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# Old Fashioned Black Fo'ks

POEMS

BY

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"Plantation Echoes"

"Soliloquy of Satan"

"Dis, Dat and Tutter"

"Jes Plain Black Fo'ks"

"Uneducated Fo'ks"

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# DEDICATION

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This book is respectfully dedicated to the following named persons who were among the very first to encourage my efforts. I therefore take this opportunity of manifesting my deep appreciation.---E. B. H.

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## Some Negro Characteristics

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I some times think  
That in this old world of strife  
That the Negro, alone,  
Gets real sweetness out of life,  
For the simple good reason,  
That with just a little bit,  
He's always in good spirits  
And a bustin' out with wit!

Why, he'll dance and sing  
If he hasn't got a cent  
To pay for his "britches,"  
Or to pay for the rent.  
While the white man's a-worrying  
Because he's got no more,  
The Negro is rejoicing—singing—  
"All's Honkeedore!"

He's happy-go-lucky  
If it rains or it shines;  
If otherwise in spirit  
Why he doesn't show no sign.  
If compelled to feast on "middlins"  
Instead of eating chicken  
He licks his chops contented,  
Goes on eating without kicking.

The lightning can flash,  
And the thunder can roar,



And the winds raise the mischief,  
Threaten to break in the door;  
But he'll just cross his legs  
And sit back 'side the wall  
As though he isn't bothered  
As to what come at all!

That the Negro's constituted  
Peculiarly, why, there's no doubt—  
Under the most discouraging features  
He will sing, rejoice and shout!  
It seems he has the knack  
To make trouble tuck his tail and run,  
And look on in a jolly mood  
And seem to e'joy the fun.

When he gets muddled,  
Or when he gets blue,  
He don't fetch his troubles roun,  
To pester me and you,  
But he totes right along,  
With a whistle or a song.  
As though things are right,  
And nothing's gone wrong.

If he's got the rheumatism,  
If he's got the chronic gout,  
Don't matter how they pester  
In church meeting, he can shout!  
Just fling his legs like sixty,  
Throw his crutch and cane away,  
And shout 'long with the fastest  
From midnight plum till day.



---

If his burden gets so heavy,  
That it bends him nigh mos' double,  
He jogs along o' singing  
"Umph, it's trouble, trouble, trouble!"  
De good Lawd's gwine to fotch us out  
All right bye and bye!  
Keep er inchin' erlong, keep er inchin'  
erlong,  
Dont' weep, don't moan, ner sigh!

It isn't because the Negro  
Doesn't have ups and downs,  
That he doesn't seem to worry  
And seldom seems to frown.  
For the Negro has had  
A pretty hard row of stumps,  
To get up 'bove the level  
Of the knocks and the bumps!

He's had a lot of ups and downs  
Too numerous for to mention,  
But he has plodded right along,  
A trying to 'void contention.  
In spite of all the crooks and turns,  
Of all the rough and tumble  
Through devious ways he has been raised  
From depths most grim and humble!

But there are times some things are done  
Which go against his grain,  
That rile him up and make him sore,  
Because strikes deep the pain;  
But soon it passes as the storm



And he forgets the sting,  
With heart and soul he tugs away,  
And pats his foot and sings.

He has sung a song,  
For decades in this clime,  
"You may have all the world  
Gimme Jesus all the time."  
Some people take it  
As a pretty good joke!  
Say he's got all of Jesus,  
All the "world," the white folk!

But he's waking up,  
He's opened his eyes!  
He's getting broad,  
He's getting wise!  
And long since learned  
That money gotten right,  
To take along with Jesus  
For to help him out his plight!

So as a final  
To this scribble  
I will add  
Just one more ripple!  
In true language  
I will say,  
Now understand,  
I don't gainsay,

I am a Negro  
Plum to the core!  
My Gracious Master



I adore,  
That He has made me  
What I am  
A true born son  
Of the race of Ham!

### Banjo Ditty

---

Deys nuffin' dat am beddah  
Fo' to dribe erway de muddles,  
To git you out de mire  
An' to fotch you out de puddles,  
Den to caper to de music  
Ob an' ol' banjo,  
When de music's quick an' ticklish  
An' it 'taint er bit slo'!

How it's plinkertee, plink!  
An' it's plunkertee, plunk!  
Gits you hoppin' an' o' bobbin'  
Till you feel hunkeedunk!

When de day drags slo',  
An' de hours solemn lak  
An' de shaddahs dawk an' gloomy,  
Settle roun' erbout yo' shack,  
An' de rain drizzles down  
Wid it's pitter, pitter pattar  
Ef you den can hyah de banjo  
How you lonesum feelin' scattahs!



Kaze it's plinkertee, plink!  
 An' it's plunkertee, plunk!  
 Gits you hoppin' an' o' bobbin'  
 Till you feel hunkeedunk!

When de banjo plays de ditty,  
 "Uncle Kech, Sally Brown"  
 An' de uddah, "Stan' Back Young Foks"  
 Slute de ol' fo'ks come to town!"  
 An' evahbody's drappin' in  
 Er hoppin' 'bout with ease,  
 An' you hyah de call er comin',  
 "Slute yoh poddnahs ef you please!"

How it's plinkertee, plink!  
 An' it's plunkertee, plunk!  
 Gits you hoppin' an' o' bobbin'  
 Till you feel hunkeedunk!

## A Regrettable Invitation

Speakin' bout hoghead  
 Puts me in de mine,  
 Ob de time ah's mawlin' rails,  
 B'low de Mason-Dixon line.  
 One day ah fotchd er hoghead, home,  
 When Mandy says to me,  
 Let's hab er hoghead supper,  
 An' vite obber, Eldah Lee!

Ah said umph! Dat's jimdandy!  
 Ah's got no jeckshens tall!



Ah tinks ahd lak to hab de Eldah  
Drap in fo' er call!  
Ah bleeb it's time dat we should show  
Our good will toward de brudder,  
An' 'sten an' inbertayshun, now,  
Widdout er waitin' fudder!

So Mandy hopped an' jumped erbout  
Er singin' an' er smilin',  
An' put de pots and skillets on,  
An' soon had tings er bilein'!  
She's dabblin' hyah, she's dabblin' dare,  
Er tarnin' dis way an' tudder,  
While de hoghead bilein' in de pot  
Kep' sayin', "spudder! spudder!"

