

Who sometimes did agree,
They met and talk'd the matter o'er,
And settled finally
That they would have this Jacques Valbeau
And hang him by the neck
Up on the windy citadel
Of our dear old Quebec.
But so it is, and so it is,
And one can never tell,
For in the Garden Ursuline
That evil-eyed Valbeau had seen
An Indian girl turned seventeen,
A sweet young sauvagesse,
Left with the Lady Prioress
To learn to sew, and cook nice food,
And tell her beads, and to confess,
And otherwise be good.
But Jacques Valbeau, that Jacques Valbeau,
He signall'd her so well
In forest ways she understood,
That just at vesper-bell
Of that same evening long ago
She slipt away into the wood :—
O wicked Jacques Valbeau !

V.

So Jacques took to the wilderness,
The first coureur-de-bois,
And with him went that Indian girl,