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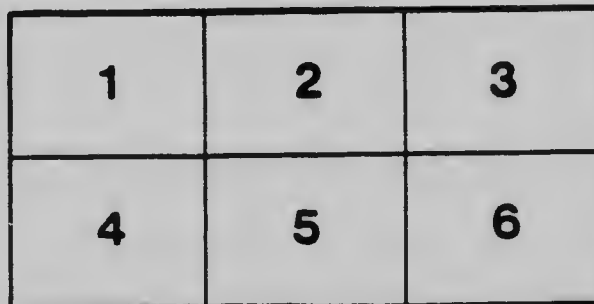
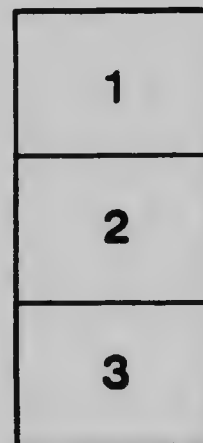
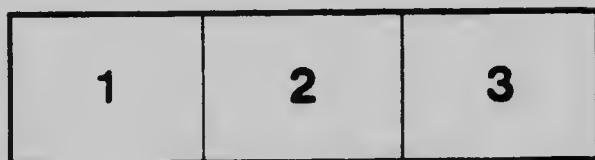
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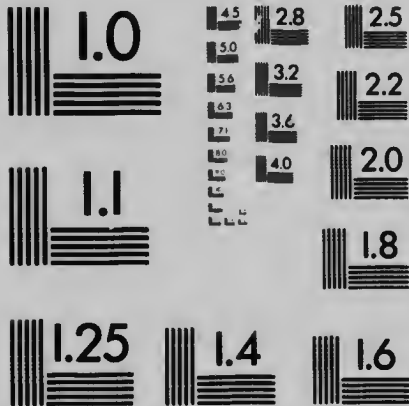
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FRENCH-CANADIAN VERSE



French-Canadian Verso.



W. E. Baubie

French-Canadian Verse.

French-Canadian Verse

Written and Illustrated
by
WILLIAM EDWARD BAUBIE

PROPERTY OF
LAKEHEAD COLLEGE
PORT ARTHUR, : ONT

33849

CHICAGO
NINETEEN HUNDRED AND SEVENTEEN

French-Canadian Verse
written and illustrated
by
William Edward Baubie

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Chicago

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To my most respected
son-in-law
WILLIAM ALEXANDER McLAUGHLIN
of Chicago, Illinois,
these verses are dedicated
with sincere admiration
and affection



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PREFACE

THESE French-Canadian poems were selected from a number that the author has written from time to time and are those that are more easily read and understood by the average English-speaking person.

There is really no such uniformity of dialect among the "habitants" that could be followed with any degree of certainty. Every French-Canadian has his or her own peculiar method of expression in the use of the English language. Some have difficulty in the use of the pronoun, some again speak the English fluently and almost faultlessly, and it is only on rare occasions that a slight misuse of a word or expression exposes their origin to the close observer; but the remaining and more numerous class go battling along through the verbs, pronouns, and adjectives at will—unaffectedly but ruthlessly.

These verses are, therefore, not offered as a criterion of the French-Canadian dialect, but merely the English used by some of the types that the writer has observed and known.

Many years of the writer's life were spent in old Quebec and Montreal, where he was thrown in personal contact with the "habitants," young and old; and his close association with them ripened from mere acquaintance into friendship, and, later,

into affectionate regard. It was, however, in the rural districts and upon the lakes, rivers, and marshes of Canada and the bordering territories, where the writer has fished and hunted, that he has heard the real Canadian *patois* spoken, as only one may hear it, and these humble efforts are mainly the result of such travel.

Many of the characters about whom these stories are told existed in real life, and the old inhabitants of the localities mentioned will recall them; and many of the occurrences related have in reality happened.

The writer begs to say, in closing, that these verses are furnished by him as a means of entertainment and amusement, and it is not his desire or intention to ridicule or discredit those of the old French-Canadian blood.

THE AUTHOR.

LEGEND OF THE
ROSIE BELLE TEENEAU

DE Rosie Belle Teeneau was wan vere fine
batteau,
Was steam barge hon de reever, good many year
ago.
She always looked so neat, wid de beeg moskeeto
fleet,
An Ah'll tole you, mah boy, she was hard boat to
beat.

Down de reever if you geev her a good chance to go
From Isle au Peche a'bove, to Pointe Peelee below,
An if de wind she blow hon her stern from behaind
Shees beat all de vassalle an de boat you can faind.

Jean Batteece DuChene was de captaine of dat
barge;
Hees not so vere small, an hees not so vere large.
But hees tick-set an chaunkay, he go two hunnard
poun,
An way it in de stocken, if hees got som stocken
hon.

Batteece wife, an bote hees boy, an Angelique hees
dauter,
Was de bes crew of de Rosie Belle, wen she go hon
de water.
Each wan dat crew could maike de cook, or trow
de hank also,
Could run de hengine down below, or maike de
wissel blow.

From summer tam up to de fall, Batteece dont
wear no shoe at all;



JEAN BATTECE DUCHENE

Som-tam for style he wear som pant, som-tam som
overhaul.
An when he prominade de deck, wid hees uniforme
all hon,
Mon Dieu! dat's grande! he look joust laike de
great Napoleon.

"Mah bes crew is mah familiee," Battece he
always say,
When all de work was finish, hon de hind end of
de day.
"Ah smoke de pipe so ezay, as Ah'm laying hon de
bed;
For Ah know if we lose monay hon de Rosie, we're
ahead."

Wan naight dey stop at Druiliard's dock, for taik
wan barl away;
It might be feesh, it might be pork, no wau on
board can say.
Was tickette hon dat barl wat say she go to Pete
Marcotte
Wat keep de sailor boarding-hous at Ecorse near
Wyandotte.

Dere's no plaice hon de water, every sailor man will
say,
Where de wind she blow, an blow so hard, as hon
de Ecorse Bay.
De naight he taik dat barl hon board, she blow an
blow som more;
It look joust laike beeg tornadeau was coming
doun de shore.

Battece aint got de educate, but he notice raight-
away
Hees hav wan hell-of-a-tam dat naight in crossing
Ecorse Bay.
"How many man we got hon board?" he ask de
hengineer.
"Dere's tree below"; an Battece say, "Send haf-
a-dem up here."

"Clar de deck!" Battece he spik. "Taik doun de
smok-stack too,
An trow de hank as fas you can, dat's de bes ting
you can do."
"We got no tring," de mate he sing, "so de hank
aint work so well."
Den Battece yell, "Sai, who de hell is de boss of
dees vassalle?"

De naight was black wen de storm attack de Rosie
Belle Teeneau;
She hit her hard above, below, she hit her in de mid
also.
De lightning flash an hit dat barl, an maike de
noise much louder,
For de barl bust up de Rosie Belle,—it's chock-full
of gun-pauder.

Batteece was sitting hon dat barl, when she go off
for fair.
He hav no tam for shew de rag, for he fly up in de
air;
An de wind she blow hon Ecorse Bay, she blow
lackell som more,
An de Rosie Belle, she don feel well, shee's haf mile
from de shore.

Madame DuChene she go insane, an jaump doun
hon de water;
De only life preserve was grab by Angelique, hees
dauter,
An bote de boy was dive away from de Rosie Belle
Teeneau.
Dey joust hav tam for save its-self before she sink
below.

Jules Tourangeau, wat spear de frog, an leeve doun
hon de mash,
Was bring hees yawl, he hear de call, he also hear
de splash,
He find de wife an bote de boy, he also find de
dauter;
An soon he can grab hold-o-dem, he pull it out de
water.

Now if you go to Ecorse Bay, de ole tam habitant
will say
Dat if som of de skeetow fleet was sailing doun dat
way,
Dey pass a long, long way around de Rosie Belle's
last sleeping ground:
De sailors fear, from wat dey hear, dat Battece
goste she proul around.

An wen de naight was dark down dere, all de fisher-
man dey swear
Dat Battece an de Rosie Belle was sailing hon de
air;
You can see mirage, also de barge, an you also see
de wreck
Wile Jean Battece geev two-tree cheer, as he
promenade de deck.

Wen dees mirage was pass away, it's quiet roun de
Ecorse Bay;
De naight wind moan, de bull-frog groan, in de
vere sam ole way;
De snap an maud-hen trai to rest in de weed long-
side de shore;
Dey hav no fun, for de potter's gun was maike dem
fly som more.

Dey look for Battece high an low, for two-tree
year or more,
But no wan find hees boday or de clothes de
captaine wore,
Till wan fine day hon Ecorse Bay, Joe Lozon it
was pass dat way—
Find Battece spendaire an hees pants joust at de
break of day.

Lozon he plants poor Batteece pants in de sand
long-side de shore,
He put de spendaire in also, for he can't find notting
more;
Hees got no stone for monument, so he use a
feeshing stave,
An wid som paint, an paint-brush too, hees dec-
orate de grave.

Joe Lozon spell som word hon dere, for eppitaffe he
say;
Ah ain't can read or write messef, Ah ain't brot up
dat way.
But if you geev attention, Ah'll tole you all de rest,
So please excoose mah Englishe, Ah try to do
mah best.

