



WHEN A LINDY SINGS

PAUL LAURENCE
DUNBAR



S. G. and E. L. ELBERT

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WHEN MALINDY SINGS



The book cover features a decorative border of butterflies and flowers. At the top, three butterflies are arranged horizontally. The sides are framed by vertical stems with leaves and flowers. At the bottom, another butterfly is centered.

WHEN
MALINDY
SINGS

BY
PAUL LAURENCE
DUNBAR



*ILLUSTRATED WITH
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MARGARET
ARMSTRONG

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A decorative border of light green floral and vine motifs surrounds the text. The border features stylized flowers and leaves, with a central floral element at the top and bottom, and vertical vine-like structures on the left and right sides.

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WHEN MALINDY SINGS



G'WAY an' quit dat noise, Miss Lucy—
Put dat music book away;
What 's de use to keep on tryin' ?
Ef you practise twell you 're gray,
You cain't sta't no notes a-flyin'
Lak de ones dat rants and rings
F'om de kitchen to de big woods
When Malindy sings.

You ain't got de nachel o'gans
Fu' to make de soun' come right,
You ain't got de tu'ns an' twistin's
Fu' to make it sweet an' light.
Tell you one thing now, Miss Lucy,
An' I'm tellin' you fu' true,
When hit comes to raal right singin',
' T ain't no easy thing to do.

Easy 'nough fu' folks to hollah,
Lookin' at de lines an' dots,
When dey ain't no one kin sence it,
An' de chune comes in, in spots;
But fu' real melojous music,
Dat jes' strikes yo' hea't and clings,
Jes' you stan' an' listen wif me
When Malindy sings.



Ain't you nevah hyeahd Malindy?
Blessed soul, tek up de cross!
Look hyeah, ain't you jokin', honey?
Well, you don't know whut you los'.
Y' ought to hyeah dat gal a-wa'blin',
Robins, la'ks, an' all dem things,
Heish dey moufs an' hides dey faces
When Malindy sings.

Fiddlin' man jes' stop his fiddlin',
Lay his fiddle on de she'f;
Mockin'-bird quit tryin' to whistle,
'Cause he jes' so shamed hisse'f.
Folks a-playin' on de banjo
Draps dey fingahs on de strings —
Bless yo' soul — fu'gits to move 'em,
When Malindy sings.

She jes' spreads huh mouf and hollahs,
"Come to Jesus," twell you hyeah
Sinnahs' tremblin' steps and voices,
Timid-lak a-drawin' neah;
Den she tu'ns to "Rock of Ages,"
Simply to de cross she clings,
An' you fin' yo' teahs a-drappin'
When Malindy sings.

Who dat says dat humble praises
Wif de Master nevah counts?
Heish yo' mouf, I hyeah dat music,
Ez hit rises up an' mounts —
Floatin' by de hills an' valleys,
Way above dis buryin' sod,
Ez hit makes its way in glory
To de very gates of God!

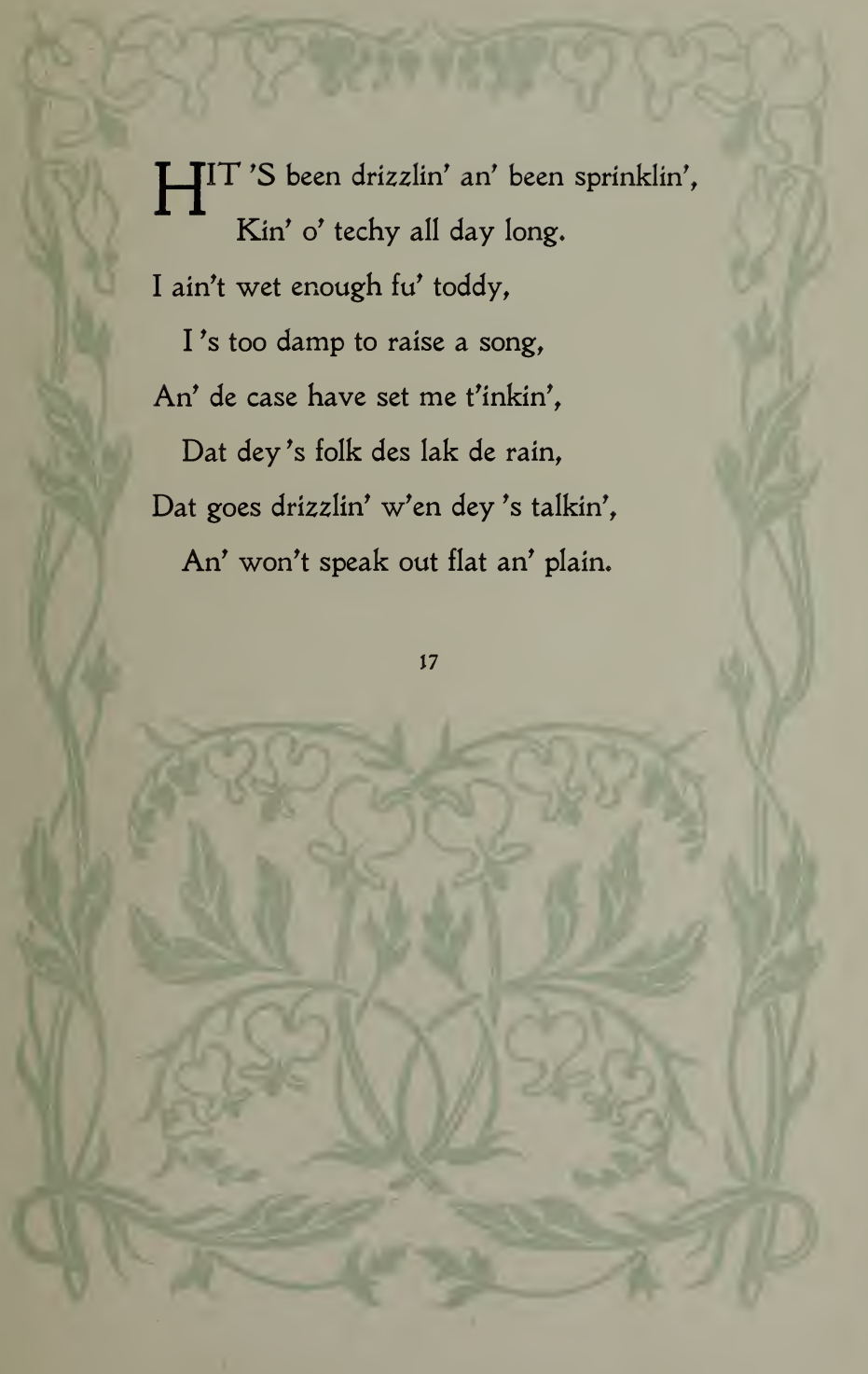
Oh, hit's sweetah dan de music
Of an edicated band;
An' hit's dearah dan de battle's
Song o' triumph in de lan'.
It seems holier dan evenin'
When de solemn chu'ch bell rings,
Ez I sit an' ca'mly listen
While Malindy sings.

Towsah, stop dat ba'kin', hyeah me!
Mandy, mek dat chile keep still;
Don't you hyeah de echoes callin'
F'om de valley to de hill?
Let me listen, I can hyeah it,
Th'oo de bresh of angel's wings,
Sof' an' sweet, "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot,"
Ez Malindy sings.



DRIZZLE





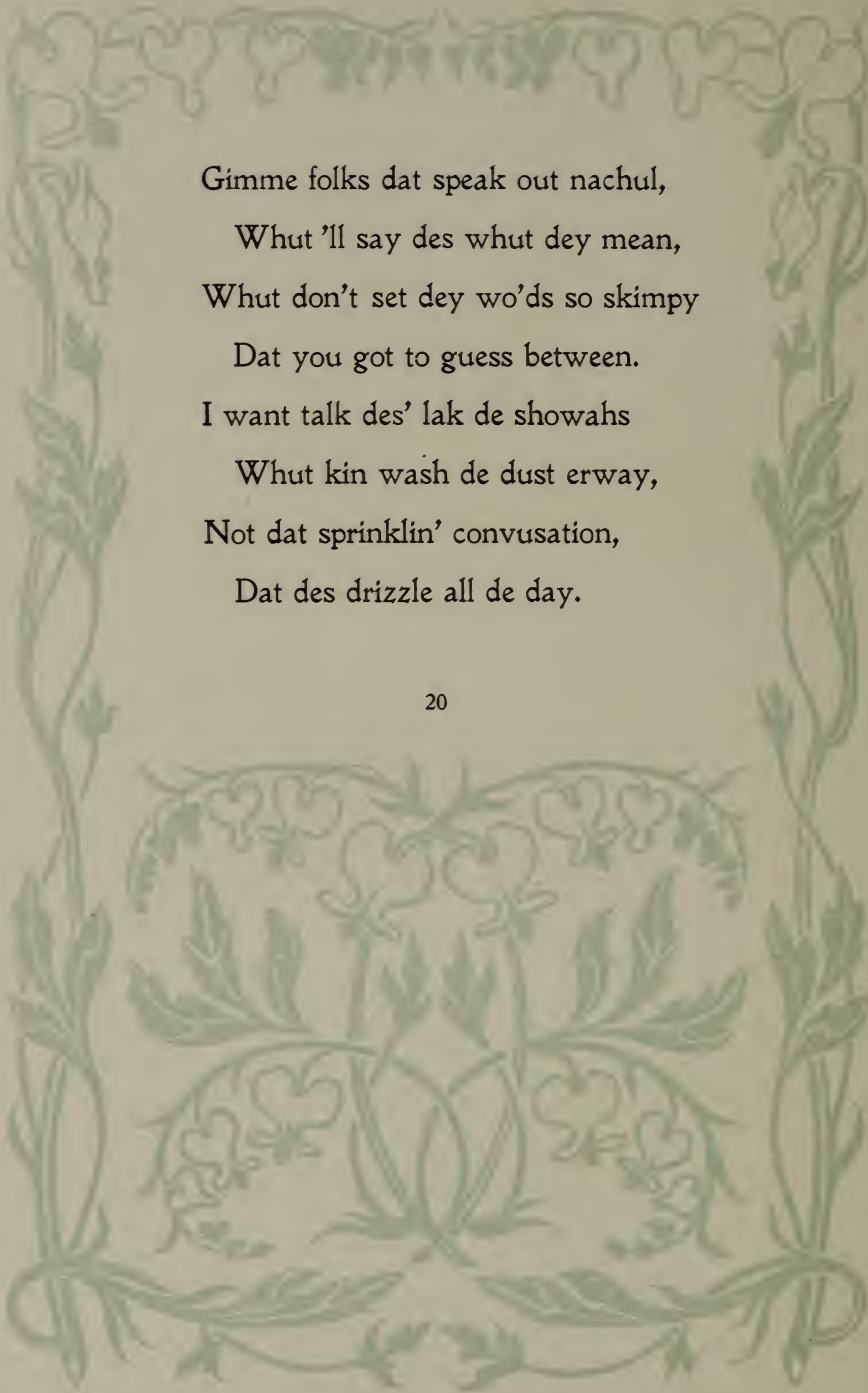
HIT 'S been drizzlin' an' been sprinklin',
Kin' o' techy all day long.

I ain't wet enough fu' toddy,
I's too damp to raise a song,
An' de case have set me t'inkin',
Dat dey's folk des lak de rain,
Dat goes drizzlin' w'en dey's talkin',
An' won't speak out flat an' plain.



Ain't you nevah set an' listened
At a body 'splain his min' ?
W'en de t'oughts dey keep on drappin'
Was n't big enough to fin' ?
Dem 's whut I call drizzlin' people,
Othahs call 'em mealy mouf,
But de fust name hits me bettah,
Case dey nevah tech a drouf.

Dey kin talk from hyeah to yandah,
An' f'om yandah hyeah ergain,
An' dey don' mek no mo' 'pression,
Den dis powd'ry kin' o' rain.
En yo' min' is dry ez cindahs,
Er a piece o' kindlin' wood,
'T ain't no use a-talkin' to 'em,
Fu' dey drizzle ain't no good.



Gimme folks dat speak out nachul,
Whut 'll say des whut dey mean,
Whut don't set dey wo'ds so skimpy
Dat you got to guess between.
I want talk des' lak de showahs
Whut kin wash de dust erway,
Not dat sprinklin' convusation,
Dat des drizzle all de day.



TWO LITTLE BOOTS



TWO little boots all rough an' wo',
Two little boots!

Laws, I's kissed 'em times befo',
Dese little boots!

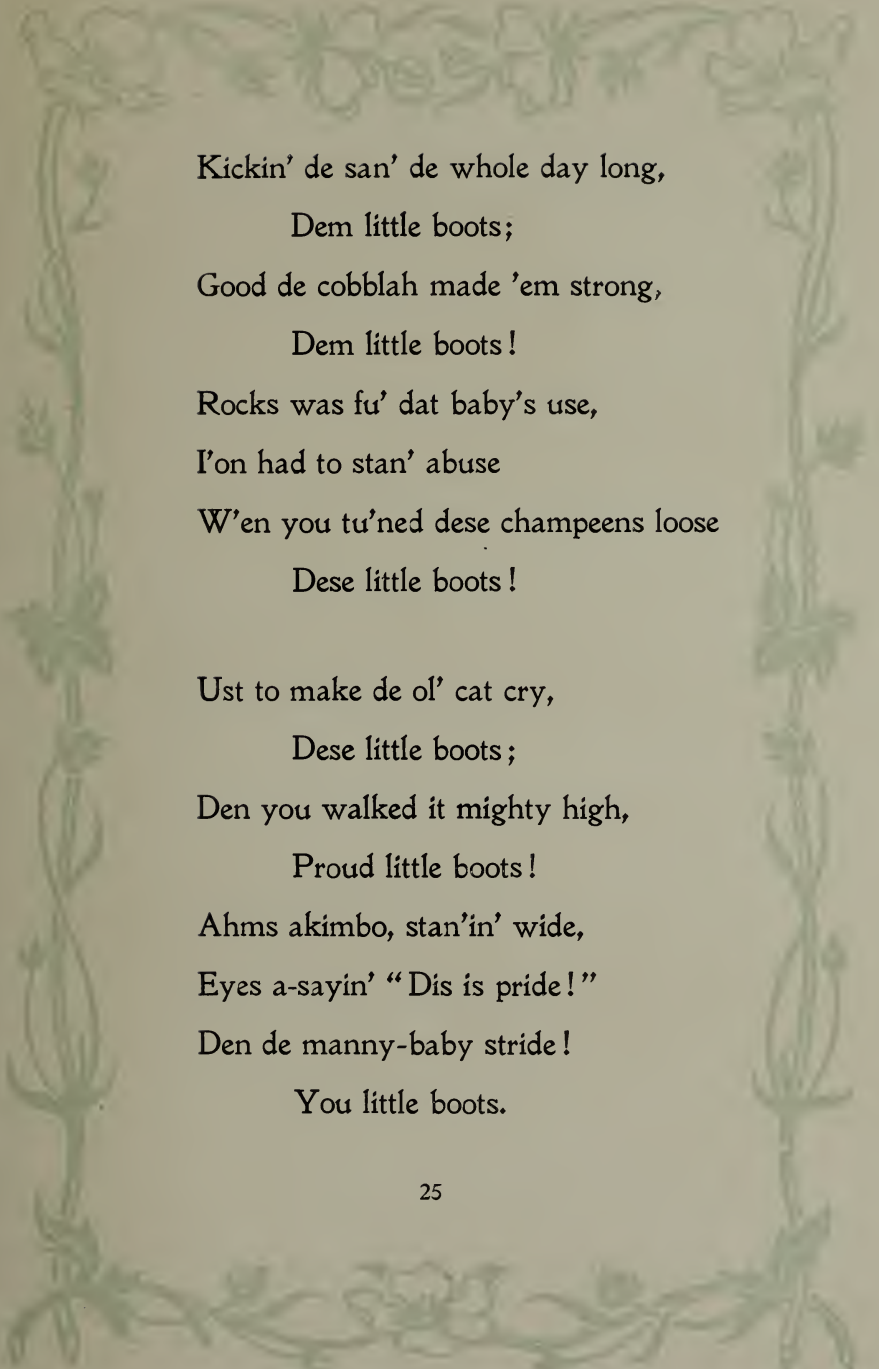
Seems de toes a-peepin' thoo
Dis hyeah hole an' sayin' "Boo!"
Evah time dey looks at you —
Dese little boots.

Membah de time he put 'em on,
Dese little boots;

Riz an' called fu' 'em by dawn,
Dese little boots;

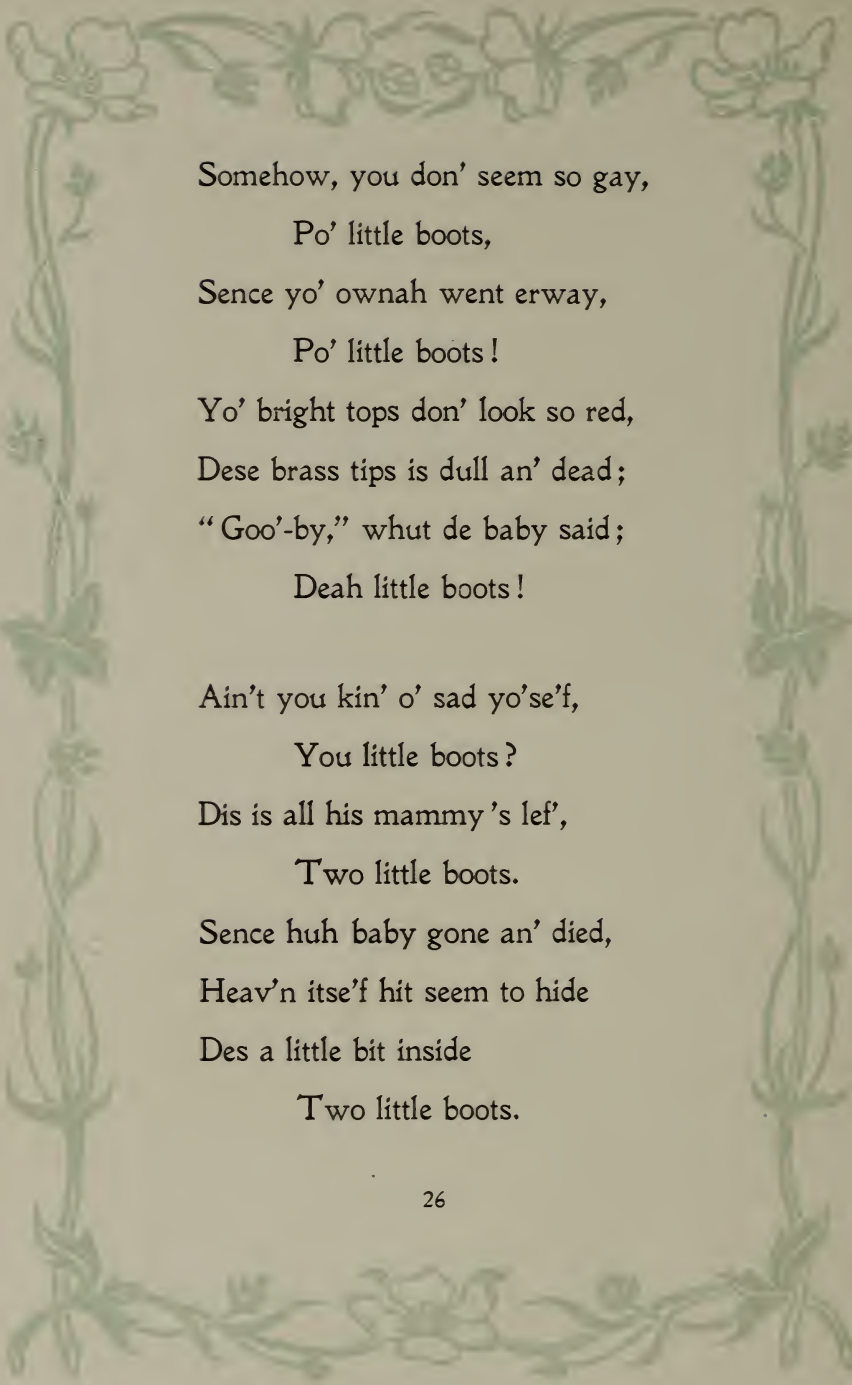
Den he tromped de livelong day,
Laffin' in his happy way,
Evaht'ing he had to say,
"My little boots!"





Kickin' de san' de whole day long,
Dem little boots;
Good de cobblah made 'em strong,
Dem little boots!
Rocks was fu' dat baby's use,
I'on had to stan' abuse
W'en you tu'ned dese champeens loose
Dese little boots!

Ust to make de ol' cat cry,
Dese little boots;
Den you walked it mighty high,
Proud little boots!
Ahms akimbo, stan'in' wide,
Eyes a-sayin' "Dis is pride!"
Den de manny-baby stride!
You little boots.



Somehow, you don' seem so gay,

Po' little boots,

Sence yo' ownah went erway,

Po' little boots!

Yo' bright tops don' look so red,

Dese brass tips is dull an' dead;

"Goo'-by," whut de baby said;

Deah little boots!

Ain't you kin' o' sad yo'se'f,

You little boots?

Dis is all his mammy's lef',

T'wo little boots.

Sence huh baby gone an' died,

Heav'n itse'f hit seem to hide

Des a little bit inside

T'wo little boots.

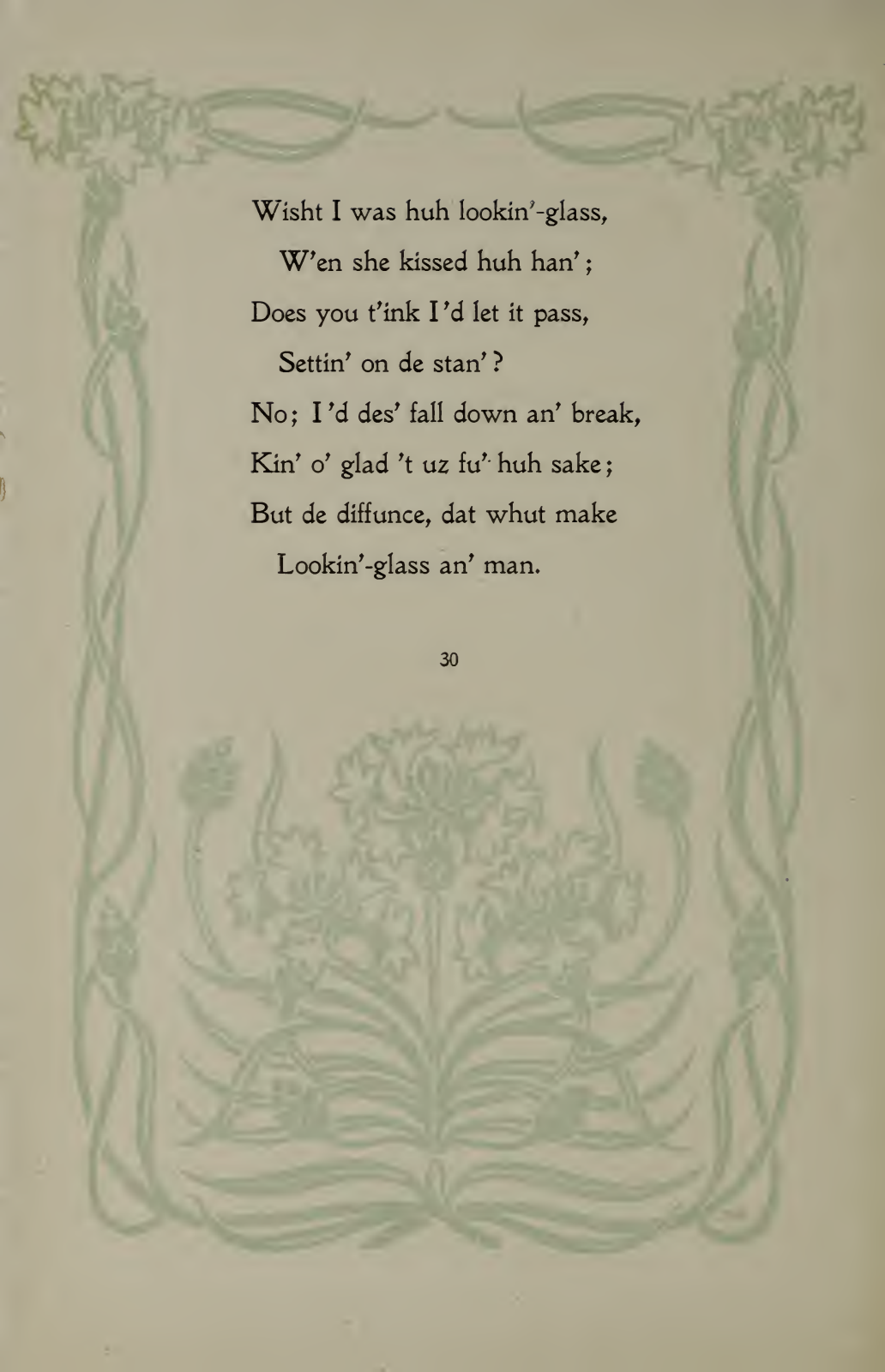


THE LOOKING-GLASS



DINAH stan' befo' de glass,
Lookin' moughty neat,
An' huh purty shadder sass
At huh haid an' feet.
While she sasshay 'roun' an' bow,
Smilin' den an' poutin' now,
An' de lookin'-glass, I 'low
Say: "Now, ain't she sweet?"

All she do, de glass it see,
Hit des see, no mo',
Seems to me, hit ought to be
Drappin' on de flo'.
She go w'en huh time git slack,
Kissin' han's an' smilin' back,
Lawsy, how my lips go smack,
Watchin' at de do'.

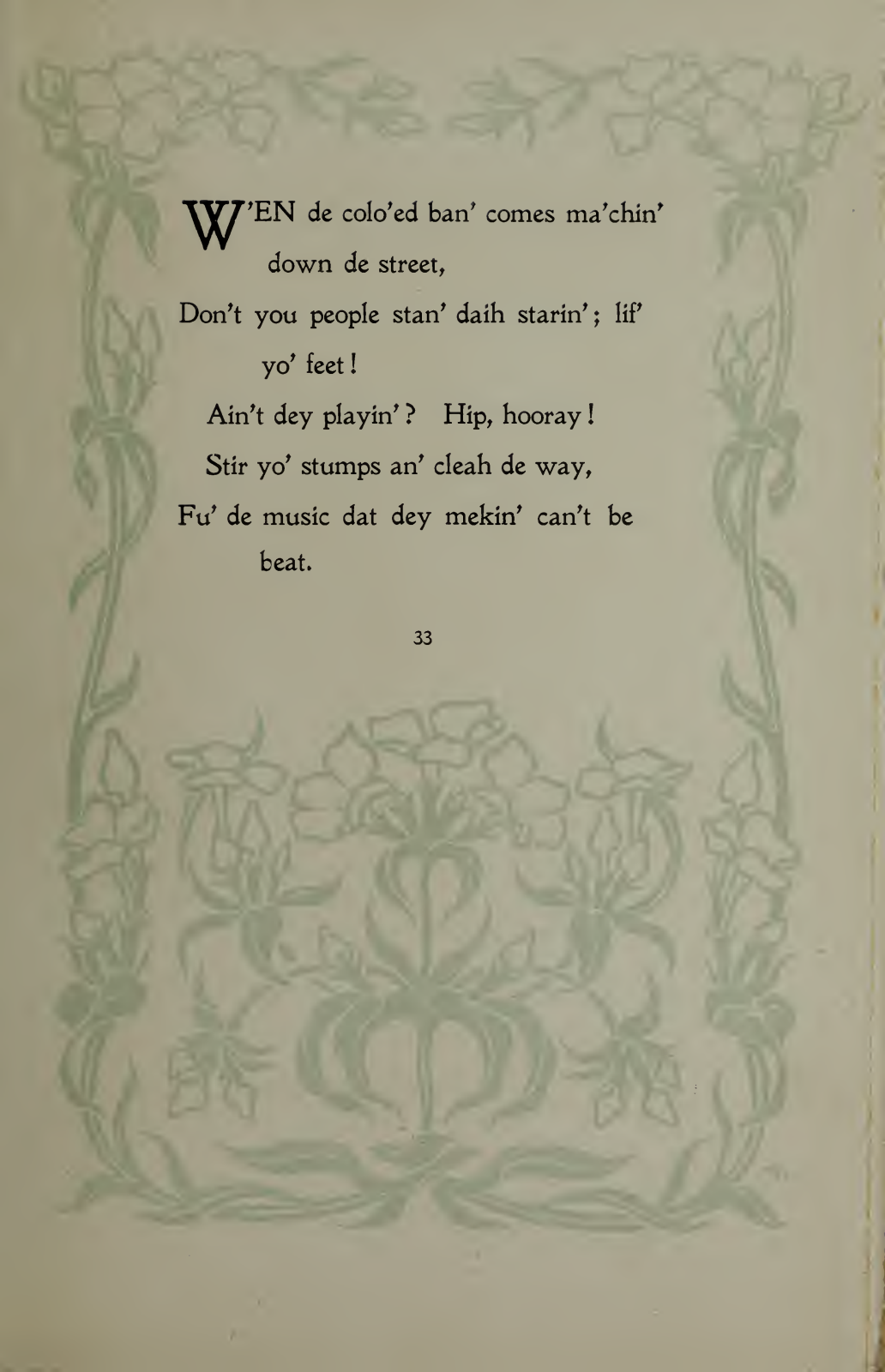


Wisht I was huh lookin'-glass,
W'en she kissed huh han' ;
Does you t'ink I'd let it pass,
Settin' on de stan' ?
No; I'd des' fall down an' break,
Kin' o' glad 't uz fu' huh sake ;
But de diffunce, dat whut make
Lookin'-glass an' man.



