

Whip-Poor-Will and Katy-Did

Slow de night's a-fallin',
An' I hyeah de callin'
Out erpon de lonesome hill;
Soun' is moughty dreary,
Solemn-lak an' skeery,
Sayin' fu' to "whip po' Will."
Now hit's moughty tryin'
Fu' to hyeah dis cryin',
'Deed hit's mo' den I kin stan';
Sho' wid all our slippin',
Dey's enough of whippin'
'Dout a bird a'visin' any man.

In de noons o' summah
Dey's anothah hummah
Sings anothah song instid;
An' his th'oat's a-swellin'

Wid de joy o tellin',
But he says dat "Katy did."

Now I feels onsuhtain;
Won't you raise de cu'tain
Ovah all de t'ings dat's hid?
W'y dat feathahed p'isen
Goes erbout a'visin'
Whippin' Will w'en Katy did?