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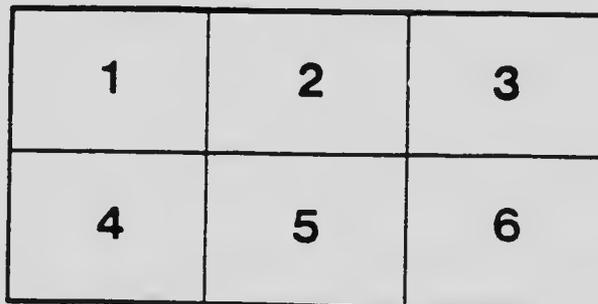
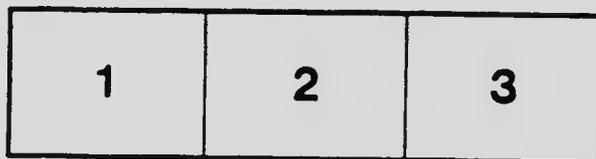
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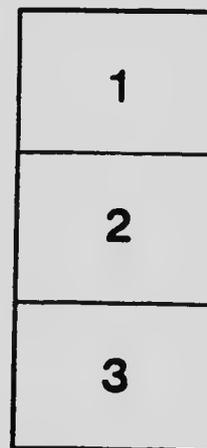
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SONGS OF A SHANTY-MAN



BY
WILLIAM
WILBER
MACCUAIG



SONGS OF A
SHANTY-MAN







H. J. B.
1911.

SONGS OF A ✂
SHANTY-MAN

+++++ AND

OTHER " DIALECT "
POEMS

OF FRENCH-CANADIAN
LIFE

BY WILLIAM WILBER ✂
→ MACCUAIG

With Full-Page Illustrations in
Colour and Black-and-White by
V.M. F. BINGER

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TO
MY REVERED FRIEND
THE RT. HON. SIR WILFRID LAURIER
P.C., K.C., M.P., ETC., FORMER PREMIER OF CANADA
WHOSE LONG AND DISTINGUISHED PUBLIC CAREER HAS
BEEN SO INTIMATELY ASSOCIATED WITH THE
INTERESTS AND ADVANCEMENT OF HIS
FELLOW FRENCH-CANADIAN COMPATRIOTS
OF THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC
THESE POEMS OF SIMPLE HABITANT LIFE ARE DEDICATED
BY GRACIOUS PERMISSION
WITH SINCERE ADMIRATION AND RESPECT

TO RT. HON. SIR WILFRID LAURIER
ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF HIS 66TH BIRTHDAY

SALUT Wilfrid, et Bienvenu,
You're not ole man, h'at 66,
You're smart young fella, good fer you,
An' full lak' mischief, fancy tricks.

Me I 'member well, dat years ago,
When beeg pine trees grow everywhere,
You're jus' small boy, near New Glasgow,
An' dough you're small, not easy scare.

De tam fly round, so very queek,
Dat seem fer me, few days or so;
Bout now you're ole, come 66,
Your hair gets white jus' lak' de snow.

An' yet fer all you're young and queek,
Your heart 'es warm and kin' and true,
So Bonne Santé, at 66:
Salut Wilfrid et Bienvenu.

FOREWORD

AT the solicitation of many friends, who are already familiar with individual selections of my verses, I have been requested to publish in permanent form the following collection of poems, touching on certain aspects of French-Canadian life as presented in the fast-receding lumber camps of Quebec Province.

While it is true that the simple cultivator of the soil, known as the "Habitant," has already become familiar through the work of others, yet the quaint characteristics of the earlier woodsmen are not so generally known or appreciated.

In the history of the important lumber operations of this country a large place must be given to the production of square timber, from its incipient stages, when the white pine, the primitive "Monarch of the Forest," was hewn down by the broad-axe men, drawn over the snowy winter-roads to the network of high mountain lakes by the shantymen, and floated down the

8 Songs of a Shanty-Man

myriad rushing mountain streams to the "Grand River," the Ottawa, there to be lashed into rafts destined for Quebec, to be finally cut into standard lengths and shipped by the big sailing vessels to Great Britain.

It was a life of adventure and hardihood, and produced a breed of sturdy, robust, and big-hearted men, of whom not a few became the pioneers in developing the newer counties along the Ottawa and St. Lawrence rivers.

With the disappearance of the big pine from the Ottawa and St. Lawrence valleys the type of men produced by this industry is likewise rapidly disappearing. Before finally passing into oblivion, it seems fitting that some record of the sterling worth and qualities of this type of pioneer should find some record in Canadian literature. The present little volume of "dialect" verse is an endeavour to faithfully portray this characteristic phase of Canadian life, in which the various types depicted will best tell the story in their own way.

The Author's thanks are in no small measure due to the excellent illustrations by Mr. F. W. Binger, which by their fidelity to life and "local colour" add in no small measure to the interest of the letterpress.

We would conclude these few introductory

Foreword

9

remarks with that great tribute to Nature of
Wordsworth, the poet-philosopher :

“Therefore am I still

A lover of the meadows and the woods
And mountains ; and of all that we behold
From this green earth ; of all the mighty world
Of eye and ear—both what they half create,
And what perceive ; well-pleased to recognise
In Nature and the language of the sense,
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
The guide, the guardian of my heart. and soul
Of all my moral being.”

WILLIAM WILBER MACCUAIG.

MONTREAL, 1913.



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“DAT SHANTY-MAN ”

HE'S de best hearted fella, you ever can meet,
He'il never see you, but you'll mus' tak
some treat,
An' when he's come full—well, you jus' want to
see it.

Dat Shanty-man.

When de fall comes along, you can't keep 'im
somewhere,
He commence fer be lonesome, jus' lak' beeg,
black bear,
You can do your bes' possib', but 'e smells
beans h'on de air,

Dat Shanty-man.

14 Songs of a Shanty-Man

Den 'e looks h'every day, fer head-boss to come
along,
So wid lots of dem fella, he makes fight, fer
keep strong,
An' 'e licks all de res', h'on es gang dat don't
belong,
Dat Shanty-man.

When he's mak' hire fer work, he don't dress
very swell,
Jus' rough bottes sauvage, an' ole chapeau
d'poielle,
Wan beeg Capuchon coat, an' ceinture sash pas
ban belle,
Dat Shanty-man.

But when winter jobs done, an' 'e draws h'all 'es
pay,
Ba gosh e' looks swell, firs' class, so bien gay,
Dress h'up lik' blood fella, on de very bes' way,
Dat Shanty-man.

When at las' 'e comes down from en haut
Gatineau,
He was hire he'em fine horse, an' firs'-class rig
also,
An' go h'off fer some drive, wid he's girl, from
Chapeau,
Dat Shanty-man.

“Dat Shanty-Man”

15

H'all de summer 'e has wan beeg tam dat's
swell,

Go aroun' make some visit, an' mash all de girls,
An' h'all de 'ole woman, say, “He's nice fella
Manwell,”

Dat Shanty-man.

You'll be talk 'bout dem soldier, say “dere such
fine lookin' man,”

An' blow hard lak' de mischief 'bout dem blood
American,

But, by gosh, es looks better, dan all of dat
gang,

Dat Shanty-man.

He's beeg, fat an' jolly, and was always so strong,
An' de best hearted fella, you kin meet all day
long,

An' 'e h'always steeks h'up fer de man, dey run
h'on,

Dat Shanty-man.

When you're stuck fer someting, an' you don't
know what you'll do,

He'll see dat so queek and say, “What wrong
over you?”

Cheer h'up, my dear fren'. Dere's five dollar or
two,”

Dat Shanty-man.

16 Songs of a Shanty-Man

When 'es marry, 'es love well h'es wife and
 countree,

He'll fight well fer de two, no matter where he
 don't be,

"Canada" das' de bes' place, h'on de worl',

 "Bonté Oui,"

 Says, Dat Shanty-man.



THE MAN ON THE PORCH

1915



DE OLE SHANTEE

[T was buil' wid rough log an' square timbere,
Jus' wan door, an' two small windey,
An' de camboose was fix in de middle,
Wid lots of dish an' black pot, rig dis way.

De roof was mik h'out of split cedar,
An' de rain don't get in by some place,
Dat was buil' by wan fella McKeever,
Head-Boss Man, wid no hair on he's face.

De boss, was beeg Scotchman, MacDonald,
From Glengarry en bas, Gaelic too,
He talks language, ba gingo, dat's funny,
An' danse some danse, wid no pants, sure dat's
true.

18 Songs of a Shanty-Man

Fer dat cook me, I don't want to say noting,
De like of dat, you'll never see before,
Firs' class, dat's de bes' I can call it,
What he cooks, every wan wants some more.

H'every morning, we get h'up so h'early,
Before daylight, boys was feed horse 'es hay,
Den de boss 'e was shout h'everybody,
" Hurrah mes hommes, c'est temps d'eleve."

Den h'each man, was get h'off on he's blanket,
Wash 'es face h'on dat tub close de door,
An' wid he'es knife, and some dish h'off de table,
He was make he'es self, h'eat whole lots more.

H'every night when de supper was finish,
'Ole François was tune h'up he'es fiddelle,
Den some fellas dey danse, jig dat's Irish,
Wit boys what's dress 'im h'up, lik' de girl.

Dere 'es Bob Moorehead, boss foreman for
Gillies,

Pierre Latour, Joe LeBlanc, Charlemangue,
Jule Poquin, Bill LeDuc, Desjardin, chore-boy
cook,

An' Brisbois and his brudder, Antoine.

Ah, dere's no place, my frien', like de shantee,
Wid dat smell, pork an' beans, so lovely,
Du bon pain, soup aux pois an' de bouillon,
" Dat's de stuff fer fella what's hungree."

De Ole Shantee

19

So whenever de fall she's 'be comin',
An' de cole win' was make bare de tree,
My heart she's commence fer get lonesome,
Fer de bush smell dem beans an' shantee.