EPPITAFFE

Here lies de last, also de hend, of Jean Batteece
DuChene;
Hees got blow up hon Ecorse Bay, while sailing
hon de main.
He don't expect to go so quick, to taike hees seat
in heaven,
For he made de trip hon stannard tam, from nine
to haf-pas leven.

An when de good Ange Gabrielle, will maike de
trompette blow
Batteece he will be boarding dere, an hees familiee
also.
Hees troub dey was all ovaire now, hees pants he'll
lose no more,
For de captaine of de Rosie Belle has found a
peaceful shore.

MORAL

You sailor man wat hav som wife, an have to leeve
awhile,
Steer clear away from Ecorse Bay, at least for two-
tree mile,
An keep your eye hon any barl, if you don't know
heem firstrate,
An taik no chance to spoil your pants by sitting
hon de freight.
Som-tam dat barl hav feesh inside, an som-tam
flour from de mill,
Som-tam it's Walker wiskay too, wat com from
Walkerville.
De wiskay she don't hurt you much, but she don't
do you much good,
De flour she is de staff of life, an feesh de finest
food;
But if gun-paude's in dat barl, be careful wat you
do:
Put out your pipe an cigarette, if you know wat's
good for you.
For de faudere of me was tole me so, an Ah beleeve
mah fadere
Deres noting can raise hell so quick as de ole tam
gun-paude.



THE MUSK-RAT

DE pauvre leetle mush-rat wat leeve hon de mash,
Wid hees fonnay black nose an hees fancay
moustache,
In hees good coat of fur, he jaump roun so freeskay
You tink dat hees ballay was ch' c fule of wheeskay.

He don't do no harm, when hees com roun de farm,
Only borrow few ting, joust for keep hessef warm;
For de wintaire will com, an hees dere in hees
shaintay,
Where hees saving de grub, an he always have
plaintay.

If dey let heem alone, dat poor leetle felleure,
Hees mind hees own beesness, an leeve in hees celler,

But som laiike to shoot heem, for mak up de stew;
Ah tink it's too bad for to keel heem, don you?

Le bon Dieu was maike heem so purtay an fat,
He geev heem more style dan de rest of hees rat;
An He want heem to leev widdout troubel or fear
An raise all hees familee, in two tree year.

But som son of a felleure wat carries a gaun
Hees sneak hon de mash, joust for hav it som fun,
An he chase it an shoot it wid buck-shot an
paunder
An cook it wid honnion, for maike up de chaudere.

Dere ain't much societay down where he go,
Of course dere's de maud-hen de fraeg, an shipeau,
But dere vere poor companie, a leetle too slow
Not in de same class, wid our mush-rat, you know.

De maud-hen's gran-fadere was voyageure dock.
Hees modere a chicken, wat play in hard luck,
De fraeg an de shipeau was stupid an slow,
De mush-rat don't mix wid de companie so low.

So de mush-rat he leev wid hees own familee;
Don't run roun at naight, for dere's noting to see.
An if som bull-fraeg or shipeau hees meet,
He joust wink hees eye, as he pass doun de street.

He carry som musk, but it don smell so bad,
For he don play dose trick, like de skaunk wen he
mad.

Hees clean leetle beast, an he work all he can,
An behave hessef better dan good many man.

Wen you take off de skin of dat leetle mush-rat,
An scrape off de musk an forget about dat,

Wat a beautiful fur, mon Dieu! dat is fine,
She sell for two dollar, at any ole time.

De mink an de seal an de beaver also
Was cousin wid our leetle mush-rat, you know,
An offen swell laday, wat buy seal skin saque,
She paying for mush-rat, to put hon her back.

MORAL

Everting in dees worl hav som kind of smell:
Som smell of de may-flower, an som smell lackell,
But if you wash offen, an try to leev clean,
You're sure to be sweeter dan most king or queen.

De fine citay laday put de musk hon for style,
But offen shees go widdout bath for a while;
But le bon Dieu was maike de poor mush-rat dat
way,
So he carry hees musk, but he wash every day.



RETROSPECTION

MY OLD CANOE

AH see you befor me, mah faithfule canoe,
Your getting so ole dey don use you no more;
But dere's no-bodday knows you as well as Ah do,
For we traveled togedder, along many shore.

You was born in de vere sam contray as me,
Hon de farm of mah fadere, so long, long ago;
You com from de stock of de virgin pine tree,
Wile Ah'm of de habitant stock, as you know.

We grew up togedder, as tam passed away,
But we never was getting acquaint, not at all,
Till de tam wen dose felleure was chop you dat
day—
You made de bush ring wid de sound of your fall.

An dey maike a canoe wid de bes part of you,
You were healthy an young, de purest of pine;

French-Canadian Verse.

No wrinkles was dere, you were solid an true.
Dere's no wood to-day in de markette so fine.

If dose felleure was leev you alone where you grew
You could stay in de bush, an be much beeger
tree,
But still you have traveled, an only a few
Could hav such a good tam as you had wid me.

As we drifted in moonlaight, so soft an so clear,
Wile Ah lay hon mah blanket to tak a good rest,
Den Ah feel satisfy, for dere's noting to fear;
For Ah'm sleeping in you, an Ah'm dreaming de
best.

By de clear pebble beach, as Ah paddle along,
Ah can see in de wataire de blue of de sky;
De bird from de shore was singing dere song,
Den Ah tink it's too bad we all hav to die.

Only wanse in a while you tipped over wid me
An geev me mah bath for de week in advance;
Den Ah'm mad an Ah'm tinkin how crankay you
be,
An Ah swear nevaire more will Ah geev you de
chance.

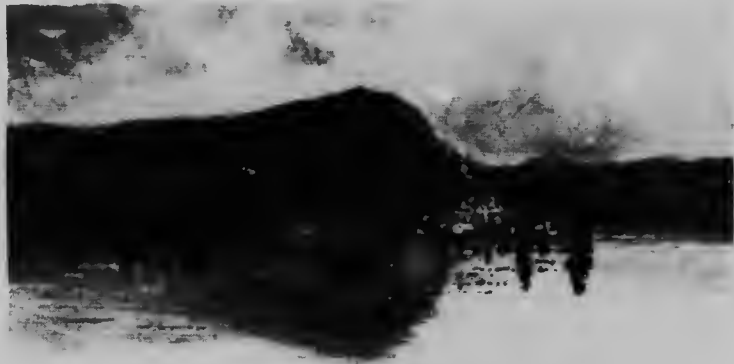
Den Ah'm tinkin cnce more of de evening before:
Ah was out wid de boys till de hour was so late,
An we had a few drink, an we had a few more,
Perhaps it's mah fault if you don't go firstrate.

Mah faithfule, mah silent ole friend of de past,
It's only de good Ah remember in you;
You was mah ole pal, from de first to de last,—
It's hard for to spic, should Ah tell you adieu.

French-Canadian Verse.

You've been in de dry dock for more dan a year;
Lak messef, you are weary, an out of de race.
Your beauty an courage was leev you, Ah fear,
But surely de ole age is not a deesgrace.

So Ah'm leeving you dere, in de mud an de clay,
In de plaice where you com from, mah poor ole
canoe;
An when Ah lay quiet, hon de ole farm som day,
We'll begin at de starting post, both me an you.



THE OLD TOWN

DOWN IN OLD QUEBEC

A Habitant's Story

IN seventeen honnard an feeftay-nine,
It's de early fall an de weddere's faine,
De soldat Francais was in line
Down in ole Quebec.

Dere in de camp, wid de great Montcalm,
Up by de Plains of Abraham,
For Englande de French don care a dam—
Down in ole Quebec.

But in de darkness of de night,
Creeping softly up de hight,
Dose Redcoat com on de hill to fight—
Down in ole Quebec.

French-Canadian Verse.

It's joust befor de break of day,
As de bugle sound de reveiller,
Dere's a courier wat com our way,
Down in ole Quebec.

De news was travel everywhere
Dat Wolfe an all hees men was dere.
Montcalm joust smile, for he don't care,
Down in ole Quebec.

"Aux-Armes! Avancez!" We sound de call
An de soldat Français wan an all
Taike hees plaice to faight or fall,
Down in ole Quebec.

De mistey sun rose up dat day
To shed it's light along de way
An lead Montcalm to victory,
Down in ole Quebec.

De sparkling ray from dees saime sun
Shines hon de Redcoat every-wan.
Laike stars of steel hon de Englishe gun,
Down in ole Quebec.

De cannon roar an de grape shot fly,
De smoke was folding to de sky,
De ole flint muskette maike reply,
Down in ole Quebec.

Each side com on, de faight's begun,
We quickly maike dose Redcoat run
Wid de sabre an de gun—
Down in ole Quebec.

We charge de Redcoat raight away.
It was too hot for dem to stay,

But we hear bad news: dere's hell to pay
Down in ole Quebec.

Joust in de triumph of de fight,
Montcalm was die right in our sight,
An de morning sun turned into night,
Down in ole Quebec.

Dat's true, de good Montcalm was fall.
Mon Dieu! dat news com laike a pall;
It hit each Frenchman wan an all,
Down in ole Quebec.

De Redcoat cheer; dey know dat sign,
An quickly too dey form in line:
Montcalm was gone an dere feeling fine,
Down in ole Quebec.

De Englishe faight laike hell dat day,
An dearly too our army pay;
L'espris Français was pass away—
Down in ole Quebec.

