

Proudly each teamster guides with care his team,  
And many a time in days to come will tell  
What mighty loads he drew and scorned to scheme,  
On the Coulonge with honest Dick and Nell.  
High o'er the lake the shores abruptly stand—  
Thither the teams have hauled through wintry days,  
Thousands of logs, each with its owner's brand,  
Rolling them headlong down their thundering ways.  
Hence, when the sun shall warm the lakelet's breast,  
On their long voyage shall they gaily start,  
Down gushing creeks all widening from the west,  
And foaming rapids to the far off mart.  
High on the log-dump works the stalwart Pierre,  
From Buckingham in early fall he came ;  
Cyrille Larocque, his chum of oathful cheer,  
Has learned right well to ply the rolling game.  
Nimble the logs are from the sledges tossed ;  
Down the steep incline towards the lake they bound;  
O'er the sheer edge they suddenly are lost,  
Their course marked well by deeply booming sound.