THE COLORED BAND

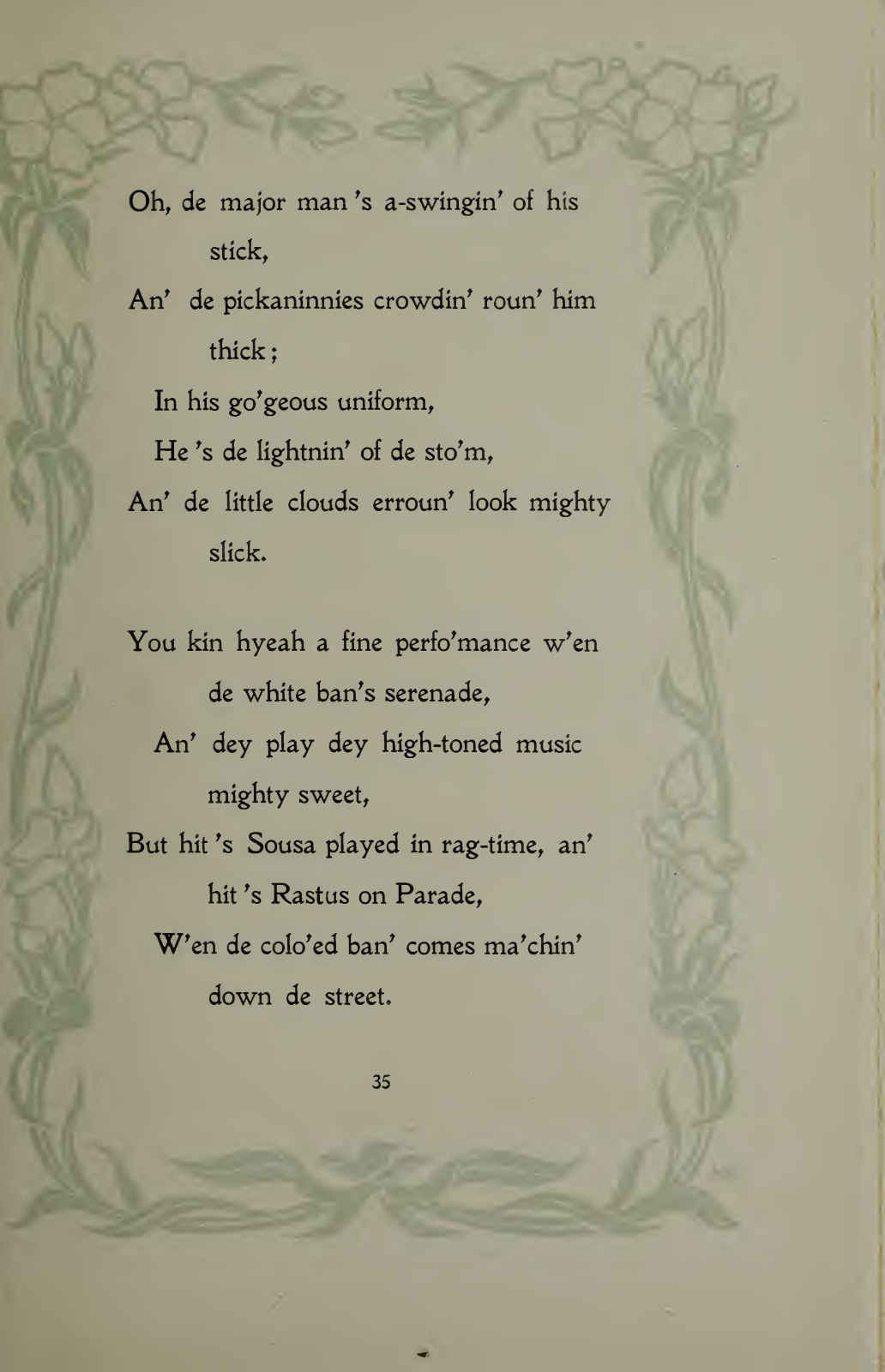




W'EN de colo'ed ban' comes ma'chin'
down de street,
Don't you people stan' daih starin'; lif'
yo' feet!

Ain't dey playin'? Hip, hooray!
Stir yo' stumps an' cleah de way,
Fu' de music dat dey mekin' can't be
beat.



A decorative border of stylized flowers and leaves surrounds the text on the page.

Oh, de major man 's a-swingin' of his
stick,
An' de pickaninnies crowdin' roun' him
thick ;
In his go'geous uniform,
He 's de lightnin' of de sto'm,
An' de little clouds erroun' look mighty
slick.

You kin hyeah a fine perfo'mance w'en
de white ban's serenade,
An' dey play dey high-toned music
mighty sweet,
But hit 's Sousa played in rag-time, an'
hit 's Rastus on Parade,
W'en de colo'ed ban' comes ma'chin'
down de street.



W'en de colo'ed ban' comes ma'chin'
down de street

You kin hyeah de ladies all erroun'
repeat :

“Ain't dey handsome? Ain't dey
gran'?

Ain't dey splendid? Goodness, lan'!
W'y dey 's pu'fect f'om dey fo'heads to
dey feet!”

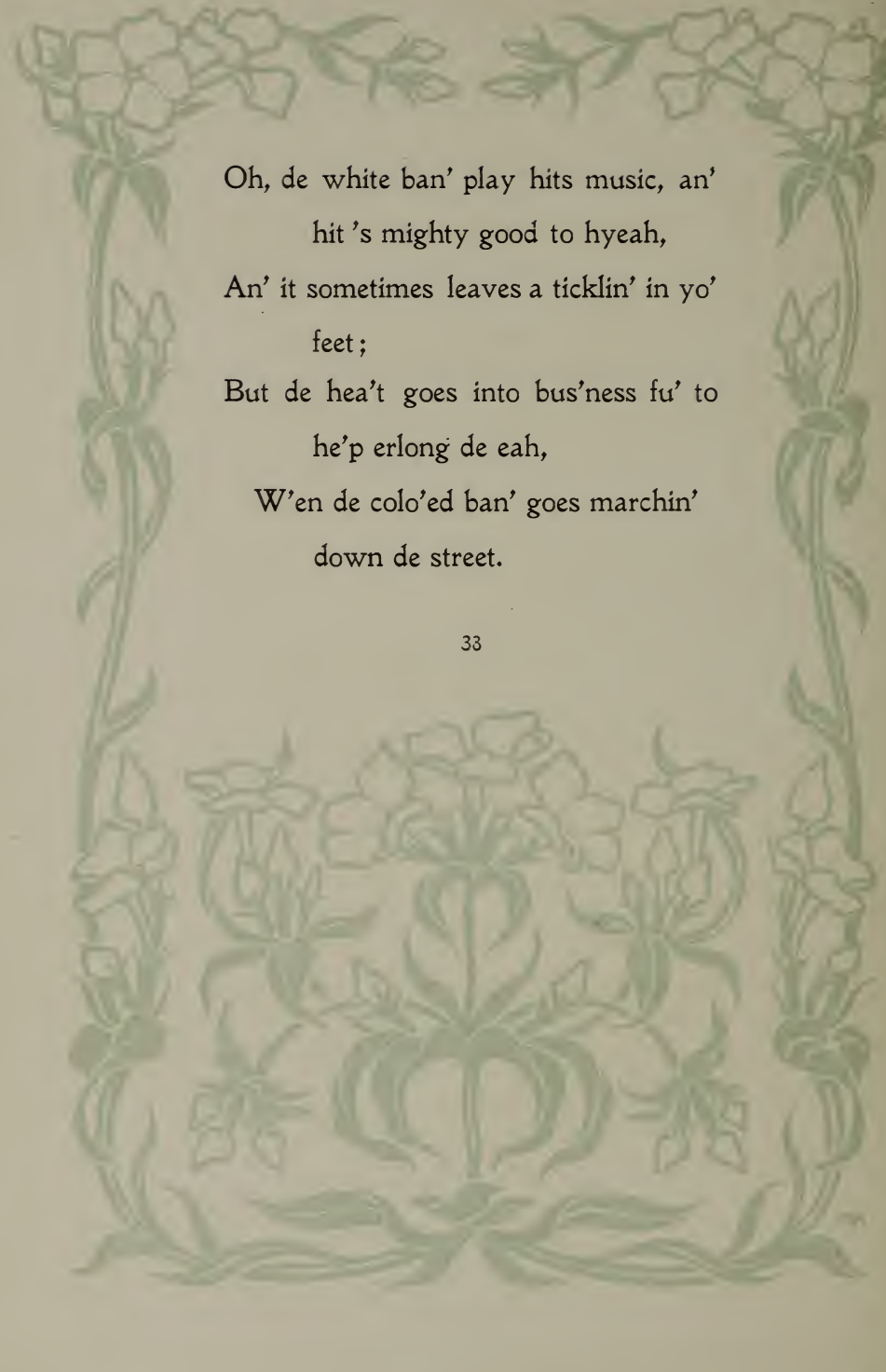
An' sich steppin' to de music down de
line,

'T ain't de music by itself dat meks it
fine,

Hit 's de walkin', step by step,

An' de keepin' time wid “Hep,”

Dat it mek a common ditty soun' divine.

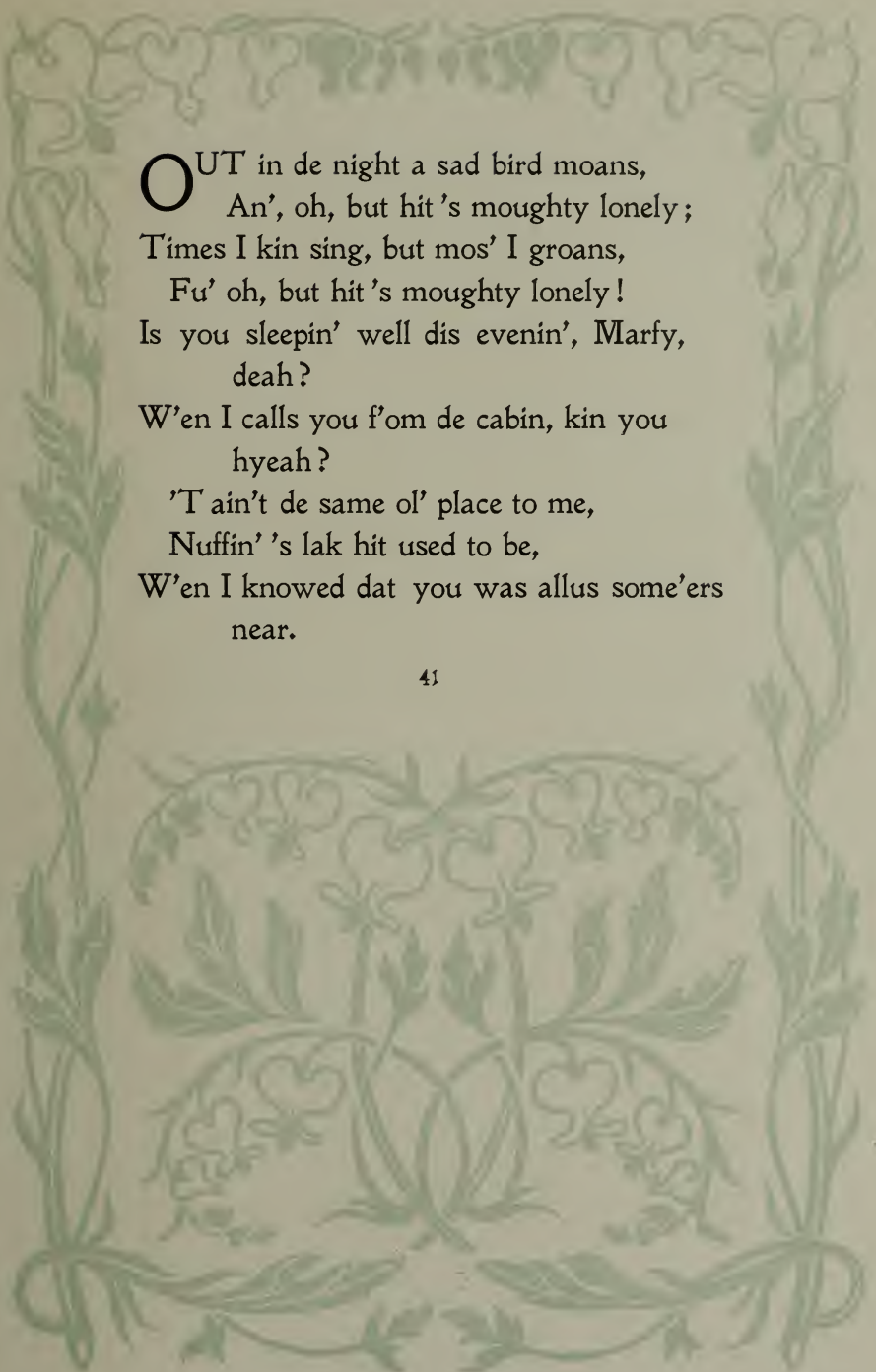


Oh, de white ban' play hits music, an'
hit 's mighty good to hyeah,
An' it sometimes leaves a ticklin' in yo'
feet;
But de hea't goes into bus'ness fu' to
he'p erlong de eah,
W'en de colo'ed ban' goes marchin'
down de street.



THE MEMORY OF
MARTHA



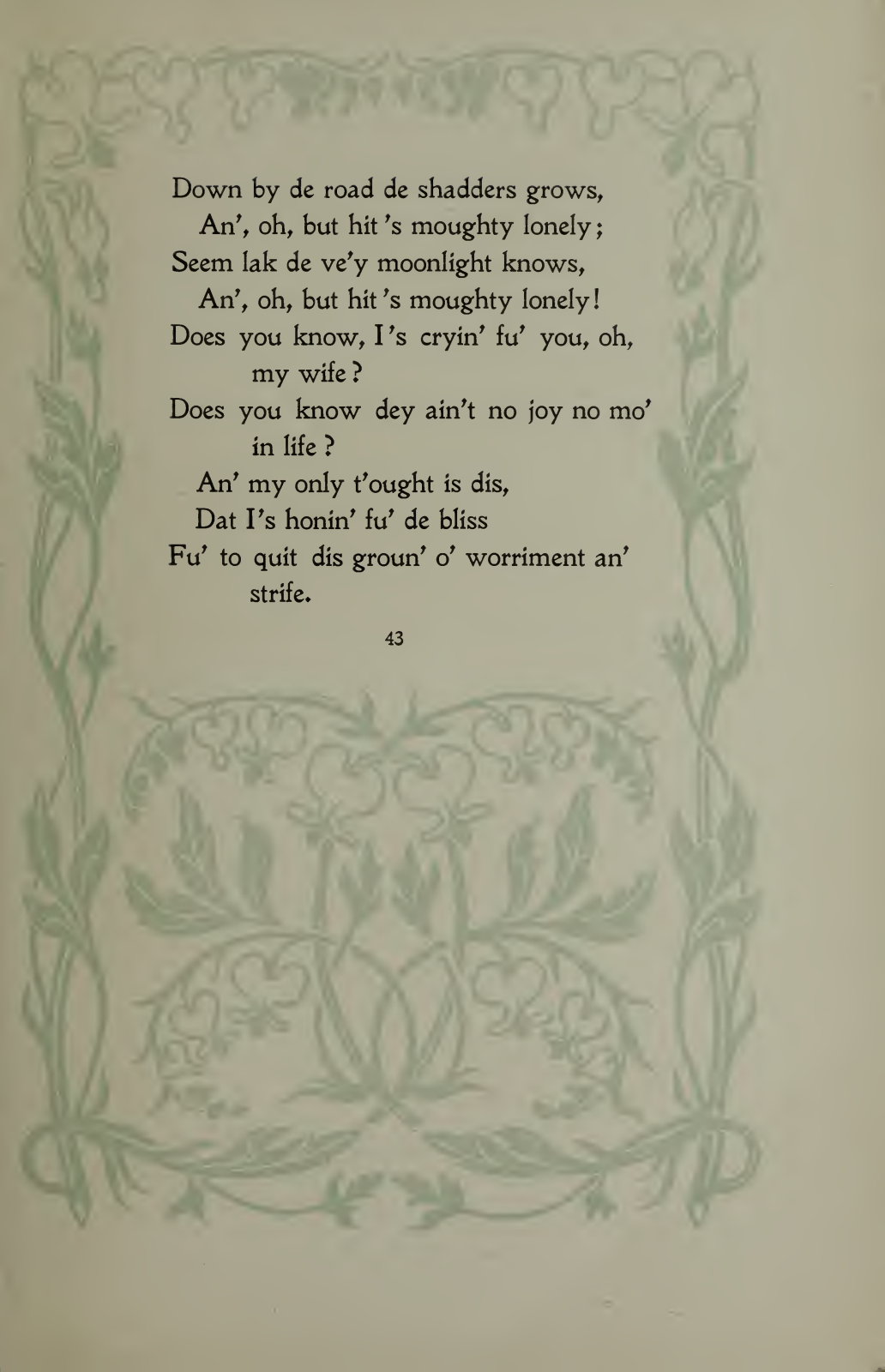


OUT in de night a sad bird moans,
An', oh, but hit 's moughty lonely;
Times I kin sing, but mos' I groans,
Fu' oh, but hit 's moughty lonely!
Is you sleepin' well dis evenin', Marfy,
deah?

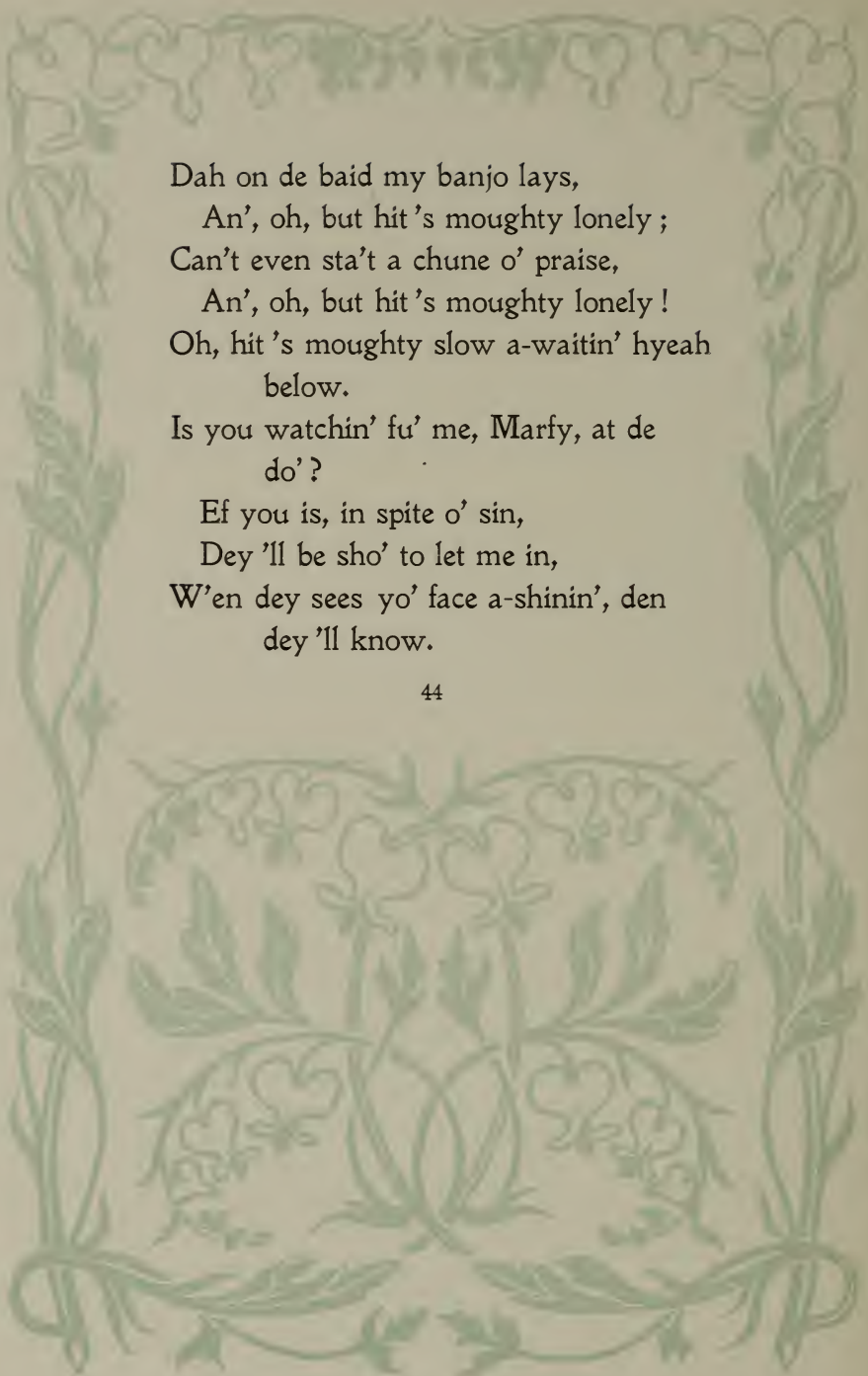
W'en I calls you f'om de cabin, kin you
hyeah?

'T ain't de same ol' place to me,
Nuffin' 's lak hit used to be,
W'en I knowed dat you was allus some'ers
near.





Down by de road de shadders grows,
An', oh, but hit 's moughty lonely;
Seem lak de ve'y moonlight knows,
An', oh, but hit 's moughty lonely!
Does you know, I's cryin' fu' you, oh,
my wife?
Does you know dey ain't no joy no mo'
in life?
An' my only t'ought is dis,
Dat I's honin' fu' de bliss
Fu' to quit dis groun' o' worriment an'
strife.

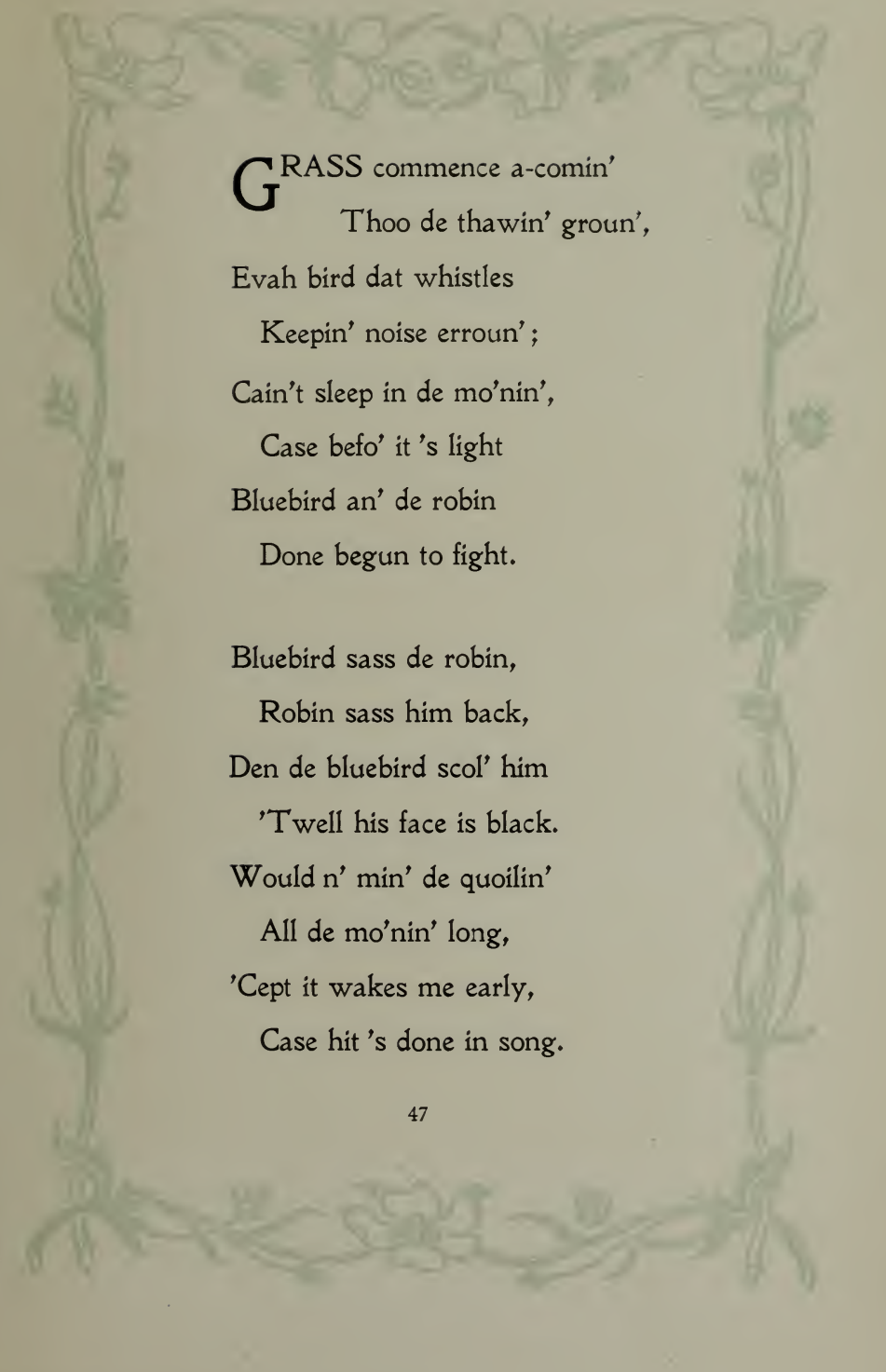


Dah on de baid my banjo lays,
An', oh, but hit's moughty lonely ;
Can't even sta't a chune o' praise,
An', oh, but hit's moughty lonely !
Oh, hit's moughty slow a-waitin' hyeah
below.
Is you watchin' fu' me, Marfy, at de
do' ?
Ef you is, in spite o' sin,
Dey 'll be sho' to let me in,
W'en dey sees yo' face a-shinin', den
dey 'll know.



SPRING FEVER

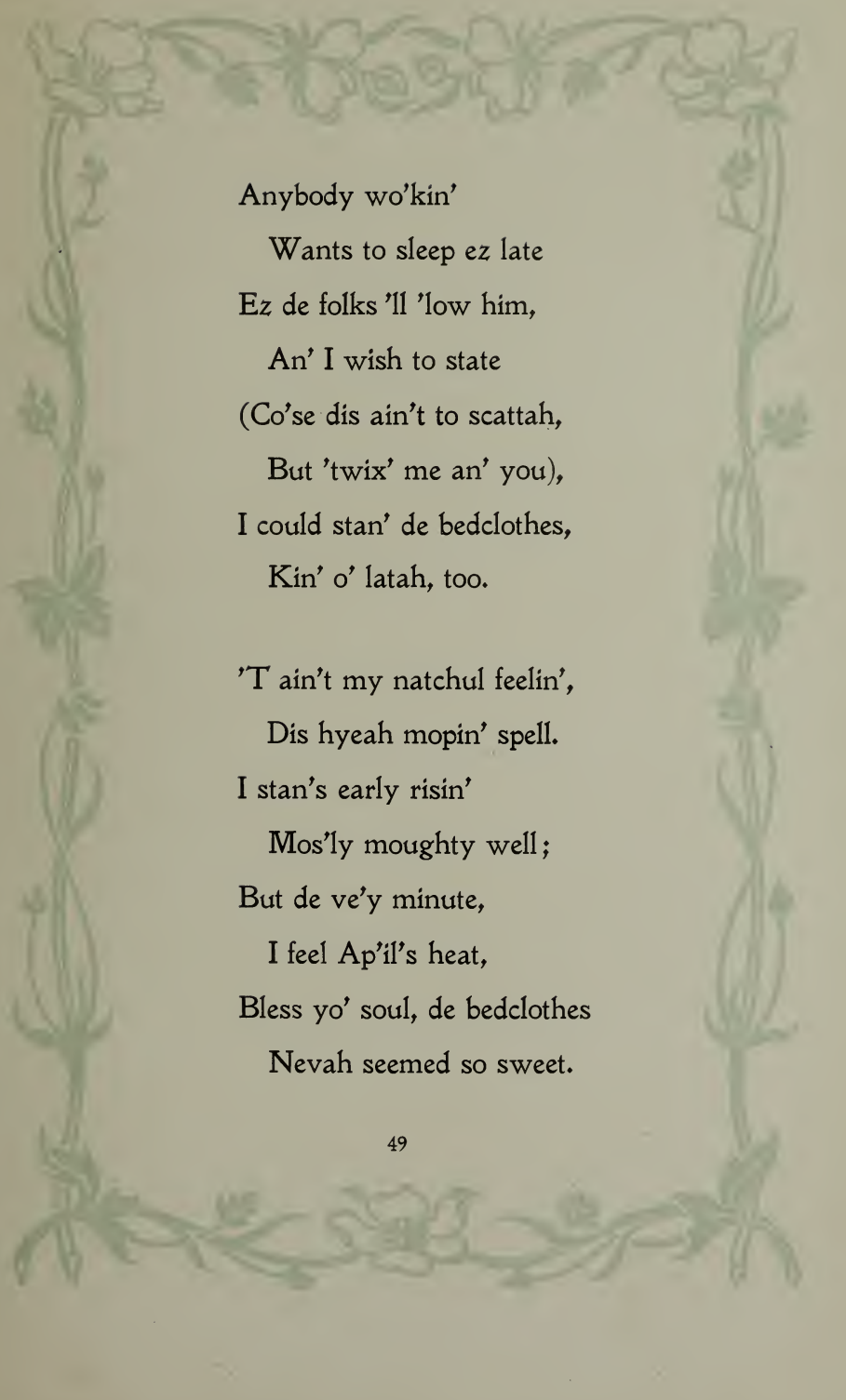




GRASS commence a-comin'
Thoo de thawin' groun',
Evah bird dat whistles
 Keepin' noise erroun';
Cain't sleep in de mo'nin',
 Case befo' it 's light
Bluebird an' de robin
 Done begun to fight.

