

A Frolic

Swing yo' lady roun' an' roun',

Do de bes' you know;

Mek yo' bow an' p'omenade

Up an' down de flo';

Mek dat banjo hump huhse'f,

Listen at huh talk:

Mastah gone to town to-night;

'T ain't no time to walk.

Lif' yo' feet an' flutter thoo,

Run, Miss Lucy, run;

Reckon you'll be cotched an' kissed

'Fo' de night is done.

You don't need to be so proud —

I's a-watchin' you,

An' I's layin' lots o' plans

Fu' to git you, too.

Moonlight on de cotton-fiel'

Shinin' sof' an' white,

Whippo'will a-tellin' tales

Out thaih in de night;

An' yo' cabin's 'crost de lot:

Run, Miss Lucy, run;

Reckon you'll be cotched an' kissed

'Fo de night is done.