

In the Morning

'Lias! 'Lias! Bless de Lawd!

Don' you know de day's erbroad?

Ef you don' git up, you scamp,

Dey'll be trouble in dis camp.

T'ink I gwine to let you sleep

W'ile I meks yo' boa'd an' keep?

Dat's a putty howdy-do—

Don' you hyeah me, 'Lias—you?

Bet ef I come crost dis flo'

You won' fin' no time to sno'.

Daylight all a-shinin' in

W'ile you sleep—w'y hit's a sin!

Ain't de can'le-light enough

To bu'n out widout a snuff,

But you go de mo'nin' thoo

Bu'nin' up de daylight too?

'Lias, don' you hyeah me call?
No use tu'nin' to'ds de wall;
I kin hyeah dat mattuss squeak;
Don' you hyeah me w'en I speak?
Dis hyeah clock done struck off six—
Ca'line, bring me dem ah sticks!
Oh, you down, suh; huh! You down—
Look hyeah, don' you daih to frown.

Ma'ch yo'se'f an' wash yo' face,
Don' you splattah all de place;
I got somep'n else to do,
'Sides jes' cleanin' aftah you.
Tek dat comb an' fix yo' haid—
Looks jes' lak a feddah baid.
Look hyeah, boy, I let you see
You sha'n't roll yo' eyes at me.

Come hyeah; bring me dat ah strap!

Boy, I'll whup you 'twell you drap;

You done felt yo'se'f too strong,

An' you sholy got me wrong.

Set down at dat table thaih;

Jes' you whimpah ef you daih!

Evah mo'nin' on dis place,

Seem lak I mus' lose my grace.

Fol' yo' han's an' bow yo' haid—

Wait ontwell de blessin' 's said;

"Lawd, have mussy on ouah souls—"

(Don' you daih to tech dem rolls—)

"Bless de food we gwine to eat—"

(You set still—I *see* yo' feet;

You jes' try dat trick agin!)

"Gin us peace an' joy. Amen!"