent.

De fader of me, he was habitant farmer,
Ma gran' fader too, an' hees fader also,
Dey don't mak' no monee, but dat isn't fonny
For it's not easy get ev'ryt'ing, you mus' know--

All de sam' dere is somet'ing dey got ev'ryboddy,
Dat's plaintee good healt', wat de monee can't geev,
So I'm workin' away dere, an' happy for stay dere
On farm by de reever, so long I was leev.

O! dat was de place w'en de spring tam she's comin',
W'en snow go away, an' de sky is all blue--
W'en ice lef' de water, an' sun is get hotter
An' back on de medder is sing de gou-glou--

W'en small sheep is firs' comin' out on de pasture,
Deir nice leetle tail stickin' up on deir back,
Dey ronne wit' deir moder, an' play wit' each oder
An' jomp all de tam jus' de sam' dey was crack--

An' ole cow also, she's glad winter is over,
So she kick herse'f up, an' start off on de race
Wit' de two-year-ole heifer, dat's purty soon lef' her,
W'y ev'ryt'ing's crazee all over de place!

An' down on de reever de wil' duck is quackin'
Along by de shore leetle san'piper ronne--
De bullfrog he's gr-rompin' an' doré is jompin'
Dey all got deir own way for mak' it de fonne.

But spring's in beeg hurry, an' don't stay long wit' us
An' firs' t'ing we know, she go off till nex' year,
Den bee commence hummin', for summer is comin'
An' purty soon corn's gettin' ripe on de ear.

Dat's very nice tam for wake up on de morning
An' lissen de rossignol sing ev'ry place,
Feel sout' win' a-blowin' see clover a-growin'
An' all de worl' laughin' itself on de face.

Mos' ev'ry day raf' it is pass on de rapide
De voyageurs singin' some ole chanson
'Bout girl down de reever--too bad dey mus' leave her,
But comin' back soon' wit' beaucoup d'argent.

An' den w'en de fall an' de winter come roun' us
An' bird of de summer is all fly away,
W'en mebbe she's snowin' an' nort' win' is blowin'
An' night is mos' t'ree tam so long as de day.

You t'ink it was bodder de habitant farmer?
Not at all--he is happy an' feel satisfy,
An' cole may las' good w'ile, so long as de wood-pile
Is ready for burn on de stove by an' bye.

W'en I got plaintee hay put away on de stable
So de sheep an' de cow, dey got no chance to freeze,
An' de hen all togedder--I don't min' de wedder--
De nort' win' may blow jus' so moche as she please.

An' some cole winter night how I wish you can see us,
W'en I smoke on de pipe, an' de ole woman sew
By de stove of T'ree Reeve--ma wife's fader geev her
On day we get marry, dat's long tam ago--

De boy an' de girl, dey was readin' it's lesson,
De cat on de corner she's bite heem de pup,
Ole 'Carleau' he's snorin' an' beeg stove is roarin'
So loud dat I'm scare purty soon she bus' up.

Philomene--dat's de oldes'--is sit on de winder
An' kip jus' so quiet lak wan leetle mouse,
She say de more finer moon never was shiner--
Very fonny, for moon isn't dat side de house.

But purty soon den, we hear foot on de outside,

An' some wan is place it hees han' on de latch,
Dat's Isidore Goulay, las' fall on de Brulé
He's tak' it firs' prize on de grand ploughin' match.

Ha! ha! Philomene!--dat was smart trick you play us
Come help de young feller tak' snow from hees neck,
Dere's not'ing for hinder you come off de winder
W'en moon you was look for is come, I expec'--

Isidore, he is tole us de news on de parish
'Bout hees Lajeunesse Colt--travel two forty, sure,
'Bout Jeremie Choquette, come back from Woonsocket
An' t'ree new leetle twin on Madame Vaillancour'.

But nine o'clock strike, an' de chil'ren is sleepy,
Mese'f an' ole woman can't stay up no more
So alone by de fire--'cos dey say dey ain't tire--
We lef' Philomene an' de young Isidore.

I s'pose dey be talkin' beeg lot on de kitchen
'Bout all de nice moon dey was see on de sky,
For Philomene's takin' long tam get awaken
Nex' day, she's so sleepy on bote of de eye.

Dat's wan of dem ting's, ev'ry tam on de fashion,
An' 'bout nices' t'ing dat was never be seen.
Got not'ing for say me--I spark it sam' way me
W'en I go see de moder ma girl Philomene.

We leev very quiet 'way back on de contree
Don't put on sam style lak de big village,
W'en we don't get de monee you t'ink dat is fonny
An' mak' plaintee sport on de Bottes Sauvages.

But I tole you--dat's true--I don't go on de city
If you geev de fine house an' beaucoup d'argent--
I rader be stay me, an' spen' de las' day me
On farm by de rapide dat's call Cheval Blanc.

William Henry Drummond

De Nice Leetle Canadienne

1 You can pass on de worl' w'erever you lak,
2 Tak' de steamboat for go Angleterre,
3 Tak' car on de State, an' den you come back,
4 An' go all de place, I don't care--
5 Ma frien' dat 's a fack, I know you will say,
6 W'en you come on dis contree again,
7 Dere 's no girl can touch, w'at we see ev'ry day,
8 De nice leetle Canadienne.

9 Don't matter how poor dat girl she may be,
10 Her dress is so neat ab' so clean,
11 Mos' ev'rywan t'ink it was mak' on Paree
12 An' she wear it, wall! jus' lak de Queen.
13 Den come for fin' out she is mak' it herse'f,
14 For she ain't got moche monee for spen',
15 But all de sam' tam, she was never get lef',
16 Dat nice leetle Canadienne.

17 W'en 'un vrai Canayen' is mak' it mariée,
18 You t'ink he go leev on beeg flat
19 An' bodder hese'f all de tam, night an' day,
20 Wit' housemaid, an' cook, an' all dat?
21 Not moche, ma dear frien', he tak' de maison,
22 Cos' only nine dollar or ten,
23 W'ere he leev lak blood rooster, an' save de l'argent,
24 Wit' hees nice leetle Canadienne.

25 I marry ma famme w'en I 'm jus' twenty year,
26 An' now we got fine familee,
27 Dat skip roun' de place lak leetle small deer,
28 No smarter crowd you never see--
29 An' I t'ink as I watch dem all chasin' about,
30 Four boy an' six girl, she mak' ten,
31 Dat 's help mebbe kip it, de stock from run out,
32 Of de nice leetle Canadienne.

33 O she 's quick an' she 's smart, an' got plaintee heart,
34 If you know correc' way go about,
35 An' if you don't know, she soon tole you so

36 Den tak' de firs' chance an' get out;
37 But if she love you, I spik it for true,
38 She will mak' it more beautiful den,
39 An' sun on de sky can't shine lak de eye
40 Of dat nice leetle Canadienne.

William Henry Drummond

De Notaire Publique

M'sieu Paul Joulin, de Notaire Publique
Is come I s'pose seexy year hees life
An' de mos' riche man on Sainte Angelique
W'en he feel very sorry he got no wife--
So he's paint heem hees buggy, lak new, by Gor!
Put flower on hees coat, mak' hese'f more gay
Arrange on hees head fine chapeau castor
An' drive on de house of de Boulanger.

For de Boulanger's got heem une jolie fille
Mos' bes' lookin' girl on paroisse dey say
An' all de young feller is lak Julie
An' plaintee is ax her for mak' mariée,
But Julie she's love only jus' wan man,
Hees nam' it is Jérémie Dandurand
An' he's work for her sak' all de hard he can
'Way off on de wood, up de Mattawa.

M'Sieu Paul he spik him 'Bonjour Mamzelle,
You lak promenade on de church wit' me?
Jus' wan leetle word an' we go ma belle
An' see heem de Curé toute suite, chérie;
I dress you de very bes' style à la mode,
If you promise for be Madame Paul Joulin,
For I got me fine house on Bord à Plouffe road
Wit' mor'gage also on de Grande Moulin.'

But Julie she say 'Non, non, M'Sieu Paul,
Dat's not correc' t'ing for poor Jérémie
For I love dat young feller lak not'ing at all,
An' I'm very surprise you was not know me.
Jérémie w'en he's geev me dat nice gol' ring,
Las' tam he's gone off on de Mattawa
Say he's got 'noder wan w'en he's come nex' spring
Was mak' me for sure Madame Dandurand.

'I t'ank you de sam' M'Sieu Paul Joulin
I s'pose I mus' be de wife wan poor man
Wit' no chance at all for de Grande Moulin,

But leev all de tam on some small cabane.'
De Notaire Publique den is tak' hees hat,
For he t'ink sure enough dat hees dog she's dead;
Dere's no use mak' love on de girl lak dat,
Wit' not'ing but young feller on de head.

Julie she's feel lonesome mos' all dat week,
Don't know w'at may happen she wait till spring
Den t'ink de fine house of Notaire Publique
An' plaintee more too--but love's funny t'ing!
So nex' tam she see de Notaire again,
She laugh on her eye an' say 'M'Sieu Paul
Please pass on de house, or you ketch de rain,
Dat's very long tam you don't come at all.'

She's geev him so soon he's come on de door
Du vin de pays, an' some nice galettes,
She's mak' dem herse'f only day before
An' he say 'Bigosh! dat is fine girl yet.'
So he's try hees chances some more--hooraw!
Julie is not mak' so moche troub' dis tam;
She's forget de poor Jérémie Dandurand
An' tole de Notaire she will be hees famme.

W'en Jérémie come off de wood nex' spring,
An' fin' dat hees girl she was get mariée
Everybody's expec' he will do somet'ing,
But he don't do not'ing at all, dey say;
For he's got 'noder girl on Sainte Dorothée,
Dat he's love long tam, an' she don't say 'No,'
So he's forget too all about Julie
An' mak' de mariée wit' hese'f also.

William Henry Drummond

De Papineau Gun

AN INCIDENT OF THE CANADIAN REBELLION OF 1837.

Bon jour, M'sieu'--you want to know
'Bout dat ole gun--w'at good she's for?
W'y! Jean Bateese Bruneau--mon pere,
Fight wit' dat gun on Pap'neau War!

Long tam since den you say--C'est vrai,
An' me too young for 'member well,
But how de patriot fight an' die,
I offen hear de ole folk tell.

De English don't ack square dat tam,
Don't geev de habitants no show,
So 'long come Wolfred Nelson
Wit' Louis Joseph Papineau.

An' swear de peep mus' have deir right.
Wolfred he's write Victoriaw,
But she's no good, so den de war
Commence among de habitants.

Mon pere he leev to Grande Brulé
So smarter man you never see,
Was alway on de grande hooraw!
Plaintee w'at you call 'Esprit!'

An' w'en dey form wan compagnie
All dress wit' tuque an' ceinture sash
Ma fader tak' hees gun wit' heem
An' marche away to Saint Eustache,

W'ere many patriots was camp
Wit' brave Chenier, deir Capitaine,
W'en 'long come English Generale,
An' more two t'ousan' sojer man.

De patriot dey go on church
An' feex her up deir possibill;

Dey fight deir bes', but soon fin' out
'Canon de bois' no good for kill.

An' den de church she come on fire,
An' burn almos' down to de groun',
So w'at you t'ink our man can do
Wit' all dem English armee roun'?

'Poleon, hees sojer never fight
More brave as dem poor habitants,
Chenier, he try for broke de rank
Chenier come dead immediatement.

He fall near w'ere de cross is stan'
Upon de ole church cimitiere,
Wit' Jean Poulin an' Laframboise
An' plaintee more young feller dere.

De gun dey rattle lak' tonnere
Jus' bang, bang, bang! dat's way she go,
An' wan by wan de brave man's fall
An' red blood's cover all de snow.

Ma fader shoot so long he can
An' den he's load hees gun some more,
Jomp on de ice behin' de church
An' pass heem on de 'noder shore.

Wall! he reach home fore very long
An' keep perdu for many day,
Till ev'ry t'ing she come tranquille,
An' sojer man all gone away.

An' affer dat we get our right,
De Canayens don't fight no more,
Ma fader's never shoot dat gun,
But place her up above de door.

An' Papineau, an' Nelson too
Dey're gone long tam, but we are free,
Le Bon Dieu have 'em 'way up dere.
Salut, Wolfred! Salut, Louis!

William Henry Drummond

De Snowbird

O leetle bird dat's come to us w'en stormy win' she's blowin',
An' ev'ry fiel' an' mountain top is cover wit' de snow,
How far from home you're flyin', noboddy's never knowin'
For spen' wit' us de winter tam, mon cher petit oiseau!

We always know you're comin', w'en we hear de firs' beeg storm,
A sweepin' from de sky above, an' screamin' as she go--
Can tell you're safe inside it, w'ere you're keepin' nice an' warm,
But no wan's never see you dere, mon cher petit oiseau!

Was it 'way behin' de mountain, dat de nort' win' ketch you sleepin'
Mebbe on your leetle nes' too, an' before de wing she grow,
Lif' you up an' bring you dat way, till some morning fin' you peepin'
Out of new nes' on de snow dreef, mon pauv' petit oiseau!

All de wood is full on summer, wit' de many bird is sing dere,
Dey mus' offen know each oder, mebbe mak' de frien' also,
But w'en you was come on winter, never seein' wan strange wing dere
Was it mak' you feelin' lonesome, mon pauv' petit oiseau?

Plaintee bird is alway hidin' on some place no wan can fin' dem,
But ma leetle bird of winter, dat was not de way you go--
For de chil'ren on de roadside, you don't seem to care for min' dem
W'en dey pass on way to schoolhouse, mon cher petit oiseau!

No wan say you sing lak robin, but you got no tam for singin'
So busy it was keepin' you get breakfas' on de snow,
But de small note you was geev us, w'en it join de sleigh bell ringin'
Mak' de true Canadian music, mon cher petit oiseau!

O de long an' lonesome winter, if you're never comin' near us,
If we miss you on de roadside, an' on all de place below!
But le bon Dieu he will sen' you troo de storm again for cheer us,
W'en we mos' was need you here too, mon cher petit oiseau!

William Henry Drummond

De Stove Pipe Hole

Dat's very cole an' stormy night on Village St. Mathieu,
W'en ev'ry wan he's go couché, an' dog was quiet, too--
Young Dominique is start heem out see Emmeline Gourdon,
Was leevin' on her fader's place, Maxime de Forgeron.

Poor Dominique he's lak dat girl, an' love her mos' de tam,
An' she was mak' de promise--sure--some day she be his famme,
But she have worse ole fader dat's never on de worl',
Was swear onless he's riche lak diable, no feller's get hees girl.

He's mak' it plaintee fuss about hees daughter Emmeline,
Dat's mebbe nice girl, too, but den, Mon Dieu, she's not de queen!
An' w'en de young man's come aroun' for spark it on de door,
An' hear de ole man swear 'Bapteme!' he's never come no more.

Young Dominique he's sam' de res',--was scare for ole Maxime,
He don't lak risk hese'f too moche for chances seein' heem,
Dat's only stormy night he come, so dark you cannot see,
An dat's de reason w'y also, he's climb de gallerie.

De girl she's waitin' dere for heem--don't care about de rain,
So glad for see young Dominique he's comin' back again,
Dey bote forget de ole Maxime, an' mak de embrasser
An affer dey was finish dat, poor Dominique is say--

'Good-bye, dear Emmeline, good-bye; I'm goin' very soon,
For you I got no better chance, dan feller on de moon--
It's all de fault your fader, too, dat I be go away,
He's got no use for me at all--I see dat ev'ry day.

'He's never meet me on de road but he is say 'Sapré!
An' if he ketch me on de house I'm scare he's killin' me,
So I mus' lef' ole St. Mathieu, for work on 'noder place,
An' till I mak de beeg for-tune, you never see ma face.'

Den Emmeline say 'Dominique, ma love you'll alway be
An' if you kiss me two, t'ree tam I'll not tole noboddy--
But prenez garde ma fader, please, I know he's gettin ole--
All sam' he offen walk de house upon de stockin' sole.

'Good-bye, good-bye, cher Dominique! I know you will be true,
I don't want no riche feller me, ma heart she go wit' you.'
Dat's very quick he's kiss her den, before de fader come,
But don't get too moche pleasurement--so 'fraid de ole Bonhomme.

Wall! jus' about dey're half way t'roo wit all dat love beez-nesse
Emmeline say, 'Dominique, w'at for you're scare lak all de res?
Don't see mese'f moche danger now de ole man come aroun','
W'en minute affer dat, dere's noise, lak' house she's fallin' down.

Den Emmeline she holler 'Fire! will no wan come for me?'
An Dominique is jomp so high, near bus' de gallerie,--
'Help! help! right off,' somebody shout, 'I'm killin' on ma place,
It's all de fault ma daughter, too, dat girl she's ma disgrace.'

He's kip it up long tam lak dat, but not hard tellin' now,
W'at's all de noise upon de house--who's kick heem up de row?
It seem Bonhomme was sneak aroun' upon de stockin' sole,
An' firs' t'ing den de ole man walk right t'roo de stove pipe hole.

W'en Dominique is see heem dere, wit' wan leg hang below,
An' 'noder leg straight out above, he's glad for ketch heem so--
De ole man can't do not'ing, den, but swear and ax for w'y
Noboddy tak' heem out dat hole before he's comin' die.

Den Dominique he spik lak dis, 'Mon cher M'sieur Gourdon
I'm not riche city feller, me, I'm only habitant,
But I was love more I can tole your daughter Emmeline,
An' if I marry on dat girl, Bagosh! she's lak de Queen.

'I want you mak de promise now, before it's come too late,
An' I mus' tole you dis also, dere's not moche tam for wait.
Your foot she's hangin' down so low, I'm 'fraid she ketch de cole,
Wall! if you give me Emmeline, I pull you out de hole.'

Dat mak' de ole man swear more hard he never swear before,
An' wit' de foot he's got above, he's kick it on de floor,
'Non, non,' he say 'Sapré tonnerre! she never marry you,
An' if you don't look out you get de jail on St. Mathieu.'

'Correc', young Dominique is say, 'mebbe de jail's tight place,

But you got wan small corner, too, I see it on de face,
So if you don't lak geev de girl on wan poor habitant,
Dat's be mese'f, I say, Bonsoir, mon cher M'sieur Gourdon.'

'Come back, come back,' Maxime is shout--I promise you de girl,
I never see no wan lak you--no never on de worl'!
It's not de nice trick you was play on man dat's gettin' ole,
But do jus' w'at you lak, so long you pull me out de hole.'

'Hooraw! Hooraw!' Den Dominique is pull heem out tout suite
An' Emmeline she's helpin' too for place heem on de feet,
An' affer dat de ole man's tak' de young peep down de stair,
W'ere he is go couchè right off, an' dey go on parloir.

Nex' Sunday morning dey was call by M'sieur le Curé
Get marry soon, an' ole Maxime geev Emmeline away;
Den affer dat dey settle down lak habitant is do,
An' have de mos' fine familee on Village St. Mathieu.

William Henry Drummond

Donal Campbell

DONAL' CAMPBELL

-Donal' Bane-

sailed away across the
ocean

With the tartans of Clan
Gordon, to the Indies'
distant shore,

But on Dargai's lonely hill-
side, Donal' Campbell
met the foeman,

And the glen of Athol
Moray will never see him more!

O! the wailing of the women, O! the storm of
bitter sorrow

Sweeping like the wintry torrent thro' Athol
Moray's glen

When the black word reached the clansmen,
that young Donal' Bane had fallen
In the red glare of the battle, with the gallant
Gordon men!

Far from home and native sheiling, with the
sun of India o'er him

Blazing down its cruel hatred on the white-
faced men below

Stood young Donal' with his comrades, like the
hound of ghostly Fingal

Eager, waiting for the summons to leap up
against the foe-

Hark! at last! the pipes are pealing out the
welcome Caber Feidh

And wild the red blood rushes thro' every
Highland vein

They breathe the breath of battle, the children
of the Gael,

And fiercely up the hillside, they charge and
charge again-

And the grey eye of the Highlands, now is
dark as blackest midnight,
The history of their fathers is written on each
face,
Of border creach and foray, of never yielding
conflict
Of all the memories shrouding a stern uncon-
quered race!

And up the hillside, up the mountain, while
the war-pipes shrilly clamour
Bayonet thrusting, broadsword cleaving, the
Northern soldiers fought
Till the sun of India saw them victors o' er the
dusky foeman,
For who can stay the Celtic hand when Celtic
blood is hot?

But the corse of many a clansman from the far-
off Scottish Highlands
'Mid the rocks of savage Dargai is lying cold
and still
With the death-dew on its forehead, and young
Donal' Campbell 's tartan
Bears a deeper stain of purple than the heather
of the hill!

Mourn him! Mourn him thro' the mountains,
wail him women of Clan Campbell!
Let the Coronach be sounded tii it reach the
Indian shore
For your beautiful has fallen in the foremost
of the battle
And the glen of Athol Moray will never see
him more!

William Henry Drummond

Doth Then The World Go Thus?

Doth then the world go thus? doth all thus move?
Is this the justice which on earth we find?
Is this that firm decree which all doth bind?
Are these your influences, Powers above?
Those souls, which vice's moody mists most blind,
Blind Fortune, blindly, most their friend doth prove;
And they who thee, poor idol Virtue! love,
Ply like a feather tossed by storm and wind.
Ah! if a Providence doth sway this all,
Why should best minds groan under most distress?
Or why should pride humility make thrall,
And injuries the innocent oppress?
Heavens! hinder, stop this fate; or grant a time
When good may have, as well as bad, their prime!

William Henry Drummond

Dreams

BORD á Plouffe, Bord á Plouffe,
W'at do I see w'en I dream of you?
A shore w'ere de water is racin' by,
A small boy lookin', an' wonderin' w'y
He can't get fedder for goin' fly
Lak de hawk makin' ring on de summer sky.
Dat 's w'at I see.

Bord á Plouffe, Bord á Plouffe,
W'at do I hear w'en i dream of you?
Too many t'ing for sleepin' well!
De song of de ole tam cariole bell,
De voice of dat girl from Sainte Angèle
(I geev' her a ring was mark 'fidèle')
Dat 's what I hear.

Bord á Plouffe, Bord á Plouffe,
W'at do I smoke w'en I dream of you?
Havana cigar from across de sea,
An' get dem for not'ing too? No siree!
Dere 's only wan kin' of tabac for me.
An' it grow on de Rivière des Prairies-
Dat 's what I smoke.

Bord á Plouffe, Bord á Plouffe,
How go I feel w'en I t'ink of you?
Sick, sick for the ole place way back dere-
An' to sleep on ma own leetle room upstairs
W'ere de ghos' on de chimley mak' me scare
I 'd geev' more monee dan I can spare-
Dat 's how I feel.

Bord á Plouffe, Bord á Plouffe,
W'at will I do w'en I 'm back wit' you?
I 'll buy de farm of Bonhomme Martel,
Long tam he 's been waitin' a chance to sell,
Den pass de nex' morning on Sainte Angèle,
An' if she 's not marry -dat girl- very well,
Dat 's w'at I 'll do.

William Henry Drummond

How Bateese Came Home

1 W'en I was young boy on de farm, dat 's twenty year ago
2 I have wan frien' he 's leev near me, call Jean Bateese Trudeau
3 An offen w'en we are alone, we lak for spik about
4 De tam w'en we was come beeg man, wit' moustache on our mout'.

5 Bateese is get it on hees head, he 's too moche educate
6 For mak' de habitant farmerre--he better go on State--
7 An' so wan summer evening we 're drivin' home de cow
8 He 's tole me all de whole beez-nesse--jus' lak you hear me now.

