

I wonder wit' de noise lak dat, he hear me, le
bon Dieu

W'en on ma knee I ax Heem save de leetle red
canoe!

Is dat a voice, so far away, it die upon ma ear?
Or only win' was foolin' me, an' w'isperin'
" Belzemire " ?

Yaas, yaas, Ubalde, your Belzemire she 's
prayin' hard for you—

An' den again de lightning come, but w'ere 's
de red canoe ?

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Dey say I 'm mad, dem foolish folk, cos w'en
de night is black

An' w'en de wave lak snow-dreef come on Lac
Wayagamack

I tak' de place w'ere long ago we use to sit, us
two,

An' wait until de lightning bring de leetle red
canoe.