

An' whon beeg buck 'es come along,
Lift h'up 'es head an' stare,
An' scrape, an' throw 'es horn aroun',
I'll say, "Shoot, mon Docteur."

But no, ba gosh, 'e makes me mad,
'E jus' lie down on canoe,
An' whispers, "Louis, res' tranquille,
Let 'im play till 'e be trou.

"I don' lak' spoil dat nice familee,
We'll let dem go," 'e'll say,
"I'm not so hungree fer de deer,
We'll feesh de res' de day."

So den we'll paddle h'up de stream,
Close by dat place Desert,
On leedle creek dat run along,
Where de trout 'es easy scare.

Dat's de way we pass for many trip,
An' sleep in ole caben,
We're leevin' well, I' sure dat,
Me an' dat docteur man.

But wan day some fella fine beeg mine,
Temiscamingue—en haut,
Rich silver vein on Cobalt bloom,
So de Docteur man 'e was go.