

ST. ANNE OF THE MOUNTAINS

"What is the matter with you, my beautiful one, that you weep so bitterly?"

"I mourn my gold ring which has fallen into the water."

"Weep no longer, la belle. I will dive for it."

In the first plunge the galant is unsuccessful. In the second, he appears to have dislodged the ring, for it vaults into the air, only to disappear again however, but the faithful lover seeks it anew, and from the third plunge he never returns.

De la troisième plonge
Le galant s'est noyé,
Le galant s'est noyé,
Sur le bord de l'île.
Le galant s'est noyé
Sur le bord de l'eau
Sur le bord du vaisseau.

Thus ends the melancholy story and, inane as it may appear in its cold-blooded English rendering, we all agree that no Canadian chanson is better fitted to echo among these lonely northern forests or to blend with the