We sent ah li'l' Rastus out  
To tell de Eldah Lee,  
To fotch his wife an' family, obber,  
To ah shack fo' tea!  
We barely got tings fixed up right,  
When long comes Eldah Lee,  
An' hopps into ah shanty, says,  
"We am done come, vou see!"

Ah hopes you all will skewze us,  
Ef wees li'l' head ob time.  
Ah spoze it makes no diffunce,  
An' you 'sidders it no crime!  
When Rastus said er hoghead feas'  
Was waitin' fo' us all,  
Ah made mah mind up ahd be hyah,  
Ef fo'ks, ah had to crawl!



Ah 'seeved yoh immitation  
Jes' befo' de clock struck fow!  
An' ah tole mah wife an' fambly  
Dat ah 'spec' weed beddah go.  
Ah knows yoh latch string, brudder's  
Allus danglin' out fo' me!  
An' it makes me feel ez tickled  
An' ez happy ez can be!

You all since ah's been preechin' hyah,  
Hab treated me so nice,  
Dat ahd lak to be yoh preechah  
Twice ez long ez Eldah Fice!  
It seems to me mah bruddah,  
Dat ah's been hyah all mah life!  
An' longs you feed us diss erway  
We sho' won't hab no strife!

You know ah is yoh shepherd  
An' you all am some mah flock!  
So keep er plenty hoghead, chickens,  
All sich stuff in stock!  
You kno' de scripshure pintly says,  
'Gawd's lams mus' all be fed!'  
So you am carryin' out dem sweet words  
In 'vitein' us to dis spread!"

At las' ah said "sot down you fo'ks  
Dey haint no use ob waitin'!"  
De eldah said, "You're right mah fren,  
'Bout date we'll hab no d'batein!  
Jes' sot me near dat hoghead,  
Ef you hab no superstishen!



It seems in diss ol' world, mah fren,  
Dat eatin's mah special mission!"

Umph! When he opened up his mouf,  
Commenced to ax de bressins,  
'Twas den ah felt down in mah heart  
Er feein' mos' distressin'!  
He said, "Oh Lawd, sich stuff ez diss,  
Am mannah fum on high!  
'Recpt mah tanks fo' sich good luck,  
Dat hab not passed me by!

"Ah loves to kno' dat hyah below,  
Wees got some milk an' honey!  
An' dat it tain't all up erbove,  
Whah de streets am gold an' sunny!  
We want some good tings 'fo' we leave  
Diss hyah ol' worl' ob trouble!  
Tote some mo' hoghead, chickens 'roun',  
An' make ah pohshen double!"

He litt into dat hoghead  
An' jes' toh it all to pieces  
He put de mos' erpon his plate,  
Said, mah fren' ah now beseches,  
You do de waitin' on de res',  
Dat am mo' to yoh lackin',  
Ah'll he'p mahse'f an' eat right on,  
An' keep some jokes er crackin'!

Diss hoghead goes right to de spot!  
Ah kain't leeb off er secun!  
Ef you don't stop me, dog mah skins,



Ah'll eat it all, ah reckon!  
Kose you don't mine dat ah presumes,  
Beings it's mah choices' meat!  
Ah knows it does you pow'ful good  
To see yoh Pawson eat!

He fotched all ob his chillun 'long,  
'Bout sixteen pickahninnies!  
Umph! Mussy me! how dey did eat!  
Dey stuffed lak ducks and guineas!  
Dey licked dey chops, dey  
Licked de plates, dey licked dey fingers, too!  
De Eldah cried, keep eatin' fo'ks  
Lawd knows we's jes' ha'f thru!

Well when dey rizz up fo' to go,  
Ah sho' gawd felt lak shoutin'!  
De way dey eat, dey made me mad,  
Ah's swelled up an' er poutin'.  
In fac' ah's mad ernuff to fight!  
An' ef day'd kep' on eatin',  
Ahd smacked dem chillun 'way fum dare,  
An' gibb de paws'n er beatin'!

Dey eat much ez er dozen dogs,  
Six hogs two mules besides.  
Ah wandered how dey ebber put,  
All dat stuff in dey hides.  
Ah swo' dat preechah and his fo'ks,  
Done eat dey las' wid me.  
An' when dey filed out, said good bye,  
Ah cried, thank God we're free!



Well whut dey lef'  
Dey wouldn't been,  
Ernuff to grease er nickel!  
De only ting, dey didn't tech,  
Was jes' one poh small pickle!  
De nex' time dat ah has hoghead,  
You bet yoh coon skin jacket,  
Ah'll 'vite no body but mahse'f,  
Ah don't care who don't lack it!

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## A 'Possum, Coon Chase

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Fiddle-de! Fiddle-dee!  
Fiddle-dee, fy!  
Now am de possum  
An' de coon time nigh!  
Come on wid de dogs,  
An' we'll hab er juberlee,  
We'll run de coon an' possum  
Up de sickermire tree!

Let loose de dogs, boys!  
Dat's de way to do!  
You kno' Uncle Joe's  
Lots older den you!  
He's chased coons an' possums  
Long fo' youse thought erbout!  
He knows jes' whut to do  
To fotch de coon an' possum out!

De air, am, kam,  
An' de moon shines bright!



Ah Boys, Ah tells you  
Dis sho' am de night,  
To git Mistah Coon,  
Mistah Possum on de run!  
Go long ez Ah tells you,,  
An' we'll hab barrels ob fun!

Ha! Ha! Dey's struck sumpin,  
Sho' ez you born!  
Whut's dat dey's treein'  
Down yondah in de corn?  
Be dogs! It's er coon!  
Ah'll bet mah coon skin jacket!  
Good Lawd! Jes' lissen  
At de fuss an' de rackett!

Dah he goes, boys!  
Come on foller me!  
Kech him fo' he gits  
To dat sickermire tree!  
Sick 'im, Towser! Sick 'im!  
Git! boys, git!  
Ah's mos' forgot Ah's ol',  
Ah's got to res' er bit!

Jes' run right erlong,  
An' don't mind me!  
But fo' Gawd sake fotch dat coon,  
Out dat sickermire tree!



