

Armand Dussault

AND OTHER POEMS BY
WILSON MACDONALD

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QUINTRAINS OF "CALLENDER"

Mebbee you 'ear of Callendar—
Not on de wall—no, no:
I mean de town of Callendar
An' Monsieur Doc Dafoe.

Mos' heverybody 'ear of Rome
An' Lunnon an' New York;
Bo no one 'ear of Callendar
Excep' one burd—de stork.

Wan day dat stork 'e seet alone
Jus' houtside Callendar;
An' den 'e swear; "I'll mak' you known
Aroun' de worl', by gar."

Dat burd was right—dis leetle town,
She's known where'er you go;
An' heverybody in de worl'
Know Monsieur Doc Dafoe.

QUINTRAINS OF "CALLENDER"

De papers now get hextra hout
Eeef wan quintuplet sneeze.
An' heverybody send night-gown
To keep dose keeds from freeze.

An' peoples here and peoples dere—
From Nord Bay to Cape 'Orn,
Are telling wat de mamma say
Wen all de chile was born.

An' wat was said by Doc Dafoe
Ees publish heveryware,
But wat de poor ole man 'e say
Nobuddy seem to care.

Ay tink 'e 'as been long neglec'
An' so I tell eet you;
'E laugh een joy wen firs' was born.
'E smile at nombre two.

QUINTRAINS OF "CALLENDER"

"Eet's more dan I hexpec," 'e say,
"But twins dey may be nice,
I'll be good sport, perhaps eet's bes'
Dat I am pappa twice."

Den Doc Dafoe comes tru de door,
An' say: "Oxcoos to me;
You are a fadder once hagain:
Dat make you pappa tree."

'An soon dat doctor whisper, low:
"Oxcoos to me—eet's four."
Sapre, dat man from Callendar
'E smile heem now no more.

An' den de poor ole fellow wipe
Hees forehead on hees cuff,
An' say: "De joke ees good, but pleas'
Heenough ees quite heenough."

QUINTRAINS OF "CALLENDER"

'E feel jus' like 'e order 'im
Wan nice banan' for lunch:
An' den de waitress breeng heem quick
De whole banana bunch.

Sapre dat door she move again:
She can't keep still somehow.
"Oxcoos to me," said Doc Dafoe,
"You're five times pappa now."

De paper tell wat mamma say,
An' wat say Doc Dafoe;
But wat de ole man say heemsel'
Eet's bes' you shouldn't know,

When Christmas comes, de folk weel send
Dose babbies toys an' frocks.
But pleas' oxcoos, won' someone send
De ole man pair of socks,

Callender is spelled Callendar to keep the French pronunciation.



PAUL MARCHAND

"Doan' cross de lak' to-night;
Go round de long way.
Dere's sob in de ice, Henri;
I hear eet all day.

"De ice-road ees short road;
Eet's long way round by shore.
But short road may be long road
Where you com' back no more.

"Go long road; I will wait.
Our bed ees warm and nice.
But he has pillows wet and cold
Who sleeps beneat' de ice.

"O Henri, Henri, hear me;
I love you heart and soul.
Dat sob you hear ees Toll-Gate-Man:
He only takes one toll."

Henri ees stubborn man;
He lak' me tink heem brave.
"Weak fellows go by shore, Yvette:
I mak' dat ice behave."

Jus' den across de win'
I hear dat sob again.
My Henri's gone, but he com' back;
Hees face ees wet wit' rain.

"A kees, Yvette," said he.
"Doan' go," I softly prayed.
He laugh: "To drown an Archambault
Dere haint nuff water made."

He's gone again; de night
Dreerk queek hees laughter down.
"Com' back," I cry, and den run out
To warn dem in de town.

"Eef Henri's such a fool
To cross de ice to-night,
Den let heem drown," de men all say,
"Eet serves de braggart right."

I go from door to door;
I pray een Jesu's name.
An' den I tink of old amour,
Paul Marchand, who ees lame.

Paul was engage to me;
Den Henri com' along.
He was bes' looking man aroun'
And he was beeg and strong.

I would have marry Paul;
But once he watch me dance
Wit' Henri, and he say to me:
"Tak' heem; I have no chance.

"Your foot, Yvette, eet dance
Jus' lak' de whirling snow.
Ma foot ees lame; Henri's your man.
Eet's bes' eet should be so."

Paul leev' at top of hill,
An' wen I reach hees door
A mighty sob ees on de ice:
De win' she loudly roar.

"Paul, Paul! Henri has gone
Across de ice," I cry.
And Paul he deedn't call heem fool
An' leev' heem go to die.

