

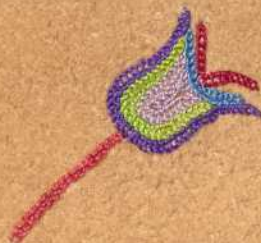
Songs
✦

of the

Saguenay
✦

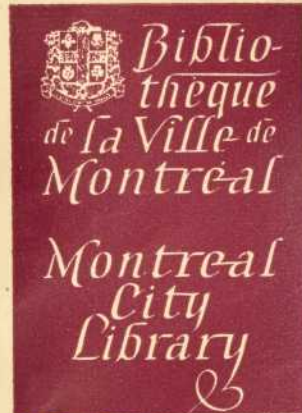
Etc.

By J. Percy Smith



25
Songs of the Saguenay, Etc. G

VILLE GAGNON



821.99
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-- by --

F. Percy Smith
ARVIDA, P. Q.
CANADA

COLLECTORS PRIVATE EDITION

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100 Autograph Copies

Ducharme 13/2/48 2.00

CERTIFICATE

This booklet is a product of the Saguenay Valley.

The cover is made from the hide of Moose, hunted for me and cured by the Indians of Lake St-John.

The Decorations on the covers were worked by the Indian Women of Pointe Bleu to my order.

The binding is done with lacing made from the hide of Cariboo, hunted for me and cured by the Indians of Lake St-John District.

The leaves of Birch bark were gathered by the same Indians and from 10,000 sheets only 1200 were suitable for the purpose.

Maybe I am wrong, but, from what I have read I was afraid to approach any of the regular publishers to put my poor writings before the world.

So I became my own publisher and had this booklet printed and bound by that very excellent printing house known here as "Le Syndicat des Imprimeurs du Saguenay" who are also the Publishers of a daily newspaper "Le Progrès du Saguenay", a bold and brave venture which deserves the loyal support and encouragement of both English and French people.

The interleaving of coated paper carrying wording and photographs is from Beauport, P.Q.

498369

REGISTER

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Each new owner will please notify the Author of the change of ownership, as the possessor of this volume will be considered as one of my good friends and will receive further communications from me.



"I clove the Mountain Ranges"

The Voice of the Saguenay

The fame of the Saguenay River, for its wonderful scenery has been world wide for generations. Above the head of navigation, however, it is little known except that sixty miles of wonderful rapids give the River a new interest and a promise of great industrial development in the near future,

THE VOICE OF THE SAGUENAY

(Addressing Man)

*I am the River Saguenay,
Eons and æons old,
Wrought by the Hand that built the Stars,
Which nightly, vigils hold.*

*Through the slow evolving ages,
I have laboured long, to guide
The burden of land-locked waters
Down to the Ocean tide.*

*I clove the Mountain Ranges
By the power which I begot,
I ride to the Sea on a right-of-way
I made; when Man was not.*

*I thunder back to Thunder,
When it peals among the hills;
I whisper to the leaves below,
When my foaming bosom stills.*

*I sing to the far-flung Ranges
Though their Glory I divide,
When the listless shadows of Summer Clouds
Lie patched on the Mountain side.*

*When they hear that my strength is ebbing,—
The Lakes in my wide Domain
And the Snows from the far off Height-of-Land—
Will give me new life again,*

*And now you come to bind me,
Who, fetters never wore
And the Mighty Voice that challenged all,
Will be heard in the hills no more.*

*You dare not touch the Mountains,
You cannot bind the Sea,
And Storm and Lightning heed you not
Why do you come to ME?*



MOTHER OF ALL MANKIND

*For ages the world has sung the praises of
"Mother". To every man there is only
ONE Mother and each, as he reads this
will think of his own -- therefore "Mother
of all Mankind".*

IN LOVING MEMORY OF MINE

The Author



*This poem, written in memory of my
Mother is dedicated to the Mother of my
dear children, who in all the trials and
vicissitudes of our Married life has
exemplified in the highest degree the
fortitude, love and devotion of a wife and
Mother.*

The Author

MOTHER OF ALL MANKIND

In memoriam;
Nov. 5th. 1903.

*Poor little Snowflakes, wafting down
From the Clouds that drift away;
I cannot bid you welcome, yet—
I may not bid you stay.*

*Your message is a sad one,
Though you mean it not to be;
It's tenor may be born alone
Of the thoughts that abide in me.*

*Through lonesome years your presence brings
It's flood of sorrow yet;
As it did on that November day,
When God and Mother met.*

*A little white Cross, so far away,
And of earth, just a little mound;
Where the Snowflakes are slowly covering up,
A measure of Sacred Ground.*

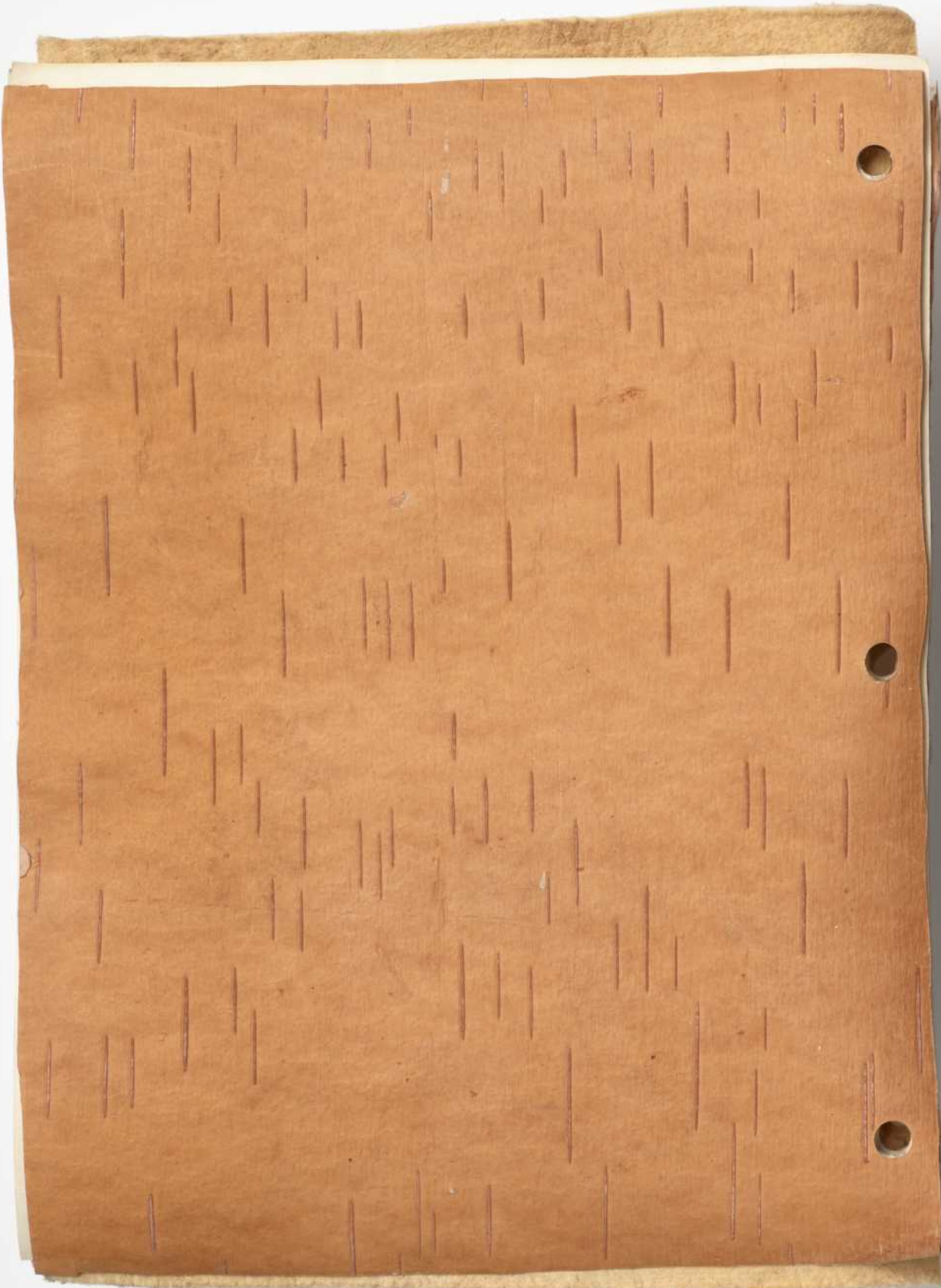
*There, underneath, forever lies
The Truest of the True;
Meaning to me:—what a Mother's Heart—
All Mankind,—means to you.*

