

DRUMMOND WILLIAM HENRY

PHIL-O-RUM'S CANOE,
AND MADELEINE
VERCHERES: TWO POEMS

William Drummond

**Phil-o-rum's Canoe, and
Madeleine Vercheres: Two Poems**

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PHIL-O-RUM'S CANOE

"O ma ole canoe, wat 's matter wit' you,
an' w'y was you be so slow?
Don't I work hard enough on de paddle, an'
still you don't seem to go-
No win' at all on de fronte side, an' current
she don't be strong,
Den w'y are you lak' lazy feller, too sleepy for
move along?

"I 'member de tam, w'en you jomp de sam'
as deer wit' de wolf behin',
An' brochet on de top de water, you scare
heem mos' off hees min':
But fish don't care for you now at all, only jus'
mebbe wink de eye,
For he know it 's easy git out de way, w'en
you was a-passin' by" --

I 'm spikin' dis way, jus' de oder day, w'en I 'm
out wit' de ole canoe
Crossin' de point w'ere I see, las' fall, wan very
beeg caribou,
Wen somebody say, "Phil-o-rum, mon vieux,
wat 's matter wit' you youse'f?"
An' who do you s'pose was talkin'? W'y de
poor ole canoe shese'f.

O yass, I 'm scare w'en I 'm sittin' dere, an'
she 's callin' ma nam' dat way.
"Phil-o-rum Juneau, w'y you spik so moche,
you 're off on de head to-day:
Can't be you forget, ole feller, you an' me
we're not too young,
An' if I 'm lookin' so ole lak' you, I t'ink I
will close ma tongue.

"You should feel ashame, for you 're alway
blame, w'en it is n't ma fault at all,
For I 'm tryin' to do bes' I can for you on

summer-tam, spring, an' fall.
How offen you drown on de reever, if I 'm
not lookin' out for you
W'en you 're takin' too moche on de w'isky,
some night comin' down de Soo.

"De firse tam we go on de Wessoneau, no
feller can beat us den
For you 're purty strong man wit' de paddle,
but dat 's long ago, ma frien',
An' win' she can blow off de mountain, an'
tonder an' rain may come,
But camp see us bote on de evening-you
know dat was true, Phil-o-rum.

"An' who 's your horse, too, but your ole
canoe, an' w'en you feel cole an' wet,
Who was your house w'en I 'm upside down,
an' onder de roof you get,
Wit' rain ronnin' down ma back, Baptême! till
I 'm gettin' de rheumateez,
An' I never say not'ing at all moi-meme, but
let you do jus' you please?

"You t'ink it was right, kip me out all night
on reever side down below,
An' even 'bon soir' you was never say, but
off on de camp you go,
Leffin' your poor ole canoe behin', lyin' dere
on de groun',
Watchin' de moon on de water, an' de bat
flyin' all aroun'?

"Oh, dat's lonesome t'ing hear de grey owl
sing up on de beeg pine tree!

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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