He put great reefer on,
And took long ropè and steek,
And said: "De sob ees on de ice;
Yvette, I mus' be queek."

He ran as bes' he could,
For lame foot hol' heem back.
We reach de lak'; de sob ees gone:
We hear great groan an' crack.

"Adieu, adieu, Yvette,"
Paul shout above de roar.
An' den: "De ice ees moving out;
Doan' dare you leev' de shore."

I saw hees face jus' once;
Den dark between us fall.
I could not follow, for de ice
Had broken after Paul.

Yet I could hear hees voice
As he called Henri's name:
"Jesu, save Henri; he ees strong:
Tak' me instead, I'm lame."

Den heveryting go black
An' I wake up een bed:
De ice ees gone; de water laugh;
De sun ees bright an' red.

When I grow strong again
Dey show me Henri's grave.
"Yvette, your husband was fine man;
He was bot' beeg an' brave."

"Where ees Paul's grave?" I ask.
"Eet's here." My eyes grow deem.
"Messieurs," I say, "no braver man
Sleeps on dese hills dan heem."

O many times since den
I've seen de ice move wes'.
But I can't hear her sob no more
For sobbing in my breast.

Oftimes I climb de hill
And seet awhile apart.
Doan' ask whose peecture now I press
Against my breaking heart.

NOTE:

Northerners all know that ominous sound in ice fields, a sound much like a sob. It comes to warn man and beast that the white covering of lake and river has heard the call of spring. It is nature's danger signal—an unfailling one. The boast and fate of Henri is from an actual happening in the spring of 1891.

W. M.



DAT LEETLE BOX

I leev' me turty year alone;
Dat ees a lonely life—
A bachelor, dat's wat dey call
De man who has no wife.

He has no cheeldren; eef he has
He don't talk much of dat.
He keep eet, as de Yankees say
Right onderneat' hees hat.

I'm seeck, of all dees leev' alone,
An' so I'm look around
To find som' nice Canadian girl
Who weigh two hondred pound.

De girl who go straight up and down
Don't set my heart een whirl.
I'd radder stay me single man
Dan marry skeeny girl.

One day I go to St. Cesare,
And dere, wat do I see?—
A girl who weigh two hondred pound,
An' she was nam' Marie.

I ask "You marry me!" She say:
"Oui, oui," as queek as dat.
She was ver' glad she meet a man
Who lak' hees women fat.

And so I marry my Marie;
She swear she will be true.
She own two-hondred-acre farm,
One car and nice quatre-rous.

We marry on cole winter day:
De horse's nose she steam.
We have nice hickory nuts and cake
And Montreal ice cream.

By gar I was contented man
As hanywhere be found.
I love Marie wit' all my heart—
Her whole two hondred pound.

DAT LEETLE BOX

I tink I never love a femme
So much as dees again,
Unless I meet anodder girl
Who weigh two hondred ten.

We leev' a very happy time;
She darn me all my socks.
And den one day she buy som' pills
In foony leetle box.

Eef I had known wat's een dat box
I'd mak' me hell turn loose;
For what you tink, dose leetle pills
Dey mak' de fat reduce.

Een seex months dat Marie she weigh
Exac' one hondred five,
And wen I found dose pills, eet's luck
Marie ees still alive.

DAT LEETLE BOX

I called me den on Fadder Burke;
"Wat mak' me do," I cried,
"I marry me two hondred pounds,
An' half of eet has died.

"I tink I get anodder wife;
My heart she am de wreck."
De fadder say: "Dat ain't de law:
You're leeving in Quebec."

I say to heem: "Eef I go buy
A shirt or sock I tink
Dey geev wat you call guarantee
Dat he wont mak' heem shrink.

"Why doan' dey geev' dat guarantee
When you take wife dat's fat
And den go shrink lak' my Marie;
I tink dey should do dat."

DAT LEETLE BOX

Den Fadder Burke he smile: "Ma frien',
You tell Marie," he say,
"Beeg joke dat mak' her laugh, and she
Will gain tree pound a day."

An' so each day I tell her joke:
She laugh unteel she cried.
An' I laugh too, for I could see
Marie was growing wide.

Dat Fadder Burke ees very wise:
Marie ees fat again.
She doesn't weigh two hondred pound:
She weigh two hondred ten.



DE STOP-HEEM-SHORT

I go me once to baseball game:
I laugh an' den som' more.
Eet was een Newark, on de day
She play wit' Baltimore.

Dose baseball players dey were dumb:
Don't know no ting at all:
Don't know henough to start unteel
De hompire say, "Play ball."

Dat hompire's name ees Meester Fake;
He's leetle man an' slim.
I know hees name ees Fake, because
Dey all call "Fake" at heem.