*O Love, that's born in Heaven alone,
Purer than any other,
Crowning the hearts of those who own,
The noble name of Mother!*

*Teach me a little,—but to know,
When life shall say "Amen";
That I may touch that blessed hand,
And kiss those lips again.*

*I am ready now, when I hear Her voice,
Calling me to my bed;
And I'll rest with Her, while the Snowflakes fall,
Silently, overhead.*

Arvida, Nov. 5th 1903.

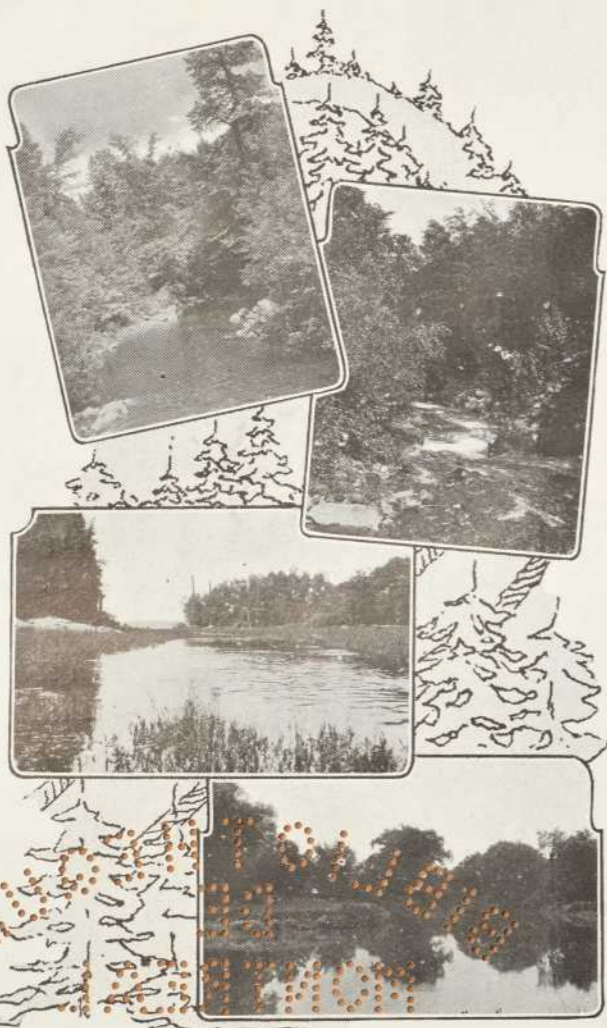
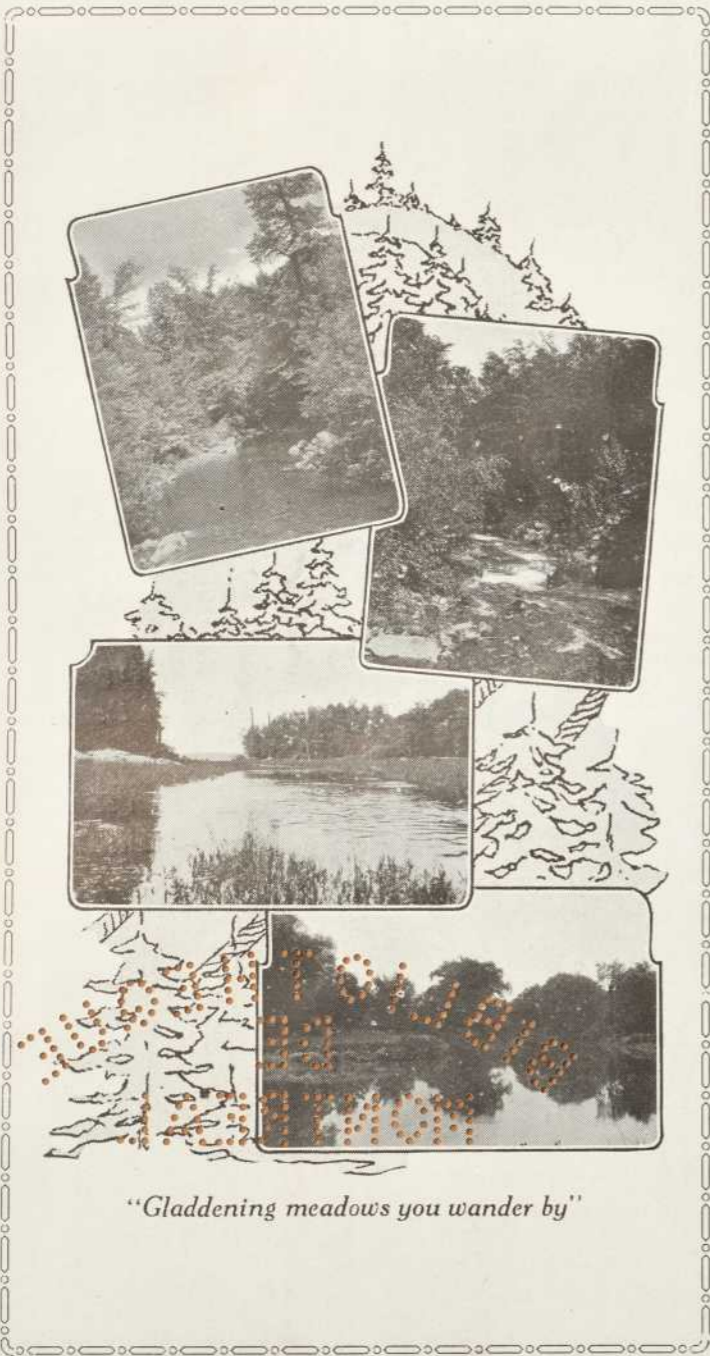


The Lost Tide of Arvida

It is a wonderful thought to visualize the action of the moon on the broad Atlantic and to find that the power of the tide is felt very noticeably at Arvida 600 miles from the open sea.