---

“Sich an Itchin’ in Mah Shin!”

---

Sich er itchin’ in mah shins  
Sich er ticklin’ in mah feet!  
Kaze de music ob de ragtime  
Is so poody an’ so sweet!  
Dey hain’t nuffin’ dat am sweetah  
Fo’ to make you hop and jump  
Den de music ob de ragtime  
When it’s comin’ thumppee-te-thump!

Sich er bobbin’ up an’ down!  
Sich er swingin’ to an’ fro’  
Cullahd fo’ks is mighty happy  
When dey’s makin’ sich er sho’!  
Dey’s ’bout ez nigh heaven  
Ez dey ebbah wants to be.  
Den it’s “Go day, God send Sunday,  
Ebbah day is juberlee!”

Dat’s de cullahd fo’kses music!  
White fo’ks go way, leeb it lone!  
You hain’t got er bit ob business  
Techin’ not er single tone.  
You jes’ go ’long wid yoh music  
Dat you calls de “klassahkal,”  
While we bundles up ah “rag time”  
An’ goes “Gittin’ Over Sal!”

Why dat music, go way honey,  
Makes you feel jes’ lack you flyin’!



Lack you bobbin' up to glory  
 Wid er feelin' satisfyin'!  
 An' you doesn't care er particle  
 Wheddah you ebbah stop er tall!  
 Jes' so longs you keeps er gwine,  
 An' you doesn't slip er fall!

Why de music ob de rag time's  
 Got er happy-go-lucky snap!  
 Dat jes' drags you out yoh dozes,  
 An' jes' pulls you out yoh nap!  
 An' de wise jes' lack de foolish  
 Bofe will kick an' squerm 'eroun,'  
 When er fiddle, band er banjo  
 Monkeys wid its raggitty soun'.

Kose you sometimes may ax scanlous,  
 Give yoh feelins sich er slack  
 Dat de folks er lookin' at you,  
 Tink yoh mind is jumped de track!  
 But ez long ez you is tickled  
 You don't mine it you don't kyeer,  
 Kaze it he'ps you 'long wid trouble  
 Fills yoh heart plum full ob cheer!

Dat's de reason dat de ragtime  
 Puts fo'ks in er jolly vain,  
 Kaze its got de snap an' ginger  
 Dat is simple sweet an', plain!  
 It tain't stuck up lack dat music  
 Wid er highkerfloatin' tone,  
 But it keeps down wid de plain fo'ks  
 So dey understan' it's moan.



## A Surprise Visit

---

Who am diss dat calls me Uncle?  
 Joshua Johnson? Who am he?  
 You de son ob Hockfoot Johnson,  
 Go 'way chile! Dat's nuff fo' me!  
 Why de Lawd be praised diss mawnin'!  
 Dat deez ol' eyes, still can see.  
 When you fus' said, "Howdy Uncle!"  
 Thought youse playin' some joke on me.

Come in hyah! Don't be er standin'  
 Out dah lak youse puttin' on!  
 Wees ol' fashion' ez de dickens,  
 You'll find out befo' youse gone.  
 Whah's yoh trunk? Yoh kyarpet satchel?  
 Fotch 'em in hyah wid you, too!  
 You can stay long ez you mind to,  
 We won't take er cent fum you!

Kaze we fo'ksez down in Guinea,  
 Bleeb in hossipetallitee!  
 We delights in sich pertainin',  
 Fo' to commerdate fo'ks free!  
 Kose we don't libb in no mansion,  
 We hain't rich fo'ks not er tall.  
 But wees allus got er plenty  
 Fo' to gibb fo'ks when dey call.

Sick ez possum, chittlins,  
 Pertayters, chicken, spahribbs, ducks er  
 so!



See yoh mouf begin to wattah!  
'Speck ahd beddah say no mo'.  
Gawd knows ef youse lak yoh daddy,  
You am pow'ful on de eat.  
He can eat fow big fat chickens,  
An' den poke down six hog feet!

Hol' on. Dinah, look hyah honey!  
Am dat possum in de pot?  
Frow in lots ob den drap dumplins!  
Git 'em sizzlin', frizzlin' hot!  
Put on three mo' big fat chickens,  
Six ham bones fowteen hog feet,  
Kaze wees got some kin fo' dinner,  
Dat Ahm sho' does lubb to eat!

Kyah! Kyah! Boy, Ah speck youse tinkin',  
Dat yoh uncle beats King Rastus!  
But wees gwine to hab some eatin',  
An' we won't let none git passed us.  
Dinah, Dinah! Come hyah honey!  
Lemmee dewce you to mah r'lation!  
Now look hyah don't go to primpin',  
Kaze you'll try diss ol' man's patience.

Diss am Jushua Johnson, Dinnah,  
He's de son ob ol' Hockfoot,  
Uster peddle hoodoo powder,  
Cunjah charms an' ol' snake root.  
"What? De lawd be praised in Zion!  
Ol' man hain't you jokin', me?  
Come hyah, tell me Howdy, sonny.  
Joshua? Can dis truly be!



He's de spit ob his ol' daddy,  
Hockfoot Johnson, up an' down!  
One ting sho' he won't be dead,  
Ez long ez you is totein' roun.  
Youse knockneed, slewfoot jes' lak him,  
Got de same bowlegged walk,  
Dey's no spewtin' fac's an' figgers,  
You am true born Hockfoot stock.

Chile ah's gwine back to de kitchen  
Dress dat possum up so fine,  
Smuddah dat chicken, pester dem chittlins,  
Till you'll nebbah'll feel lak gwine!  
Ol' man, git up put yoh boots on,  
Frow some mo' wood on de fire!  
Hopp eroun', frow 'way yoh roomticks,  
Hyah me? Fo' you raise mah ire!"

Alright Dinnah! Kyah! Kyah! Sonny!  
Mah ol' woman am er sight!  
Ump! She makes me hopp lak sixty,  
Bofe fum mawnin' plum till night.  
But ah lubbs dat ol' brac' woman,  
Yess ah does! Indeed ah does!  
She hain't poordy, she hain't handsome,  
But she's de bes' dat ebbah was.