Dose Redcoat wun de battle fair:
Step by step dey faight us dere.
Montcalm was gone; an de French don't care,
Down in ole Quebec.

De Englishe raise dere flag on high;
De battle's wun, when we hear de cry
Dat Wolfe was falling down to die,
Down in ole Quebec.

De genral Wolfe was dying fast,
Saint George's cross was hon de mast,
So he say he die content at last,
Down in ole Quebec.

An befor Montcalm was pass away
He want to die raight off, he say,
Before de Redcoat win de day
Down in ole Quebec.

De French an Englishe leeve dere still,
De Englishe up on top de hill
An de French down in de ole Bas-ville,
Down in ole Quebec.

De Englishe own de town to-day
But dey leave our good religion stay
An de ole French Code we all obey,
Down in ole Quebec.

Dere in de Haut-ville dees story's told:
Of Montcalm de brave an of Wolfe de bold;
De monument's built in de days of old,
Down in ole Quebec.

Faithfule unto death each wan,
Never known to turn or run,
Each contrey lost a noble son,
Down in ole Quebec.



THE COURRIER
(Old-time Mail Carrier)

WHEN de wind from de north she was blowing
and blowing,
An from de dark cioud she was snowing and snow-
ing,
De habitant know it's de wintaire dat's round,
For many long month dere'll be snow hon de
ground;
An he stay in de house, so quiet all day,
An smokes hees ole pipe wid de Canaday grey.

De snowbird she come wid de cold an de blow;
Along wid de storm, in de cloud she will go;
At de break of de cloud, wen de snow start to fall,
Dat petit oiseaux she will whissel an call.
Dere's a man in de storm wat she meets every day,
Dat man is de postman, de brave courier.

French-Canadian Verse.

Laike de snowbird, for wind or for storm he don
care:

Hees tuff an hees healty, he'll go anywhere
Hees "bottes au sauvage" will keep hees leg
warm,

An hees "capuchon coat" will keep off de storm.
Ah, here he comes now hon hees lively snowshoe;
Hees waving hees hand,—dere's a letter for you.

A STRANGE ROMANCE

MAMZEL Elizay Tatreault she was looking
for a man,
Was in de markette twentay year; she do de bes she
can
For faind som felleure wat was hav it plaentay of
de cash;
She's doing all her possibel for try to mak de mashe.

Wen Mamzel Lizay she go out into de companie,
Her voice was always soft an sweet, lak honey she
can be;
But dat's de bluff wid Lizay, dat voice ain't hon
de square,
For eef she mak her temper go, you'd faind de
dev' was dere.

She's beeg laday, dat Mees Lizay, an every-boday
knows
She's coming from de contray, where de vegetable
grows.
But now she wears de dress so short, de bronze
was hon her shoe,
An she's looking laike a poulette, an a fancay
poulette too.

She's sitting dere an waiting in de park alone wan
day
Wen Pete Soleau was happen to com along dat
way.
Dat Soleau's looking quite as well as any felleure
roun,
But hees de beegest liar wat's leeving in de town.



THE PROPOSAL

Mamzel Tatreault was dress just so, all in de first
class style,
So Pete was look her ovaire, for quiet a leetle
while.
To heem she looked lak millionaire wid plaentay
propertay,
So hees kneel raight down before her an dees is
wat he say:

“Oh Mees Tatreault, eef you could know how
much Ah tink of you!
De only ting is murdere, Ah would not do for you.
Ah'm rich, Ah'm fit, Ah must admit, Ah'm quite
good looking too,
Ah've house an lot an cash hon hand, an mortgage
quite a few.”

Mees Lizay she was soffen up, wen she hear wat
he was say;

She almost faint wen Pete Soleau was name de
wedding day.
She's positiv her ole naightmare was surely coming
true,
An she kees heem two-tree tam or more, as any
gal would do.

Raight after dat beeg love affair was pulled off in
de park,
Soleau was keeping vere quiet, hees always in de
dark.
Dey don't wait long for marry, an de wedding it
was swell—
A justice of de peacefule town he operate it well.

But all de cash he brag about was just som borrow
gold,
It don't tak Lizay vere long to see de lie hees told:
Hees got no house, or lot, or cash, but it's all de
odder way,
An de mortgage wat he brag about, was de wans
he had to pay.

Wen Lizay Tatreault know de fact about dat Pete
Soleau
She call heem "skaunk" an "pollison," an a few
more name also.
She sai, "You go, you Pete Soleau, Ah can't stand
you no more!"
An she put de bromstic hon behaind, as he pass
tru de door.

So Pete he mak it up hees mind dat soocide de
best;
He ting he will go drown hesséf, an geev de town a
rest.

So every naight at twilaight in de mash he tak
hees seat—
Hees trai so hard to get de brace; de sand don't
com to Pete.

Wan naight hees down dere all alone, hees feeling
sad an sore.
He fills hees pant wid brickbat, so he can't float
any more;
He try to tink of wan good ting, he do in all hees
laife,
But de best wan he remembers was de tam he
cheat hees waife.

De wind was softly moaning along de mash dat
naight,
De bull-frog he was groaning, an he groan wid all
his might;
De maud-hen cackel all de tam, she always do her
best—
It's de evening of wan lovely day, an nature was
at rest.

De tam was com to drown hessaf, if he only had
de sand;
Dere's no wan dere to hold heem, hees long way
from de land,
It up to heem to maike de jaump, or maike wan
leetle fall,
An say, "Here goes Pete Soleau, here goes notting
at all."

He feels dat wataire wid hees hand: "Mon Dieu!"
dat wataire's cold!"
Hees tinking of de bath he took, back in de days
of old.

He hesitate a leetle bet, hees tinkin of hees fate—
Dat's de only tam de man was saved, wat do de
hesitate.

An ole maud-hen she cackel first, an den begin to
scream,
A shi-peau try to mock heem, wile flying down de
stream,
A beeg bull-frog, wats hon a log, he bark at Pete
Soleau,
He wake up all de odder frog, an every-wan let
go.

Baptême! such lively musique, he never hear
before;
So Pete was hesitate again, den he hesitate some
more.
He trow de brick-bat from hees pant, an in de
mash dey rolled,
An he say, "To hell wid soo-cide — de wataire's
too dam cold!"

Mees Lizay do de washing now, she also do de
scrub,
Pete's working hon de wringer, an somtam hon
de tub;
But shee's de boss of Pete Soleau: hees got no
more to say,
For he don't forget de evening of dat quiet lovely
day.

MORAL

Wen you was go get marry, don't start off wid a lie,
For de dirt is hon de surface, fore de washing she
was dry.
Don't figure for de cash alone, remember wat Ah
say,
For to marry joust for hav a home will never,
never pay.
Don't marry joust becos your fokes was laike your
pardner well,
For de wan wat's fit to do de job's de bes wan
wat can tell;
But if you have som good respect for de wan
engage to you,
Dat is de bes way to begin, you'll faind mah word
was true.
For dat's de love wat's true an pure, an dat's de
love will stay,
An le bon Dieu is de only wan can taike your love
away;
An when you raise som familee, in de coming bye
and bye,
You'll know for sure your marriage ain't started
wid a lie;
An de blossom in de springtam, an de fruit from
such a tree,
Will be de best, an sweetly smell for all eternity.

DINNER À LA CARTE

DE week behainde las week Ah go hon de toun
For haul load of wood an taike a look roun,
Wen a man he was ask me to go to dinnaire
At fancy café where dey hav beel-o-faire.

Dat felleure was fossay about dat dinnaire,
But he don't care for money—he hav it to spare;
So he order some cock-taile of wiskey an gin
For fix up de ballay before we begin.

Hees name was Joe Cannarde, hees well educate:
He can read in de French an de Englishe firstrate,
So he say it's de style for to eat à la carte,
An would read of de beel joust to geeve me de
start.

Wael, he read hoff each ting hon dat programme to
me—
Ah ain't very strong hon dat beasness, you see:
Dere was all kind of grub, all de joint, all de cut,
Dere was everting dere from bouillon to nut.

Dere was roasbeef, an mouton (dey call it spring-
lam),
Dere was maud-hen an codfesh, an sugar-cured
ham,
Dere was cornbeef an cabbage, an goose liver fat,
So Ah say, "please" excoose me, Ah'll taike som
mush-rat.

Hees got a beeg plaice for to hold all hees food
An he don mind de price, for dere's noting too
good,
But he only likes game wat was ripe, he tole me;
So he calling for wood-cox an spark burgandie.

Dey bring heem dat bird hon a vere large plate;
Shees dead a long tam, but shee suit heem firstrate,
But de plate was so large, de wood-cox so small,
Ah'm tinkin mah fren would get notting at all.

Mon Dieu! Dat ole wood-cox shee hav a long beel.
Ah see by de smell dat a long tam shee's keel,
But her beel ain't so long as de beel hon de card
Wat de waitaire was passing to mah fren, Cannarde.

Mah mush-rat shees cook, "à la maître d'ôtele,"
But any hole Frenchman can cook it as well,
For we use plaentay honnion, for baste dem joust
so;
Den de rat maike de honnion more pleasant, you
know.

Ah'm not used to burgandie wine wid de food.
Dat drink it's too fancay an rich for mah blood.
Dat cock-taille was bad to begin wid, you know,
But mah fren he won't lissen wen Ah tole heem so.

