

DIGBY
CHICKENS

CAUGHT AND CURED IN
DIGBY, NOVA SCOTIA

250
13



DIGBY CHICKENS



CAUGHT AND CURED IN
DIGBY, NOVA SCOTIA

BY D. E. H.

00000000

PS 8515
A 85
D 54
1920
P***



TABLE OF CONTENTS.

	Page
"Digby Chickens".....	1
Acadie (Dialect).....	2
In the Spring.....	3
How Dey Deeg Deegbee Gut (Dialect).....	4
Cherries.....	5
"Pop".....	6
When the Digby Tourist Comes.....	7
Feeshin' (Dialect).....	8
Mingled Sweetness.....	10
The Basin.....	11
Ice Cream.....	12
"Jurdantown" (Dialect).....	13
Out-of-Doors.....	14
Lovely Lake.....	16
"Mother".....	17
Au Revoir (Dialect).....	18

00936953



"DIGBY CHICKENS."

They have scales instead of feathers,
They have fins instead of wings,
And are unlike common chickens
In a multitude of things,
But their friends will recognize them,
For, though others may despise them,
They're to us the good old, sweet old
"Digby Chickens."

It is said, by those instructed
In the local fishing lore,
They were caught as little herring
By the weirs along the shore,
In the brine awhile men soaked them
And then hung them up and smoked them
Until they were fit to stencil
"Digby Chickens."

You can boast of Yarmouth bloaters,
And extol smoked gaspereaux,
Or declare that well-smoked salmon
Is the finest fish that grows,
You can rave of finnan haddies,
But for us who are grand-daddies
There's no smoked fish in the world like
"Digby Chickens."

Here's a box of "Digby Chickens,"
Caught, as you may well opine,
In the neighborhood of Digby,
Put to soak in local brine,
In the fumes of meditation
Was completed the creation
Of these simple literary
"Digby Chickens."



ACADIE.

(Acadian-French Dialect.)

Oh Acadie, dem fleurs-de-lis
Is not your sign today,
But still you be, dear Acadie,
De place I lak for stay.

For, Acadie, de Maple Tree
Grow on a t'ousan' hill,
Dat's do for me, ma Acadie,
Ma own sweet countrie still.

Chere Acadie, how glad I be
W'en springtam melt de snow
An' I can see, fair Acadie,
W'ere small mayflower grow.

Now, Acadie, de honey bee
Once more fly to an' fro,
I know dat she, sweet Acadie,
Is love you too, also.

Hear, Acadie, how merrily
De bird sing w'ole day troo,
We all agree, oh Acadie,
No place is lak chez nous.

So, Acadie, please tak' de key
An' lock de outside door,
Answer dis plea, dear Acadie,
Don' let me roam no more.



IN THE SPRING.

Loosened in each icy chain
By the genial sun and rain,
Overflowed with joy the wayside brooks all sing,
No more needing then at night
Hills exchange their blankets white
For a more becoming cover, in the Spring.

When the sap is flowing free
In the sugar maple tree
And the pussy-willows cuddle where they cling,
Then the mayflowers appear,
First and sweetest of the year,
Harbingers of coming beauty in the Spring.

Now the trees begin to bud,
And the sun dries up the mud,
In the orchard in the flash of dainty wing,
All the birds will soon be here
With their minstrelsy of cheer,
And we'll bless their merry music in the Spring.

Days are gliding swiftly by,
Nesting time is drawing nigh,
And true-lovers soon will choose the wedding
ring,
Underneath the mystic moon
Will be wisperings of June,
And the things that fancy turns to in the Spring.

Nature's preference is seen
In her lavish use of green,
Multitudes of cherry trees are blossoming,
Honey bees are all about,
And at last it's time to trout,
Best of all our glad diversions in the Spring.

Doors and windows open wide
To the air on every side,
Golden sunlight is the universal King,
Nature now is teaching men
This sweet lesson, once again,
Human hearts must not be frost-bound in the
Spring.

HOW DEY DEEG DEEGBEE GUT.

(Acadian-French Dialect.)

You know dem mountain, lay
 'Tween de Basin an' de Bay
 W'ere every day de water
 Is rise an' fallin', but
 If you be leevin' here
 For two, tree honder year
 You may never hear how dey deeg Deegbee Gut.

Before de Gut is deeg
 De Basin is more deep
 For some very muddy reever
 Bring plaantee water down
 Till she rise an' overflow
 W'erever lan' is low,
 Leave no place, at all for buil' in' Deegbee town.

