

EXTREMES AND MODERATIONS:
EARLY SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA POETRY

A TEXT-TECH PAPERS PROJECT

Extremes and Moderations

Early Southern California Poetry

Extremes and Moderations is a Text-Tech Papers project devoted to recovering poetry written, published, and circulated in Los Angeles and Southern California. Each volume brings neglected books and poems back into view through carefully prepared texts, archival images, biographical context, and a clear record of the surviving sources.

Edited by Brian Kim Stefans

The Text-Tech Papers | Los Angeles, 2026

Log Cabin Lyrics

Laurence Carlyle Tatum

A Critical Reading Edition

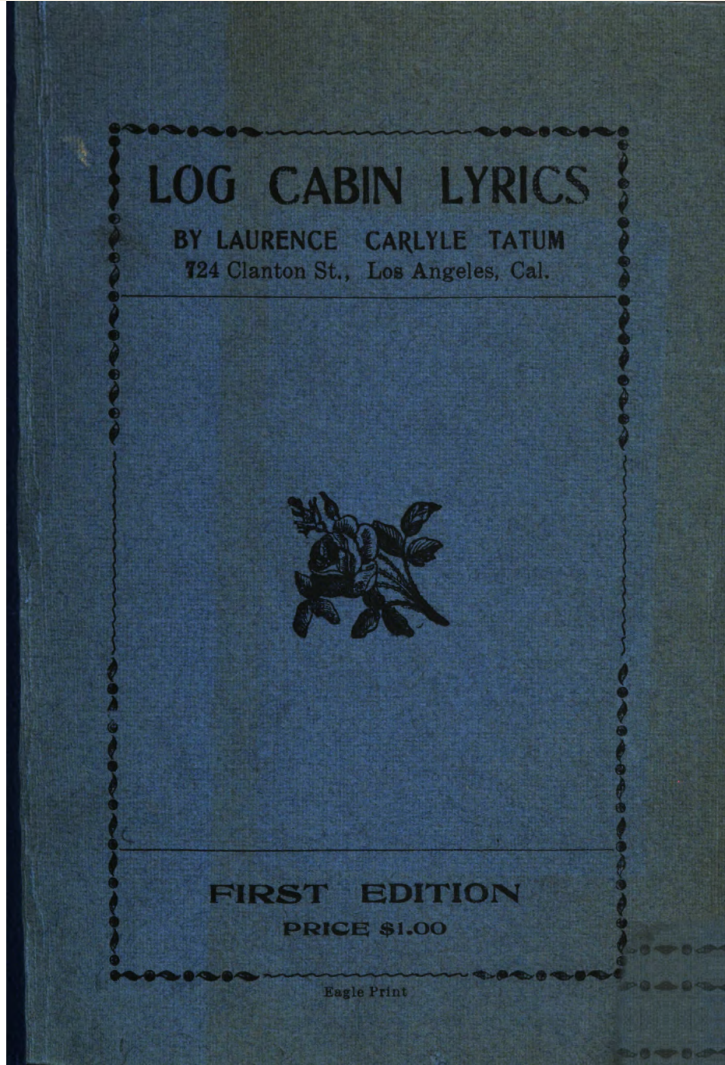
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The Text-Tech Papers

Extremes and Moderations: Early Southern California Poetry

Archival Images

A short selection from the source record



Original printed front wrapper of Log Cabin Lyrics (1918), preserving Tatum's Los Angeles address, first-edition statement, price, and Eagle Print imprint.

