

Charity

Now you, John Henry, 'tain't no use

To stan' up daih an' mak no 'scuse.

You needn't tink you foolin' me,

I sutny has got eyes to see!

Oh I's yo' sistah, yes, dat's true;

But den what good's dat gwine to do?

Dey ain't no use in tellin' lies,

You look right sheepish f'om yo' eyes!

Let's see yo' han's, uh huh, I knowed

You washed 'em, but de traces showed.

Let's see yo' mouf; hit looks lak ink—

Yo' sistah cain't tell 'serves, you tink.

Oh my, but yo's a naughty chile,

I has to look at you one while;

You needn't twis' in all dem curves,

To tink you'd stole yo' ma's pusserves.

Ef I tol' ma I guess you'd git
The fines' whuppin' evah yit;
But guess I'll keep it to myse'f
Erbout dat jah erpon de she'f;
Case ma's des awful w'en she stahts,
An' my, oh, how a whuppin' smahts!
So you clomb up? Oh, she'd be madder!
Say, tell me whaih you put de ladder.