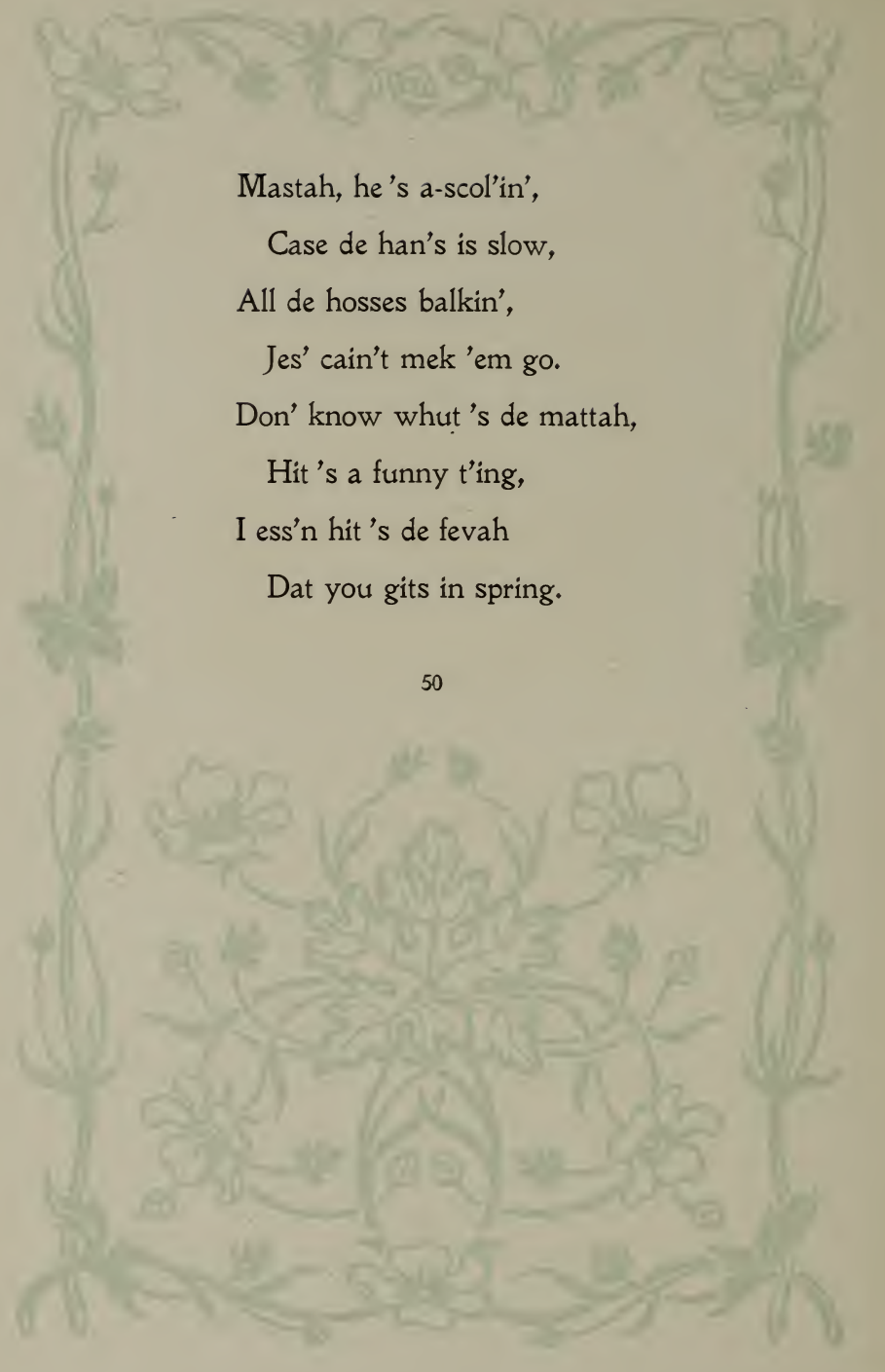
Bluebird sass de robin,
 Robin sass him back,
Den de bluebird scol' him
 'Twell his face is black.
Would n' min' de quoilin'
 All de mo'nin' long,
'Cept it wakes me early,
 Case hit 's done in song.





Anybody wo'kin'
Wants to sleep ez late
Ez de folks 'll 'low him,
An' I wish to state
(Co'se dis ain't to scattah,
But 'twix' me an' you),
I could stan' de bedclothes,
Kin' o' latah, too.

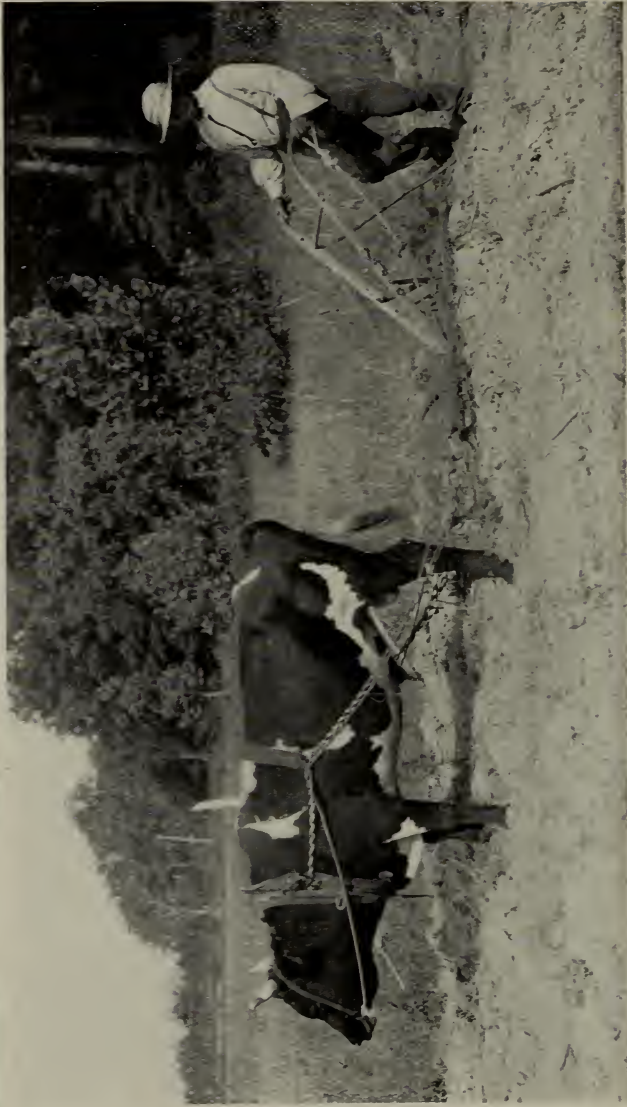
'T ain't my natchul feelin',
Dis hyeah mopin' spell.
I stan's early risin'
Mos'ly moughty well;
But de ve'y minute,
I feel Ap'il's heat,
Bless yo' soul, de bedclothes
Nevah seemed so sweet.

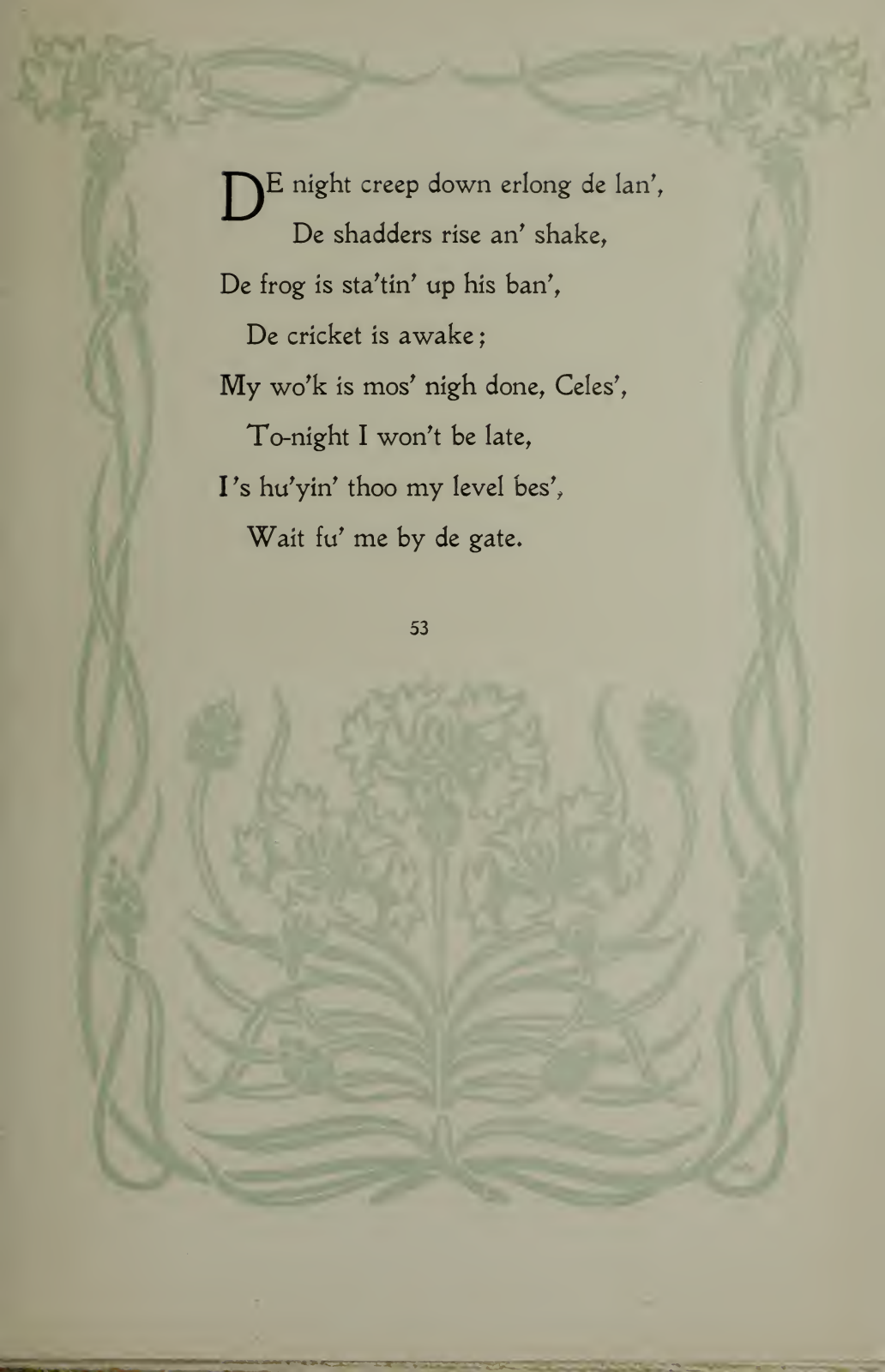


Mastah, he 's a-scol'in',
Case de han's is slow,
All de hosses balkin',
Jes' cain't mek 'em go.
Don' know whut 's de mattah,
Hit 's a funny t'ing,
I ess'n hit 's de fevah
Dat you gits in spring.



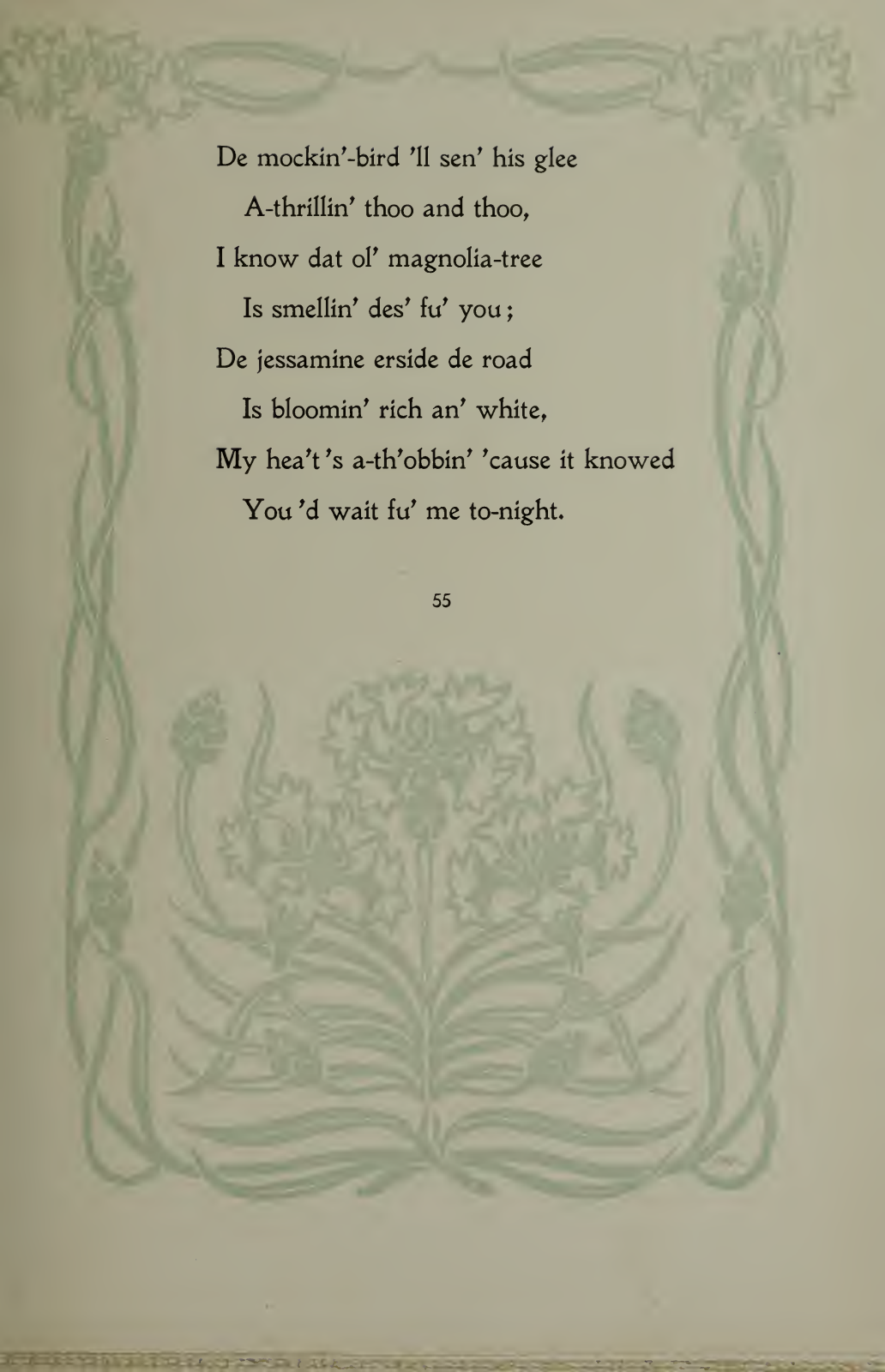
THE TRYST





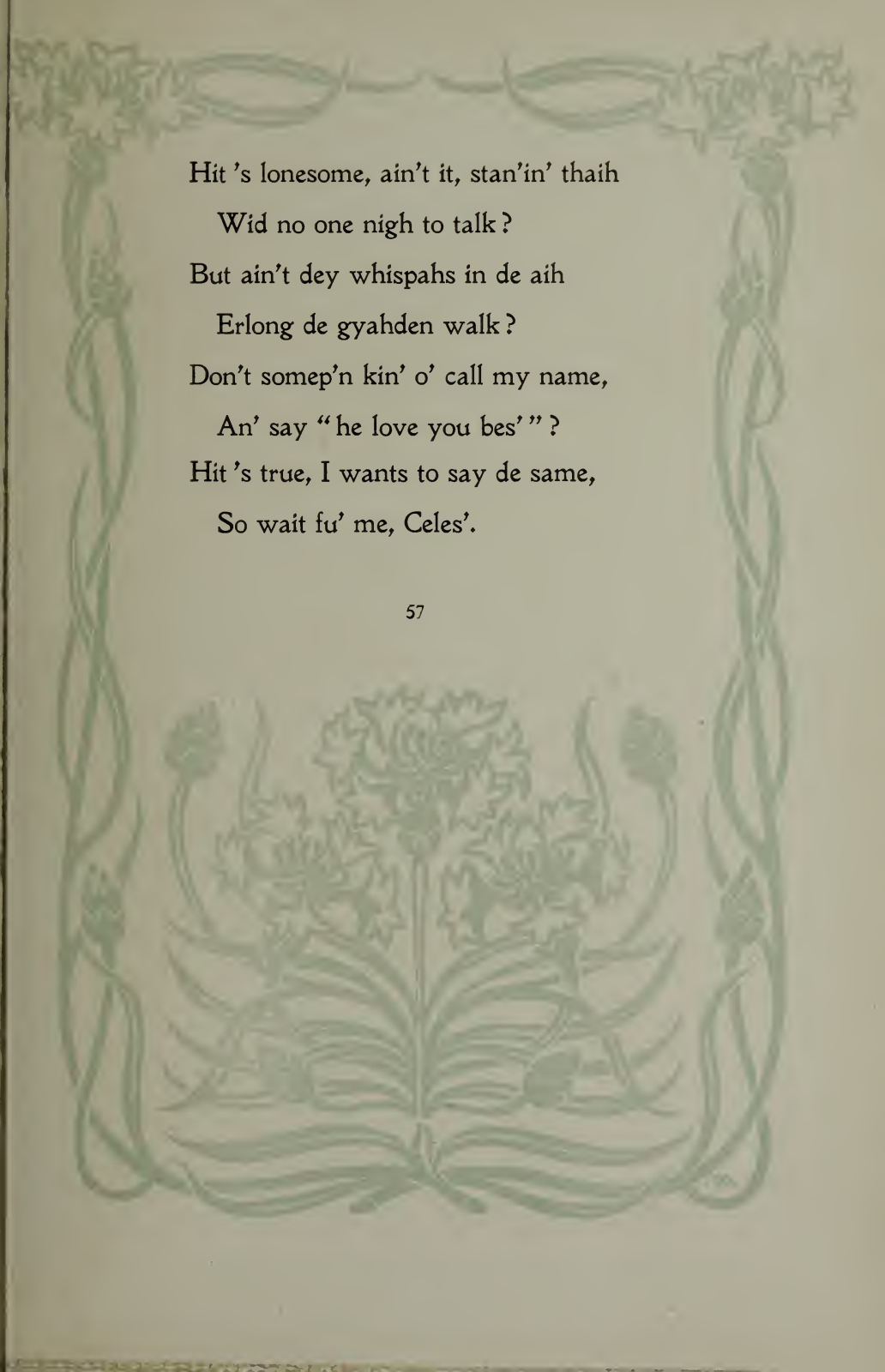
DE night creep down erlong de lan',
De shadders rise an' shake,
De frog is sta'tin' up his ban',
De cricket is awake;
My wo'k is mos' nigh done, Celes',
To-night I won't be late,
I's hu'yin' thoo my level bes',
Wait fu' me by de gate.



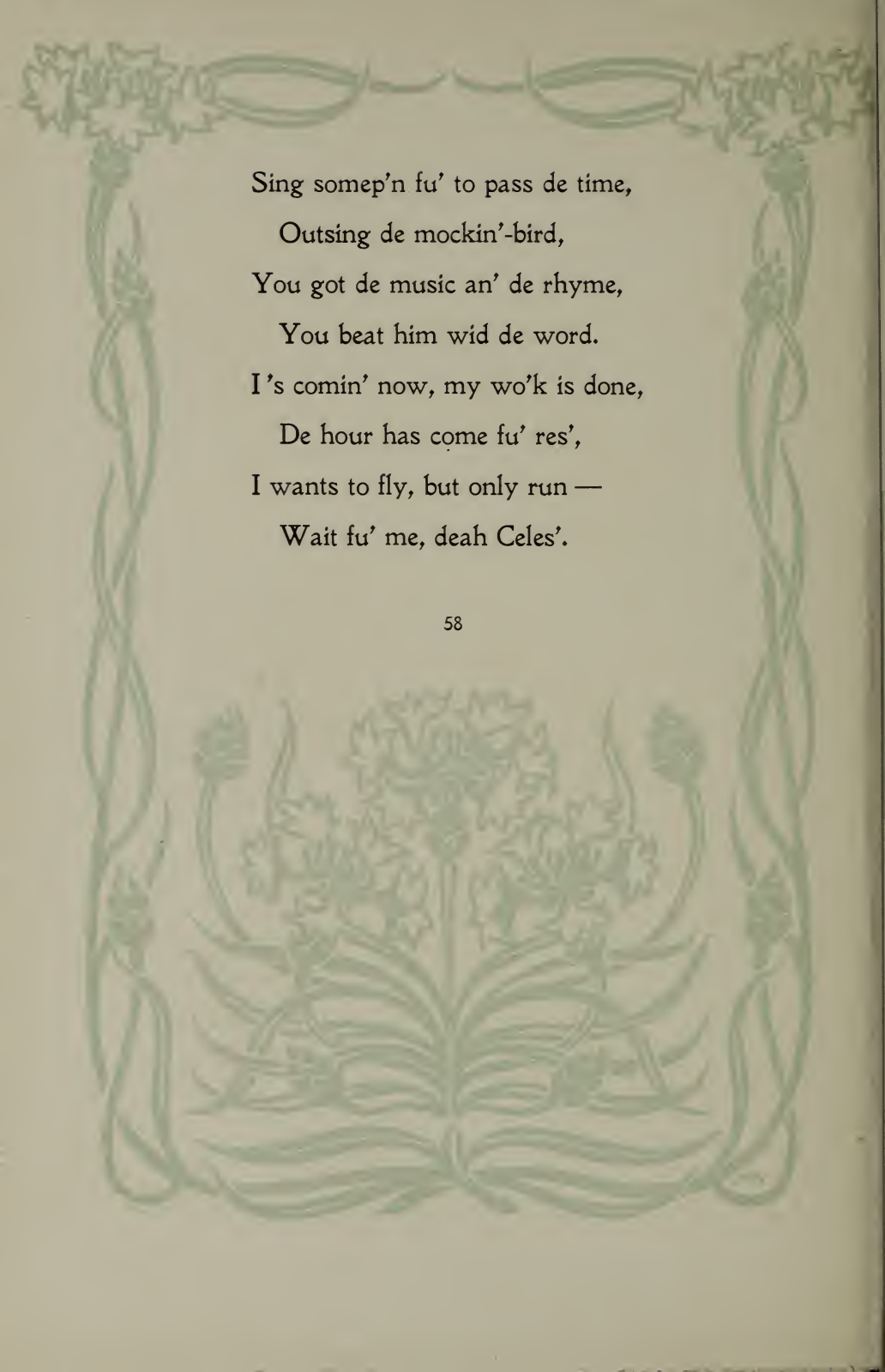


De mockin'-bird 'll sen' his glee
A-thrillin' thoo and thoo,
I know dat ol' magnolia-tree
Is smellin' des' fu' you ;
De jessamine erside de road
Is bloomin' rich an' white,
My hea't's a-th'obbin' 'cause it knowed
You 'd wait fu' me to-night.





Hit 's lonesome, ain't it, stan'in' thaih
Wid no one nigh to talk?
But ain't dey whispahs in de aih
Erlong de gyahden walk?
Don't somep'n kin' o' call my name,
An' say "he love you bes' "?
Hit 's true, I wants to say de same,
So wait fu' me, Celes'.

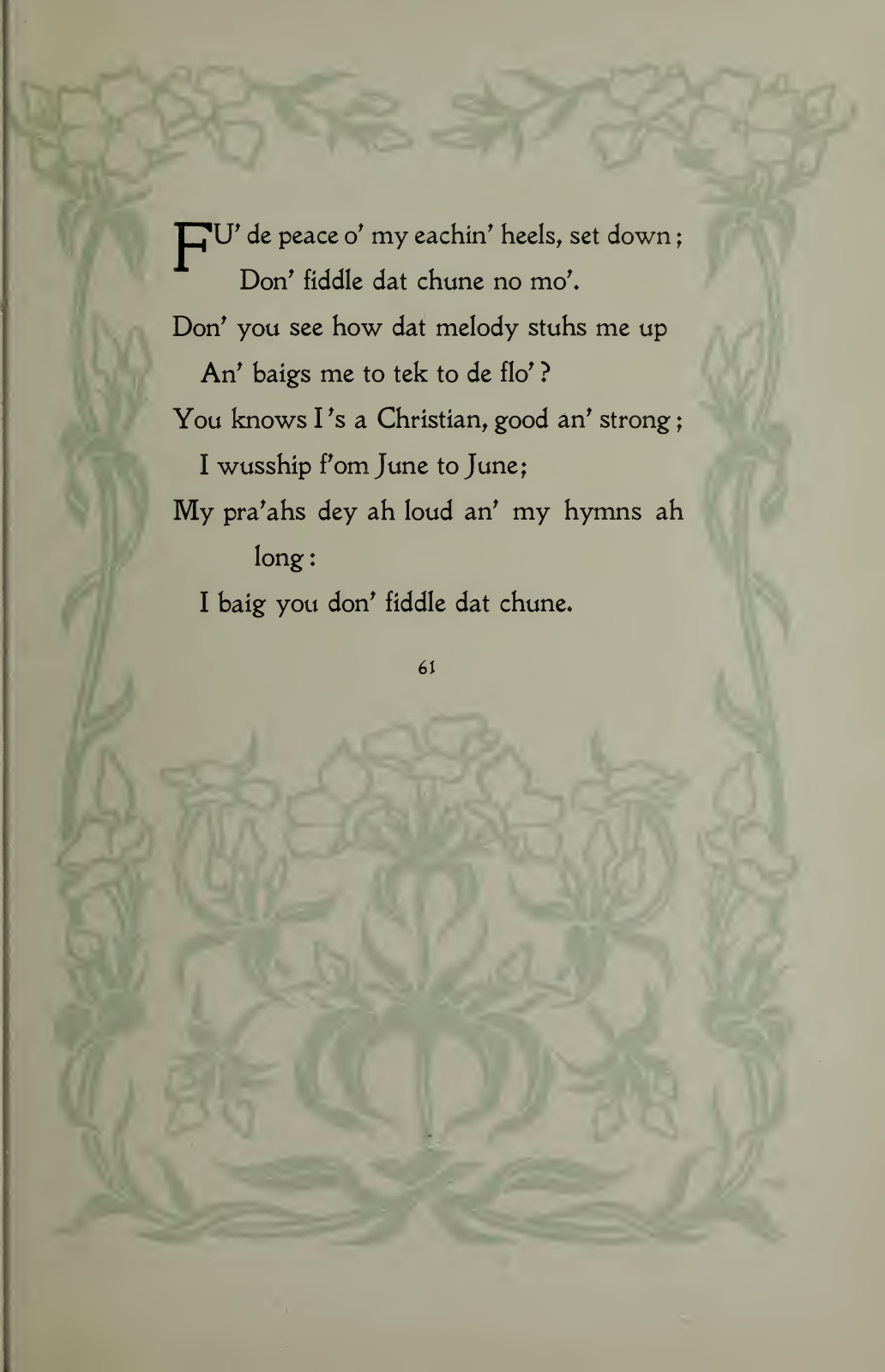


Sing somep'n fu' to pass de time,
 Outsing de mockin'-bird,
You got de music an' de rhyme,
 You beat him wid de word.
I's comin' now, my wo'k is done,
 De hour has come fu' res',
I wants to fly, but only run —
 Wait fu' me, deah Celes'.



ITCHING HEELS





FU' de peace o' my eachin' heels, set down ;
Don' fiddle dat chune no mo'.

Don' you see how dat melody stuhs me up
An' baigs me to tek to de flo' ?

