LES ENFANTS: A BOOK OF VERSE IN FRENCH-CANADIAN DIALECT

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649311156

Les Enfants: A Book of Verse in French-Canadian Dialect by Gertrude Litchfield

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd. Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

GERTRUDE LITCHFIELD

LES ENFANTS: A BOOK OF VERSE IN FRENCH-CANADIAN DIALECT



LES ENFANTS

A Book of Verse in French-Canadian Dialect

GERTRUDE LITCHFIELD



BOSTON
RICHARD G. BADGER
THE GORHAM PRESS
1911

Copyright, 1920, by Gertrude Litchfield All Rights Reserved

THE GORHAM PRESS, BOSTON U S.

PREFACE

HAVE the hope that all who read these verses may feel somewhat acquainted with the little French-Canadian people with whom it has been my priviliege and delight to associate as a teacher and a friend.

It is not of the French-Canadians in Canada that I write, but of the families of the French-Canadian immigrants in New England, who, through their astonishing increase in numbers, and their admirable traits of industry, frugality, domestic virtue, and good citizenship, have made themselves "a power to be felt and known" in many of our large manufacturing centres,

This population, amounting to nearly a million French-Canadians in our midst, seems wonderful and significant. Although they cluster in communities, although the adults speak little or no English, though they do not readily mingle with the Anglo-Saxon element of our towns, yet their children attend our public schools, soon command both languages, and finally fill high places of trust and honor in our merchantile and civic affairs.

These little children, during that most interest-

PREFACE

ing period, when they are acquiring the English language, struggling with new words, putting aside their native speech for the time being, yet recurring to it often in moments of hesitancy, and with strange confusions in grammar, give us a unique and fascinating dialect. It is this dialect which I have tried to portray with such accuracy and sympathetic love that they will seem to my readers the real, warm-hearted, spontaneous, beauty-loving little beings which they are to me.

GERTRUDE LITCHFIELD.

For kind permission to reprint some of these verses the author wishes to express her thanks to the editors of the Boston Transcript and the Primary Education.

CONTENTS

*C	
1	age
Spirit of Christmas	7
Leetle Winter Bird	10
George Washington	12
Gabrielle's Oriole	14
De Circus	15
Ma Yeelow Cat	21
The Broken Doll	23
The Rubber Ball	24
A Convalescent Bay on the Fourth of July	25
Lousie	26
De Bebe on My House	28
Letting de Ole Cat Die	30
Ma Leetle Doll Rosette	31
The Fire-fly	32
Mademoiselle's Hat	33
My Valentine	35
L'école dans la rue Mechanique	36
Hoppee Toad	40
Le Canadien-Americain	42

CONTENTS

IL N'Y A PLUS D'ENFANTS

The Courtship	45
Goaxed	47
De Piqnique	48
De Railroad Train	50
Over the Telephone	52
De New Year	54
Lullaby	56
Dat Leetle Han'	57
De Storee Tam	

SPÍRÍT OF CHRISTMAS

W'at you t'ink, Miss Fee, Bout de Christmas tree-Santa Claus, he come? Dat geev some fonne. Hev he got a sleigh, Lak de journal say, An' eight reindeer He hev for steer? How he mak' heself go Right over de snow An' reach all de house So still lak a mouse? Mus' be some trick-He go so quick Down beeg chimnee, For you never see How he get t'roo Dat beeg flu-flu, Nor w'at he leave-But you jus' b'lieve He leave someting, Den bird on de wing He make' his pass To some noder place-Can't stop too long, So bells ding-dong, An' off he fly Right t'roo de sky. Will he come dis year? If I'm bad, I'm fear He don' lak me, But you know, Miss Fee, How hard I've try Not tell any lie; W'en Romeo swear I pulled his hair,