DE CAMBOOSE

YOU was never see de Camboose,
On de shanty, long ago,
Well my fren', you sure miss someting,
H'ask h'Alex, ef dat's not so,
Fer we work long tam togeder,
Away h'up Ottawa en haut,
An' we lak' dat Camboose better,
Dan whole jing bang, your fancy stove.

You was never see wan Camboose?
Well by gosh, dat's funny ting,
An' you say you work h'on shanty,
On de States, h'up Michigan,

De Camboose

21

Well, my fren', I like fer tole you,
Dem 'es not shanty at all,
But jus' dem good fer notin' concern,
Dat was bus' h'up on de fall.

But de real Camboose dat's diffen'
An' me, I lak' dat, far de bes'—
If you never tas' dem pork and beans,
I know you'll say, "Give me de res'."
Fer dat bread, mak' h'on dem h'ashes,
Me I can't say noting more,
But when you'll smell dat h'after dinner,
Gosh—you're hungry, lak' before.

Fer dem bean, an' soup an' bouillon,
All dose firs' class deesh cook dere,
Fix up h'on dose pot an' chaudron,
You can't get like dem—somewhere.
All dem cook an' beeg chef-fellas,
On dem bes' first class hotel,
Can't cook at all, dere stuff lak' dat,
What taste 'way down, your throat so
well.

On de h'evenin', when we'er finish,
H'all our work an' supper's done,
De cook 'e feex beeg fire h'on Camboose,
Den we commence fer have some fun,

22 Songs of a Shanty-Man

Aroun' dat fire, we sing some chansons,
"En roulant," an' "Le Brigadier,"
Danse some danse, an' tole dem story,
'Bout dem 'ole tam, h'on Black Riviere.

Den Vieu François tole dat story,
'Bout dat beeg feesh, he was catch,
En haut Riviere Madawaska—
An' we h'all h'our head was scratch,
When 'e say,—“ An' when I'll catch him,
Ba jingo—you h'ought to see it,
When I'll lan' heem h'on dat shore—
Dat ole river—fell ten feet.”

Nex' Ole Alex tole us histoire,
How dem sauvage, was fight en haut,
Run beeg canoe, dere wan morning,
Down dem rapide call de Schneaux,
How dat fella, boss MacDonald,
Was catch dem dere, an' crack 'es neck,
Lock he'em h'up h'on 'ole scow cabane,
An' took her down en bas Quebec.

When at las' dem story's feenish,
All hands mus' get h'on 'es bed,
Den dem teamster fix 'es horses,
An' cook, feex h'up dem beans and bread,

H'every bunk, h'es full an' snorin'
Wid dem fella, what sleep dat way
Dat's not long tam, till boss 'es shoutin',
"Hurrah mes hommes, Grand jour. Elevé."

Dat's de tam, dat shanty's lively,
H'every man mus' h'up and dress,
An' de firs' wan at dat Camboose,
Gets dem beans what's far de bes'.
So my fren', when you'll hax me question,
About dem 'ole shanty, and how we'll do?
I'll h'answer—"You can keep your Yankee
 cookin'—
But give me de h'ole fashion Camboose.



CHORE-BOY PIERRE

HE'S pure Canadien,
From Calumetten Quebec,
Got no fadder, no modder,
He jus' grow, I h'expect',
He's not very beeg fella,
An' he's not much too small,
I don' know where he pass de summer,
But 'e turns h'up h'every fall.

He's black, lak' de mischief,
Jus' locks lak' tree-part squaw.
When 'e laughs, dat's all h'over,
Wan dem beeg "Haw," "Haw," "Haw,"
Till h'every wan h'on dat shanty
If he don't bus', dat's lucky chance,
An' ole Morisette laugh so hard,
'E near jump h'off h'on h'es pants.

Fer mak' fun an' amusement,
De lak' you'll never see dat,
'E makes come mad ole Joe Godin,
Who says, "De dev', e's under dat hat,"
H'all de same, 'e's not bad fella,
Works lak' steer, an' do 'es bes',
An' Joe Deroin, head-boss foreman,
Says "Chore-boy Pierre beats all de res'."

He can cook, chop an' wash,
Make good bread, firs'-class beans,
An' fer dem fancy deesh,
Gosh, de lak' of dat, don' be seen.
He's de bes' handyman,
On dat gang you can fin',
An' to roll on saw logs,
'E can do dat, if 'e's blin'.

H'on de reever 'e's smart,
Can run rapide on canoe,
An' wan day on Calumette
He run wan square steek, safe trou',
When 'e come h'out down below,
He jump h'off on grand Roche,
And fer all dat 'e don' wet,
Wan dem match d'on 'es poche.

He's de firs' h'every morning,
Fer get h'up 'fore daylight,
Feex beeg fire h'on de camboose,
An' see h'every ting she's h'all right,

26 Songs of a Shanty-Man

So when a' dem pots boilin',
An' Cook MacDon's e's ready,
Pierre was shout h'on everybody,
"Lève, Lève, mes hommes, Temps dejeuner."

When de Spring she comes along,
An' dat raf's all ready,
An' we start for Quebec,
'Bout de middle h'off May,
Den Pierre commence fer dress,
An' feex h'up very swell,
He puts on full-blood style,
Fer mash h'up all de girl.

From en haut à Bryson,
An' Bryson à Quebec,
'E has wan girl on h'each town,
An' loves dem all, I expec,'
Dey be watch h'all de summer,
Fer dat raf' arrive dere,
An' when we snub at dem place,
Dey sing h'out, "Hello Pierre!"

Dat's de way h'every saison,
From de Spring, right straight troo,
Till we'll arrive at Quebec,
An' dere he's got dozen or two,
But wan day dat's all feenish,
Dat whole beesness she's h'upset,
When Marie Laframboise, she ax heem
"Why don't you marry get?"

Chore-Boy Pierre

27

So dat question, e's queek answer,
Now e's hookit on fer life,
Marie, she's weigh about two hundred,
Dat's not bad h'armful of wife.
Dey leeve long tam near L'Assomption,
Got wan familee, 'bout twenty-two,
So my fren', my story 'es feenish,
Au Revoir, take care fer you.



"ME OLE CANOE"

O ME ole Canoe,
She's good an' she's true,
An' she's carry me safe many year,
On de river or lake,
Every way dat I'll take,
I'll never be have any fear,
Fer she skips 'long so neat,
An' she's lookin' so sweet,
When I paddle along de stream,
Dat I feel me so happy, so safe, and so sure,
An' I'll enjoy dat, jus' lak' de nice dream.

O me ole Canoe,
I love her well too,
She's de frien' I lak' always de bes',
Fer I'll try her so well,

On beeg rapide an' swell,
An' she always was stan' well de tes',
She's nice, light, an' strong,
An' she's not too long,
Can skeep lak' de bird on de wing,
So me heart's always glad,
An' I'll never feel sad,
When I paddle, I h'always sing.

O me ole Canoe,
She was carry me thro'
Safe an' sure, on dem rapide an' fall,
Fer de bark es so light,
An' she's dry, good, an' tight,
Dat I'll never get wet, me at all,
So I'll sing leedle song,
While I'll paddle along,
'Fore daylight when de sky 'es so gray,
Wid Carlo on de bow,
Lysin' quiet, makin' no row,
Me, I'm happy fer stay dere all day.



ANTOINE DE FERRY-MAN

HE was leeve h'on dat shore,
Fer good many years more,
An' mak' h'all dem people traverse,
Wid dat beeg scow an' boat,
He was take some good load,
An' de people 'e drown, dey was scarce.

In de Spring, when de h'ice
Was not pile h'up so nice,
An' dat's danger fer pas h'on some more,
Wid he's long sharp pike-pole,
Antoine was soon make some hole,
Fer mak' pass dat ole scow on de shore.

When de water 'e's high,
An' de Spring flood pass by,
He was row h'up de h'eddy, dis side,

Antoine de Ferry-Man 31

Den 'e run down de middle,
Jus' 'k' bow, cross wan fiddle,
An' he lan' h'every tam, safe, h'all right.

He was sleep h'on 'e's bunk,
H'every day jus' lik' skunk,
Roll up in wan ball, nice an' quiet,
When some wan blows dat horn,
Ole Antoine shouts, "Hole on!
Sapristi! Can't you wait jus' wan minute?"

Wan day, some boys come,
An' dey steal dat ole bun,
Away h'up 'bout a mile on de shore,
When Antoine fin' dat's gone,
He was swear, 'bout dat long
Till 'es hair was all burn h'off before.

Noder day, balky horse,
Come along, want to cross,
An' he'es take heem h'on board dat beeg scow,
H'all at once dat horse keek,
An' make some dem fancy treek,
So Antoine 'e don't live, no more now.

Ba gosh, dat's too bad,
Dere's some wan don't feel glad,
Dem poor man, dey can't pass no more free,
I suppose le Bon Dieu,
Was make pass Antoine too,
On dat place, where He's boss, beeg Ferry.

32 Songs of a Shanty-Man

Me, I hope me, some day,
When I'll come fer traversez,
On dat Riviere, so beeg, black an' wide,
An' when dat las' beeg storm blow,
What makes me much afraid so,
De Grand Pilot will make me cross, safe, all right.



'BOUT DE LADY H'OF DE SNOW

DEY be talk about de wedder
In dis country, "Dat it's cole,"
An' dat h'Engleesh-fella Kiplin'
Tinks we're froze on de North Pole;
But, ba gosh, 'e don't know noting
'Bout h'our lan', an' how she's grov
Ef 'e did, 'e'll change 'e's notion,
'Bout de "Lady h'of de Snow."

Dat's true enough, we've got de Winter,
An' h'our wedder's hard to beat,
An' dere's someting in de h'air here,
Dat makes you kick your feet.
Yet all de same, I lak' dat fine me,
Fer it makes ye smart to go,
You can't put on too much hustle,
When de fros' she cracks de snow.

34 Songs of a Shanty-Man

We hear tole lots of story,
'Bout de man what es behin',
Dere's de man behin' de ole gun,
An' dere's de man behin' de tam',
An' dere's some fellas tink dey know it
all,

What leeve across de sea,
But dey make wan great, beeg meestake,
'Bout de wedder, on dis countree.