Why wees been togeddah, sonny,  
Fo' deez sixty yahs er so!  
An' ef Dinah was to drapp off,  
Right erway ahd want to go.  
Well, ah guess ahd beddah git up,  
Son, fo' Dinah totes back in,



Kaze she's liable fo' to hit me  
 Wid dat big ol' rollin' pin.

Kaze when she gits mad an' ruffled,  
 She am lak er yallah jacket!  
 An' she's quicker den er buzz saw,  
 An' can raise er barrel ob racket!  
 Now jes' make yo'se'f at home, son,  
 We'll hab dinner after while.  
 Ump! Ah's jes' done reckerflected,  
 Dat Ah's got some wood to pile.  
 Ah's got pow'ful lots to ax you,  
 When we sot down to de table.  
 An' Ah wants you son to stuff  
 An' eat, jes' long ez you is able.

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### When Summah's Come

---

Wintah's gone!  
 Summah's come!  
 Feel's lack waltzin',  
 Dancin', some!  
 White fo'ks, black fo'ks,  
 Ol' an' glum,  
 Is tickled lack de mischief  
 When Summah's come!

Blue bird singin'  
 Lack de cullahd fo'ks!  
 Jay bird talkin'  
 Lack he's tellin' jokes!



Woodpeckah drummin'  
Lack er deacon wid his cane,  
Dat's er rappin' fo' de liniment  
To rub erway his pain.

Whut's dat de bull frog's  
Sayin' in de swamp?  
Cullahd fo'ks it's time  
Fo' to play, an' to romp!  
De goose hang's high  
An' de melon's 'bout due!  
Whut's de use o' workin'  
When you don't ha'f to!

Fox an' de groun' hog,  
Tip toein' 'roun',  
Lack dey's li'l' bit skyeerd  
Dey'll meet mistah hound.  
Dey hain't no tellin'  
Whut de hound might do,  
Ef dey meet him ah's er tinkin'  
T'would be cockle-doodle-doo!

De day's so fine  
An' de season's done come,  
Ah tinks it's 'bout time  
To do er li'l' fishin' some!  
When de sun shines on  
Bofe sides ob de street,  
Bass an' suckahs  
Am bitein' poordy sweet!



Wintah's gone!  
 Summah's come!  
 Feels lack waltzin',  
 Dancin', some!  
 White fo'ks, black fo'ks,  
 Ol', an' glum,  
 Is tickled lack de mischief  
 When summah's come!

---

## Strike Up de Fife an' Drum

---

When ah hyahs de drum beat,  
 When ah hyahs de fife toot!  
 Dat's de time dat dis ol' man  
 Mos' hops plum out his boots!  
 Kase dey hain't no use ob talkin',  
 Dat puts ginger in mah heels!  
 An' ah's boun' to do some marchin',  
 Ef ah lose er 'possum meal.

Now dat's er whole lots, hain't it?  
 Fo' er cullahd man to say!  
 When he says he'd go off marchin'  
 When dey's possum on his tray.  
 But honey, hyah's one darky  
 When he hyah's de fife an' drum,  
 Am ready in er jiffy  
 To do er li'l marchin', some!



Why who can keep fum marchin',  
When dey hyah de fife an' drum!  
An' sot still lack er deacon,  
Wid de gout, an' feelin' glum.  
Why dog-gone mah skins, folks!  
An' ol' man lack me,  
Could march plum down to Zeenee  
To dat toot! toot-tee toot! toot-tee!

Ah feels lack doin' some marchin' now—  
Strike up de fife an' drum!  
Les hab er li'l juberlee  
An' make creation hum!  
Ahd lack to be er sojer once mo'  
Lack ah uster be!  
When Linkum needed jiners  
An' he sot we niggahs free!

Such marchin' dat we niggahs done,  
When Linkum sot us free!  
Er steppin' to de fife an' drum  
In sixty-two an' three!  
You nebbah seed sich times, young fo'ks—  
Ah hopes you nebbah will!  
Good Lawd, strike up de fife an' drum,  
An' let me do some drill!

Look at me, ol' an' feeble, now!  
But let de fife go — toot!  
You'll tink diss ol' man's strong ernuf,  
To lift three barrel's ob "jute"!  
Dees legs will straighten out quick as er  
wink,



An' soople up quick ez er secon'!  
 Ah spec' fo' downright marchin', boys,  
 Ah'll beat you all ah reckon.

Toot-tee toot! Toot-tee toot!  
 Toot-tee toot, tee!  
 Toot-tee toot! Toot-tee toot!  
 Toot-tee toot!

Strike up dat toot, jes' er secon', boys,  
 An' watch yoh Uncle Lute!

You see diss button 'pon mah coat?  
 Dat tells you who ah am!  
 Dat tells you dat ah's one de boys  
 Dat fit fo' Uncle Sam!  
 Ah's whah de bullets all eround  
 Was drappin' thick ez rain;  
 Strike up de fife an' drum some mo'!  
 An' let me drill again!

Er braver man dey nebbah was,  
 Den diss ol' man, you see.  
 Ah nebbah budged, ah nebbah flinched,  
 When bullets flew at me!  
 Er yallah streak you'll nebbah'll find  
 Up diss ol' niggah's back!  
 Strike up de fife an' drum 'ergin  
 While ah marches down de track!

Toot-tee toot! Toot-tee toot!  
 Toot-tee toot, tee!  
 Toot-tee toot! Dont let er slack!  
 Keek up dat toot jes' er secon', boys!  
 De ol' man's marchin' back!



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## Uncle Rufus' Roommatic Cure

---

You talk erbout yoh runnin'  
An' er gitten' out de way,  
You oddah seed Ol' Rufus  
Dat got scared de uddah day.  
He hadn't walked, dey tell me  
Since Abe Linkum sot him free!  
An' de ol' man seemed ez hep'less  
An' ez feeble ez could be.

Well, de uddah day it seems  
He got er notion in his mind,  
Dat he'd lack to come to town,  
To look eroun' an' do some buyin';  
So de boys hitched up Ol' Susan  
An' drove up to dey shack  
An' laid him in de wagon  
On er padded coffee sack.

Now mind you! Uncle Rufus  
Who was eighty-fo' las' fall,  
Couldn't even hop wid crutches,  
Ner use er cane ertall.  
He had gout an' roommaticks  
An claimed fokses cunjured him;  
Dat's why he'd done been he'pless  
Forty yeahs in bofe his limbs.

