## **Dr. William Henry Drummond**

## The Wreck of the "Julie Plante"



Nex' morning very early 'Bount ha'f-pas two-t'ree-four-De captine – scow – an de poor Rosie Was corpses on de shore, For de win' she blow lak' hurricane Bimeby she blow some more, As' de scow bus' up on Lac St. Pierre. Wan arpent from de shore.

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



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



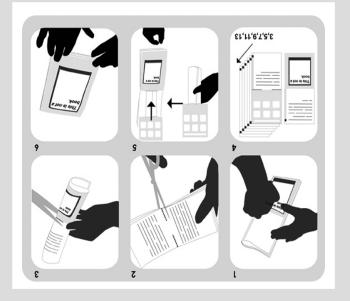


An' walk on de hin' deck too -He call de cook also. De cook she's name was Rosie, She come from Montreal Was chamber maid on lumber barge, On de Grande Lachine Canal.

De captinne walk on de fronte deck, He call de crew from up de hole

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Becos' he los' hees skeef. De crew he can't pass on de shore, But stil the scow she dreef, Den de Captinee t'row de big ankerre, Mon chere, w'at I shall do?" W'en Rosie cry "Mon chere captine, De sout' win she blow too, De win' she blow from nor'-eas'-wes' -



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