Among the Laurentian Mountain Ranges and the quiet pastoral Saguenay Valley one hardly expects to find sea-born power penetrating. —

SAVOIE
DE
MONTREAL



"Gladdening meadows you wander by"

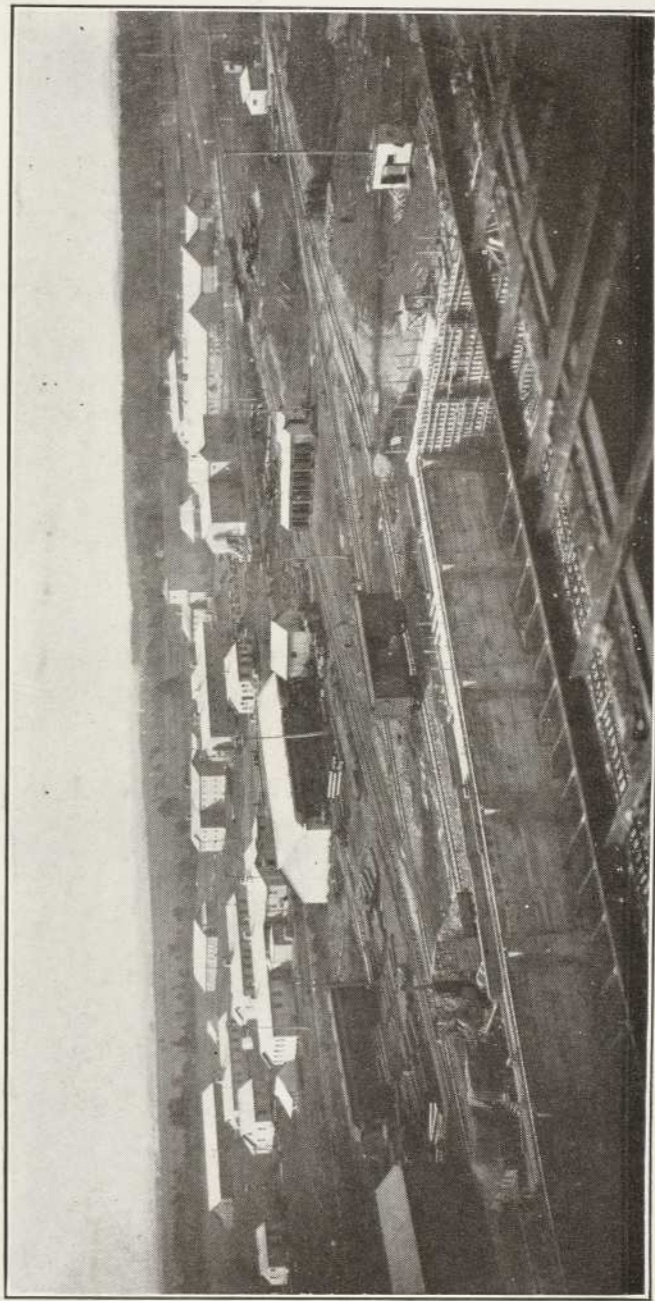
THE LOST TIDE OF ARVIDA.

O Tide of Arvida, tilting free,
 How come you here, from the swaying Sea?
 The roll of Ocean has wandered far,
 To lift it's waters across the Bar,
 Beyond Chicoutimi.


Full many and many a league below
 The pulse of Ocean is throbbing slow
 And you come shimmering on to meet
 Old Saguenay's flood, in its wild retreat,
 Marking your ebb and flow.

Kissing the feet of mountains high,
 Gladdening meadows you wander by;
 Finding your way among the hills,
 To meet in the forest the brooks and rills;
 Learning their lullaby.

O Tide of Arvida; you're lost, it seems,
 Your home is not with the Mountain Streams;
 Yet the mystical power of the far off Sea
 Is sending it's secrets here to me,
 Bringing me dreams.




Construction Camp at Arvida

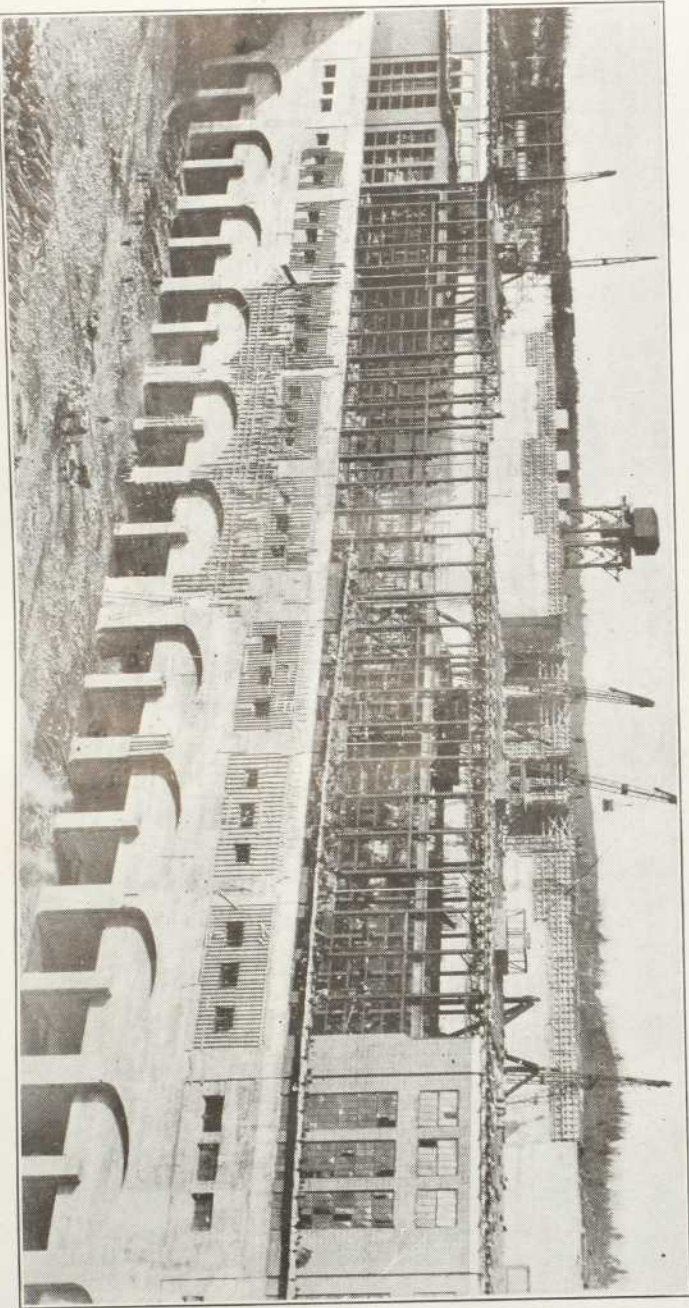


The Arvidians

From Chicoutimi to Lake Saint John there are great works now under way and embryo cities are springing up almost overnight. Primeval forest and roaring rapids are alike giving way to Man's invasion, and the plans of the great minds behind these works-both engineering and industrial-stir the imagination.