Ah can drink wiskey blanc, an lauger beer too.
Of "Jean Collin fiz" me—Ah've had quite a few,
But wen Ah eat mush-rat an taik dose drink too,
Ah never can tell wat dat mush-rat will do.

Wael, we split a few quart of de spark burgandie,
It's fizzly an livalay, an too strong for me,
Wen Ah pass a few drink of dat wine hon mah
moute
Ah talk of dose ting Ah know notting about.

Cannarde hees taik two tree bite at dat bird,
He eat bones an all, an he don't say a word;
Den he orders more wine, for a "chaser," he say —
It's dose chaser wat chase me an catch me dat day.



TAKING THE CHASERS

Den Ah say "Au revoir," for Ah must find mah way
Back to de stabe, for to taik mah ponay.
Dat wine an dat mush-rat ain't mix vere well,
So de rest of mah story Ah ain't goin to tell.

MORAL

Pass bye de burgandie-wine wid de spark
If it's served in de bright light, or served in de
dark;
For you feel, wen you drink it, you own de whole
toun,
But you're broke de next day, an dey don't see you
roun.

An don taik no chance wid de wine wat was red,
But stick to straight wiskey an lauger instead;
For dose are de drink you can hold wen you eat,
An you'll hold your grub also, an stand hon your
feet.



JOE LOZON, THE POT-HUNTER MAN

YOU read of de bes fighting man of de day—
Dere's beeg Kaisaire Beel, of de Prusse,
He want everbody to do wat he say.
It's de sam way wid Nick of de Russe.

Dat Beel is de felleure wat hav de good tam,
De man on de horse wat draw de good pay,
An he'll start up a war, an he don geev a dam
If he taike all your brodder an cousin away.

Beeg Beel was de bes faighting man, dey all say;
It's hard to maike dat felleure run,
For he knows de war baesness in all kind of way
From de Zeppoleen bumb to de gaun.

Den you read of dose writer wat hav de good brain,
Dose man wid de fine educate:
Dere's Laurier Wilfred, an also Mark Twain,
An som laiike Beel Shakespeer firstrate.

Dere's de swell cavalier—Mon Dieu! hees so grande!
Hees dressing so gai an so fine;
De duelle he'll faight, wid de sword in de hand,
Wen hees chock-full of wiskey an wine.

Den you read of de artiste, de musical man
Wat play hon de flute or de fid,
Or hon de French horn, or de babey pianne
Or de man wid de stick in de mid.

Wael, all dose faine felleure was good in dere way;
Each wan do de most wat he can,
But de bes all-roun felleure wat Ah know to-day
Is Lozon, de Pot-hunter man.

Dat Lozon's de boy wat know how to faight,
De beeg man don't scare heem at all;
He'll clean a saloon hon any ole naight:
De longer dey go, de harder dey fall.

An Joe hees de man can shoot hon de wing,
He can trap any skaunk or mush-rat,
An all de ole feesherman song he can sing—
He'll paddle you naicely all over de Flat.

Wael, Joe he don hav it so good educate,
But can read an can write wen he wish:
He'll write wid a pencil, in Français firstrate
An wid de sam pencil he'll write de Englishe.

Wen Joe's in hees store clothes an fancy plog hat
For go out at naight to de dance

At de plaice of ole Calimin, up at de Flat,
Hees look laiike a cavalier, coming from France.

Wid plaentay of bear grease all over hees hair
An white paper collar an fancay necktie,
De ladays wat Josef was meeting up dere
Was crazay for get interduce, bye an bye.

An if de musician was drink too much beer
An can't play de wals for de gal at de ball,
Den Joe's at de fid, an dere's two tree cheer,
Dat Pot-hunter Man is an artiste, dat's all.

If de warden for gam he was coming along
When Lozon was hunt hon de mash any day,
Dat Joe he just smile, an he whissel a song,
An de warden he don't ever ask heem to pay.

Wael, Joe he go marry wid Julie Soleau
An dey have a few children in saight.
Joe feed it all well an he clodid also,
An he don maike de habat to run round at
naight.

So you see, mah fine frend, wat Ah tole you was
true:
Dat Pot-hunter Joe is de bes man of all.
Now you know all de ting wat dat bouillon can do,
Just show me de man wat can answer dat call.

MORAL

De man hon de horse, if wid gold he be crowned,
Wid all hees fine jewel an manners so swell,
Is built de same way as de man on de ground
Wat le bon Dieu was maike and was love heem
so well.

French-Canadian Verse.

Dose Zarr an dose Kaisaire will soon pass away,
An de'll get no more chance for to start up a
faight;
Den de poor common man will have someting to
say
An de man of de people is sure to be raight.

Written in September, 1915.

GENEALOGY OF BATTEECE TOURANGEAU

AH'LL tell you of de story abou mah famalee;
Mah educate shees not so good, so geeve
excoose to me.

Ah got no records from de book of wat Ah'm goin
to say,
But Ah geeve it as Ah hear it, in de vere saime ole
way.

To start wid, Ah will say mah name is Batteece
Tourangeau,
Mah blood shee's Français Canayen on both de
side, you know;
No Tourangeau was king or queen, so far as Ah
can tell,
But maybe dey was hav some job, dey laiike it
joust as well.



PIERRE TOURANGEAU

Wael, Pierre Tourangeau, wat was die in de year
eighteen-fifteen,
Was sojer in de ole French Guard, dere's many
faight hees seen;
Was wid de great Napoleon, was brave ole man an
true,
But dey shoot heem an dey keel heem hon de field
at Waterloo.

Wael, dat ole man's de first we know of all de
Tourangeau,
An de recorde of dat sojer was de best ting we can
show;
He was de fadere of de fadere of mah ole dad, you
see,—
Ah'm proud dat such a sojer he could belong to me.

Wael, de next wan we was hear about was de grand-
fadere of me—
Dat's Antoine Poleon Tourangeau, wat com to
dees contree,
Was charpentier wat build de ship from spring-tam
to de fall,
Was hon de dock wid ole Joe Beef, way down in
Montreal.



POLEON TOURANGEAU

De next is Pete, mah fadere, as down de line you
come;
If you can trot wid mah ole man, ba gosh! you was
go some.
Hees captaine of de scow "Noel," hees haul de sand
and freight,
He'll dance, he'll sing, he'll play de fid, an taike
hees wiskey straight.



CAPITAINE PETE TOURANGEAU

Den come raight down to baesness, and taike a
look at me:
Ah'm Batteece Tourangeau, mon Ga! Ah pass de
life so free.
Ah spear de cat-feesh and Ah trap de beaver and
mush-rat;
But better man den me, Ah hear, shees doing worse
as dat.



BATTEECE TOURANGEAU

An wid mah good wife, Angelique, Ah leeve down
hon de mash,
Ah'm potter too and do mah best for maike de
hones' cash.
Ah got four gal an seven boy, and som more
coming yet,
So de Tourangeau dey ain't was die for a long, long
tam you bet.

Some tam Ah geeve de storey of mah moddere's
famalee,
But dere's only wan of modere's crowd wat is de
frend of me.
You know de habitant, mah frend, wat keel it all
de skaunk?
Dats modere's brodder, Joe Moffron. You know
it? She's mr' . ink!

But it's a fac. wen you look back, from de head
wan to de tail,
You hain't can find no Tourangeau wat's leeving
in de jail.
We dress laike all de habitants, no style was in de
gang,
But Ah can show no Tourangeau was ever got de
hang.

So you can see mah famalee was maike de start
firstrate,
But we must work; we have no chance to get de
educate.
So wan by wan we drift along, we leeve de best
we can—
We go to mass on Sunday, too, and don't rob any
man.

An now you know mah story; dere's nothing more
to tell,
But dere's mah home, and dere's mah wife, wat
cook de grub so well.
Now if you faind me good nuff for be a frend wid
you,
"Nevez cher nous ce soir, mon vieux," we have
som mush-rat stew.



OLE CHENEAU

AH'LL NEVAIRE GO HUNT FOR DE
MUSH-RAT NO MORE

OLE CHENEAU go hunt for de mush-rat wan
day;
He tak hees dog Ponteau, to show heem de way,
He got soaken wet, in de wataire he fall,
Ah he don faine no game or no mush-rat at-all.
Hees feeling deesgust, for hees not satisfy;
Hees wet an hees getting so mad bye an bye
Dat he say to hesséf, as he cussed an he swore:
"Ah'll nevaire go hunt for de mush-rat no more!"

He wade tru de mash an he wade tru de hay
Till he get purtay close where de mush-rat he lay;
Hees dog's hon de point for dey all smell de game,
So he up wid hees muskette an tak a good aim.
As he pull hon de trig den he maike a beeg sneeze,
An down in de wataire he go to hees knees.

Den he say it out loud as he jaump hon de shore:
"Ah'll nevaire go hunt for de mush-rat no more!"

A beeg mallarde dock shes was sitting close by.
Dat's luckay, for Cheneau's no good hon de fly,
So he tak a good aim, but de gaun she don't go:
De bullette she's wet an de pauder also.
He ript an he cussed at de gaun an de pauder,
Hees voice she go higher — an den she go lowder,
Den he sai it all ovaire, more loud as before:
"Ah'll nevaire go hunt for de mush-rat no more!"

But de ole mallarde dock she sits hon de creek,
So he sai, "Mistaire mallarde Ah'll show you de
trick.