From de Joggin' all aroun'
 To de Racquette lan' is drown,
 W'at place you goin' show me
 Buil' flake for dry de feesh,
 An' it kip you goin' some
 W'en dem touris' feller come
 To fin' accommodation lak dey weesh.

So de Beeg Chief', leev dem day,
 Come togedder, an' dey say,
 "Can't put dam on dat reever
 Or mebbe Valley drown,
 So only t'ing to do
 Is deeg Nort' Mountain troo,
 She's one cinch we mus' mak' place for Deegbee
 town."

Dat job look pooty beeg
 But dey all commence to deeg
 An' work de spade an' shovel
 De way you never see,
 W'ere Deegbee got dat hill
 Is some place dem feller fill—
 How dey trow de stuff so far please don' ax me.

Bimeby de job is done
 An' de water start to run
 Until she fin' de level
 De sam' as on de Bay,

Den all dem Beeg Chief' smile,
An' after leetle w'ile
De beeges' of dem all stan' up an' say.

" Better place I never know
For any town to grow,
Deegbee can be de fines'
In de countrie if she will,
So unless somewan git sore
An' fill up de Gut encore,
Deegbee kip her head on top de water still".

Den dem Chief' go far away,
But everywan can say
All t'ing Beeg Chief is spikin'
She's comin' very true,
We still have de Basin dere,
An' as long as Gut is clear,
We have de Bay an' 'Lantic Ocean' too.

CHERRIES.

Cherries, cherries,
This is where they grow,
Fairyland is Digby
When cherry blossoms blow.

Cherries, cherries,
Black and white and red
On a thousand branches
Cluster overhead.

"Cherries, cherries."
Robin trills away,
In the tallest treetop
Feasting all the day.

"Cherries, cherries,"
Far away they hear
This familiar music
Sounding every year.

"Cherries, cherries,"
Back again they come
Digby's son's and daughter's
Hungry to have some
Cherries.



"POP."

" We may prate about the problem
That confronts unmarried females,
But 'twill simply get us nowhere
To step on the stoop and stop,
Doors of privilege will open
To the tactful and persistent,
Who have learned the art of making
The male population pop."

So thought lovely Sarah Smithers,
As she donned a jaunty jacket,
Put her bonnet on and started
For the little corner shop,
With a view to bringing pressure
On a certain William Withers
Who was very fond of drinking
"Soft stuff", commonly called "pop."

Sarah kept the house for father,
But she doted much on William,
Who was not the least inclined to be
A dandy, or a fop;
William came to call that evening
And the trouble soon got started,
For, when she uncorked the bottles,
There was no pop to the pop.

Then she went and brought the pop-corn
And the popper from the pantry
Where she always kept them lying
On the next shelf to the top,
But life's troubles come not singly,
And it drove her 'most distracted,
When, however much she shook it,
The pop-corn refused to pop.

Then she sidled up to William,
Looking woe-begone and pretty,
But he only stared at Sarah,
While he scratched his tousled mop;
When he left her at eleven
She was still an unclaimed blessings,
For, in spite of all her efforts,
William simply wouldn't pop.

But she still was father's darling,
And that gave her consolation,

So she dried her tears, determined
That no one should see her flop;
Then she broke the old pop bottles,
Fed the pop-corn to the chickens,
Jilted William, and you'll find her
Making pop-overs for pop.

WHEN THE DIGBY TOURIST COMES.

When the Winter's cold is over
And the backward Spring is ended
We citizens of Digby have no time to twirl our
thumbs,
All the house is cleaned and dusted
And we mend the broken rocker
So that we can *seat* the Tourist when he comes.

Next we hang the canvas hammock
Underneath the front veranda,
And take an inventory of preserves and pickled
plums,
After that we make arrangements
For some method of conveyance
So that we can *meet* the Tourist when he comes.

Then we gather at the station
With glad smiles upon our faces,
Anxious that the greatest strangers should regard
us as their chums,
It is second nature to us,
Putting on our best behavior,
So that we can *greet* the Tourist when he comes.

We can beat the world's best records
When we get to beating carpets,
And those of us who have them are experts at
beating drums,
Oh it really beats believing,
Our accomplishments in beating.
And you bet we *beat* the Tourist when he comes.

FEESHIN'.

(Acadian-French Dialect.)

T'ree summer touris' feller,
Dunno nam' de House dey stay,
Ax me I will tak' dem feeshin'
In laa motor boat nex' day.