Fer we're not pile up, wit' snow-bank,
From de Spring de whole year roun',
An' dere's more dan beeg white snowball,
H'on dem h'apple-tree, dat's foun'.
Ef you'll drop roun' h'on September,
An' make leedle tour wid me—
I'll be show you rose-red h'apple,
Wid cheek lak' girl, h'on dat same tree.

In de Summer, when I'm workin'
On de farm, cuttin' de hay,
Gosh, it's hot—jus' see me sweatin'—
I'm very scare I'll melt away,
Fer de sun's 'e gets up h'early,
You can boil h'eggs on de groun',
An' 'e makes you wishin' h'often,
Some dem snow-banks could be foun'.

'Bout de Lady h'of de Snow 35

I'll be travel many countree,
Work in h'Egypt h'on de Nile,
Fire some gun off in de Soudan,
De tam we feex dem nigger wile ;
Den I'll pass me h'on de Klondike,
Dere's it's cole. Well, yes, Sir-ree,
Den I'll try job on de States, too,
Wid Joe Leduc, on Kankakee.

But in all dem place I'll travel,
Dere's no place lak' ole Kebec,
Plentee work, an' healthy wedder,
What more kin fella h'expect' ?
On' de Winter tam we're happy,
Lots of wood, an' plentee snow,
Carnival, an' jolly pleasure,
Drivin' roun' in ole burrow.

Here we've got de lan' h'of sunshine,
Plentee room an' good fresh h'air,
H'every saison, has 'es pleasure,
An' fer wile beas', don' be scare,
An' h'our lan' can grow de bes' crop,
Of all kin', you never saw,
So I'm not ashame, at all, fer sayin',
"Hurrah pour Kebec, an' Canada."

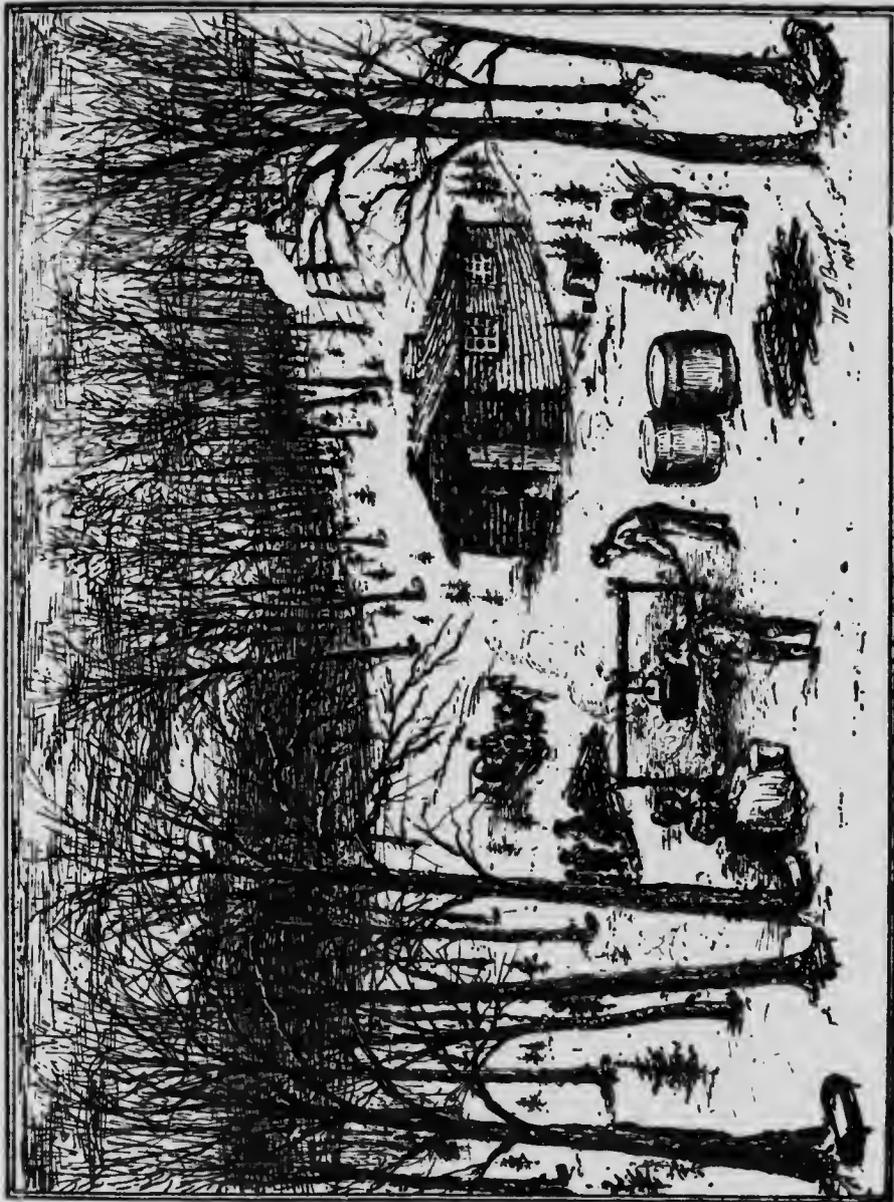
MONTREAL,
December 16, 1908.



MAKIN' DE SUGAR

ME I don' lak' de way dey'll be makin' de
sugar,
Dem new-fashion plan, don' be catch me at
all,
It may be h'all right, fer dem Yankee-blood-
farmer,
Oh h'Engleesh-man comin' noder side, from
Cornwall.

Dem great beeg tin pan, wid a fire undernear
'em,
Or stove wid dat flat deesh, lak' chef in hotel,
All feex h'up inside of a cabanc dat's keepin'
Away all de pleasurement an de good smell.



MAKIN' DE SUGAR

38 Songs of a Shanty-Man

Am only poor habitant, very ole fashion',
Dat's maybe the bes' way to leeve h'after a'l,
Fer de more what you got, it don' make you
so happy,
But jus' geeve you bodder, to die, an' leave it all.

All de same, me I got me, de plan fer do
someting,
Some people may tink dat she's ole-fashion' too,
But I lak' me de bes' fer to h'always be happy,
So I'll steek to de ole way, whatever I'll do.

I've got fine sugar bush, noder side, near de
medda,
Where de hard maple grows roun' de rock on
de hill,
So when de sun's gettin' warm, I'll be feex h'up
already,
Make dem trough h'out of wood, so de sap 'e
won't spill.

Den we'll go h'out wan day an' make cut in de
maple,
On de side nex' de south, where de sun's keepin'
warm,
An' feex in bit of cedar, wid hollow in de
middle,
So de sap can run down, dat's our way on de
farm.

Den wid joug on de shoulder an' one pail at each
end it,
We gadder de sap in de bright h'afternoon,
An' Joe Leduc hitch le grises to de ole wooden
jumper,
An' drives roun' wid dem barrel, fer to gadder
dat soon.

So when de dark comes, an' de chore e's all
feenish,
De boys an' de girl dey be come from h'all
roun'
Wid horse on burlow an' warm buffalo an'
blanket,
Dey don' min' de cole, when so much pleasure-
ment's foun'—

Wid beeg chaudron swingin' right over de fire,
An' sparks flyin' high in de sharp frosty air,
It don' be much wonder, some ole girl gets
foolish,
An' begins makin' eyes at some young fella
dere.

Ah, dere's no place, ma fren', dat make your
heart soften,
An' gives you dat feelin', dat's de nices' of all,
Lak' de fun we have dere, when we're makin' de
sugar,
Or de danse on de barn-floor we hav' on de fall.



“DAT'S LAURIER”

WHO'S dat raise h'all de row 'e can,
When 'e's small boy, h'also beeg man,
An' gets dere firs' mos' h'every tam?
Dat's Laurier.

Who's dat, when 'e's young lad at school,
Was at de top 'es class, no fool,
Can fight lak' mischief an' keep cool?
Dat's Laurier.

Who's dat when partee Liberal
Was all bus' up on N. P. wall,
'E save dat ship safe trou' it all?
Dat's Laurier.

“ Dat’s Laurier ”

41

When partee Conservateur was run,
An’ on ’es side got all de fun,
Who’s Jat was firin’ off ’es gun?
Dat’s Laurier.

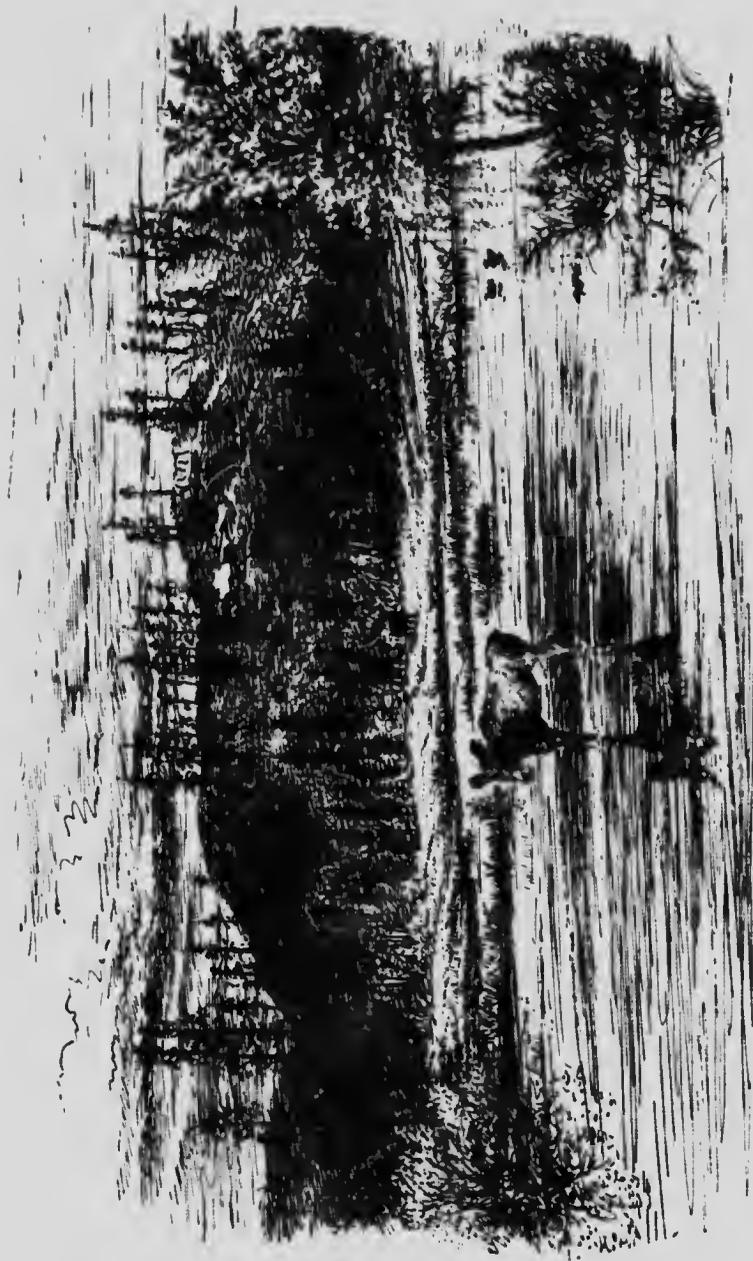
Who’s dat, when Boer in h’Africa,
Raise beeg hurrah about some law,
’E feex ’im wid sodger from Canada?
Dat’s Laurier.

