

# At Night

Whut time'd dat clock strike?

Nine? No—eight;

I didn't think hit was so late.

Aer chew! I mus' 'a' got a cough,

I raally b'lieve I did doze off—

Hit's mighty soothin' to de tiah,

A-dozin' dis way by de fiah;

Oo oom—hit feels so good to stretch

I sutny is one weary wretch!

Look hyeah, dat boy done gone to sleep!

He des ain't wo'th his boa'd an' keep;

I des don't b'lieve he'd bat his eyes

If Gab'el called him f'om de skies!

But sleepin's good dey ain't no doubt—

Dis pipe o' mine is done gone out.

Don't bu'n a minute, bless my soul,

Des please to han' me dat ah coal.

You 'Lias git up now, my son,

Seems lak my nap is des begun;

You sutny mus' ma'k down de day

W'en I treats comp'ny dis away!

W'y Brother Jones, dat drowse come on,

An' laws! I dremp dat you was gone!

You 'Lias, whaih yo' mannahts, suh,

To hyeah me call an' nevah stuh!

To-morrer mo'nin' w'en I call

Dat boy'll be sleepin' to beat all,

Don't mek no diffunce how I roah,

He'll des lay up an' sno' an' sno'.

Now boy, you done hyeahed whut I said,

You bettah tek yo'se'f yo baid,

Case ef you gits me good an' wrong

I'll mek dat sno' a diffunt song.

Dis wood fiah is invitin' dho',  
Hit seems to wa'm de ve'y flo'—  
An' nuffin' ain't a whit ez sweet,  
Ez settin' toastin' of yo' feet.  
Hit mek you drowsy, too, but la!  
Hyeah, 'Lias, don't you hyeah yo' ma?  
Ef I gits sta'ted f'om dis cheah  
I' lay, you scamp, I'll mek you heah!

To-morrer mo'nin' I kin bawl  
Twell all de neighbohs hyeah me call;  
An' you'll be snoozin' des ez deep  
Ez if de day was made fu' sleep;  
Hit's funny when you got a cough  
Somehow yo' voice seems too fu' off—  
Can't wake dat boy fu' all I say,  
I reckon he'll sleep daih twell day!