

French-Canadian Verso.

De night was dark lak' wan black cat,
De wave roll high an' fas',
W'en de capitaine grab dat Rosie gal
And tie her to de mas'.
An' den hee's tak' de life preserve,
An' hee's jaump off hon de lak,
An' say "Good bye, ma Rosie dear,
I go drown for your sak' ''.

Nex' morning, very earlay,
'Bout Ha'f-pas' two— t'ree— four—
De capitaine— scow— an de poor Rosie
Was corpses hon de shore"
For de win' she blow lak. hurricane,
Bimeby she blow some more,
An' dat scow bus' up hon Lak Ste Claire,
Wan arpent from de shore.

MORAL

Now all you good scow sailor man,
Tak' warning from dat storm,
An' go an' marry som nice French gal,
An' leev hon wan beeg farm.
Den de win' can blow lak' hurricane,
An' s'pose she blow some more,
You can't get drown on Lak Ste Claire,
So long as you stay on shore.