

The Looking-Glass

Dinah stan' befo' de glass,

Lookin' moughty neat,

An' huh purty shadder sass

At huh haid an' feet.

While she sashay 'roun' n' bow,

Smilin' den an' poutin' now,

An' de lookin'-glass, I 'low

Say: "Now, ain't she sweet?"

All she do, de glass it see,

Hit des see, no mo',

Seems to me, hit ought to be

Drappin' on de flo'.

She go w'en huh time git slack,

Kissin' han's an' smilin' back,

Lawsy, how my lips go smack,

Watchin' at de do'.

Wisht I was huh lookin'-glass,

W'en she kissed huh han';

Does you t'ink I'd let it pass,

Settin' on de stan'?

No; I'd des' fall down an' break,

Kin' o' glad 't uz fu' huh sake;

But de diffunce, dat whut make

Lookin'-glass an' man.