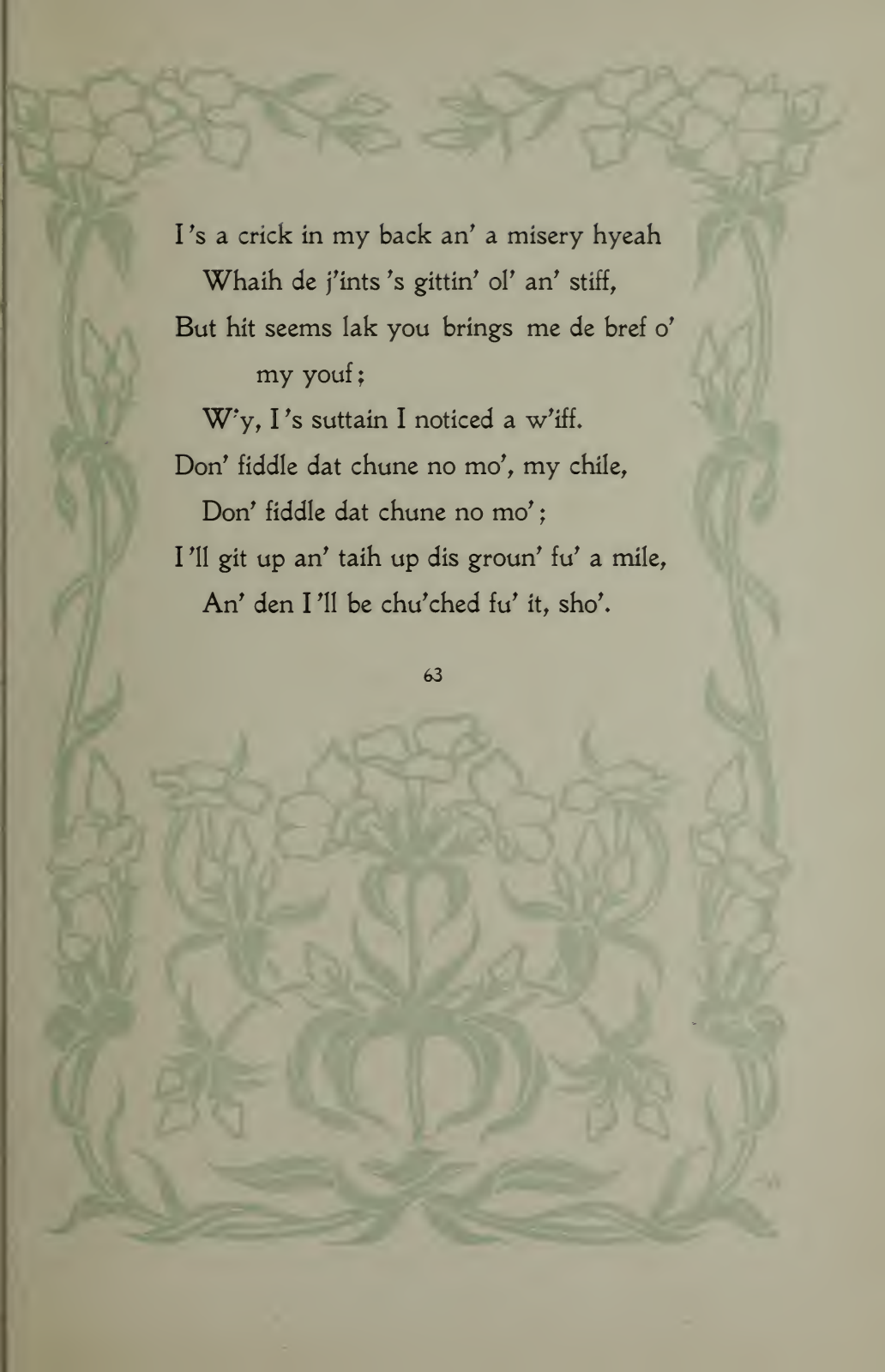
You knows I's a Christian, good an' strong ;

I wusship f'om June to June ;

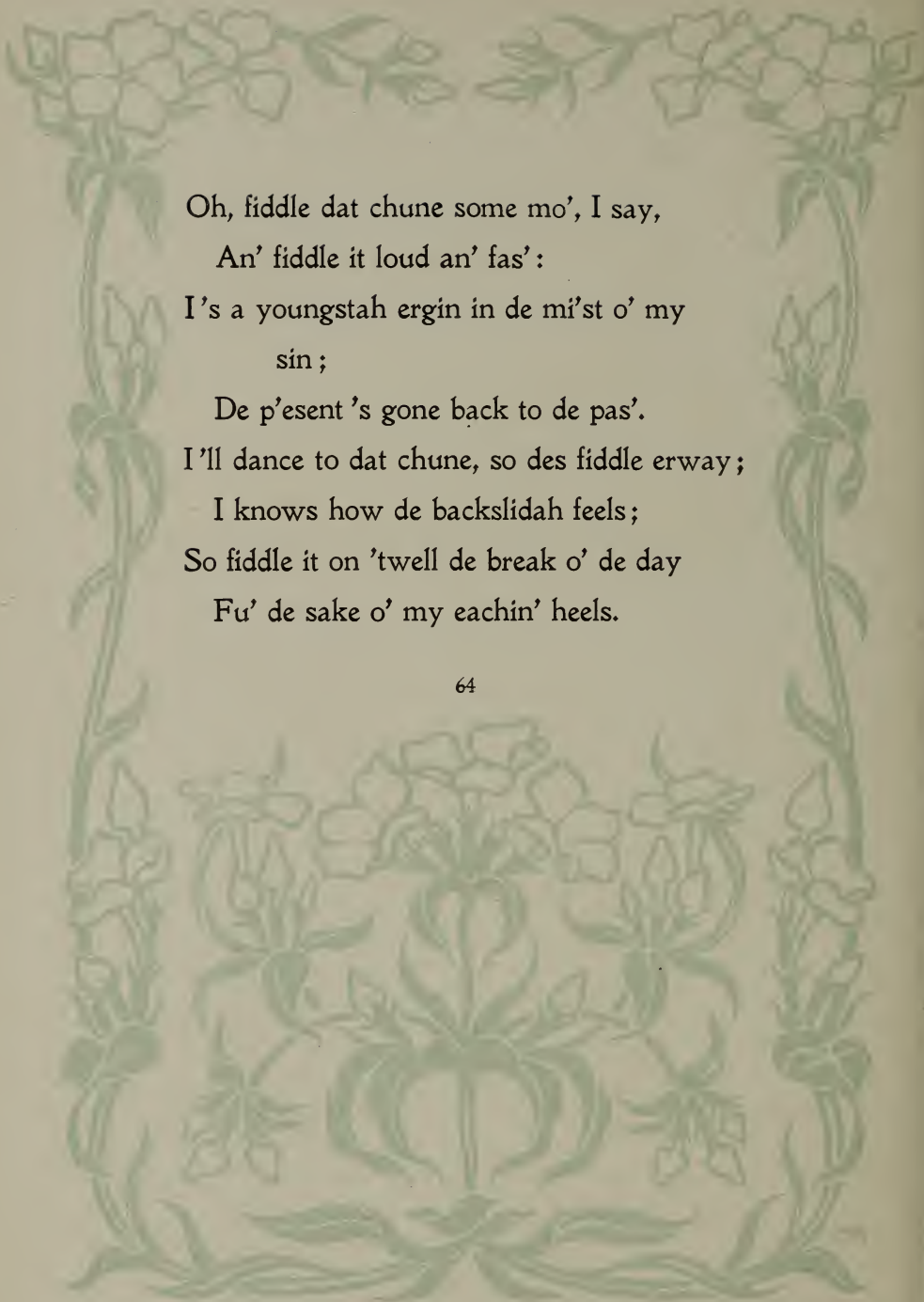
My pra'ahs dey ah loud an' my hymns ah
long :

I baig you don' fiddle dat chune.





I's a crick in my back an' a misery hyeah
Whaih de j'int's 's gittin' ol' an' stiff,
But hit seems lak you brings me de bref o'
my youf ;
W'y, I's suttain I noticed a w'iff.
Don' fiddle dat chune no mo', my chile,
Don' fiddle dat chune no mo' ;
I'll git up an' taih up dis groun' fu' a mile,
An' den I'll be chu'ched fu' it, sho'.



Oh, fiddle dat chune some mo', I say,
An' fiddle it loud an' fas':
I's a youngstah ergin in de mi'st o' my
 sin;
De p'esent 's gone back to de pas'.
I'll dance to dat chune, so des fiddle erway;
 I knows how de backslidah feels;
So fiddle it on 'twell de break o' de day
 Fu' de sake o' my eachin' heels.



THE BOOGAH MAN



W'EN de evenin' shadders
Come a-glidin' down,
Fallin' black an' heavy
Ovah hill an' town,
Ef you listen keerful,
Keerful ez you kin,
So 's you boun' to notice
Des a drappin' pin;
Den you 'll hyeah a funny
Soun' ercross de lan';
Lay low; dat 's de callin'
Of de Boogah Man!

Woo-oo, woo-oo!

Hyeah him ez he go erlong de way;

Woo-oo, woo-oo!

Don' you wish de night 'ud tu'n to day?

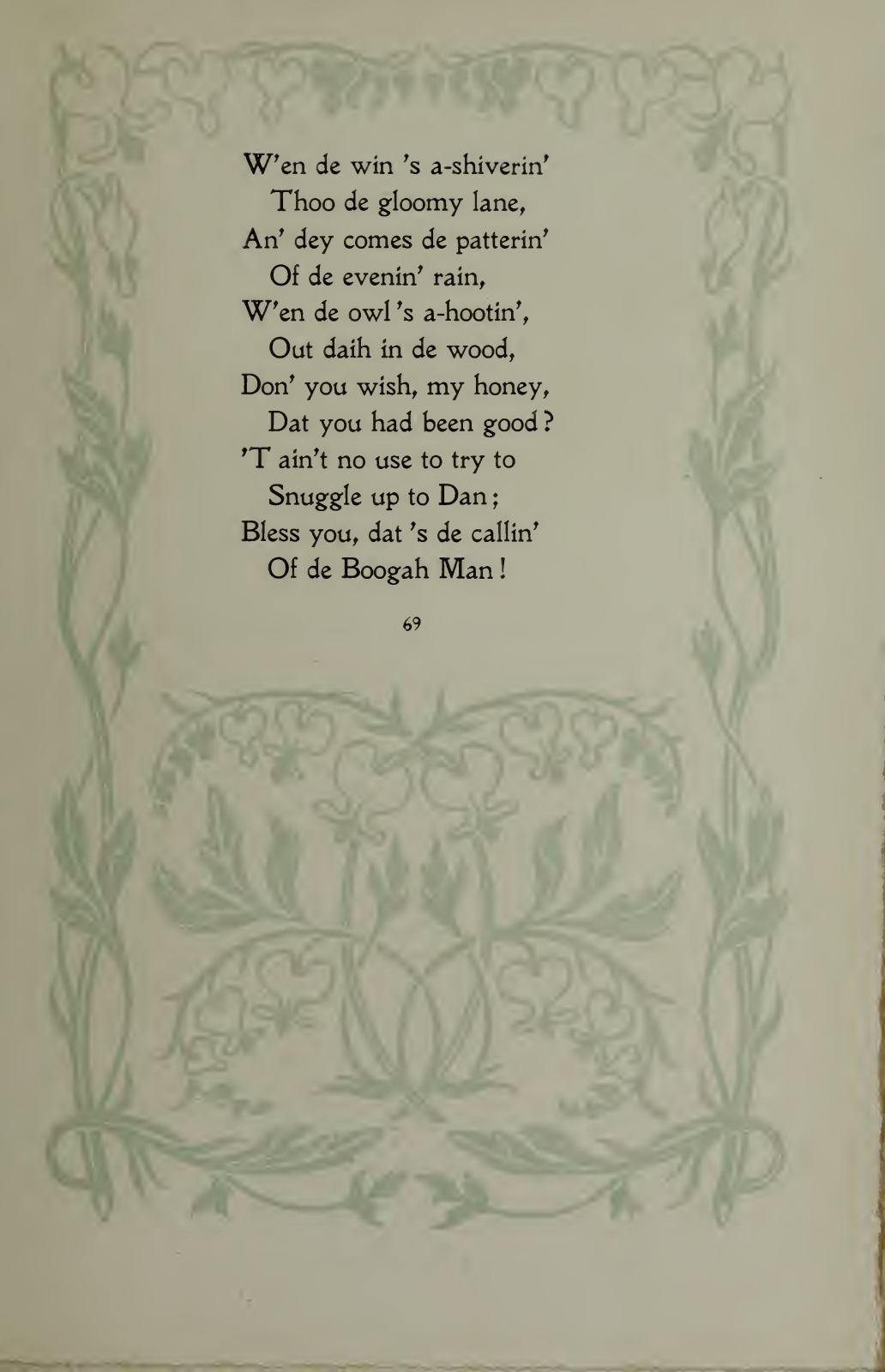
Woo-oo, woo-oo!

Hide yo' little peepers 'hind yo' han';

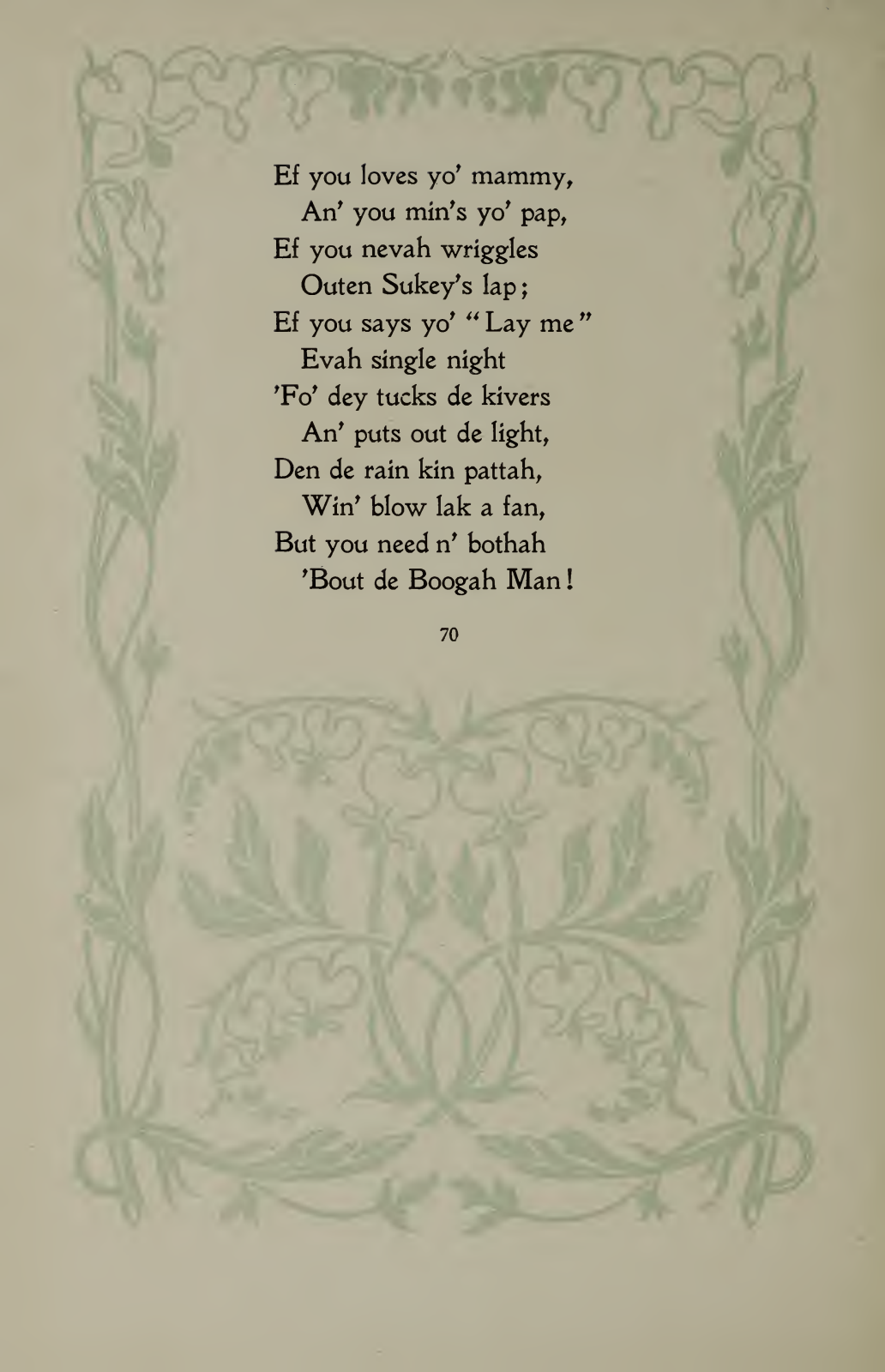
Woo-oo, woo-oo!

Callin' of de Boogah Man.





W'en de win 's a-shiverin'
Thoo de gloomy lane,
An' dey comes de patterin'
Of de evenin' rain,
W'en de owl's a-hootin',
Out daih in de wood,
Don' you wish, my honey,
Dat you had been good?
'T ain't no use to try to
Snuggle up to Dan;
Bless you, dat 's de callin'
Of de Boogah Man!



Ef you loves yo' mammy,
An' you min's yo' pap,
Ef you nevah wriggles
Outen Sukey's lap;
Ef you says yo' "Lay me"
Evah single night
'Fo' dey tucks de kivers
An' puts out de light,
Den de rain kin pattah,
Win' blow lak a fan,
But you need n' bothah
'Bout de Boogah Man!



A PLANTATION PORTRAIT



HAIN'T you see my Mandy Lou,
Is it true?

Whaiah you been f'om day to day,
Whaiah, I say?

Dat you say you nevah seen
Dis hyeah queen

Walkin' roun' f'om fiel' to street
Smilin' sweet?

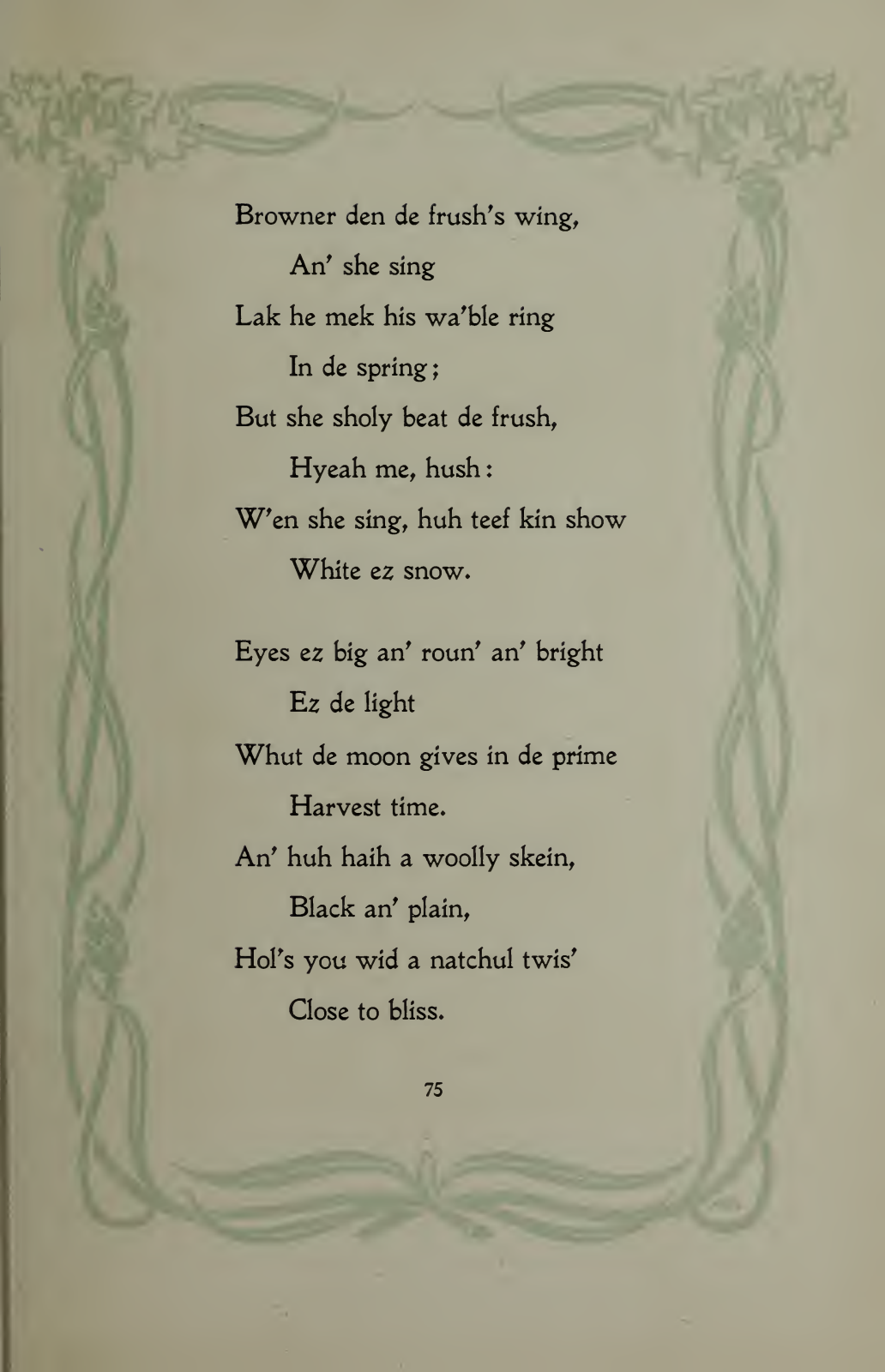
Slendah ez a saplin' tree;
Seems to me

W'en de win' blow f'om de bay
She jes' sway

Lak de reg'lar saplin' do
Ef hit's grew

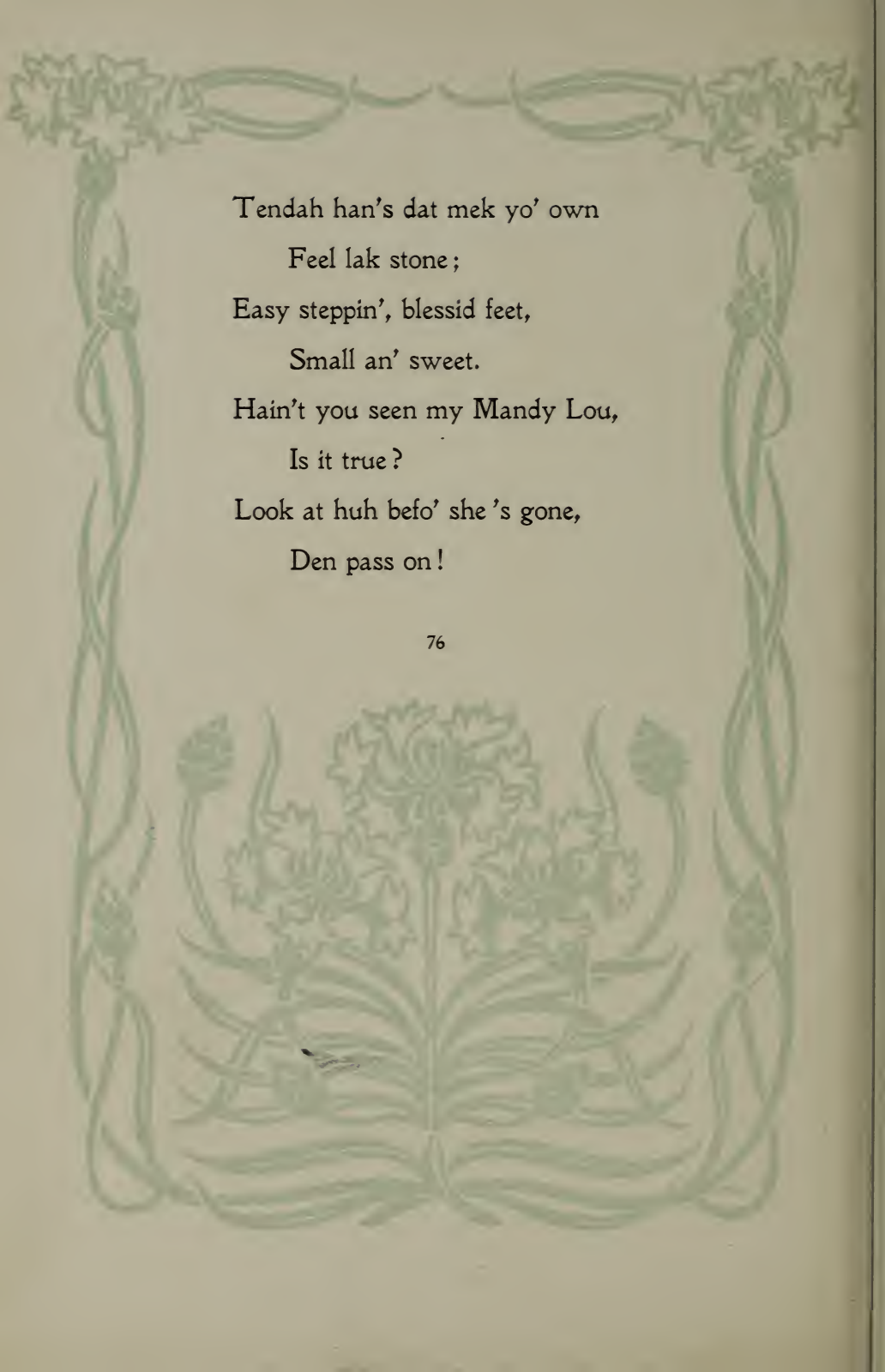
Straight an' graceful, 'dout a limb,
Sweet an' slim.





Browner den de frush's wing,
An' she sing
Lak he mek his wa'ble ring
In de spring ;
But she sholy beat de frush,
Hyeah me, hush :
W'en she sing, huh teef kin show
White ez snow.

Eyes ez big an' roun' an' bright
Ez de light
Whut de moon gives in de prime
Harvest time.
An' huh haih a woolly skein,
Black an' plain,
Hol's you wid a natchul twis'
Close to bliss.



Tendah han's dat mek yo' own
 Feel lak stone ;
Easy steppin', blessid feet,
 Small an' sweet.
Hain't you seen my Mandy Lou,
 Is it true ?
Look at huh befo' she 's gone,
 Den pass on !



“HOWDY, HONEY, HOWDY!”



D^O' a-stan'in' on a jar, fiah a-shinin'
thoo,

Ol' folks drowsin' 'roun' de place, wide
awake is Lou,

W'en I tap, she answeh, an' I see huh
'mence to grin,

"Howdy, honey, howdy, won't you step
right in?"

Den I step erpon de log layin' at de do',
Bless de Lawd, huh mammy an' huh pap's
done 'menced to sno',

Now's de time, ef evah, ef I's gwine to try
an' win,

"Howdy, honey, howdy, won't you step
right in?"