But when he say, "Play ball," dey run
From Peeg-Pen on de right.
De peetcher com', he sweeng hees arm
Jus' lak' he wanta fight.

De catcher ees all double up:
I guess eet ees ole age.
By gar, dey tink he ees a bird
An' put heem een a cage.

Dat catcher's stomach mus' be weak:
Dey cover eet wit' pad.
Perhaps he has de stomach ache:
I'm sorry for de lad.

De peetcher den he trow de ball:
De man who hole de steeck
Don' mak' no try; he let ball go.
By gosh! he mak' me seeck.

De hompire he call out, "One strike."
Dat hompire tole a lie.
I yell: "Dat man he deedn't strike,
He let de ball go by."

Den Meester Fake he say, "One ball,
Two ball, tree ball an' four."
But all I see ees dat one ball:
I can't see hony more.

I tink dat hompire he had drink
 Before de game begun;
 Else why should he see four balls dere
 Wen I see only one.

Nex' fellow sweeng and hit de ball
 So hard I tink she sweat.
 She went tree mile up in de air:
 I tink she's going yet.

Dat crazy hompire yell, "Home run."
 He have an awful gall.
 So heverybody seet right dere:
 We doan' run home at all.

I doan' lak' peetcher, catcher much;
 De hompire he haint fair.
 Dat leetle stop-heem-short ees bes'
 Of honybody dere.

De stop-heem-short, de man wat play
 'Tween third an' second base.
 He move as queek as water-bug;
 He's heverywhere de place.

Dey doan' treat heem too well, dey doan';
 Geev' heem no base: no, no.
 Poor leetle feller wander roun';
 He have no place to go.

An' den, although he naiver try
 To hurt heem hanyone,
 Dey hit de ball right at hees head
 For jus' to see heem run.

De peetcher, bah, de catcher, bah;
 De hompire—he's no sport.
 But I com' back here hevery day
 To see dat stop-heem-short.



ARMAND DUSSAULT

Armand Dussault ees easy-mark
Mos' heverybody know.
He naiver lose hees temper once:
He ees too beeg an' slow.

Dø leetle boys dey com' at night
An' steal hees eggs an' hen;
An' den com' back, wen he doan' look,
An' steal som' more again.

Døy know dat he can't run because
He ees so slow an' beeg.
An' so one fellow steal hees cow,
Anodder steal hees peeg.

Armand had very preety wife;
Her tongue eet run her wild.
She naiver stop her talking once
Since she was leetle child.

One day a handsome neighbor-man
He stole dat wife away,
An' took her to United State
An' kep' her dere to stay.

But Armand he doan' get heem mad;
He smile and say to me:
"Las' Sondag, at de church, de pries'
Preach, 'Love your enemy.'

"An' so I love de man dat stole
Ma rake an' hoe an' plow.
I even love a leetle bit
De man dat stole ma cow.

"I love de man dat stole ma pipe:
My love for heem ees small.
But dat good man, who stole my wife,
I love heem bes' of all."



DE BABY SHOW

Joe Beauchamp ees conceited man.
He trow heem out hees ches'.
He teenk heemself an' all he own
Ees better dan de res'.

He mak' beeg money in de mine,
And buy great house an' lot:
An' den dose friends he used to know
He very queek forgot.

Hees car eet ees a Roysey-Rolls,
An' heverywhere he go
Dat car do seesty mile an hour
For jus' to mak' heem show.

One day he stop my wife an' say:
"Ees dat your leetle lad?"
She answer, "Oui," an' den he laugh:
"He's homely, dat's too bad.

"He look lak' hees ole man," he say.
"He's got no shape, an' fat."
An' den he look at me and smile:
"Doan' blame de keed for dat."

I was so mad I couldn't speak:
I swallow me my tongue.
I wish Joe Beauchamp he was dead:
I'd lak' to see heem hung.

Now once a year een Ville Marie
Dey hole a Baby Show.
Dey have a band an' heveryting,
An' heverybody go.

Joe Beauchamp sent hees baby dere,
All scented up lak' rose;
An' nurse maid by heem all de time
To keep heem clean hees nose.

Ma baby he was enter too:
He have such preety eyes.
But judges doan' see dat, and geev'
Joe's baby de first prize.

But jus' as judges go to geev'
Dat baby boy de cup,
He yell heem "Whoop," and keek hees toes,
An' trow hees breakfas' up.

I say to Joe: "Ma baby's looks
May not be bes' in town;
But when he go to Baby Show
He keep hees breakfas' down."

Joe was so mad he couldn't speak:
He swallow heem hees tongue.
I guess he wish dat I was dead;
He'd lak' to see me hung.

