

74 Songs of a Shanty-Man

Den we pass right off on a grand hotel,
Where we have one tam, dat's pretty dang swell,
Wid Joe Bolduc and Pierre Valiquette, Louis
 Godin and Vieu Bissette,
Antoine Legarde and Alphonse Ouillette,
An' a whole lot of fellas dat's not dead yet.

Den we tole some story, about dem ole tam,
When all hands work on de shanty, up Temis-
 camingue,
An' every team was draw beeg load,
Work on de bob-sleigh, on de beeg main road.
Wan day, fourteen steek was pile up high,
On top dem bunk, square timber kin',
An' h'every team was mak' try fer pull,
But it stuck dem all—beeg stable full.

At las', when h'every team was draw 'es bes',
An' dey h'all got jus' stuck, de same's de res',
Some one was shout, "Allons, Louis:
Fetch out your bloods. Come try, Ban Oui."
So Louis 'e run for dem ponies,
Dere pure Canadien, from St. Flore';
Dere not so beeg lak' noder horse,
But wid good teamster, dere might be worse.

So Louis 'e put de harness on,
An' he'll talk to dem horse, lak' de be someone,
"Now, Bill," 'e say, "you mus' be good,
An' 'elp Charley draw dat beeg load";