9 'W'at 's use mak' foolish on de farm? dere 's no good chances lef'
10 An' all de tam you be poor man--you know dat 's true you'se'f;
11 We never get no fun at all--don't never go on spree
12 Onless we pass on 'noder place, an' mak' it some monee.

13 'I go on Les Etats Unis, I go dere right away
14 An' den mebbe on ten-twelve year, I be riche man some day,
15 An' w'en I mak' de large fortune, I come back I s'pose
16 Wit' Yankee famme from off de State, an' monee on my clothes.

17 'I tole you somet'ing else also--mon cher Napoleon
18 I get de grande majorité, for go on parlement
19 Den buil' fine house on borde l'eau--near w'ere de church is stand
20 More finer dan de Presbytere, w'en I am come riche man!'

21 I say 'For w'at you spik lak dat? you must be gone crazee
22 Dere 's plaintee feller on de State, more smarter dan you be,
23 Beside she 's not so healtee place, an' if you mak' l'argent,
24 You spen' it jus' lak Yankee man, an' not lak habitant.

25 'For me Bateese! I tole you dis: I 'm very satisfy--
26 De bes' man don't leev too long tam, some day Ba Gosh! he die--
27 An' s'pose you got good trotter horse, an' nice famme Canadienne
28 Wit' plaintee on de house for eat--W'at more you want ma frien?'

29 But Bateese have it all mak' up, I can't stop him at all
30 He 's buy de seconde classe tiquette, for go on Central Fall--
31 An' wit' two-t'ree some more de boy,--w'at t'ink de sam' he do
32 Pass on de train de very nex' wick, was lef' Rivière du Loup.

33 Wall! mebbe fifteen year or more, since Bateese go away
 34 I fin' mesef Rivière du Loup, wan cole, cole winter day
 35 De quick express she come hooraw! but stop de soon she can
 36 An' beeg swell feller jomp off car, dat 's boss by nigger man.

37 He 's dressim on de première classe, an' got new suit of clothes
 38 Wit' long moustache dat 's stickim out, de 'noder side hees nose
 39 Fine gol' watch chain--nice portmanteau--an' long, long overcoat
 40 Wit' beaver hat--dat 's Yankee style--an' red tie on hees t'roat--

41 I say 'Helloe Bateese! Hello! Comment ça va mon vieux?'
 42 He say 'Excuse to me, ma frien' I t'ink I don't know you.'
 43 I say, 'She 's very curis t'ing, you are Bateese Trudeau,
 44 Was raise on jus' sam' place wit' me, dat 's fifteen year ago?'

45 He say, 'Oh yass dat 's sure enough--I know you now firs' rate,
 46 But I forget mos' all ma French since I go on de State.
 47 Dere 's 'noder t'ing kip on your head, ma frien' dey mus' be tole
 48 Ma name 's Bateese Trudeau no more, but John B. Waterhole!'

49 'Hole on de water 's' fonny name for man w'at 's call Trudeau
 50 Ma frien's dey all was spik lak dat, an' I am tole heem so--
 51 He say 'Trudeau an' Waterhole she 's jus' about de sam'
 52 An' if you go for leev on State, you must have Yankee nam'.'

53 Den we invite heem come wit' us, 'Hotel du Canadaw'
 54 W'ere he was treat mos' ev'ry tam, but can't tak' w'isky blanc,
 55 He say dat 's leetle strong for man jus' come off Central Fall
 56 An' 'tabac Canayen' bedamme! he won't smoke dat at all!--

57 But fancy drink lak 'Collins John' de way he put it down
 58 Was long tam since I don't see dat--I t'ink he 's goin' drown!--
 59 An' fine cigar cos' five cent each, an' mak' on Trois-Rivières
 60 L'enfant! he smoke beeg pile of dem--for monee he don't care!

61 I s'pose meseff it 's t'ree o'clock w'en we are t'roo dat night
 62 Bateese, hees fader come for heem, an' tak' heem home all right
 63 De ole man say Bateese spik French, w'en he is place on bed--
 64 An' say bad word--but w'en he wake--forget it on hees head--

65 Wall! all de winter w'en we have soirée dat 's grande affaire

66 Bateese Trudeau, dit Waterhole, he be de boss man dere--
 67 You bet he have beeg tam, but w'en de spring is come encore
 68 He 's buy de première classe tiquette for go on State some more.

69 You 'member w'en de hard tam come on Les Etats Unis
 70 An' plaintee Canayens go back for stay deir own contrée?
 71 Wall! jus' about 'dat tam again I go Rivière du Loup
 72 For sole me two t'ree load of hay--mak' leetle visit too--

73 De freight train she is jus' arrive--only ten hour delay--
 74 She 's never carry passengaire--dat 's w'at dey always say--
 75 I see poor man on char caboose--he 's got heem small valise
 76 Begosh! I nearly tak' de fit,--It is--it is Bateese!

77 He know me very well dis tam, an' say 'Bon jour, mon vieux
 78 I hope you know Bateese Trudeau was educate wit' you
 79 I 'm jus' come off de State to see ma familee encore
 80 I bus' mesef on Central Fall--I don't go dere no more.'

81 'I got no monee--not at all--I 'm broke it up for sure--
 82 Dat 's locky t'ing, Napoleon, de brakeman Joe Latour
 83 He 's cousin of wan frien' of me call Camille Valiquette,
 84 Conductor too 's good Canayen--don't ax me no tiquette.'

85 I tak' Bateese wit' me once more 'Hotel du Canadaw'
 86 An' he was glad for get de chance drink some good w'isky blanc!
 87 Dat 's warm heem up, an den he eat mos' ev'ryt'ing he see,
 88 I watch de w'ole beez-nesse mese'f--Monjee! he was hongree!

89 Madame Charette wat 's kip de place get very much excite
 90 For see de many pork an' bean Bateese put out of sight
 91 Du pain doré--potate pie--an' 'noder t'ing be dere
 92 But w'en Bateese is get heem t'roo--dey go I don't know w'ere.

93 It don't tak' long for tole de news 'Bateese come off de State'
 94 An' purty soon we have beeg crowd, lak village she 's en fête
 95 Bonhomme Maxime Trudeau hese'f, he 's comin' wit' de pries'
 96 An' pass' heem on de 'Room for eat' w'ere he is see Bateese.

97 Den ev'rybody feel it glad, for watch de embrasser
 98 An' bimeby de ole man spik 'Bateese you here for stay?'
 99 Bateese he 's cry lak beeg bebè, 'Bâ j'eux rester ici.

100 An if I never see de State, I 'm sure I don't care--me.'

101 'Correc', ' Maxime is say right off, ' I place you on de farm
102 For help your poor ole fader, won't do you too moche harm
103 Please come wit' me on Magasin, I feex you up--bâ oui
104 An' den you 're ready for go home an' see de familiee.'

105 Wall! w'en de ole man an' Bateese come off de Magasin
106 Bateese is los' hees Yankee clothes--he 's dress lak Canayen
107 Wit' bottes sauvages--ceinture fléché--an' coat wit' capuchon
108 An' spik Français au naturel, de sam' as habitant.

109 I see Bateese de oder day, he 's work hees fader's place
110 I t'ink mese'f he 's satisfy--I see dat on hees face
111 He say 'I got no use for State, mon cher Napoleon
112 Kebeck she 's good enough for me--Hooraw pour Canadaw.'

William Henry Drummond

And Phoebus in his chair
Ensafroning sea and air
Makes vanish every star:
Night like a drunkard reels
Beyond the hills to shun his flaming wheels:
The fields with flowers are deck'd in every hue,
The clouds bespangle with bright gold their blue:
Here is the pleasant place--
And everything, save Her, who all should grace.

William Henry Drummond

Johnnie Courteau

Johnnie Courteau of de mountain
Johnnie Courteau of de hill
Dat was de boy can shoot de gun
Dat was de boy can jomp an' run
An'it's not very often you ketch heem still
Johnnie Courteau !

Ax dem along de reever
Ax dem along de shore
Who was de mos'bes'fightin'man
From Managance to Shaw-in-I-gan?
De place we're de great beeg rapide roar,
Johnnie Courteau !

Sam'ting on ev'ry shaintee
Up on de Mekinac
Who was the man man walk de log,
W'en w'ole of de reever she's black wit'fog
An'carry de beeges'load on hees back?
Johnnie Courteau !

On de rapide you want to see heem
If de raf'she 's swingin'roun'
An'he 's yellin' 'Hooray Bateese! good
man!
W'y de oar come double on hees han'
W'en he's makin' dat raf'go flyin'down
Johnnie Courteau !

An' Tête de Boule chief can tole you
De feller w'at save hees life
W'en beeg moose on de head, sapree!
An'den run off wit' hees Injun wife?
Johnnie Courteau !

An' he only have pike pole wit'heem
On Lac a la Tortue
W'en he meet de bear comin' down the hill
But de bear very soon is get hees fill!

An' he sole dat skin for ten dollar too,
Johnnie Courteau !

Oh he never was scare for not'ing
Lak de ole coureurs de bois,
But w'en he's getting'hees winter pay
De bes't'ing sure is kip out de way
For he's goin'right off on de Hip Hooraw!
Johnnie Courteau !

Den pullin'hees sash aroun'heem
He dance on hees botte sauvage
An'shout 'All aboar' if you want to fight!
Wall! You never can see de finer sight
W'en he go lak dat on de w'ole village!
Johnnie Courteau !

But Johnnie Courteau get marry
On Philomene Beaurepaire
She's nice leetle girl was run de school
On w'at you call Parish of Sainte Ursule
An' he see her off on de pique-nique dere
Johnnie Courteau !

Den somet'ing come over Johnnie
W'en he marry on Philomene
For he stay on de farm de w'ole year roun'
He chop de wood an' he plough de ground'
An' he's quieter feller was never seen,
Johnnie Courteau !

An'ev'ry wan feel astonish
From La Tuque to Shaw-in-i-gan
W'en dey hear de news was goin' aroun'
Along on de reever up an' down
How wan leetle woman boss dat beeg man
Johnnie Courteau !

He never come out on de evening
No matter de hard we try

'Cos he stay on de kitchen an' sing hees song

'A la claire fontaine
M'en allant promener
J'ai trouvé l'eau si belle
Que je m'y suis baigner
Lui y'a longtemps que je t'aime
Jamais je ne t'oublierai.'

Rockin' de cradle de w'ole night long
Till baby's asleep on de sweet bimeby
Johnnie Courteau !

An'de house, wall! I wish you see it
De place she's so nice an' clean
Mus'wipe your foot on de outside door,
You're dead man sure if you spit on de floor,
An' he never say not'ing on Philomene
Johnnie Courteau !

An' Philomene watch de monee
An' put it all safe away
On very good place; I dunno w'ere
But anyhow nobody see it dere
So she's buyin' new farm de noder day
MADAME Courteau !

William Henry Drummond

Johnnie's First Moose

De cloud is hide de moon, but dere's plain-
tee light above,
Steady Johnnie, steady-kip your head down
low,
Move de paddle leetle quicker, an' de ole canoe
we'll shove
T'roo de water nice an' quiet
For de place we're goin' try it
Is beyon' de silver birch dere
You can see it lak a church dere
W'en we're passin' on de corner w'ere de lilly
flower grow.

Was n't dat correc' w'at I'm tolin' you jus
now?
Steady Johnnie, steady-kip your head down
low,
Never min', I'll watch behin'- me - an' you
can watch de bow
An' you'll see a leetle clearer
W'en canoe is comin' nearer-
Dere she is-now easy, easy,
For de win' is gettin' breezy,
An' we don't want not'ing smell us, till de
horn begin to blow-

I remember long ago w'en ma fader tak' me out,
Steady Johnnie, steady-kip your head down
low,
Jus' de way I'm takin' you, sir, hello! was
dat a shout?
Seems to me I t'ink I'm hearin'
Somet'ing stirrin' on de clearin'
W'ere it stan' de lumber shaintee,
If it's true, den yuo'll have plaintee
Work to do in half a minute, if de moose don't
start to go.

An' now we're on de shore, let us hide de ole

canoe,
Steady Johnnie, steady-kip your head down
low,
An' lie among de rushes, dat's bes' t'ing we
can do,
For de ole boy may be closer
Dan anybody know, sir,
An' look out you don't be shakin'
Or de bad shot you'll be makin'
But I'm feelin' sam' way too, me, w'en I
was young, also-

You ready for de call? here goes for number
wan,
Steady Johnnie, steady-kip your head down
low,
Did you hear how nice I do it, an' how it
travel on
Till ir reach across de reever
Dat'll geev' some moose de fever!
Wait now, Johnnie, don't you worry,
No use bein' on de hurry,
But lissen for de answer, it'll come before you
know.

For w'y you jomp lak dat? w'at's matter wit'
your ear?
Steady, Johnnie, steady-kip your head down
low-
Tak' your finger off de trigger, dat was only
bird you hear,
Can't you tell de pine tree crickin'
Or de boule frog w'en he's spikin' ?
Don't you know de grey owl singin'
From de beeg moose w'en he's ringin'
Out hees challenge on de message your ole
gran' fader blow?

You're lucky boy to-night, wit' hunter man
lak me!
Steady, Johnnie, steady-kip your head down
low-

Can tole you all about it! H-s-s-h! dat's
somet'ing now I see,
Dere he's comin' t'roo de bushes,
So get down among de rushes,
Hear heem walk! I t'ink, by tonder,
He mus' go near fourteen honder!
Dat's de feller I been watchin' all de evening,
I dunno.

I'll geev' anoder call, jus' a leetle wan or
two,
Steady, Johnnie, steady-kip your head dwon
low-
W'en he see dere's no wan waitin' I wonder
w'at he'll do?
But look out for here he's comin'
Sa-pris-ti! ma heart is drummin'!
You can never get heem nearer
An' de moon is shinin' clearer,
W'at a fine shot you'll be havin'! now
Johnnie let her go!

Bang! bang! you got heem sure! an' he'll
never run away
Nor feed among de lily on de shore of Wes-
sonneau,
So dat's your firse moose Johnnie! wall! re-
member all I say-
Does n't matter w'at you 're chasin',
Does n't matter w'at you 're facin',
Only watch de t'ing you're doin'
If you don't, ba gosh! you 're ruin
An' steady, Johnnie, steady-kip your head
down low.

William Henry Drummond

Le Vieux Temps

1 Venez ici, mon cher ami, an' sit down by me--so
2 An' I will tole you story of old tam long ago--
3 W'en ev'ryt'ing is happy--w'en all de bird is sing
4 An' me!--I'm young an' strong lak moose an' not afraid no t'ing.

5 I close my eye jus' so, an' see de place w'ere I am born--
6 I close my ear an' lissen to musique of de horn,
7 Dat 's horn ma dear ole moder blow--an only t'ing she play
8 Is 'viens donc vite Napoléon--'peche toi pour votre souper.'--

9 An' w'en he 's hear dat nice musique--ma leetle dog 'Carleau'
10 Is place hees tail upon hees back--an' den he 's let heem go--
11 He 's jomp on fence--he 's swimmin' crik--he 's ronne two forty gait,
12 He say 'dat 's somet'ing good for eat--Carleau mus' not be late.'

13 O dem was pleasure day for sure, dem day of long ago
14 W'en I was play wit' all de boy, an' all de girl also;
15 An' many tam w'en I 'm alone an' t'ink of day gone by
16 An' pull latire an' spark de girl, I cry upon my eye.

17 Ma fader an' ma moder too, got nice, nice familiee,
18 Dat 's ten garçon an' t'orsteen girl, was mak' it twenty t'ree
19 But fonny t'ing de Gouvernement don't geev de firs' prize den
20 Lak w'at dey say dey geev it now, for only wan douzaine.

21 De English peep dat only got wan familiee small size
22 Mus' be feel glad dat tam dere is no honder acre prize
23 For fader of twelve chil'ren--dey know dat mus' be so,
24 De Canayens would boss Kebeck--mebbe Ontario.

25 But dat is not de story dat I was gone tole you
26 About de fun we use to have w'en we leev a chez nous
27 We 're never lonesome on dat house, for many cavalier
28 Come at our place mos' every night--especially Sun-day.

29 But tam I 'member bes' is w'en I 'm twenty wan year--me--
30 An' so for mak' some pleasement--we geev wan large soirée
31 De whole paroisse she be invite--de Curé he 's come too--
32 Wit plaintee peep from 'noder place--dat 's more I can tole you.

33 De night she 's cole an' freeze also, chemin she 's fill wit snow
 34 An' on de chimley lak phantome, de win' is mak' it blow--
 35 But boy an' girl come all de sam an' pass on grande parloir
 36 For warm itself on beeg box stove, was mak' on Trois Rivières--

37 An' w'en Bonhomme Latour commence for tune up hees fidelle
 38 It mak' us all feel very glad--l'enfant! he play so well,
 39 Musique suppose to be firs' class, I offen hear, for sure
 40 But mos' bes' man, beat all de res', is ole Bateese Latour--

41 An' w'en Bateese play Irish jeeg, he 's learn on Mattawa
 42 Dat tam he 's head boss cook Shaintee--den leetle Joe Leblanc
 43 Tak' hole de beeg Marie Juneau an' dance upon de floor
 44 Till Marie say 'Excuse to me, I cannot dance no more.'--

45 An' den de Curé 's mak' de speech--ole Curé Ladouceur!
 46 He say de girl was spark de boy too much on some cornerre--
 47 An' so he 's tole Bateese play up ole fashion reel a quatre
 48 An' every body she mus' dance, dey can't get off on dat.

49 Away she go--hooraw! hooraw! plus fort Bateese, mon vieux
 50 Camille Bisson, please watch your girl--dat 's bes' t'ing you can do.
 51 Pass on de right an' tak' your place Mamzelle Des Trois Maisons
 52 You 're s'pose for dance on Paul Laberge, not Telesphore Gagnon.

53 Mon oncle Al-fred, he spik lak' dat--'cos he is boss de floor,
 54 An' so we do our possibill an' den commence encore.
 55 Dem crowd of boy an' girl I'm sure keep up until nex' day
 56 If ole Bateese don't stop heseff, he come so fatigué.

57 An' affer dat, we eat some t'ing, tak' leetle drink also
 58 An' de Curé, he 's tole story of many year ago--
 59 W'en Iroquois sauvage she 's keel de Canayens an' steal deir hair,
 60 An' say dat 's only for Bon Dieu, we don't be here--he don't be dere.

61 But dat was mak' de girl feel scare--so all de cavalier
 62 Was ax hees girl go home right off, an' place her on de sleigh,
 63 An' w'en dey start, de Curé say, 'Bonsoir et bon voyage
 64 Menagez-vous--tak' care for you--prenez-garde pour les sauvages.'

65 An' den I go meseff also, an' tak' ma belle Elmire--

66 She 's nicer girl on whole Comté, an' jus' got eighteen year--
 67 Black hair--black eye, an' chick rosée dat 's lak wan fameuse on de fall
 68 But don't spik much--not of dat kin', I can't say she love me at all.

69 Ma girl--she's fader beeg farmeur--leev 'noder side St. Flore
 70 Got five-six honder acre--mebbe a leetle more--
 71 Nice sugar bush--une belle maison--de bes' I never see--
 72 So w'en I go for spark Elmire, I don't be mak' de foolish me--

73 Elmire!--she 's pass t'ree year on school--Ste. Anne de la Perade
 74 An' w'en she 's tak' de firs' class prize, dat 's mak' de ole man glad;
 75 He say 'Ba gosh--ma girl can wash--can keep de kitchen clean
 76 Den change her dress--mak' politesse before God save de Queen.'

77 Dey 's many way for spark de girl, an' you know dat of course,
 78 Some way dey might be better way, an' some dey might be worse
 79 But I lak' sit some cole night wit' my girl on ole burleau
 8080 Wit' lot of hay keep our foot warm--an' plaintee buffalo--

81 Dat 's geev good chances get acquaint--an' if burleau upset
 82 An' t'row you out upon de snow--dat 's better chances yet--
 83 An' if you help de girl go home, if horse he ronne away
 84 De girl she 's not much use at all--don't geev you nice baiser!

85 Dat 's very well for fun ma frien', but w'en you spark for keep
 86 She 's not sam t'ing an' mak' you feel so scare lak' leetle sheep
 87 Some tam you get de fever--some tam you 're lak snowball
 88 An' all de tam you ack lak' fou--can't spik no t'ing at all.

89 Wall! dat 's de way I feel meseff, wit Elmire on burleau,
 90 Jus' lak' small dog try ketch hees tail--roun' roun' ma head she go
 91 But bimeby I come more brave--an' tak' Elmire she's han'
 92 'Laisee-moi tranquille' Elmire she say 'You mus' be crazy man.'

93 'Yass--yass I say ' mebbe you t'ink I 'm wan beeg loup garou,
 94 Dat 's forty t'ousand 'noder girl, I lef' dem all for you,
 95 I s'pose you know Polique Gauthier your frien' on St. Cesaire
 96 I ax her marry me nex' wick--she tak' me--I don't care.'

97 Ba gosh; Elmire she don't lak dat--it mak' her feel so mad--
 98 She commence cry, say "Poleon you treat me very bad--
 99 I don't lak see you t'row you'seff upon Polique Gauthier,

100 So if you say you love me sure--we mak' de marieé'--
101 Oh it was fine tam affer dat--Castor I t'ink he know,
102 We 're not too busy for get home--he go so nice an' slow,
103 He 's only upset t'ree--four tam--an' jus' about daylight
104 We pass upon de ole man's place--an' every t'ing 's all right.

105 Wall! we leev happy on de farm for nearly fifty year,
106 Till wan day on de summer tam--she die--ma belle Elmire
107 I feel so lonesome lef' behin'--I tink 't was bes' mebbe--
108 Dat w'en le Bon Dieu tak' ma famme--he should not forget me.

109 But dat is hees biz-nesse ma frien'--I know dat 's all right dere
110 I 'll wait till he call "Poleon" den I will be prepare--
111 An' w'en he fin' me ready, for mak' de longue voyage
112 He guide me t'roo de wood heseff upon ma las' portage.

William Henry Drummond

Leetle Lac Grenier

Leetle Lac Grenier, she 's all alone,
Right on de mountain top,
But cloud sweepin' by, will fin' tam to stop
No matter how quickly he want to go,
So he'll kiss leetle Grenier down below.

Leetle Lac Grenier, she 's all alone,
Up on de mountain high
But she never feel lonesome, 'cos for w'y?
So soon as de winter was gone away
De bird come again an' sing to her ev'ry day.

Leetle Lac Grenier, she 's all alone,
Back on de mountain dere,
But de pine tree an' spruce stan' ev'rywhere
Along by de shore, an' mak' her warm
For dey kip off de win' an' de winter storm.

Leetle Lac Grenier, she 's all alone,
No broder, no sister near,
But de swallow will fly, an' de beeg moose
deer
An' caribou too, will go long way
To drink de sweet water on Lac Grenier.

Leetle Lac Grenier, I see you now,
Onder de roof of spring
Ma canoe 's afloat, an' de robin sing,
De lily's beginnin' her summer dress,
An' trout 's wakin' up from hees long long res'.

Leetle Lac Grenier, I 'm happy now,
Out on de ole canoe,
For I 'm all alone, ma chere, wit' you,
An' if only a nice light rod I had
I 'd try dat fish near de lily pad!

Leetle Lac Grenier, O! let me go,
Don't spik no more,

For your voice is strong lak de rapid 's roar,
An' you know youse'f I 'm too far away,
For visit you now -leetle Lac Grenier!

William Henry Drummond

Little Bateese

You bad leetle boy, not moche you care
How busy you 're kipin' your poor gran'pere
Tryin' to stop you ev'ry day
Chasin' de hen aroun' de hay-
W'y don't you geev' dem a chance to lay?
Leetle Bateese!