"Great Works and Cities Grand"



THE ARVIDIANS

*They dreamed of a dormant greatness
In the lone Laurentian hills;
Of a work that would stagger the minds of men
To be wrought by their welded wills.*

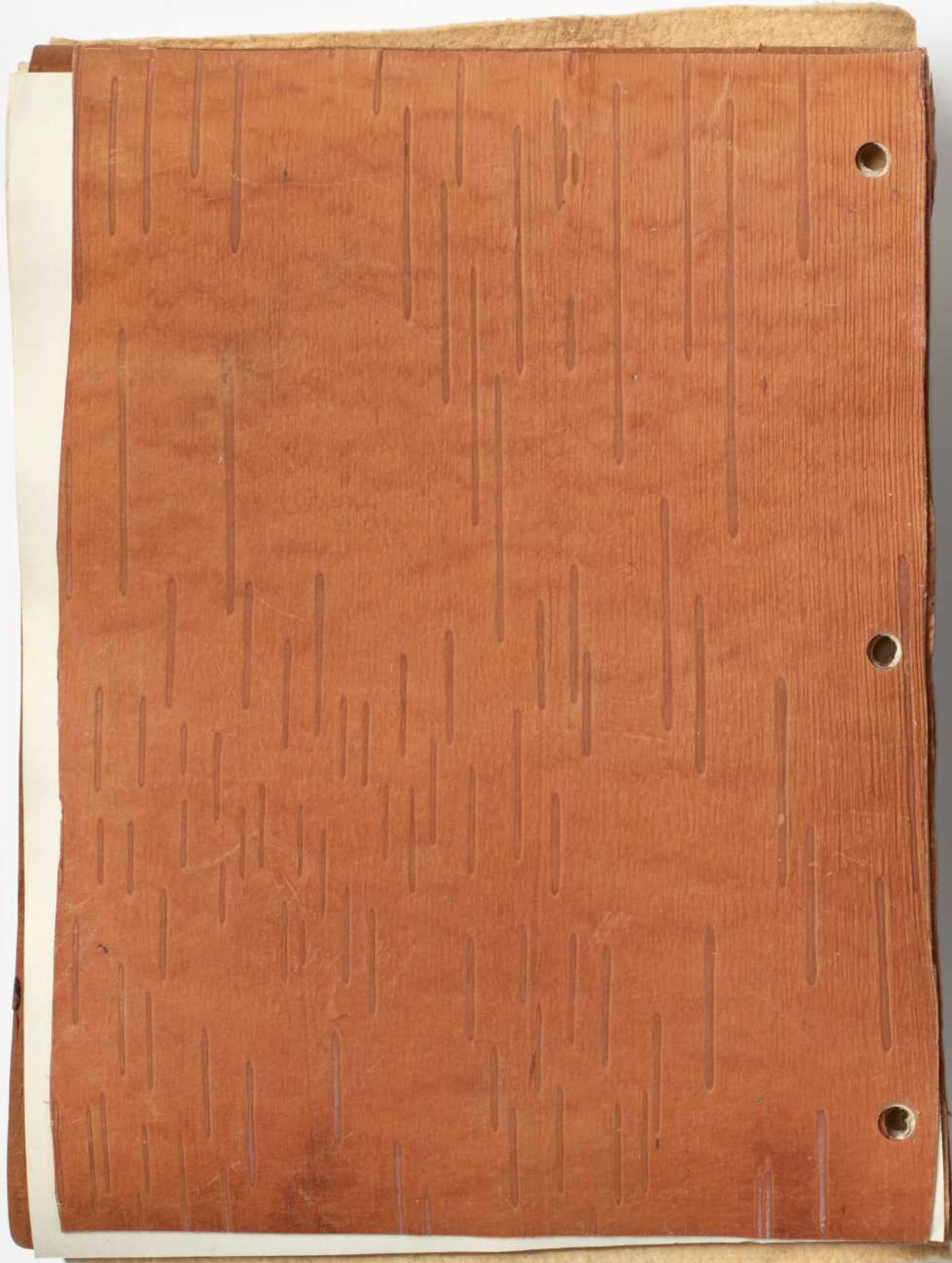
*They came from the Eastern sea shores,
They came from the Western plains;
They came from where Southern breezes blow
And they brought but brawn and brains.*

*They came to build an Empire;
Not as the kings of old,
Whose power was the lust of the conquering sword
And whose wealth was in slaves and gold.*

*But they came to wrest from Nature,
A power that is nobler still,
That will lighten the load that Labor bears
And silently do man's will.*

*They are carving out of the fastnesses
Great works and cities grand;
And the roaring torrents among the hills
Give life to what they planned.*

*And the world will look with wonder
Over mountain, vale and glen;
At what Arvida's sons have done
In the land where men are MEN.*



The "Victory" Bond

"The Victory Bond" is reprinted here as a tribute to our brave Canadian Boys and those of our Allies. The date tells its own story.

THE "VICTORY" BOND



These indeed are Bonds that bind us,
To the boys now "over there",
Bonds that help to make us Freemen,
'Tis your duty, take your share.



"Victory" Bonds will save our people,
From the fetters of the Hun,
Choose your weapon, fight with dollars,
If you cannot use a gun.



Every merchant, every lawyer,
Every doctor in the land,
Clerks and farmers, brawny toilers,
To your country lend a hand.



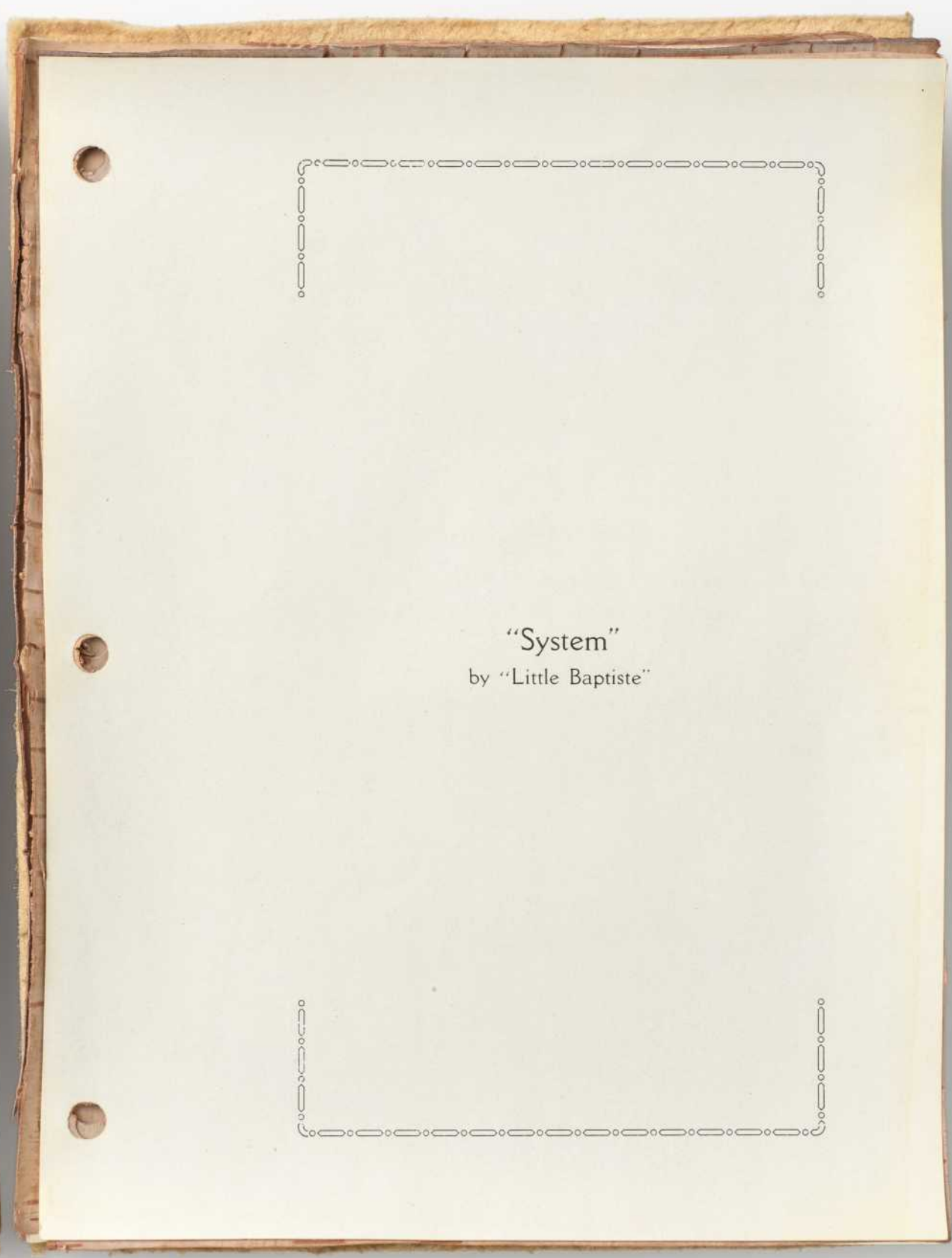
Sons and daughters, wives and brothers,
Keep our fighting laddies fit,
Every one who earns a dollar,
Here's your chance to do your "bit,"