Who’s dat, when our good Queen she die,
Advise dem people fer to try,
Dat young fella—de Prince, so shy?
Dat’s Laurier.

Who’s dat, when in politique dey fight,
An’ knock h’each oder out of sight,
Was settle h’everything all right?
Dat’s Laurier.

Who’s dat, when ’e’s gone far away,
De people’s lonsome every day,
De crop ’s bad, and dere’s no hay?
Dat’s Laurier.

Who’s dat dey blame for h’everything,
When dere’s damp wedder and cole spring,
But ’e jus’ smiles an’ says, “ By jing ! ”—
Dat’s Laurier.



DE SAISON I LAK' BES'



DE SAISON I LAK' BES'

WHEN de go-glu h'on de medder,
'E was sing 'es little song,
An' de blackbird h'on de tree-top,
'E was call de whole day long ;
When de partridge she'll be jumpin'
An' was run away an' hide,
An' you'll hear de bull-frog callin'
To dat fella noder side.
Oh dat's de tam I'm watchin',
An' I'll listen at everyting,
All de bird an' bush an' flower
Dey be tole me

—Dat's de Spring.

By'm'bye upon de mountain,
Me I'll tak me pole wan day,
An' I'll rigget up dat feesh-line,
Good an' strong fer catch doré ;

44 Songs of a Shanty-Man

Den before de daylight wakes up,
I'll be walk seex mile or more,
An' wid David Alex Beauchamp
We'll be catchet feesh galore :
h'On de swamp we'll see de young deer,
Wit' 'es modder by 'es side,
Drink de water h'on de cole spring,
For she's hot,
—Dat's Summer tam.

When de 'squito an' de black fly
Bite you hard behin' de ear,
An' beeg t'under-storm 'es comin',
Spoil yer trip an' mak you swear ;
Fer de trout deir bitin' bully,
An' you'll not be ab'e to stay,
Cos dat t'under-man was scare you,
An' dem fly dere so hungree.
Oh dat's de tam you're lonesome,
Fer de bush she's smell so fine,
An' yer heart feels sore fer leavin',
Cause dat's de good
—Ole Summer tam.

But de bes' h'of all, I lak' me,
Dat's de tam de work's all done,
When de fall she's come along,
An' me ole dog 'e smell de gun ;

De Saison I Lak' Bes' 45

So I'll go h'off before daylight
h'On dat swamp close by de lake,
Lie down dere an' watch fer blue-bill,
Till I'll got de belly-ache :
Fer dey scare so queek an' lively,
An' deir flyin' up so high,
Dat you feel jus' la' wan schoolboy,
Shootin' peas
—h'Off h'on de sky.

Me I don' know noder countree,
Ef you'll be travel all aroun',
What can beat dis lan' we got here,
Sure, I don' tink kin be foun' :
h'On de Winter, h'on de Summer,
h'On de Fall an' h'on de Spring,
Keep you're gun an' line all ready,
Fer you sure can catch someting.

(Copyrighted December 30, 1908)



JOE SIMARD, FROM KEBEC

DERE was a man called Simard in Kebec,
Very bad, h'all bus' h'up, a beeg wreck ;
When he reached purgatoire,
Great beeg h'angel was dere,
At de door he ask Joe fer 'es cheque.

De h'angel says to him, " Who are you ?
Tole your name here before you pass thro'."
So Joe says, " I'm Simard,
From Kebec—for purgatoire."
Says de h'angel, " Va tans. Don't know you."

Dat mak Joe Simard feel lak' swear ;
'E was mad, an' raise row lak' black bear.
Den 'e say, " I'll try Heaven,
Sapriste ! I'll get even,
Dere's some Montreal fellas in dere."

Joe Simard, from Kebec 47

So 'e goes h'up to de gate an' gives knock,
Where St. Pierre sits inside de beeg box.
'E says, " Who are you?
Ques'que c'est? Ques'que tu vu?
Joe Simard ! keep away from dis block."

Joe Simard tinks 'e's down on 'es luck,
An' feels de whole beezness 'e'll chuck ;
But 'e says, " Dere's wan place,
Dough she's hot lak' the blaze.
I'll go dere and see de ole Buck."

So 'e ties h'up 'es bag on 'es back,
An' fer dat hot place make a break ;
When 'e arrived at de door,
De ole Buck give beeg roar,
An' says, " Joe Simard, you're too bad for us
here :
Pack h'up an' go back to Kebec."



MA GRAN'MÈRE AND DE OLE
SPINNIN'-WHEEL

BY de ole fireplace, in de warm cornere,
Ma Gran'mère she'll be sit all de day,
She's 'ole now an' gray, jus' about h'eighty-year,
But she's young in de heart, an' so gay.

An' she lak's bes' to sit, wid de ole spinnin'-wheel,
Spin de wool, till it's nice fine an' strong,
While de chil'en dey gadder aroun' near her side,
An' she sings to dem' sweet leedle song.

She's spinnin' de yarn on dat ole-fashion' wheel,
Wid 'er foot she keep tam to de tune,
'Bout de poor leedle lam', got los' on de storm
An' de road 's very rough, and no moon.

But de shepherd 'es come wid 'es dog fer de
sheep,
An' e' finds dat leedle lam' all alone,
An' de dog knows de road thro' de dark rough
place,
So dey follow, an' 'e brings dem safe home.

So she spins wid de wheel, an' pulls out de wool,
An' tole dem nice story—wid a song,
When de sun's es gone to sleep, noder side of de
hill,
An' de night es so dark, cole, an' long.

Den we all lak' to come close beside roun' de
fire,
An' de work es all done fer de day,
An' de leedle bird's feenish sing 'es song on de
tree,
An' de res' of de worl's gone away.

Dat's de tam I lak' bes' fer to see ma Gran'mère,
Sittin' dere wid 'er wheel makin' spin,
An' her face looks so sweet, an' 'er lovely gray
hair,
We ferget all 'bout de cole an' de win'.



“ PUSH H'UP IN FRONT ”

'T WAS gettin' dark so very fas'
When h'up Rue Bleury dere was pass,
Wan street car, jam wid peop'e full,
De Conductor give de bell wan pull,
An' pass 'es box already full,
An' shouts—“ Push h'up in front.”

De peop'e, dere pack in lak' sardine,
In front, behin', an' all between,
An' some was hang on by de hair,
While lots was wish, 'e wasn't dere,
But still Conductor h'ax fer fare,
An' says, “ Push h'up in front.”

But when we reach Rue St. Catherine,
Beeg crowd, h'outside tries to get h'in,

“ Push h’up in Front ” 51

Dey swear, and wish street-car concern,
Was in dat place, where dey’ll be burn,
Yet all de tam, Conduc’ Laverne,
Was yell, “ Push h’up in front.”

When all at once dere was loud crack,
An’ h’every-wan fell on ’es back,
An’ h’on my knee was sittin’ down
Wan girl, she weigh two hundred poun’;
Yet Joe jus’ pass ’es box aroun’
An’ shout “ Push h’up in front.”

Dat double shock, she’s hard on me,
Street-car concern—don’t care, Sapre—
So long’s dey get you pay de fare,
Dey’ll lan’ you somehow ; get you dere ;
Cheer h’up ma fren’s and don’ be scare,
But jus’—“ Push h’up in front.”

MONTREAL,
Dec. 10, 1910.



WHEN MARIE BAKE DE BREAD

BY de side of de road,
An' in under de tree,
Dat's the place where me Marie,
She was liket fer be,
When she'll feex h'up de flour,
On bread-box in de house,
Me I'll chop some nice wood,
When I'm done milk de cows.

Den I'll mak' wan nice fire,
Till de coal dey be red ;
Dat's me job h'every tam,
When Marie bake de bread

When Marie Bake de Bread 53

Me I'll feex dat wid stone,
All cover h'over wid mud,
Jus' wan hole on e's back,
So e's warm, tight an' good.

When de long summer day,
She's jus' about done,
An' I'll feenish dem job,
At de sleep of de sun,
Den I'll pass h'off de field,
Wid nice sky bright and red,
Me I'll catch dat good smell,
Marie's baket de bread.

When Marie puts dem pan,
Wid beeg paddle in dere,
Dere's no bread tast' lak' dat,
On dis' side Lac St. Pierre,
Fer de crus' 'es so sweet,
And de roll look so neat,
Gosh—dat ole fashion bake-oven,
She's hard fer to beat.



LEEDLE BATEESE

L EEDLE Bateese to say de leas'
Es de bes' leedle boy I got,
'E's good to 'es mudder,
An' kin' wid 'es brudder,
An' 'elp 'es gran'mère quite a lot.
But 'e fights wid dem fella,
Dat's Irish, Kensella.
Till some tam 'e'll be got de black eye,
But 'e fights dem again,
Yet 'e never complain
Dough dey punch 'im so 'ard 'e don' cry.

