

**The Wreck of the *Julie Plante*
A Legend of Lac St. Pierre**

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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 bust up on Lac St. Pierre
Wan arpent from de shore.

De captinne walk on de fronte deck,
An' walk de hin' deck too--
He call' de crew from up de hole,
He call' de cook also.
The cook she's name was Rosie,
She come from Montreal,
Was chambre maid on lumber barge
On de Grand Lachine canal.

The win' she blow from nor' -eas' -wes',--
The sout' win' she blow too,
W'en Rosie cry, "Mon cher Captinne!
Mon cher! W'at I shall do?"
Den de captinne throw de big ankerre,
But still de scow she dreef,
De crew he can't pass on de shore,
Becos' he los' hees skeef.

The night was dark like wan black cat,
De wave run high an' fas',
W'en de captinne tak' de Rosie girl
An' tie her to de mas'.
Den he also tak' de life preserve,
An' jump off on de lak',
An' say, "Goodbye, my Rosie dear!,
I go drown for your sak'."

Nex' morning very early
'Bout half-past two--t'ree--four--;
The captinne, crew an' de poor Rosie
Was corpses on de shore,
Wen' win' she blow lak' hurricane,
Bimeby she blow some more,
De scow bust up on Lac St. Pierre,
Was *Julie Plante* no more.

Now all good wood scow sailor man
Tak' lesson from dat storm
An' marry good hard-work' Ma'm'selle,
An' live on beeg safe 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.