From Cape Breton's seaward outlook,
To Vancouver's golden tide,
Canada has called her fighters;
Roll up millions on their side.



You who sing "Rule, Rule Britannia,"
And "God Save Our Gracious King,"
Cash your patriotic fervor,
Buy a Bond or do not sing. Feb. 1915



"System"
by "Little Baptiste"

A prominent authority has said that some
of our larger corporations were much over-
systematized.
The French Canadian "Habitant" with his
usual keen logic seems to have reached the
same conclusion.

"SYSTEM"
by
"Little Baptiste"

Dat's funny ting dey do for make
De business rush and rush to-day;
We don't do dat long time ago
On de "Roberval and Saguenay".

He's got de ting called "system bug"
For save de work; or, make it more;
I'm not sure which, for everyting
Go on, just like he went before.

Dat system business grow and grow
He say its stop de man from "shirk".
De staff he make de system go,
But no one's left to do de work.

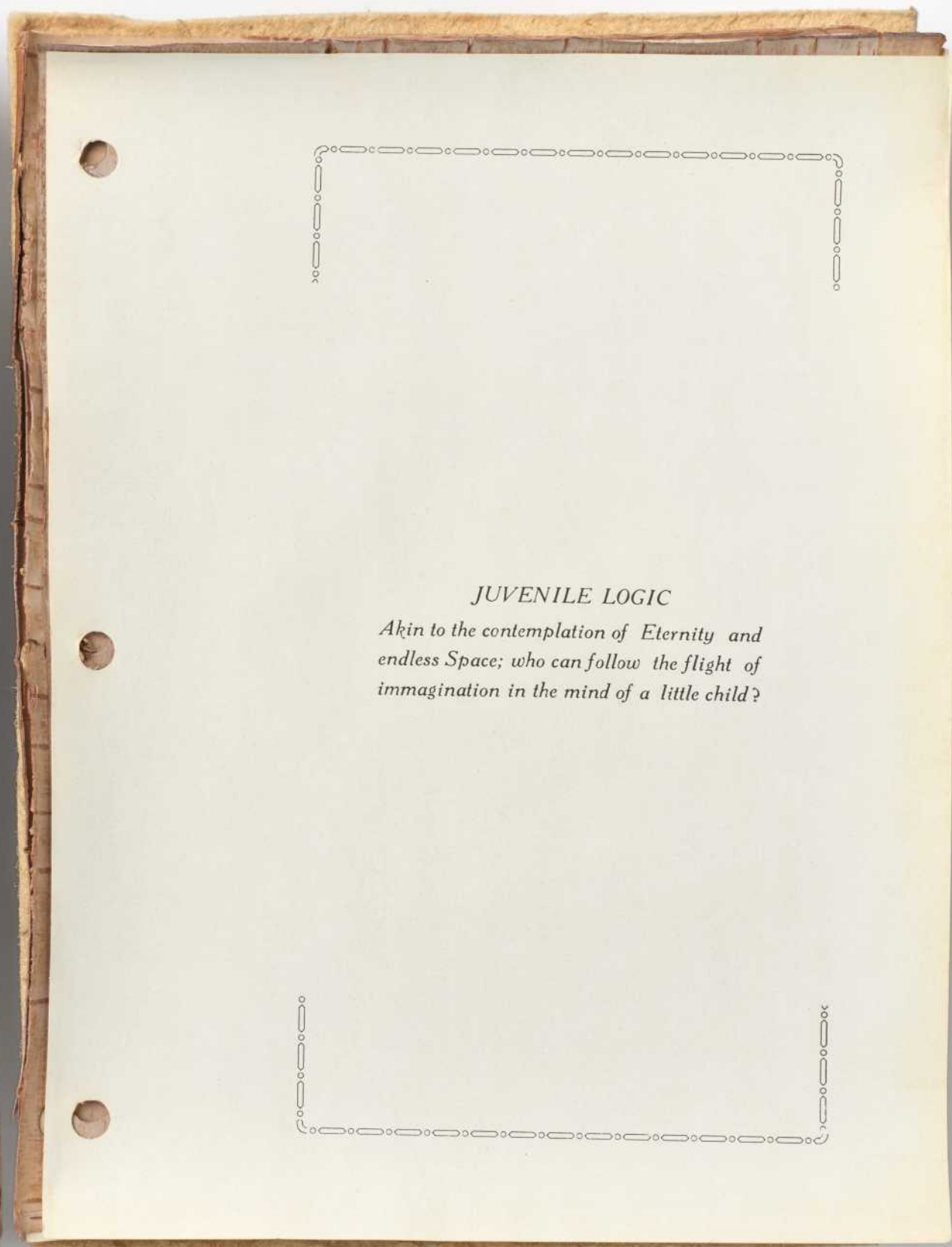
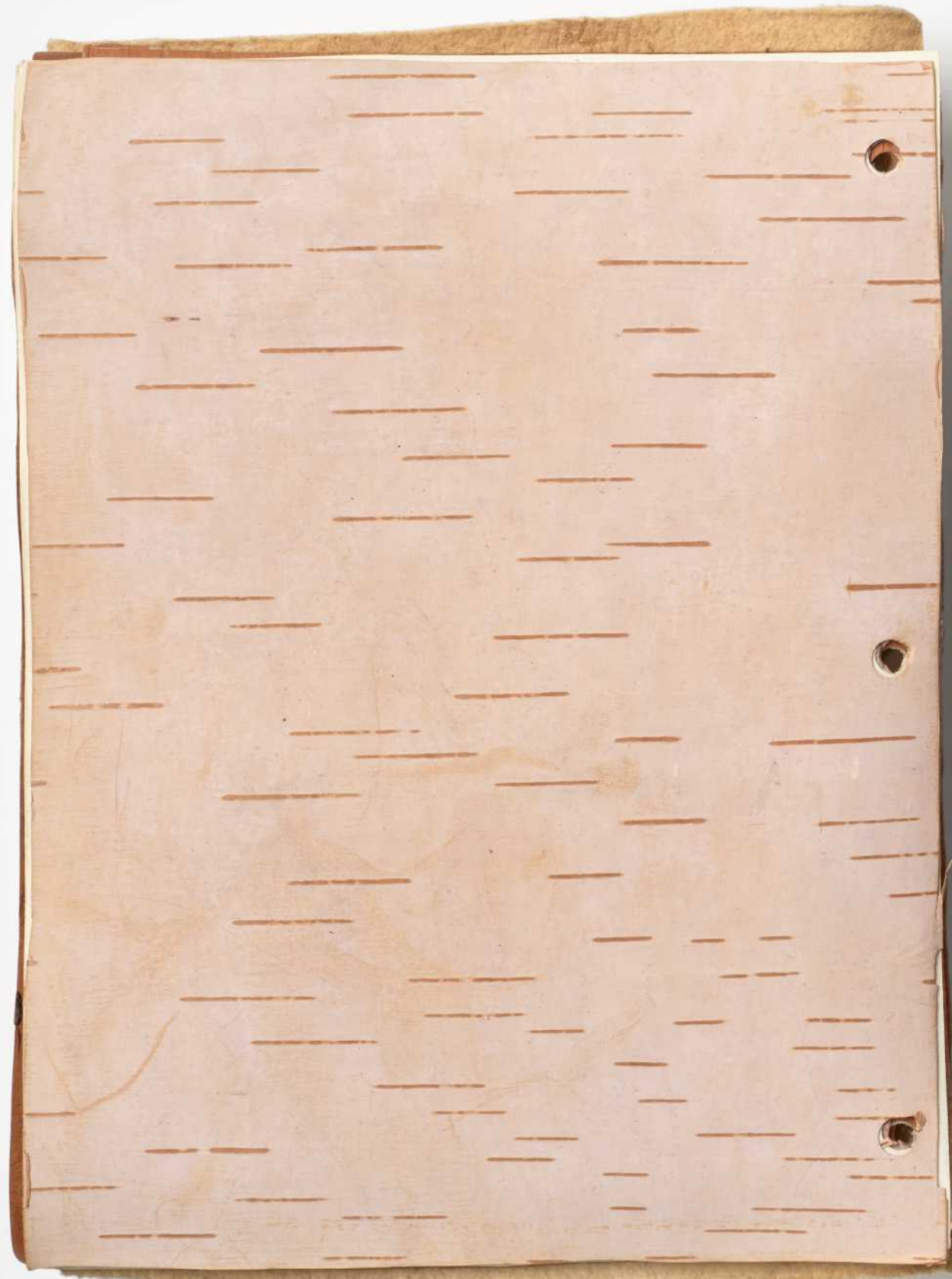
When telephone he's come along,
At first I'm scare and take my hat;
But when I'm learn to call Ma Femme,
I find it good—I don't mind dat.

