

Dat's de man dey call de Docteur, w'en you ketch heem on de contree,
An' he's only man I know, me, don't get no holiday.

If you're comin' off de city, spen' de summer tam among us,
An' you walk out on de morning, w'en de little bird is sing,
Mebbe den you see de Docteur w'en he's passin' wit' hees buggy,
An' you t'ink "Wall, contree Docteur mus' be very pleasan't'ing.

"Drivin' dat way all de summer, up an' down along de reever,
W'ere de nice cool win' is blowin' among de maple tree,
Den affer makin' visit, comin' home before de night tam,
For pass de quiet evening wit' hees wife an' familee."

An' w'en off across de mountain, somewan's sick, an' want de Docteur
"Mus' be fine trip crossin' over for watch de sun go down,
Makin' all dem purty color lak' w'at you call de rainbow"
Dat's way dee peep is talkin' w'en dey're leevin' on de town.

But it isn't alway summer on dee contree, an' de Docteur
He could tole you many story of de storm dat he's been in ;
How hees coonskin coat come handy, w'en de win' blow off de reever,
For if she's sam' ole reever, she's not alway sam' ole win'.

An' de mountain dat's so quiet, w'en de w'ite cloud go a-sailin'
All about her on de summer w'ere de sheep is feedin' high,
You should see her on December, w'en de snow is pillin' roun' her,
An' all de win' of winter come tearin' t'roo de sky.

Oh ! le bon Dieu help de Docteur ! w'en de message come to call heem
From hees warm bed on de night-tem for visit some poor man
Lyin' sick across de hillside, on noder side de reever,
An' he heer de mountain roarin' lak de beeg Shaw-in-i-gan.*

Ah ! well he know de warnin' ! bnt he can't stay till de mornin',
So he's hitchin' up hees lettler horse, an' put heem on burleau
Den w'en hee's feex de buffalo, an' wissle to hees poiy,
Away t'roo storm an' hurricane de contree Docteur go.

Oh ! de small Canadian pony ! dat's de horse can walk de snowdreef !
Dat's de horse can fin' de road, too, he's never been before !
Kip your heart up, lettler feller, for dere's many mile before you,
An' it's purty hard job tellin' w'en you see your stable door.

Yass, de Docteur he can tole you, if he have de tem for talkin',
All about de bird was singin' before de summer lef',
For he's got dem on hees bureau, an' hees doin' it hese'f, too,
An' de las' tam I was dere, me, I see dem all mese'f.

But about de way he travel t'roo de stormy night of winter,
W'en de rain come on de spring-tem, an' de bridge is wash away,
All de hard work, all de danger, dat was offen hang aroun' heem
Dat's de tam our countree Docteur don't have very moche to say.

For it's purty ole, ole story, an' he alway have it wit' heem
Ever since he come among us on de parish Saint Mathieu,
An' I s'pose he's feeling', mebbe, jus' de sam' as noder feller,
So he rader do hees talkin' about somet'ing dat was new.
*The Niagara of the St. Maurice River.

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