Off on de fiel' you foller de plough
Den w'en you 're tire you scare the cow
Sickin' de dog till dey jomp the wall
So de milk ain't good for not'ing at all-
An' you 're only five an' a half dis fall,
Leetle Bateese!

Too sleepy for sayin' de prayer to-night?
Never min' I s'pose it 'll be all right
Say dem to-morrow- ah! dere he go!
Fas' asleep in a minute or so-
An' he 'll stay lak dat till de rooster crow,
Leetle Bateese!

Den wake us up right away toute suite
Lookin' for somet'ing more to eat,
Makin' me t'ink of dem long leg crane
Soon as dey swaller, dey start again,
I wonder your stomach don't get no pain,
Leetle Bateese!

But see heem now lyin' dere in bed,
Look at de arm onderneat' hees head;
If he grow lak dat till he 's twenty year
I bet he 'll be stronger dan Louis Cyr
An' beat all de voyageurs leevin' here,
Leetle Bateese!

Jus' feel de muscle along hees back,
Won't geev' heem moche bodder for carry pack
On de long portage, any size canoe,
Dere 's not many t'ing dat boy won't do

For he 's got double-joint on hees body too,
Leetle Bateese!

But leetle Bateese! please don't forget
We rader you 're stayin' de small boy yet,
So chase de chicken an' mak' dem scare
An' do w'at you lak wit' your ole gran'pere
For w'en you 're beeg feller he won't be dere-
Leetle Bateese!

William Henry Drummond

Little Mouse

Get along leetle mouse, kick de snow up
behin' you
For it's fine winter road we 're travelto-
night
Wit' de moon an' de star shinin' up on de sky
dere
W'y it 's almos' de sam' as de broad day
light.
De bell roun' your body it 's quick tune dey 're
playin'
But your foot 's kippin' tam jus' as steady
can be,
Ah! you dance youse'f crazy if only I let you,
Ma own leetle pony- petite souris.

You 'member w'en firse we be tryin' for broke
you
An' Joe Sauvageau bet hees two dollar bill
He can drive you alone by de bridge on de
reever
An' down near de place w'ere dey got de
beeg mill.

An' it 's new cariole too, is come from St.
Felix
Jo-seph 's only buyin' it week before,
An' w'en he is passin' de road wit' hees trotter
Ev'ry body was stan' on de outside door.

An' dere he sit, sam' he don 't care about
not'ing
Hees foot on de dashboar', hees han' on de
line
Ev'ry dog on de place is come out for barkin'
An' all de young boy he was runnin' behin' .

Wall! sir, Joe's put on style leetle soon for
hees pleasure
For w'en de mill w'issle, you jomp lak de

cat
An' nex' t'ing poor Joe is commencin' get
busy,
Non! I never see fine run-away lak dat.

'Way go de pony den- 'way go de carirole,
Poor Joe say , 'good-bye' on de foot of de
hill
An' all he can see of de sleigh de nex' morning
Is jus' about pay for hees two dollar bill.

Ah! your right nam' jus' den should be leetle
devil
An' not leetle mouse, de sam' you have now.
Wall! dat 's long ago, an' you 're gettin' more
quiet
Since tam you was never done kickin' de
row.

But I 'm not very sorry de firse day I see you
Settle down on de trot lak your fader he get
W'en he beat Sorel Boy on de ice at T'ree
Reever
Bes' two on t'ree heat, an' win all de bet.

Your moder she 's come off de Lachapelle stock
too
Ole Canayen blood from Berthier en haut
De bes' kin' of horse never look on de halter
So it is n't moche wonder you know how to
go.

Dat's church bell we 're hearin' off dere on de
hillside
Get along leetle mouse, for we must n't be
late,
Fin' your way t'roo de res' of dem crowdin' de
roadside
You 'll never get better chance showin' your
gait.

Wall! church is all over, an' Josephine 's comin'

For drive wit' us home on her gran' moder 's
house
So tak' your own tam an' don 't be on de hurry
Your slowes' gait 's quick enough now, leetle
mouse.

William Henry Drummond

Madeleine Vercheres

I've told you many a tale, my child, of the
old heroic days
Of Indian wars and massacre, of villages ablaze
With savage torch, from Ville Marie to the
Mission of Trois Rivieres
But never have I told you yet, of Madeleine
Vercheres.

Summer had come with its blossoms, and gaily
the robin sang
And deep in the forest arches the axe of the
woodman rang
Again in the waving meadows, the sun-browned
farmers met
And out on the green St. Lawrence, the fisher-
man spread his net.

And so through the pleasant season, till the
days of October came
When children wrought their parents, and
even the old and lame
With tottering frames and footsteps, their
feeble labors lent
At the gathering of the harvest le bon Dieu
himself had sent.

For news there was none of battle, from the
forts on the Richelieu
To the gates of the ancient city, where the
flag of King Louis flew
All peaceful the skies hung over the seigneurie
of Vercheres,
Like the calm that so often cometh, ere the
hurricanes rends the air.

And never a thought of danger had the
Seigneur sailing away,
To join the soldiers of Carignan, where down
at Quebec they lay,

But smiled on his little daughter, the maiden
Madeleine,
And a necklet of jewels promised her, when
home he should come again.

And ever the days passed swiftly, and careless
the workmen grew
For the months they seemed a hundred, since
the last war-bugle blew.
Ah! little they dreamt on their pillows, the
farmers of Vercheres,
That the wolves of the southern forest had
scented the harvest fair.

Like ravens they quickly gather, like tigers
they watch their prey
Poor people! with hearts so happy, they sang
as they toiled away.
Till the murderous eyeballs glistened, and the
tomahawk leaped out
And the banks on the green St. Lawrence
echoed the savage shout.

'Oh mother of Christ have pity,' shrieked
the women in despair
'This is no time for praying,' cried the young
Madeleine Vercheres,
'Aux armes! aux armes! les Iroquois! quick
to your arms and guns
Fight for your God and country and the lives
of the innocent ones.'

And she sped like a deer of the mountain, when
beagles press close behind
And the feet that would follow after, must be
swift as the prairie wind.
Alas! for the men and women, and little ones
that day
For the road it was long and weary, and the
fort it was far away.

But the fawn had outstripped the hunters, and

the palisades drew near,
And soon from the inner gateway the war-
bugle rang out clear;
Gallant and clear it sounded, with never a note
of despair
'T was a soldier of France's challenge, from
the young Madeleine Vercheres.

'And this is my little garrison, my brothers
Louis and Paul?
With soldiers two- and a cripple? may the
Virgin pray for us all.
But we've powder and guns in plenty, and
we 'll fight to the latest breath
And if need be for God and country, die a
brave soldier's death.

'Load all the carabines quickly, and whenever
you sight the foe
Fire from the upper turret, and the loopholes
down below.
Keep up the fire, brave soldiers, though the
fight may be fierce and long
And they 'll think out little garrison is more
than a hundred strong.'

So spake the maiden Madeleine, and she roused
the Norman blood
That seemed for a moment sleeping, and sent
it like a flood
Though every heart around her, and they
fought the red Iroquois
As fought in the old time battles, the soldiers
of Carignan.

And they say the black clouds gathered, and a
tempest swept the sky
And the roar of the thunder mingled with the
forest tiger's cry
But still the garrison fought on, while the
lightning's jagged spear
Tore a hole in the night's dark curtain, and

showed them a foeman near.

And the sun rose up in the morning, and the
color of blood was he
Gazing down from the heavens on the little
company.

'Behold! my friend!' cried the maiden, ' 't is
a warning lest we forget
Though the night saw us do our duty, our
work is not finished yet.'

And six days followed each other, and feeble
her limbs became
Yet the maid never sought her pillow, and the
flash of the carabines' flames
Illuminated the powder-smoked face, aye, even
when hope seemed gone
And she only smiled on her comrades, and told
them to fight, fight on.

And she blew a blast on the bugle, and lo!
from the forest black
Merrily, merrily ringing, an answer came peal-
ing back
Oh! pleasant and sweet it sounded, borne on
the morning air,
For it heralded fifty soldiers, with gallant De
la Monniere.

And when he beheld the maiden, the soldier
of Carignan,
And looked on the little garrison that fought
the red Iroquois
And held their own in the battle, for six long
weary days,
He stood for a moment speechless, and mar-
velled at woman's ways.

Then he beckoned the men behind him and
steadily they advance
And with carabines uplifted, the veterans of
France

Saluted the brave young captain so timidly
standing there
And they fired a volley in honor of Madeleine
Vercheres.

And this, my dear, is the story of the maiden
Madeleine
God grant that we in Canada may never see
again
Such cruel wars and massacres, in waking or in
dream
As our fathers and mothers saw, my child, in
the days of the old regime.

William Henry Drummond

Marie Louise

Dis was de story of boy an' girl
Dat 's love each oder above de worl'
But it 's not easy job for mak' l'amour
W'en de girl she 's riche an' de boy he 's poor
All de sam' he don't worry an' she don't cry,
But wait for good chances come bimeddy.

Young Marie Louise Hurtubuse
Was leev wit' her meder la veuve Denise
On fines' house on de w'ole chemin
From Caribou reever to St. Germain
For ole woamn 's boss on de grande moulin.

W'ere dere 's nice beeg dam, water all de tam
An'season t'roo runnin' jus' de sam'
Wit' good leetle creek comin' off de hill
Was helpin' de reever for work de mill
So de grande moulin she is never still.

No wonder Denise she was hard to please
W'en de boy come sparkin' Marie Louise
For affer de foreman Bazile is pay
De mill she 's bringin' t'ree dollar a day
An' for makin' de monee, dat 's easy way.

An' de girl Marie, O! she's tres jolie,
Jompin' aroun lak de summer bee
She 's never short plaintee t'ing to do
An' mebbe she ketch leetle honey too,
'Cos she 's jus' as sweet as de morning dew.

An' w'en she was dress on her Sunday bes'
An' walk wit' her moder on seconde mess
Dere 's not'ing is bring de young man so fas'
An' dey stan' on door of church en masse
So res' of de peop' dey can hardly pass.

An' she know musique, 'cos on Chris'mas week
W'en organ man on de church is sick

(S'pose he got de grippe) dat girl she play
Lak college professor, de pries' is say
Till de place it was crowd nearly ev'ry day.

Ole le Curé Belair of St. Pollinaire,
Dat 's parish ten mile noder side riviere,
If he 's not gettin' mad, it was funny t'ing
W'en hees young man fly lak bird on de wing
Wit' nobody lef' behin' to sing.

An' nex' t'ing dey know it 's comin' so
Dat mos' of de girl she got no beau,
An' of course dat's makin' de jealousy
For w'en de young feller he see Marie
He see not'ing else on hees eye, sapree!

Mus' be somet'ing done sure as de gun,
It's all very well for de boy have fun
But dere 's noder t'ing too, must n't be forget,
Dere 's two fine parish dat 's all upset
An' mebbe de troub' is n't over yet.

So ev'ry wan say de only way
Is gettin' young Marie Louise mariée,
Den dey have beeg meetin' on magasin,
W'ere he sit on de chair Aleck Sanschagrin,
An' dey 'point heem for go on de grande
moulin.

But w'en Aleck come dere for arrange affaire,
Ole Madame Denise she was mak' heem scare
For jus' on de minute she see hees face
She know right away all about de case
An' she tole Bazile t'row heem off de place.

Now de young Bazile he was t'ink good deal
Of Marie Louise an' he 's ready for keel
Any feller come foolin' aroun' de door
So he kick dat man till he 's feelin' sore,
An' Aleck he never got back no more.

If it 's true w'at dey say, Joe Boulanger

Was crazy to fight Irish man wan day
W'en he steal all de pork on hees dinner can,
Den it is n't so very hard onderstan'
Bazile Latour mus' be darn smart man.

For nobody know de poor feller Joe
W'en he 's come from de grande moulin below
'Cept hees moder, dat's tole heem mak' prom-
ise sure
Kip off on de mill, an' Bazile Latour,
(But it 's long before doctor can mak' heem
cure).

Den de ole Denise she was very please,
An' nex' day spik wit' Marie Louise,
'Ma girl, I got de right man for you
If you can only jus' love heem true,
Bazile dat young feller, I t'ink he 'll do.'

'Wall! Moder he 's poor, Bazile Latour,
But if you t'ink you will lak heem sure
I 'll try an' feex it mese'f some day
For you 've been de good moder wit' me
alway'
An' dat 's w'at Marie Louise she say.

So it 's comin' right affer all de fight,
An' de parish don't see de more finer sight
Dan w'en dey get marry on St. Germain
W'y de buggy she 's pilin' de w'ole chemin
All de way from de church to de grande moulin.

William Henry Drummond

Maxime Labelle

Victoriaw: she have beeg war, E-gyp's de nam' de place--
An' neeger peep dat's leev 'im dere, got very black de face,
An' so she's write Joseph Mercier, he's stop on Trois Rivieres--
'Please come right off, an' bring wit' you t'ree honder voyageurs.

'I got de plaintee sojer, me, beeg feller six foot tall--
Dat's Englishman, an' Scotch also, don't wear no pant at all;
Of course, de Irishman's de bes', raise all de row he can,
But noboddy can pull batteau lak good Canadian man.

'I geev you steady job for sure, an' w'en you get 'im t'roo
I bring you back on Canadaw, don't cos' de man un sou,
Dat's firs'-class steamboat all de way Kebeck an' Leeverpool,
An' if you don't be satisfy, you mus' be beeg, beeg fool.'

We meet upon Hotel Dufresne, an' talk heem till daylight,
An' Joe he's treat so many tam, we very near get tight,
Den affer w'ile, we mak' our min' dat's not bad chance, an' so
Joseph Mercier he's telegraph, 'Correc', Madame, we go.'

So Joe arrange de whole beez-nesse wit' Queen Victoriaw;
Two dollar day--work all de tam--dat's purty good l'argent!
An' w'en we start on Trois Rivieres, for pass on boar' de ship,
Our frien' dey all say, 'Bon voyage,' an' den Hooraw! E-gyp'!

Dat beeg steamboat was plonge so moche, I'm 'fraid she never stop--
De Capitaine's no use at all, can't kip her on de top--
An' so we all come very sick, jus' lak one leetle pup,
An' ev'ry tam de ship's go down, de inside she's go up.

I'm sorry spoke lak dis, ma frien', if you don't t'ink it's so,
Please ax Joseph Mercier hese'f, or Aleck De Courteau,
Dat stay on bed mos' all de tam, so sick dey nearly die,
But lak' some great, beeg Yankee man, was never tole de lie.

De gang she's travel, travel, t'roo many strange contree,
An' ev'ry place is got new nam', I don't remember, me,
We see some fonny t'ing, for sure, more fonny I can tell,
But w'en we reach de Neel Riviere, dat's feel more naturel.

So many fine, beeg sojer man, I never see before,
All dress heem on grand uniform, is wait upon de shore,
Some black, some green, an' red also, cos' honder dollar sure,
An' holler out, 'She's all right now, here come de voyageurs!'

We see boss Generale also, he's ride on beeg chameau,
Dat's w'at you call Ca-melle, I t'ink, I laugh de way she go!
Jomp up, jomp down, jomp ev'ry place, but still de Generale
Seem satisfy for stay on top, dat fonny an-i-mal.

He's holler out on Joe Mercier, 'Comment câ va Joseph
You lak for come right off wit' me, tak' leetle ride yourseff?'
Joseph, he mak' de grand salut, an' tak' it off hees hat,
'Merci, Mon Generale,' he say, 'I got no use for dat.'

Den affer we was drink somet'ing, an' sing 'Le Brigadier,'
De sojer fellers get prepare, for mak' de embarquer,
An' everybody's shout heem out, w'en we tak' hole de boat
'Hooraw pour Queen Victoriaw!' an' also 'pour nous autres.'

Bigosh; I do hard work mese'f upon de Ottawa,
De Gatineau an' St. Maurice, also de Mattawa,
But I don't never work at all, I'sure you dat's a fack
Until we strike de Neel Riviere, an' sapré Catarack!

'Dis way, dat way, can't keep her straight,' 'look out, Bateese, look out!'
'Now let her go'--'arrete un peu,' dat's way de pilot shout,
'Don't wash de neeger girl on shore,' an' 'prenez garde behin','
'W'at's matter wit' dat rudder man? I t'ink he's goin' blin'!

Some tam of course, de boat's all right, an' carry us along
An' den again, we mak portage, w'en current she's too strong
On place lak' dat, we run good chance, for sun-struck on de neck,
An' plaintee tam we wish ourseff was back on ole Kebeck.

De seconde Catarack we pass, more beeger dan de Soo,
She's nearly t'orty mile for sure, it would astonish you,
Dat's place t'ree Irishman get drown, wan day we have beeg storm,
I s'pose de Queen is feel lak cry, los' dat nice uniform!

De night she's very, very cole, an' hot upon de day,

An' all de tam, you feel jus' lak you're goin' melt away,
But never min' an' don't get scare, you mak' it up all right,
An' twenty poun' you los' dat day, she's comin' back sam' night.

We got small bugle boy also, he's mebbe stan' four foot,
An' firs' t'ing ev'ry morning, sure, he mak' it toot! toot! toot!
She's nice enough upon de day, for hear de bugle call,
But w'en she play before daylight, I don't lak dat at all.

We mus' get up immediatement, dat leetle feller blow,
An' so we start heem off again, for pull de beeg batteau,
De sojer man he's nice, nice boy, an' help us all he can,
An' geev heem chance, he's mos' as good lak some Canadian man.

Wall all de tam, she go lak dat, was busy every day,
Don't get moche chance for foolish-ness, don't get no chance for play,
Dere's plaintee danger all aroun', an' w'en we're comin' back
We got look out for run heem safe, dem sapré Catarack.

But w'ere's de war? I can't mak' out, don't see no fight at all!
She's not'ing but une Grande Piquique, dat's las' in all de fall!
Mebbe de neeger King he's scare, an' skip anoder place,
An' pour la Reine Victoriaw! I never see de face.

But dat's not ma beez-nesse, ma frien', I'm ready pull batteau
So long she pay two dollar day, wit' pork an' bean also;
An' if she geev me steady job, for mak' some more l'argent,
I say, 'Hooraw! for all de tam, on Queen Victoriaw!'

William Henry Drummond

Memories

O spirit of the mountain that speaks to us to-night,
Your voice is sad, yet still recalls past visions of delight,
When 'mid the grand old Laurentides, old when the earth was new,
With flying feet we followed the moose and caribou.

And backward rush sweet memories, like fragments of a dream,
We hear the dip of paddle blades, the ripple of the stream,
The mad, mad rush of frightened wings from brake and covert start,
The breathing of the woodland, the throb of nature's heart.

Once more beneath our eager feet the forest carpet springs,
We march through gloomy valleys, where the vesper sparrow sings.
The little minstrel heeds us not, nor stays his plaintive song,
As with our brave coureurs de bois we swiftly pass along.

Again o'er dark Wayagamack, in bark canoe we glide,
And watch the shades of evening glance along the mountain side.
Anon we hear resounding the wizard loon's wild cry,
And mark the distant peak whereon the ling'ring echoes die.

But Spirit of the Northland! let the winter breezes blow,
And cover every giant crag with rifts of driving snow.
Freeze every leaping torrent, bind all the crystal lakes,
Tell us of fiercer pleasures when the Storm King awakes.

And now the vision changes, the winds are loud and shrill,
The falling flakes are shrouding the mountain and the hill,
But safe within our snug cabane with comrades gathered near,
We set the rafters ringing with 'Roulant' and 'Brigadier.'

Then after Pierre and Telesphore have danced 'Le Caribou,'
Some hardy trapper tells a tale of the dreaded Loup Garou,
Or phantom bark in moonlit heavens, with prow turned to the East,
Bringing the Western voyageurs to join the Christmas feast.

And while each backwoods troubadour is greeted with huzza
Slowly the homely incense of 'tabac Canayen'
Rises and sheds its perfume like flowers of Araby,
O'er all the true-born loyal Enfants de la Patrie.

And thus with song and story, with laugh and jest and shout,
We heed not dropping mercury nor storms that rage without,
But pile the huge logs higher till the chimney roars with glee,
And banish spectral visions with La Chanson Normandie.

'Brigadier! répondit Pandore
Brigadier! vous avez raison,
Brigadier! répondit Pandore,
Brigadier! vous avez raison!'

O spirit of the mountain! that speaks to us to-night,
Return again and bring us new dreams of past delight,
And while our heart-throbs linger, and till our pulses cease,
We'll worship thee among the hills where flows the Saint-Maurice.

William Henry Drummond

Mon Choual

I'm poor man, me, but I buy las' May
Wan horse on de Comp'nie Passengaire,
An' auction feller w'at sole heem say
She's out of de full-breed 'Messengaire.'

Good trotter stock, also galluppe,
But work long tam on de city car,
Of course she's purty well break heem up,
So come leetle cheap--twenty-wan dollarre.

Firs' chance I sen' heem on St. Cesaire,
W'ere I t'ink he's have moche better sight,
Mebbe de grass an' de contree air
Very soon was feex heem up all right.

I lef' heem dere till de fall come 'long,
An' dat trotter he can't eat grass no more,
An' w'en I go dere, I fin' heem strong
Lak not'ing I never see before.

I heetch heem up on de light sulkee,
L'enfant! dat horse he is cover groun'!
Don't tak' long tam for de crowd to see
Mon choual he was leek all trotter roun'.

Come down de race course lak' oiseau
Tail over datch boar', nice you please,
Can't tell for sure de quick he go,
S'pose somew'ere 'bout two, t'ree forties.

I treat ma frien' on de whiskey blanc,
An' we drink 'Castor' he's bonne santé
From L'Achigan to St. Armand,
He's bes' horse sure on de whole comté.

* * * * *

'Bout week on front of dis, Lalime,
Dat man drive horse call 'Clevelan' Bay'

Was challenge, so I match wit' heem
For wan mile heat on straight away.

Dat's twenty dollarre on wan side,
De lawyer's draw de paper out,
But if dem trotter come in tied,
Wall! all dat monee's go on spout.

Nex' t'ing ma backer man, Labrie,
Tak' off his catch-book vingt cinq cents,
An' toss Lalime bes' two on t'ree
For see who's go on inside fence.

Bateese Lalime, he's purty smart,
An' gain dat toss wit' jockey trick.
I don't care me, w'en 'Castor' start,
Very soon I t'ink he's mak' heem sick.

Beeg crowd of course was dere for see
Dem trotter on de grand match race
Some people come from St. Remi
An' some from plaintee 'noder place.

W'en all is ready, flag was fall
An' way dem trotter pass on fence
Lak not'ing you never see at all,
It mak' me t'ink of 'St. Lawrence.'

'Castor,' hees tail was stan' so straight
Could place chapeau on de en' of top
An' w'en he struck two forty gait
Don't seem he's never go for stop.

Wall! dat's all right for firs' half mile
W'en Clevelan' Bay commence for break,
Dat mak' me feel very moche lak smile,
I'm sure 'Castor' he's took de cake.

But Lalime pull heem hard on line
An' stop 'Clevelan'" before go far,
It's all no good, he can't ketch mine
I'm go more quicker lak express car.

I'm feel all right for my monee,
For sure mon Choual he's took firs' place,
W'en 'bout arpent from home, sapré,
Somet'ing she's happen, I'm los' de race.

Wan bad boy he's come out on track,
I cannot see dat bad boy's han';
He's hol' somet'ing behin' hees back,
It was small bell, I understan'.

Can spik for dat, ma horse go well,
An' never show no sign of sweat,
Until dat boy he's ring hees bell--
Misere! I t'ink I hear heem yet!

