

# 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, and Madeleine Vercheres: Two Poems:*

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# **William Henry Drummond**

## **Phil-o-rum's Canoe, and Madeleine**

### **Vercheres: Two Poems**

#### **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!



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