

THE LAST PORTAGE

When the Sister had to raise him, and say,  
"It won't be long  
Till it's home, my lad, you're goin' to re-  
ceive a mother's kiss  
At Calabogie."

So we met our little Dannie, Christmas morn-  
ing at the train,  
And we lifted up the long-box without a  
word to say;  
Och! such a boy as Dannie we'll never see  
again  
God forgive us! 'twasn't much of a Merry  
Christmas Day  
At Calabogie!

*The Last Portage*

I'M sleepin' las' night w'en I dream a dream  
An' a wonderful wan it seem—  
For I'm off on de road I was never see,  
Too long an' hard for a man lak me,  
So ole he can only wait de call  
Is sooner or later come to all.