Wall! jus' so soon mon Choual 'Castor'
Was hear dat bell go kling! klang! kling!
He's tink of course of city car,
An' spose mus' be conductor ring.

Firs' t'ing I know ma trotter's drop
Dat tail was stan' so straight before,
An' affer dat, mebbe he stop
For me, I don't know not'ing more.

But w'en I'm come alive again
I fin' dat horse call 'Clevelan' Bay'
Was got firs' place, an' so he's gain
Dat wan mile heat on straight away.

An' now w'erever I am go
Bad boy he's sure for holler an' yell
Dis donc! Dis donc! Paul Archambault!
W'at's matter wit' your chestnutte bell?

Mak' plaintee troub' dem bad garçons,
An' offen ring some bell also,
Was mad! Could plunge on de St. Laurent
An' w'at to do, 'Castor' don't know.

Las' tam I pass de railway track

For drive avec mon frere Alfred,
In-jinne she's ring, 'Castor' he's back,
Monjee! it's fonny I'm not come dead!

Toujours comme ça! an' mak' me sick,
But horse dat work long on les chars
Can't broke dem off on fancy trick
So now I'm busy for sole 'Castor.'

William Henry Drummond

Mon Frere Camille

Mon frere Camille he was first class blood
W'en he come off de State las' fall,
Wearin' hees boot a la mode box toe
An' diamon' pin on hees shirt also
Sam' as dem feller on Chi-caw-go;
But now he 's no blood at all,
Camille, mon frere.

W'at 's makin' dat change on mon frere
Camille?
Wall! lissen for minute or two,
An' I 'll try feex it up on de leetle song
Dat 's geevin' some chance kin' o' help it
along
So wedder I'm right or wedder I'm wrong
You 'll know all about heem w'en I get
t'roo,
Mon frere Camille.

He never sen' leter for t' orteen year
So of course he mus' be all right
Till telegraph 's comin' from Kan-Ka-Kee
'I 'm leffin' dis place on de half pas't'ree
W'at you want to bring is de beg' buggee
An' double team sure for me t' orsday night
Ton frere Camille.'

I wish you be dere w'en Camille arrive
I bet you will say 'W'at 's dat?'
For he 's got leetle cap very lak tuque bleu
Ole habitant 's wearin' in bed, dat's true,
An' w'at do you t'ink he carry too?
Geev it up? Wall! small valise wit' de fine
plug hat.
Mon frere Camille.

'Very strange.' I know you will say right off,
For dere 's not'ing wrong wit' hees clothes,
An' he put on style all de bes' he can

Wit' diamon' shinin' across hees han'
An' de way he's talkin' lak Yankee man
Mus' be purty hard on hees nose,
Mon frere Camille.

But he 's splain all dat about funny cap,
An' tole us de reason w'y,
It seem no feller can travel far,
An' specially too on de Pullman car,
'Less dey wear leetle cap only 'cos dollarre,
Dat 's true if he never die,
Mon frere Camille.

Don't look very strong dem fancy boot
But he 's splain all dat also
He say paten' ledder she 's nice an' gay
You don't need to polish dem ev'ry day,
Besides he 's too busy for dat alway,
W'en he's leevin' on Chi-caw-go,
Mon frere Camille.

But de State she was n't de only place
He visit all up an' down,
For he's goin' Cu-baw an' de Mex-i-co,
W'ere he 's killin' two honder dem wil' taureau,
W'at you call de bull: on de circus show,
O! if you believe heem he travel roun'.
Mon frere Camille.

So of course w'en ma broder was gettin' home
All de peop' on de parish come
Every night on de parlor for hear heem tell
How he foller de brave General Roosvel'
W'en rough rider feller dey fight lak hell
An' he walk on de front wit' great beg
drum,
Mon frere Camille.

An' how is he gainin' dat diamon' ring?
Way off on de Mex-i-co
W'ere he 's pilin' de bull wan summer day
Till it 's not easy haulin' dem all away,

An' de lady dey 're t'rowin' heem large
bouquet
For dey lak de style he was keel taureau,
Mon frere Camille.

Wall! he talk dat way all de winter t'roo,
An' hees frien' dey was tryin' fin'
Some bull on de country dat 's wil' enough
For mon frere camille, but it 's purty tough
'Cos de farmer 's not raisin' such fightin' stuff
An' he don't want not'ing but mos' worse
kin'
Mon frere Camille.

Dat 'd not pleasan' t'ing mebbe los' hees trade,
If we don't hurry up, for sure,
I s'pose you t'ink I was goin' it strong?
Never min' , somet'ing happen 'fore very long
It 'll all come out on dis leetle song
W'en he pass on de house of Ma-dame
Latour
Camille, mon frere.

We 're makin' pique-nique on Denise Latour
For helpin' put in de hay
Too bad she 's de moder large familee
An' los' de bes' husban' she never see
W'en he drown on de reever, poor Jeremie,
So he come wit' de res' of de gang dat day,
Camille, mon frere.

An' affer de hay it was put away
Don't tak' very long at all,
De boy an' de girl she was lookin' 'roun
For havin' more fun 'fore dey lef' de groun'
An' dey see leetle bull, mebbe t'ree honder
poun'
An' nex' t'ing I hear dem call
Mon frere Camille.

So nice leetle feller I never see
Dat bull of Ma-dame Latour

Wit' curly hair on de front hees head
An' quiet? jus' sam' he was almos' dead
An' fat? wall! de chil'ren dey see heem fed
So he 's not goin' keel heem I 'm very sure,
Mon frere Camille.

But de girl kip teasin' an' ole Ma-dame
She say, 'You can go ahead
He cos' me four dollarre six mont' ago
So if anyt'ing happen ma small taureau,
Who 's pay me dat monee I lak to know?'
An' he answer, 'Dat 's me w'en I keel
heem dead'
Mon frere Camille.

Den he feex beeg knife on de twelve foot pole,
So de chil'ren commence to cry
An' he jomp on de fence, an' yell, 'Hooraw'
An' shout on de leetle French bull, 'Dis donc!
Ain't you scare w'en you see feller from Cu-
baw?'
An' he show heem hees red necktie,
Mon frere Camille.

L'petit taureau w'en he see dat tie
He holler for half a mile
Den he jomp on de leg an' he raise de row
Ba Golly! I'm sure I can see heem now.
An' dey run w'en dey hear heem, de noder
cow
Den he say, 'Dat bull must be surely wil''
Mon frere Camille.

But de bull don't care w'at he say at all,
For he 's watchin' dat red necktie
An' w'en ma broder he push de pole
I 'm sure it 's makin' some purty large hole,
If de bull be dere, but ma blood run col'
For de nex' t'ing I hear heem cry,
Camille, mon frere.

No wonder he cry, for dat sapree bull

He 's yell leetle bit some more,
Den he ketch ma broder dat small taureau
Only cos' four dollarre six mont' ago
An' he 's t'rowin' heem up from de groun'
below
Wan tam, two tam, till he 's feelin' sore,
Camille, mon frere.

An' w'en ma broder 's come down agen
I s'pose he mus' change hees min'
An' mebbe t'ink if it 's all de sam'
He 'll keel dat bull w'en he get more tam
For dere he was runnin' wit' ole Ma-dame
De chil'ren, de bull, an' de cow behin'
Camille, mon frere.

So dat's de reason he 's firse class blood
W'en he come off de State las' fall
Wearin' hees boot a la mode bo toe
An' diamon' pin on hees shirt also
Sam' as dem feller on Chi-caw-go
But now he 's no blood at all,
Camille, mon frere.

William Henry Drummond

M'sieu Smit

THE ADVENTURES OF AN ENGLISHMAN IN THE CANADIAN WOODS.

Wan morning de walkim boss say 'Damase,
I t'ink you're good man on canoe d'ecorce,
So I'll ax you go wit' your frien' Philéas
An' meet M'sieu' Smit' on Chenail W'ite Horse.

'He'll have I am sure de grosse baggage--
Mebbe some valise--mebbe six or t'ree--
But if she's too moche for de longue portage
'Poleon he will tak' 'em wit' mail buggee.'

W'en we reach Chenail, plaintee peep be dere,
An' wan frien' of me, call Placide Chretien,
'Splain all dat w'en he say man from Angleterre
Was spik heem de crowd on de 'Parisien.'

Fonny way dat Englishman he'll be dress,
Leetle pant my dear frien' jus' come on knee,
Wit' coat dat's no coat at all--only ves'
An' hat--de more stranger I never see!

Wall! dere he sit on de en' some log
An' swear heem in English purty loud
Den talk Français, w'ile hees chien boule dog
Go smellim an' smellim aroun' de crowd.

I spik im 'Bonjour, M'sieu' Smit', Bonjour,
I hope dat yourse'f and famille she's well?'
M'sieu Smit' he is also say 'Bonjour,'
An' call off hees dog dat's commence for smell.

I tell heem my name dat's Damase Labrie
I am come wit' Philéas for mak' de trip,
An' he say I'm de firs' man he never see
Spik English encore since he lef' de ship.

He is also ax it to me 'Damase,

De peep she don't seem understan' Français,
W'at's matter wit' dat?' An' I say 'Becos
You mak' too much talk on de Parisien.'

De groun she is pile wit' baggage--Sapré!
An' I see purty quick we got plaintee troub--
Two tronk, t'ree valise, four-five fusil,
An' w'at M'sieu Smit' he is call 'bat' tubbe.'

M'sieu Smit' he's tole me w'at for's dat t'ing,
An' it seem Englishman he don't feel correc'
Until he's go plunge on some bat' morning
An' sponge it hees possibill high hees neck.

Of course dat's not'ing of my beez-nesse,
He can plunge on de water mos' ev'ry day,
But I t'ink for mese'f it mak foolishness
An' don't do no good w'en your bonne santé.

W'en I tell 'Poleon he mus' mak' dat job,
Dere's leetle too moche for canoe d'écorce,
He's mad right away an' say 'Sapré diable!
You t'ink I go work lak wan niggerhorse?

'I'm not manufacture dat way, bâ non,
Dat rich stranger man he have lot monee,
I go see my frien' Onésime Gourdon,
An' tole heem bring horse wit' some more buggee.'

Wall! affer some w'ile dey'll arrange all dat,
'Poleon an' hees frien' Onésime Gourdon,
But w'en 'Poleon is tak' hole of bat',
He receive it beeg scare immediatement!

Dat chien boule dog, I was tole you 'bout,
I am not understan' w'at good she's for,
Eat 'Poleon's leg w'it hees teet' an' mout,
'Poleon he is feel very mad--by Gor!

Of course I am poule heem hees tail toute suite
But I don't know some reason mak all dis troub',
W'en I hear me dat Englishman, M'sieu Smit'

Say 'Poleon, w'at for you took my tubbe?

'Leff 'im dere--for I don't low nobodee
Walk heem off on any such way lak dat;
You may tak' all de res', an' I don't care me--
But de man he'll be keel who is tak' my bat'.'

'I will carry heem wit' me,' say M'sieu Smit'--
'W'erever dat tubbe she mus' go, I go--
No matter de many place we visite,
An' my sponge I will tak' mese'f also.'

Philéas say 'Damase, we mus buil' some raf'
Or mebbe some feller be sure get drown';
Dis geev me plaisir, but I'm scare mak' laf',
So I'll do it mese'f, inside, way down.

At las' we are start on voyage, sure nuff,
M'sieu Smit' carry tubbe on de top hees head,
Good job, I t'ink so, de lac isn't rough,
Or probably dis tam, we're all come dead.

De dog go wit' Onésime Gourdon,
An' Onésime afferwar' say to me,
'Dat chien boule dog is eat 'Poleon
Was de more quiet dog I never see.'

But fun she's commence on very nex' day
W'en we go camp out on de Castor Noir.
Dat Englishman he'll come along an' say
'I hope some wil' Injun she don't be dere.

'I have hear many tam, dat de wood be foule
Of Injun w'at tak' off de hair your head.
But so surely my name she's Johnnie Boule
If I see me dem feller I shoot it dead.'

Philéas den pray harder, more quick he can
Mebbe he's t'ink dat's hees las' portage
De moder hees fader, she's Injun man
Derefore an' also, he is wan Sauvage.

I say 'Don't mak' it some excitement;
Saison she is 'close' on de spring an' fall,
An' dem peep dat work on de Gouvernement
Don't lak you shoot Injun dis mont' at all.'

Nex' day M'sieu Smit' is perform hees plunge
We see heem go done it--Philéas an' me,
An' w'en he's hang up bat' tubbe an' sponge
We go on de wood for mak' Chasse perdrix.

An' mebbe you will not believe to me,
But w'en we come back on de camp encore
De sponge of dat Englishman don't be see,
An' we fin' beeg bear she's go dead on shore.

Very fonny t'ing how he's loss hees life,
But Philéas he'll know hese'f purty quick,
He cut M'sieu Bear wit' hees hunter knife,
An' sponge she's fall out on de bear stummick.

Day affer we get two fox houn' from Boss
Dat's good for ketch deer on de fall an' spring,
Den place Englishman w'ere he can't get los'
An' tole heem shoot quicker he see somet'ing.

Wat's dat leetle deer got no horn at all?
She'll be moder small wan en suite bimeby,
Don't remember mese'f w'at name she's call,
But dat's de kin' start w'en de dog is cry.

We see heem come down on de runaway
De dog she is not very far behin'
An' w'en dey pass place M'sieu Smit' is stay
We expec' he will shoot or make noise some kin'!

But he's not shoot at all, mon cher ami,
So we go an' we ax 'Is he see some deer?'
He say 'Dat's long tam I am stay on tree
But I don't see not'ing she's pass on here.'

We spik heem once more, 'He don't see fox houn'?'
W'at you t'ink he is say, dat Englishman?

'Yes, I see dem pass quickly upon de groun',
Wan beeg yellow dog, an' two small brown wan.'

He's feel de more bad I don't see before
W'en he know dat beeg dog, she's wan small deer,
An' for mak' ev'ryt'ing correc' encore
We drink I am sure six bouteilles de bière.

Nex' day--dat's Dimanche--he is spik to me,
'Damase, you mus' feel leetle fatigué,
You may slep' wit' Philéas w'ile I go an' see
I can't get some nice quiet tam to-day.'

So for keep 'way skeeter, an' fly also
Bouteille from de shelf M'sieu Smit' he tak',
Den he start wit' his chien boule dog an' go
For nice quiet walk on shore of lac.

We don't slep' half hour w'en dere's beeg, beeg yell,
Lak somet'ing I'm sure don't hear long tam,
An' we see wan feller we cannot tell,
Till he spik it, 'Damase! Philéas!! dam dam!!!!'

Den we know it at once, mon cher ami,
But she's swell up hees face--hees neck an' han'!
It seem all de skeeter on w'ole contree
Is jump on de head of dat Englishman.

Some water on poor M'sieu Smit' we'll t'row,
An' w'en he's tranquille fin' out ev'ryt'ing;
Bouteille he's rub on, got some nice sirop
I was mak' mese'f on de wood las' spring.

Dere was jus' 'noder t'ing he seem for care
An' den he is feel it more satisfy,
Dat t'ing, my dear frien', was for keel some bear,
If he'll do dat wan tam, he's prepare for die.

Philéas say he know w'ere some blue berree
Mak' very good place for de bear have fonne,
So we start nex' day on morning earlee,
An' M'sieu Smit' go wit' hees elephan' gun.

Wan woman sauvage she is come be dere,
Mebbe want some blue berree mak' some pie,
Dat' Englishman shoot, he is t'ink she's bear,
An' de woman she's holler, 'Mon Dieu, I'm die!'

M'sieu Smit' he don't do no harm, becos
He is shake hese'f w'en he shoot dat squaw,
But scare he pay hunder' dollar cos'
For keel some sauvage on de 'close' saison.

T'ree day affer dat, we start out on lac
For ketch on de water wan Cariboo,
But win' she blow strong, an' we can't get back
Till we t'row ourse'f out on dat canoe.

We t'ink M'sieu Smit' he is sure be drown,
Leetle w'ile we can't see heem again no more,
An' den he's come up from de place go down
An' jomp on hees bat' tubbe an' try go shore.

W'en he's pass on de bat', he say 'Hooraw!'
An' commence right away for mak' some sing;
I'm sure you can hear heem ten-twelve arpent
'Bout 'Brittanie, she alway mus' boss somet'ing.'

Dat's all I will tole you jus' now, my frien';
I s'pose you don't know de more fonny case,
But if Englishman go on wood again
I'll have more storee w'en you pass my place.

William Henry Drummond

My Little Cabane

I'm sittin' to-night on maleetle cabane,
more happier dan de king,
An' ev'ry corner 's singin' out wit'
musique de ole stove sing
I hear de cry of de winter win', for de storm-
gate 's open wide
But I don't care not'ing for win'or storm, so
long I was safe inside.

Viens 'ci, mon chien, put your head on dere,
let your nose res' on ma knee-
You 'member de tam we chase de moose back
on de Lac Souris
An' de snow come down an' we los' ourse'f
till mornin' is bring de light,
You t'ink we got place to sleep, mon chien,
lak de place we got here to-night

Onder de roof of de leetle cabane, w'ere fire
she's blazin' high
An' bed I mak' of de spruce tree branch, is lie
on de floor close by,
O! I lak de smell of dat nice fresh bed, an' I
dream of de summer tam
An' de spot w'ere de beeg trout jomp so
moche down by de lumber dam.

But lissen dat win', how she scream outside,
mak me t'ink of de loup garou,
W'y to-night, mon chien, I be feelin' glad if
even de carcajou
Don't ketch hese'f on de trap I set to-day on
de Lac Souris
Let heem wait tili to-morrow, an' den if he
lak, I geev heem good chance, sapree!

I see beeg cloud w'en I'm out to-day, off on
de nor'-eas' sky,
An' she block de road, so de cloud behin',

don't get a chance passin' by,
An' I t'ink of boom on de grande riviere, w'en
log 's fillin' up de bay,
Wall! sam' as de boom on de spring-tam
flood, dat cloud she was sweep away.

Dem log 's very nice an' quiet, so long as de
boom 's all right,
But soon as de boom geev way, l'enfant! it's
den is begin de fight.
Dey run de rapide, an' jomp de rock', dey leap
on de air an' dive,
Can hear dem roar from de reever shore, jus'
lak dey was all alive.

An' dat was de way wit' de cloud to-day, de
res' of dem push aside,
For dey 're comin' fas' from de cole nor'-eas'
an' away t'roo de sky dey ride
Shakin' de snow as along dey go, lak grain
from de farmer's han'
Till to-morrow you can't see not'ing at all, but
smoke of de leetle cabane.

I'm glad we don't got no chimley, only hole
on de roof up dere,
An'spark fly off on w'ole of de worl', so dere 's
no use gettin' scare,
Mus' get more log! an' it's lucky too, de wood
pile is stannin' near
So blow away storm, for harder you go, de
warmer she's comin' here-

I wonder how dey get on, mon chien, off on de
great beeg town,
W'ere house is so high, near touch de sky,
mus' be danger of fallin' down.
An' worsen too on de night lak dis, ketchin'
dat terrible win',
O! leetle small place lak de ole cabane was de
right place for stayin' in.

I s'pose dey got plaintee bodder too, dem
feller dat's be riche man,
For dey 're never knowin' w'en t'ief may come
an' steal all de t'ing he can
An' de monee was kip dem busy too, watchin'
it night an' day,
Dunno but we're better off here, mon chien,
wit' beeg city far away.

For I look on de corner over dere, an' see it
ma birch canoe,
I look on de wall w'ere ma rifle hang along wit'
de good snowshoe,
An' ev'ry t'ing else on de worl' I got, safe on
dis place near me.
An' here you are too, ma brave ole dog, wit'
your nose up agen ma knee.

An' here we be stay t'roo de summer day,
w'en ev'ry t'ing 's warm an' bright
On winter too w'en de stormy win' blow lak
she blow to-night
Let dem stay on de city, on great beeg house,
dem feller dat 's be riche man
For we're happy an' satisfy here, mon chien,
on our own leetle small cabane.

William Henry Drummond

National Policy

Oor fader lef' ole France behin', dat's
many year ago,
An' how we get along since den, wall! ev'ry
body know,
Few t'ousan' firse class familee was only come
dat tam,
An' now we got pure Canayens; t'ee million
peop' bedamme!

Dat's purty smart beez-neese, I t'ink we done
on Canadaw,
An' we don't mak' no grande hooraw, but do
it tranquillement
So if we're braggin' now an' den, we mus' be
excuzay,
For no wan's never see before de record bus'
dat way.

An' w'y should we be feel ashame, 'cos we
have boy an' girl?
No matter who was come along, we'll match
agen de worl';
Wit plaintee boy lak w'at we got no danger
be afraid,
An' all de girl she look too nice for never come
ole maid.

If we have only small cor-nere de sam' we
have before
W'en ole Champlain an' Jacques Cartier firse
jomp upon de shore
Dere's no use hurry den at all, but now you
understan'
We got to whoop it up, ba gosh! for occupy
de lan'!

W'at's use de million acre, w'at's use de belle
riviere,
An' t'ing lak dat if we don't have somebody

leevin' dere?
W'at's mak' de worl' look out for us, an' kip
de nation free
Unless we're raison' all de tam some fine large
familee?

Don't seem long we buil' dat road, Chemin
de Pacifique,
Tak' honder dollar pass on dere, an' nearly two
t'ree week,
Den look dat place it freeze so hard, on w'at
you call Klon-dak,
Wall! if we have to fill dem up, we got some
large contrac'!

Of course we're not doin' bad jus' now; so
ev'rybody say,
But we dunno de half we got on Canadaw to-
day,
An' still she's comin' beeger, an' never mak'
no fuss,
So if we don't look out, firse t'ing, she'll get
ahead of us.

De more I t'ink, de more I'm scare, de way
she grow so fas',
An' worse of all it's hard to say how long de
boom'll las'
But if she don't go slower an' ease up leetle
bit,
Bimeby de Canayens will be some dead bird on
de pit.

Den ev'ry body hip hooraw! an' sen' de
familee
Along de reever, t'roo de wood, an' on de
grande prairie,
Dat's only way I'm t'inkin arrange de w'ole
affaire
An' mebbe affer wíle dere won't be too moche
lan' for spare.

Ole Docteur Fiset

Ole Docteur Fiset of Saint Anicet,
Sapré tonnerre! he was leev long tam!
I'm sure he's got ninety year or so,
Beat all on de Parish 'cept Pierre Courteau,
An' day affer day he work all de sam'.

Dat house on de hill, you can see it still,
She's sam' place he buil' de firs' tam' he come
Behin' it dere's one leetle small jardin
Got plaintee de bes' tabac Canayen
Wit' fameuse apple an' beeg blue plum.

An' dey're all right dere, for de small boy's scare
No matter de apple look nice an' red,
For de small boy know if he's stealin' some
Den Docteur Fiset on dark night he come,
An' cut leetle feller right off hees head!

But w'en dey was rap, an' tak' off de cap,
M'sieu' le Docteur he will say 'Entrez,'
Den all de boy pass on jardin behin'
W'ere dey eat mos' ev'ryt'ing good dey fin',
Till dey can't go on school nearly two, t'ree day.

But Docteur Fiset, not moche fonne he get,
Drivin' all over de whole contree,
If de road she's bad, if de road she's good,
W'en ev'ryt'ing's drown on de Spring-tam flood,
An' workin' for not'ing half tam' mebbe!

Let her rain or snow, all he want to know
Is jus' if anywan's feelin' sick,
For Docteur Fiset's de ole fashion kin'
Doin' good was de only t'ing on hees min'
So he got no use for de politique.

An' he's careful too, 'cos firs' t'ing he do,
For fear dere was danger some fever case,
Is tak' w'en he's come leetle w'isky chaud,

Den 'noder wan too jus' before he go,
He's so scare carry fever aroun' de place!

