

Ma fader an' ma moder too, got nice, nice familiee,
Dat's ten garçon an' t'orteen girl, was mak' it twenty t'ree,
But fanny t'ing de Gouvernement don't geev de firs' prize den
Lak w'at day say dey geev it now, for only wan douzaine.

De English peep dat only got wan familiee small size
Mus' be feel glad dat tam dere is no honder acre prize
For fader of twelve chil'en — dey know dat mus' be so,
De Canayens would boss Kebeck — mebbe Ontario.

But dat is not de story dat I was gone tole you
About de fun we use to have w'en we leev a' chez nous,
We're never lonesome on dat house, for many cavalier
Come at our place mos' every night — especially Sun-day.

But tam I' member bes' is w'en I'm twenty wan year — me —
An' so for mak' some pleasuredment — we geev wan large soirée,
De whole paroisse she be invite — de Curé he's come too —
Wit plaintee peep from 'noder place — dat's more I can tole you,

De night she's cole an' freeze also, chemin she's fill wit snow
An' on de chimbley lak phantome, de win' is mak' it blow —
But boy an' girl come all de sam an' pass on grande parloir
For warm itself on beeg box stove, was mak' on Trois-Rivières—

An' w'en Bonhomme Latour commence for tune up hees fidelle
It mak' us all feel very glad — l'enfant! he play so well,
Musique suppose to be firs' class, I cffen hear, for sure
But mos' bes' man, beat all de res', is'ole Bateese Latour —

An' w'en Bateese play Irish jeeg, he's learn on Mattawa,
Lat tam he's head boss cook shaintee — den leetle Joe Leblanc
Tak' hole de beeg Marie Juneau an' dance upon de floor,
Till Marie say "Excuse to me, I cannot dance no more." —

An' den de Curé's mak' des'peech — ole Curé Ladouceur!
He say de girl was mak' spark de boy too much on some cornerre—
An' so he's tole Bateese play up ole fashion reel à quatre
An' every body she mus' dance, dey can't get off on dat.

Away she go — hooraw! hooraw! plus fort Bateese, mon vieux,
Camille Bisson, please watch your girl — dat's bes' t'ing you
[can do.

Pass on de right an' tak' your place Mamzelle Des Trois Maisons,
You're s'pose for dance on Paul Laberge, not Telesphore
[Gagnon.

Mon oncle Al-fred, he spik lak' dat — 'cos he is boss de floor,
An' so we do our possibill an' den commence encore.
Dem crowd of boy an' girl I'm sure keep up until nex' day
If ole Bateese don't stop heself, he come so fatigué.

An' after dat, we eat some t'ing, tak' leetle drink also,
An' de Curé, he's tole story of many year ago —
W'en Iroquois sauvage she's keel de Canayens an' steal deir hair,
An' say dat's only for Bon Dieu, we don't be here — he don't
[be dere.

But dat was mak' de girls feel scare — so all de cavalier
Was ax hees girl go home right off, an' place her on de sleigh,
An' w'en dey start, de Curé say, "Bonsoir et bon voyage,
Ménagez-vous — tak' care for you — prenez garde pour les sau-
[vages."

An' den I go meself also, Gauthier your frien' on St.Césaire,
She's nicer girls on whole Comté, an' jus' got eighteen year —
Black hair — balck eye, an' chick rosée dat's lak wan fameuse
[on de fall

But don't spik much — not of dat kin', I can't say she love me
[at all.

Ma girl — she's fader beeg farneur — leev' noder side St. Flore,
Got live-six honder acre — mebbe a leetle more —
Nice sugar bush — une belle maison — de bes' I never see —
So w'en I go for spark Elmire, I don't be mak' de foolish me —

Elmire! — she's pass t'ree year on school — Ste. Anne de la
[Pérade
An' w'en she's tak' de firs' class prize, dat's mak' de ole man
[glad;
He say: "Ba gosh — ma girl can wash — can keep de kitchen
[clean,
Den change her dress — mak' politesse before God save the
[Queen."

Dey's many may for spark de girl, an' you know dat of course,
Some way dey might be better way, an' some dey might be
[worse

But I lak' sit some cole night wit' my girl on ole burleau,
Wit' lot of hay keep our foot warm — an' plantee buffalo —

Dat's geev good chances get acquaint — an' if burleau upset
An't row you out upon de snow — dat's better chances yet —
An' if you help de girl go home, if horse he ronne away,
De girl she's not much use at all — don't geev you nice baiser!

Dat's very well for fun ma frien', but w'en you spark for keep
She's not sam' t'ing an' mak' you feel so scare lak leetle sheep
Sometime you get de fever, sometime you' re lak snowball
An' all de tam you adk lak' fou — can't spik no t'ing at all.

Wall! dat's de way I feel meself, wit Elmire on burleau,
Jus' lak' small dog try ketch hees tail — roun roun' ma head
[she go,
But bireby I come more brave — an' tak' Elmire she's han',
"Laisse-moi tranquille", Elmire she say "You mus' be crazy
[man."

"Yass — yass I say" mebbe you t'ink I'm wan beeg loup-
[garou,
Dat's forty t'ousand 'noder girl, I lef' dem all for you,
I s'pose you know Polique Gauthier your frien' on St. Césaire,
I ax her marry me nex' wick — she tak' me — I don't care."

Ba gosh; Elmire she don't lak dat — it mak' her feel so mad —
She commence cry, say "Poléon you treat me very bad —
I don't lak see you t'row you'self upon Polique Gauthier,
So if you say you love me sure — we mak' de mariée.

Oh, it was fine tam after dat — Castor I t'ink he know,
We're not too busy for get home — he go so nice an' slow,
Hels only upset t'ree — four tam — an' jus about daylight
We pass upon de ole man's place — an' every t'ing's all right.

Wall! we leev happy on de farm for nearly fifty year,
Till wan day on de summer tam — she die — ma belle Elmire,
I feel so lonesome lef' behin' — I tink 't was bes' mebbe —
Dat w'en le Bon Dieu tak' ma femme — he should not forget me.

But dat is hees biz-ness ma frien' — I know dat's all right
[dere,

I'll wait till he call "Poléon" den I will be prepare —
An' w'en he fin' me ready, for mak' de longue voyage,
He guide me t'roo de wood heself upon ma las' portage.

[(A suivre)

Pierre Lorraine