Leedle Bateese, 'es de queer leedle beas'
'E's jus' as fon' fer work as of play ;
In de sunshine and shower,
Don't matter what hour,

When you call 'im, 'e's h'always ready.
'E'll be fetchin' de cow,
Or drive horse on de plow,
At daylight or dark, 'e don't care,
But 'e likes bes' take de gun,
Give de rabbit som' run,
Or 'e jus' a leav', go h'after de bear.

O ma Leedle Bateese,
We'll be make you a pries',
Fer you'll mak' a good wan I'm shure,
You'll be good, kin' an' true,
Lots of nice ting you'll do,
Fer de people dat's seek and so poor ;
You'll be mak' de nice prayer,
Fer de wan dat's not dere,
An' raise wan beeg row 'bout someting,
But when you get h'ole,
An' you'll feel your feet cole,
Your heart she'll be warm lak' de spring.

So have your good play,
Don't be lonesome --but gay,
While youre ole fader an' moder dere near,
Fer you'll soon be beeg man,
Have to work hard 's you can,
You'll maybe miss dem because dere not here,
So cheer h'up and don't cry,
Lak' a good leetle boy,

56 Songs of a Shanty-Man

Go h'off an' shoot duck wid de gun,
While your fader 'e'll smoke
An' tell your moder some joke,
Till de Bon Dieu He'll be call dem come home.



CHRISTMAS TAM'

ME I lak' de Christmas better,
Dan all de res' of holiday,
For dere's someting in de wedder
What was mak' your heart so gay,
Den you lak' fer give some present,
Same's you glad fer get some thing,
An' your neighbor's all so content,
Fer 'es laugh has got good
"Happy New Year" 'e'll be wishin',
"Christmas box" dat's what I'll call ;
On ole Quebec dat's jus' our fashion,
An' dat's not bad fashion at all.

MONTREAL,
November 15, 1906.



DE PETITE ETÉ SAUVAGE

WHEN de sun es soft an' mellow,
An' de leaf es yellow, yellow,
An' de nut es droppin' down, from de tree upon
de hill,
An' de h'air es warm an' cozy,
Makin' you feel dozy, dozy,
An' all over de country, h'everything es very
still.

When de habitant es plowin',
An' dem crows in crowds dere rowin',
Where 'e turns h'up de fresh ground, wid dem
horse that beeg and strong.
An' de riveer sleepin', sleepin',
Jus' de same de lake es keepin',
An' you'll hear de black duck quackin', in de
grass aroun' de pon'.

De Petite Eté Sauvage 59

O, I get de lonesome feelin'
To go 'way up, where's I'm hearin'
Dem patridge play de drum, on dat ole log
be de mill,
Fer de leaf es fallin', fallin',
An' de moose es callin', callin',
To es chum 'way up the valley, where de lake
es close de hill.

Me I'm gettin' ole an' lazy,
An' me h'eye es blin' an' dazy,
But le petite été sauvage, es make me feelin'
young once more,
So I'm lookin' at me canoc,
While I'm wonder what I can do,
Fer I'm feelin' far too stiff now, to paddle like
before.

O, to h'every wan dere's comin'
Dem days when 'e'll be sunnin',
An' de leaf es fallin' roun' 'im, an' 'es day es
nearly done,
But de Bon Dieu makes dat briter,
A ' your heart feels all more lighter,
Ef you'll jus' let Him be Pilot, on dat las' long
trip you run.

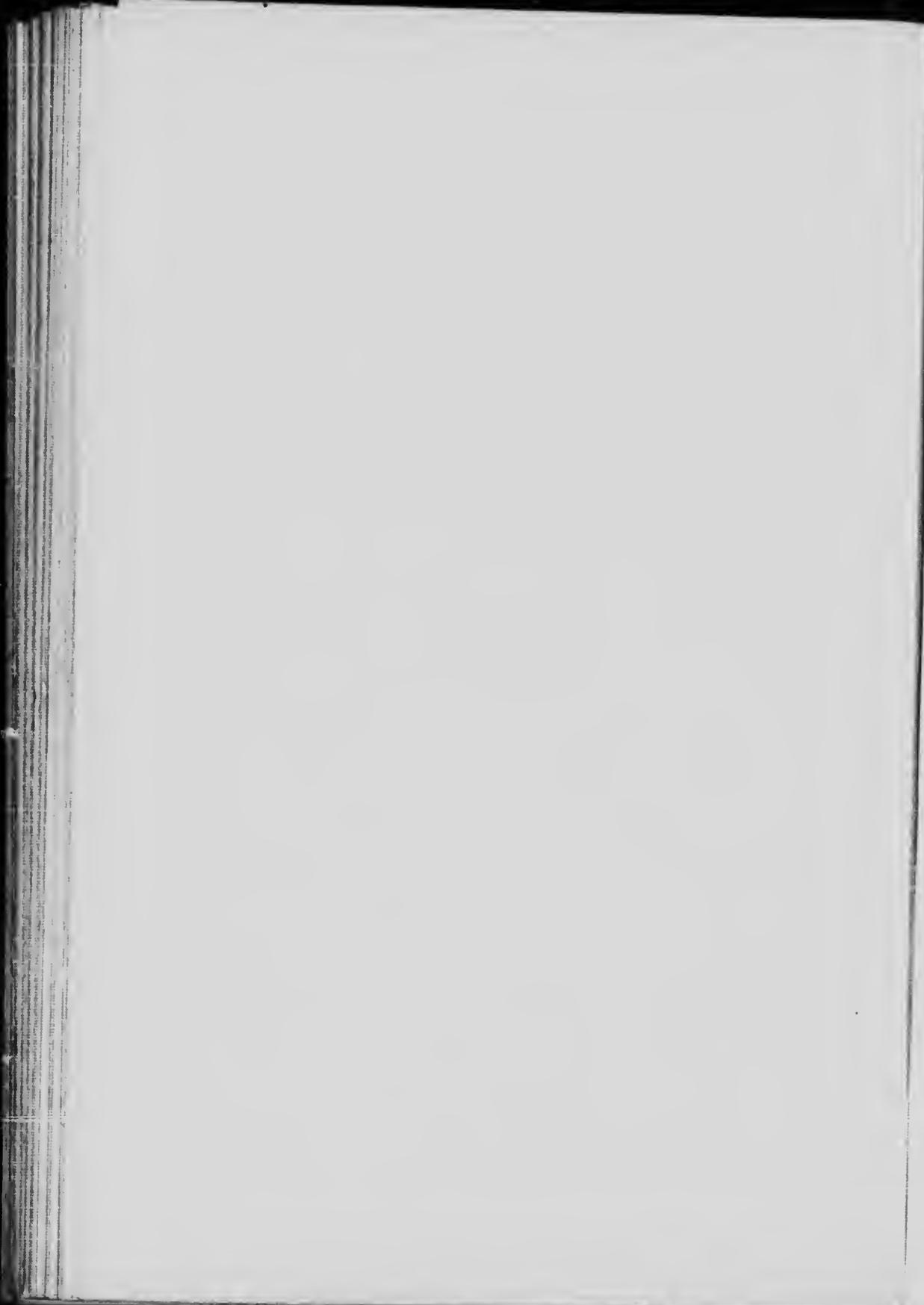
November 15, 1912.



DE OLE BURLEAU

| LAK' me to drive in de ole burleau,
When de wedder es cole,
An' dere's lots h'of snow ;
An' dem sleigh-bells jingle so nice and sweet,
An' you've plentee buffalo
To keep warm your feet,
Wid me girl Felecite, sittin' close 'side me,
Dat makes me so happy! Jimminy! Gee!
Den I'll tole me horse, "Git along dere fas',"
Fer I don' want dem fella
What's behin' to git pass ;
So I'll crack me whip, an' say, "Avance donc,
Tom,"
An' I'll push h'on de line,
To make 'im git along.
I'm sure, you wish yourse'f, you was me,
Havin' such a jolly tam, well, yes-sir-ee!





On de ole burleau, when dere's plentee snow,
An' de road es full,
h'Of dem beeg caho's,
Dat's de bes' fun h'of all, to be drivin' queek,
Till dem fella dat's behin'
Dere feelin' pretty sick,
An' de girl hangs h'on, wid 'er arm roun' you,
What you tink, den, a fella es goin' fer to do?

O, de ole burleau, dat's de rig I lak' bes',
She's low and warm,
From de win' in de Wes',
Don' know nodder sleigh, can carry you along,
So cosy an' safe,
When dere's beeg, rough storm,
No matter how de Nort' Win' blow an' blow,
You're always very cosy in de ole burleau.

Wan day I'll be pass me h'on de road to go,
Wid me girl fer a leedle trip,
h'On dat ole burleau,
I meet wan dem blood fella, wid 'es h'aut'mobile
De machine stuck h'on de snowbank,
All bus' h'up an' spill,
'E was talk much 'bout some, "Damn"!!!
But de ting won't go,
Me, I've got no troub' lak' dat wid me ole
burleau.



DE DANSE ON DE HOUSE OF
LETOUR

DAT'S tree weeks ago nex' week, ma dear
fren',
Dere was danse at ma brudder-in-law,
'E leeve at Gros Bec, tree weeks below Kebec,
An' 'es name dat pretty, haw, haw.

De name of ma brudder-in-law dat's Letour,
Some tam 'e h'invite de beeg gang,
Some dey come from en ville, dey dress very
swell,
An' some dey come from le campagne.

De Danse on de House of Letour 63

You never be dere, you can't say fer dat,
What fer 'es make dat beeg spree,
Dey danse Irish jeeg, an' beeg reel en quartre,
Wid nice girl, de lak' you'll never see.

Dere was Rocque Papineau, 'e works on de
canal,
Pierre Letour an' Eloise Transmontagne,
Madelaine Chamioire, wid young Alex. Brisoire,
Brisbois, an' 'es brudder Antoine.