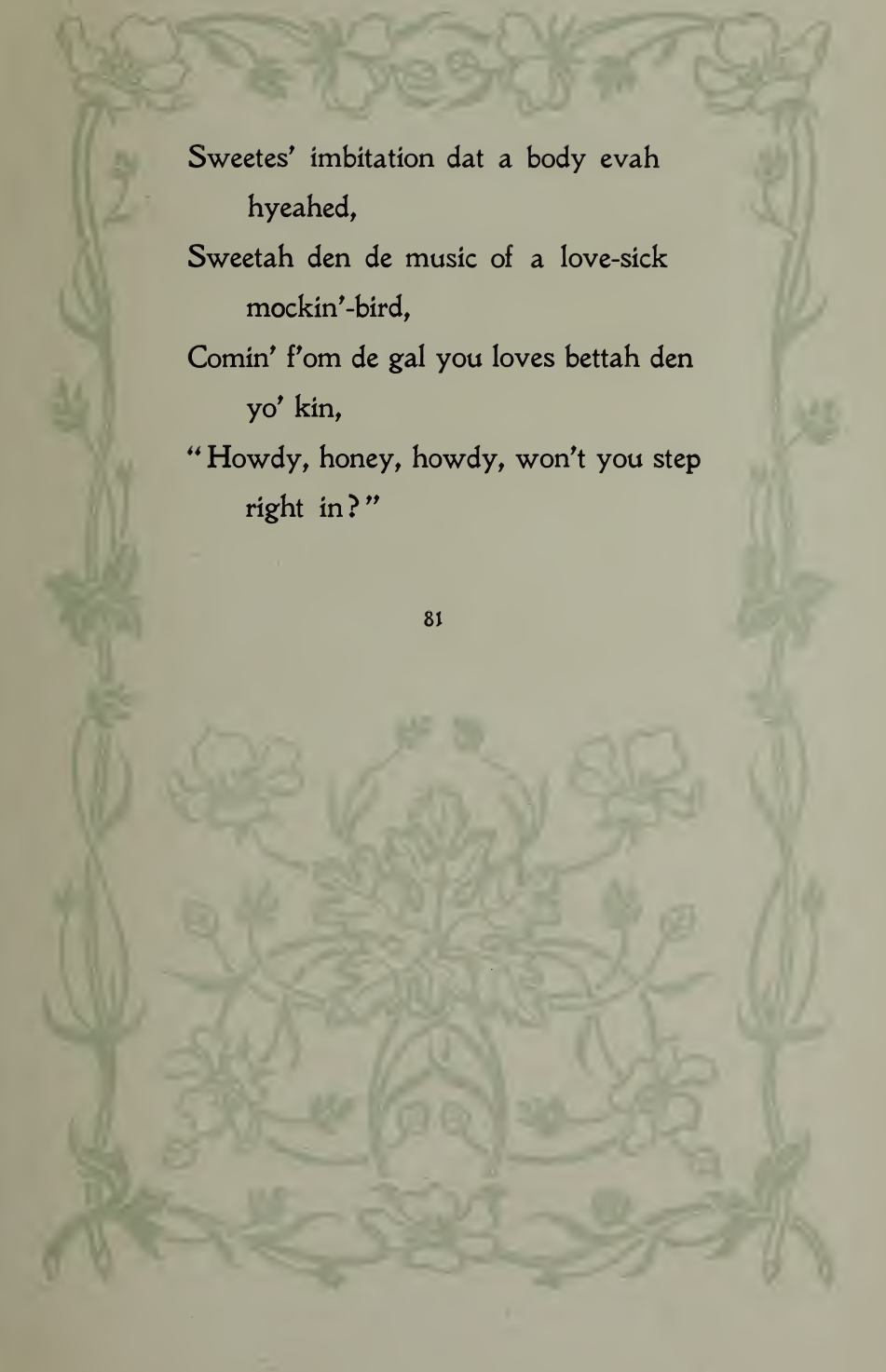
No use playin' on de aidge, trimblin' on de
brink,

W'en a body love a gal, tell huh whut he
t'ink;

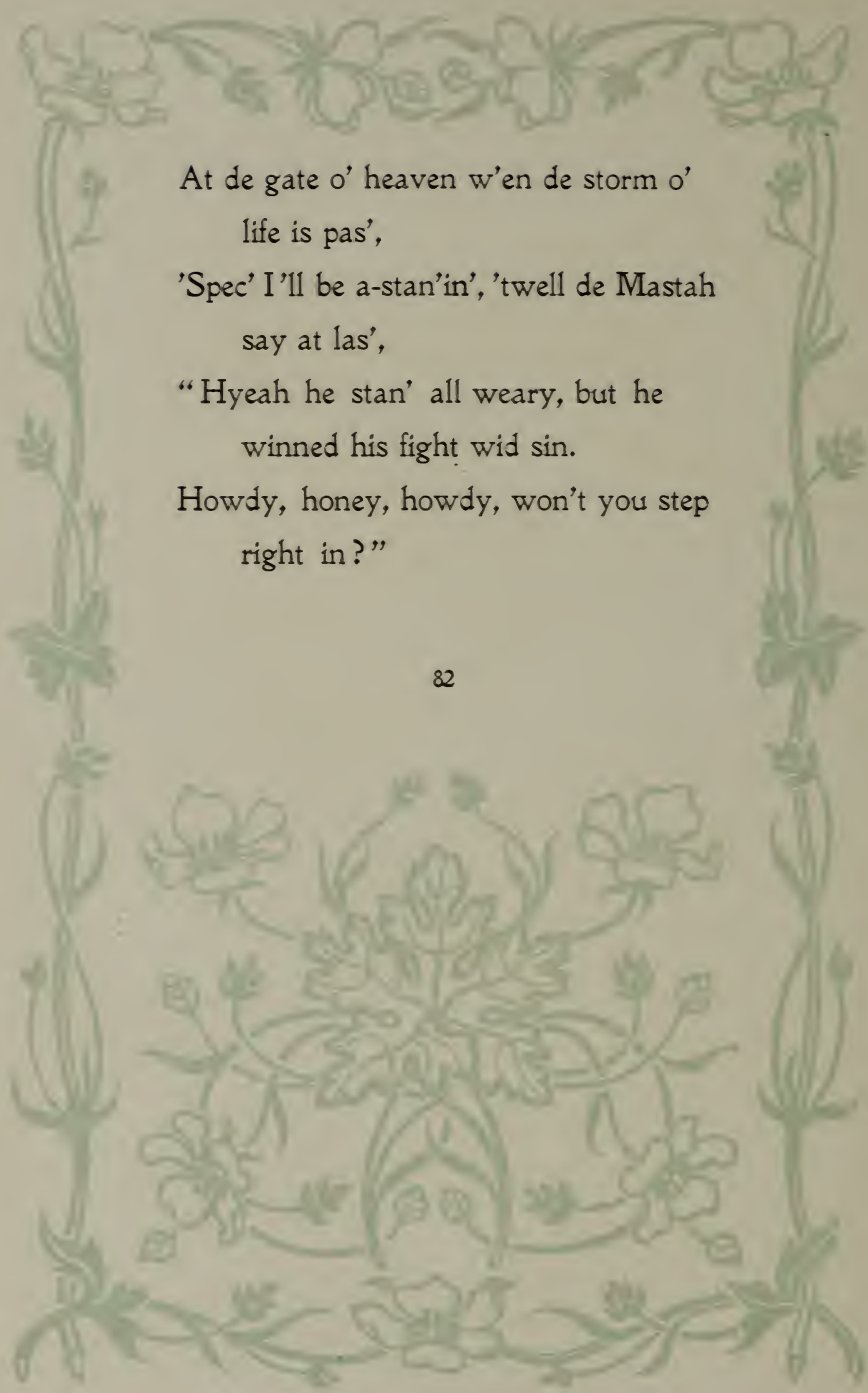
W'en huh hea't is open fu' de love you
gwine to gin,

Pull yo'se'f togethah, suh, an' step right in.





Sweetes' imbitation dat a body evah
hyeahed,
Sweetah den de music of a love-sick
mockin'-bird,
Comin' f'om de gal you loves bettah den
yo' kin,
"Howdy, honey, howdy, won't you step
right in?"

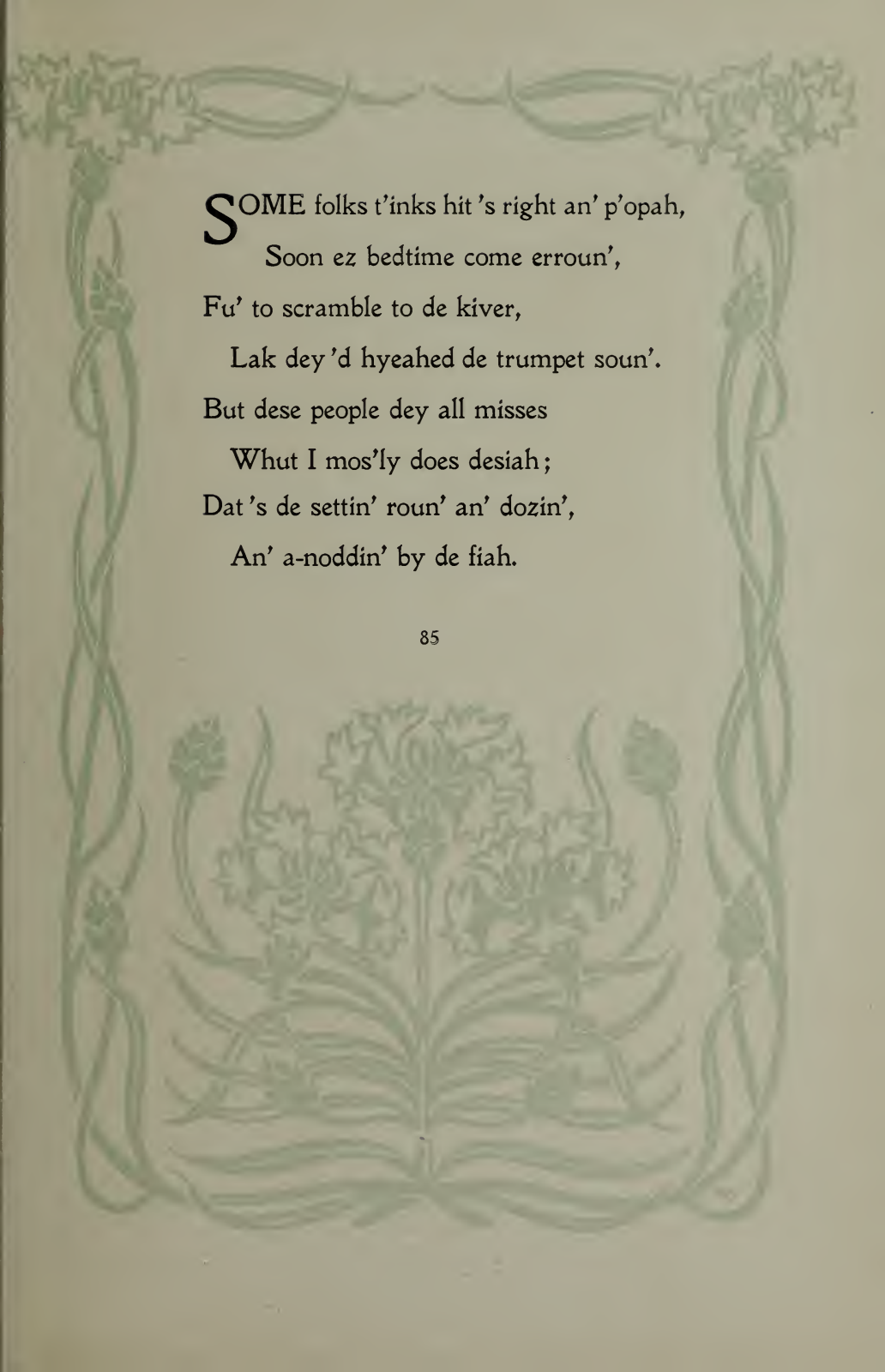


At de gate o' heaven w'en de storm o'
life is pas',
'Spec' I'll be a-stan'in', 'twell de Mastah
say at las',
"Hyeah he stan' all weary, but he
winned his fight wid sin.
Howdy, honey, howdy, won't you step
right in?"



NODDIN' BY DE FIRE



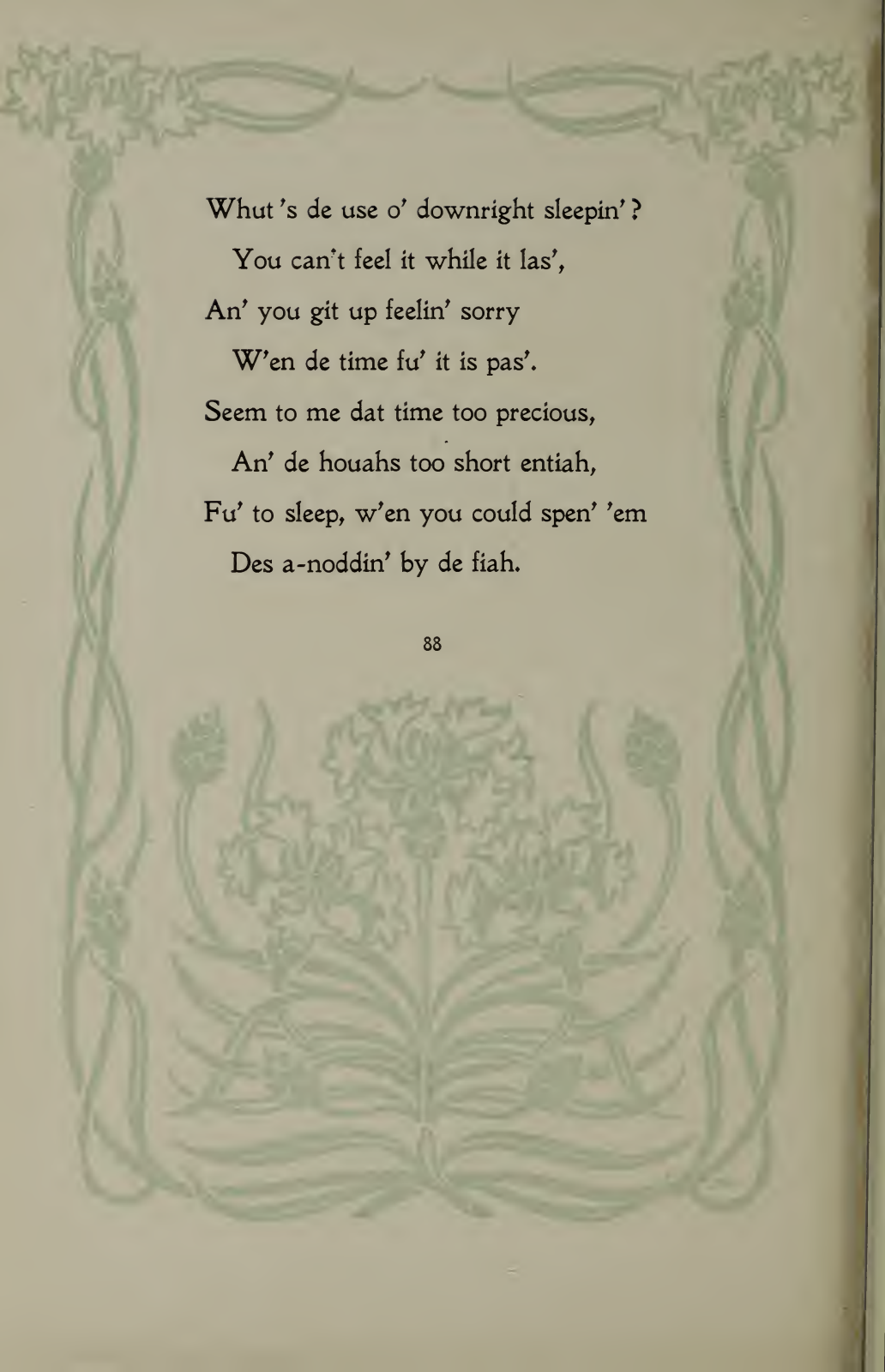
A decorative border in a light green color frames the page. It features a repeating pattern of stylized flowers and leaves. At the top, there are two large, symmetrical floral motifs. The sides are decorated with vertical, braided or leaf-like patterns. At the bottom, there is a large, central floral illustration with multiple flowers and long, pointed leaves.

SOME folks t'inks hit 's right an' p'opah,
Soon ez bedtime come erroun',
Fu' to scramble to de kiver,
Lak dey 'd hyeahed de trumpet soun'.
But dese people dey all misses
Whut I mos'ly does desiah;
Dat 's de settin' roun' an' dozin',
An' a-noddin' by de fiah.



When you 's tiahed out a-hoein',
Er a-followin' de plough,
Whut 's de use of des a-fallin'
On yo' pallet lak a cow?
W'y, de fun is all in waitin'
In de face of all de tiah,
An' a-dozin' and a-drowsin'
By a good ol' hick'ry fiah.

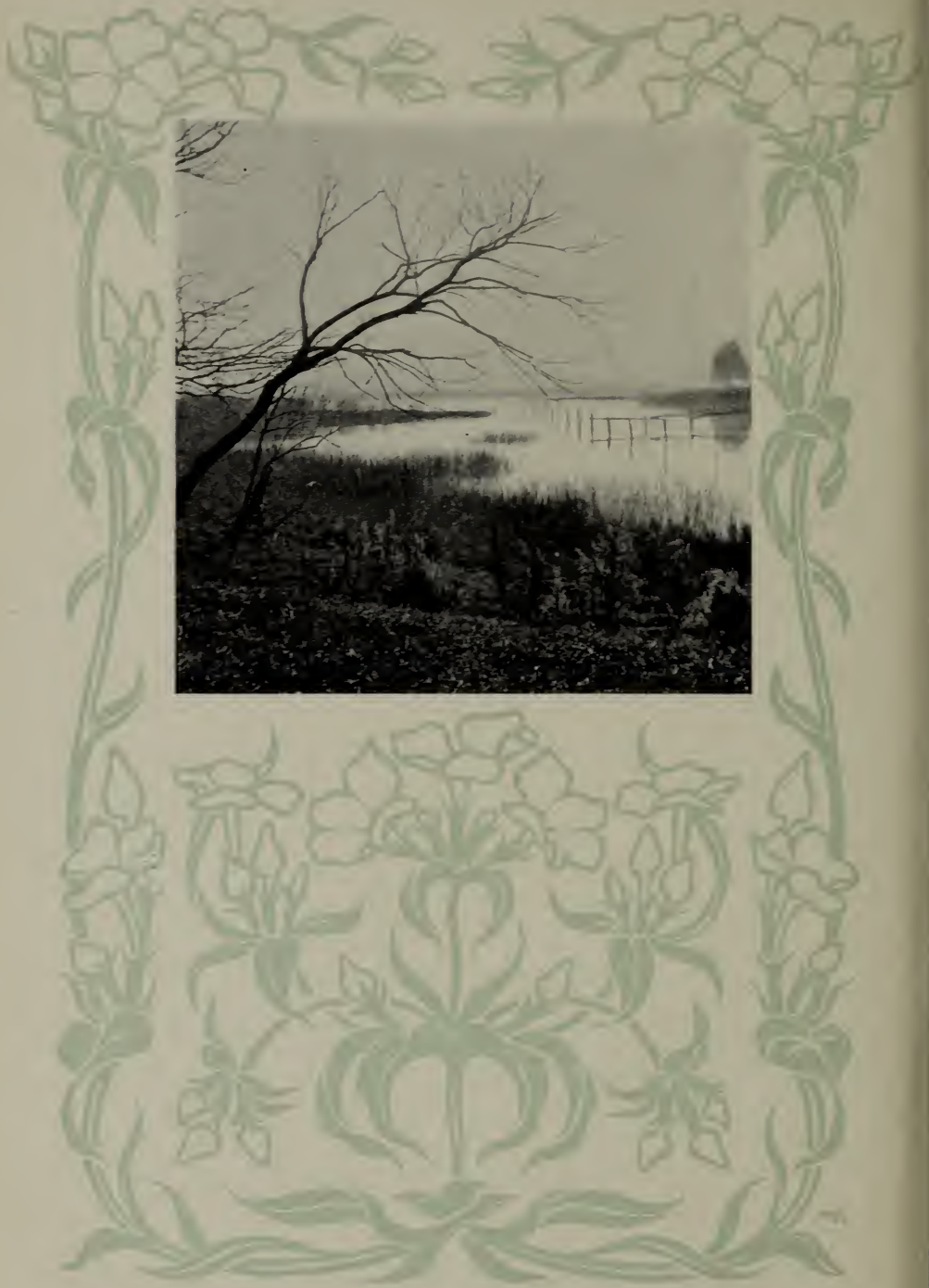
Oh, you grunts an' groans an' mumbles
Case yo' bones is full o' col',
Dough you feels de joy a-tricklin'
Roun' de co'nahs of yo' soul.
An' you 'low anothah minute
'S sho to git you wa'm an' dryah,
W'en you set up pas' yo' bedtime,
Case you hates to leave de fiah.

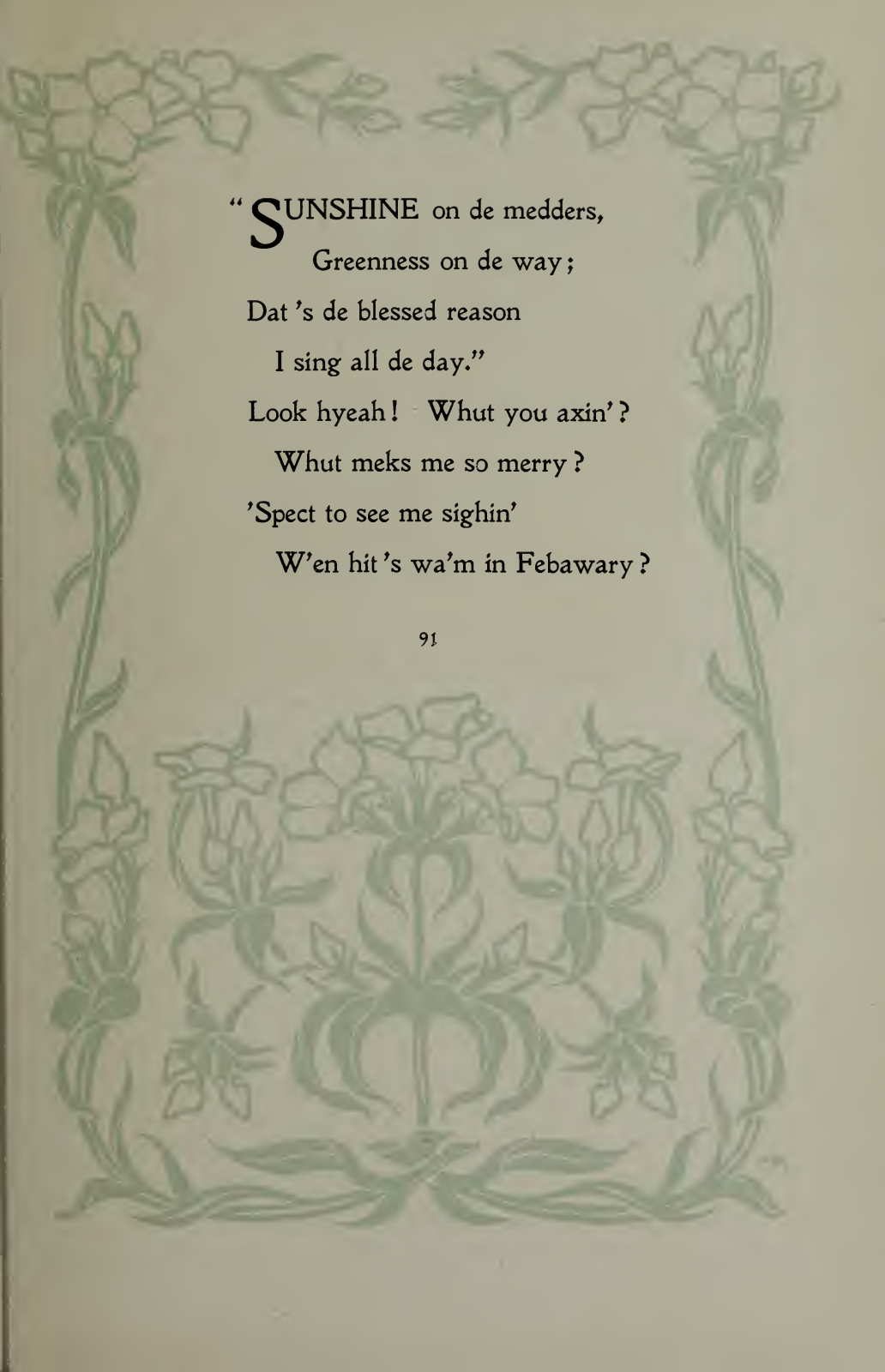
A decorative border in a light green color frames the page. It features a central floral motif at the bottom, with two large, stylized flowers and several smaller buds. The border is composed of intricate, swirling lines and floral patterns that run along the top, sides, and bottom edges of the page.

Whut 's de use o' downright sleepin' ?
You can't feel it while it las',
An' you git up feelin' sorry
W'en de time fu' it is pas'.
Seem to me dat time too precious,
An' de houahs too short entiah,
Fu' to sleep, w'en you could spen' 'em
Des a-noddin' by de fiah.



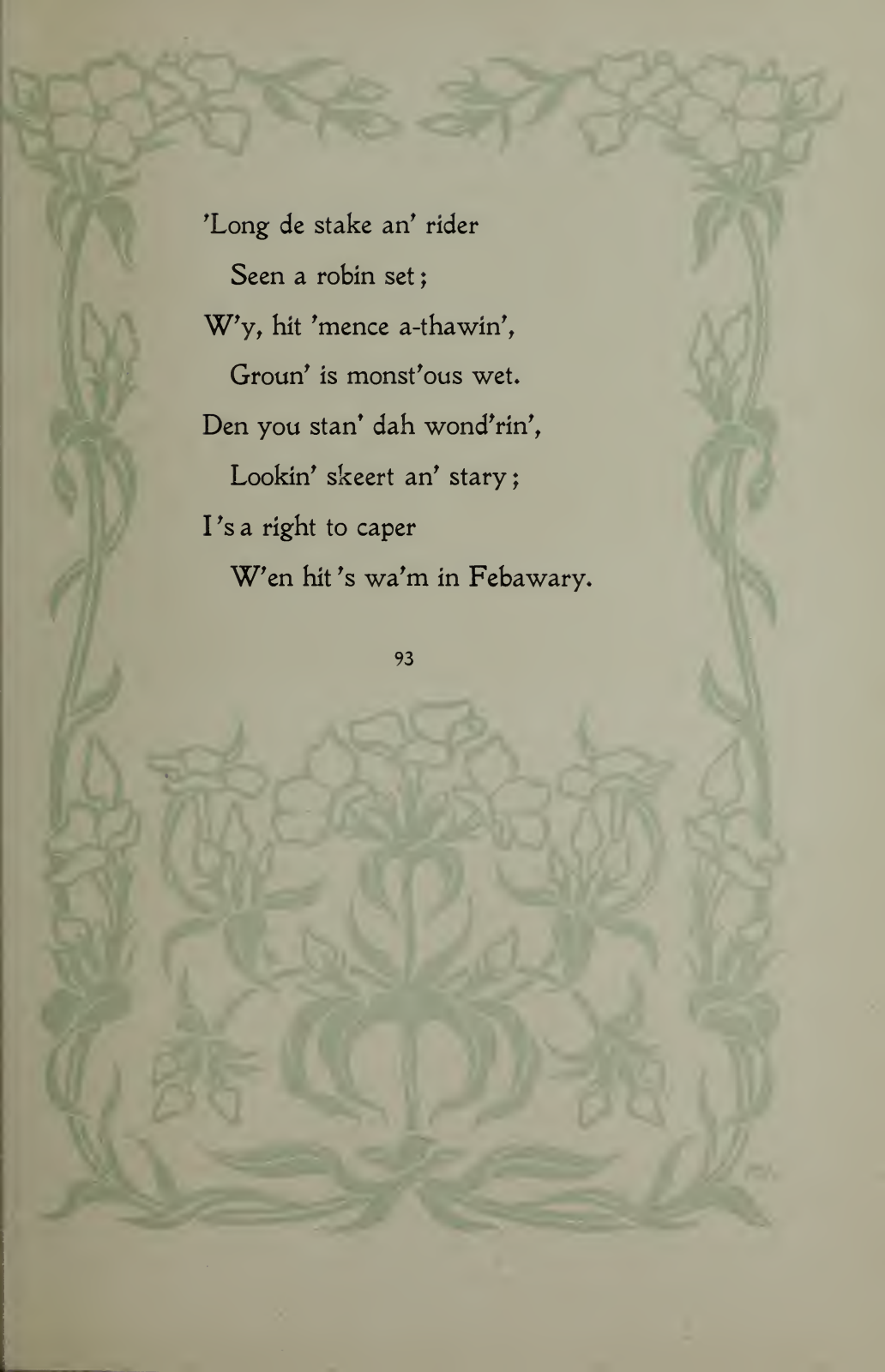
A WARM DAY IN WINTER





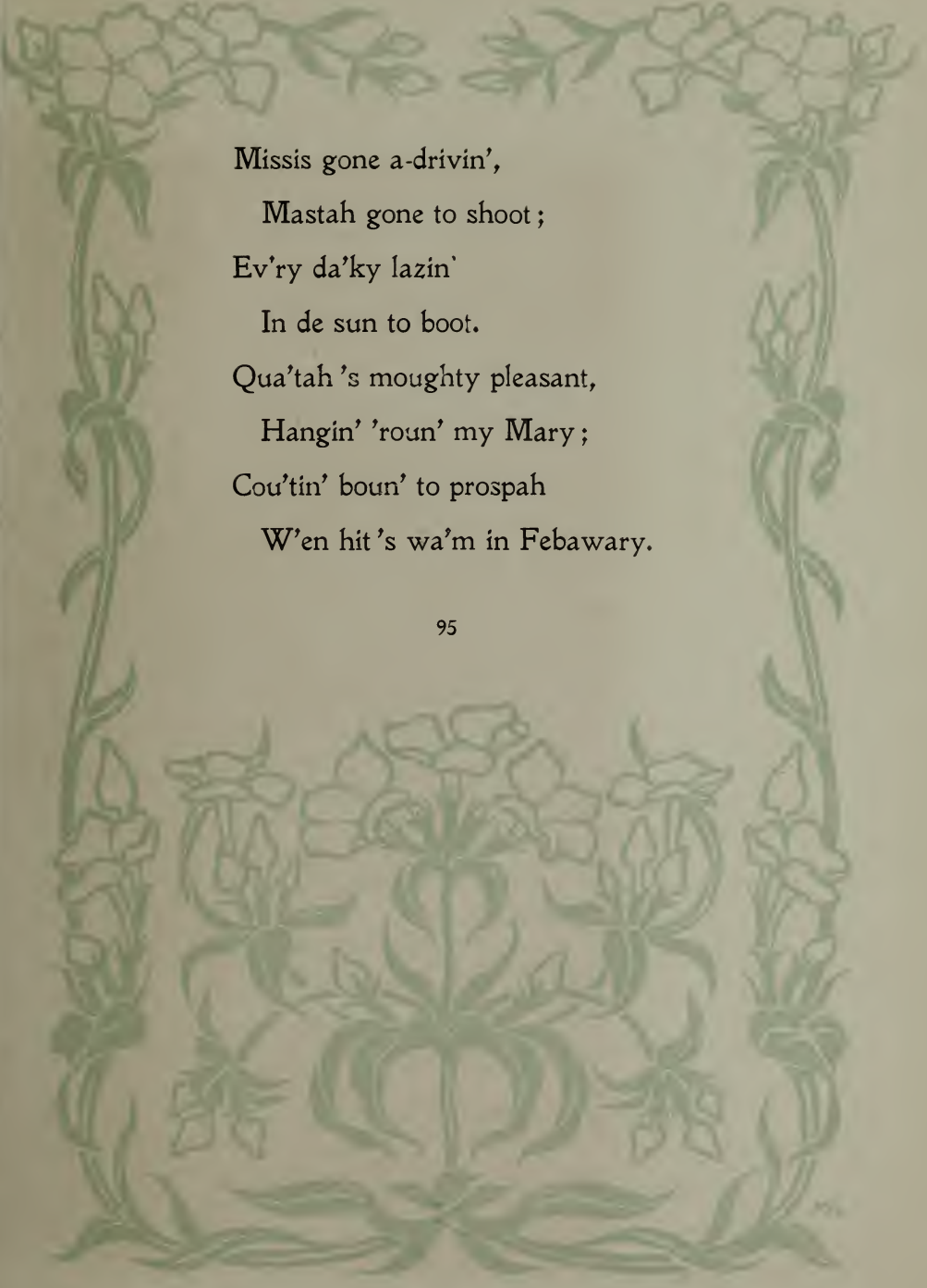
“SUNSHINE on de medders,
Greenness on de way;
Dat 's de blessed reason
I sing all de day.”
Look hyeah! - Whut you axin' ?
Whut meks me so merry ?
'Spect to see me sighin'
W'en hit 's wa'm in Febawary ?



