

The old goodman in petticoats,
Said, "Fear not, fear not, man of oats,
For I'll get thee galore of votes,
Be not afraid, good Cunningman."

"Round all this land where Frenchmen dwell,
(And how it's done no tongue may tell),
I'll cast a fearful, potent spell
In favor of thee, Cunningman,

"The new-born babe I'll make a man,
The maiden fair shall breeches don,
And hunters from Saskatchewan,
Shall all be here for Cunningman.

"So Robbie, dear, be not afraid,
I'll make the grave give up its dead,
And every patient sick in bed
Shall rise, and vote for Cunningman."

"But father, dear, hear me, I pray,
To-morrow is the polling day,
Saskatchewan's a long, long way,
I doubt, I doubt," said Cunningman.

"Doubt not, O man, doubt not my power!
I tell thee that within this hour
My witches on the plains shall scour
Saskatchewan for Cunningman."

Sights were seen on White-horse plain,
Such sights will ne'er be seen again,
New-born babes turned into men,
To vote for Robbie Cunningman!

Old wrinkled wives turned young again,
And maidens changed to bearded men,
And dead folks left their lonely den
To vote for Robbie Cunningman!

It was a fearful, potent spell,
Bedridden carles all got well,
'Tis even said some came from h—l!
To vote for Robbie Cunningman.