I say, "For sure, wit' pleasure,
I will tak' you, mes amis,
An' we start out in de mornin'
Half-pas' four, or mebbe t'ree."

Dey holler all togeder,
"Dat's too soon for touris' men,
An' I t'ink it suit us better
If we go 'bout half-pas' ten.

"We git de lunch all ready,
Plaintee for you'se'f also,
An' somet'ing for feed de feesh wit',
Lak' de feeshin' book is show."

Nex' mornin' I am startin'
Very early clean ma boat
So dat evert'ing be ready
Half-pas' ten for tak' dem out.

Well, shorten up de story,
She' mos' twelve on top de clock
W'en I hear dem feller comin'
Lak' Ford truck upon de dock.

"Mus' hurry up," dey tol' me,
"Or de feesh will have hees lunch,
Af'er dat she's no use feeshin',
Now's de tam, we got de hunch."

Don' tak' long start de injine,
An' away we go, Put! Put!
Till bimeby we drop de anchor
Two, t'ree mile outside de Gut.

All tam' we're eating beeskit,
Plaintee fruit also dey got,
An' somet'ing dat w'en you drink heem
Dunno if you drink or not.

W'en anchor hit de bottom
Touris' men is t'row some bait,



Drop hees spoon into de water
On de en' of line, an' wait.

In mebbe half-an-hour
Wan dem feller change hees tune,
"T'ink I try some hook wit' bait on,
Dey don' seem lak' eat wit' spoon."

Bait hardly touch de bottom
W'en beeg dogfeesh grab de hook,
Touris' man mos' tumble over,
Never see such fonny look.

Dere's very moche excitement
As de line ronne off de rail,
An' he tol' de 'noder feller,
"Boys, I t'ink I hook de whale."

"Dat's dogfeesh," I was tol' dem,
"How you know, you hear heem bark"?
Dat is w'at some feller ax me,
"I t'ink he's man-eat-heem shark."

It's hard for kip from smilin'
W'en dem touris' look so pale,
"No." I say, "Not hear heem barkin',
But I see heem wag hees tail."

By dis tam win' is blowin',
An' he t'row line overboar';
"Dogfeesh, shark, or feesh-diable,
It is tam we mak' for shore."

So I pull up de anchor,
Head for shore de sam' dey weesh;
Easy tell, de way dey're groanin',
Plaintee now for "feed de feesh."

At las' we reach de lan'in'
An' dem man jump on de shore,
Wipe hees mout' an' say, "Ba Golly
Here's de good ol' lan' once more"

Dey geev me each good l'argent,
Say, "Kip lunch an' fancy line,
Glad you don't let dogfeesh bite us,
Au revoir, she's tam to dine."

Ma children leev on beeskit
Mos' de tam for two, t'ree day,



An' for mak' w'at you call "tidy,"
Wife put nice silk line away.

De spoon go wit' dat tackle,
W'en I tak' de small hook out,
Jes' de t'ing for cut de toot' on,
Dey fit bot' de twin she's mout'.

Good money dat trip geev me,
Better dan de lobster trap,
So I t'ink dat ke'ch de dogfeesh
Mak' it w'at you call "de snap."

MINGLED SWEETNESS.

'Tis good to see the orchards
All up and down the Valley,
In blossom-time embowering
The road in which we drive,
To revel in the fragrance
And beauty of the blossoms
Where honey-bees with sweetness
Have overflowed the hive.

And good it is to wander
Through hardwood-forest arches
When leaves are newly-opened
And sweet wild-flowers blow,
Match-making bees are busy,
And hidden sweets of Nature
Are tribute for their labor
As they fly to and fro.

But orchard here meets forest,
And meeting they have mingled,
While honey that is garnered
From orchard-tree and field,
Is mingled with the harvest
More daring workers gather
From that delicious product
The forest blossoms yield.

Life here has all the sweetness
Of honey from the orchard,
Most delicately mingled
With flavor of the wild;
Like honey-bees, go gather
Your store of mingled sweetness,
And in the ways of Nature
Be Nature's happy child.



THE BASIN.

When the Basin is a mirror
And the fascinated mountains
Are enamored by the beauty
Of their forms reflected there,
Then the South-East wind, in mischief,
Brings his witching pipe to action
And the wakened waves go dancing,
In a moment, everywhere.

