

# My Sweet Brown Gal

W'en de clouds is hangin' heavy in de sky,  
An' de win's 's a-taihin' moughty vig'rous by,  
I don' go a-sighin' all erlong de way;  
I des' wo'k a-waitin' fu' de close o' day.

Case I knows w'en evenin' draps huh shadders down,  
I won' care a smidgeon fu' de weathah's frown;  
Let de rain go splashin', let de thundah raih,  
Dey's a happy sheltah, an' I's goin' daih.

Down in my ol' cabin wa'm ez mammy's toas',  
'Taters in de fiah layin' daih to roas';  
No one daih to cross me, got no talkin' pal  
But I's got de comp'ny o' my sweet brown gal.

So I spen's my evenin' listenin' to huh sing,  
Lak a blessid angel; how huh voice do ring!

Sweetah den a bluebird flutterin' erroun',  
W'en he sees de steamin' o' de new ploughed groun'.

Den I hugs huh closah, closah to my breas'.

Need n't sing, my da'lin', tek you' honess' res'.

Does I mean Malindy, Mandy, Lize er Sal?

No, I means my fiddle — dat's my sweet brown gal!