

LE POETE DE L' "HABITANT"

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(Suite)

Les deux dernières strophes sont absolument exquises.

Et quelle gaie peinture du printemps tirée de l' "Habitant" :

O dat was de place w'en de spring tam she's comin'
W'en snow go away, an' de sky is all blue—
W'en ice lef' de water, an' sun is get hotter
An' back on de medder is sing de glou-glou—

W'en srrall sheep, is firs' comin' out on de pasture,
Deir nice leetle tail stickin' up on deir baack,
Dey ronne wit' deir moder, an' play wit' each oder
An' jomp all de tam jus' de samm' dey was crack.—

An' ole cow also, she's glad winter is over,
So she kick hersef up, an' start off on de race
Wit' de two year ole heifer, dat's purty soon lef' her,
W'y ev'ryt'ing crazee all over de place!

An' down on de reever de will' duck is quackin'
Along by the shore leetle san' piper ronne—
De bullfrog he's gr-rompin' an' doré is jompin'
Dey all got deir own way for mak' it de fonne.

But spring's in beeg hurry, an' don't stay long wit' us,
An' firs' t'ing we know, she go off till nex' year,
Den lee commence hummin', for summer is comin'
An' purty soon corn's gettin' ripe on de ear.

Combien amusante et touchante tout à la fois, la rancœur de l' "Habitant" qui a quitté sa vieille maison de "logs" où il a vécu si longtemps heureux avec sa "chérie", pour aller habiter une grande maison neuve que son gendre, avocat à Trois-Rivières, l'a obligé de construire :

An' den de troub' is begin to show
W'en our daughter poor Caroline
De beeges' fool never seen!
She marry dat lawyer on Trois-Rivières,
Alway come home ev'ry summer sure
Bringin' her familiee,
All right for de chil'ren, I don't min' dem ;
But de hushan'! sapree maudit!

I wish I was close ma ear right off
W'en he talk of our leetle house,
Dough I know w'en familiee's comin' home
Dere is n't moche room for a mouse,
He say: "Riche man lak yousef can't leev'
On shaintee lak dis below,
W'en t'ousan' dollar will buil' fin' place,
Up on de hill en haut."

An' he talk about gallerie all aroun'
W'ere we sit on de summer night
Watchin' de star on de sky above
W'ile de moon she was shinin' bright,
Could plant some apple-tree dere, also,
An' flower, an' I dummo w'at,
An' w'en de sun he's begin to rise,
Look at de view we got!

Den he bring 'noder feller from Trois-Rivières,
An' show w'at he call de plan
For makin' dem house on de w'ole contree—
Mon Dieu! how I hate dat man!
'Cos he's talkin' away nearly all de tam
Lalk trotter upon de race—
Wall! after a w'ile we mak' our min'
For havin' dat nice new place.

So dey go ahead, an' me let dem go,
But stuff dey was t'row away ;
I'm watchin' for dat, an' I save meseif
Mebbe twenty-five cents a day,
For you're surely cheat if you don't tak' care,
Gery offen we fin' dat 's true,
We're geevin' it nam' Bellevue.

O! yaas, I know we enjoy oursef,
W'en our frien' dey was comin' noun'
An' say "Dat's very fine place you got ;
Dere's not'ing upon de town,
Or anyw'ere else for honder mile
Dis house Bellevue can touch,
An' den let de horse eat de garden fence,
Non! we don't enjoy dat so moche.

An' of course we can't say not'ing at all
For it 'is not correc't'ing you know—
But "Never min' dat, an' please come again,
I 'm sorry you got to go."
Baptême! w'en I 'm seein' beeg feller bus'
Our two dollar easy chair—
Can't help it at all, I got to go
Down on de cellar an' swear!

An' w'ere did we leev' an dat belle maison?
Wan room an' de kitchen, dat's all
An' plaintée too for de man an' wife!
An' you 'member the tam I fall
Off on de gallerie wan dark night,
I los' meseif tryin' fin'
De winter dere on de grande parloir,
For closin' it up de blin'?

An' all de tam de poor leetle house
Is down on de road below,
I t'ink she was jealous dat fine new place