

BOULE

Now! an' w'at 's de reason he get so cute,
Till hees luck is de devil's own?
Wall! it 's only becos' w'en he mak' de shoot,
He travel aroun' alone.

But ev'ry t'ing change, an' so I 'm tole,
Affer a long, long tam,
De hunter man change, for he 's comin' ole,
Dough he tell us he 's jus' de sam';
An' bimeby w'en he 's sittin' dere
Wan day on a tamarac log,
He say to hese'f, "I wonder w'ere
I can get me a leetle dog?

"Nice leetle dog wit' stan'up tail,
Follow me t'roo de wood,
Stick to me close along de trail,
An' me, I will treat heem good:
Train heem up right, an' dere won't be need
Havin' heem play de fool."
So he 's buyin' a dog—I dunno de breed—
An' de nex' t'ing he call heem "Boule."

So he train dat dog till he 's nearly dead,
Or wishin' hese'f in jail—
W'en to lie down, never show hees head,
W'en he can wag hees tail;