Ah'll pass a few salt hon your fedder behaind—
Ah'll fix you so easay dees tam, you will faind."
But de dock smell de salt in Cheneau's tin pail,
She hawl off her main sheet, an den she maike sail.
De ole man he yelled, an he ript, and he swore:
"Ah'll nevaire go hunt for de mush-rat no more!"

Den he jaump in hees boat, hees mad an hees wet,
Hees using som vere strong langage, you bet.
He sai to ole Ponteau, "Ah want you to know
Ah'm de boss of dees mash, an mah name is Che-
neau!"

Wile he paddle so lively hees baump hon a log
An ovaire goes Cheneau, de gaun, an de dog.
Den he holler lackell an he holler encore:
"Ah'll nevaire go hunt for de mush-rat no more!"

He climb hon de bottome, for help he was call,
He sai, "Ah go drown wid mah muskette an all."
Som habitant hear all de noise an de splash
An Batteece, hees son, he com down to de mash.

He pull out de dog an he pull out Cheneau,
But he loos hees ole gaun in de channel below.
Batteece sai, "pawpaw, your so safe hon de shore—
Don't hunt hon de mash for dose mush-rat no
more!"

He spread hon de grass hees shirt an hees pants—
Dey dry in de sun if you geev it de chance,
But a beeg hurricane she was passing close by:
She pick up dose pants an she blow it sky high.
Wen Cheneau he notice hees pants in de air,
He sai, "We'll go home while de wind she be fair.
Au diable wid de mash! Ah'll keep hon de shore!
Ah'll nevaire go hunt for de mush-rat no more!"

Hees waife grab de hole man an put heem to bed
Wid two-tree flat iron hon top of hees head,
She pass hon de shin bone som muster plastaire,
She rub heem wid kerosine oil everywhere,
She geev heem som sassaperell wid de spoon,
Den he sai as he open hees eye purtay soon:
"Such luck hon de mash, Ah don't hav it before
To hell wid de mush-rat! Ah'll hunt heem no
more!"

A STORY OF THE MARSH

IF you go hon de mash, at de edge near de weed,
Where de mud she was black an de cow com to
feed,

If it's joust befor sun-set an twilight was near
De Henglishie jack-snap he was sure to appear.

He don't sing a song like de rest of de bird,
But he hav a sharp whissel as ever you heard,
Like de squeak ho de hinge of de ole kitchen door
When you com in so sofly, between tree an four.

He hav som long beel, an long leg as well,
Wid hees eye hon de top of hees head he can tell
If som-boday com to de mash from de shore,
For he see joust as well from behind as before.

If de wind she was blow from de nort in de fall,
Dat petit oiseaux he don't care, not at all.
When hees done wid hees slow prominade hon de
mash
He'll fly trou dat heavy north wind like a flash.

Baptême! hees fly crooked, an up an doun too;
If you watch, you can't tell wat dat felleure will do.
Do you tink you're a good man to shoot hon de fly?
Wael, load up your shot-gun, an wait dere an try.

You point de gun strait, wid de bead hon de bird—
But perhaps of dat job, you already hav heard—
An joust when you're sure dat you've got heem for
fair,
You pull hon de trig,—but de snap she ain't dere.

In all de beeg citay, Joe Lozon tole me,
In de fines hotele in de town, you can see,



THE SNIPE HUNTER

If you look hon de programe, dey call beel-a-faire
De name of de Henglishe jack-snap she is dere.

Joe say, in dose plaice, if you like snap to eat,
Two dollaire dey charged you for wan hon de plate.
De price she go high, in de spring an de fall,
But dere charging you only for style, dat is all.

But remember, mah fren, dat de fool ain't all dead
(Ah tink dat's de lanquage, Beel Shakspeere he said);
But de man wat will pay such a price for wan
bird
Hees gone off de nut, you will pardon de word.

But why should a man want a bird wat's so lean
When for mouch cheaper price he can hav pork
an bean,
Or corn-beef an caubage, or galette or pie?
But Ah guess dere's no tam when a man's satisfy.

MORAL

Each felleure hav som kind of grub wat he like:
Dere's som like de cat-feesh, de bullhead, or pike.
A few like de Shipeau and maud-hen also,
An a good many man like de leetle crapaud.

But if you feel hongray, an want a good meal;
Please take mah advice: it's joust how Ah feel—
Joust pass by de feesh an de frog an all dat,
An order mah leetle ole fren, de mush-rat.

MY DEAR OLD DAD

ON your cheeks the lines of care,
Your eyes have lost their radiance rare,
And dimness shades the lustre there.

It makes me sad
To see you wave and bend at last,
A storm-subdued and withered mast
Wrecked by the tempests of the past—
My dear old Dad.

Long since the dawn has passed away,
The mid-day sun has shed its ray,
And night is closing on the day.

It seems too bad
That such a perfect work of clay
Should blossom only for a day
And end in pitiful decay—
My dear old Dad.

Oh, God! Let nothing part us now;
To serve his every whim, please tell me how.
In humble supplication, thus I bow

With only this to add:
That in return for all his love of me
Staunch and faithful to the last I'll be.
He shall not end in lonely misery--
My dear old Dad.



THE RETURN

THE OLD-TIME FISHING
ON DETROIT RIVER

DE hole tam fisherman hees gone,
We ain't see it no more;
We loose dem slowly wan by wan,
Dere passing from our shore.

Doun below from Sandweech toun,
Way down to Petit Cote,
So many you could see aroun
De hole tam shaintay an de boat.

Up to de fall of seexy-hate
De feeshing it was all O. K.
Along de Reeveer of de Strait,
Dere feeshing all de naight and day.

French-Canadian Verse.

Dey catch de tourgeon and doré
An de whitefeesh all de tam
An wat you spose dat cost you, eh!
Wan poisson blanc for haf a dime.

An dere's de hole tam shaintay.
An de man wat set de float,
De capstaine an de ponay,
An de man wat pulls de boat.

An dere dey go at sunset;
Dere's four man at de oar:
Dere's Covion and Joe Payette,
Dere's Nadeau and Bedore.

Pete Valliquette hees at de stern,
Hees passing out de net,
Drouilliard hees at de capstaine
Wid hees French ponay, you bet.

So softly up de stream dey row
Tree hunderd yard or more,
Dey make de turn an roun dey go
Raight past de shaintay hon de shore.

De seine is set, you see de float,
De trip for shore it won't take long.
An den dose Frenchman in dat boat
Dey sing dees hole French song:

French-Canadian Verse.

Voix seule, puis la reprise en chœur.

En rou-lant ma bou - le rou-lant, En rou-lant ma
 FIN. *Voix seule, reprise en chœur.*
 bou - le. Der - rièr, chez nous, ya - t-un é - tang,
Voix seule.
 En roulant ma bou - le. Trois beaux canards s'en
 vont baignant, rou - li roulant, ma boule roulant.

Count de stroke as you hear de song,
 Keep up de tam, hole man;
 You'll like de tune, it won't take long.
 Now sing wid me, Ah'm sure you can.

Wan, two, tree, and wan, two, tree,
 An den agan and den some more.
 Den wan, two, tree, de song's finis—
 Dere landing at de shore.

Agan dere at de shaintay,
 Dere jaumping from de yawl;
 Dere sure to faind it plaentay
 Of whitefeesh in dat hawl.

An den you see de chaudière,
 In de shaintay always hot;
 All dose fisherman was dere
 To eat de bouillon from de pot.

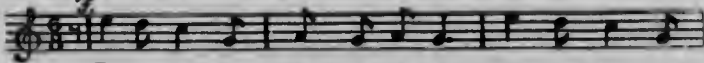
French-Canadian Verso.

Dey light de pipe, an taike a drop,
Den Covion was geeve de call.
We ain't gat tam for long to stop—
Look sharp, mah boy, for nodder hawl!

Helas! dose tam she com no more,
For dose good man she's pass away.
Ah hope dere hon som odder shore
Where de feeshing's good to-day.

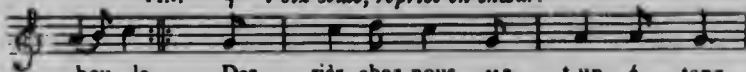
If fisherman wat's in de ciel
Can hear our voices down below,
No musique dey would love so well
As dees ole song of long ago.

Voix seule, puis la reprise en chœur.



En rou-lant ma bou - le rou-lant, En rou-lant ma

FIN. *Voix seule, reprise en chœur.*

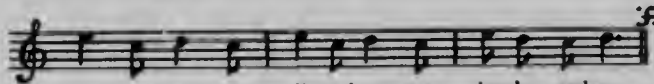


bou - le. Der - rièr, chez nous, ya - t-un é - tang,

Voix seule.



En roulant ma bou - le. Trois beaux canards s'en



vont baignant, rou - li roulant, ma boule roulant.



TWILIGHT
Lake Ste. Clair

THE MAN AT THE BOW

WAN scow com sail down de reever Saint Clar,
Timber an cordwood her deck load waer,
An she sailed so merrily over de barre
Into de waters of Lac Saint Clar.

Twilaight shees falling, de sky was at rest,
Softly de wind she was blow from de west,
An de scow break de ripple of water in two
Wile she skipping raight over dat lac so blue.

