

De Scotchman in Kebec 81

'E shouts "Soup," "Soup," "Soup," near all de
tam,

But no wan seems to min',
Till 'es got bad cole, 'way down 'es throat,
But Scotch drink cures dat kin'.

On de summer tam 'e plays h'also,
Wid leedle ball an' steek,
'E chase dat ball al' roun' de hill,
An' hite it some good leeck,
But sometime when 'e hits it hard,
'E can't fin' where she goes,
Dat makes come mad dat leedle lad,
When it hits 'em on 'es nose.

Ah, der's no fella de French girl lak',
So well as beeg Scotchman Mac,
An' dat's de reason on ole Kebec,
You can always fin' 'es track,
McLaren, McKenzie, Fraser, and McLean,
Dey save h'our lan', you see,
So when 'e marrys h'our Emilie an' Louise,
Dat's de way we'll say, "Merci."