



Le Vieux Chasseur

WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND.

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He's alway ketchin' dore, an' he's alway ketchin' trout
 On de place w'ere no wan else can ketch at all,
 He's alway ketchin' barbotte, dat's w'at you call boule-pout,
 An' he never miss de wil' duck on de fall.

O! de pa'tridge do some skippin' w'en she sees heem on de swamp!
 For she know Bateese don't go for not'ing dere,
 An' de rabbit if he's comin', wall! you ought to see heem jomp!
 W'y he want to climb de tree he feel so scare!

Affer two hour by de reever I hear hees leelle song
 Den I meet heem all hees pocket foule of snipe,
 An' me, I go de sam' place, an' I tramp de w'ole day long
 An' I'm only shootin' two or t'ree Ba Cripe!

I start about de sun rise, an' I put out ma decoy,
 An' I see Bateese he sneak along de shore,
 An' before it's comin' breakfas' he's holler on hees boy
 For carry home two dozen duck or more.

An' I'm freezin' on de blin' me, from four o'clock to nine,
 An' ev'ry duck she's passin' up so high!
 Dere's blue-bill an' buttersball, an' red-head, de fines' kin'!
 An' I might as well go shootin' on de-sky!

Don't see de noddee feller lak Bateese was locky man,
 He can ketch de smartes' feesh is never sweem,
 An' de bird he seldom miss dem, let dem try de hard dey can
 W'y de eagle on de mountain c'n't fly away from heem.

But all de bird an' feesh too, is geev' up feelin' scare,
 An' de rabbit he can stay at home in bed,
 For he feesh an' shoot no longer, ole Jean Bateese Belair,
 'Cos he's dead!