De "trolley" too is make me'fraid
But when he's go like one scared cat
I make "joy-ride" for blue-tic-keet—
Dat's pretty fine—I don't mind dat.

An shortland girl call sten-o-graff
Write wid machine small like you hat;
Suppose de boss too tired for write,
And girl she's nice - I don't mind dat.

And den he's got some queer machine
It's make up figures quick like "scat";
I guess it's saving the tead pencil
And if it do—I don't mind dat.

And card index and letter file,
—He's got dat "System" business "pat";
It's make big staff den save his time.
But all de same—I don't mind dat.



JUVENILE LOGIC

*Akin to the contemplation of Eternity and
endless Space; who can follow the flight of
immagination in the mind of a little child?*



MOTHER'S DRESS


*I love my Mother's cotton dress,
The one with little spots;
She wears it when She plays with us
And puts us in our cots.*

*I often try to count those spots,
And call them "all my Sheep",
When Mother's singing songs to me
And rocking me to sleep.*

*Maybe I like that dress the best,
For what it means to me;
Because, when Mother's wearing it,
She's staying home for tea.*


*But, when She wears her other things,
(They're grand I have no doubt),
They do not look so good to me,
For then,—She's going out*

*And I must go to bed alone,
Without one little song;
And though I'm fast asleep,—it seems
The Nights are very long.*



Beds and Things.

*The inexorable laws of Hygiene have
gradually separated Mother and Child and
although the Mother understands, the Child
does not.*





BEDS AND THINGS

*Most Puppy-Dogs and Kittens too,
(After they've had their play),
Lie on their Mother's fur and sleep,
Whether it's Night or Day.*