Log Cabin Lyrics

—BY—

LAURENCE CARLYLE TATUM



Laurence Carlyle Tatum

~~~~~  
Copyrighted 1918

*Frontispiece portrait of Laurence Carlyle Tatum, with his facsimile signature, from Log Cabin Lyrics (1918).*

| REGISTRATION CARD                                                   |                                                                                                                                                    | No. 72 |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------|
| 1                                                                   | Name in full <u>Laurence Carlyle Tatum</u> Age <u>24</u>                                                                                           |        |
| 2                                                                   | Place of birth <u>Windsor Texas</u>                                                                                                                |        |
| 3                                                                   | Date of birth <u>Apr 16 1893</u>                                                                                                                   |        |
| 4                                                                   | Are you a natural born citizen, if a naturalized citizen, if so when, if so have you declared your allegiance (specify which)? <u>Natural born</u> |        |
| 5                                                                   | What race <u>Laure</u> <u>Deas</u> <u>W.S.H.</u>                                                                                                   |        |
| 6                                                                   | If not a citizen, of what country are you a citizen or subject?                                                                                    |        |
| 7                                                                   | What is your present trade, occupation or office? <u>Teacher</u>                                                                                   |        |
| 8                                                                   | Do you employ? <u>no</u>                                                                                                                           |        |
| 9                                                                   | Where employed?                                                                                                                                    |        |
| 10                                                                  | Have you a father, mother, wife, child under 18, or a sister or brother under 18, wholly dependent on you for support (specify which)? <u>no</u>   |        |
| 11                                                                  | Married or single (specify which)? <u>single</u> Race (specify which)? <u>white</u>                                                                |        |
| 12                                                                  | What military service have you had? Rank <u>1st</u> branch <u>infantry</u>                                                                         |        |
| 13                                                                  | Do you claim exemption from draft (specify grounds)? <u>yes - exemption</u>                                                                        |        |
| I affirm that I have verified above answers and that they are true. |                                                                                                                                                    |        |
| <u>Laurence Carlyle Tatum</u><br>(Signature in ink)                 |                                                                                                                                                    |        |

| REGISTRAR'S REPORT                                                                                                                                                                                                |                                                                                                         |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 1                                                                                                                                                                                                                 | Tell whether or not (specify which) <u>Medicine</u> Standard, uniform, or steel (which) <u>Medicine</u> |
| 2                                                                                                                                                                                                                 | Color of eyes <u>black</u> Color of hair <u>black</u> Build <u>no</u>                                   |
| 3                                                                                                                                                                                                                 | Has person last seen, his, her, last, or both seen, or to be otherwise described (specify)? <u>no</u>   |