On nice summer day w'en we're makin' hay
Dere's not'ing more pleasant for us I'm sure
Dan see de ole man come joggin' along,
Always singin' some leetle song,
An' hear heem say 'Tiens, mes amis, Bonjour!'

An' w'en de cole rain was commence again
An' we're sittin' at home on some warm cornerre,
If we hear de buggy an' see de light
Tearin' along t'roo de black, black night,
We know right off dat's de ole Docteur!

An' he's smart horse sure, w'at he call 'Faubourg,'
Ev'ry place on de Parish he know dem all,
An' you ought to see de nice way he go
For fear he's upsettin' upon de snow,
W'en ole man's asleep on de cariole!

I 'member w'en poor Hormisdas Couture
Get sick on hees place twenty mile away
An' hees boy Ovide he was come 'Raquette'
W'at you call 'Snowshoe,' for Docteur Fiset,
An' Docteur he start wit' hees horse an' sleigh.

All de night before, de beeg storm she roar,
An' mos' of de day it's de sam' also,
De drif' was pilin' up ten feet high
You can't see not'ing dis side de sky,
Not'ing but wan avalanche of snow.

I'm hearin' de bell w'en I go on de well
For water de cattle on barn close by,
But I only ketch sight of hees cheval blanc
An' hees coonskin coat wit' de capuchon
An' de storm tak' heem off, jus' de sam' he fly.

Mus' be le Bon Dieu dat is help him t'roo,
Ole Docteur Fiset an' hees horse 'Faubourg,'
'Twas somet'ing for splain-me, wall I don't care,

But somehow or 'noder he's gettin' dere,
An' save de life Hormisdas Couture.

But it's sam' alway, lak' dat ev'ry day,
He never was spare hese'f pour nous autres,
He don't mak' moche monee, Docteur Fiset,
An' offen de only t'ing he was get
Is de prayer of poor man, an' wan bag of oat.

* * * * *

Wall! Docteur Fiset of Saint Anicet
He is not dead yet! an' I'm purty sure
If you're passin' dat place about ten year more
You will see heem go roun' lak' he go before
Wit' de ole cariole an' hees horse 'Faubourg!'

William Henry Drummond

Ole Tam On Bord-A-Plouffe

I lak on summer ev'ning, w'en nice cool win' is blowin'
An' up above ma head, I hear de pigeon on de roof,
To bring ma chair an' sit dere, an' watch de current flowin'
Of ole Riviere des Prairies as she pass de Bord-a Plouffe.

But it seem dead place for sure now, on shore down by de lan'in'--
No more de voyageurs is sing lak dey was sing alway--
De tree dey're commence growin' w'ere shaintee once is stan'in',
An' no one scare de swallow w'en she fly across de bay.

I don't lak see de reever she's never doin' not'in'
But passin' empty ev'ry day on Bout de l'ile below--
Ma ole shaloup dat's lyin' wit' all its timber rottin'
An' tam so change on Bord-a Plouffe since forty year ago!

De ice dat freeze on winter, might jus' as well be stay dere,
For w'en de spring she's comin' de only t'ing I see
Is two, t'ree piquique feller, hees girl was row away dere,
Don't got no use for water now, on Riviere des Prairies.

'Twas diff'rent on dem summer you couldn't see de reever,
Wit' saw-log an' squar' timber raf', mos' all de season t'roo--
Two honder man an' more too--all busy lak de beaver,
An' me! I'm wan de pilot for ronne 'em down de 'Soo.'

Don't 'member lak I use to, for now I'm gettin' ole, me--
But still I can't forget Bill Wade, an' Guillaume Lagassé,
Joe Monferrand, Bazile Montour--wit' plaintee I can't tole, me,
An' king of all de Bord-a Plouffe, M'sieu' Vengeance Lemay.

Lak small boy on hees lesson, I learn de way to han'le
Mos' beeges' raf' is never float upon de Ottawaw,
Ma fader show me dat too, for well he know de channel,
From Dutchman Rapide up above to Bout de l'ile en bas.

He's smart man too, ma fader, only t'ing he got de bow-leg,
Ridin' log w'en leetle feller, mebbe dat's de reason w'y,
All de sam', if he's in hurry, den Bagosh! he's got heem no leg
But wing an' fedder lak oiseau, was fly upon de sky!

O dat was tam we're happy, an' man dey're alway singin',
For if it's hard work on de raf', w'y dere's your monee sure!
An' ev'ry summer evenin', ole Bord-a Plouffe she's ringin'
Wit' 'En Roulant ma Boulé' an' 'J'aimerai toujours.'

Dere dey're comin' on de wagon! fine young feller ev'ry wan too,
Dress im up de ole tam fashion, dat I lak for see encore,
Yellin' hooraw! t'roo de village, all de horse upon de ronne too,
Ah poor Bord-a Plouffe! she never have dem tam again no more!

Very offen w'en I'm sleepin', I was feel as if I'm goin'
Down de ole Riviere des Prairies on de raf' de sam as den--
An' ma dream is only lef' me, w'en de rooster commence crowin'
But it can't do me no harm, 'cos it mak me young again.

An' upon de morning early, wen de reever fog is clearin'
An' sun is makin' up hees min' for drive away de dew,
W'en young bird want hees breakfas', I wak' an' t'ink I'm hearin'
Somebody shout 'Hooraw, Bateese, de raf' she's wait for you.'

Dat's voice of Guillaume Lagassé was call me on de morning
Jus' outside on de winder w'ere you look across de bay,
But he's drown upon de Longue 'Soo,' wit' never word of warning
An' green grass cover over poor Guillaume Lagassé.

I s'pose dat's meanin' somet'ing--mebbe I'm not long for stay here,
Seein' all dem strange t'ing happen--dead frien' comin' roun' me so--
But I'm sure I die more happy, if I got jus' wan more day here,
Lak we have upon de ole tam Bord-a Plouffe of long ago!

William Henry Drummond

Pelang

Pelang! Pelang! Mon cher garçon,
I t'ink of you--t'ink of you night and day--
Don't mak' no difference, seems to me
De long long tam you're gone away.

* * * * *

De snow is deep on de Grande Montagne--
Lak tonder de rapide roar below--
De sam' kin' night, ma boy get los'
On beeg, beeg storm forty year ago.

An' I never was hear de win' blow hard,
An' de snow come sweesh on de window pane--
But ev'ryt'ing 'pear lak' it's yesterday
An' whole of ma troub' is come back again.

Ah me! I was foolish young girl den
It's only ma own plaisir I care,
An' w'en some dance or soirée come off
Dat's very sure t'ing you will see me dere.

Don't got too moche sense at all dat tam,
Run ev'ry place on de whole contree--
But I change beeg lot w'en Pelang come 'long
For I love him so well, kin' o' steady me.

An' he was de bes' boy on Coteau,
An' t'ink I am de bes' girl too for sure--
He's tole me dat, geev de ring also
Was say on de inside 'Je t'aime toujours.'

I geev heem some hair dat come off ma head,
I mak' de nice stocking for warm hees feet,
So ev'ryt'ing's feex, w'en de spring is come
For mak' mariée on de church toute suite.

'W'en de spring is come!' Ah I don't see dat,
Dough de year is pass as dey pass before,

An' de season come, an' de season go,
But our spring never was come no more.

* * * * *

It's on de fête of de jour de l'an,
An' de worl' outside is cole an' w'ite,
As I sit an' watch for mon cher Pelang
For he's promise come see me dis very night.

Bonhomme Peloquin dat is leev near us--
He's alway keep look heem upon de moon--
See fonny t'ing dere only week before,
An' say he's expec' some beeg storm soon.

So ma fader is mak' it de laugh on me'
'Pelang he's believe heem de ole Bonhomme
Dat t'ink he see ev'ryt'ing on de moon
An' mebbe he's feel it too scare for come.'

But I don't spik not'ing I am so sure
Of de promise Pelang is mak' wit' me--
An' de mos' beeg storm dat is never blow
Can't kip heem away from hees own Marie.

I open de door, an' pass outside
For see mese'f how de night is look
An' de star is commence for go couché
De mountain also is put on hees tuque.

No sooner, I come on de house again
W'ere ev'ryt'ing feel it so nice an' warm,
Dan out of de sky come de Nor'Eas' win'--
Out of de sky come de beeg snow storm.

Blow lak not'ing I never see,
Blow lak le diable he was mak' grande tour;
De snow come down lak wan avalanche,
An' cole! Mon Dieu, it is cole for sure!

I t'ink, I t'ink of mon pauvre garçon,
Dat's out mebbe on de Grande Montagne;

So I place chandelle we're it's geev good light,
An' pray Le Bon Dieu he will help Pelang.

De ole folk t'ink I am go crazee,
An' moder she's geev me de good night kiss;
She say 'Go off on your bed, Marie,
Dere's nobody come on de storm lak dis.'

But ma eye don't close dat long long, night
For it seem jus' lak phantome is near,
An' I t'ink of de terrible Loup Garou
An' all de bad story I offen hear.

Dere was tam I am sure somet'ing call 'Marie'
So plainly I open de outside door,
But it's meet me only de awful storm,
An de cry pass away--don't come no more.

An' de morning sun, w'en he's up at las',
Fin' me w'ite as de face of de snow itse'f,
For I know very well, on de Grande Montagne,
Ma poor Pelang he's come dead hese'f.

It's noon by de clock w'en de storm blow off,
An' ma fader an' broder start out for see
Any track on de snow by de Mountain side,
Or down on de place w'ere chemin should be.

No sign at all on de Grande Montagne,
No sign all over de w'ite, w'ite snow;
Only hear de win' on de beeg pine tree,
An' roar of de rapide down below.

An' w'ere is he lie, mon cher Pelang!
Pelang ma boy I was love so well?
Only Le Bon Dieu up above
An' mebbe de leetle snow bird can tell.

An I t'ink I hear de leetle bird say,
'Wait till de snow is geev up it's dead,
Wait till I go, an' de robin come,
An' den you will fin' hees cole, cole bed.'

An' it's all come true, for w'en de sun
Is warm de side of de Grande Montagne
An' drive away all de winter snow,
We fin' heem at las', mon cher Pelang!

An' here on de fête of de jour de l'an,
Alone by mese'f I sit again,
W'ile de beeg, beeg storm is blow outside,
An' de snow come sweesh on de window pane.

Not all alone, for I t'ink I hear
De voice of ma boy gone long ago;
Can hear it above de hurricane,
An' roar of de rapide down below.

Yes--yes--Pelang, mon cher garçon!
I t'ink of you, t'ink of you night an' day,
Don't mak' no difference seems to me
How long de tam you was gone away.

William Henry Drummond

Strathcona's Horse

O I was thine, and thou wert mine, and
ours the boundless plain,
Where the winds of the North, my gallant
steed, ruffled thy tawny mane,
But the summons hath come with roll of drum,
and bugles ringing shrill,
Startling the prairie antelope, the grizzly of the
hill.

'Tis the voice of Empire calling, and the child-
ren gather fast
From every land where the cross bar floats out
from the quivering mast;
So into the saddle I leap, my own, with bridle
swinging free,
And thy hoofbeats shall answer the trumpets
blowing across the sea.
Then proudly toss thy head aloft, nor think of
the foe to-morrow,
For he who dares to stay our course drinks
deep of the Cup of Sorrow.
Thy form hath pressed the meadow's breast,
where the sullen grey wolf hides,
The great red river of the North hath cooled
thy burning sides;
Together we've slept while the tempest swept
the Rockies' glittering chain;
And many a day the bronze centaur hath gal-
loped behind in vain.
But the sweet wild grass of mountain pass, and
the battlefields far away,
And the trail that ends where Empire trends,
is the trail we ride to-day.
But proudly toss thy head aloft, nor think of
the foe to-morrow,
For he who bars Strathcona's Horse, drinks
deep of the Cup of Sorrow.

William Henry Drummond

Summons To Love

Phoebus, arise!
And paint the sable skies
With azure, white, and red:
Rouse Memnon's mother from her Tithon's bed
That she may thy career with roses spread:
The nightingales thy coming each-where sing:
Make an eternal spring!
Give life to this dark world which lieth dead;
Spread forth thy golden hair
In larger locks than thou wast wont before,
And emperor-like decore
With diadem of pearl thy temples fair:
Chase hence the ugly night
Which serves but to make dear thy glorious light.

This is that happy morn,
That day, long-wished day,
Of all my life so dark,
(If cruel stars have not my ruin sworn,
And fates my hopes betray),
Which, purely white, deserves
An everlasting diamond should it mark.
This is the morn should bring unto this grove
My Love, to hear and recompense my love.
Fair King, who all preserves,
But show thy blushing beams
And thou two sweeter eyes
Shalt see than those which by Peneus' streams
Did once thy heart surprise.
Now, Flora, deck thyself in fairest guise:
If that ye winds would hear
A voice surpassing far Amphion's lyre,
Your furious chiding stay;
Let Zephyr only breathe,
And with her tresses play.
The winds all silent are,
And Phoebus in his chair
Ensafroning sea and air
Makes vanish every star:

Night like a drunkard reels
Beyond the hills, to shun his flaming wheels:
The fields with flowers are decked in every hue,
The clouds with orient gold spangle their blue;
Here is the pleasant place,
And nothing wanting is, save She, alas!

William Henry Drummond

The Canadian Country Doctor

I s'pose mos'ev'ry body t'ink hees job's
about de hardes'
From de boss man on de Guvernement to
poor man on de town
From de curé to de lawyer, an' de farmer to
de school boy
An' all de noder feller was mak' de worl'
go roun'.

But dere 's wan man got hees han' full t'roo
ev'ry kin' of wedder
An' he 's never sure of not'ing but work
an' work away-
Dat 's de man dey call de doctor, w'en you
ketch heem on de contree
An' he 's only man I know-me, don't got
no holiday.

If you 're comin' off de city spen' de summer-
tam among us
An' you walk out on de morning w'en de
leetle bird is sing
Mebbe den you see de doctor w'en he 's passin
wit' hees buggy
An' you t'ink 'Wall! contree doctor mus'
be very plesan' t'ing

'Drivin' dat way all de summer up an' down
along de reever
W'ere de nice cool win' is blowin' among de
maple tree
Den w'en he 's mak' hees visit, comin' home
before de night tam
For pass de quiet evening wit' hees wife an'
familee.'

An' w'en off across de mountain, some wan 's
sick an' want de doctor
'Mus' be fine trip crossin' over for watch

de sun go down
Makin' all dem purty color lak w'at you call
de rainbow,'
Dat 's de way peop' is talkin' was leevin' on
de town.

But it is n't alway summer on de contree, an'
de doctor
He could tole you many story of de storm
dat he 's been in
How hees coonskin coat come handy, w'en de
win' blow off de reever
For if she 's sam ole reever, she's not
alway sam' old win'.

An' de mountain dat 's so quiet w'en de w'ite
cloud go a-sailin'
All about her on de summer w'ere de sheep
in feedin' high
You should see her on December w'en de snow
is pilin' roun' her
An' all de win' of winter come tearin' t'roo
de sky.

O! le bon Dieu help de doctor w'en de mes-
sage come to call heem
From hees warm bed on de night-tam for
visit some poor man
Lyn' sick across de hill side on noder side de
reever
An' he hear de mountain roarin' lak de beeg
Shawinigan.

Ah! well he know de warning but he can't
stay till de morning
So he's hitchin' up hees leetle horse an' put
heem on burleau
Den w'en he 's feex de buffalo, an' wissle to
hees pony
Away t'roo storm an' hurricane de contree
doctor go.

O! de small Canadian pony! dat 's de horse
can walk de snowdreef.

Dat 's de horse can fin' de road too he 's
never been before
Kip your heart up leetle feller, for dere 's
many mile before you
An' it 's purty hard job tellin' w'en you see
your stable door.

Yass! de doctor he can tole you, if he have de
tam for talkin'
All about de bird was singin' before de sum-
mer lef'
For he got dem on hees bureau an' he 's doin'
it hese'f too
An' de las' tam I was dere, me, I see dem all
mese'f.

But about de way he travel t'roo de stormy
night of winter
W'en de rain come on de spring flood, an'
de bridge is wash away
All de hard work, all de danger dat was offen
hang aroun' heem
Dat 's de tam our contree doctor don 't have
very moche to say.

For it 's purty ole, ole story, an' he alway have
it wit' heem
Ever since he come among us parish Saint
Mathieu
An' do doubt he's feelin' mebbe jus' de
sam' as noder feller
So he rader do hees talkin' about somet'ing
dat was new.

William Henry Drummond

The Canadian Magpie

Mos' ev'ryman lak de robin
An' it's pleasan' for hear heem sing,
Affer de winter 's over
An' it 's comin' anoder spring.
De snow 's hardly off de mountain
An' it's cole too among de pine
But you know w'en he sing, de sout' win'
Is crowdin' heem close behin' .

An' mebbe you hear de grosbec
Sittin' above de nes'-
An' you see by de way he 's goin'
De ole man 's doin' hees bes'
Makin' de wife an' baby
Happy as dey can be-
An' proud he was come de fader
Such fine leetle familiee.

De gougrou of course he 's nicer
Dan many bird dat fly,
Dunno w'at we do widout heem,
But offen I wonder w'y
He can't stay quiet a minute
Lak res' of de small oiseaux
An' finish de song he's startin'
Till whish! an' away he go!

Got not'ing to say agen dem,
De gougrou an' all de res'-
'Cept only dey lak de comfort,
An' come w'en it suit dem bes'-
For soon as de summer 's passin'
An' leaf is begin to fall-
You'll wálk t'roo de wood an' medder
An' never hear wan bird call.

But come wit' me on de winter
On place w'ere de beeg tree grow
De smoke of de log house chimley

Will tole you de way to go-
An' if you 're not too unlucky
De w'iskey jack dere you'll see
Flyin' aroun' de shaintee
An' dat was de bird for me.

You 'll mebbe not lak hees singin'
Dough it 's better dan not'ing too,
For affer he do hees bes', den
W'at more can poor Johnnie do?
It 's easy job sing on summer
De sam ' as de rossignol-
But out of door on de winter
Jus' try youse'f -dat 's all.

See heem dere, now he's comin'
Hoppin' an' hoppin' aroun'
W'en we start on de morning early
For work till de sun go down-
T'row heem hees piece of breakfas'
An' hear heem say 'merci bien',
For he's fond on de pork, ba golly!
Sam ' as de Canayen.

De noise of de axe don't scare heem
He stay wit' us all de day,
An' w'en he was feelin' lak' it
Ride home wit' de horse an' sleigh.
Den affer we reach de shaintee
He 's waitin' to see us back
Jompin' upon de log dere
Good leetle w'iskey lack!

So here 's to de bird of winter
Wearin' de coonskin coat,
W'enever it 's bird election
You bet he can get ma vote-
Dat 's way I be feel about it,
Voyageurs let her go today!
W'iskey jack, get ready, we drink you
Toujours à vot' bonne santé!
Baptême!

William Henry Drummond

The Corduroy Road

De corduroy road go bompety bomp,
De corduroy road go jompety jomp,
An' he' s takin' beeg chances upset hees load
De horse dat 'll trot on de corduroy road.

Of course it's purty rough, but it's handy
t'ing enough
An' dey mak' it wit' de log all jine togeder
W'en deystrek de swampy groun' w' ere de
Water hang aroun'
Or passin'by some tough ole beaver medder.

But it' s not macadamize, so if you're only
wise
You will tak' your tam an' never min' de
worry
For de corduroy is bad, an' will mak' you
plaintee mad
By de way de buggy jomp, in case you hurry.

An' I' m sure you don't expec' leetle Victorine
Leveque
She was knowin' moche at all about dem
places,
'Cos she's never dere before, till young Zeph-
irin Madore
He was takin' her away for see de races.

O, I wish you see her den, dat's before she
marry, w' en
She's de fines' on de lan' but no use talkin'
I can bet you w'at you lak, if you meet her
you look back
Jus' to watch de fancy way dat girl is walkin'.

Yass de leetle Victorine was de nices' girl be-
tween
De town of Yamachiche an' Maskinongé,
But she's stuck up an' she's proud, an' you 'll

never count de crowd
Of de boy she geev' it w'at dey call de congé.

Ah! De moder spoil her sure, for even Joe
D'Amour
W'en he's ready nearly ev'ry t'ing to geev
her
If she mak' de mariée, only say, 'please go
away'
An' he's riches habitant along de reever.

Zephirin he try it too, an' he's workin' some-
t'ing new
For he's makin' de ole woman many presen'
Prize package on de train, umbrella for de rain
But she' s grompy all de tam, an' never
pleasan'.

Wall, w'en he ax Ma-dame tak' de girl away
dat tam
See dem races on Sorel wit' all de trotter
De moder say 'All right if you bring her
home to-night
Before de cow'smilk, I let go, ma
daughter.'

So Victorin she go wit' Zephirin her beau
On de yankee buggy mak' it on St. Bruno
An' w'en dey pass hotel on de middle of Sorel
Dey're puttin' on de beeges' style dat you
know.

Wall! dey got some good horse dere, but
Zephirin don't care
He's back it up hees own paroisse, ba golly,
An' he mak' it t'ree doll-arr w'en Maskinongé
Star
On de two mile heat was beatin' Sorel Molly.

Victorin don't min' at all, till de 'free for
all' dey call
Dat's de las' race dey was run before de snow fly

Den she say 'I t'ink de cow mus'be getting'
home soon now
An' you know it's only clock ole woman go by.

An' if we're comin'late w'en de cow pass on
de gate
You'll be sorry if you hear de way she talk
dere,
So w'en I see de race on Sorel or any place
After dis, you may be sure I got to walk dere.'

Den he laugh dat Zephirin, an' he say 'Your
poor mama
I know de pile she t'ink about her daughter
So we'll tak' de sshort road back on de cor-
duroy race track
Don't matter if we got to sweem de water.'

No wonder he is smile till you hear heem half
a mile
For dat morning he was tole hees leetle broder
Let de cattle out de gate, so he know it's
purty late
By de tam dem cow was findin' out each oder.

So along de corduroy de young girl an' de boy
Dey was kipin' up a joggin' nice an' steady
It is n't heavy load, an' Guillaume he know de
road
For many tam he's been dat way already.

But de girl she fin' it slow, so she ax de boy
to go
Somet'ing better dan a mile on fifteen minute
An' he's touch heem up Guillaume; so dat
horse he lay for home
an' de nex' t'ing Victorine she know she's
in it.

'O, pull him in, 'she yell, 'for even on Sorel
I am sure I never see de quicker racer,'

But it's leetle bit too late, for de horse is get
hees gait
an' de worse of all ba gosh! Guillaume's a
pacer.

See hees tail upon de air, no wonder she was
scare
But she hang on lak de winter on T'ree
Reever
Cryin' out- 'please hol' me tight, or I'm
comin'dead to-night
An' ma poor ole moder dear, I got to leave
her.'

Wit'her arm aroun' hees wais': she was doin'
it in case
She bus'her head, or keel herse'f, it's not so
easy sayin'
Dey was comin' on de jomp t'roo dat dam ole
beaver swamp
An' meet de crowd is lookin' for dem cow was
go a-stayin'.

Den she's cryin', Victorine, for she's knowin'
w'at it mean
De parish dey was talkin' firse chances dey be
gettin',
But no sooner dat young man stop de horse,
he tak' her han'
An' w'isper 'never min', ma chere, won't do
no good a-frettin'.'

Non! she is n't cryin' long, for he tole her it
was wrong
She 's sure he save her life too, or she was
moche mistaken,
An' de ole Ma-dame Leveque also kiss heem,
on de neck
An'quickly affer dat Hooraw! de man an' wife
dey're makin'.