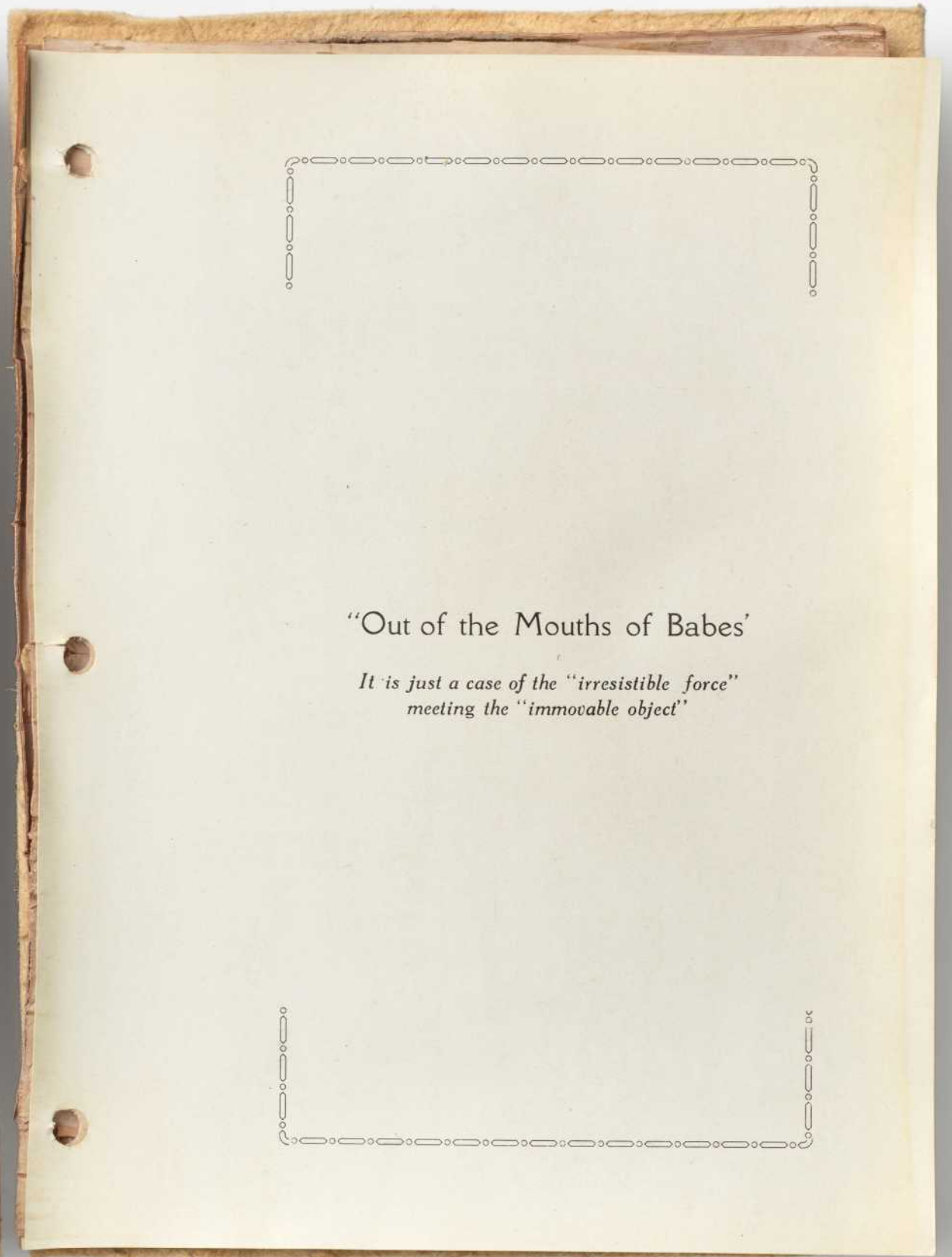
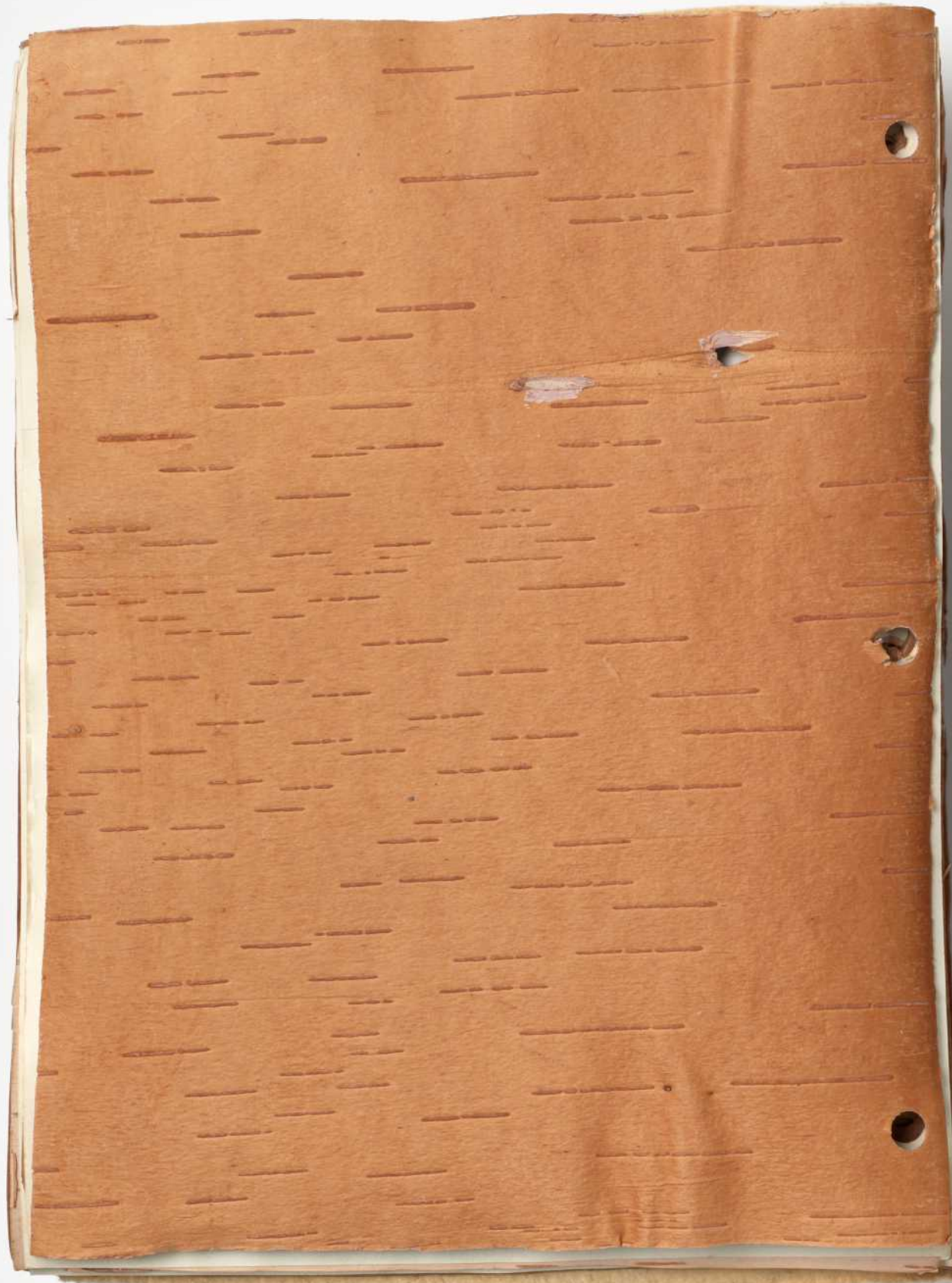
*Their Mothers are their beds, you know,
And I do not think they care,
What's going on out somewhere else,
Just so that they are there.*

*And Birdies have a feather quilt
Over them in their nest;
Maybe that kind of Mother knows
What Little Ones like best.*

*I wish that we would be like them,
And I could lay my head
On Mother's arm, so-comfy like,
And sleep with Her in bed.*

*I would not mind the thunder-storms
Or Ghosts or things that creep;
And then, I would not have to cry,
Until I went to sleep.*

*In my own room, without a light,
I seem so far away,
And spend so much time lying there,
Just waiting for the day.*



"Out of the Mouths of Babes"

*It is just a case of the "irresistible force"
meeting the "immovable object"*



"OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF BABES"

