

Wan arpent from de shore.
 As' de scow pus' up on Lac St. Pierre.
 Bimeby she blow some more,
 For de win' she blow lak' hurricane
 Was corpses on de shore,
 De captime—scow—an de poor Rosie
 Bount ha't-bas two—tree—four—
 Nex' morning very early



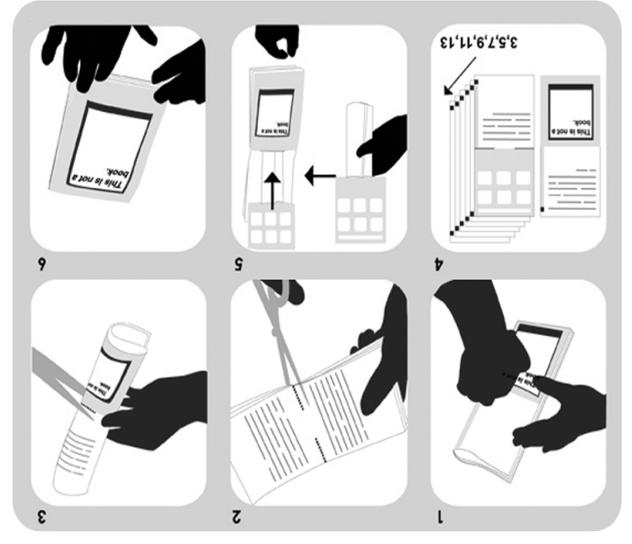
De night was black laik' wan black cat,
 De wave run high an' fas',
 Wen de captime tak' de Rosie girl,
 And the her to de mas',
 Den he also tak' de life preserve,
 An' jomp off on de lak',
 An' say, "God-bye ma Rosie dear,
 I go drown for your sak."

The Wreck of the "Julie Plante"

Dr. William Henry Drummond



On wan dark night on Lac St. Pierre,
 De win' she blow' blow' blow'
 An' de crew of de wood scow "Julie Plante,"
 Got scai' t an' run below—
 For de win' she blow lak' hurricane
 Bimeby she blow some more,
 An' de scow pus' up on Lac St. Pierre
 Wan arpent from de shore.



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De captinne walk on de fronte deck,
 An' walk on de hin' deck too—
 He call de crew from up de hole
 He call de cook also.
 De cook she's name was Rosie,
 She come from Montreal
 Was chamber maid on lumber barge,
 On de Grande Lachine Canal.



Now all good wood scow sailor man
 Tak' warning by dat storm
 An' go an' marry some nice French girl
 De win can blow lak' hurricane
 An s'pose she blow some more,
 You can't get drown on Lac. St. Pierre
 So long you stay on shore.

Moral:



De win she blow from nor'-west —
 De souf' win she blow too,
 Wen Rosie cry "Mon chere captinne,
 Mon chere, w' at I shall do?"
 Den de Captinne f'row de big ankette,
 But still the scow she direct,
 De crew he can't pass on de shore,
 Becos, he los' hees skeet.