

Baptiste Bondreau

A Legend of L'Erable

*Baptiste Bondreau! Oui,
Sure dat is my name—
It's Frenchman I am
S'il vous plait.
I'm live it now here
Mos' forty year near
De town dat is call'
Bourbonnais.
I've had what you call
De interview wit'
De uncivil man
Engineer;
Who's pound it de stake
For new trolley line
Dat's now wit' my farm
Interfere.*

*And where you suppose
He's drive it de stake?—
Through de barn near
De road on my farm.
And some of dese day'
A track dey will lay—
It's fill me all
Up wit' alarm.
Dose stake she is drive
So track will arrive
Where I'm open
Wide de beeg door—
And through dat small space
As fast as a race;
All of de beeg
Traffic will pour.*

*And dis is de worst
Dat's come of it yet—
Ever' tam I'm
Hear it dat toot—
I'll have to get up
Frome bed or de sup'
And open de
Door up to boot—
And let 'em pass through,
Again close de door;
But you bet I will
Fool 'em some day—
Dey'll wake up some morn'
And find in de night—
I've moved dat old
Barn out de way.*

—Wallace Bruce Amsbary.