

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 "Fau-  
bourg,"  
'T was 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 "Fau-  
bourg!"