

The Photograph

See dis pictyah in my han'?

Dat's my gal;

Ain't she purty? goodness lan'!

Huh name Sal.

Dat's de very way she be —

Kin' o' tickles me to see

Huh a-smilin' back at me.

She sont me dis photygraph

Jes' las' week;

An' aldough hit made me laugh—

My black cheek

Felt somethin' a-runnin' queer;

Bless yo' soul, it was a tear

Jes' f'om wishin' she was here.

Often when I's all alone

Layin' here,

I git t'inkin' bout my own

Sallie dear;

How she say dat I's huh beau,

An' hit tickles me to know

Dat de gal do love me so.

Some bright day I's goin' back,

Fo' de la!

An' ez sho' 's my face is black,

Ax huh pa

Fu' de blessed little miss

Who's a-smiling' out o' dis

Pictyah, lak she wan'ed a kiss!