| I certify that the answers are true, that the person registered has read his own answers, that I have witnessed his signature, and that all of his answers of which I have knowledge are true, except as follows: |                                                                                                         |
| <u>Frank D. Bennett</u><br>(Signature of registrar)                                                                                                                                                               |                                                                                                         |
| President                                                                                                                                                                                                         | <u>no</u>                                                                                               |
| Circuit Court                                                                                                                                                                                                     | <u>Lawrence</u>                                                                                         |
| State                                                                                                                                                                                                             | <u>Texas</u>                                                                                            |
| <u>June 22 1917</u><br>(Date of registration)                                                                                                                                                                     |                                                                                                         |

Laurence Carlyle Tatum's First World War draft-registration record.

## Editorial Note

This is a reset reading edition, not a facsimile. The text was transcribed from the source page images in the local archive and collated against available embedded text. Source-page wraps were rejoined only when the page image showed that they were typographic continuations; stanza breaks, meaningful indentation, epigraphs, subtitles, and section headings were retained. Obvious scanning debris was removed without silently modernizing diction, spelling, or punctuation. Each poem ends with a source note in the established Green-volume form.

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## Introduction

Laurence Carlyle Tatum published *Log Cabin Lyrics* in Los Angeles at twenty, carrying Texas memory, courtship, war, prayer, work, family, humor, and Black vernacular performance into a book of unusual scale. Its dialect poems can be lively, intimate, and musically alert, but they also stand inside a print culture shaped by minstrelsy and white expectations. Reading them now requires both accuracy and context. Tatum's own life did not stop with the Los Angeles volume: he married there, appeared in the *California Eagle*, returned to Texas, taught music, entered the ministry, and died in Crockett. This edition resets the complete poetry text, preserves its purposeful shifts of voice, and corrects the scan's many broken lines without modernizing the language.

## Biography

Laurence Carlyle Tatum was born in Freestone County, Texas, the son of Israel Tatum and Roberta Gillespie. His own autobiography in *Log Cabin Lyrics* describes a childhood near Teague and Mexia, early writing, a family house fire that destroyed poems, and continuing literary ambition.

He published *Log Cabin Lyrics* in Los Angeles in 1918, when he was twenty. The Eagle Print imprint and the address at 724 Clanton Street place the book within the early Black city. Its introduction presents Tatum as a possible successor to Paul Laurence Dunbar, a comparison that shaped both opportunity and constraint.

Tatum married Libbie L. Tatum in Los Angeles in April 1919. The 1920 census records him heading a household in Assembly District 73, with his race entered as mulatto. Poems and notices in the *California Eagle* connect him to the city's African American newspaper culture.

The volume's dialect conventions require historical explanation. They draw on Black speech and performance but also on a commercial tradition of plantation nostalgia and caricature. No printed spelling should be treated as a transparent record of how Tatum or any community spoke.

By 1940 Tatum was back in Mexia, Texas, working as a music teacher. He later married Arlelia Tinsley and became known as Reverend Tatum. Music, church, and education therefore continued the public vocation visible in the

1918 poems.

Tatum died in Crockett in October 1958 and was buried at Mexia Memorial Cemetery. The *Mexia Daily News* published an obituary. Name variants and inconsistent records make the middle name Carlyle important for identification.

No second book has been verified. Future work should search the *California Eagle*, Texas Black newspapers, church archives, music-teaching records, and family collections for uncollected poems, sermons, and correspondence.

## Introduction to the 1918 Edition

*H. Duoglas Greer | June 25, 1918*

