

# The Tryst

De night creep down erlong de lan',

De shadders rise an' shake,

De frog is sta'tin' up his ban',

De cricket is awake;

My wo'k is mos' nigh done, Celes',

To-night I won't be late,

I's hu'yin' thoo my level bes',

Wait fu' me by de gate.

De mockin'-bird 'll sen' his glee

A-thrillin' thoo and thoo,

I know dat ol' magnolia-tree

Is smellin' des' fu' you;

De jessamine erside de road

Is bloomin' rich an' white,

My hea't's a-th'obbin' 'cause it knowed

You 'd wait fu' me to-night.

Hit 's lonesome, ain't it, stan'in' thaih

Wid no one nigh to talk?

But ain't dey whispahs in de aih

Erlong de gyahden walk?

Don't somep'n kin' o' call my name,

An' say "he love you bes" ?

Hit's true, I wants to say de same,

So wait fu' me, Celes'.

Sing somep'n fu' to pass de time,

Outsing de mockin'-bird,

You got de music an' de rhyme,

You beat him wid de word.

I's comin' now, my wo'k is done,

De hour has come fu' res',

I wants to fly, but only run—

Wait fu' me, deah Celes'.