

A Coquette Conquered

Yes, my ha't's ez ha'd ez stone —

Go 'way, Sam, an' lemme 'lone.

No; I ain't gwine change my min' —

Ain't gwine ma'y you — nuffin' de kin'.

Phiny loves you true an' deah?

Go ma'y Phiny; whut I keer?

Oh, you need n't mou'n an' cry —

I don't keer how soon you die.

Got a present! Whut you got?

Somef'n fu' de pan er pot!

Huh! yo' sass do sholy beat —

Think I don't git 'nough to eat?

Whut's dat un'neaf yo' coat?

Looks des lak a little shoat.

'T ain't no possum! Bless de Lamb!

Yes, it is, you rascal, Sam!

Gin it to me; whut you say?

Ain't you sma't now! Oh, go 'way!

Possum do look mighty nice,

But you ax too big a price.

Tell me, is you talkin' true,

Dat's de gal's whut ma'ies you?

Come back, Sam; now whah's you gwine?

Co'se you knows dat possum's mine!