In de mist dere's a man can be seen hon de scow:
Hees leaning raight over de rail at de bow,
Wile hees singing a song of de long tam ago
Wat he learn in Quebec, in de Bas-ville below.


French-Canadian Verse.

Den a man from de mash he was paddle dat way:
Hees a potter wat's been in hees canoe all day.
An de song from de scow it was fall hon hees ear
An it takes heem way back to hees modder so dear.

Dat's a Frenchman wat's singing dat sweet melodie,
An he sings it so true, an he sings it so free;
An de man from de mash hees a Frenchman also,
So he follows de song in a voice soft an low

Den de potter he takes hees ole hat from hees head,
Hees paddle no more, an hees driftin' instead
An agan it's de voice dat he hears from afa
As it floats hon de waters of Lac St. Charles

Dose two Canayen wat was drifting apaw
Are from de saime contree, an h'ave de saime heart,
An de poor potter smile wid hees eye full of tear,
An dees was de song wat de potter man hear:



A la clai - fon-tai-ne M'en al-lant pro-me-ner,
J'ai trou-vé l'eau si belle Que je m'y suis bai-gné.
T'ai ya long-temps que je t'aime. Jamais, je ne t'oublierai.

De scow it was fading away from hees sight,
For de twilaight shees falling fas into de night;
But de pottere's still dere wid hees hat in hees
hand
An hees drifting an drifting away from de land.

Hees been dreaming of all dose dear one of de past,
An hees waking up slow from hees vision at last.
Still he hears de faint voice of de man at de bow,
Den de song is a memory, it's gone wid de scow.

"Au revoir, mon garçon," de poor potter-man say,
"Dat song tak me back for a vere longe way."
Den hees waiving hees hat in salute to de scow
An hees wish heem "Bon voyage," dat man at de
bow.

A LESSON IN TABLE MANNERS

PETE RABIDEAU get marry wid a waife from
off de state,
Shee's Yankay gal, wid plaentay style, he laike dat
gal firsrate;
Shee's blue ballay from Massachu, shee's educate
quite well,
Poor Pete was joust de habitant, hees waife was
vere swell.

Pete bring her back to Canadaw, to leeve in
Montreal;
Dey get dere ting togedder for keep house in de
fall;
Hees proud about de way she look, an de way she
cook also,
For she can maike de best bake bean of any wan
he know.



JOE LA BAFF

Wen Pete was hon de French Reevaire he push de
lumber raff
An get acquaint wid wan bouillon, hees name was
Joe LaBaff.
Wan day he ask heem to hees house to hav de
good dinnaire,
Hees sure hees waife will hav de bean, for firsclass
beel-a-faire.

Hees waife she learn in Boston to maike de Boston-
bean;
She maike it soft, she maike it brown, she also
maike it clean,
So Joe LaBaff he taike hees seat, raight wid de
familee,
An everyting she go all raight, as far as Pete can see.

She bring de bake bean hon de tabe. L'enfant! dat
was look fine!
Pete say de grace an few ting more; dey dring a
leetie wine.
An every wan was hongree, wid de best of appitite,
An Pete he do hees possibe! to treat dat Joe polite.

But wat you spose dat Joe he do? He can't wait
for de rest—
He don't use knife or fork at all, he laike hees own
way best,
So he grab dose bean wid both de hand, to push it
down dat way;
Of course dat gal from Boston was quickly faint away.

Dat Joe La Baff, of de lumber raff, still gobbel at
dose bean,
He push it in hees face so fast, de worse you never
seen.
De bean she dissappear so quick dere was no odder
way,
So Pete he hav to call heem, an dees is wat he say:

“Mah waife she maike as good bake bean as any
boday’s waife,
But she never see your style for eat befor in all
her laife,
So if you ain’t quite satisfy, an need dose bean
encore,
You use your knife, you ain’t can pass your hand
on it no more.

Ah see som lumber-jack befor, also som deck-hand
too,
But Ah never see a Canayen wat eat so bad as you.
Ah spose you was too ignorante to know joust wat
Ah mean,
But your spoiling all de companee, an your spoil-
ing all de bean.”

For long tam after dat affaire, Pete Rabideau hees
try
To maike excoose for Joe La Baff, but hees waife
ain’t satisfy.
She com from Boston, Massachu, where dey breed
de etiquette;
She ain’t forget dat insult for long long tam, you
bet!

French-Canadian Verso.

But Pete was always good to her in every odder
way,
Hees try to please her after dat, but still dere's
hell to pay,
Till wan faine day he bring her home a diamonde
carrotte ring,
An now she's happy an content, an all de tam she
sing.

THE RACE AT PETIT COTE

DID you ever saw mah ponay—
De wan wat win de race?
She's hon de cutter every day,
She maike de rack an pace.

She's only fair French ponay,
She hav no padda-gree;
Her color was de ches-not bay
But shee's good nuff for me.

"Catin" was mah ponay's name
(De saime as ba-bee doll);
Across de Grande Marais she came,
She's five year hole las fall.

Gouleau's got a pacing horse,
Ban Butlaire was hees name;
He bring it over from Ecorse,
From Meechegane he came.

Gouleau he always maike de blow
About hees gait an paddagree;
Dat felleure try it hard to show
Hees plog could maike de two-tortee.

He say hees modder was a dam,
De fadere was a sire
Wat win de race mos every-tam,
Was full of blood an fire.

He hav a ceefecate to show
Hees fadere it was de Pilot R.
An also dat hees dam could go,
For dat was Floray Temp de star.

We ain't see Floray for long tam,
An Pilot long ago was die.
Ba gosh! Ah tink dat dam an sire
Was Gouveau's dam beeg lie.

Mah fren Cicotte from Wyandotte
Was tole me hon de sly
De record wat dat plog hees got—
You'll hear de finish by an by.

He say dat some wan was a liar;
For he see hees racker long ago—
He pull de hengine to de fire
In de good ole citay of Munroe.

Hees gallop for de fire brigade,
De force was like heem well;
Hees hon de job, so Cicotte said,
Till some-wan rings de bell.

An den he say de dev's to pay,
Dat bell was change hees mind:
He'll turn an go som odder way—
An leave de fire brigade behind.

For he was hongrey all de day,
Hees hongrey all de naight—
De corn, de bean, de bran, de hay,
Hees gobble everting in sight.

Hees appetite she can't be beat,
For hees always feel so well.
Hees sure dat was de tam to eat
Wen some wan rings de bell.

French-Canadian Verse.

Gouleau was start agan to holler
Dat Ban, hees pacing horse,
Would beat mah ponay for tree dollar—
Ah cover up de bet, of course.

Dat was to be de two-mile race
At Petit-Cote, along de shore.
No trot, no gallop, joust de pace,
Tree dollar cash, an notting more.

You know de road by Jeem MacKee?
At de bank shee's turning round.
Dat's de plaice, we was agree,
Would be de starting ground.

Den doun de reever we must go
For two mile straight, no more,
To Louie Youngeblod's plaice below—
De poplaire tree was hon de shore.

De week behind las Saturday
We fix it for de go.
De wedder she was frostay
De hice was cover wid de snow.

We bring de ponays to de scratch,
All de habitant was dere.
Dey put dere monay hon de match;
Dere betting freelay hon mah mare.

"Dees be de race for pace an rack,"
Joe Covion, de judge, hees say.
"So clar de way! Gott off de trak!
We start de ponays raight away."

Den neck an neck we start to go,
But de judge say, "Start wance more!"
We off agan, hees calling "Whoa!
Start off agan, same as before."

We're off at last, an hon de speed.
L'enfant! dat was som pace!
Ah'm trying hard to take de lead,
But ole Ban still was in de race.

De snow she fly as we pass by,
Mah ponay try to show de way,
But to see dat ole Ban Butlaire fly
You'd tink dere was a fire dat day.

Neck an neck we're pacing fast,
We're hon de plaice of Tom McLoche;
Ah do mah best, Ah can't get past
Dat ole-tam hengine horse.

De habitant call from de shore
An geeve de cheer, as we pass bye.
"Avance, Catin!" "Avance, encore!"
"Wake up! wake up, ole Ban!" dey cry.

Ba gosh! Ah never see such race—
Raight togedder side by side
Dey go two-tortee hon de pace;
For taik de lead each ponay tried.

De Taverne Rouge we're going past,
Neck an neck, an all was well;
Ban Butlaire he was going fast
Wen de cook she ring de bell.



THE FINISH

Den Ban he break, he break some more,
"Whoa donc!" hees driver yell.
He turn an gallop for de shore
An still de cook she ring de bell.

Wid me, Ah finish hon de pace;
Dey cheer as Ah pass by.
De judge decide Ah win de race
For ole Ban was deesqualify.

"Dat's put op job," Gouleau he say,
"Cicotte's de wan can tell—
Dat's heem wat pay de cook dat day
To ring dat dinner bell."



MY DOG FRANCOIS¹

AH miss mah dog Franswa, in town yesterday,
An Ah wait for heem all tru de naight.
So Ah put advertise hon de pape raight away;
Ah hope purtay soon dat he'll com back all raight.

De notice below dat's about mah Franswa—
Jules Bondie was write it in English firstrate;
So Ah wait for de news an Ah wonder pourquoi
Dat Franswa ain't meetin me now at de gate.

