

## The Habitant

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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 fenny, for moon is n'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'—