

An' den he puts dem on dat sleigh,
An' tole dem, "Tak' dat beeg load away."
Ba gosh, dey pull on dem collar,
So hard it was bus' dat h'evener.

At las' de foreman foun' wan very strong,
All fixet roun' wid iron on ;
So while some fellas was set dat right,
Louis rub 'es pony an' say, "Don' be fright.
Jus' do your bes' fer stir dat load,
An' tak' it leedle piece along de road."
Well, all she's ready ; beeg crowd ~~was~~ dere ;
Moorehead de foreman, and chore-boy Pierre.

Den Louis took dem line on 'es han',
An' was talk lak' dem horse was be h'under
stan',
'E crack 'es whip and say, "Wan, two, three—
Allons, mes enfants ! Tiens ban fort, je dis."
Ba jingo ! you ought to see dem horse ;
Dey put down dere ear lak' dey was cross,
Dere tail it was steekit up straight behin',
An' dey shut dere eye, lak' was blin'.

Den h'off dey start, and begin fer draw,
Steady an' sure, not see-saw ;
But it look at firs' lak' she's no good,
To put small team lak' dat, on such beeg load.