

In Memoriam

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Ma fren' e's gone when de Bon Dieu call,
Where de street es not silver, but gold,
An' everywan's kin' to de horse an' de deer,
An' nobody's ever gets ole.

An' am sure when de Bon Dieu meet 'im dere,
'E'll say " Bienvenu, Docteur,"
An' e'll give 'im carte blanche, in dat lovely place,
'Mong de angels and all de flower.

So I'm workin' along, de bes' I can,
Every day wherever I'll be,
I'm ready me to go, when I'll hear dat call,
Dough I'm only poor man—Louis.

An' dere I'll be meet me good ole fren',
An' 'e'll say " Hello, mon Louis,"
An' we'll sail our canoe lak' de good ole tam',
An' be happy as we kin be.