Dey commence fer arrive, jus' about 8 o'clock,
On burleau some was drive all de way,
While some fella wid team, dat was go lik' de
steam,
Bring along boys an' girls on beeg sleigh.

Joe Letour 'e feex h'up 'es house very swell,
Wid nice branch from de green sapin tree,
An' 'e makes lots of room on de salle-a-manger,
Fer de crowd what was come on dat spree.

Roseline St. Germain, de nices' girl on St. Lin,
Wid de cheek lak' de "fameuse an' plum,"
She was dere, yes, you bet, an' lots dem fellow
was sweat
When dey try speak dat job—see her home.

64 Songs of a Shanty-Man

But no siree, Roseline, she's too much like de
queen,
So she's keepin' dem all far away,
She's jus' make de clin-d'œil, on Cyril Orsali,
Le jeune membre parlement, de Chateauguay.

Well, Madame Letour, she was pass on de floor,
An' wid Cyril she danse leedle tour,
While le veuve Robidoux, wid avocat Chalifoux,
Dey were makin' fer spark, hin' de door.

Den h'ole Docteur LeBlanc from Paroisse
L'Achigan
'E was make leedle trip down dere too,
'E lak's well Roseline, but young curé Dedine
Says, "Ole man, spark, young girl, must be fou."

Two fiddle was play, all dat night, so ban gay,
Ole Maxime an 'es boy Telesphore,
Dey play well de Scotch reel dat's makin' h'every
wan feel
'E was like for get h'up on dat floor.

Dere was Scotchman McLeod, what was come
on dat crowd,
When e' hear dem Scotch reel Maxime play,
'E jump h'up on de floor, cracked 'es heels till
dere sore
An' tore roun' till dey thot 'e's crazee.

De Danse on de House of Letour 65

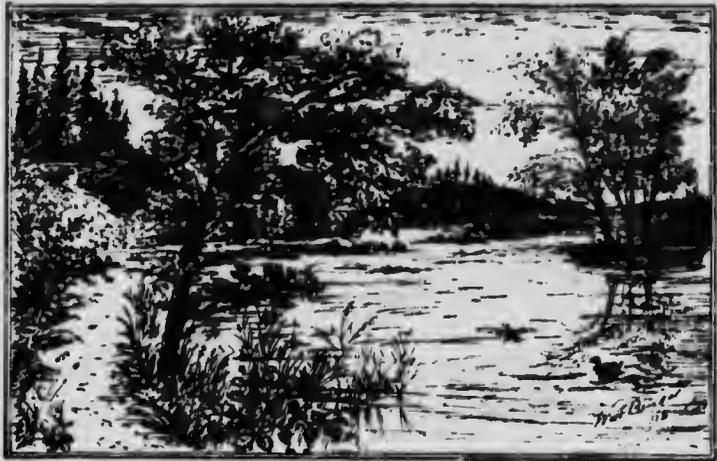
Dat's de very firs' tam de see danse, heilan-man,
Dey laugh till dey near bus' at dat danse,
An' Lesime Lepinne laugh so hard wid Dedine
'E nearly jump h'off on 'es pants.

Of course we were stay—till it's come breakin'
day,
An' were havin' beeg supper, you bet,
Every fella wid 'es girl all feex h'up in de nice
curl,
Enjoy dat de bes' of all yet.

Madame Letour makes dat de bes' course,
All dem deesh on dat table—so gran':
Roas' turkey—an' cole lam', wid all kin' of jam,
Wid dem pie—every kin' you can stan'.

When dat supper, fini, we danse some more den
you see
Till de rooster es crow on de barn,
Den wid horse on burleau, h'every fello was go,
Take 'es girl at her home, on de farm.

But before we was go, all hands in wan row
We was stan' all aroun', close de door—
Den we sing leedle songs, dat's nice and not long,
An' shout, " Hurrah fer bonne Madame Letour ! "



HOW BORDEN BUST DAT BUNCH AT OTTAWA

FOR nearly fifteen year or more, dem sapre
Liberal,
Was run dat whole concern at h'Ottawa,
An' fin' fat job for h'all 'es frens, Lemieux's and
de Laverens'
Till dere's noting lef' at all fer Bourassa.

Lots of dem member fellas, in widde Government,
Put on lots style, an' make too much beeg show,
h'Of course dat can't las' h'all de tam, der's
someting got to geeve,
So Monsieur Borden put some powder down
below.

Wan day las' fall dat fella, call Billy Patterson,
Wid noder Bill call Fieldin'—pure blue-nose,

How Borden Bust dat Bunch 67

Pase h'on de States, made leetle trip, to place
call Washington,
Where dey meet Bill Taft, dat Yankee man—
all blow.

h'Of course 'e takes dem h'up right off, on de
bes' firs' class hotel,
Where he treats dem all so h'often, dey don'
know,
Till at las' 'es plans all ready, and dere all on
bonne humeure,
Den 'e says, take dat Bill home, and make
her go.

Nex' morning dey pack up dere bag, an' skidoo
for Canada,
Dem two Bill, wid dat Bill Reciprocitee,
But dere feelin' scare fer Borden, as dere getting
close to home,
So dey wait till h'after dark, so 'e won' see.

Well, wan dark night dere sneakin', dem two
Bills, dere all alone,
When everyting she's quiet h'everywhere,
An' all de dog es sleepin', an' no police aroun',
An' h'even Bonnehomme Laurier 'es not dere.

Dey bring dat Black Bill up de stair, on de house
of parlement,
An' hide in dere before nobody knows,

68 Songs of a Shanty-Man

Den dey fix on h'our flag color, wid bottes
sau ages of habitant,

An' dress 'im up widout 'es Yankee clothes.

Dat gentleman call Monk dere, es good fren' wid
habitant,

Was h'often smoke es pipe en bas wid me,
'Es lak' well be de farmer, an' know jus' what 'e
want,

But 'es got no fait on "Bill Reciprocitee."

h'Of course 'e ax some question, 'bout de naval
militaire,

How de habitant don' want to pay extra
Fer all dem great beeg ship-machine, dat's load
to shoot de bear,

'E'd radder be livin' quiet, wid no hurrah.

Den Bourassa was shoutin', makin' lots of fuss
and noise,

'Bout de way de people was killin' on de war,
How 'es fader's great gran'fader, was shot jus'
lak' de deer,

An' 'e want to know, what's h'England do dat
fer.

De ole, ole flag of h'England, an' what dat color
means,

An' why de Habitant don' talk French no more,
How de fourteen-children-family is getting
scarce in ole Kebec,

'E says dats Laurier's fault, an' 'e feels sore.

How Borden Bust dat Bunch 69

Mes enfants, dats starts de tun den, and Mr.
Borden says, "Ce Bon,
We'll settle dat right h'off. Leave dat fer me.
I'll block de whole dang business. 'Bout de flag
and all de res',
An' we'll kill dat ole Bill RECIPROCITEE."

Fer me I can't say noting, I'm very satisfy,
On de farm, I'm get along dere pretty well,
An' I don' bodder much me, wid dem fella
politique,
Dere always makin' rows, an' raisin hell.

I tink dis contree's good enough, and dis lan' is
hard to beat,
Let dem Yankee man atten' 'es own h'affair,
I'm content wid Gran-mère Britain, she's h'always
good to me,
An' I'll let fer her, *Sapriste*—Don' be scare.

Well, he gosh, between dem all dere, de election
was come on,
An' dere's beeg escitement all over de campaign,
Lots of fellas makin' speches an' raisin' plenty
row,
But de people say, "Reciprocitee be hang."

Monsieur Borden fired 'es gun off, an' scared
h'all de bunch,
An' 'e put de good ole flag on top de pole,

70 Songs of a Shanty-Man

Tole de people " Don't be frighten, we'll keep 'er
flyin' dere,
Now we've got all dem Bill fellas, in de hole."

So election day pass h'over, an' de people vote en
bloc,

Say, " We don' want dat Bill Reciprocitee.
Jus' leave dem ting alone, ma fren', and Laurier,
you get out.

Monsieur Borden—comean' run dis job fer me."

So now we got de whole ting, in de hands
Conservateur,

An' de h'only fault I got me dat is dis :
Dey left h'out all de Scotchman from de Nouveau
cabinet,

Now I don' tink dat de wises' kin' of biz.

h'Of course de Scotchman's very smart, 'e gets
all de cash 'e can,

'E keeps de Sunday well and everyting else 'e
gets 'es hands on too,

Dat's de reason why 'e wears de kilt and no pants
at all,

Fer 'e saves some cloth, an' makes any ole
ting do.

