

## The Wreck of the "Julie Plante."

A LEGEND OF LAC ST. PIERRE.

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On wan dark night on Lac St. Pierre,  
De win' she blow, blow, blow,  
An' de crew of de wood scow "Julie Plante"  
Got scar't an' run below--  
For de win' she blow lak hurricane  
Bimeby she blow some more,  
An' de scow bus' up on Lac St. Pierre  
Wan arpent from de shore.

De captinne walk on de fronte deck,  
An' walk de hin' deck too--  
He call de crew from up de hole  
He call de cook also.  
De cook she's name was Rosie,  
She come from Montréal,  
Was chambre maid on lumber barge,  
On de Grande Lachine Canal.

De win' she blow from nor'-eas'-wes',--  
De sout' win' she blow too,  
W'en Rosie cry "Mon cher captinne,  
Mon cher, w'at I shall do?"  
Den de captinne t'row de big ankerre,  
But still de scow she dreef,  
De crew he can't pass on de shore,  
Becos' he los' hees skeef.

De night was dark lak' wan black cat  
De wave run high an' fas'.  
W'en de captinne tak' de Rosie girl  
An' tie her to de mas'.  
Den he also tak' de life preserve,  
An' jump off on de lak',  
An' say, "Good-bye, ma Rosie dear,  
I go drown for your sak'."

Nex' morning very early  
'Bout ha'f pas' two--t'ree--four--  
De captinne--scow--an' de poor Rosie  
Was corpses on de shore.  
For de win' she blow lak' hurricane  
Bimeby she blow some more,  
An' de scow bus' up on Lac St. Pierre,  
Wan arpent from de shore.

### MORAL.

Now all good wood scow sailor man  
Tak' warning by dat storm  
An' go an' marry some nice French girl  
An' live on wan beeg farm.  
De win' can blow lak hurricane  
An' s'pose she blow some more,  
You can't get drown on Lac St. Pierre  
So long you stay on shore.



St. Francis River, near Abenakis Springs Hotel