"Now, boys," said Uncle Rufus,  
"Let de mare go li'l sl'o';



Kase ah's got er pow'ful jumpin'  
In mah hips an' in mah toe.  
Yoh Daddy's poody feeble,  
An' you mus' be mighty careful,  
De only reason ah's still hyah  
Am, kaze ahm pow'ful prayerful!"

Well, dey jogged erlong, an' jogged erlong,  
Till 'bout three miles fum town;  
De ol' man axd whut time it was,  
An' skimmed his eyes eroun'.  
Dey's nine miles fum his shanty  
An' de road was rough an' tumble—  
'Twas all Ol' Susan she could do,  
To keep her foots fum stumblin.'

Jes' ez dey's 'bout to make er tarn  
Dat headed dem to town,  
De ol' man heard er li'l noise,  
An' tarned his head eround;  
"Good Lawd! Look at dat wile cat, boys!  
Good Lawd! Whut shall ah do?"  
But de boys dey tarned Ol' Susan loose,  
An' straight back home dey flew!

But when dey got back to dey shack,  
Jes' 'magine, dey surprise,  
Er dancin' an' er praisin' God,  
Stood Rufus 'fo' dey eyes!  
Dey cried, "Why Foddah, how'd you git  
back?"

Er miracle diss am sho'!  
"Ahm hyah, boys! Ah beat Ol' Susan back,  
Go 'long, dat's all ah kno'!"



---

## Dey Hain't No Sense in Gittin' Glum

---

Dey haint no sense  
In gitten' glum,  
An' sotin down  
When trouble come!  
Er feelin' mad  
An' feelin' blue,  
Kase tings haint tarned  
Up right fo' you.

Why dat's de time  
To sing an' shout!  
When trouble comes  
Er broozin' bout.  
Jes' pat yoh foots  
An' carry on  
An' sing till Ol'  
Man's Trouble's gone.

De wise fo'ks  
Am de kind can sing,  
When trouble comes  
Er pestering.  
Dey lafs an' smiles,  
You wouldn't kno  
Dat trouble's hangin'  
Round dey doah!

So when you find  
Yo'se'f in doubt,



'Bout how yoh trouble's  
 Comin' out,  
 Jes' pat yoh foot  
 An' sing some mo'  
 An' trouble'll run  
 Plum out yoh doah.

---

### Fiddle Song

---

You may tink me poordy rowdy,  
 But fo'ks to sabe may soul,  
 Ah kain't keep mah seat,  
 When music comes so bol'!  
 It strikes me in de ankles,  
 An' it gits down in mah toes,  
 Till ah kain't keep fum jumpin' up  
 An cuttin' dy-ah-doze!

Fiddledee, fiddledee fiddle!  
 Squeakertee, squeakertee, squawk!  
 Sounds jes' lack dat tings er tryin'  
 Mighty hard to tawk!

How it's music makes you,  
 Bust yo'se'f plum loose!  
 Hop 'round' lack er gander  
 Bobb 'roun' lack er goose!  
 Ez long's de fiddle squawks,  
 An' es lon's de fiddle whine,  
 You pays no bit o' tenshun  
 Which erway you all is gwine!



---

Fiddledee, fiddledee fiddle!  
Squeakertee, squeakertee squawk!  
Sounds jes' lack dat tings er tryin'  
Mighty hard to tawk!

You oddah seed me when ah's spawkin'  
Sixty yeahs ergo!  
When befo me an' miss Molly  
Went er bobbin' down de flo'!  
You nebbah seed sich cuttin' up,  
An' monkeyin' carryin' on,  
Since po' ol' Nebbahneezer  
Wid de oxes ate de corn!

Fiddledee, fiddledee fiddle!  
Squeakertee, squeakertee squawk!  
Sounds jes' lack dat tings er tryin'  
Mighty hard to tawk!

Dey's times diss ol' man's troubles  
Gits thick ez meddah grass,  
And cares sprout up lack mushrooms,  
Gits thick ez sassahfrass.  
But jes' tickle de fiddle strings  
An' lemmee hyah it speak,  
Fo'ks when it comes to jumpin',  
Ah beats er lightnin' streak.

Fiddledee, fiddledee fiddle!  
Squeakertee, squeakertee squawk!  
Sounds jes' lack dat tings er tryin'  
Mighty hard to tawk!



Dey's times diss ol' man's spirits  
 Gits on de mountain top!  
 When de music keeps er comin'  
 Fum de fiddle flippeeteflopp!  
 You can hab mah robe an' manshon,  
 An' can take mah starry crown,  
 Jes' keep de fiddle whinein'  
 When diss ol' man's loafin' 'roun'!

Fiddledee, fiddledee fiddle!  
 Squeakertee, squeakertee squawk!  
 Sounds jes' lack dat tings er tryin'  
 Mighty hard to tawk!

---

### Crispus Attucks

---

Ye sons of Adam's mighty race,  
 Unfettered by God's munificent grace,  
 Have ye forgot that noble sire,  
 Who filled with patriotic fire,  
 Struck first the blow for freedom's cause  
 To abrogate the tyrant's laws?  
 If such there be let him be shunned,  
 By every loyal patriot son!  
 He is not fit for freedmen's clan,  
 Who forgets the deeds of such a man!

Heaven hath decreed through Adam's fall,  
 Each race for a spell must bear the thrall.  
 Through blood and tears it must be freed,  
 By brave magnanimous, generous deeds.



---

Hear ye! the cry from thralldom's plain,  
"Arise ye slaves, shake off thy chains!"  
While tryants tremble, cringe and groan,  
Dismayed they totter on their thrones!  
Against tyranny, that great revolt,  
Rushed like the mighty thunder bolts,  
And like a vesuvius in eruptive state,  
It left the foe most desolate!

Liberty, the invigorating elixir sweet!  
Descended from heav'n's mercy seat,  
The boon for which all mankind thrives,  
Bought by the blood of countless lives,  
Inspired that act which broke the spell,  
For which brave Crispus Attucks, fell.

