

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
 'Bout ha't — two — t'ree — 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 tie her to de mas'.
 Den he also tak' de life preserver,
 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 scar'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.

Now all good wood scow sailor man
 Tak' warning by dat storm
 An' go an' marry some nice French girl
 An' leev on wan beeg farm.
 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.



— 'saw-'not from blow she win'
 De souf' win she blow too,
 Wen Rosie cry "Mon chere cap'tine,
 Mon chere, wa' I shall do?"
 Den de Cap'tinee t'row de big ankette,
 But sti' the scow she direct,
 De crew he can't pass on de shore,
 Becos' he los' hees skeel.

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



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