So perhaps den Monsieur Borden 'e knows dat
pretty well,

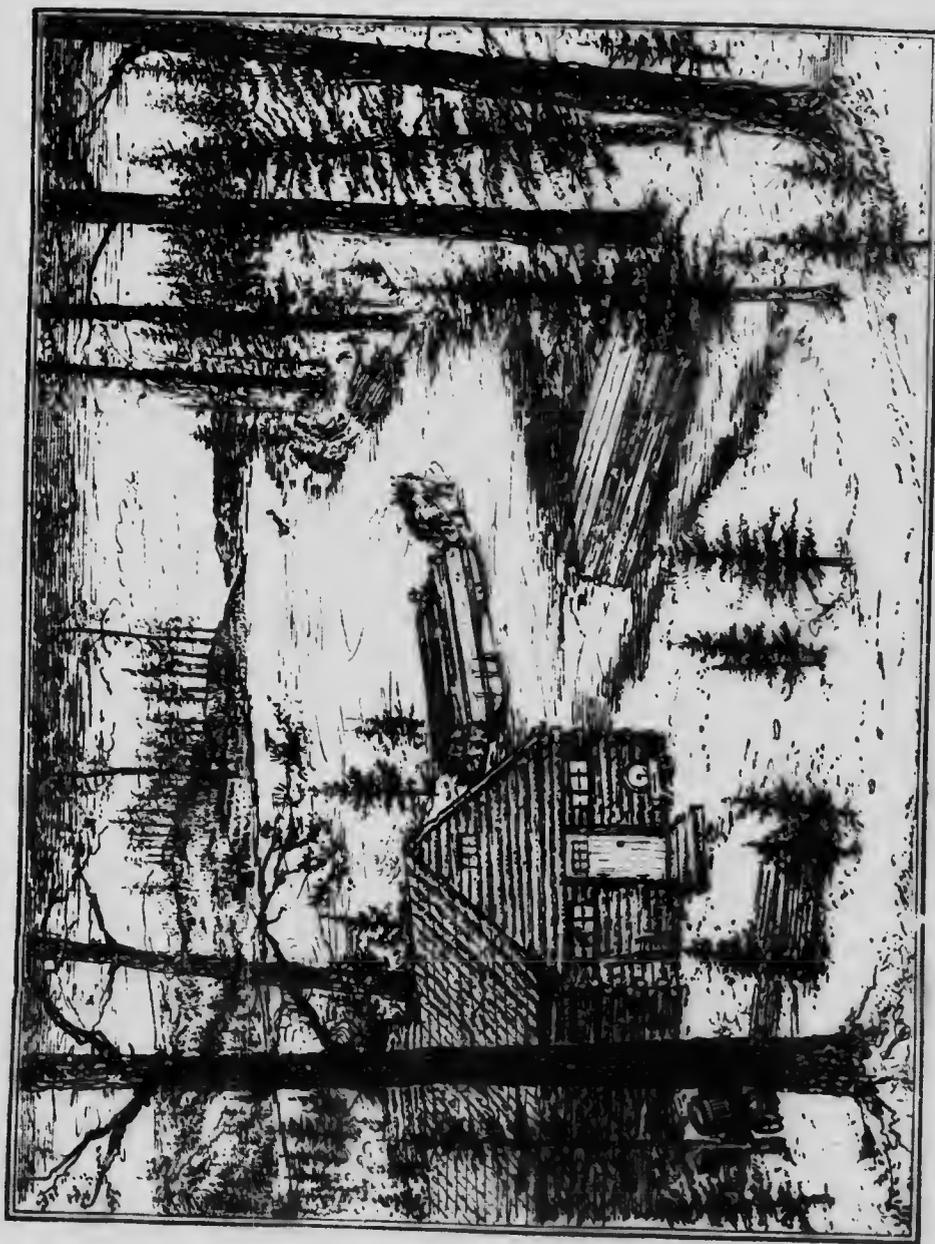
An' don' want any Scotchman hangin' roun',

How Borden Bust dat Bunch 71

He'll try some dem h'English fella an' h'Irishman
also,
Dey make plentee noise lak' man what's gettin'
drown.

Of course de Governor-General, pitch up 'es job
right off,
'E's afraid to hold dat any longer now,
So den de King was sen' along dat beeg man
call Joe "Le Duke,"
'Es fightin' man, an' settles soon dem row.

All de same—I'll not be bodder me, I know 'e'll
do 'es bes'
To make de good success at Ottawa—
So I'll shout as loud as I can do—fer Monsieur
Borden and de King,
God bless de two ; Hurrah fer dem—Hurrah !



DE TONY CANADIEN



DE PONY CANADIEN

YOU never saw a fella lak' dat before,
 'E can h'always mak' 'es horse draw jus'
 leedle more,
 When 'e's hitch-im dem up on de beeg bob-
 sleigh ;
 By jingo, you'd better clear h'out of *de* way,
 Fer wid Louis Larue, de bes' chartier,
 An' dem pony Canadien call Bill an' Charley,
 No better team you'll never be fin',
 What can leave de res' a long piece behin'.

Dat's good while ago, de firs' tam we meet,
 En haut Pembroke, what you call Main Street ;
 'E say, " Hello, François mon vieu ;
 Tiens : venez-ici ; allons prends un coup."

74 Songs of a Shanty-Man

Den we pass right off on a grand hotel,
Where we have one tam, dat's pretty dang swell,
Wid Joe Bolduc and Pierre Valiquette, Louis
 Godin and Vieu Bisette,
Antoine Legarde and Alphonse Ouillette,
An' a whole lot of fellas dat's not dead yet.

Den we tole some story, about dem ole tam,
When all hands work on de shanty, up Temis-
 camingue,
An' every team was draw beeg load,
Work on de bob-sleigh, on de beeg main road.
Wan day, fourteen steek was pile up high,
On top dem bunk, square timber kin',
An' h'every team was mak' try fer pull,
But it stuck dem all—beeg stable full.

At las', when h'every team was draw 'es bes',
An' dey h'all got jus' stuck, de same's de res',
Some one was shout, "Allons, Louis:
Fetch out your bloods. Come try, Ban Oui."
So Louis 'e run for dem ponies,
Dere pure Canadien, from St. Flore';
Dere not so beeg lak' noder horse,
But wid good teamster, dere might be worse.

So Louis 'e put de harness on,
An' he'll talk to dem horse, lak' de be someone,
"Now, Bill," 'e say, "you mus' be good,
An' 'elp Charley draw dat beeg load";

An' den he puts dem on dat sleigh,
An' tole dem, "Tak' dat beeg load away."
Ba gosh, dey pull on dem collar,
So hard it was bus' dat h'evener.

At las' de foreman foun' wan very strong,
All fixet roun' wid iron on ;
So while some fellas was set dat right,
Louis rub 'es pony an' say, "Don' be fright.
Jus' do your bes' fer stir dat load,
An' tak' it leedle piece along de road."
Well, all she's ready ; beeg crowd ~~was~~ dere ;
Moorehead de foreman, and chore-boy Pierre.

Den Louis took dem line on 'es han',
An' was talk lak' dem horse was be h'under
stan',
'E crack 'es whip and say, "Wan, two, three—
Allons, mes enfants ! Tiens ban fort, je dis."
Ba jingo ! you ought to see dem horse ;
Dey put down dere ear lak' dey was cross,
Dere tail it was steekit up straight behin',
An' dey shut dere eye, lak' was blin'.

Den h'off dey start, and begin fer draw,
Steady an' sure, not see-saw ;
But it look at firs' lak' she's no good,
To put small team lak' dat, on such beeg load.

76 Songs of a Shanty-Man

Ma fren', dat's a fac', and I'll tole you so,
Dere was a noise—crick, crack! and away dey
 was go,
An' Louis jump queek on top dem steek,
An' away dat team was go full split.

Den dat crowd was shout, "Well done, Louis!"
Dat's de firs' class team, we don't never see,
An' de bes' horse, 'es not h'always be bigges'
 wan,
Dere non' can beat de pony Canadien ;
Fer to pull or draw, fer to gallop or trot,
'Es de bes' horse sure on de whole dang lot,
An' ef you put a good teamster behin' 'im, lak'
 Louis,
"De pony Canadien es de bes', *Sapristi*."



HOW LEEZA WAKES DAT BOY

'E'S sleepin' dere in de kitchen lof',
Till de clock es strikin' nine,
An' 'e'll never stir wan leedle bit,
While 'es moder she'll be cryin'—

“Louis, get h'up!
Don' you 'ear de ole cow es ballin'?
Don' you be hear your fader's callin'?
Can't you 'ear dem pig dere squallin'?
Get h'up!”

'E's fifteen year, dat 'ill be to-day,
But 'e jus' lak' to sleep an' snore,

78 Songs of a Shanty-Man

An' when 'es moder calls lak' dat,
'E jus' rolls h'over an' sleeps some more,
While she calls—

“ Louis, get h'up !
Don' you 'ear de old rooster crowin' ?
Don' you know de grass be's growin' ?
An' de ole tea-kettle, she's bus' wid blowin' ?
You're de mos' lazy boy I'll never see.
Get h'up ! ”

'E's fat lak' de mischeef, beeg an' tall,
An' can beat any boy of 'es size,
'E's queek fer catch on at de job dat's new,
An' 'e'll never be tole no lies ;
But 'e's fon fer de bed, and 'es moder calls—

“ Louis, get h'up !
Don' you 'ear dat baby's cryin' ?
See de ole grey 'orse on de grass es lyin' ?
Dat calf, to eat all de cloes, 'e's tryin'.
Louis, get h'up ! ”

It's no use at all to be callin' 'im dere,
Cos 'e don' min' dat, you see,
So I let 'im sleep all de tam dat 'e lak',
Till 'e'll grow jus' as beeg as can be ;
So I'll tell Leeza, “ Jus' let 'im do.
I'll go an' do dat job mese'f ;
Fer some day'e'll do de same fer me, when I'm ole,
An' too stiff fer be givin' much 'elp.”



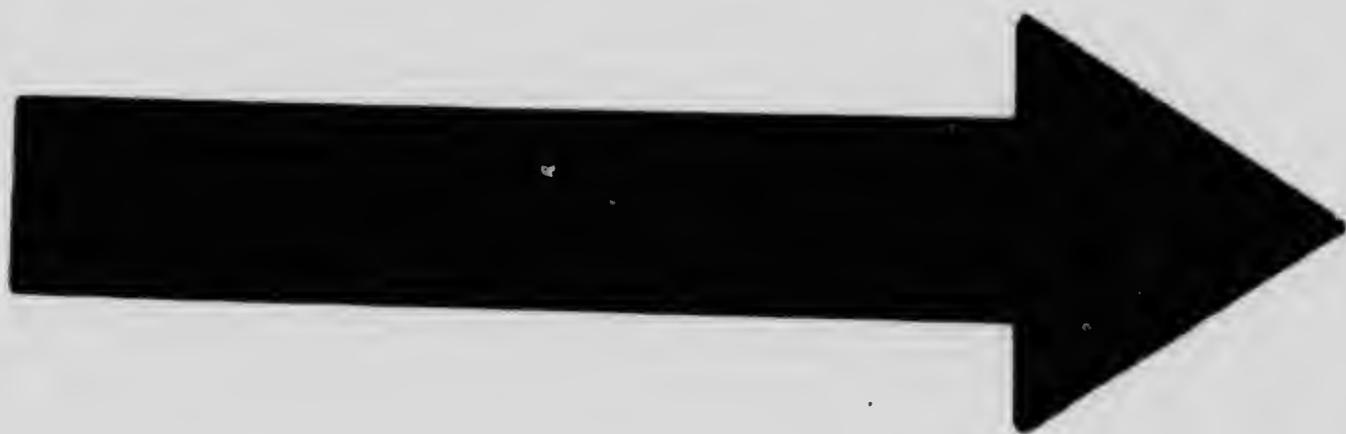
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DE SCOTCHMAN IN KEBEC

['MEMBER me, dat's long ago,
'Way down in ole Kebec,
I see dem Scotchman sodger dere,
Wid dress tied roun' 'es neck ;
'E walks de street widout some pants,
An' beeg bare legs also,
De women dey all feel very scare,
Dey are ashame' to see heem go.