Well didst he strike! This martyr brave,  
Couldst he but rise up from his grave  
Behold his country disenthralled,  
In majesty and sweet content  
'Mid scenes most glorious, eloquent,  
Filled with an unctuous holy joy  
To sweeter dreams he could lie down,  
Through evening shades pass to yon shore  
Receive the well earned martyr's crown.

Who was this man whose deeds we trace?  
He was of Ethiopia's race,  
Whose sons have suffered, bled and died,  
To help make this land unified!

Ye sons of Ethiopia's race,  
Arise with dignity and grace!



Since from beneath the chastening rod  
Ye have been raised by mighty God,  
Heaven expects thee to help rear,  
The mighty structure building here!

His body sleeps beneath the sod,  
O'er which no tyrants cohorts trod.  
Though dead, yet he is more alive  
Than when on earth he did here strive.  
The blow he struck for freedom's band,  
Still goes resounding through the land.  
To those unborn it shall proclaim  
"Liberty for all" in Heaven's name.

His deeds shall shine like that great light  
Which bursts from Pisga's lofty height.  
The encircling gloom cannot obscure  
It's light that shines for ever more.

So let His deeds your souls inspire!  
Filled with a patriotic fire,  
First, last and always, ever be,  
A negro! Proud of your ancestry!

Liberty enthroned the great jubilate  
Is sung by the Angels as they congregate,  
Around the portals of the Lord  
And strike their harps with one accord!

Write with a vigor, with a fire,  
The name of this redoubtable sire!  
Upon the page ascribed to those,  
Who died to lift a nation's woes!



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## The Old Veterans

---

Doff your hats and bow your heads  
The Old Veterans are passing by!  
Battled scarred, their days far spent,  
Life's eventide fast draweth nigh.

Warriors bold, gallant and brave,  
They faltered not, they knew no fear,  
Where e'er their captain led the way,  
They sallied forward, with a cheer.  
Decrepit, haltingly they go,  
Like tottering children, step, by step!  
Within their eyes still is the glow of  
    patriotism,  
That has not slept.

The world has heard their belching guns,  
The rattle of their musketry,  
Beheld their dashing, cavalcades,  
Fight! That a nation might be free!  
Their deeds are mighty as the sea,  
And shine bedazzling as the sun!  
An inspiration to all men  
Who've struggled, since the world begun.

They fought for that approved by God!  
Truth and right, justice for all!  
And heav'n and earth rejoiced as one  
When burst the nation's bond and thrall!



Christ shed his blood on Calvary,  
 That man might be redeemed from sin.  
 The deeds of those who nobly died  
 With that great deed are truly kin.

Through rivers of blood through rivers of  
 tears,  
 These conquering heroes, marched and  
 slayed,  
 Like Caesar's men, faced hell's fierce fires,  
 But not for once were they dismayed.

Yes, they are passing! One, by one.  
 The great creator, Lord of all,  
 Angels and men drop tears and pause,  
 When these true patriot, heroes fall.

Salute these veterans one and all!  
 Who await their summons, await their call.  
 Tribute and praise to those who fought,  
 To make supreme our National Law.

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### De Bes' State in de Lan'

---

Ah comes from ol' Virginnee,  
 De bes' state in de lan'!  
 Whah fo'ks hain't skyahd to meet you,  
 Hain't erfraid to shake yo' han'.  
 Dey's jes' plain an' ol' fashion,  
 Dey don't put on no airs,  
 Wid fo'k's dat do, you bet yo' life  
 Dey's got no time to spare.



Why down in ol' Virginnee,  
Why, it's "come in! howdee-you-doo!"  
Hab er bite ob sumpun, fo' yo' journey  
you pursue!  
Jes' stay long ez you mine to,  
You neen't pay er cent!  
Jes' make yo'se'f one ob us  
An' we all, will feel content!  
An' feed yo'? lawd er massy chile!  
Dey don't know when to stop!  
It's hab some mo, dat hog head, brudder,  
Hab er nudder chop!  
Den fus'ting yo'll hyah ol' uncle, say,  
Chile, is you skyahd to eat?  
Ef you don't eat up all ah pass,  
You'll i'sult ol' Uncle Pete!

Den nex' hyah comes ol' granny  
Wid some egg pone jes' lak gol'!  
Some mustard greens wid bacon  
An' some good ol' fat hog jowl!  
An' by de time she's fotchd yo'  
Plenty chicken, plenty gobbler,  
Bejinks yo' hain' got room ernuf  
To stuff down apple cobbler.

Poordey soon yo'll see ol' granny,  
Sof'ly steal out in de kitchen,  
Tain't long fo' she's totein' back,  
Jes' er rahin' back jes' er switchin'.  
Den ol' uncle ejacerlates,  
"Sho' ez ah's born to die"!



Sookeeryah, Loocy Jane,  
Whah am mah Rock an' Rye?"

Den granny kinder teasin' lak  
Pokes out er dimmejohn.  
An' uncle clahs his tho'at dat sounds  
Bout lak er cracked fox horn.  
An' says, "dis takes all de kinks  
Out de back!  
So pass yo goards  
An' hab jes' er smack"!  
It's good fo' de rich,  
It's good fo' de po'!  
Go back in de kitchen Lizea  
Fotch us all some mo'.

Dat's de way dem fo'kses treat yo',  
Dey want to see yo' joy yo'se'f!  
Eat an' drink jes' all yo' mine to  
Long ez anyting is lef'.  
Yo' bet dey's allus got er barrel ob  
Grub eroun' de shanty!  
Summer, winter, spring er fall,  
You nebber find it scanty  
You go to church, to Sunday meetin',  
Ebbry body wants to meet yo'!  
Dey don't wait fo' yo' to speak fus'  
But dey tote right up an' greet yo'!  
Dey don't stan' off er lookin' lak  
Yo' was some alligator,  
Erfraid to git up close to yo',  
Lak yo's er spile pertater.



---

Yo'll find dem zackly lak ah tells yo'  
Ez ol' fashion ez de dickens!  
Don't kyah ef yo's poh ez snakes,  
Er rich ez Peter Diggins!  
It hain't yo' clothes de's lookin' at,  
Ner at yo' eddeerkeyshen.  
But good hoss sense an' propah ways  
Whut wins dey admiration!