The Cure Of Calumette

Dere's no voyageur on de reever never
run hees canoe d'ecorce
T'roo de roar an' de rush of de rapide, w'ere it
jump lak a beeg w'ite horse,
Dere's no hunter man on de prairie, never
wear w'at you call racquette
Can beat leetle Fader O'Hara, de Curé of
Calumette.

Hees fader is full-blooded Irish, an' hees moder
is pure Canayenne,
Not offen dat stock go tegedder, but she's
fine combination ma frien'
For de Irish he's full of de devil, an' de French
dey got savoir faire,
Dat's mak'it de very good balance an' tak'
you mos' ev'ry w' ere.

But dere' wan t'ing de Curé wont stan' it;
mak' fun of de Irlandais
An' of course de French we say not'ing,
'cos de parish she's all Canayen,
Den you see on account of de moder, he can't
spik hese'f very moche,
So de ole joke she's all out of fashion, an' wan
of dem t'ing we don't touch.

Wall! wan of dat kin' is de Curé, but w'en he
be comin' our place
De peop' on de parish all w'isper, 'How
young he was look on hees face;
Too bad if de wedder she keel heem de firse
tam he got leetle wet,
An' de Bishop might sen' beeger Curé, for it's
purty tough place, Calumette!'

Ha! ha! how I wish I was dere, me, w'en he
go on de mission call
On de shaintee camp way up de reever, drivin'

hees own cariole,
An' he meet blagger' feller been drinkin', jus'
enough mak' heem ack lak fou,
Joe Vadeboncoeur, dey was call heem, an' he's
purty beeg feller too!

Mebbe Joe he don't know it's de Curé, so he's
hollerin', 'Get out de way,
If you don't geev me whole of de roadside,
sapree! you go off on de sleigh.'
But de Curé he never say not'ing, jus' poule
on de line leetle bit,
An' w'en Joe try for kip heem hees promise,
hees nose it get badly hit.

Maudit! he was strong leetle Curé, an' he go
for Jo-zeph en masse
An' w'en he is mak' it de finish, poor Joe
is n't feel it firse class,
So nex' tam de Curé he's goin' for visit de
shaintee encore
Of course he was mak' beeges' mission never
see on dat place before.

An' he know more, I'm sure dan de lawyer,
an' dere's many poor habitant
Is glad for see Fader O'Hara, an' ax w'at he
t'ink of de law

W'en dey get leetle troub' wit' each oder, an'
don't know de bes' t'ing to do,
Dat's makin' dem save plaintee monee, an'
kip de good neighbor too.

But w'en we fin' out how he paddle till canoe
she was nearly fly
An' travel racquette on de winter, w'en snow-
dreef is pillin' up high
For visit some poor man or woman dat's waitin'
de message of peace,
An' get dem prepare for de journey, we're
proud on de leetle pries'!

O! many dark night w'en de chil'ren is put
away safe on de bed
An' mese'f an' ma femme mebbe sittin' an'
watchin' de small curly head
We hear somet'ing else dan de roar of de ton-
der, de win' an' de rain;
So we're bote passin' out on de doorway, an'
lissen an' lissen again.

An' it's lonesome for see de beeg cloud sweep-
in' across de sky
An' lonesome for hear de win' cryin' lak some-
body's goin'to die,
But de soun' away down de valley, creepin'
around de hill
All de tam gettin' closer. closer, dat's de soun'
mak' de heart stan'still!

It's de bell of de leetle Curé, de music of deat'
we hear,
Along on de black road ringin', an' soon it was
comin' near
Wan minute de face of de Curé we see by de
lantern light,
An' he's gone from us, jus' lak a shadder, into
de stormy night.

An' de buggy rush down de hill an' over
de bridge below,
W'ere creek run so high on de spring-tam,
w'en mountain t'row off de snow,
An' so long as we hear heem goin', we kneel
on de floor an' pray
Dat God will look affer de Curé, an' de poor
soul dat 's passin' away.

I dunno if he need our prayer, but we geev' it
heem jus' de sam',
For w'en a man's doin' hees duty lak de Curé
do all de tam
Never min' all de t'ing may happen, no matter

he's riche or poor
Le bon Dieu was up on de heaven, will look
out for dat man, I'm sure.

I'm only poor habitant farmer, an' mebbe
know not'ing at all,
But dere's wan t'ing I'm always wishin', an'
dat's w'en I get de call
For travel de far-away journey, ev'ry wan on
de worl' mus' go
He 'll be wit' me de leetle Curé 'fore I'm
leffin' dis place below.

For I know I'll be feel more easy, if he's
sittin' dere by de bed
An' he'll geev' me de good-bye message, an'
place hees han' on ma head,
Den I'll hol' if he 'll only let me, dat han' till
de las' las' breat'
An' bless leetle Fader O'Hara, de Curé of
Calumette.

William Henry Drummond

The Dublin Fusilier

Here's to you, Uncle Kruger! slainté!
an' slainté galore.
You 're a dacint ould man, begorra; never
mind if you are a Boer.
So with heart an' a half ma boucahl, we 'll
drink to your health to-night
For yourself an' your farmer sojers gave us a
damn good fight.

I was drammin' of Kitty Farrell, away in the
Gap o' Dunloe,
When the song of the bugle woke me, ringin'
across Glencoe;
An' once in a while a bullet came patherin'
from above,
That tould us the big brown fellows were send-
in' us down their love.

'Twas a kind of an invitation, an' written in
such a han'
That a Chinaman could n't refuse it- not to
spake of an Irishman.
So the pickets sent back an answer. 'We're
comin' with right good will,'
Along what they call the kopje, tho' to me it
looked more like a hill.

'Fall in on the left,' sez the captain, 'my
men of the Fusiliers;
You 'll see a great fight this morning -like
you have n't beheld for years.'
'Faith, captain dear,' sez the sergeant, 'you
can bet your Majuba sword
If the Dutch is as willin' as we are, you never
spoke truer word.'

So we scrambled among the bushes, the bowl-
ders an' rocks an' all,
Like the gauger's men still-huntin' on the

mountains of Donegal;
We doubled an' turned an' twisted the same
as a hunted hare,
While the big guns peppered each other over
us in the air.

Like steam from the divil's kettle the kopje
was bilin' hot,
For the breeze of the Dutchman's bullets was
the only breeze we got;
An' many a fine boy stumbled, many a brave
lad died,
When the Dutchman's message caught him
there on the mountainside.

Little Nelly O'Brien, God help her! over
there at ould Ballybay,
Will wait for a transvaal letter till her face an'
her hair is grey,
For I seen young Crohoore on a stretcher, an'
I knew the poor boy was gone
When I spoke to the ambulance doctor, an' he
noddod an' then passed on.

'Steady there!' cried the captain, 'we must
halt for a moment here,'
An' he spoke like a man in trainin' , full winded
an' strong an' clear.
So we threw ourselves down on the kopje,
weary an' tired as death,
Waitin' the captain 's orders, waitin' to get a
breath.

It 's strange all the humours an' fancies that
comes to a man like me;
But the smoke of the battle risin' took me
across the sea-
It 's the mist of Benbo I 'm seein'; an' the
rock that we 'll capture soon
Is the rock where I shot the eagle, when I was
a small gosson.

I close my eyes for a minute, an' hear my poor
mother say,
'Patrick, avick, my darlin', you 're surely not
goin' away
To join the red-coated sojers?'- but the
blood in me was strong-
If your sire was a Connaught Ranger, sure
where would his son belong?

Hark! whisht! do you hear the music comin'
up from the camp below?
An odd note or two when the Maxims take
breath for a second or so,
Liftin' itself on somehow, stealin' its way up
here,
Knowin' there 's waitin' to hear it, many an
Irish ear.

Augh! Garryowen! you 're the jewel! an' we
charged on the Dutchman's guns,
An' covered the bloody kopje, like a Galway
greyhound runs,
At the top of the hill they met us, with faces
all set and grim;
But they could n't take the bayonet - that 's
the trouble with most of thim.

So of course, they 'll be praisin' the Royals
an' men of the Fusiliers,
An' the newspapers help to dry up the widows
an' orphans' tears,
An' they 'll write a new name on the colors-
that is, if there 's room for more
An' we 'll follow them thro' the battle, the same
as we 've done before.

But here 's to you, Uncle Kruger! slainté! an'
slainté galore.
After all, you 're a dacint Christian, never
mind if you are a Boer.
So with heart an' a half, ma boucahl, we 'll
drink to your health to-night,

For yourself an' your brown-faced Dutchmen
gave us a damn good fight.

William Henry Drummond

The Grand Seigneur

To the hut of the peasant, or lordly hall,
To the heart of the king, or humblest thrall,
Sooner or late, love comes to all,
And it came to the Grand Seigneur, my dear,
It came to the Grand Seigneur.

The robins were singing a roundelay,
And the air was sweet with the breath of May,
As a horseman rode thro' the forest way,
And he was a Grand Seigneur, my dear,
He was a grand Seigneur.

Lord of the Manor, Count Bellefontaine,
Had spurr'd over many a stormy plain
With gallants of France at his bridle rein,
For he was a brave Cavalier, my dear--
He was a brave Cavalier.

But the huntsman's daughter, La Belle Marie,
Held the Knight's proud heart in captivity,
And oh! she was fair as the fleur de lys,
Tho' only a peasant maid, my dear,
Only a peasant maid.

Thro' the woodland depths on his charger grey
To the huntsman's cottage he rides away,
And the maiden lists to a tale to-day
That haughtiest dame might hear, my dear,
That haughtiest dame might hear.

But she cried 'Alas! it may never be,
For my heart is pledged to the young Louis,
And I love him, O Sire, so tenderly,
Tho' he's only a poor Chasseur, my Lord,
Only a poor Chasseur.'

'Enough,' spake the Knight with a courtly bow,
'Be true to thy lover and maiden vow,
For virtue like thine is but rare, I trow,

And farewell to my dream of love, and thee,
Farewell to my dream of thee.'

And they say the gallant Count Bellefontaine
Bestowed on the couple a rich domain,
But you never may hear such tale again,
For he was a Grand Seigneur, my dear,
He was a Grand Seigneur!

William Henry Drummond

The Habitants Jubilee Ode

I read on de paper mos' ev'ry day, all about Jubilee
An' grande procession movin' along, an' passin' across de sea,
Dat's chil'ren of Queen Victoriaw comin' from far away
For tole Madame w'at dey t'ink of her, an' wishin' her bonne santé.

An' if any wan want to know pourquoi les Canayens should be dere
Wit' res' of de worl' for shout 'Hooraw' an' t'row hees cap on de air,
Purty quick I will tole heem de reason, w'y we feel lak de oder do,
For if I'm only poor habitant, I'm not on de sapré fou.

Of course w'en we t'ink it de firs' go off, I know very strange it seem
For fader of us dey was offen die for flag of L'Ancien Regime,
From day w'en de voyageurs come out all de way from ole St. Malo,
Flyin' dat flag from de mas' above, an' long affer dat also.

De English fight wit' de Frenchman den over de whole contree,
Down by de reever, off on de wood, an' out on de beeg, beeg sea,
Killin', an' shootin', an' raisin' row, half tam dey don't know w'at for,
W'en it's jus' as easy get settle down, not makin' de crazy war.

Sometam' dey be quiet for leetle w'ile, you t'ink dey don't fight no more,
An' den w'en dey're feelin' all right agen, Bang! jus' lak' she was before.
Very offen we're beatin' dem on de fight, sometam' dey can beat us, too,
But no feller's scare on de 'noder man, an' bote got enough to do.

An' all de long year she be go lak' dat, we never was know de peace,
Not'ing but war from de wes' contree down to de St. Maurice;
Till de las' fight's comin' on Canadaw, an' brave Generale Montcalm
Die lak' a sojer of France is die, on Battle of Abraham.

Dat's finish it all, an' de English King is axin' us stayin' dere
W'ere we have sam' right as de 'noder peep comin' from Angleterre.
Long tam' for our moder so far away de poor Canayens is cry,
But de new step-moder she's good an' kin', an' it's all right bimeby.

If de moder come dead w'en you're small garçon leavin' you dere alone,
Wit' nobody watchin' for fear you fall, an' hurt youse'f on de stone,
An' 'noder good woman she tak' your han' de sam' your own moder do,
Is it right you don't call her moder, is it right you don't love her too?

Bâ non, an' dat was de way we feel, w'en de ole Regime's no more,
An' de new wan come, but don't change moche, w'y it's jus' lak' it be before.
Spikin' Français lak' we alway do, an' de English dey mak no fuss,
An' our law de sam', wall, I don't know me, 'twas better mebbe for us.

So de sam' as two broder we settle down, leevin' dere han' in han',
Knowin' each oder, we lak' each oder, de French an' de Englishman,
For it's curi's t'ing on dis worl', I'm sure you see it agen an' agen,
Dat offen de mos' worse ennemi, he's comin' de bes', bes' frien'.

So we're kipin' so quiet long affer dat, w'en las' of de fightin's done,
Dat plaintee is say, de new Canayens forget how to shoot de gun;
But Yankee man's smart, all de worl' know dat, so he's firs' fin' mistak'
wan day
W'en he's try cross de line, fusil on hee's han', near place dey call
Chateaugay.

Of course it's bad t'ing for poor Yankee man, De Salaberry be dere
Wit' habitant farmer from down below, an' two honder Voltigeurs,
Dem feller come off de State, I s'pose, was fightin' so hard dey can
But de blue coat sojer he don't get kill, is de locky Yankee man!

Since den w'en dey're comin on Canadaw, we alway be treat dem well,
For dey're spennin' de monee lak' gentil-hommes, an' stay on de bes' hotel,
Den 'Bienvenu,' we will spik dem, an' 'Come back agen nex' week,
So long you was kip on de quiet an' don't talk de politique!

Yass, dat is de way Victoriaw fin' us dis jubilee,
Sometam' we mak' fuss about not'ing, but it's all on de familee,
An' w'enever dere's danger roun' her, no matter on sea or lan',
She'll find that les Canayens can fight de sam' as bes' Englishman.

An' onder de flag of Angleterre, so long as dat flag was fly--
Wit' deir English broder, les Canayens is satisfy leev an' die.
Dat's de message our fader geev us w'en dey're fallin' on Chateaugay,
An' de flag was kipin' dem safe den, dat's de wan we will kip alway!

William Henry Drummond

The Habitants Summer

O, who can blame de winter, never min'
de hard he 's blowin'
'Cos w'en de tam is comin' for passin' on
hees roun'
De firse t'ing he was doin' is start de sky a
snowin'
An' mak' de nice w'ite blanket, for cover up
de groun' .

An' de groun' she go a'sleepin' t'roo all de
stormy season,
Restin' from her work las' summer, till she 's
waken by the rain
Dat le bon Dieu sen' some morning, an' of
course dat 's be de reason
Ev'ry year de groun' she 's lookin' jus' as
fresh an' young again.

Den you geev her leetle sunshine, w'en de snow
go off an' leave her
Let de sout' win' blow upon her, an' you see
beeg changes now
Wit' de steam arisin' from her jus' de sam' she
got de fever,
An' not many day is passin' w'en she 's
ready for de plow.

We don't bodder wit' no spring-tam w'ere de
rain she 's alway fallin' ,
Two, t'ree mont' , or mebbe longer, on de
place beyon' de sea,
W'ere some bird he 's nam' de cuckoo, spen'
de mos' hees tam a-callin'
But for fear he wet hees fedder, hide away
upon de tree.

On de swamp beside de reever, mebbe jus'
about de fly-tam
W'ere it 's very hard to see heem, we hear

de wo-wa-raw,
Dat 's w'at you call de bull-frog, singin'
'more rum', all de night-tam.
He 's only kin' of cuckoo we got on Cana-
daw

No, we have n't got dat feller, but we got some
bird can beat heem,
An' we hear dem, an' we see dem, jus' so
soon de winter go,
So never min' de cuckoo for we 're not afraid
to meet heem,
W'enever he was ready, wit' our own petits
oiseaux.

An' dey almos' come togeder, lak de spring
an' summer wedder,
Blue-bird wan day, pie-blanche nex' day,
geevin' out deir leetle note,
Affer dat we see de robin' , an' de gougrou on
de medder,
Den le roi, de red bird 's comin' , dressim on
hees sojer coat.

W 'en de grosbec on de pine tree, wak' you
early wit' hees singin' ,
W'en you lissen to de pa'tridge a-beatin'on
hees drum,
W'en de w'ole place roun' about you wit'
musique is a-ringin' ,
Den you know de winter 's over, an' de
summer day is come.

See de apple blossom showin' , see de clover
how it 's growin'
Watch de trout, an' way dey 're playin' on
de reever down below,
Ah! de cunning leetle feller, easy see how well
dey 're knowin'
We 're too busy now for ketch dem an' dat 's
w'y dey 're jompin' so.

For de mos' fine summer season don't las' too
long, an' we know it,
So we 're workin' ev'rybody, w'ile de sun is
warm and clear,
Dat 's de tam for plant de barley, an' de injun
corn we sow it,
W'en de leaf upon de maple 's jus' de size
of squirrel's ear.

'Noder job is feexin' fences, if we don 't be lak
de las' year,
W'en de Durham bull he 's pullin' nearly all
de fence away,
An' dat sapree champion taureau let de cattle
out de pasture
So dey 're playin' on de devil wit' de oat
an' wit' de hay.

Yass, de farmer 's offen worry, an' it some-
tam mak' heem snappy,
For no sooner wan job's finish, dan he got
two t'ousan' more,
But he 's glad for see de summer, w'en all de
worl' she 's happy,
An' ev'ryt'ing aroun' heem was leevin' out
o'door.

Now de ole sheep 's takin' young wan up de
hillside, an' dey feed dem
W'ere de nice short grass is growin' sweeter
dan it grow below,
Ev'ry morning off dey're goin' an' it 's
pleasan' t'ing to see dem
Lookin' jus' lak leetle snow-ball all along de
green coteau.

Dere 's de hen too, wit' her chicken, O how
moche dey mak' her bodder
Watchin' dem mos' ev'ry minute, fearin' dey
was go astray
But w'en mountain hawk he 's comin' den
how quick dey fin' de moder

An' get onderneat' her fedder till de danger 's pass away.

An' jus' see de turkey gobbler, an' lissen' to heem talkin'
No wonder he 's half crazee, an' spikin' out so loud,
W'en you meet heem on de roadside wit' hees wife an' chil'ren walkin',
It 's kipin' heem so busy lookin' affer such a crowd.

Dat 's about de way we 're leevin' , dat 's a few t'ing we 're seein' ,
W'en de nice warm summer sun is shinin' down on Canadaw,
An' no matter w'at I'm hearin' , still I never feel lak bein'
No oder stranger feller, me, but only habitant.

For dere 's no place lak our own place, don't care de far you 're goin'
Dat 's w'at de whole worl's sayin', w'enever dey come here,
'Cos we got de fines' contree, an' de beeges' reever flowin'
An' le bon Dieu sen' de sunshine nearly twelve mont' ev'ry year.

William Henry Drummond

The Hill Of San Sebastian

I ought to feel more satisfy an' happy dan
I be,
For better husban' dan ma own, it 's very
hard to fin'
An' plaintee woman if dey got such boy an'
girl as me
Would never have no troub' at all, an'
not'ing on deir min'
But w'ile dey're alway wit' me, an' dough I
love dem all
I can't help t'inkin' w'en I watch de chill'ren
out at play
Of tam I'm jus' lak dat mese'f, an' den de
tear will fall
For de hill of St. Sebastien is very far away!

It seem so pleasan' w'en I come off here ten
year ago
An' hardes' work I 'm gettin' den, was never
heavy load,
De roughes' place is smoot' enough, de
quickest' gait is slow
For glad I am to foller w'ere Louis lead de
road
But somet'ing 's comin' over me, I feel it
more an' more
It 's alway pullin' on de heart, an' stronger
ev'ry day,
An' O! I long to see again de reever an' de
shore
W'ere de hill of St. Sebastien is lookin' on
de bay!

I use to t'ink it 's fine t'ing once, to stan' upon
de door
An' see de great beeg medder dere, stretchin'
far an' wide,
An' smell de pleasan' flower dat grow lak star
on de prairie floor,

An' watch de spotted antelope was feedin'
ev'ry side,
How did we gain it, man an' wife, dis lan' was
no man 's lan'?
By rifle, an' harrow an' plow, shovel an'
spade an' hoe
De blessin' of good God up above, an' work of
our own strong han'
Till it stan' on de middle, our leetle nes',
w'ere de wheat an' cornfiel' grow.

An' soon de chil'ren fill de house, wit' musique
all day long,
De sam' ma moder use to sing on de cradle
over me,
I'm almos' sorry it 's be my fault dey learn
dem ole tam song
W'at good is it tak' me off lak dat back on
ma own countree?
Till de reever once more I see again, an' lissen
it 's current flow
An' dere's Hercule de ferry man cmoin'
across de bay!
Wat' s use of foolin' me lak dat? for surely I
mus' know
de hill of St. Sebastien is very far away!

W'en Louis ketch me dat summer night
watchin' de sky above,
Seein' de mountain an' de lake, wit' small
boat sailin' roun'
He kiss me an' say - 'Toinette, I'm glad dis
prairie lan' you love
For travel de far you can, ma belle, it 's
fine 's on top de groun'!
Jus' w'en I 'm lookin' dat beeg cloud too,
standin' dere lak a wall!
Sam' as de hill I know so well, home on ma
own countree.

Good job I was cryin' quiet den, an' Louis
can't hear at all

But I kiss de poor feller an' laugh, an' never
say not'ing-me.

W'at can you do wit' man lak dat, an' w'y am
I bodder so?

De firse t'ing he might fin' it out, den hees
heart will feel it sore

An' if he say 'Come home Toinette,' I 'm
sure I mus' answer 'No',

For if I 'm seein' dat place again, I never
return no more!

So let de heart break-I don't care, I won't
say not'ing-me-

I'll mak' dat promise on mese'f, an' kip it
night an' day

But O! Mon Dieu! how glad, how glad, an'
happy I could be

If de hill of St. Sebastien was not so far
away!

William Henry Drummond

The Log Jam

1 Dere 'a s beeg jam up de reever, w'ere rapide is runnin' fas',
2 An' de log we cut las' winter is takin' it all de room;
3 So boss of de gang is swearin', for not'ing at all can pass
4 An' float away down de current till somebody break de boom.

5 'Here 's for de man will tak' de job, holiday for a week
6 Extra monee w'en pay day come, an' ten dollar suit of clothes.
7 'T is n't so hard work run de log, if only you do it quick--
8 W'ere 's de man of de gang den is ready to say, ` Here goes?"

9 Dere was de job for a feller, handy an' young an' smart,
10 Willin' to tak' hees chances, willin' to risk hees life.
11 'Cos many a t'ing is safer, dan tryin' de boom to start,
12 For if de log wance ketch you, dey 're cuttin' you lak a knife.

13 Aleck Lachance he lissen, an' answer heem right away
14 'Marie Louise dat 's leevin' off on de shore close by
15 She 's sayin' de word was mak' me mos' happies' man to-day
16 An' if you ax de reason I 'm ready to go, dat 's w'y.'

17 Pierre Delorme he 's spikin' den, an' O! but he 's lookin' glad.
18 'Dis morning de sam' girl tole me, she mus' say to me, ` Good-bye Pierre.'
19 So no wan can stop me goin', for I feel I was comin' mad
20 An' wedder I see to-morrow, dat 's not'ing, for I don't care.'

