

There was once a priest named Francis Margotte, who dressed himself very clean to take a walk.

"Good-day, Mr. Godreau," (said he,) making his bows; and with compliments to the company, he made a handsome entrance, and began to talk about things of consequence.

(Here follow several verses which I but imperfectly remember. They intimate, that after coming into the house disguised as a citizen, making a citizen's bow, and talking of common things, of which a priest is ignorant, he meditated how to carry to effect a plan for the ruin of Godreau's daughter, which he had boasted to some of his friends that he could accomplish. Here the father is introduced as addressing him :)

"Speak, speak, friend priest : you can talk ; for you have wit. In spite of your indiscretion, you are a man of genius. I have understood what you have boasted of. To pay you, I am going to give you a shovel," &c. (And then the song gives an account of a beating the priest received with a fire-shovel, and his ludicrous complaints.)

#### 4. A PARODY ON A HYMN.

Alleluia, le pêtre s'en va.

Alleluia, la fille s'en va.

Alleluia, les vêpres sont dits, &c. &c.

Hallelujah ! the priest is going.

Hallelujah ! the lady is going.

The evening prayers are said, &c.

The remainder of this, which is a parody on a hymn, I will never repeat.