

The old grandfather points with trembling hand  
 Towards the churchyard where two tombstones stand  
 To mark where Archie's long dead parents lie ;  
 And tells it over, how they came to die,  
 The one as you have heard, the other from  
 A broken heart before the snow had come.

And what of Archie all these years ? you ask.  
 To tell you all would be a trying task ;  
 Suffice to say he is a drunkard still,  
 And soon expects a drunkard's grave to fill.  
 A cursed existence will have ended then ;  
 But, ah ! how different it might have been.

You now have heard my sad, sad story through ;  
 When someone hands the hellish cup to you,  
 May you remember all I've said, and think  
 A moment, ere the fiery stuff you drink,  
 If you would really like to travel down  
 The same old road I'm on—I, Archie Brown.



BIBLIOTHÈQUE  
 CAMP-SUPÉRIEUR