Ahs been up hyah in dis hyah state,  
Ahspec' poord nah fow years er so.  
Deez fo'kses to git quainted wid,  
Dey sho' Gawd knows am mos' powful slo'  
Ah kaint git use to dem at tall,  
Dey ac's too ristercrattic fo' me.  
Ahd rudder be bodderd wid yaller jackets  
Er stung in de ankle  
Wid er bumble bee!  
Dat's why yo' dadd an' me's sich pallies.  
Kaze de fus' time dat ah struck diss town,  
Er stranger, he walked up to me,  
Says' howd doo brudder which way's yo's  
bound?

Why he jes' made me feel right dah  
We'd bofe been 'quainted forty yeahs.  
It did mah ol' heart so much good,  
Ah mus' hab drapped some joyful tears!  
Ah knowed right dah, yo' daddy's  
Some de ol' Virginnee stock!  
When he frowed his mouf wide open,  
An' he den commenced to talk.



Zackly lak dem fo'ks down yonder,  
 It was, "come go home wid me!  
 We'll fill up de pots an' skilletts  
 Fill yo' up till yo' kain't see!

Ef dey all was lak yo' daddy,  
 Wid er smile an' frenly han,  
 Dog mah cats, an' string terbaccer!  
 Ah don't bleeb ahd leeb diss lan'.  
 Kaze he's jes' de sort o' pusson  
 Dat can make yo' feel at home,  
 Till you' feel jes lak er settlin' down,  
 Wid feelin's not to roam!

---

### 'Way Down Souf

---

Sing dat song once mo', Miss Mandy,  
 Jes' once mo', jes' ef yo' please!  
 Sounds ez sweet ez angel whispers,  
 An' de song birds 'mong de trees,  
 It kyahs ma back! way back yonder,  
     Way down Souf!

Whah we tromped thoo' de cotton fields,  
 An' when ah hearts was sad,  
     We sing'd dat chune  
 Fo' to make ah souls glad,  
     Way down Souf!

Yo' know nuffin' 'bout dem days, Miss,  
     Mandy,  
 Dat was befo' yo' time!



---

'Sides yo's been r'ared  
In er diffun' clime!  
Yo' nebbah had to wock fum de fus' horn  
blo'  
Lake we uster had to wock  
Till de sun sink'd low,  
Way down Souf!

But we had good times, Miss Mandy,  
Sum good ol' times fo' sho'!  
But ol' Missy an' ol' Massa,  
We didn' let 'em know.  
Yo' bet we's mighty kyahful  
When we had ah dance an' feas',  
Dat al' Missy an' ol' Massa  
Didn't git an inklin' in de leas'!

When Ah hyah dat chune, Miss Mandy,  
Ah wants to step erbout,  
An' do jes' lak de ol' fo'ks,  
Ez dey uster sing an' shout,  
Way down Souf!  
I kin see dem now!  
Ez dey raised dey voice to sing,  
An' sot de ol' big cabin  
In one great big ring!  
Way down Souf!

But dem days done gone, Miss Mandy!  
Dey's gone lak er dream.  
An' de ol' fo'ks,  
Done crossed de stream!  
But doh dey's gone,



---

An' ah's lef' erlone,  
 An' ol' age creeped  
 In mah ebbry bone,  
 Dey's a hankerin' feelin'!  
 Keeps er dribein' me back,  
 Way down Souf!

When er dahky is ol'  
 An' his step comes slo',  
 An' he totters lak er reed,  
 When de sof' winds blow,  
 An' all his ties ob erf am dead,  
 An' fo'ks all strange  
 Whah ebber he tread,  
 It's de ol' time chune,  
 Wid er clah, keen knack!  
 Dat makes yo' feel new.  
 'Peahs yo' youth come back,  
 Way down Souf!

---

### When de Fiah am Kindlin' Hot

---

When de sno' it am er fallin',  
 Winds er whizzin' down de lanes,  
 An' de fros' it am er freezin'  
 Fo' yo' eyes erpun de panes,  
 Whut am beddah den er neslin'  
 'Roun' er fiah dat's roas'in' hot?  
 Fo' er pickahninny dahky  
 Hain't er mo' enchantin' spot.



When de breezes am er moanin'  
An' de sun am sinkin' lo',  
An' de gloomy clouds an' shaddahs  
Geddah 'roun' erbout yo' do';  
When yo' hyeah de co'n er poppin',  
See de cidah all er foam,  
In yo' soul de joy an' gladness  
Seems eroun' erbout to roam.

An' yo granny am er hummin',  
Cat er purrin' on de rug,  
An' yo' git er sniff de burbun  
Dat am steamin' fum de jug —  
Umph! de berry 'maggahnayshun  
Makes er puson think it's real.  
It am glory! Hesh yo' mouf, sah,  
Doan' yo' ax me how yo' feel.

All yo' troubles an' yo' burdens  
Seems to take de swif'es flight!  
'Pears yo' berry soul am lif'ed  
To de blissful mountain heights!  
Whah de lan's erflo' wid honey,  
Streets an' alleys paved wid gol',  
An' de simphonnie's o' heaben's  
Got er sweetnes' kaint be tol'.

Yo' kin sing de song o' Moses,  
Shout yo'se'f clah to de sky!  
Pickahninny's den in cloveah,  
No time den to weep an' sigh.  
Let de sno' keep on er fallin',  
Let de breezes whizz an' moan,  
Longs er pickahninny's neslin'  
'Roun' er hot fiah ub his own.



## Kaze de Sun Am Sinkin'

---

Droopy, droopy, am de flow'rs,  
Petals closed an' shrinkin'  
Gone er sleepin' an' er doze—  
    Kaze de sun am sinkin'!  
All de day er lookin' gran'  
An' er 'fumein' up de lan',  
Baskin' now in slumbah's stran'—  
    Kaze de sun am sinkin'!

Droopy, droopy, am de flow'rs,  
    Petals closed an' shrinkin'  
Peepahs shet an' fas' ersleep,  
    Kaze de sun am sinkin'!  
Crystal brooklet glidin' 'long  
Chants to dem er cradle song,  
Res' an' slumbah, weary throng—  
    Kaze de sun am sinkin'!