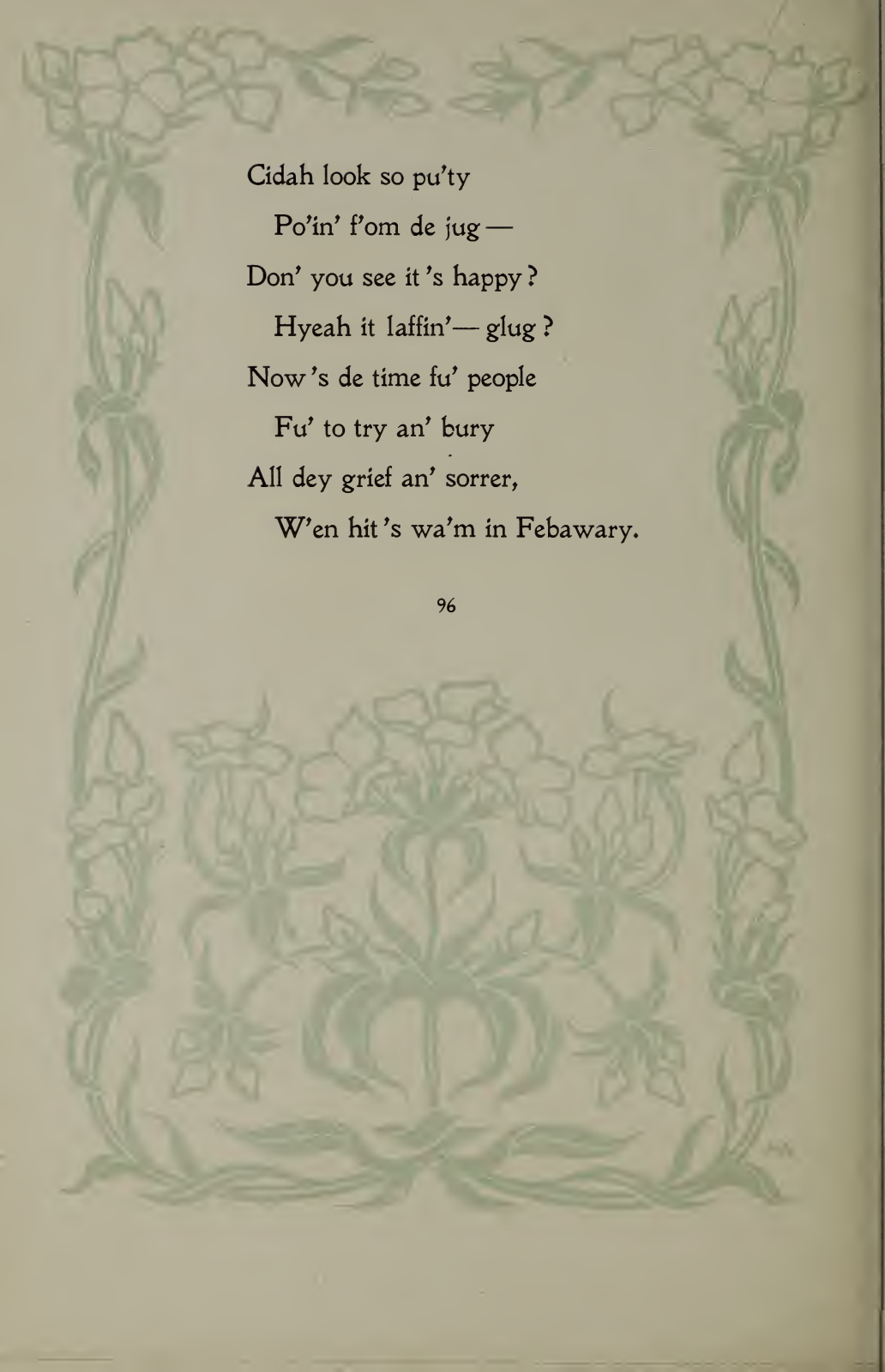


'Long de stake an' rider
 Seen a robin set ;
W'y, hit 'mence a-thawin',
 Groun' is monst'ous wet.
Den you stan' dah wond'rin',
 Lookin' s'keert an' stary ;
I's a right to caper
 W'en hit 's wa'm in Febawary.





Missis gone a-drivin',
Mastah gone to shoot ;
Ev'ry da'ky lazin'
In de sun to boot.
Qua'tah 's moughty pleasant,
Hangin' 'roun' my Mary ;
Cou'tin' boun' to prospah
W'en hit's wa'm in Febawary.

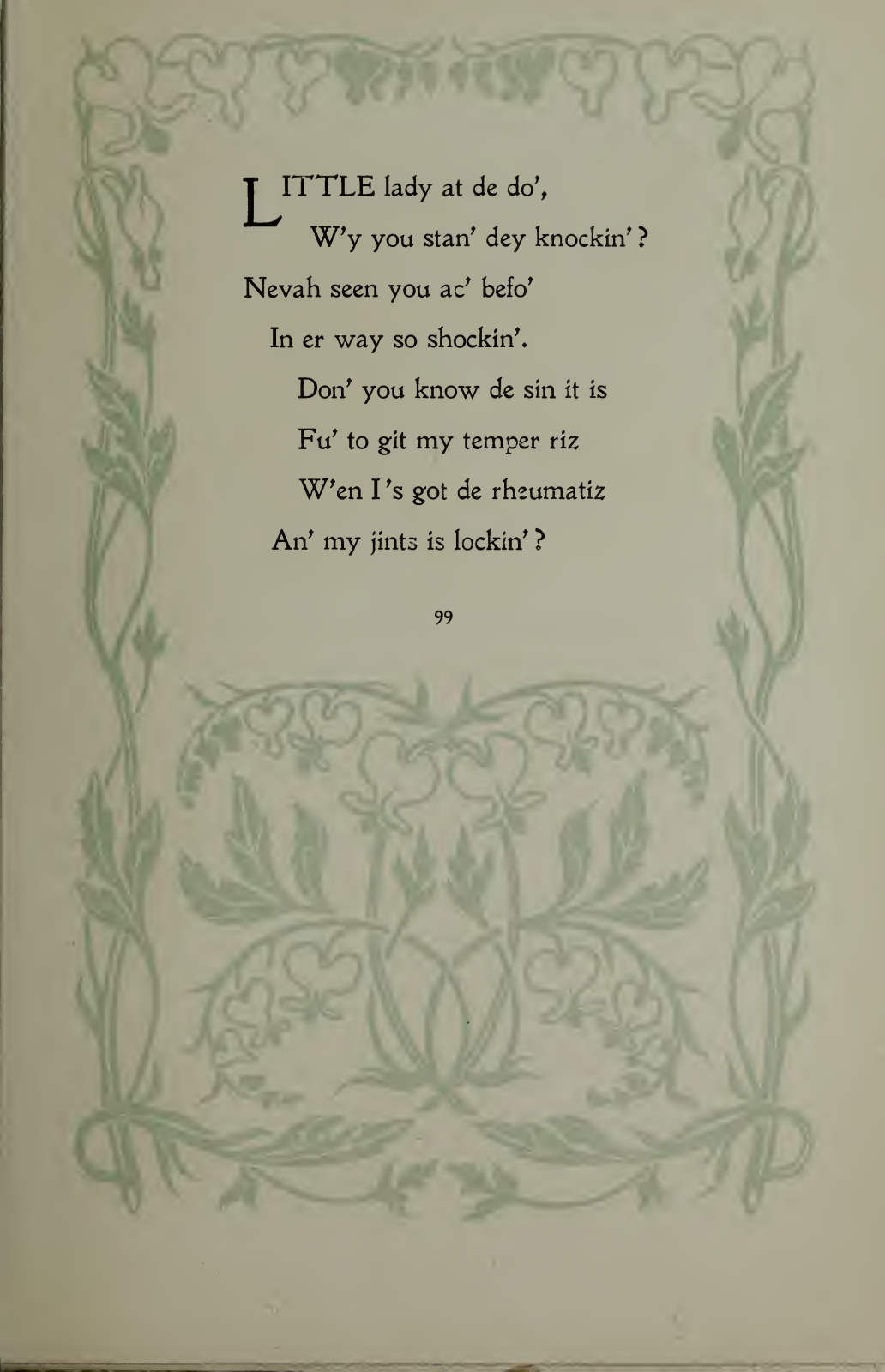


Cidah look so pu'ty
Po'in' f'om de jug —
Don' you see it 's happy ?
Hyeah it laffin'— glug ?
Now 's de time fu' people
Fu' to try an' bury
All dey grief an' sorrer,
W'en hit 's wa'm in Febawary.



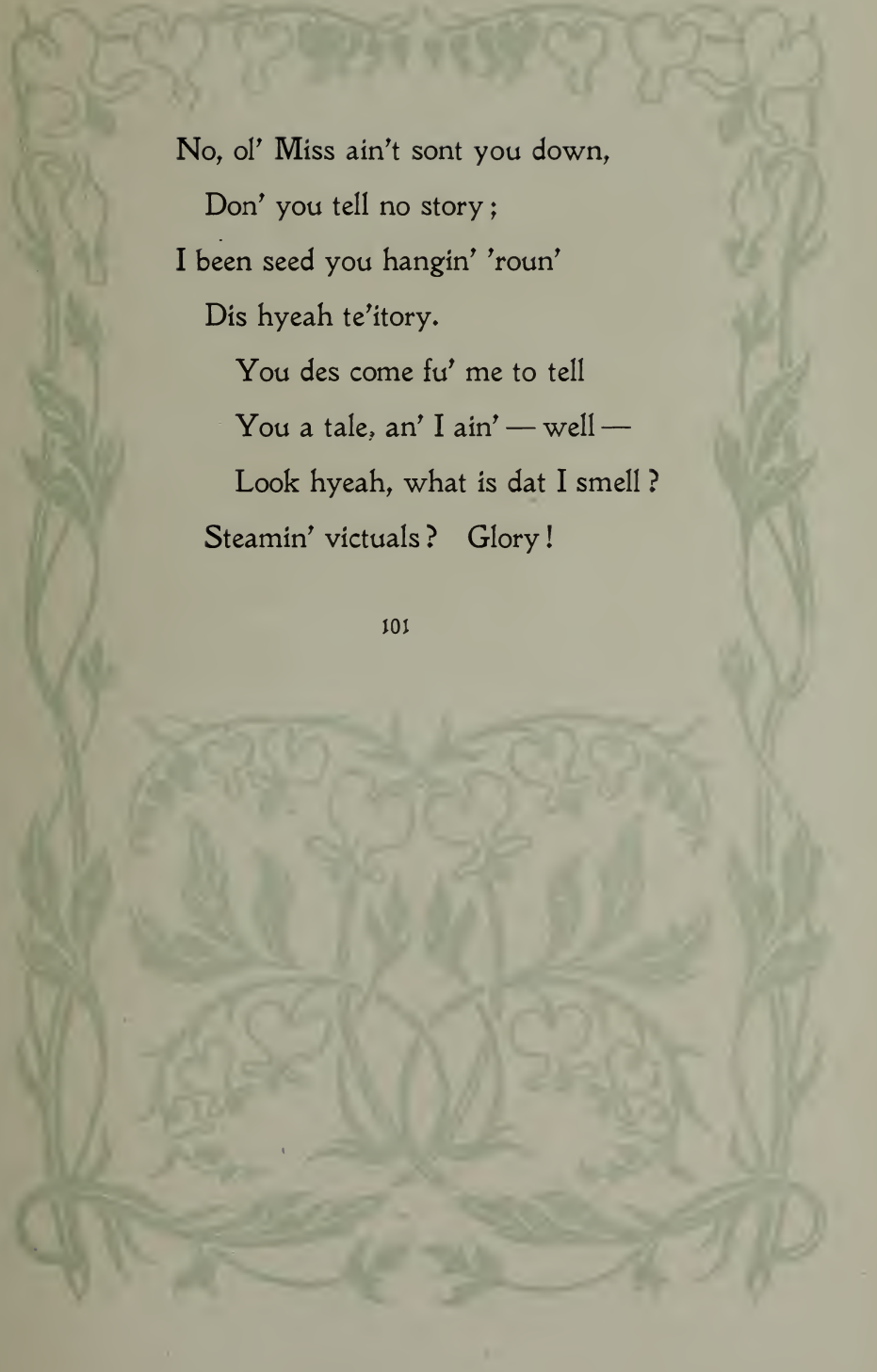
THE VISITOR





LIT'TLE lady at de do',
W'y you stan' dey knockin' ?
Nevah seen you ac' befo'
In er way so shockin'.
Don' you know de sin it is
Fu' to git my temper riz
W'en I's got de rheumatiz
An' my jintz is lockin' ?





No, ol' Miss ain't sont you down,

Don' you tell no story ;

I been seed you hangin' 'roun'

Dis hyeah te'itory.

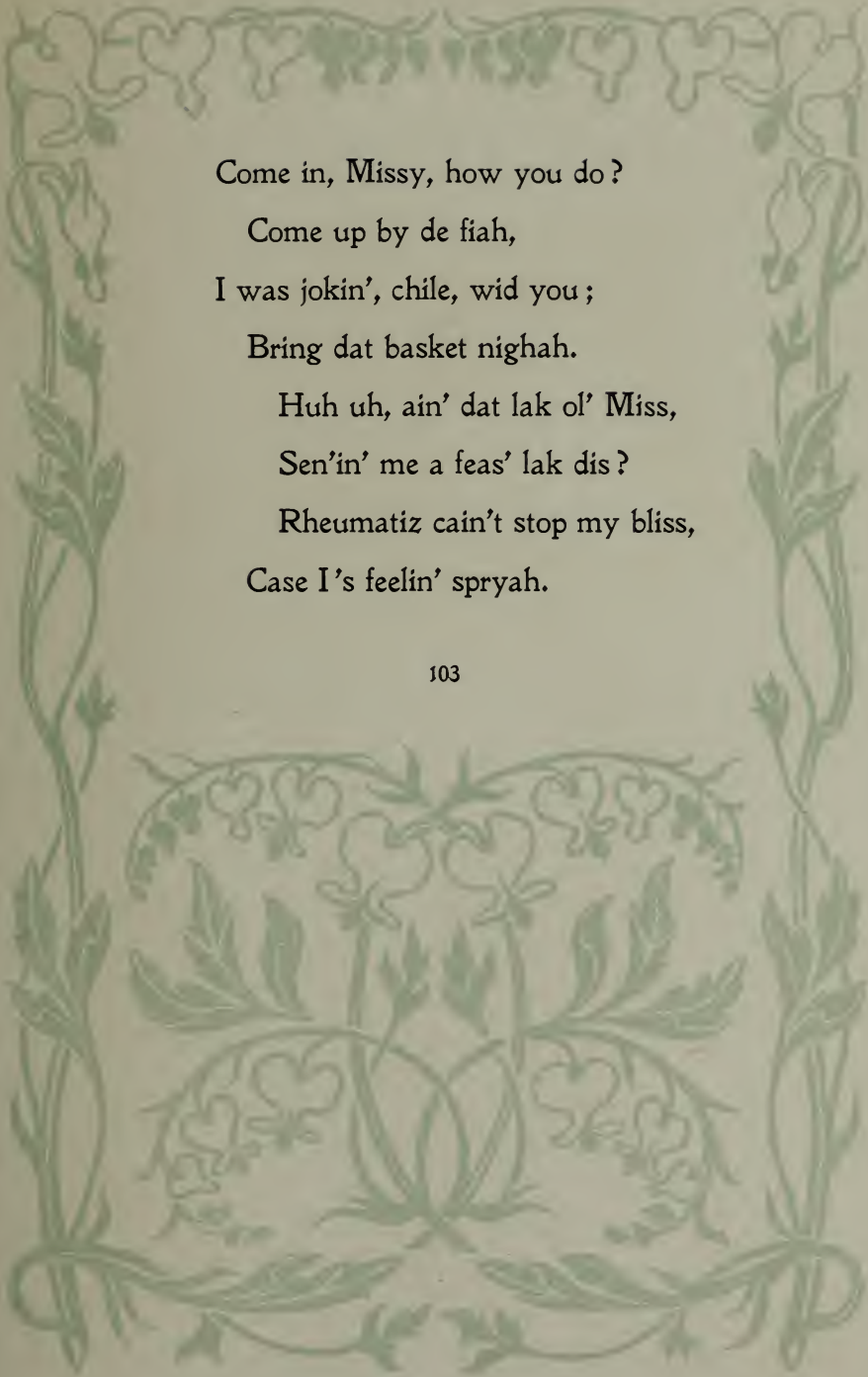
You des come fu' me to tell

You a tale, an' I ain' — well —

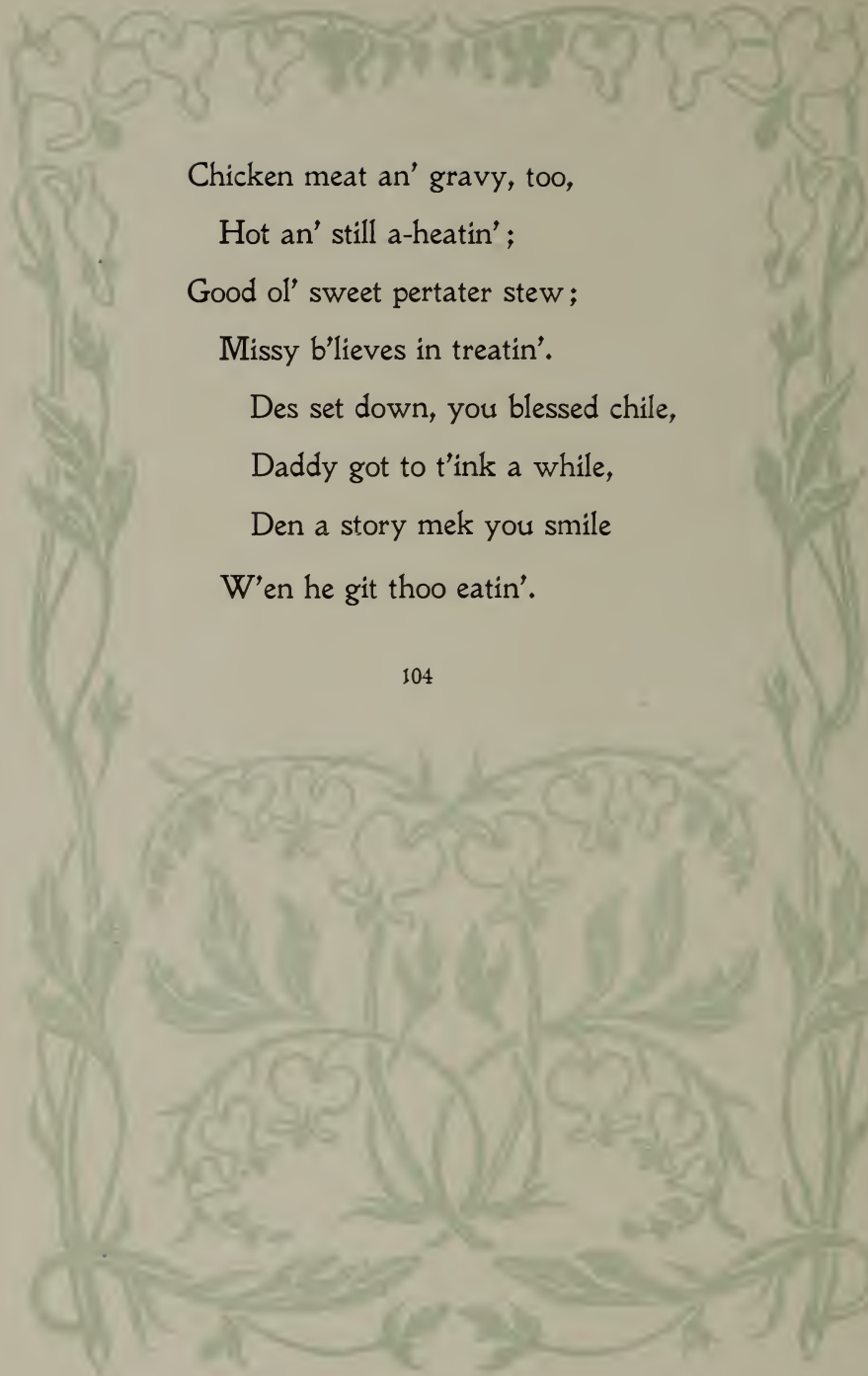
Look hyeah, what is dat I smell ?

Steamin' victuals? Glory!





Come in, Missy, how you do?
Come up by de fiah,
I was jokin', chile, wid you;
Bring dat basket nighah.
Huh uh, ain' dat lak ol' Miss,
Sen'in' me a feas' lak dis?
Rheumatiz cain't stop my bliss,
Case I's feelin' spryah.



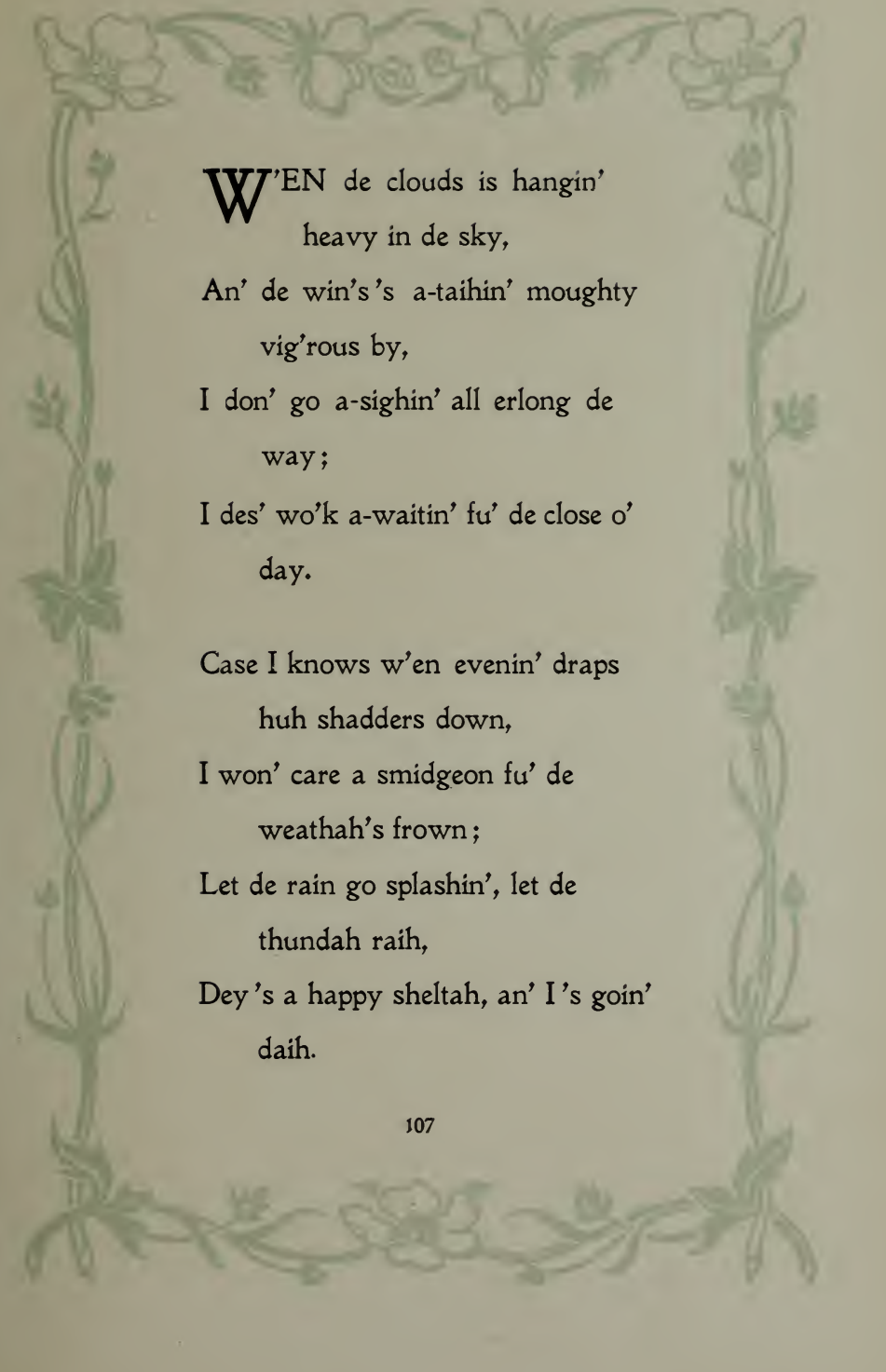
Chicken meat an' gravy, too,
Hot an' still a-heatin' ;
Good ol' sweet pertater stew ;
Missy b'lieves in treatin'.
Des set down, you blessed chile,
Daddy got to t'ink a while,
Den a story mek you smile
W'en he git thoo eatin'.



MY SWEET BROWN GAL



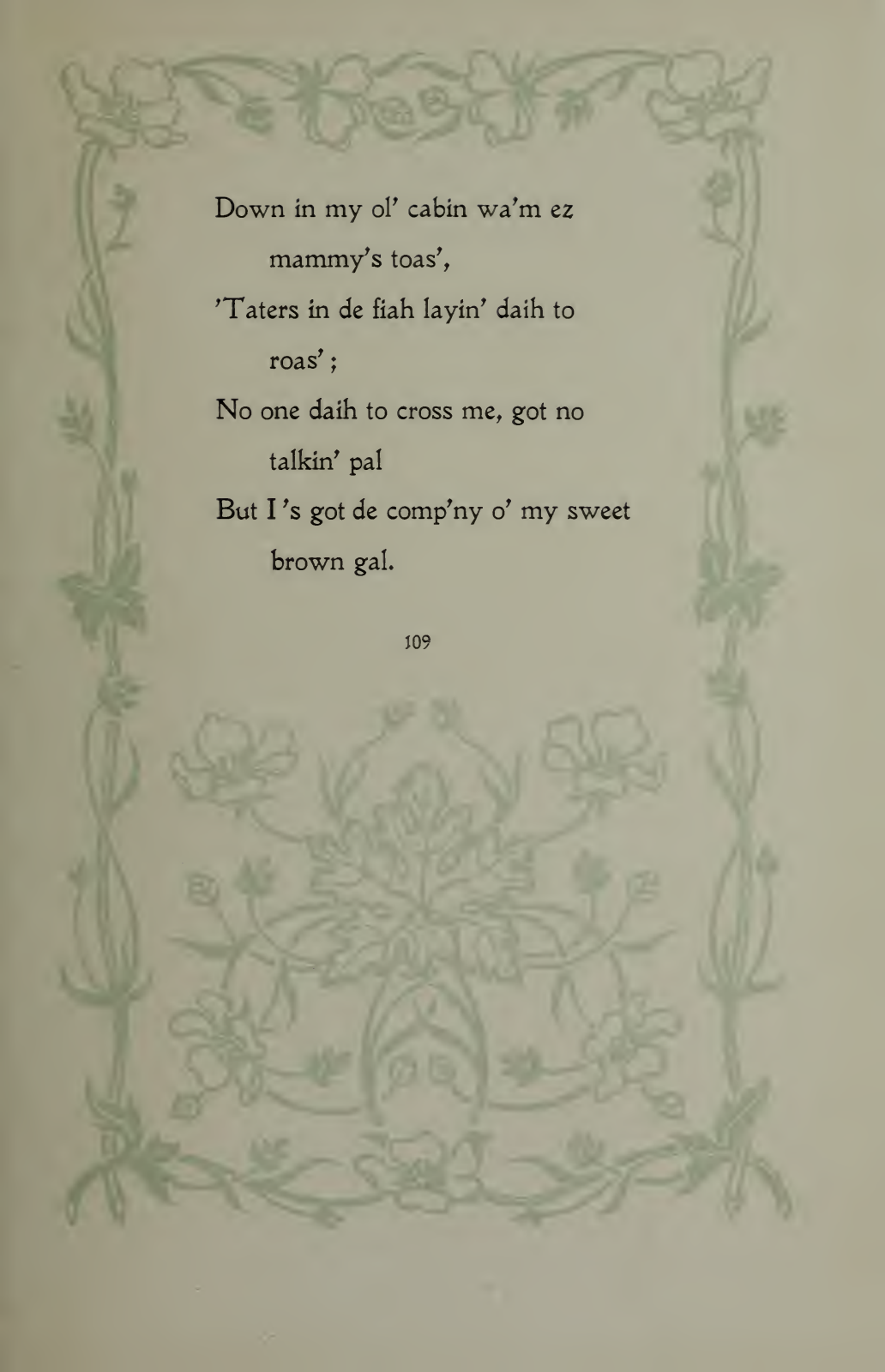




W'EN de clouds is hangin'
heavy in de sky,
An' de win's's a-taihin' moughty
vig'rous by,
I don' go a-sighin' all erlong de
way;
I des' wo'k a-waitin' fu' de close o'
day.