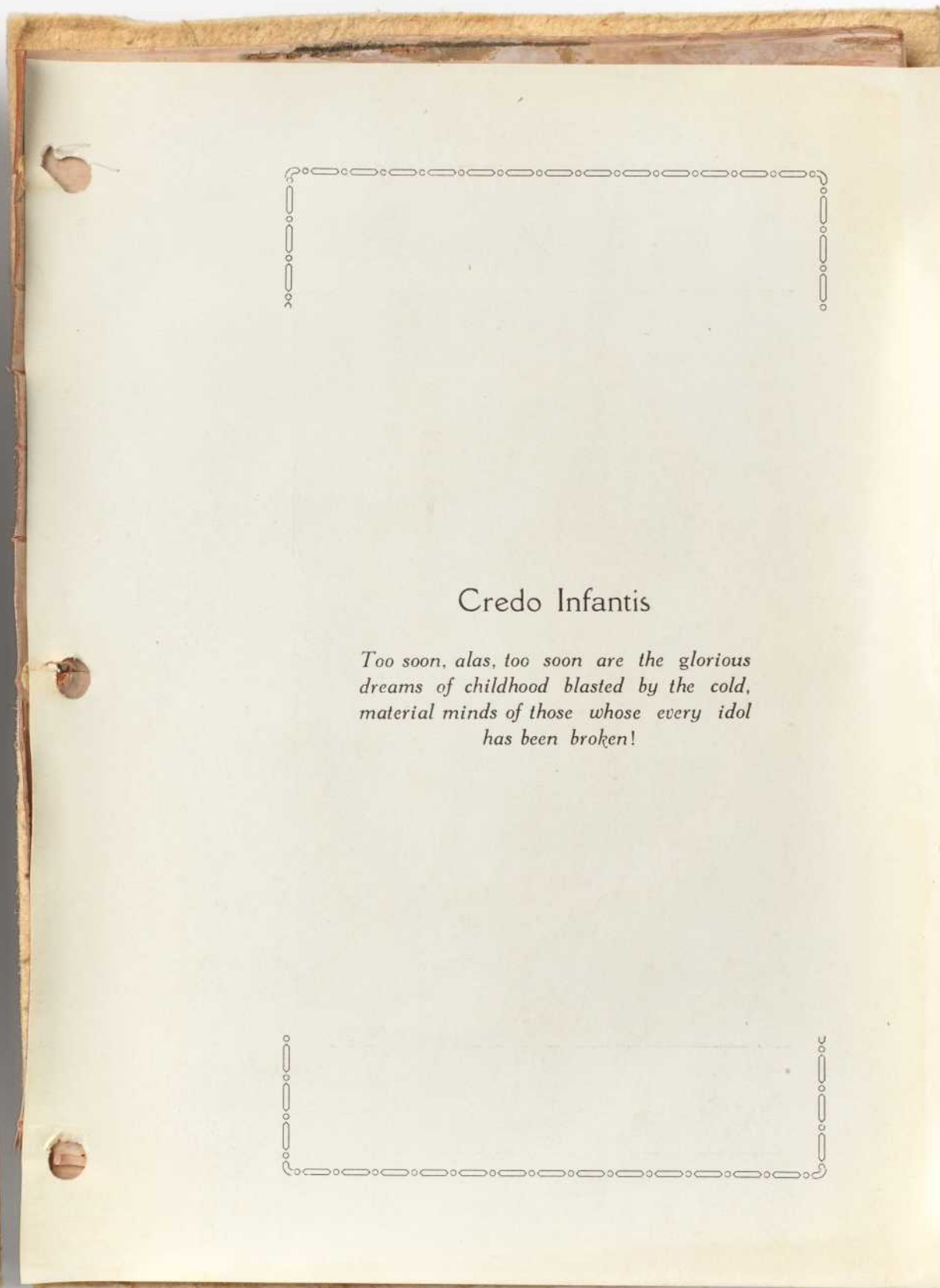
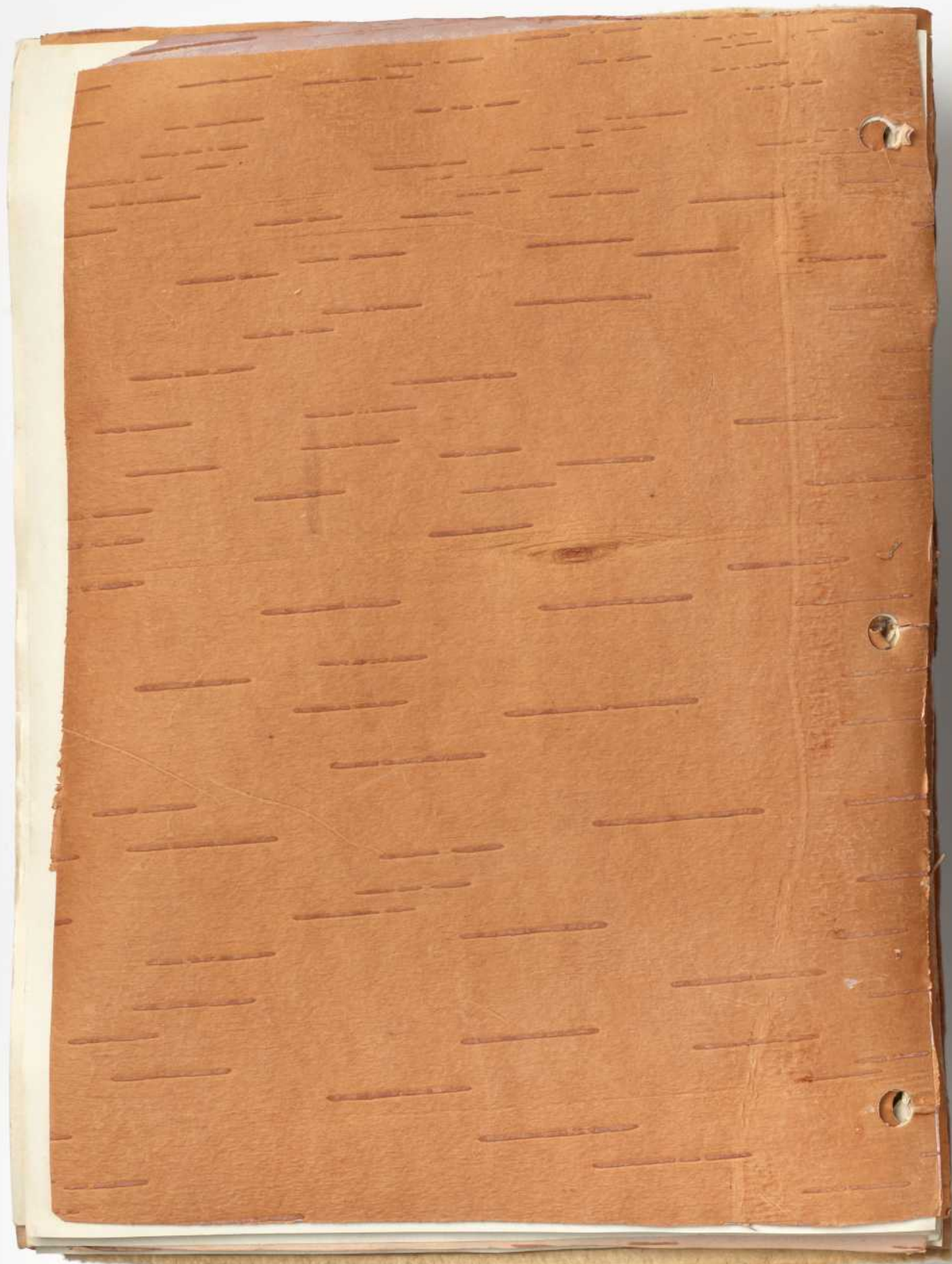
*My Mother often talks of God,
And all the things He did;
And how he loves the Little Ones,
Who do as they are bid.*

*And Father says God made the World,
The Sun and Stars and all;
He made the Flood, then dried it up—
And sees a Sparrow fall.*

*Sometimes I get God all mixed up,
With Giants and Fairies too;
Because if God did everything,
What did they have to do?*

*I asked my Father yesterday,
If God can make a stone
So very big, that even He
Can't lift it all alone.*

*But Father only looked at me,
And slowly shook his head,
And told my Mother it was time
That I was in my bed.*



Credo Infantis

*Too soon, alas, too soon are the glorious
dreams of childhood blasted by the cold,
material minds of those whose every idol
has been broken!*



CREDO INFANTIS

*Now, I believe in everything
That ever, ever was;
Angels and Ghosts and Giants too-,
And God and Santa-Claus.*

*It's mostly Nurses don't believe,
Or Maids who think they know;
Or Aunts, who have'nt any Home,
And nowhere else to go.*

*They think it is so very smart,
To go around and boast
That fairies are a make-believe,
And there never was a Ghost.*

*But then, if Fairies weren't around,
Would'nt Witches have a lark?
And if Ghosts were never anywhere,
Why did they make the dark?*

*I love to think of Angels too,
Up in the Sky somewhere;
And that is true, I know, because
My Sister Lucy's there.*

*I know the "Don't-Believes" are wrong,
For, though I'm pretty small,
I have a way of thinking things
They don't know of, at all.*