21 Aleck Lachance was steady, he 's bully boy all aroun',
22 Alway sendin' de monee to hees moder away below,
23 Now an' den savin' a leetle for buyin' de house an' groun',
24 An' never done t'inkin', t'inkin' of Marie Louise Lebeau.

25 Pierre was a half-breed feller, we call heem de grand Nor' Wes'--
26 Dat is de place he 's leevin' w'en he work for de Compagnie,
27 Dey say he 's marry de squaw dere, never min' about all de res'--
28 An' affer he get hees monee, he 's de boy for de jamboree!

29 Ev'ry wan start off cheerin' w'en dey pass on de log out dere
30 Jompin' about lak monkey, Aleck an' Pierre Delorme.
31 Workin' de sam' as twenty, an' runnin' off ev'ryw'ere,
32 An' busy on all de places, lak beaver before de storm.

33 Den we hear some wan shoutin', an' dere was dat crazy girl,
34 Marie Louise, on de hillside, cryin' an' raisin' row.
35 Could n't do not'ing worsen! mos' foolish t'ing on de worl'
36 For Pierre Delorme an' Aleck was n't workin' upon de scow.

37 Bote of dem turn aroun' dere w'en girl is commencin' cry,
38 Lak woman I wance remember, got los' on de bush t'ree day,
39 'Look how de log is movin'! I 'm seein' it wit' ma eye,
40 Come back out of all dem danger!' an' den she was faint away.

41 Ten year I been reever driver, an' mebbe know somet'ing too,
42 An' dere was n't a man don't watch for de minute dem log she go;
43 But never a word from de boos dere, stannin' wit' all hees crew,
44 So how she can see dem movin' don't ax me, for I dunno.

45 Hitch dem all up togeder, t'ousan' horse crazy mad--
46 Only a couple of feller for han'le dem ev'ry wan,
47 Scare dem wit' t'onder an' lightning, an' den 't is n't half so bad
48 As log runnin' down de rapide, affer de boom she 's gone.

49 See dem nex' day on de basin, you t'ink dey was t'roo de fight
50 Cut wit' de sword an' bullet, lyin' along de shore
51 You 'd pity de log, I 'm sure, an' say 't was terrible sight
52 But man goin' t'roo de sam' t'ing, you 'd pity dat man some more.

53 An' Pierre w'en he see dem goin' an' log jompin' up an' down
54 De sign of de cross he 's makin' an' dive on de water dere,
55 He know it 's all up hees chances, an' he rader be goin' drown
56 Dan ketch by de rollin' timber, an' dat 's how he go, poor Pierre.

57 Aleck's red shirt is blazin' off w'ere we hear de log
58 Crackin' away an' bangin', sam' as a honder gun,
59 Lak' sun on de morning tryin' to peep t'roo de reever fog--
60 But Aleck's red shirt is redder dan ever I see de sun.

61 An' w'en dey 're tryin' wake her: Marie Louise Lebeau,
62 On her neck dey fin' a locket, she 's kipin' so nice an' warm,
63 An' dey 're tolin' de funny story, de funnies' I dunno--
64 For de face, Baptême! dey see dere, was de half-breed Pierre Delorme!

The Old House And The New

Is it only twelve mont' I play de fool,
You're sure it 's correc' , ma dear?
I 'm glad for hearin' you spik dat way
For I t'ink it was twenty year,
Since leffin' de leetle ole house below,
I mak' wit' ma own two han'
For go on dat fine beeg place, up dere-
Mon Dieu! I'm de crazy man!

You 'member we 're not very riche, cherie,
Dat tam we 're beginnin' life!
Mese'f I'm twenty, an' you eighteen
W'en I 'm bringin' you home ma wife,
Many de worry an' troub' we got
An' some of dem was n't small,
But not very long dey bodder us
For we work an' forget dem all.

An' you was de savin' woman too,
Dere 's nobody beat you dere!
An' I laugh w'en I t'ink of de tam you go
Over on Trois Rivieres
For payin' de bank -you know how moche
We 're owin' for dat new place
W 'at was he sayin' de nice young man
Smilin' upon hees face

W'en he got dat monee was all pure gole
Come down on your familee
For honder year an' mebbe more?
'Ma-dame you 're excusin' me,
But w'ere was you gettin' dis nice gole coin
Of Louis Quatorze, hees tam
Wit' hees face on back of dem ev 'ry wan?
For dey 're purty scase now, Ma-dam?'

An' you say 'Dat 's not'ing at all M'sieu
Ma familee get dem t'ing,
I suppose it's very long tam ago,

W'en Louis Quatorze is King,
An' I'm sorry poor feller he 's comin' dead
An' not leevin here to-day
'Cos man should be good on hees frien', M'sieu'
W'en de monee he mak' dat way.'

Yass, ev 'ry wan know we 're workin' hard
An' savin' too all dem year,
But nobody see us starve ourse'f
Dere 's plaintee to eat, don 't fear-
Bimeby our chil'ren dey 're growin' up
So we're doin' de bes' we can
Settle dem off on de firse good chance
An' geevin' dem leetle lan'.

An'den de troub' is begin to show
W 'en our daughter poor Caroline
Sha marry dat lawyer on Trois Rivieres
De beeges' fool never seen!
Always come home ev'ry summer sure
Bringin' her familee,
All right for de chil'ren, I don't min' dem;
But de husban'! sapree maudit!

I wish I was close ma ear right off
W'en he talk of our leetle house
Dough I know w'en familee's comin' home
Dere is n't moche room for a mouse,
He say 'Riche man lak youse'f can't leev'
On shaintee lak dis below,
W'en t'ousan' dollar will buil' fin' place
Up on de hill en haut.'

An' he talk about gallerie all aroun'
W'ere we sit on de summer night
Watchin' de star on de sky above
W'ile de moon she was shinin' bright,
Could plant some apple-tree dere, also,
An' flower, an' I dunno w'at,
An' w'en de sun he 's begin to rise
Look at de view we got!

Den he bring 'noder feller from Trois Rivieres
An' show w'at he call de plan
For makin' dem house on de w'ole contree-
Mon Dieu! how I hate dat man!
'Cos he 's talkin' away nearly all de tam
Lak trotter upon de race-
Wall! affer a w'ile we mak' our min'
For havin' dat nice new place.

So dey go ahead, an' we let dem go,
But stuff dey was t'row away;
I 'm watchin' for dat, an' I save mese'f
Mebbe twenty-five cent a day,
For you 're surely cheat if you don't tak' care
Very offen we fin' dat 's true,
An' affer de house she was finish up,
We 're geevin' it nam' Bellevue.

O! yass, I know we enjoy ourse'f
W'en our frien' dey was comin' roun'
An' say 'Dat 's very fine place you got;
Dere's not'ing upon de town,
Or anyw'ere else for honder mile
Dis house Bellevue can touch,
An' den let de horse eat de garden fence
Non! we don't enjoy dat so moche.

An' of course we can't say not'ing at all
For it 's not correc' t'ing you know-
But 'Never min' dat, an' please come again,
I'm sorry you got to go.'
Baptême! w'en I'm seeing beeg feller bus'
Our two dollar easy chair-
Can't help it at all, I got to go
Down on de cellar an' swear!

An' w'ere did we leev' on dat belle maison?
Wan room an' de kitchen, dat 's all
An' plaintee too for de man an' wife!
An' you 'member de tam I fall
Off on de gallerie wan dark night,
I los' mese'f tryin' fin'

De winder dere on de grande parloir,
For closin' it up de blin'?

An' al de tam de poor leetle house
Is down on de road below,
I t'ink she was jealous dat fine new place
Up on de hill en haut,
For O! she look lonesome by herse'f
De winder all broke an' gone-
No smoke on de chimney comin' out
No frien' stannin' dere-not wan.

You 'member too, w'en de fever come
An' ketch us wan winter day?
W'at he call de shaintee, our son-in-law,
Dat 's w'ere dey pass away
Xavier, Zoë. an' Euchariste
Our chil'ren wan, two, t'ree-
I offen t'ink of de room dey die,
An' I can't help cryin'-me.

So we 'll go on de ole house once again,
Long enough we been fool lak dis
Never min' w'at dey say bimeby, ma chere
But geeve me de leetle kiss,
Let dem stay on dat fine new place up dere
Our daughter an' son-in-law
For to-morrow soon as de sun will rise
We 're goin' back home- Hooraw!

William Henry Drummond

The Old Pine Tree

'Listen my child,' said the old pine
tree, to the little one nestling near,
'For the storm clouds troop together to-night,
and the wind of the north I hear
And perchance there may come some echo of
the music of long ago,
The music that rang when the White Host
sang, marching across the snow.'

'Up and away Saint George! up thro' the
mountain gorge,
Over the plain where the tempest blows, and
the great white flakes are flying
Down the long narrow glen! faster my merry
men,
Follow the trail, tho' shy moon hides, and
deeply the drifts are lying.'

'Ah! mother.' the little pine tree replied,
'you are dreaming again to-night
Of ghostly visions and phantom forms that for-
ever mock your sight
'Tis true moan of the winter wind comes
to my list'ning ear
But the White Host marching, I cannot see,
and their music I cannot hear.'

'When the northern skies were all aflame
where the trembling banners swung,
When up in the vaulted heavens the moon of
the Snow Shoe hung,
When the hurricane swept the hillside, and the
crested drifts ran high
Those were the nights,' said the old pine tree,
'the great White Host marched by.'

And the storm grew fiercer, fiercer, and the
snow went hissing past,
But the little pine tree still listened, till she

heard above the blast
The music her mother loved to hear in the
nights of the long ago
And saw in the forest the white-clad Host
marching across the snow.

And loud they sang as they tramped along of
the glorious bygone days
When valley and hill re-echoed the snow-
shoer's hymn of praise
Till the shy moon gazed down smiling, and the
north wind pause to hear
And the old pine tree felt young again as the
little one nestling near.

'Up and away Saint George! up thro' the
mountain gorge.
Over the plain where the tempest blows, and
the great white flakes are flying.
Down the long narrow glen! faster my merry
men.
Follow the trail, tho' the shy moon hides, and
deeply the drifts are lying.'

William Henry Drummond

The Old Sexton

I know very well t'was purty hard case
If dere 's not on de worl' some beeger place
Dan village of Cote St. Paul,
But we got mebbe sixty-five house or more
Wit' de blacksmith' shop an' two fine store
Not to speak of de church an' de city hall.

An' of course on village lak dat you fin'
Some very nice girl if you have a min'
To look aroun', an' we got dem too-
But de fines' of all never wear a ring,
Since first I 'm t'inkin' of all dem t'ing,
Was daughter of ole Narcisse Beaulieu.

Narcisse he 's bedeau on de beeg church dere,
He also look affer de presbytere,
An' leev on de house close by,
On Sunday he 's watchin' de leetle boys,
Stoppin' dem kickin' up too much noise,
An' he bury de peop' w'en dey 're comin' die.

So dat 's w'at he do, Narcisse Beaulieu,
An' it 's not very easy I 'm tolin' you,
But a purty large heavy load,
For on summer de cow she was run aroun'
An' eat all de flower on de Curé 's groun'
An'before he can ketch her, p-s-s-t! she 's
down de road.

Dat 's not'ing at all, for w'en winter come
Narcisse got plaintee more work, ba gum!
Shovellin' snow till hees back was sore,
Makin' some track for de horse an' sleigh,
Kipin' look out dey don 't run away,
An' freezin' outside on de double door.

But w'enever de vault on de church is fill
Wit' de peop' was waitin' down dere ontil
Dey can go on de cimetière,

For fear dem student will come aroun'
An' tak' de poor dead folk off to town
Narcisse offen watch for dem all night dere.

An' de girl Josephine she 's her fader's pet,
He never see nobody lak her yet,
So w'en he 's goin' on St. Jerome
For travel about on some leetle tour
An' lef' her alone on de house, I'm sure
De house she 's all right w'en he 's comin'
home.

Wall! nearly t'ree year is come an' go,
De quietes' year de village know,
For dem student don 't show hees face,
An' de peop' is beginnin' to ax w'at for
Dey 're alway goin' on Ile Bizard
An' never pass on our place.

But it 's bully tam for de ole Narcisse,
An' w'en he 's lettin' heem go de pries'
For stay away two t'ree day
He t'ink of course it was purty good chance,
So he buy heem new coat an' pair of pants,
An' go see hees frien' noder side de bay.

An' dat very sam night, ba gosh! it seem
De girl 's not dreamin' some pleasan' dream
For she visit de worse place never seen
Down on T'ree Reeve, an' near Kebeck
W'ere robber-man 's chokin' her on de neck-
De poor leetle Josephine!

So she 's risin' up den and she tak' de gun
An' off on de winder she quickly run
For fear she might need a shot
An' dem student he 's comin' across de square
Right on de front of de cimetièr
An' carryin' somet'ing -you know w'at!

So she 's takin' good aim on de beeges' man
Abn' pull de trigger de hard she can,

An' he 's yellin' an' don he go,
Hees frien' dey say not'ing, but clear out quick,
Dat 's way Josephine she was playin' trick
On feller was treatin' poor dead folk so!

Den she kick up a row an' begin' to feel
Very sorry right off for de boy she keel
An' de nex' t'ing she 's startin' cry
An' call on her fader an' moder too,
Poor leetle Josephine Beaulieu,
An' wishin' she'd lak to die.

But she did n't die den, an' he 's leevin' yet-
Dat feller was comin' so near hees deat'-
For she nursin' heem back to life,
Dey 're feexin' it someway, I dunno how,
But dey 're marry an' leev'in de city now
An' she 's makin' heem firse classe wife.

An' Narcisse hese'f he was alway say,
'It 's fonny t'ing how it come dat way
But I 'm not very sorry at all,
Course I know ma son he 's not doin' right,
But man he was haulin' aroun' dat night
Is worse ole miser on Cote St. Paul.'

William Henry Drummond

The Oyster Schooner

W'at's all dem bell a ringin' for, a can
hear dem ev'ry w'ere?
W'at's bring de peop' togeder on de w'arf at
Trois Rivieres,
Dat happy crowd is look so glad, w'y are dey
comin' dere?
O! de reason dey're so happy w'ile dey're
waitin' dere to-day
Is becos de oyster schooner she's sailin' up de
bay
An' de caraquette an' malpecque will quickly
melt away
Affer she was t'row de anchor on t'ree reever.

For w'y dey mak' de fuss lak dat, an' nearly
broke deir neck,
Ain't dey got de noder oyster more better dan
malpecque
Or caraquette, dat leetle wan from down be-
low Kebeck?

Wall! ax de crowd dat question w'ile dey're
waitin' dere to-day
So glad to see La Belle Marie sailin' up de bay,
An' dey 'll drown you on de water, so you 'll
know about de way
She was t'rowin' out de anchor on T'ree
Reever

Dere's ole Joe Lachapelle, he's blin', can
hardly see at all,
He's bring de man got wooden leg call Jimmie
Sauriol,
An' bote dem feller jomp aroun' lak mooshrat
on de fall,
For dey know de schooner 's comin', she's
sailin' up de bay,
An' de reason she don't hurry w'ile dey 're
waitin' dere to-day,

Is becós she's full of oyster, will quickly pass
away
W'en dat schooner t'row de anchor on T'ree
Reever.

We've trottin' race las' winter, an' circus on
de spring,
Wit' elephan' an' monkey too, all playin' on
de ring,
But beeger crowd she's comin' now, for w'y?
it 's differen' t'ing,
For dey 're waitin' on dat schooner, she's
sailin' up de bay
Dey smell de malpecque oyster an' caraquette
to-day
An' O! ba gosh, dey 'll eat dem! it's alway
be de way
W'en dat schooner t'row de anchor on T'ree
Reever.

'She's comin' in -she's comin' in,' jus'lis-
sen to de cry!
'Get out de line an' hol' her fas', for fear
she's passin' by,
For if dere 's somet'ing happen now, de peop'
will surely die.'
Affer waitin' on dat schooner, she 's sailin' up
de bay
Lak de sparrow on de wood-pile watchin' all
de day,
But dey got her safe enough now, she 'll never
sail away
Till dem oyster she was finish on T'ree Reever.

'All aboar'-comment câ va, Captinne Beli-
veau?
We're glad to see you back again from Cara-
quette below,
But we 're sorry you don't hurry, w'en you got
such nice car-go.'

So dey ketch dat oyster schooner she's sailin'

up de bay,
Dey ketch her an' dey hol' her till de oyster 's
gone away
An' she's two foot out de water La Belle
Marie nex' day
Affer she was t row de anchor on T'ree Reevee.

William Henry Drummond

The Red Canoe

De win' is sleepin' in de pine, but O! de
night is black!
An' all day long de loon bird cry on Lac Waya-
gamack-
No light is shinin' by de shore for helpin' steer
heem t'roo
W'en out upon de night, Ubalde he tak' de
red canoe.

I hear de paddle dip, dip, dip! wance more I
hear de loon-
I feel de breeze was show de way for storm
dat 's comin' soon,
An' den de sky fly open wit' de lightning
splittin' t'roo-
An' 'way beyon' de point I see de leetle red
canoe.

It 's dark again, but lissen how across Waya-
gamack
De tonder 's roarin' loud, an' now de mount-
ains answer back-
I wonder wit' de noise lak dat, he hear me, le
bon Dieu
W'en on ma knee I ax Heem save de leetle red
canoe!

Is dat a voice, so far away, it die upon ma hear?
Or only win' was foolin' me, an' w'isperin'
'Belzemire?'
Yaas, yaas, Ubalde, your Belzemire she 's
prayin' hard for you-
An' den again de lightning come, but w'ere 's
de red canoe?

Dey say I 'm mad, dem foolish folk, cos w'en
de night is black
An' w'en de wave lak snow-dreef come on Lac
Wayagamack

I tak' de place w'ere long ago we use to sit, us
two,
An' wait until de lightning bring de leetle red
canoe.

William Henry Drummond

The Rose Delima

You can sew heem up in a canvas sack,
An' t'row heem over boar'
You can wait till de ship she 's comin' back
Den bury heem on de shore
For dead man w'en he 's dead for sure,
Ain't good for not'ing at all
An' he 'll stay on de place you put heem
Till he hear dat bugle call
Dey say will soun' on de las', las' day
W'en ev'ry t'ing 's goin' for pass away,
But down on de Gulf of St. Laurent
W'ere de sea an' de reever meet
An' off on St. Pierre de Miquelon,
De chil'ren on de street
Can tole you story of Pierre Guillaume,
De sailor of St. Yvonne
Dat 's bringin' de Rose Delima home
Affer he 's dead an' gone.

He was stretch heem on de bed an' he could
n't raise hees head
So dey place heem near de winder w'ere he
can look below,
An' watch de schooner lie wit' her topmas' on
de sky,
An' oh! how mad it mak' heem, ole Cap-
tinne Baribeau.

For she 's de fines' boat dat never was afloat
From de harbour of St. Simon to de shore of
New-fun-lan'
She can almos' dance a reel, an' de sea shell on
her keel
Wall! you count dem very easy on de finger
of your han'.

But de season 's flyin' fas', an' de fall is nearly
pas'

An' de leetle Rose Delima she 's doin' not-
'ing dere
Only pullin' on her chain, an' wishin' once
again
She was w'ere de black fish tumble, an jomp
upon de air.

But who can tak' her out, for she 's got de
tender mout'
Lak a trotter on de race-course dat's mebbe
run away
If he 's not jus' handle so-an' ole Captinne
Baribeau
Was de only man can sail her, dat 's w'at
dey offen say.

An' now he's lyin' dere, w'ere de breeze is
blow hees hair
An' he's hearin' ev'ry morning de Rose
Delima call,
Sayin', 'Come along wit' me, an' we 'll off
across de sea,
For I'm lonesome waitin' for you, Captinne
Paul.

'On Anticosti shore we hear de breaker roar
An' reef of dead Man's Islan' too we know,
But we never miss de way, no matter night or
day,
De Rose Delima schooner an' Captinne
Baribeau.'

De Captinne cry out den, so de house is shake
again,
'Come here! come here, an' quickly, ma
daughter Virginie,
An' let me hol' your han', for so long as I
can stan'
I'll tak' de Rose Delima, an' sail her off to
sea.'

'No, no, ma fader dear, you 're better stayin'
here
Till de cherry show her blossom on de
spring,
For de loon he 's flyin' sout' an' de fall is
nearly out,
W'en de wil' bird of de nort' is on de wing.

'But fader dear, I know de man can go below
Wit' leetle Rose Delima on e de
Miquelon
Hees nam' is Pierre Guillaume, an' he 'll bring
de schooner home
Till she 's t'rowin' out her anchor on de port
of St. Simon.'

'Ha!Ha! ma Virginie, it is n't hard to see
You lak dat smart young sailor man youse'f,
I s'pose he love you too, but I tole you w'at
I do
W'en I have some leetle talk wit' heem
mese'f.

'So call heem up de stair' : an' w'en he 's
stannin' dere,
De Captinne say, 'Young feller, you see
how sick I be?
De poor ole Baribeau has n't very much below
Beside de Rose Delima, an' hees daughter
Virginie.

'An' I know your fader well, he 's fine man
too, Noël,
An' hees nam' was comin' offen on ma
prayer-
An' if your sailor blood she 's only half as good
You can sail de Rose Delima from here to
any w'ere.

'You love ma Virginie? wall! if you promise
me
You bring de leetle schooner safely home

From St. Pierre de Miquelon to de port of St.
Simon
You can marry on my daughter, Pierre Guil-
laume.'

An' Pierre he answer den, 'Ma fader was your
frien'
An' it 's true your daughter Virginie I love,
Dat schooner she 'll come home, or ma nam' 's
not Pierre Guillaume
I swear by all de angel up above.'

So de wil' bird goin' out sout', see her shake de
canvas out,
An' soon de Rose Delima she 's flyin' down
de bay
An' poor young Virginie so long as she can see
Kip watchin' on dat schooner till at las'
she 's gone away.

Ho! ho! for Gaspé cliff w' en de win' is blowin'
stiff,
Ho! ho! for Anticosti w'ere bone of dead
man lie!
De sailor cimetiere! God help de beeg ship dere
if dey come too near de islan' w'en de wave
she 's runnin' high.

It 's locky t' ing he know de way he ought to
go
It 's locky too de star above, he know dem
ev'ry wan
For God he mak' de star, was shinin' up so far,
So he trus no oder compass, young Pierre
of St. Yvonne.

An' de schooner sail away pas' Wolf Islan' an'
Cape Ray-
W'ere de beeg wave fight each oder roun' de
head of ole Pointe Blanc
Only gettin' pleasan' win'. till she tak' de
canvas in

An' drop de anchor over on St. Pierre de
Miquelon.

We're glad to see some more, de girl upon de
shore
An' Jean Barbette was kipin' Hotel de Sans-
souci

He 's also glad we come, 'cos we mak' de rafter
hum;
An' w'en we 're stayin' dere, ma foi! we
spen' de monee free.

But Captinne Pierre Guillaume, might jus' as
well be home,
For he don 't forget his sweetheart an' ole
man Baribeau,
An' so he stay on boar', an' fifty girl or more
Less dey haul heem on de bowline, dey
could n't mak' heem go.

Wall! we 're workin' hard an' fas', an' de
cargo 's on at las'
Two honder cask of w'isky, de fines' on de
worl'!
So good-bye to Miquelon, an' hooraw for St.
Simon-
An' au revoir to Jean Barbette, an' don 't
forget de girl.

You can hear de schooner sing, w'en she open
out her wing
So glad to feel de slappin' of de sea wave on
her breas'
She did n't los' no tam, but travel jus' de
sam',
As de small bird w'en he 's flyin' on de even-
ing to hees nes'.

