



'Twas early one fine New Year's Day
Jean Baptiste, I hear people say,
On a nice little round
Of visits was bound
In his—not very elegant, sleigh—
By the way
His wife packed him up *au complet*.



The ladies were nice as could be,
And so was the coffee and tea,
But Baptiste I regret
To say, took a wet
Of something beginning with B
Ah! dear me
I fear that it wasn't Bohea.



N'importe, I am drowsy he said
I will give the old sorrel her head.
But the animal shied
At a stick she espied—
It is better to slumber in bed
Than a sled
Or you may take a tumble instead.



Off she started, oh, like six o'clock
And Baptiste was aroused by the shock
He was scarcely awake
When a terrible shake
Sent the sleigh toppling over a rock
And the shock
Knocked him end ways—a deuce of a knock.



'Twas a half-frozen ditch that he chose,
To fill up the tale of his woes,
With his legs on the stretch
As you see in the sketch,
He arrived in a state of repose—
On his nose,
And things hardly seemed *couleur de rose*.



Poor chap, in a terrible plight,
He emerged from the ditch into sight
His remarks by the way
I must truthfully say
Were quite the reverse of polite,
Oh yes I quite,
Not in fact what I'd venture to write.



Home he trudged tired, sorry and sore ;
Josette, when she opened the door
Nearly fainted with fright
Well she might—at the sight,
And exclaimed "O my gracious! O Lor!"
These and more
Observations (in French) by the score



While the mare, after galloping wide
I couldn't say where if I tried
Broke her wind, lost her breath,
And sought refuge in death,
Turned her legs up and quietly died
On her side,
A good deal the worse for her ride



A moral there is to my ditty,
Not long, but as true as it is witty
Don't take things for tea
That begin with a B.
Or you may find yourself in a pretty
Bad siss—
Uation, like this—more's the pity.