

# Hunting Song

Tek a cool night, good an' cleah,

Skiff o' snow upon de groun';

Jes' 'bout fall-time o' de yeah

W'en de leaves is dry an' brown;

Tek a dog an' tek a axe,

Tek a lantu'n in yo' han',

Step light whah de switches cracks,

Fu' dey's huntin' in de lan'.

Down thoo de valleys an' ovah de hills,

Into de woods whah de 'simmon-tree grows,

Wakin' an' skeerin' de po' whippo'wills,

Huntin' fu' coon an' fu' 'possum we goes.

Blow dat ho'n dah loud an' strong,

Call de dogs an' da'kies neah;

Mek its music cleah an' long,

So de folks at home kin hyeah.

Blow it twell de hills an' trees  
Sen's de echoes tumblin' back;  
Blow it twell de back'ard breeze  
Tells de folks we's on de track.  
Coons is a-ramblin' an' 'possums is out;  
Look at dat dog; you could set on his tail!  
Watch him now—steady, —min'-what you's about,  
Bless me, dat animal's got on de trail!

Listen to him ba'kin' now!  
Dat means bus'ness, sho 's you bo'n;  
Ef he's struck de scent I 'low  
Dat ere 'possum 's sholy gone.  
Knowed dat dog fu' fo'teen yeahs,  
An' I nevah seed him fail  
W'en he sot dem flappin' eahs  
An' went off upon a trail.  
Run, Mistah 'Possum, an' run, Mistah Coon,  
No place is safe fu' yo' ramblin' to-night;

Mas' gin' de lantu'n an' God gin de moon,  
An' a long hunt gins a good appetite.

Look hyeah, folks, you hyeah dat change?

Dat ba'k is sha'per dan de res'.

Dat ere soun' ain't nothin' strange, —

Dat dog's talked his level bes'.

Somep'n' 's treed, I know de soun'.

Dah now,—wha 'd I tell you? see!

Dat ere dog done run him down;

Come hyeah, he'p cut down dis tree.

Ah, Mistah 'Possum, we got you at las'—

Need n't play daid, laying dah on de groun';

Fros' an' de 'simmons has made you grow fas',—

Won't he be fine when he's roasted up brown!