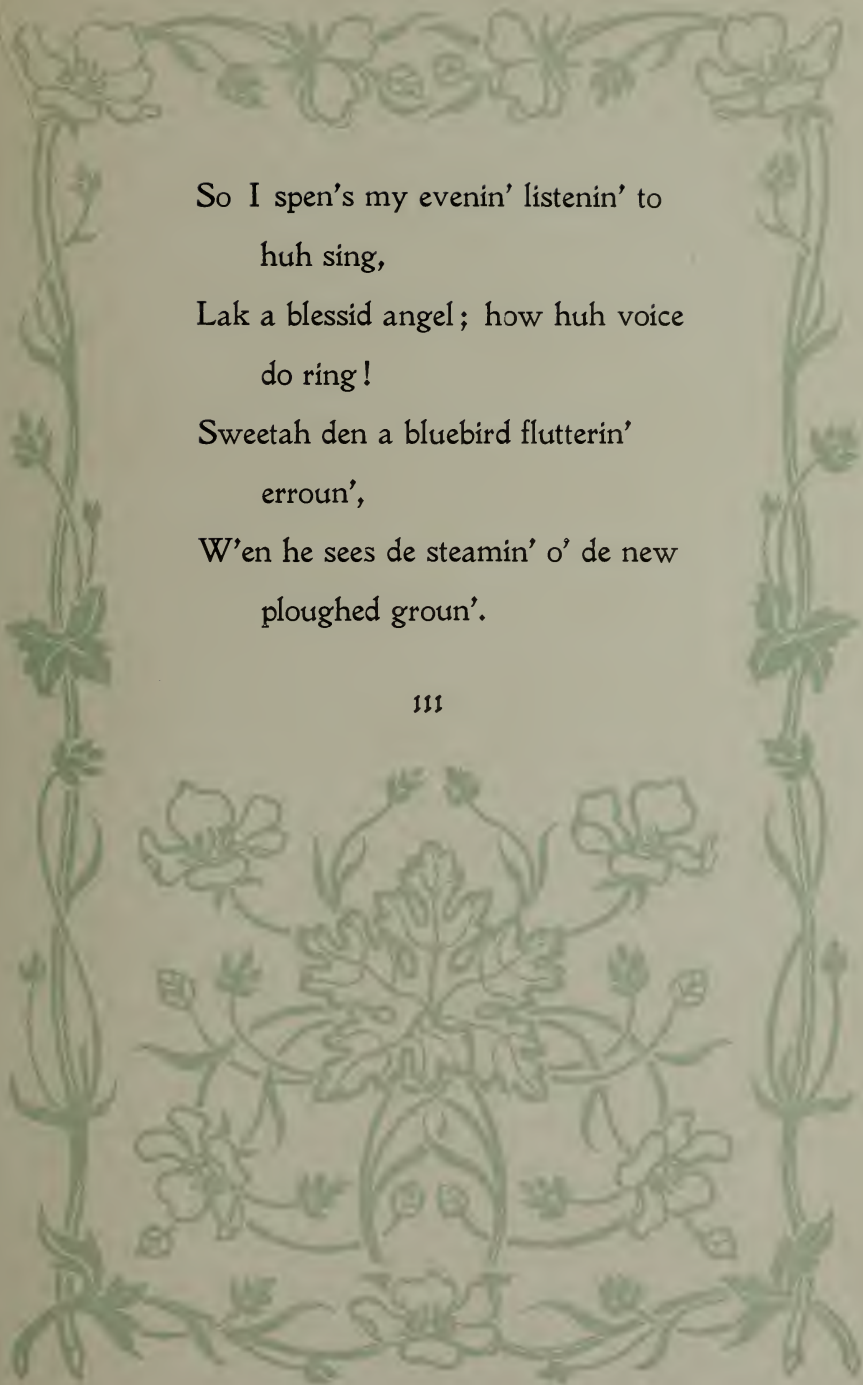
Case I knows w'en evenin' draps
huh shadders down,
I won' care a smidgeon fu' de
weathah's frown;
Let de rain go splashin', let de
thundah raih,
Dey's a happy sheltah, an' I's goin'
daih.



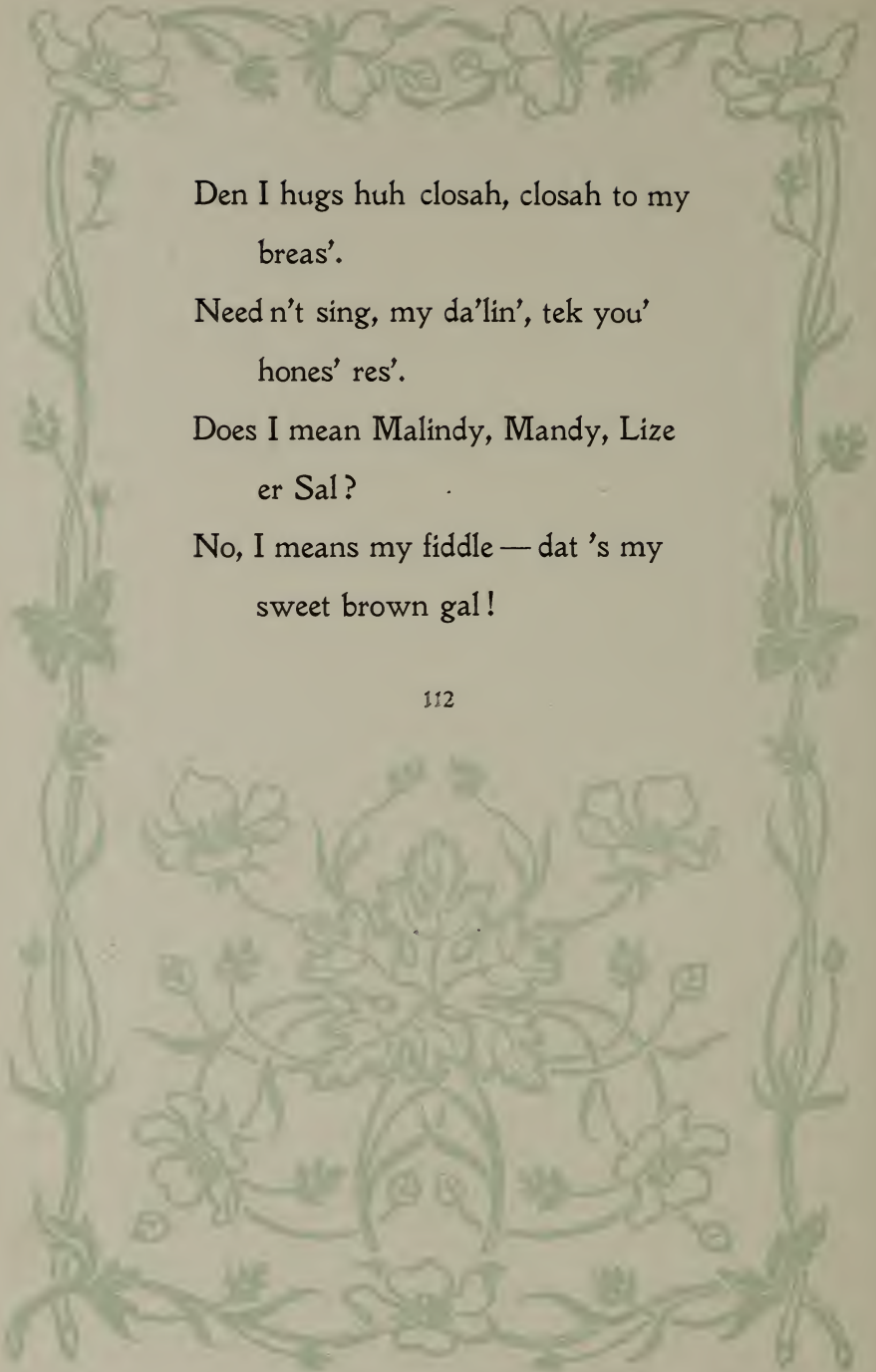


Down in my ol' cabin wa'm ez
mammy's toas',
'Taters in de fiah layin' daih to
roas' ;
No one daih to cross me, got no
talkin' pal
But I 's got de comp'ny o' my sweet
brown gal.





So I spen's my evenin' listenin' to
huh sing,
Lak a blessid angel; how huh voice
do ring!
Sweetah den a bluebird flutterin'
erroun',
W'en he sees de steamin' o' de new
ploughed groun'.



Den I hugs huh closah, closah to my
breas'.

Need n't sing, my da'lin', tek you'
hones' res'.

Does I mean Malindy, Mandy, Lize
er Sal?

No, I means my fiddle — dat 's my
sweet brown gal!



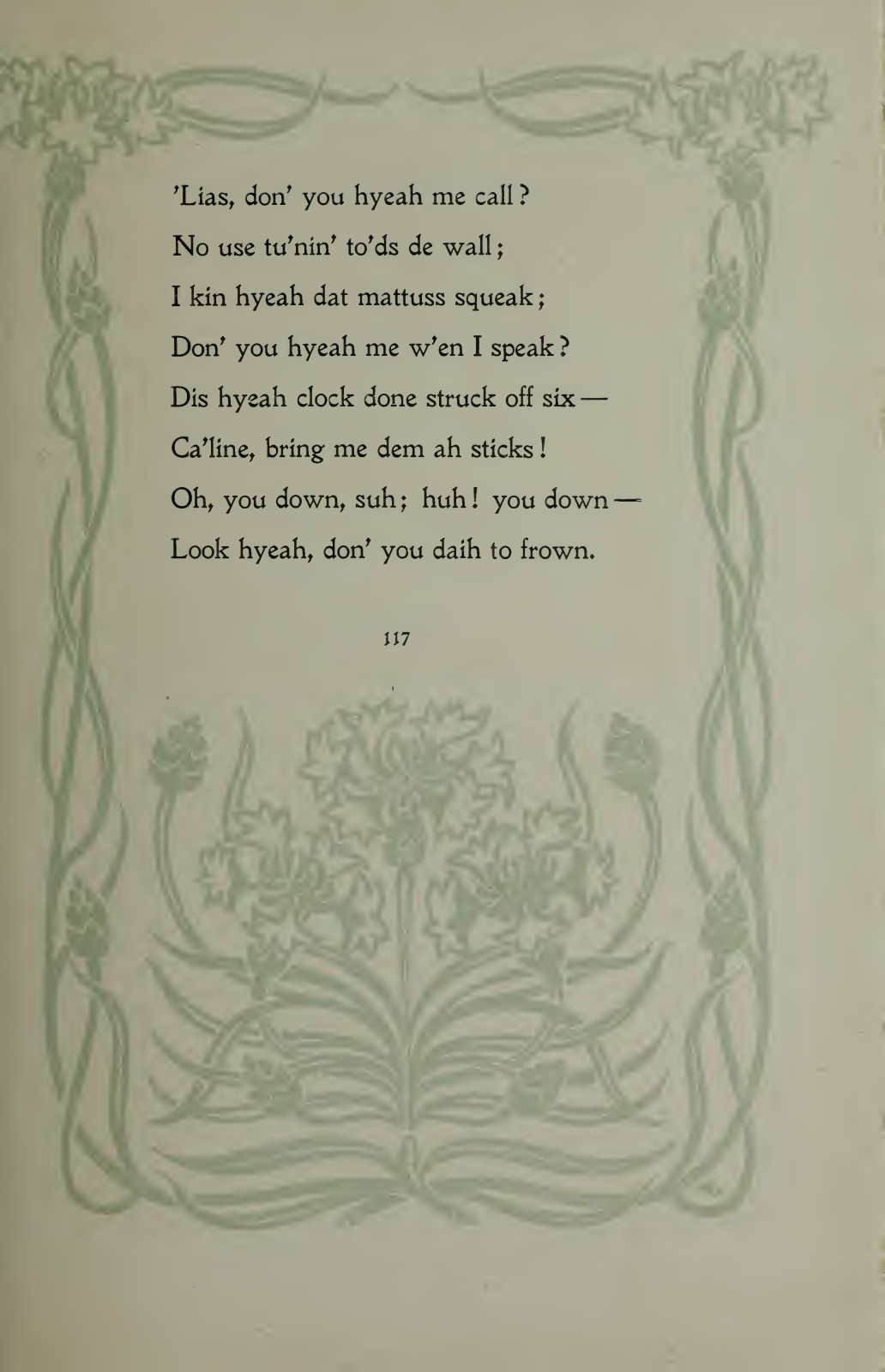
IN THE MORNING



LIAS! 'Lias! Bless de Lawd!
Don' you know de day's erbroad?
Ef you don' git up, you scamp,
Dey 'll be trouble in dis camp.
T'ink I gwine to let you sleep
W'ile I meks yo' boa'd an' keep?
Dat's a putty howdy-do —
Don' you hyeah me, 'Lias — you?

Bet ef I come crost dis flo'
You won' fin' no time to sno'.
Daylight all a-shinin' in
W'ile you sleep — w'y hit's a sin!
Ain't de can'le-light enough
To bu'n out widout a snuff,
But you go de mo'nin' thoo
Bu'nin' up de daylight too?



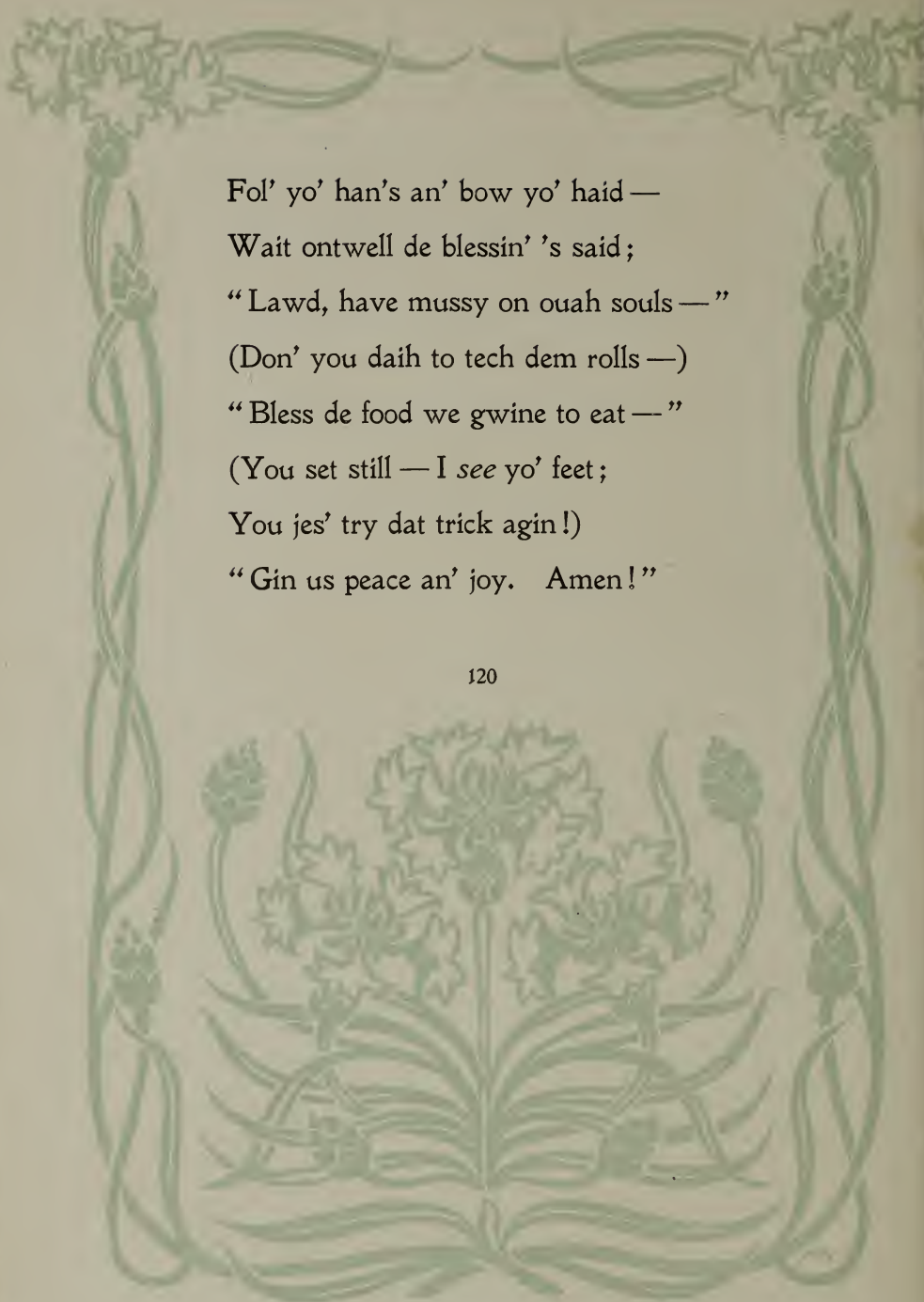
A decorative border in a light green color frames the page. It features stylized floral motifs at the top and bottom, with vertical bands of intertwined leaves and flowers on the sides.

'Lias, don' you hyeah me call?
No use tu'nin' to'ds de wall;
I kin hyeah dat mattuss squeak;
Don' you hyeah me w'en I speak?
Dis hyeah clock done struck off six —
Ca'line, bring me dem ah sticks!
Oh, you down, suh; huh! you down —
Look hyeah, don' you daih to frown.



Ma'ch yo'se'f an' wash yo' face,
Don' you splattah all de place;
I got somep'n else to do,
'Sides jes' cleanin' aftah you.
Tek dat comb an' fix yo' haid —
Looks jes' lak a feddah baïd.
Look hyeah, boy, I let you see
You sha'n't roll yo' eyes at me.

Come hyeah; bring me dat ah strap!
Boy, I'll whup you 'twell you drap;
You done felt yo'se'f too strong,
An' you sholy got me wrong.
Set down at dat table thaïh;
Jes' you whimpah ef you daïh!
Evah mo'nin' on dis place,
Seem lak I mus' lose my grace.

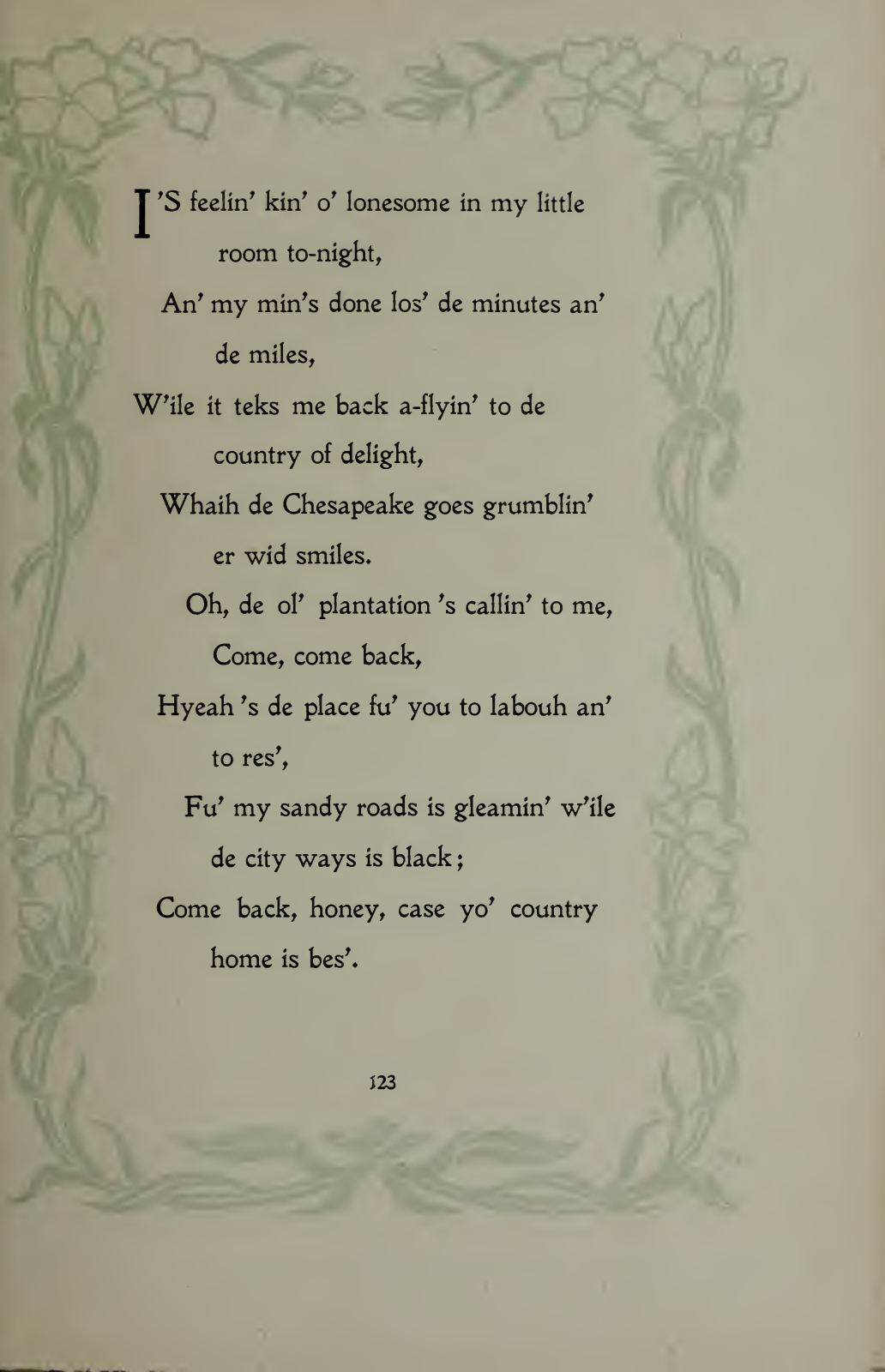
A decorative border in a light green color frames the page. It features a central floral motif at the bottom, with two vertical bands of stylized leaves and flowers on the sides, and a top section with floral clusters and curved lines.

Fol' yo' han's an' bow yo' haïd —
Wait ontwell de blessin' 's said;
“Lawd, have mussy on ouah souls —”
(Don' you daih to tech dem rolls —)
“Bless de food we gwine to eat —”
(You set stíll — I see yo' feet;
You jes' try dat trick agin!)
“Gín us peace an' joy. Amen!”



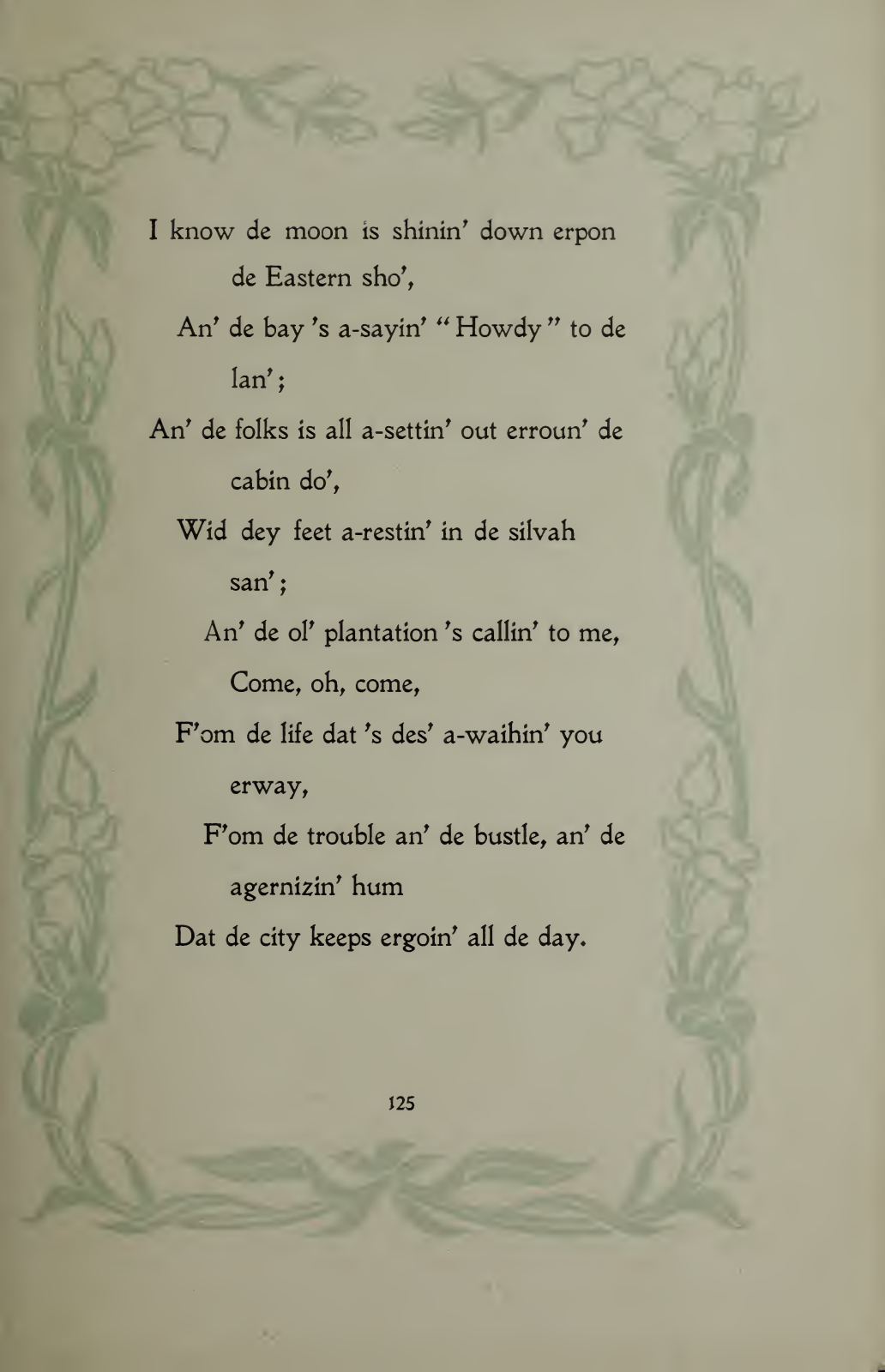
TO THE EASTERN SHORE





I 'S feelin' kin' o' lonesome in my little
room to-night,
An' my min's done los' de minutes an'
de miles,
W'ile it teks me back a-flyin' to de
country of delight,
Whaih de Chesapeake goes grumblin'
er wid smiles.
Oh, de ol' plantation 's callin' to me,
Come, come back,
Hyeah 's de place fu' you to labouh an'
to res',
Fu' my sandy roads is gleamin' w'ile
de city ways is black;
Come back, honey, case yo' country
home is bes'.





I know de moon is shinin' down erpon
de Eastern sho',
An' de bay 's a-sayin' "Howdy" to de
lan';
An' de folks is all a-settin' out erroun' de
cabin do',
Wid dey feet a-restin' in de silvah
san';
An' de ol' plantation 's callin' to me,
Come, oh, come,
F'om de life dat 's des' a-waihin' you
erway,
F'om de trouble an' de bustle, an' de
agernizin' hum
Dat de city keeps ergoin' all de day.