THE NEWSPAPER NOTICE

Ah loos it mah dog, or hees stole in de street,
In de crowd at de court-house at noon;
Hees full toro-bred an a hard dog to beat,
Ah'll pay de man well wat will bring heem back
soon.

Hees smart leetle felleure, wid white shaggy hair,
Wid a ring running roun hon de hend of hees tail;

¹Pronounced Franswa.

French-Canadian Verse.

If you call heem Franswa he will go anywhere,
Hees a gentleman dog, an not a female.

Ah'm poor habitant wid no monay to spare
But de man wat will bring it dat dog back to me,
Ah'll pay for hees keep, an Ah'll pay de car-fare;
Ah'll ask heem no question, whoever he be.

Ah tink mah fren Bondie was tole wan beeg lie
Wen he sai in dat notice mah dog's toro-bred,
So Ah ask heem de reason an he tole me why
An dees is exactly wat Bondie he said:

"De breed of a man don't show trou hees clothes.
If dere made of de broadcloth or Canaday grey,
He can look vere well an dere's nobodday knows;
So you geev heem de benfit—dere's no odder
way.

For de real gentile-homme he don have to blow
To prove wat de fadere of heem use to be.
If hees hon de square dat's de bes breed to show,
Den you don't waste de tam, for to look up hees
tree."

An Bondie he sai wid a dog it's de same:
No sign hon de fur of de breed you can see
Or wedder hees fadere or modere's to blame,
For all kind of dog have de same kind of flea.

Ah believe dat is true wat Bondie tole me,
An Ah'm glad for to know dat Ah am wat Ah am.
Dere's many good point in mah dog, Ah can see.
Ah'll bet hon Jule Bondie, hees raight every tam.

Mah dog has no modere to show heem de way
An no politish for to fix heem a plaice,
So if Ah should leev heem in trouble today
An nevaire could look dat poor dog in de face.

It's a long tam, mah fren, dat Ah'm waiting to
hear,
Twilaight shees coming to close out de light;
He must be wid stranger or he would appear.
Ah wonder if Franswa will come home to-night?

Stop! Wait a minnet! who's dat at de door?
Who's pushing it open an jaumping raight in?
It es—it es Franswa who! crawls hon de floor;
Hees trying to tell me just where he has been.

"Enough my dog Franswa, don't spik any more,"
For now Ah am happy an satisfy too.
No more will you wander away from mah door,
An nevaire agan will we part, me an you."

MORAL

The poor friendly dog so faithful and true
Is willing to share all your troubles with you;
At your slightest affront he will growl, he will
fight,
He'll follow your footsteps from morn until night.
It's not for the gold, nor for glory or pride,
That he's wistfully wagging his tail by your side:
He's craving for just a slight notice from you;
A pat on the head or a soft word will do.

French-Canadian Verse.

He's more than repaid for his kindness and care
With the bone or the crust that will fall to his
share,

And he meekly and silently bows to the frown
With sorrowful eye and with tail hanging down.
But his troubles are over as soon as you smile,
He's watching the look on your face all the while,
For friendship so rare, for affection so true,
Just give him a smile—it's the least you can do.

A LEGEND OF DETROIT RIVER

BOUT fortay, feeftay year ago, dey run a side-wheel ferry
Along de Strait wat separate Lac Saint Claire from
Lac Erie.
Ask som ole-tam habitant, if your knowing som
of dem,
Dey'll tell you bout dees story of de leetle steamer
Gem.

She hav som fancay smok-stac, an a pilot house
also,
Dere's wheel inside de paddle box to mak dat
vassalle go.
Widdout a skip, she mak de trip from Detroit,
Meechegane,
Across to Wainsorr, Canaday, an com raight back
agane.

Captaine Tom, of de leetle Gem, was wan good
sailor too,
Could run de hengine, trow de e, dere's nothing
he can't do.
An any gal wat's looking well, don't hav to pay
som fare—
Hees laike de laday, Captaine Tom, an for de cash
don care.

About dees tam de ole Barnam was com trou Cana-
day,
De cierness leeve Belle Reeve, because de job don
pay;
So down de hill in Wainsorr Town ole Barnam
bring hees show;
He want to pass across de creek as fast as he can
go.

Hees geeve salute to Captain Tom: "Cap, how she
go wid you?"
"Ah feel O. K.," de Captain say, "an Ah'm going
firs-rate too!"
"Wat you charge for bring mah show across to
Meechegane?"
"For twentay dollar Ah will move de whole dam
caravane."

Captaine Tom call to hees mate—hees name was
Billideau—
To load de hanimal hon de Gem as fast as he can
go;
So he drive de caravane hon board, wid de ring-
man an de clown,
An Billideau get much excite, as he roll hees eye
aroun.

For you must know dat Billideau was only common
mate,
Could handle horse or cow or goat, an do de job
firsrate;
But when he see dat ciercass wat's hon de Gem dat
day
Hees sure before dey mak de shore de dev will be
to pay.

Dere's el-fante wat was white lak snow, dere's
zebera an geeraff,
Som lion an som tiger too, an golden-headed
calf,
He see som clown, also som mule, also som
buffalo,
An he see dose lovy laday too, wat's acting in de
show.



But de most expenseve hanimal wat's hon de Gem
dat day
Is de first an only hippopot wat com to dees con-
trey.
He com dees way from Africay, wid Barnam long
before,
An Barnam say dat felleure way ten tousand poun
or more.

De Gem she tak dem half-way cross dat beautiful
reever,
Where de wataire she was clear and blue—but
maybe you was dere—
When de tiger scratch de lion behainde, dat scare
de buffaloo,
An de el-fante blow hees trompette, an bust up
all de show.

Dat hippopot, since he was brot from de mash in
Africay,
Don't hav no tam for wash hessef since he left home
dat day.
He see de fight, an get excite, while de caravane
she roared,
An de wataire looked so good to heem, he jaump
raight overboard.

Hees grunt was lak de tondaire, for dey feel it hon
de shore,
He shake hees tail, an mak de dive, an don't com
up no more.
Ole Barnam swear an pull hees hair, he almos mak
de fit,
But Captaine Tom laugh hon hees face, an mak de
ole man quit.

When de leetle Gem she reach de foot of Wood-
ward Avenue,
Ole Barnam pull wan roll of beel, de first ting dat
he do.
Wan tousand dollar he will geeve, an a bran new
coat an pants,
To de man wat catch dat hippopot, but no wan
tak de chance.

Dose gennelmans about de dock, dey com down to
de shore—
Dere's Captaine Pridge, an Beel E-nasse, an also
Artaire Gore,
Dere's Beeg Tom Reath an Captain Horn, an
Connay Scanlan too,
An Captain King wid a new plog hat, in a fancay
suit of blue.

Wael, all dose felleure know de reever and de
currant wael,
But how to trap dat hippopot, dere's none of dem
can tell.
Den Barnam buy a glass for spy, from Mistaire
Fox down dere,
An de ole man's looking up an down de reever
everywhere.

Tree day was passing since dat hip was jaumping
from dat boat
An Pete Nadeau was sitting hon de shore at Petit
Cote,
Dat's joust below ole Sandweech, hon de side of
Canaday,
Where dey raise de finest radishe wat's in dees
whole contray.

Nadeau was hon hees capstaine he fix hees cat-
feesh line;
Hees feel content an satisfy, for de feeshing dere
was fine,
But when he lift hees eyebrow to look out hon de
reever
Ba gosh! mah fren, he see somting wat mak dat
bouillon sheever.

He hear a grunt wat's sounding lak a cannon shot
close by,
An de reever rise, de reever fall, de wave shees
running high;
An purtey soon, lak beeg balloon, wid ugly eye
an nose,
Dat hippopot expose hessaf, an from de wataire
rose.

Wael, Pete's so scare, he cross hesséf, but dere's no
tam to pray;
For hees sure de dev' shees com at last to tak heem
raight away.
An while dat dam ole hippopot was making for de
shore
Nadeau was making for de bush, for he ain't stay
dere no more.

Som of de ole tam habitant wat's leeving down dat
way
Dey see dat ugly hanimal while he prominade
roun dat day.
Dere sure de world com to de hend an finish up for
fair,
An dere off for Reeve au Canard, to find de priest
down dere.

When de hippopot was satisfy dat he scare dem
all away,
He find de plaice de radishe grow, an dere he spend
de day.
He eat de radishe wat was ripe, an de radishe wat
was green,
Befor he finish up de job, he eat de radish clean.

You know, mah fren, de radishe, dat's not for
steady meal—
You eat a few, and dat will do, an den de gas you
feel.
An when dat hongrey hippopot eat all de radishe
dere,
He swell so fas from all de gas he can't move any-
where.

He cloes hees eye, hees hon de ground, he won't
got up so soon,
For de gas from all dose radishe would fill a beeg
balloon.
Was dat de sound of hurricane? Wat's coming
down de shore?
Wael, no. Dat's joust de hippopot, hees letting
go de snore.

Down comes de ole man Barnam wid a doctaire of
de horse,—
It's Doctaire Rippe, de vetrenaire, de best man in
Ecorse.
He use a pump, he use a saw, he also use a truss,
For de doctaire faind hees much congest inside hees
soffacuss.

So Barnam get hees reever horse, an start back
for de show,
He cross de creek wid Captaine Forbe hon de ferry
boat Argo.
Dose habitant wat get excite, dey all com back
next day,
An since dat tam no hippopot was coming down
dat way.

