

On de ole burleau, when dere's plentee snow,
An' de road es full,
h'Of dem beeg caho's,
Dat's de bes' fun h'of all, to be drivin' queek,
Till dem fella dat's behin'
Dere feelin' pretty sick,
An' de girl hangs h'on, wid 'er arm roun' you,
What you tink, den, a fella es goin' fer to do?

O, de ole burleau, dat's de rig I lak' bes',
She's low and warm,
From de win' in de Wes',
Don' know nodder sleigh, can carry you along,
So cosy an' safe,
When dere's beeg, rough storm,
No matter how de Nort' Win' blow an' blow,
You're always very cosy in de ole burleau.

Wan day I'll be pass me h'on de road to go,
Wid me girl fer a leedle trip,
h'On dat ole burleau,
I meet wan dem blood fella, wid 'es h'aut'mobile
De machine stuck h'on de snowbank,
All bus' h'up an' spill,
'E was talk much 'bout some, "Damn"!!!
But de ting won't go,
Me, I've got no troub' lak' dat wid me ole
burleau.