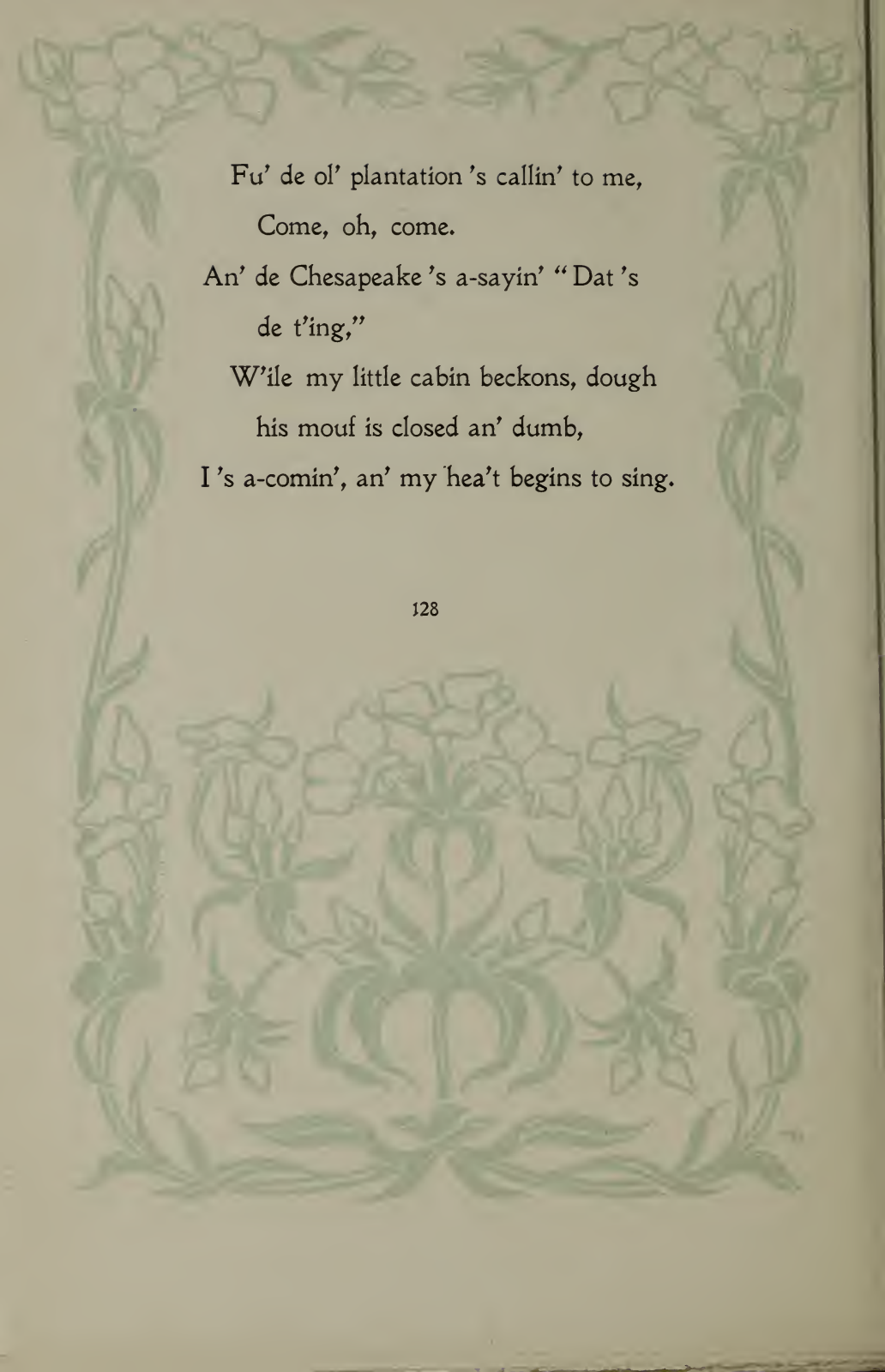
I's tiahed of de city, tek me back to Sandy
Side,

Whaih de po'est ones kin live an' play
an' eat;

Whaih we draws a simple livin' f'om de
fo'est an' de tide,

An' de days ah faih, an' evah night is
sweet.





Fu' de ol' plantation 's callin' to me,
Come, oh, come.

An' de Chesapeake 's a-sayin' "Dat 's
de t'ing,"

W'ile my little cabin beckons, dough
his mouf is closed an' dumb,
I 's a-comin', an' my hea't begins to sing.



WADIN' IN DE CREEK

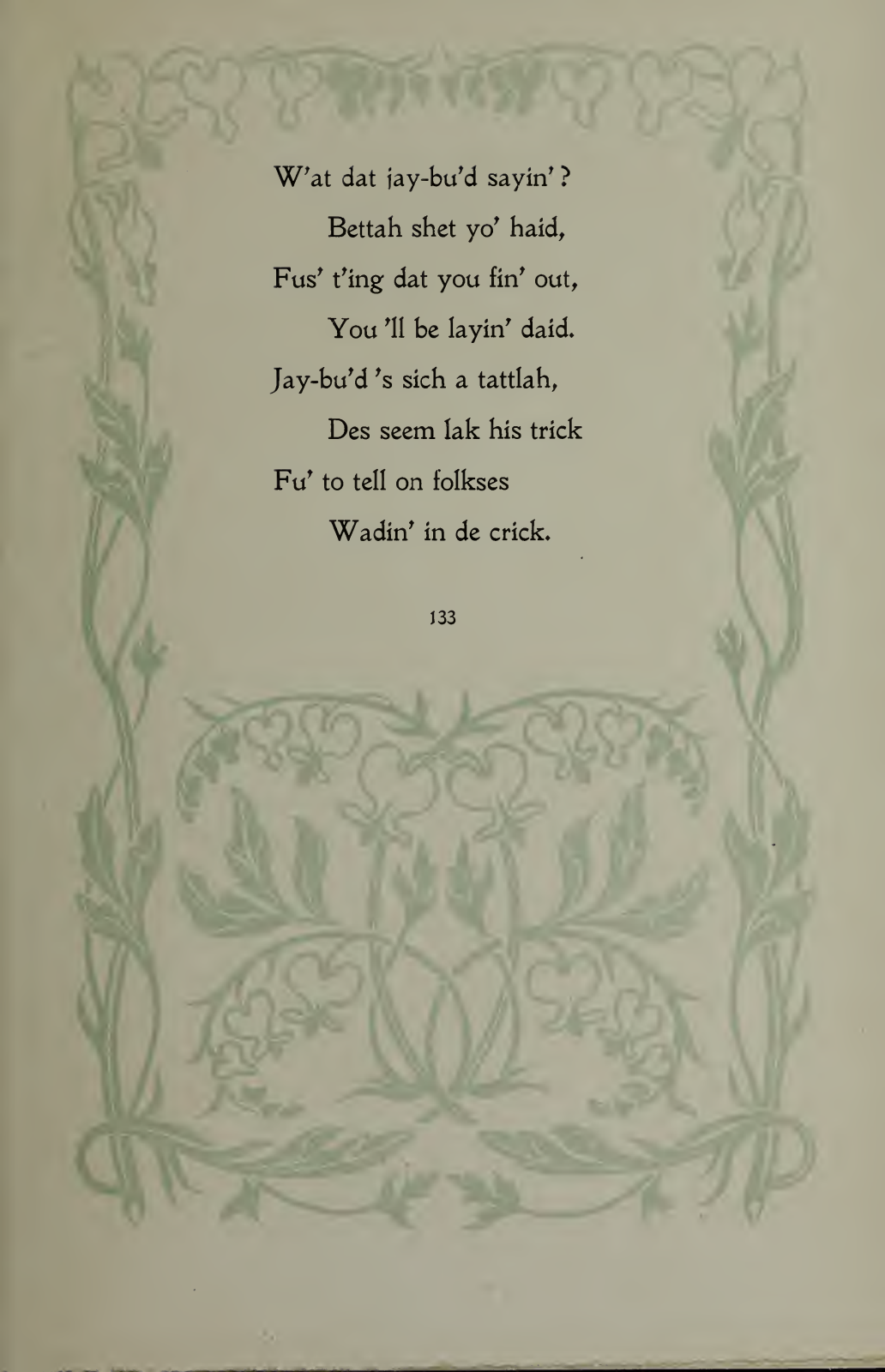


DAYS git wa'm an' wa'mah,
School gits mighty dull,
Seems lak dese hyeah teachahs
Mus' feel mussiful.

Hookey 's wrong, I know it
Ain't no gent'man's trick ;
But de aih's a-callin',
"Come on to de crick."

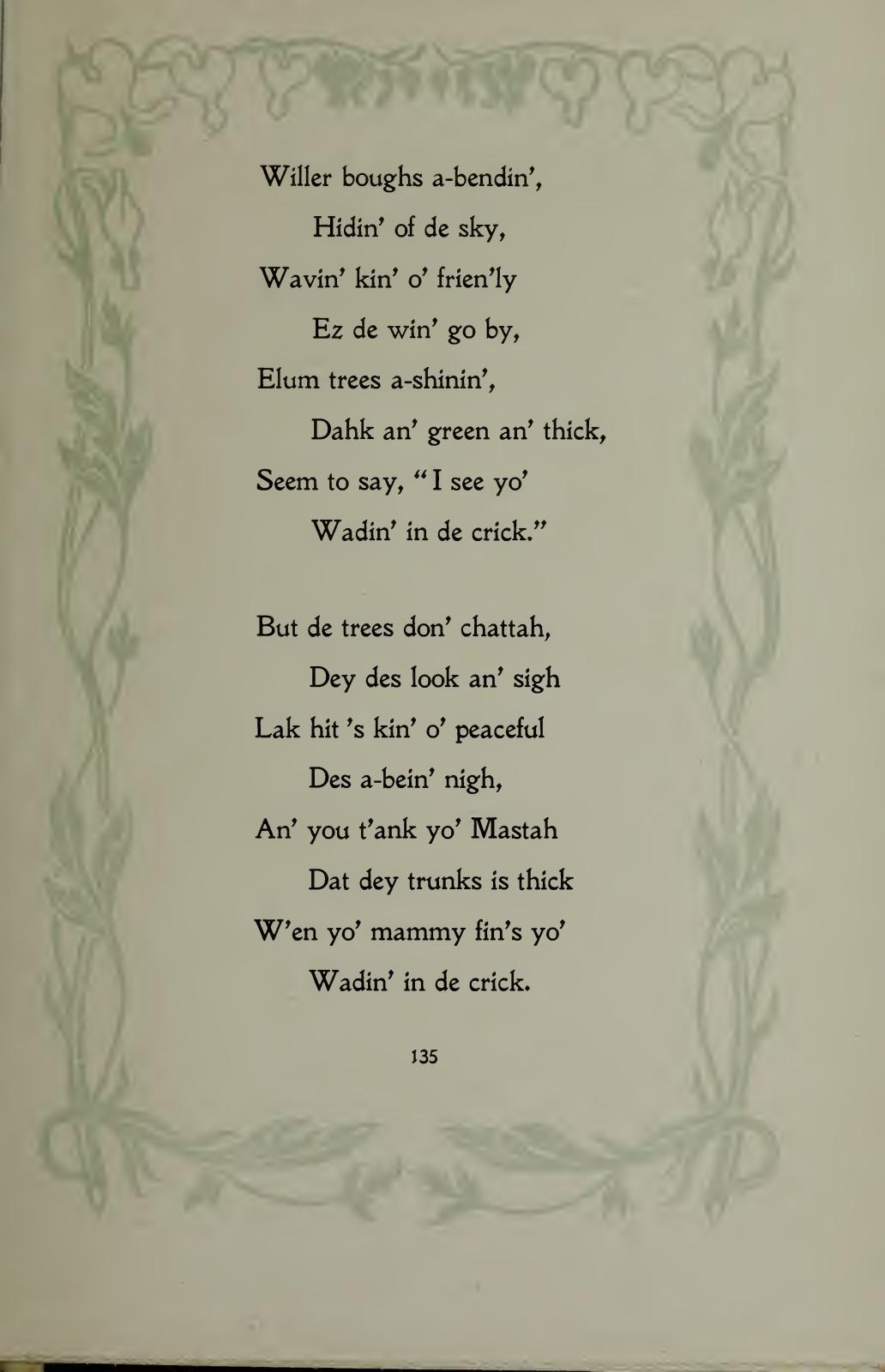
Dah de watah 's gu'glin'
Ovah shiny stones,
Des hit's ve'y singin'
Seems to soothe yo' bones.
W'at 's de use o' waitin',
Go on good an' quick :
Dain't no fun lak dis hyeah
Wadin' in de crick.





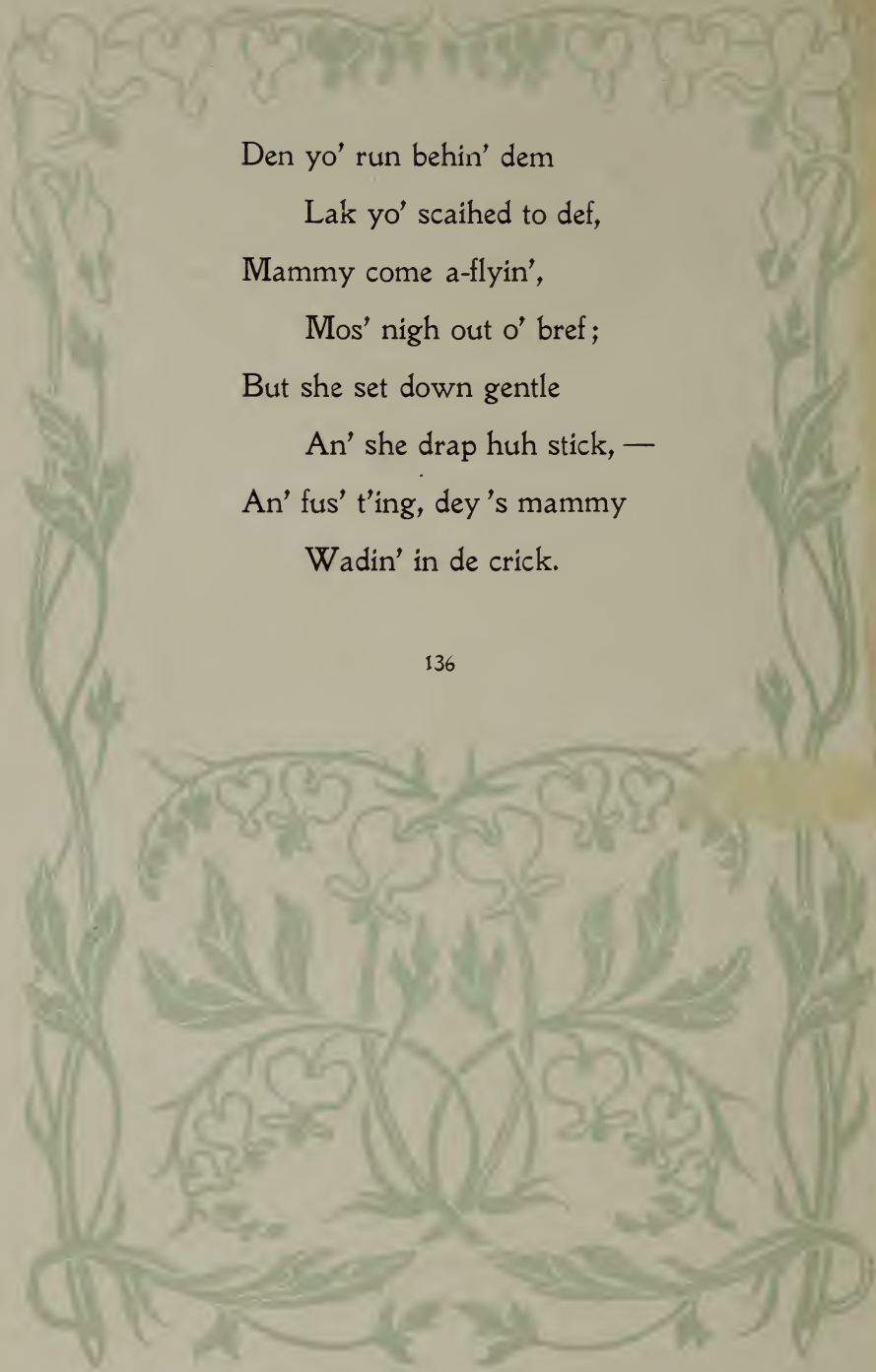
W'at dat jay-bu'd sayin' ?
Bettah shet yo' haid,
Fus' t'ing dat you fin' out,
You 'll be layin' daid.
Jay-bu'd 's sich a tattlah,
Des seem lak his trick
Fu' to tell on folkses
Wadin' in de crick.





Willer boughs a-bendin',
 Hidin' of de sky,
Wavin' kin' o' frien'ly
 Ez de win' go by,
Elum trees a-shinin',
 Dahk an' green an' thick,
Seem to say, "I see yo'
 Wadin' in de crick."

But de trees don' chattah,
 Dey des look an' sigh
Lak hit 's kin' o' peaceful
 Des a-bein' nigh,
An' you t'ank yo' Mastah
 Dat dey trunks is thick
W'en yo' mammy fin's yo'
 Wadin' in de crick.

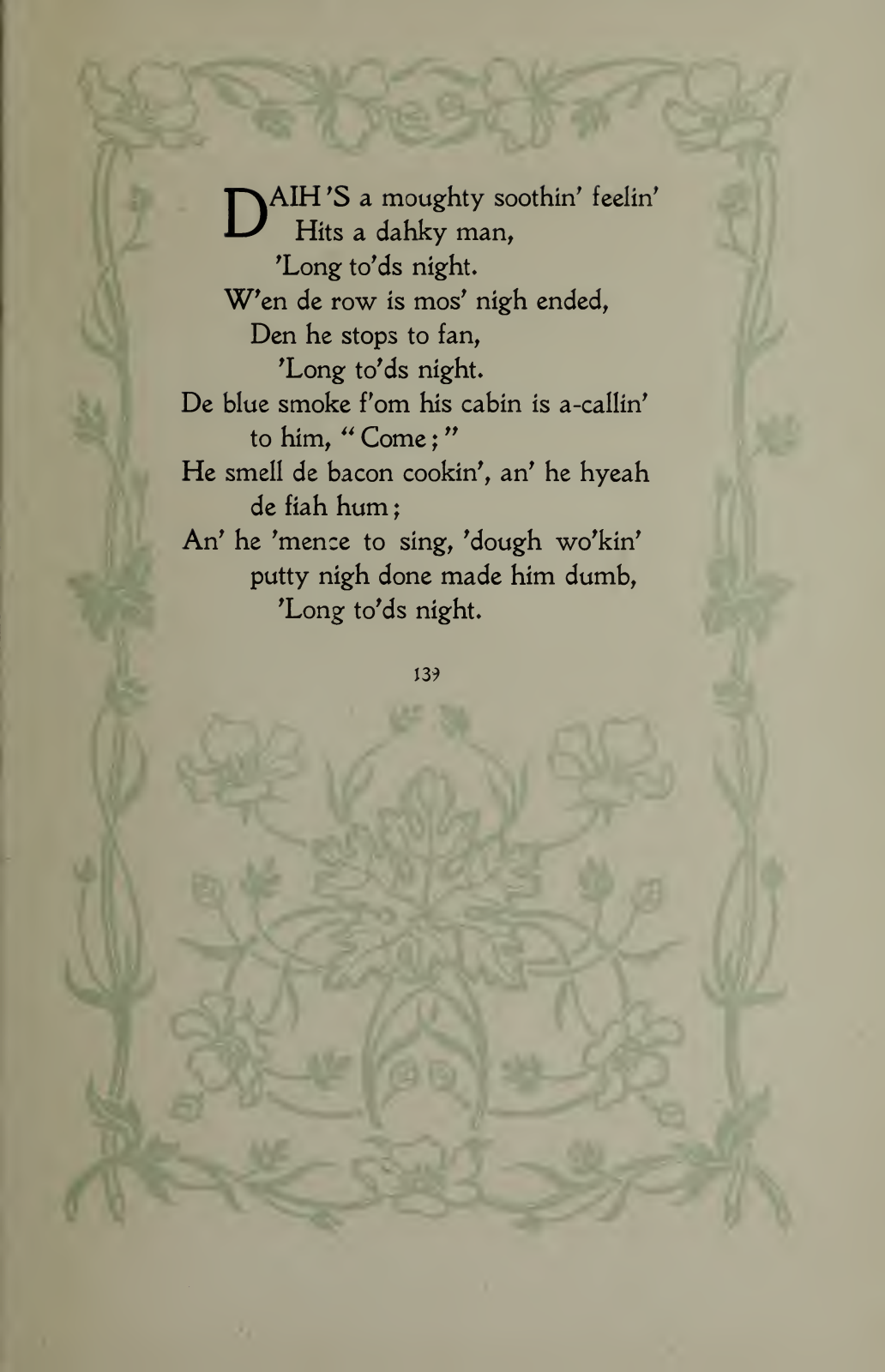


Den yo' run behin' dem
Lak yo' scaihed to def,
Mammy come a-flyin',
Mos' nigh out o' bref;
But she set down gentle
An' she drap huh stick, —
An' fus' t'ing, dey's mammy
Wadin' in de crick.



'LONG TO'DS NIGHT





DAIH'S a moughty soothin' feelin'
Hits a dahky man,
'Long to'ds night.
W'en de row is mos' nigh ended,
Den he stops to fan,
'Long to'ds night.
De blue smoke f'om his cabin is a-callin'
to him, "Come;"
He smell de bacon cookin', an' he hyeah
de fiah hum;
An' he 'mence to sing, 'dough wo'kin'
putty nigh done made him dumb,
'Long to'ds night.

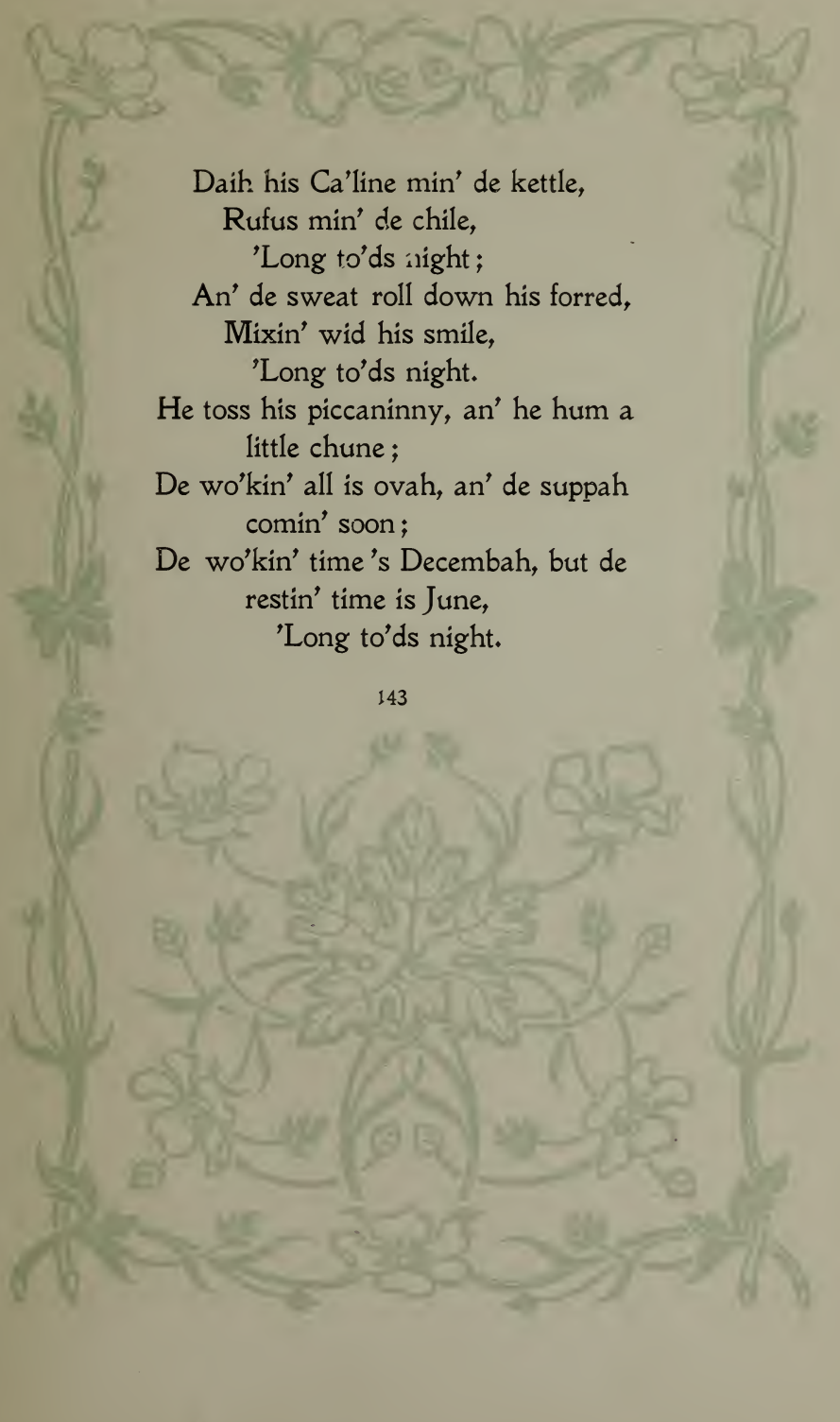


Wid his hoe erpon his shouldah
Den he goes erlong,
'Long to'ds night.
An' he keepin' time a-steppin'
Wid a little song,
'Long to'ds night.

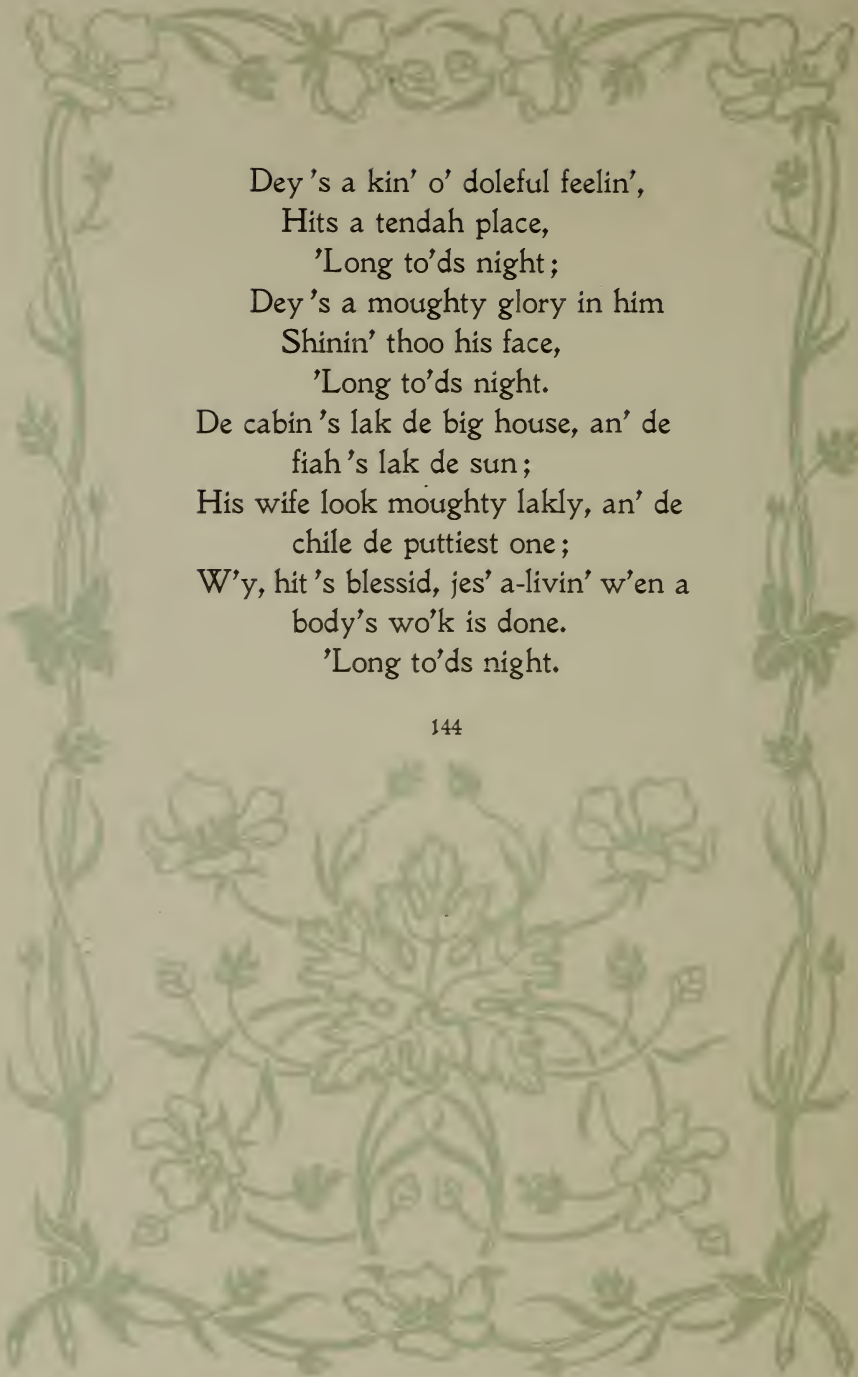
De restin'-time 's a-comin', an' de time
to drink an' eat;
A baby's toddlin' to'ds him on hits
little dusty feet,
An' a-go'in' to'ds his cabin, an' his
suppah's moughty sweet,
'Long to'ds night.







Daih his Ca'line min' de kettle,
Rufus min' de chile,
'Long to'ds night ;
An' de sweat roll down his forred,
Mixin' wid his smile,
'Long to'ds night.
He toss his piccaninny, an' he hum a
little chune ;
De wo'kin' all is ovah, an' de suppah
comin' soon ;
De wo'kin' time 's Decembah, but de
restin' time is June,
'Long to'ds night.



Dey's a kin' o' doleful feelin',
Hits a tendah place,
'Long to'ds night;
Dey's a moughty glory in him
Shinin' thoo his face,
'Long to'ds night.
De cabin's lak de big house, an' de
fiah's lak de sun;
His wife look moughty lakly, an' de
chile de puttiest one;
W'y, hit's blessid, jes' a-livin' w'en a
body's wo'k is done.
'Long to'ds night.