'E's got small cap on de side 'es head,
I lak' dem color well,
An' fer dat blanket on 'es back,
Ba gosh, I tink dat's swell ;
Dere's red an' green, an' blue an' black,
All fixet up in square,
An' when you pass your h'eye on dat,
Dere's h'every color dere.



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80 Songs of a Shanty-Man

'E's very fon' for Musique too,
Some kin' dat seem so queer,
'E's got lak' pig h'under 'es h'arm
Dat squeals—mon Dieu! I'm fear;
'E walks 'im h'up an' down wid dat,
An' blow, an' blow, an' blows—
De more dat pig 'e's squealin' hard,
'E don' want for let 'im go.

An' den 'e calls 'es fren's aroun',
An' tells dem mak' de dance—
Dem soldier man makes me feel shame,
Goin' roun' widout 'es pants;
But all de same, 'e dance so well,
So smart upon 'es feet,
I make me mind right h'off on dat,
Scotch dance, dat's hard to beat.

But when 'es march h'in front de ban',
An' throw beeg sword on de air,
An' jumps aroun' till 'e can't be foun'—
Ba gosh, we all feel scare;
'E swell 'es ches' an' look 'es best,
An' promenades dat floor,
An' den when 'e jumps h'on top de sword,
De crowd was shout "Encore."

'E's very fon' fer play dat game
With beeg chunks of rock on ice,
'E'll chase dem h'up an' down with broom,
An' gets very much h'excite;

De Scotchman in Kebec 81

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

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

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

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



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IN MEMORIAM

OF THE LATE W. H. DRUMMOND, M.D., AUTHOR
OF "L'HABITANT," ETC., WHO DIED SUD-
DENLY AT COBALT, WHEN VISITING THE
FAMOUS DRUMMOND SILVER MINE, AND
WHO WAS GREATLY BELOVED BY ALL
WHO WERE PRIVILEGED TO KNOW HIM.

BA gosh, I hear bad news, François,
Dat's mak' me heart feel sore ;
Wan fren' of mine I lak' so well,
'E's dead—don' leeve no more.

Dat's year ago to-day, ma fren',
I'll work up Temiscamingue,
On shanty job, cut beeg saw-log,
'Bout eighty on det gang.

84 Songs of a Shanty-Man

I'll pass me down wan day fer trip,
On dat place—call Cobalt Mine,
An' dere I'll meet wan ole, ole fren',
I don' see for long tam.

'E meets me dere an' tak' me han',
Say, "Comment ce vais, mon vieu?
Louis, me boy, where have you been?
Dat's long tam í don' see you."

I'll say, "Merci, mon bon Docteur,
You're kin' fer speak me so,
Dat's fifteen year, about dis tam,
We meet h'up Gatineau."

We hunt de deer aroun' de lake,
An' pass some good ole tam,
Near h'every fall we tak' de trip,
Wid gun, canoe, an' line.

An' all dem place I know so well,
De deer was pass de day,
On me ole canoe I'll take Docteur,
For watch dem deer 'es play.

We paddle h'up so nice an' slow,
In quiet place, so near,
An' dere we watch it play aroun',
De moder an' leedle deer.

An' whon beeg buck 'es come along,
Lift h'up 'es head an' stare,
An' scrape, an' throw 'es horn aroun',
I'll say, "Shoot, mon Docteur."

But no, ba gosh, 'e makes me mad,
'E jus' lie down on canoe,
An' whispers, "Louis, res' tranquille,
Let 'im play till 'e be trou.

"I don' lak' spoil dat nice familee,
We'll let dem go," 'e'll say,
"I'm not so hungree fer de deer,
We'll feesh de res' de day."

So den we'll paddle h'up de stream,
Close by dat place Desert,
On leedle creek dat run along,
Where de trout 'es easy scare.

Dat's de way we pass for many trip,
An' sleep in ole caben,
We're leevin' well, I' sure dat,
Me an' dat docteur man.

But wan day some fella fine beeg mine,
Temiscamingue—en haut,
Rich silver vein on Cobalt bloom,
So de Docteur man 'e was go.

86 Songs of a Shanty-Man

'E buy dat mine, from habitant,
An' pay 'im good price sure ;
So de Docteur comes to be rich man,
But 'es don' forget Louis—so poor.

De las' tam' dat I'll see me fren',
Dat's en bas, at Montreal,
I'll pass me along St. Catherine Street,
Beeg crowd—I don' know at all.

Street car dat's run by beeg feesh pole,
Horse an' cart, an' fine buggy,
An' swell-blood-fellas, all dress up,
Also some fine lady.

But when I'll pass along de street,
Dere's come wan horse an' cart,
Beeg load of coal, an' young fella,
Dat tinks 'e's very smart.

'E's wheep dat horse so rough an' hard,
De horse can't draw no more,
'E's tire right out wid do 'es bes',
But dat fella jus' wheep an' swore.

Beeg crowd, dey all was gadder aroun',
Dey tink dat's fine, good show,
De policeman, of course, 'e was very scarce,
Where 'e es no wan was know.

I was jes' me startin' fer to go
To tak' ahole dem line,
When a fine, beeg gentleman was come,
An' jump in front in tam'.

'E catch ahole dat horse's head,
An' tole dat teamster, " Stop!
Don' wheep yer horse no more lak' dat,
Ef you do I'll haul you up."

An' den 'e tak' dat horse in han',
An' treat 'eem very kin',
Till 'e's draw dat load right up de hill,
An' leave all han's behind.

Den 'e tells dat teamster, " Now, you see,
Your horse 'e'll do 'es bes',
Ef you'll jus' give 'im leedly chance ;
Be kin' 'e'll do de res'."

After dat pass me thro' dat crowd,
An' come where 'e'll see me,
Den de docteur turn queek on his feet,
An' shout, " Hello, Louis ! "

I'll pass me den right off wid 'im,
Where we have wan swell diner,
On restaurant dat's feex up gran',
An' fine ban' nice music play.

88 Songs of a Shanty-Man

Dere we was talk 'bout good ole tam',
 Away h'up de Gatineau,
Until it's late 'bout twelve o'clock,
 An' de docteur 'e mus' go.

Next day I'll meet 'im at C. P. R.,
 Where 'e was take de train,
I'll say, "Good-bye, mon cher docteur,
 Good luck on de silver vein."

Well, jus' about ten week or more,
 Since I'll be go away,
I'll pass me down at Ottawa,
 To draw me cheque fer pay.

I'll meet ole fren' call Jean Bateese,
 Who work far h'up de line ;
'E'll say, "I got bad news, Louis,
 Your docteur fren' was dyin'."

When I'll hear dat I'll say right off,
 "Bateese, dat can't be true :
Ef dat good man die lak' dat,
 Den Mon Dieu, I'll die too.

E's de bes' fren' fer poor habitant,
 Dis countree never see,
So kin' to deer an' all de beas',
 An' h'even on poor Louis."

My heart es broke den after dat,
 So I take de very nex' train,
 To pass me down at Montreal,
 To see me fren' again.

But when I'll get on boar' de car,
 An' leedle boy come roun',
 Fer sell dem paper, all in black,
 I'll say, "What news you foun'?"

So dere I'll get me all de news,
 How me good fren' was dyin',
 Away h'up Cobalt, Temiscamingue,
 So sudden, on his mine.

My heart was break, de tear was come,
 An' run right down my eye,
 I'll tole you, ma fren', I was no ashame',
 Let dem people see me cry.

So I stay right dere in Montreal,
 Fer to see dat funerale,
 An' I'll be listen, watchin' dere,
 To hear de sad Church bell.

Well, jus' de nex' day I'll pass alone,
 Dat place St. Catherine Street,
 Where I was meet ma fren' as' tam,
 I beeg procession meet.

90 Songs of a Shanty-Man

Great crowd of people stan' aroun',
Of h'every kin' I'll see,
De rich an' poor an' de habitant,
Dey tole me dat was he.

I'll take me cap right off me head,
An' stan' dere all alone,
While me bes' dear fren' was carry by,
So dead an' cole lak' stone.

De tear was run down on me face,
I cannot keep dem dry,
I feel so lonesome, got no fren',
I'll cry, an' cry, an' cry.

So when de las' man pass along,
On all dat funeral line,
I'll tak' me place de very las',
An' follow slow behin'.

I want to pay me las' devoir,
Fer him I love so well,
My heart was beat de very same,
Jus' lak' dat sad Church bell.

I'm only poor habitant shanty man,
But me heart e's love Nature ;
I'll try to do me bes' down here,
An' be kin' aldo' I'm poor.

In Memoriam

91

Ma fren' e's gone when de Bon Dieu call,
Where de street es not silver, but gold,
An' everywan's kin' to de horse an' de deer,
An' nobody's ever gets ole.

An' am sure when de Bon Dieu meet 'im dere,
'E'll say " Bienvenu, Docteur,"
An' e'll give 'im carte blanche, in dat lovely place,
'Mong de angels and all de flower.

So I'm workin' along, de bes' I can,
Every day wherever I'll be,
I'm ready me to go, when I'll hear dat call,
Dough I'm only poor man—Louis.

An' dere I'll be meet me good ole fren',
An' 'e'll say " Hello, mon Louis,"
An' we'll sail our canoe lak' de good ole tam',
An' be happy as we kin be.