But her sail 's not blowin' out wit' de warm
breeze out de sout'
An' it 's not too easy tellin' w'ere de snow-

flake meet de foam
Stretchin' out on ev'ry side, all across de Gulf
so wide
W'en de nor'- eas' win' is chasin' de Rose
Delima home.

An' we 're flyin' once again pas' de Isle of
Madeleine
An' away for Anticosti we let de schooner
go
Lak a race-horse on de track, we could never
hol' her back-
She mebbe hear heem callin' her, ole Cap-
tinne Baribeau!

But we 're ketchin' it wan night w'en de star
go out of sight
For de storm dat 's waitin' for us, come be-
fore we know it 's dere-
An' it blow us near de coas' w'ere dey leev'
de sailor's ghos'
On de shore of Dead Man 's Islan' till dey
almos' fill de air.

So de Captinne tak' de wheel, an' it mak' de
schooner feel
Jus' de sam' as ole man Baribeau is workin'
dere hese'f
Well she know it 's life or deat', so she 's
fightin' hard for breat'
For wit' all dem wave a chokin' her, it 's
leetle she got lef'.

Den de beeges' sea of all, stannin' up dere lak
a wall
Come along an' sweep de leetle Rose De-
lima for an' af'
An' above de storm a cry, 'Help, mon Dieu!
before I die.'
An' dere 's no wan on de wheel house, an'
we hear dem spirit laugh.

Dey 're lookin' for dead man, an' dey 're
shoutin' all dey can
Don 't matter all de pile dey got dey want
anoder wan-
An' now dey 're laughin' loud, for out of all
de crowd
Dey got no finer sailor boy dan Pierre of St.
Yvonne!

But look dere on de wheel! a'at 's dat was
seem to steal
From now'ere, out of not'ing, till it reach de
pilot 's place
An' steer de rudder too, lak de Captinne used
to do
So lak' de Captinne 's body, so lak de Cap-
tinne's face.

But well enough we know de poor boy's gone
below,
W'ere hees bone will join de oder on de
place w'ere dead man be-
An' we only see phantome of young captinne
Pierre Guillaume
Dat sail de Rose Delima all night along de
sea.

So we help heem all we can, kip de schooner
off de lan'
W'ere bad spirit work de current dat was
pullin' us inside-
But we fool dem all at las', an' we know de
danger 's pas'
W'en de sun come out an' fin' us floatin'
on de morning tide.

So de Captinne's work is done, an' nex' day de
schooner run
Wit' de sail all hangin' roun' her, to de port
of St. Simon.
Dat 's de way young Pierre Guillaume bring
de Rose Delima home

T'roo de wil' an' stormy wedder from St.
Pierre de Miquelon.

An' de leetle Virginie never look upon de sea
Since de tam de Rose Delima 's comin'
home,
For she 's lef' de worl' an' all! but behin' de
convent wall
She don 't forget her fader an' poor young
Pierre Guillaume.

William Henry Drummond

The Windigo

Go easy wit' de paddle, an' steady wit' de
oar
Geev rudder to de bes' man you got among
de crew,
Let ev'ry wan be quiet, don't let dem sing no
more
W'en you see de islan' risin' out of Grande
Lac Manitou
Above us on de sky dere, de summer cloud
may float
Aroun' us on de water de ripple never show,
But somet'ing down below us can rock de
stronges' boat,
W'en we 're comin' near de islan' of de
spirit Windigo!

De carcajou may breed dere, an' otter sweem
de poole
De moosh-rat mak' de mud house, an' beaver
buil' hees dam
An' beeges' Injun hunter on all de Tête de
Boule
Will never set hees trap dere from spring
to summer tam.

But he 'll bring de fines' presen' from upper
St. Maurice
De loup marin an' black-fox from off de
Hodson Bay
An' hide dem on de islan' an' smoke de pipe
of peace
So Windigo will help heem w'en he travel
far away.

We shaintee on dat islan' on de winter seexty-
nine
If you look you see de clearin' aroun' de
Coo Coo Cache,
An' pleasan' place enough too among de spruce

an' pine
If foreman on de shaintee is n't Cyprien
Palache.

Beeg feller, alway watchin' on hees leetle
weasel eye,
De gang dey can't do not'ing but he see dem
purty quick
Wit' hees 'Hi dere, w'at you doin' ?' ev'ry
tam he 's passin' by
An' de bad word he was usin' , wall! it offen
mak' me sick.

An' he carry silver w'issle wit' de chain aroun'
hees neck
For fear he mebbe los' it, an' ev'ry body say
He mus' buy it from de devil w'en he 's
passin' on Kebeck
But if it 's true dat story, I dunno how
moche he pay.

Dere 's plaintee on de shaintee can sing lak
rossignol
Pet Clancy play de fiddle, an' Jimmie Char-
bonneau
Was bring hees concertina from below St.
Fereol
So we get some leetle pleasure till de long,
long winter go.

But if we start up singin' affer supper on de
camp
'Par derriere chez ma tante,' or 'Mattawa
wishtay,'
De boss he 'll come along den, an' put heem
out de lamp,
An' only stop hees swearin' w'en we all go
marche coucher.

We 've leetle boy dat winter from Po-po-lo-be-
lang
Hees fader an' hees moder dey're bote

A-ben-a-kee
An' he 's comin' , Injun Johnnie, wit' some
man de lumber gang
Was fin' heem nearly starvin' above on Lac
Souris.

De ole man an' de woman is tryin' pass de Soo
W'en water 's high on spring tam, an' of
course dey 're gettin' drown',
For even smartes' Injun should n't fool wit'
birch canoe,
W'ere de reever lak toboggan on de hill is
runnin' down.

So dey lef' de leetle feller all alone away up
dere
Till lumber gang is ketchin' him an' bring
him on de Cache,
But better if he 's stayin' wit' de wolf an' wit'
de bear
Dan come an' tak' hees chances wit' Cyprien
Palache.

I wonder how he stan' it, w'y he never run
away
For Cyprien lak neeger he is treat heem all
de sam'
An' if he 's wantin' Johnnie on de night or on
de day
God help heem if dat w'issle she was below
de secon'tam!

De boy he don 't say not'ing, no wan never see
heem cry
He 's got de Injun in heem, you can see it
on de face,
An' only for us feller an' de cook, he 'll surely
die
Long before de winter 's over, long before
we lef' de place,

But I see heem hidin' somet'ing wan morning

by de shore
So firse tam I was passin' I scrape away de
snow
An' it 's rabbit skin he 's ketchin' on de swamp
de day before,
Leetle Injun Johnnie 's workin' on de spirit
Windigo.

December's come in stormy, an' de snow-dreef
fill de road
Can only see de chimley an' roof of our
cabane,
An' stronges' team on stable fin' it plaintee
heavy load
Haulin' sleigh an' two t'ree pine log t'roo
de wood an' beeg savane.

An' I travel off wan day me, wit' Cyprien
Palache
Explorin' for new timber, w'en de win' be-
gin to blow,
So we hurry on de snow-shoe for de camp on
Coo Coo Cache
If de nor' eas' storm is comin', was de bes'
place we dunno-

An' we 're gettin' safe enough dere wit' de
storm close on our heel,
But w'en our belt we loosen for takin' off de
coat
De foreman commence screamin' an' mon Dieu
it mak' us feel
Lak he got t'ree t'ousan' devil all fightin' on
hees t'roat.

Cyprien is los' hees w'issle, Cyprien is los' hees
chain
Injun Johnnie he mus' fin' it, even if de win'
is high

He can never show hese'f on de Coo Coo
Cache again

Till he bring dat silver w'issle an' de chain
it 's hangin' by.

So he sen' heem on hees journey never knowin'
he come back
T'roo de rough an' stormy wedder, t'roo de
pile of dreefin' snow
'Wat 's de use of bein' Injun if you can 't
smell out de track?'
Dat 's de way de boss is talkin' , an' poor
Johnnie have to go.

If you want to hear de musique of de nort' win'
as it blow
An' lissen to the hurricane an' learn de way
it sing
An' feel how small de man is w'en he 's
leevin' here below,
You should try it on de shaintee w'en she 's
doin' all dem t'ing!

W'at 's dat soun' lak somet'ing cryin' all
aroun' us ev'ryw'ere?
We never hear no tonder upon de winter
storm!
Dey 're shoutin' to each oder dem voices on
de air,
An' it 's red hot too de stove pipe, but no
wan 's feelin' warm!

'Get out an' go de woodpile before I freeze
to deat"
Cyprien de boss is yellin' an' he 's lookin'
cole an' w'ite
Lak dead man on de coffin, but no wan go,
you bet,
For if it 's near de woodpile, 't is n't close
enough to-night!

Non! we ain't afraid of not'ing, but we don 't
lak takin' chance,
An' w'en we hear de spirit of de wil' A-ben-

a-kee
Singin' war song on de chimley, makin' all dem
Injun dance
Raisin' row dere, you don't ketch us on no
woodpile -no siree!

O! de lonesome night we 're passin' w'ile
we 're stayin' on dat place!
An' ev'rybody sheever when Jimmie Char
bonneau
Say he 's watchin' on de winder an' he see de
Injun face
An' it 's lookin' so he tole us, jus' de sam'
as Windingo.

Den again mese'f I 'm hearin' somet'ing
callin', an' it soun'
Lak de voice of leetle Johnnie so I'm
passin' on de door

But de pine stump on de clearin' wit' de w'ite
sheet all aroun'
Mak' me t'ink of churchyar' tombstone, an'
I can't go dere no more.

Wat's de reason we 're so quiet w'ile our
heart she 's goin' fas'
W'y is no wan ax de question? dat we're
all afraid to spik?
Was it wing of flyin' wil' bird strek de winder
as it pass,
Or de sweesh of leetle snow-ball w'en de win'
is playin' trick?

W'en we buil' de Coo Coo shaintee, she's as
steady as a rock,
Did you feel de shaintee shakin' de sam,
she's goin' to fall?
Dere's somet'ing on de doorway! an' now we
hear de knock
An' up above de hurricane we hear de w'issle
call.

Callin', callin' lak a bugle, an' he's jompin' up
de boss
From hees warm bed on de corner an' open
wide de door-
Dere's no use foller affer for Cyprien is los'
An' de Coo Coo Cache an' shaintee he'll
never see no more.

At las' de morning's comin', an' storm is blow
away
An' outside on de shaintee young Jimmie
Charbonneau
He's seein' track of snowshoe, 'bout de size of
doulbe sleigh
Dere's no mistak' it's makin' by de spirit
Windigo.

An' de leetle Injuin Johnie, he's all right I
onderstan'
For you'll fin' heem up de reever above de
Coo Coo Cache
Ketchin' mink and ketchin' beaver, an' he's
growin' great beeg man
But dat's de las' we're hearin' of Cyprien
Palache.

William Henry Drummond

The Wreck Of The "Julie Plante": A Legend Of Lac St. Pierre

1 On wan dark night on Lac St. Pierre,
2 De win' she blow, blow, blow,
3 An' de crew of de wood scow "Julie Plante"
4 Got scar't an' run below—
5 For de win' she blow lak hurricane,
6 Bimeby she blow some more,
7 An' de scow bus' up on Lac St. Pierre
8 Wan arpent from de shore.

9 De captinne walk on de fronte deck,
10 An' walk de hin' deck too—
11 He call de crew from up de hole,
12 He call de cook also.
13 De cook she 's name was Rosie,
14 She come from Montreal,
15 Was chambre maid on lumber barge,
16 On de Grande Lachine Canal.

17 De win' she blow from nor' -eas' -wes',--
18 De sout' win' she blow too,
19 W'en Rosie cry, "Mon cher captinne,
20 Mon cher, w'at I shall do ?"
21 Den de captinne t'row de beeg ankerre,
22 But still de scow she dreef,
23 De crew he can't pass on de shore,
24 Becos' he los' hees skeef.

25 De night was dark lak wan black cat,
26 De wave run high an' fas',
27 W'en de captinne tak' de Rosie girl
28 An' tie her to de mas'.
29 Den he also tak' de life preserve,
30 An' jomp off on de lak',
31 An' say, "Good-bye, ma Rosie dear,
32 I go drown for your sak'."

33 Nex' morning very early

34 'Bout ha'f-pas' two—t'ree—four—
35 De captinne—scow—an' de poor Rosie
36 Was corpses on de shore,
37 For de win' she blow lak hurricane,
38 Bimeby she blow some more,
39 An' de scow bus' up on Lac St. Pierre,
40 Wan arpent from de shore.

MORAL

41 Now all good wood scow sailor man
42 Tak' warning by dat storm
43 An' go an' marry some nice French girl
44 An' leev on wan beeg farm.
45 De win' can blow lak hurricane
46 An' s'pose she blow some more,
47 You can't get drown on Lac St. Pierre
48 So long you stay on shore.

William Henry Drummond

This Life Which Seems So Fair

This Life, which seems so fair,
Is like a bubble blown up in the air
By sporting children's breath,
Who chase it everywhere
And strive who can most motion it bequeath.
And though it sometimes seem of its own might
Like to an eye of gold to be fixed there,
And firm to hover in that empty height,
That only is because it is so light.
But in that pomp it doth not long appear;
For when 'tis most admired, in a thought,
Because it erst was nought, it turns to nought.

William Henry Drummond

To His Lute

My lute, be as thou wert when thou didst grow
With thy green mother in some shady grove,
When immelodious winds but made thee move,
And birds their ramage did on thee bestow.
Since that dear Voice which did thy sounds approve,
Which wont in such harmonious strains to flow,
Is reft from Earth to tune those spheres above,
What art thou but a harbinger of woe?
Thy pleasing notes be pleasing notes no more,
But orphans' wailings to the fainting ear;
Each stroke a sigh, each sound draws forth a tear;
For which be silent as in woods before:
Or if that any hand to touch thee deign,
Like widowed turtle, still her loss complain.

William Henry Drummond

To The Nightingale

Sweet bird, that sing'st away the early hours
Of winters past or coming, void of care,
Well pleased with delights which present are,
(Fair seasons, budding sprays, sweet-smelling flowers)
To rocks, to springs, to rills, from leafy bowers
Thou thy Creator's goodness dost declare,
And what dear gifts on thee He did not spare:
A stain to human sense in sin that lours,
What soul can be so sick which by thy songs
(Attired in sweetness) sweetly is not driven
Quite to forget earth's turmoils, spites, and wrongs,
And lift a reverend eye and thought to heaven?
Sweet artless songster, thou my mind dost raise
To airs of spheres, yes, and to angels' lays.

William Henry Drummond

Two Hundred Years Ago

Two honder year ago, de worl' is purty slow
Even folk upon dis contree 's not so
smart,
Den who is travel roun' an' look out de
pleasan' groun'
For geev' de Yankee peop' a leetle start?
I 'll tole you who dey were! de beeg rough
voyageurs,
W'it deir cousin w'at you call coureurs de bois,
Dat 's fightin' all de tam, an' never care a dam,
An' ev'ry wan dem feller he 's come from
Canadaw
Baptême!
He 's comin' all de way from Canadaw.

But He watch dem, le bon Dieu, for He's got
some work to do,
An He won't trus' ev'ry body, no siree!
Only full blood Canadien, lak Marquette an'
Hennepin,
An' w'at you t'ink of Louis Verandrye?

On church of Bonsecours! makin' ready for
de tour,
See dem down upon de knee, all prayin' dere-
Wit' de paddle on de han' ev'ry good Canad-
ien man,
An' affer dey be finish, hooraw for anyw'ere
Yass, sir!
Dey 're ready now for goin' anyw'ere.

De nort' win' know dem well, an' de prairie
grass can tell
How offen it is trample by the ole tam botte
sauvage-
An'grey wolf on hees den kip very quiet, w'en
He hear dem boy a' singin' upon de long
portage.
An' de night would fin' dem lie wit' deir faces

on de sky,
An' de breeze would come an' w' isper on deir
ear
'Bout de wife an' sweetheart dere on Sorel an'
Trois Rivieres
Dey may never leev' to see anoder year
Dat 's true,
Dey may never leev' to kiss anoder year.

An' you 'll know de place dey go, from de
canyon down below,
Or de mountain wit' hees nose aboeve de cloud,
De lake among de hill, w'ere de grizzly drink
hees fill
Or de rapid on de reever roarin' loud;
Ax de wil' deer if de flash of de ole Tree
Reever sash
He don't see it on de woods of Illinois
An' de musk ox as he go, w'ere de camp fire
melt de snow,
De smell he still remember of tabac Canadien
Ha! Ha!
It 's hard forgettin' smell of tabac Canadien!

So, ma frien' , de Yankee man, he mus' try an'
understan'
W'en he holler for dat flag de Star an'
Stripe,
If he 's leetle win' still lef', an' no danger hurt
hese'f,
Den he better geev' anoder cheer, ba cripe!
For de flag of la belle France, dat show de way
across
From Louisbourg to Florida an' back;
So raise it ev'ryw'ere, lak' de ole tam voy-
ageurs,
W'en you hear of de la Salle an' Cadillac-
Hooraw!
For de flag of de la Salle an' Cadillac.

William Henry Drummond

When Albani Sang

Was workin' away on de farm dere, wan
morning not long ago,
Feexin' de fence for winter--'cos dat's
w'ere we got de snow!
W'en Jeremie Plouffe, ma neighbor, come
over an' spik wit' me,
'Antoine, you will come on de city,
for hear Ma-dam All-ba-nee?'

'W'at you mean?' I was sayin' right off, me,
'Some woman was mak' de speech,
Or girl on de Hooraw Circus, doin' high
kick an' screech?'
'Non--non,' he is spikin'--'Excuse me,
dat's be Ma-dam All-ba-nee
Was leevin' down here on de contree, two
mile 'noder side Chambly.

'She's jus' comin' over from Englan', on
steamboat arrive Kebeck,
Singin' on Lunnon an' Paree, an' havin'
beeg tam, I expec',
But no matter de moche she enjoy it, for
travel all roun' de worl',
Somet'ing on de heart bring her back here,
for she was de Chambly girl.

'She never do not'ing but singin' an' makin'
de beeg grande tour
An' travel on summer an' winter, so mus' be
de firs' class for sure!
Ev'ryboddy I'm t'inkin' was know her, an' I
also hear 'noder t'ing,
She's frien' on La Reine Victoria an' show
her de way to sing!'

'Wall,' I say, 'you're sure she is Chambly,
w'at you call Ma-dam All-ba-nee?
Don't know me dat nam' on de Canton--I hope

you're not fool wit' me?'
An' he say, 'Lajeunesse, dey was call her,
before she is come mariée,
But she's takin' de nam' of her husban'--I
s'pose dat's de only way.'

'C'est bon, mon ami,' I was say me, 'If I get
t'roo de fence nex' day
An' she don't want too moche on de monee den
mebbe I see her play.'
So I finish dat job on to-morrow, Jeremie he
was helpin' me too,
An' I say, 'Len' me t'ree dollar quickly for
mak' de voyage wit' you.'

Correc'--so we're startin' nex' morning, an'
arrive Montreal all right,
Buy dollar tiquette on de bureau, an' pass on
de hall dat night.
Beeg crowd, wall! I bet you was dere too, all
dress on some fancy dress,
De lady, I don't say not'ing, but man's all
w'ite shirt an' no ves'.

Don't matter, w'en ban' dey be ready, de foreman
strek out wit' hees steek,
An' fiddle an' ev'ryt'ing else too, begin for
play up de musique.
It's fonny t'ing too dey was playin' don't lak
it mese'f at all,
I rader be lissen some jeeg, me, or w'at you call
'Affer de ball.'

An' I'm not feelin' very surprise den, w'en de
crowd holler out, 'Encore,'
For mak' all dem feller commencin' an' try leetle
piece some more,
'Twas better wan' too, I be t'inkin', but slow
lak you're goin' to die,
All de sam', noboddy say not'ing, dat mean
dey was satisfy.

Affer dat come de Grande piano, lak we got on
Chambly Hotel,
She's nice lookin' girl was play dat, so of
course she's go off purty well,
Den feller he's ronned out an' sing some, it's
all about very fine moon,
Dat shine on Canal, ev'ry night too, I'm sorry
I don't know de tune.

Nex' t'ing I commence get excite, me, for I
don't see no great Ma-dam yet,
Too bad I was los all dat monee, an' too late
for de raffle tiquette!
W'en jus' as I feel very sorry, for come all
de way from Chambly,
Jeremie he was w'isper, 'Tiens, Tiens, prenez
garde, she's comin' Ma-dam All-ba-nee!'

Ev'ryboddy seem glad w'en dey see her, come
walkin' right down de platform,
An' way dey mak' noise on de han' den, w'y!
it's jus' lak de beeg tonder storm!
I'll never see not'ing lak dat, me, no matter
I travel de worl',
An' Ma-dam, you t'ink it was scare her? Non,
she laugh lak de Chambly girl!

Dere was young feller comin' behin' her, walk
nice, comme un Cavalier,
An' before All-ba-nee she is ready an' piano
get startin' for play,
De feller commence wit' hees singin', more
stronger dan all de res',
I t'ink he's got very bad manner, know not'ing
at all politesse.

Ma-dam, I s'pose she get mad den, an' before
anyboddy can spik,
She settle right down for mak' sing too, an'
purty soon ketch heem up quick,
Den she's kip it on gainin' an' gainin', till
de song it is tout finis,

An' w'en she is beatin' dat feller, Bagosh!
I am proud Chambly!

I'm not very sorry at all, me, w'en de feller
was ronnin' away,
An' man he's come out wit' de piccolo, an'
start heem right off for play,
For it's kin' de musique I be fancy, Jeremie
he is lak it also,
An' wan de bes' t'ing on dat ev'ning is man
wit' de piccolo!

Den mebbe ten minute is passin', Ma-dam she is
comin' encore,
Dis tam all alone on de platform, dat feller
don't show up no more,
An' w'en she start off on de singin' Jeremie say,
'Antoine, dat's Français,'
Dis give us more pleasure, I tole you, 'cos w'y?
We're de pure Canayen!

Dat song I will never forget me, 'twas song of
de leetle bird,
W'en he's fly from it's nes' on de tree top,
'fore res' of de worl' get stirred,
Ma-dam she was tole us about it, den start off
so quiet an' low,
An' sing lak de bird on de morning, de poor
leetle small oiseau.

I 'member wan tam I be sleepin' jus' onder some
beeg pine tree
An song of de robin wak' me, but robin he
don't see me,
Dere's not'ing for scarin' dat bird dere, he's
feel all alone on de worl',
Wall! Ma-dam she mus' lissen lak dat too, w'en
she was de Chambly girl!

Cos how could she sing dat nice chanson, de sam'
as de bird I was hear,
Till I see it de maple an' pine tree an' Richelieu

ronnin' near,
Again I'm de leetle feller, lak young colt upon
de spring
Dat's jus' on de way I was feel, me, w'en Ma-dam
All-ba-nee is sing!

An' affer de song it is finish, an' crowd is mak'
noise wit' its han',
I s'pose dey be t'inkin' I'm crazy, dat mebbe
I don't onderstan',
Cos I'm set on de chair very quiet, mese'f an'
poor Jeremie,
An' I see dat hees eye it was cry too, jus' sam'
way it go wit' me.

Dere's rosebush outside on our garden, ev'ry spring
it has got new nes',
But only wan bluebird is buil' dere, I know her
from all de res',
An' no matter de far she be flyin' away on
de winter tam,
Back to her own leetle rosebush she's comin
dere jus' de sam'.

We're not de beeg place on our Canton, mebbe
cole on de winter, too,
But de heart's 'Canayen' on our body, an'
dat's warm enough for true!
An' w'en All-ba-nee was got lonesome for
travel all roun' de worl'
I hope she 'll come home, lak de bluebird,
an' again be de Chambly girl!

William Henry Drummond