

THE VILLAGE POET.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LITERARY GARLAND.

SIR,—I have sent you a copy of another ballad, which I got from a Canadian girl at L'Hetle, when I came up the St. Lawrence two years ago. She told me that it was written by a young man of the village, and may interest you as being a specimen of Canadian Literature; but, independent of this adventitious cause of interest, I think, considered *per se*, the song is by no means destitute of merit, and, in three or four passages, imitates very successfully the manner of the old French chansons. The translation was written for my own amusement; but should you be of opinion that it conveys any idea of the original, you are at liberty to publish it for the benefit of such of your readers as are unacquainted with the French language. Perhaps, it may be thought not sufficiently *literal*, and several of the lines will, no doubt, appear somewhat common-place to an English reader; but, in extenuation of all defects, I must say, that the spirit of the song has been, as much as could be in a translation, adhered to, and that verse can never appear to the same advantage in a language foreign to that in which it was composed.

27th July, 1840.

C.

LUCY ET COLIN,

CHANSON.

I.

Ecoutez moi faciles belles
Apprenez à fuir les trompeurs,
Ecoutez amants infidèles,
La peine due aux suborneurs.

II.

Lucy des filles de Vincennes
Etait la plus riche en attraits,
Jamais l'eau pure des fontaines
Ne réfléchit des plus beaux traits.

III.

Hélas des peines trop cuisantes,
Hélas un amoureux souci
Vint tenir les roses brillantes
Sur le teint vermeil de Lucy.

IV.

Vous avez vu souvent l'orage
Qui courbait les lys d'un jardin,
De ces lys elle était l'image
Et déjà penchait vers sa fin.

V.

Par trois fois en entend la cloche
Dans le silence de la nuit,
Par trois fois le corbeau s'approche,
Frappe aux vitres, et s'enfuit.

IV.

Ce cri, cette cloche cruelle,
Lucy comprit tout aisément;
Aux filles en pleurs autour d'elle,
Elle dit ces mots en mourant.

VII.

"Chères compagnes je vous laisse,
Une voix semble m'appeler:
Une main que je vois sans cesse
Me fait signe de m'en aller;

LUCY AND COLIN.

A BALLAD.

I.

Listen, soft maidens, to my song,
And learn false man to fly;
Ye faithless lovers, ere ye wrong,
Hear how the perjured die.

II.

The gentle Lucy of Vincennes
Was fairest of the fair,
Never did brightest lake or fount
A lovelier image bear.

III.

Why fades the rose's crimson glow
On Lucy's blushing cheek?
Alas, she feels a tender woe,
A pang she may not speak.

IV.

You've seen, when icy blasts blow keen,
The drooping lily bend;
Lucy is still that flower I, ween,
Fast withering to her end.

V.

Three times the solemn bell does ring
When night and silence reign;
Three times the gloomy raven's wing
Flaps at the window pane.

VI.

That warning knell, that boding sound,
Sweet Lucy understands;
And to the weeping girls around
She speaks her last commands.

VII.

Companions dear, I leave you all,
The hour of death draws near;
Voices I hear that on me call,
And beck'ning hands appear.