Poor Pete Nadeau, away she go, from good ole
Petit Cote,
No more feeshing net for Pete, an no more feesh-
ing boat.
Hees hon de inland farm, dey say, bout twelve
mile from de shore,
Hees satisfy to tak no chance hon de reever bank
no more.

NOTE.— It is true that in the sixties, while a wild-beast
show was being transported across Detroit River, a hippo-
potamus plunged from a steamer and remained in the river
for three days.

THE HABITANT'S LAMENT

HON de farm of mah fadere, at de marais below,
Dat's de plaice Ah was born me, a long tam
ago.

De ole house she stands hon de side of de hill—
Ah wish de ole crowd was all leeving dere still.
Ah see de ole home as Ah close up de eye:
Mah modere so dear, an mah fadere clos bye,
But none of dose dear wan was roun me today;
It's too bad de ole tam she's all past away.

Wen we husk it de corn, or to dance we would go,
Wid de ponay we drive in de cart or traineau.
De boy an de gal dey would spark at de gate,
Dere singing of love till de hour she was late.
All mah brodder an cousin an friend was aroun,
Every wan was acquaint wid de odder in town,
An we smoke de clay pipe wid de Canaday Grey—
Ah'm sorry de ole tam she's all past away.

Wen we go to de citay, for tak in de show,
At de Hopperaw House, or de ciercasse you know,
De citay she's quiet, lak de peep wat you meet;
You can drive you're French ponay all over de
street.

An if you walk roun, you can be your own boss—
De cop of de traffic don't pull you across.
Wid your pant in your boot, you're walking all
day;
It's too bad de ole tam she's all past away.

Dere's no motor-ceeke for to mak your jaump
roun—

Dose felleure wat go lak de dev' trou de town.
You cross de street offen, it's joust how you feel,
An you don't hear de bark from de automobile.



A CALL ON RABIDEAU

No lectricetay she was hon de street car,
But de car wid de ponay will pull you as far;
Ah tink, as Ah'm looking aroun me to-day,
It's too bad de ole tam she's all past away.

An now wen Ah tak mah good ponay wid me
An drive to de citay, mah frend for to see,
Ah always mak visit to Pete Rabideau,
Wat keep a saloon, an a hotele also.
Den we have a few drink of de Walkerville Rye
An hees read me de news from de pape bye an bye,
But Ah'm not satisfy. In mah ole fashion way,
Ah'm sorry to see all de change, Ah must say.

De tam she was change, an changing for fair,
Dey say dere's som felleure wat fly in de air
For two tousand mile, to de New York Citay,
An finish de trip fore de close of de day.

Dere's de diving boat "U," she don't com up at all,
She traval below, from de spring to de fall.
Wat's going to becom of de peep? Ah should
say—
It's too bad de ole tam she's all past away.

Dere's dose picture wat's moving aroun at de
show,
A man wid a crank he can start dem to go;
An dey walk an dey talk, and dey laugh an dey
smile,
An som of dem sing in de very best style.
An wen dose man die, dere voice is still strong
An at dere own funeral, can sing dere own song.
Baptême! dere was noting you're sure of today—
It's too bad de ole tam she's all past away.

Dey say if som felleure in Sout-Africay
Was hav a few dollar in monay to pay
He can spic to hees gal in Detroit, Meechegane,
An de gal she can spic to it, raight back agane.
Dose voice hon de air, trou de windmill she go
Dat's seex tousand mile, mah good frend, you know.
Mon Dieu! Wen Ah hear such a news, Ah must
say,
It's too bad de ole tam she's all past away.

Pete tole me som cannon can trow out de ball
Wat go tortay mile before she was fall;
An if dat ball bust, an you're standing close bye,
You're gone for dey don geeve you tam for to die.
Dere's a very bad war, where tree million or two
Was loose all dere life, joust for noting, dat's
true.
An de poor common man, she hav noting to say—
It's a shame dat de ole tam she ain't here today.

French-Canadian Verse.

Ah've no educate, an mah brain is too slow,
Or maybe Ah don't understand it, you know;
But it makes me feel bad, an Ah'm also excite,
De world she is changing from day tam to naight.
She's going so crazay, she's going so fast,
Le bon Dieu, will stop de whole beesness at last.
So Ah'll stay hon de mash, dere'll be hell to pay—
It's too bad de ole tam she's all past away.

THE WRECK OF THE SCOW JULIE PLANTE
(A Legend of Lake Ste Claire)

As Recited and Sung About Detroit in 1870

Revised and Illustrated by Wm. E. Baubie

TWAS wan dark night on Lak Ste Claire,
De win' she blow, blow, blow,
When de crew of wood scow "Julie Plante"
Got scair't an' run below—
For the win' she blow lake hurricane
Bimeby she blow some more,
An' dat scow bus' up on Lak Ste Claire
Wan arpent from de shore.

De Capitaine walk hon de fronte deck
An' he walk hon de hin' deck too—
He call de crew from up de hole
An' he call up de cook also.
De cook shee's name was Rosie,
She come from Monreale,
Was chamber maid hon a lumber barge,
Hon de beeg Lachine Canal.

De win' she blow from nor'— eas'— wes',—
And de sout win' shee blow too,
When dat Rosie gal cry "Capitaine,
Mon cher, w'at will I do?"
Den de capitaine t'row de beeg ankeere,
But still de scow she dreef,
De crew she can't pass hon de shore,
Becos' shee's los' her skiff.



MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)



1.5

1.6

1.8

2.0

2.2

2.5

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16.0



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The Storm

French-Canadian Verso.

De night was dark lak' wan black cat,
De wave roll high an' fas',
W'en de capitaine grab dat Rosie gal
And tie her to de mas'.
An' den hee's tak' de life preserve,
An' hee's jaump off hon de lak,
An' say "Good bye, ma Rosie dear,
I go drown for your sak'".

Nex' morning, very earlay,
'Bout Ha'f-pas' two— t'ree— four—
De capitaine— scow— an de poor Rosie
Was corpses hon de shore"
For de win' she blow lak. hurricane,
Bimeby she blow some more,
An' dat scow bus' up hon Lak Ste Claire,
Wan arpent from de shore.

MORAL

Now all you good scow sailor man,
Tak' warning from dat storm,
An' go an' marry som nice French gal,
An' leev hon wan beeg farm.
Den de win' can blow lak' hurricane,
An' s'pose she blow some more,
You can't get drown on Lak Ste Claire,
So long as you stay on shore.

PHILOSOPHY OF POLEON NADEAU

(“There’s No Good Time to Die”)

I WOULD not die in de spring-tam,
W'en de grass is fresh an green,
W'en you see de morning sky so blue
Wid' de air's so pure and clean.
Your pulse ees strong, you feel alive,
De glou-glou's hon her nest,
De trout hee's waking slowly
From hee's cold an' silent rest.
Each wan you meet ees bright an' gai,
De children run an laugh an' play,
It's de beautiful ole spring-tam—
An' I could not pass away.

I would not die in summer-tam,
Dat's de poor man's tam of year,
De twilaight ees so peacefule,
De moonlight soft an' clear,
Dere's no wan feels lak working,
Dere's no wan seems to try,
But dose evening you'll remember
In de coming bye and bye.
De corn she's waving in de field,
W'ile de breeze will gently blow,
Dat ees de grande ole summer-tam—
An' I don't care den to go.

I would not die in de fall-tam,
Dat's de best tam of de year,
De mash and field shee's fule of gam,
W'ile de hunter's gaun you hear,
De snape an' plovaire prominade
Along de mash an' shore,



POLEON NADEAU

De grey-dock an' de mallarde,
De're knocking at your door.
De black-bass an' de doré
De're looking for de bait,
I could not go in de fall-tam—
Some odder tam— I'll wait.

I would not die in winter-tam,
W'en de snow was hon de ground,
W'en you race de ponay hon de hice,
Wid' de habitant all around.
Most every naight som soiree—
You dance an' sing so free—
You husk de corn an' smoke de pipe,
An' spark de gal till wan, two, tree.
De snow she's fly as you pass by,
Wid' your ponay an' traineau,
It's de magnifique ole winter-tam—
Dat's no good tam to go.

Dees life shee's pass so vere fast,
Down in dees plaice below,
Dere's hardly tam to turn aroun'
Before you have to go.
Your visit's only for a day,
You come, you breathe, an' you're away,
Joust like de foolish shad-fly,
You aint got long to stay.
I find no hour, no tam to go,
In dose season of de year,
For each wan ees more beautifule,
An' each wan is more dear.

De spring's de sun-rise of dat day,
De summer ees de noon,
De fall ees joust de twilight—
De naight ees coming soon.

French-Canadian Verse.

W'en winter wid her snow an' hice,
She lays de shadow hon de laight,
Dat day of life down here below,
Shee's closing softly wid de naight.
So take de journey eazay,
Be content an' satisfy,
You'll find each hour de best to live—
But der's no good tam to die.

I hope I'm sleeping an' at rest,
W'en Le Bon Dieu geeves de call,
I hope I'm dreaming of de best
W'en I must go— dat's all.
I hope som breeze will com an blow
An' find me as I lay,
An' lift me from dees plaice below,
An' blow me far away.
An' if no wan will wake me,
Maybe I'll reach de sky,
Den I'll be happy an' content—
For den I will not die.

French-Canadian Verse.

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