It is our hope that this collection of poems and the author, Mr. Lawrence Tatum, will receive the well-deserved attention and appreciation of every man, woman and child of our race.

We extend a very cordial invitation to Mr. Tatum, and predict a high regard for his book of verse.

Long before the insidious nature of the disease of which Paul Laurence Dunbar was a victim, and to which he finally succumbed, had become apparent to his family and friends, he was heralded as the greatest poet that our race had produced. He was the poet-laureate of the Negro race.

This honor and distinction was justly and meritoriously his.

By long and patient endeavor he evolved a manner and style of writing which were originally and peculiarly his own.

In his ability to describe the Negro in his natural habitat, he had no equals. As a writer of Negro dialect, it will require centuries before his superior can be produced. One needs only to read the biography to learn of the great struggle, with adverse and contending forces—forces so unfavorable, so deadly and at times so irresistible, that they threatened to engulf that he was about to display.

The giant exertions put forth by Dunbar to depict the Negro in his early habits and customs, the peculiarities and superstitions of our people at that period, cannot be undone by any artifice known to methods of destruction.

It is our hope that the labor and ingenuity which you are displaying in these writings will find a response in the hearts of our people, and thereby greatly increase your desire and ambition to press onward to those literary heights attained by Paul Laurence Dunbar.

It is our belief that your book will in its final and best results do much to prove the sterling manhood qualities of the Negro, of which you so beautifully sing.

In the work of lessening the stress and strain of racial prejudice and misunderstanding, we perceive a grand future for Mr. Tatum and his book.

“Sing brother, sing,  
Yet many a nation  
Shall hear the voice of God and live,  
For we are heralds of Salvation,  
The world He gave  
He will freely give”

Yours very truly,  
H. DUOGLAS GREER.

June 25, 1918.

## Autobiography

*Laurence Carlyle Tatum | 1918*

I was born in 1893, April 16, near the present site of the City of Teague, Texas, in a small two-room log cabin. My parents being farmers and looking for favorable soil to grow cotton and corn, moved to the little city of Mexia, Texas, during the winter of 1897, where they are at present residing. At the age of seven years, I was placed in the Mexia public school, where I received such training as is given the colored youth of the South. There I remained until fourteen years of age. In the fall of 1905 I was sent to Wiley University, where I spent four and a half terms. The first year's tuition was paid at the beginning of the term by my parents. The next three and a half terms were earned by my working as general laundry boy and wood chopper; which meant rising at four o'clock in the morning, and working until time for school. In the evenings my time was spent upon the wood pile, or at the laundry, working away to finish my tasks in order to get to my study from seven to nine o'clock at night. About the middle of the fourth term, my parents, becoming financially unable to furnish the necessary funds, along with my work, (having a large family to care for), I was forced to return home and help carry on the work of the farm, where I labored earnestly and hard with the expectation of returning to school in the Fall; but to my sorrow, was unable to do so on account of the heavy indebtedness of my father.

It was during the second year of my College career that I wrote my first poem, "Spring," which I recited in the graduating exercises of the English course. I received much encouragement, and especially did Mrs. Dr. W. M. Drake commend my verse, and bade me not to lose sight of such splendid poetical talent. At that time I paid little or no attention to writing poetry, not thinking that I would in later years spend my entire time to such work.

During the years of 1911 and 1912 I wrote lots of verse portraying events and episodes of the common city folk, only to be destroyed by fire when the home of my parents was burned, destroying all our earthly possessions. Over this loss I felt very much discouraged, yet determined to hold on, I spent every spare moment in trying to compose such verse as I am now placing before the public.

During the year of 1911, my father again moved and located his family in the very prosperous farming district of Ellis County, near Waxahachie, Texas. It

was during our stay in that county I took a boot-black job in the city of Waxahachie, in order to pay my room rent and board, that I might secure a more thorough knowledge of Literature and Mathematics.

In the year of 1914, of a class of seven, I was made Valedictorian. During the month of June, of the same year, I entered a Summer Normal School and acquired a State certificate, but being in poor health was unable to work until the year of 1916-17.

