



The Red Canoe

DE win' is sleepin' in de pine, but O! de
night is black!

An' all day long de loon bird cry on Lac Waya-
gamack—

No light is shinin' by de shore for helpin' steer
heem t'roo

W'en out upon de night, Ubalde he tak' de
red canoe.

I hear de paddle dip, dip, dip! wance more I
hear de loon—

I feel de breeze was show de way for storm
dat 's comin' soon,

An' den de sky fly open wit' de lightning
splittin' t'roo—

An' 'way beyon' de point I see de leetle red
canoe.

It 's dark again, but lissen how across Waya-
gamack

De tonder 's roarin' loud, an' now de mount-
ains answer back—