

# A Plantation Portrait

Hain't you see my Mandy Lou,

Is it true?

Whaih you been f'om day to day,

Whaih, 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 wooly 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!