Droopy, droopy, am de flow'rs,  
    Petals closed an' shrinkin'  
Lull'd ersleep in fairy realm,  
    Kaze de sun am sinkin'!  
All dey tinsels tints an' hue  
Dat attracts de bees an' woo,  
Closed dey now am all to view —  
    Kaze de sun am sinkin'!



---

Droopy, droopy, am de flow'rs,  
 Petals closed an' shrinkin'  
 Soon will wake wid birds an' bees,  
 When de sun's dun sinkin'!  
 When de sunlight mounts to view,  
 At de tech o' mornin's dew  
 Once mo' wil dey ope to view —  
 When de sun's dun sinkin'!

---

### Po' Li'l' Rastus

---

Little Rastus feelin' blue—  
 Po' li'l' Rastus!  
 Out o' sorts an' gloomy, too!  
 Po' li'l' Rastus!  
 Broke his little hobby hoss  
 Makes de little fellah cross.  
 Doan' cry, honey, 'tain' much loss.  
 Po' li'l' Rastus!

He jes' wo' out, rompin' 'roun',  
 Po' li'l' Rastus!  
 Git up, honey, fum de groun'.  
 Po' li'l' Rastus!  
 Look ee dah, dun spiled yo' dress,  
 An' it am yo' Sunday bes',  
 Now hain't yo' er poody mess!  
 Po' li'l' Rastus!

Whut dat stickin' on yo' han'?  
 Po' li'l' Rastus!



Yo' bin in de 'lasses can.  
 Po' li'l' Rastus!  
 Whut dat whut de Bible say  
 'Bout de chile dat steal dat 'way?  
 He'll go whah de bad men stay!  
 Po' li'l' Rastus!  
 Dat ol' bad man am er sight.  
 Po' li'l' Rastus!  
 Cum er sneakin' 'roun' at night.  
 Po' li'l' Rastus!  
 Cum an' koch yo' when yo' sleep,  
 Den he take er great big leap!  
 Down er hol' dat's way down deep!  
 Po' li'l' Rastus!  
  
 Cum hyah, little wooly head.  
 Po' li'l' Rastus!  
 Gwine to tuck yo' way to bed.  
 Po' li'l' Rastus!  
 Look ee dah, de day dun gone!  
 Shaddahs streamin' th'ew de co'n,  
 Sleep until de sunlight dawn!  
 Po' li'l' Rastus!

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### Courtin' O'r de Phone

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Jingahling! jingahling!  
 When er sotin' lone,  
 Yo' kin call yo' honey—  
 Go to courtin' o' de phone.  
 Drives erway de shaddahs,



Makes yo' quit yo' fret an' stew,  
 Fills yo' soul wid sunshine,  
 Opens up yo' hea't ernew.

Jingahling! jingahling!  
 Dis yo', Liza Jane?  
 "Yes, dis am yo' honey,"  
 Cums de sweet an' sof'en 'frain.  
 Den yo' go to pohin'  
 In her ear de words o' love:  
 Tickles her to def,  
 An' makes her think she am er dove.

Jingahling! jingahling!  
 When yo' hyeah her say:  
 "Honey, when yo' gone it's  
 Allus night an' nebbah day,"  
 'Pears dat while dey's fallin'  
 In yo' ear, dat lovin' tone,  
 Yo' kin see yo' honey  
 Standin' dah befo' de phone.

Jingahling! jingahling!  
 Sweetah grows de tone,  
 Makes er niggah neerly  
 Ram his head clah th'ew de phone.  
 Kaze dem sugah wurd  
 Dey sho'ly make yo' hea't inspah —  
 'Lecktrifies yo' spirit,  
 Sots yo' whol' soul all er fiah!

Jingahling! jingahling!  
 When de day is dun,



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You no mo' kin see de  
 Blazin', dazzlin', sinkin' sun,  
 How yo' lub to 'membah  
 'Bout yo' courtin' o' de phone,  
 Ez yo' muse an' pondah  
 In yo' cabin all er lone!

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### Reminiscence

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When de shadows ub de e'ebnin's  
 Gently, sof'ly fallin' 'roun',  
 'Cross de lonely field an' meadows,  
 Cums de cattle's lowin' soun';  
 An' de vespah bells am ringin'  
 An' dey blen' in tuneful lay,  
 It's a knell dat's sad an' mournful  
 To de dying summah day.

An' yo' weary fum de labah  
 Ub de tillin' ub de soil,  
 Fum sun up 'till time ub sinkin'  
 Wifout res' mus' toil an' toil;  
 How yo' welcum on de hours,  
 Blissful seezuns all ub res'  
 When a neslin' 'neef de kibbahs,  
 Yo' kin soff'en pillahs press.

When de li'l' lights ub hebun  
 Fum behine day kibbah peep,  
 All er blinkin' an' er twinklin'



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Ez dey 'cross de hebuns creep;  
Dah's a sadden feelin' takes yo',  
Ez yo' lonely sot an' sigh,  
Ez yohr mem'ry goze to 'fleck'in  
Ub de olen days gone by.

How yohr ole home cums befo' yo'  
Wif de fiah-place all erf'ame,  
Ez it kindled an' enliven'd  
Yo' into a joyful frame;  
An' de scene at night when gaddahd  
All eroun' yohr mammy sot,  
Ez she tole yo' little stohries,  
Allus chahms de little tot.

Seemz yo' hyeah de old fo'ks singin',  
An' dey voices ringin' clah,  
Ez at night all knelt togeddah  
Fo' to ax de mahstah's kyah,  
To puzzurb dem fum de ebil  
Spirits lurkin' far an' neer;  
Keep dey minds all free fum feelin's  
Soopahstishun an' fum feer.

How yo' long yo's wif de dahkies  
Once mo' geddahd in de field,  
When at night all in de moonlight,  
Danced de ole Virginny reel;  
To de plumpin' ub de banjos  
An' de fiddle's sawin' choon,  
An' de songs dat wuz triumphun'  
To de ole plantayshun coon.



How yo' wish'd to 'gain libb obah  
Dem days at yo' ole home spot,  
Wif yo' frends dat's cross'd de ribbah,  
Wuz again yo' happy lot;  
But dem days hab gone fohebbah,  
Nebah mo' will dey return,  
When yo' sot an' 'fleck erbout 'em,  
How yo' ole heart fo' dem yern.









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