Soon the Piper grows exhausted
And the waves sink back to slumber,
While the Basin, brimming over
With the fulness of the tide,
Becomes an artist's palette,
Upon which the Sunset mingles,
In a thousand combinations,
All the colors of her pride.

Richer grow the gorgeous tintings
And the shades are ever deeper,
While more wondrous schemes of color
Wondrous color-schemes displace,
Till the eye no longer functions
And the Basin lies in shadow;
Then the rising Full-Moon floods it
With the glory of her face.

Tempests vex you with their fury,
Swirling tides force constant changes,
On your soiled and burdened bosom
Move our passengers and freight,
And yet you mirror mountains,
And o'erwhelm our souls with splendor,
When the golden light is gleaming
Through the Sunset's open gate.

ICE CREAM.

It may be love of color
Furnished the connecting link—
There were creams and browns to choose from,
And a dainty shade of pink—
It may have been the colors,
In part, that made me think.

Perhaps it was the texture
So smooth and velvety,
Like the finest fruit, tree-ripened,
That fascinated me;
It may have been the texture
That appealed so forcefully.

Or was it the rich flavor,
So delicious to my taste,
With a whole octave to choose from
On the dainty list I faced?
It may have been the flavor,
But I will not speak in haste.

And then there was the coolness,
For the day was very hot
And that dainty frozen poem
Seemed to go right to the spot;
It may have been the coolness,
And I won't say it was not.

There remains the perfect service,
For the room was cool and clean,
And the waitress knew her business,
That was easy to be seen;
It may have been the service
That made me feel so keen.

Or was it a combination
I had never found before—
Color, texture, flavor, coolness,
And the smile the waitress wore?
Yes, the perfect combination
Made me think I wanted more.



"JURDANTOWN."

(Negro Dialect.)

You can brag, you Digby folks,
An' hand us out yer jokes,
Until de big No'th mountain tumbles down,
But you know as well as me
Dat your rale prosperity
Is mos'ly what you gits from Jurdantown.

You whites is mighty keen
About keepin' awful clean,
At ebery little bit of dirt you frown,
But who do you suppose
Scrub de flo' and wash de clo'es
Ef our wimmen don' come in f'om Jurdantown.

You t'ink it's not good fo'm
Ef de house aint allus wa'm,
You can't bear to see de 'mometer go down,
Dat all sounds very good,
But whar you git de wood
Ef it ain't hauled in to you f'om Jurdantown.

So when you make a fuss
'Bout yourse'ves, remember us,
For even if we ain't got much renown,
You would soon find sumpin' wrong
Ef you tried to git along
Widout de *Colored Help* from Jurdantown.

GOD'S GREAT OUT-OF-DOORS.

Fair lies the lake in the moon's soft beams!
We live to-night in a world of dreams,
Never a breath stirs our limp tent-flap,
Our drowsy fire prepares to nap;
Far from the haunts and worries of men
Here we renew our souls again;
The moon rides high in a flood of light —
Our hearts are too full for sleep to-night.

Deep in the forest re-echoes the tone
Of the great horned owl on his bass trombone,
Her voice like the sound of a clarionet
His lady-love joins in the sweet duet,
Far to the right, where the big swamp lies,
A cow-moose calls, and her mate replies,
Its sweet insistence pervading all,
Comes the ceaseless song of the waterfall.

Impudent woodmice, insatiable thieves,
Scamper and rustle among the dry leaves;
An inquisitive rabbit sits, gazing, awhile,
Then plunges headlong in the old brush pile;
A huge bull-frog, on a log half-sunk,
Makes the welkin ring with "Kerunk, chunk,
chunk";
Like the cry of a soul in hysterical fright,
The loon's wild laughter disturbs the night.

I know that whispered-whistling sound,
It's a flock of ducks, see them circle round,
What music their stiffened feathers make
As they glide to rest on the mirrored lake;
Hear their "Quack, quack, quack," as they sport
and dive,

With the very joy of being alive,
I should hate to disturb their innocent fun,
And I'm glad that nobody brought a gun.

Now the moon declines and a night wind stirs,
In the clump of birches a partridge "whirrs;"
The fire brightens, then seems to sleep,
And delightful sensations upon us creep —
Till the cry of the loon rises wild once more,
And a muskrat splashes close to the shore;
Our fire is low and the air is chill,
And dawn is striking the highest hill.