SINGING WORDS

London is an eloquent word—
A word for the mouth of a king.
There are words that speak with thundering
voice,
And there are words that sing.

Temiscaming has a singing sound
Like pine-songs, sweet and low.
Paris and Rome are iron words:
They speak but they do not flow.

Boston is cold as Arctic ice;
Moscow's abrupt, yet strong.
But when you have said, "Timagami,"
You feel you have sung a song.

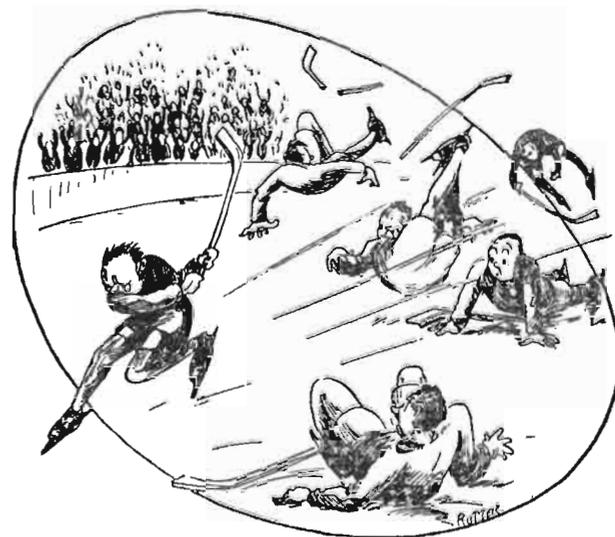
Let us sing in a song to-gether:
Mattawa, Napanee,
Manitowaning, Ottawa,
Nipissing, Ville Marie.

SINGING WORDS

Missanabie, Manitoulin,
(Whisper them soft and low)
Espinola, Michipicoten,
Iroquois, Orono.

Munich is rich and Cairo sounds
Soft as a floating swan;
But they are words, and these are songs—
Orillia, Maganetawan.

Moosonee is a lovely rune:
It flows like a wild-bird's wing.
O there are words that stand like rocks,
And there are words that sing.



MONSIEUR JOLIAT

Boston she have good hockey team;
Dose Senators ees nice.
But Les Canadiens ees bes'
Dat ever skate de ice.

Morenz he go lak' one beeg storm;
 Syl Mantha's strong and fat.
 Dere all ver'' good, but none ees quite
 So good as Joliat.

I know heem well; he ees ma frien':
 I doan know heem himsel';
 But I know man dat know a man
 Who know heem very well.

Enfant! Dat Joliat ees full
 Of hevery kind of treek.
 He talk heem hockey all de day
 And sleep heem wit' hees stick.

He's small but he ees bothersome
 Lak' ceender in de eye.
 Maroons all yell: "Go get som' 'Flit'
 And keel dat leetle fly."

Garcon! he's slippery; oui, oui—
 Lak' leetle piece of soap.
 I tink nex' time I watch dat boy
 I use a telescope.

He's good on poke-heem-check, he is:
 He's better on attack.
 He run against beeg Conacher
 And trow heem on hees back.

He weegle jus' lak' fish-worm do
 Wen eet ees on a hook;
 An' wen he pass de beeg defence
 Dey have one seely look.

He weigh one hondred feefty pound.
 Eef he were seex feet tall
 He'd score one hondred goal so queek
 Dere'd be no game at all.

Wen I am tire of travaux-trop
I put on coat of coon
And go to see Canadiens
Mak' meence-meat of Maroon.

When Joliat skate out I yell
Unteel I have a pain.
I trow my hat up in de air
And shout, "Hurrah," again.

"Shut up, Pea Soup," an Englishman
Sarcastic say to me;
So I turn round to heem and yell:
"Shut up you Cup of Tea."

Dat was a ver' exciting game:
De score eet was a tie;
An' den dat leetle Joliat
Get hanger een hees eye.

He tak' de puck at odder goal
An' skat heem down so fas'
De rest of players seem asleep
As he was going pas'.

He was so queek he mak' dem look
Jus' lak' a lot of clown.
An' wen he shoot de wind from her
Eet knock de hompire down.

Dat was de winning goal, hurrah;
De game she come to end.
I yell: "Bravo for Joliat;
You hear: he ees ma friend."

De Henglishman he say: "Pardon,"
An' he tak' off hees hat:
De Breetish Hempire steel ees safe
Wen men can shoot lak' dat."

MONSIEUR JOLIAT

An' den he say, "Bravo," as hard
As Henglishman can whoop:
"I tink to-night I'll change from tea
To bally ole pea-soup."