

# The Old Front Gate

W'en daih's chillun in de house,

Dey keep on a-gittin' tall;

But de folks don' seem to see

Dat dey's growin' up at all,

'Twell dey fin' out some fine day

Dat de gals has 'menced to grow,

W'en dey notice as dey pass

Dat de front gate 's saggin' low.

W'en de hinges creak an' cry,

An' de bahs go slantin' down,

You kin reckon dat hit's time

Fu' to cas' yo' eye erroun',

'Cause daih ain' no 'sputin' dis,

Hit's de trues' sign to show,

Dat daih's cou'tin' goin' on

W'en de ol' front gate sags low.

Oh, you grumble an' complain,  
An' you prop dat gate up right;  
But you notice right nex' day  
Dat hit's in de same ol' plight.  
So you fin' dat hit's a rule,  
An' daih ain' no use to blow,  
W'en de gals is growin' up,  
Dat de front gate will sag low.

Den you' t'ink o' yo' young days,  
W'en yo' cou'ted Sally Jane,  
An' you so't o' feel ashamed  
Fu' to grumble an' complain,  
'Cause yo' ricerlection says,  
An' you know hits wo'ds is so,  
Dat huh pappy had a time  
Wid his front gate saggin' low.

So you jes' looks on an' smiles  
At 'em leanin' on de gate,  
Try'n to t'ink whut he kin say  
Fu' to keep him daih so late.  
But you lets dat gate erlone,  
Fu' yo' 'sperunce goes to show  
'Twell de gals is ma'ied off  
It gwine keep on saggin' low.