We've all been sleeping — 'twill do us good —
Hand me those pieces of dry hard-wood,



We'll have a bite and a cup of tea—
Hear that robin sing in the tall pine tree.
Aha! The trout are already awake,
See their widening circles all over the lake,
We must get afloat, let the dishes lie,
We'll attend to their washing bye and bye.

Look there! Was ever more charming sight!
A doe and fawn in the dawning light
Come boldly down to the water's brink
And lower their heads for a long, cool drink.
Like golden bell in Cathedral hush,
Comes the mellow note of the hermit-thrush.
Silly red-squirrel, why do you chatter,
A scene like this is no scolding matter.

What a perfect morning, and how they rise,
And strike at the lightly skimming flies;
There's nothing so purges a soul of doubt
As playing a three-pound speckled trout.
Now the dragon-flies join in foolish chase
As the rising sun shows a genial face,
The kingfishers clatter and fuss around,
And like pneumatic drills the woodpeckers pound.

We've caught enough, let's go ashore;
What a time and place to kneel, and adore;
An ineffable Presence seems coming near,
And a subtle Something, is prompting to prayer;
Who planned all this loves the thing He planned,
And must want His creatures to understand;
Near the heart of Nature 'tis sweet to dwell,
For Nature's heart, is His heart, as well.

Oh dear, deep woods, How I dream of you!
And when, oh, when shall my dreams come true?
There are parks, and gardens, not far to seek,
And a thousand wonders of which men speak;
All due regard for the works of man,
And his genius shown in the city's plan,
But I long for the lake with its wooded shores,
And the things in God's great Out-of-Doors.



LOVELY LAKE.

I marvel not thou liest
So mirror-like, at dawn,
A polished, silvery surface
No ripple plays upon,
Save where two soft-eyed creatures
Their thirst, unstartled, slake,
Thou hast so much to mirror,
Lovely Lake,

On high the wooded mountain,
The verdant hills below,
The brightening blue above thee,
Where soft clouds come and go;
Save where the speckled beauties
In rippling circles break,
No marvel thou art placid,
Lovely Lake.

Unruffled, and unsullied,
Thou mirrorest to me,
In softened tones, all beauty
The light reveals to thee;
Of that great One whose garments
So fair a picture make,
I, too, would be a mirror,
Lovely Lake.



“MOTHER.”

The brightness of a golden summer day
When sunlight claims a universal sway
And Nature calls her children out to play.

The beauty and the freshness of the rose
That in the dew of early morning blows
And with the blush of deep affection glows.

The music of the pleasant summer breeze,
The song of birds and murmuring of bees,
Brooks flowing underneath o'erhanging trees.

The breath of blossoms at the close of day,
Fragrance of flowers carpeting the way, [hay.
The scent that floats from fields of new-mown

Sweetness of honey from the summer comb,
When bees are boldest and the farthest roam
To find and bring their choicest treasures home.

The warmth of sunshine tempered by the shade
The interlacing boughs above have made
Where we recline at noontide, unafraid.

The inspiration of a lofty thought,
A phase of truth we long had vainly sought,
To us by some revered life-teacher brought.

The glow of sweet emotion in the breast
When Love arrives, to be an honored guest,
To share and glorify all that is best.

An echo of the Parenthood Divine, [shine
That truth in which such wondrous beauties
Because such earthly parentage is mine.

All these, and whatsoever else there be
Needed to make a perfect harmony,
It takes to tell what “Mother” means to me.



AU REVOIR!

(Acadian-French Dialect.)

Au revoir! I'm very sorry
Dat I now mus' part wit' you,
W'en you are no longer wit' me,
Ah, ma frien', w'at I shall do?
Good long tam I have you near me,
But you now mus' leave for sure,
Oh, its hard for see you goin'—
Au revoir!

Au revoir! We be so happy,
All de summer, you an' me,
Every bird is sing more sweeter
An' de sun shine w'ere we be;
W'en I t'ink de summer's over,
Ah, ma heart is feelin' sore,
Cannot kip de tear from fallin'—
Au revoir!

Au revoir! All troo de winter
W'en I hear de lonesome win'
I will t'ink about nex' summer
Dat will bring you back agin;
How ma heart will dance wit' pleasure
W'en I see your face once more,
So, until dat happy meetin',
Au revoir!

Au revoir! Can't tell de trouble
Dat may come upon us two,
Mebbe bot' won't see de springtam
W'en de winter's col' is troo,
But if one of us is taken
'Fore we meet on eart' encore,
An' nex' meetin' be in Heaven,
Au revoir!

