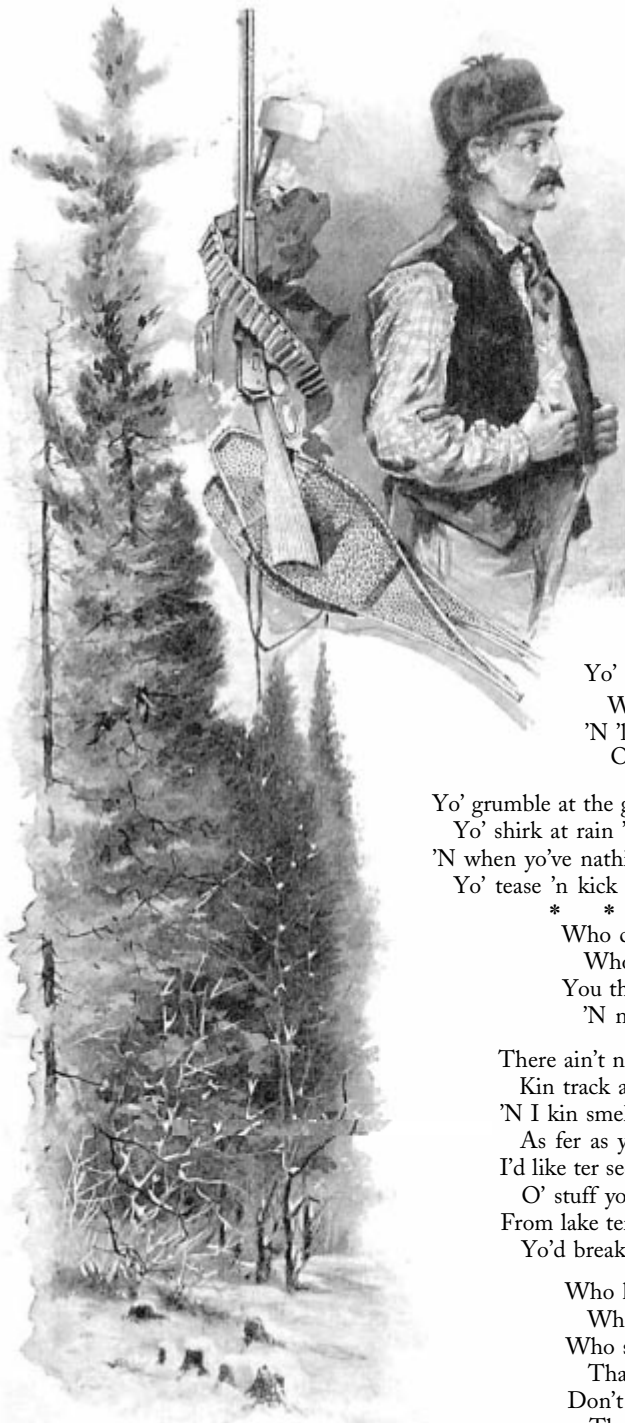


The Wail of the Guide.

BY

FREDERIC
COLBURN
CLARKE.



Yo' city chaps comes ter th' woods
With yo' new-fangled guns,
'N 'low yo' prime ter shoot th' hide
Off anything 'et runs:—

Yo' grumble at the grub I cook,
Yo' shirk at rain 'r fog,
'N when yo've nathin' else ter do
Yo' tease 'n kick my dog.

* * *

Who cleans yo' guns 'n tends th' camp?
Who built that 'ere canoe?
You think yo'd larn them tricks in books,
'N maybe lam me, too.

There ain't no guide in seven States
Kin track a moose like me,
'N I kin smell a caribou
As fer as yo' kin see;
I'd like ter see yo' tote th' load
O' stuff yo' make me pack,
From lake ter lake along th' run—
Yo'd break yo' dog-goned back.

Who keeps yo' out o' traps 'n snares?
Who calls yo' moose 'n deer?
Who showed yo' whar ter find a b'ar
That day yo' run so queer?—
Don't guy yo' country guide, my friend,
Tho' he don't know yo' creed—
That's heaps o' things a man kin larn
As well as larn ter read.