After school had closed and no work could be found that paid a reasonable sum of money, I decided to go to California. Leaving Texas, I arrived in Oxnard, Cal., August 18, 1911, taking a boot-black job at \$10 a week, out of which I had to support my wife and pay a high rent. A few months later, in quest of something better, I sought work in Los Angeles, and was forced to take a job in a laundry plant as flat work assorter, at \$12 per week, where I am at present an employee.

# *Log Cabin Lyrics*

*Stage 1 | 1918*

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The complete recoverable poetry text of the 1918 collection, reset from the source page images.

## *A Soliloquy*

O man of Ethiopia, brave and strong  
The strength and power of thy mighty arm,  
Shall cause all nations who have shown thee scorn,  
To blush with shame, to feel their stinging wrongs.

From a sea of blood, thou shall stretch forth thy hand  
Freed from all clutches, loosed the bondage band;  
By thine own blood shed, shall thy shackles fall,  
And there shall come, no more, woes to appall.

Upon thy breast, shall medals shining be  
An emblem of thy bravery, gallantry,  
Thy hard fought battles upon the shell torn fields,  
Shall bring thee glory, shall thee prestige yield.  
Oppression's hand shall loose its tearing hold,  
And of thy nobler self, shall be portrayed the gold;  
No longer shall thou stand all speechless, mute,  
Fearing thy merit to proclaim, lest some refute.  
From the trammels of Ignorance, thou has broken 'way,  
Rich in endowments from thy Creator, working for thy brighter day;  
Thou hast been a pauper, destitute of this world's goods,  
Now thou shall rank with the noble, the great, and with the good.  
Hilarious though thy spirit be, when  
Shrapnell around thee fall,  
The belching cannon's mournful roar  
Shall not thy soul appal;  
For thou art never shrinking where the furious battles rage,  
And thy brave deeds and valor, shall be written by the sage.  
No more dispicable, demoralized, debased, shall men attribute thee,  
But they shall laud thy deeds upon the pages of history;  
In memory of thy heroes, that shall lay beneath the cold, dark sod,  
Great monuments shall rear their stately forms, heaven-ward, toward God.

The poets, too, shall sing a dirge, to thy heroes, unsung,  
Tinted with glory and beauty—a dirge for the victories won;  
For you the brave, not faint-hearted; for you the constant, the true,  
For you the Nation's last refuge, for you which none shall eschew.

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Publication. First published in *Log Cabin Lyrics*. Los Angeles: Eagle Print, 1918, p. 14.

## *A Soul's Rebuke*

Why is this mortal frame so frail and weak,  
Which is enwrapt in immortality?  
The answer comes and yet we dare not speak,  
So short are we of life's reality.  
Oh mortal man, why sin you day by day,  
When to all good you have the lasting key?  
You must not say you cannot glimpse the way,  
That all is dark—the light you cannot see.

The light of life sends forth its beaming rays;  
Can'st thou not see the path all strewn with light?  
The darkness to thy soul, the light betrays,  
And lures thee 'way from all that's good and right.  
Tarry ye not, outside the huge vineyard,  
Seek ye the entrance, labor earnestly;  
That in the final day you might see God,  
And peacefully rest, throughout eternity.

---

Publication. First published in *Log Cabin Lyrics*. Los Angeles: Eagle Print, 1918, p. 15.

## *A Soldier's Last Farewell*

How be it, that some soldier's last farewell  
Has rent some soul, and caused some heart to swell?  
How be it, that the mother's last embrace  
Has caused the tears to bathe his burning face?

'Twas then that he, who through the many years,  
Had naught but pleasure, knew not of briny tears;  
Till country called, and father time chaperoned,  
Full uniformed, he departed from his home.  
Now, over there on ground all dark and damp,  
Where many souls have pitched their tents for camp;  
He's soon to fight, and homeward bring the story  
Of the arduous struggle for his country's glory.

---

Publication. First published in *Log Cabin Lyrics*. Los Angeles: Eagle Print, 1918, p. 16.

## *A Home Longin'*

Ovah Texas' bro'd an' stre'chin' plains  
I longs wunce moah ter ro'm,  
I hyeah de tendah voices callin',  
An' I longs fuh my deah ole home.  
I long ter hyeah de mo'nin' call  
Ub de dahkies here and daih,  
An' I wants ter hyeah de konk shell's mo'n,  
Soun' 'pon de mo'nin aih.

Don't hyeah de dahkies passin'  
Eahly in de mor'n  
Whislin' an' er singin'  
As dey go ter hoe de co'n.  
Don't hyeah de ole mule's screech' neigh  
Ez dinnah time draws nigh.  
Can't reckon hyeah de time o' day  
By de sun up in de sky.

All dat I hyeah in dis fuh lan'  
Des er bout de dawn,  
Is de fuss an' ruffle uv de ole fog ho'n.  
Don't hyeah dem sweet ole melahdys  
By de So'thun dah kies sung,  
'Bout deir day's work's mos nigh done.

I sees no moah de cotton f'el's  
Nor hyeahs de gin wheels roah,  
No moah I sees de tin'us line  
Uv de clucklin' cotton waggons go  
Ter de gin whah all de famalis meet  
An' set er bout in clumps,  
'Scussin dis an' 'splainin' dat,  
Des lak er set o' gumps.

Dese an' oddah memahries  
Keep er hangin' on my min',  
As I est an' vainly lis'n  
Fuh de horn at dinnah time.

I des can't stan' dis wes' lan',  
Down South I longs ter be,  
Whah de cotton f'el's dey blossom  
Daih I's happy ez er bee.

---

Publication. First published in *Log Cabin Lyrics*. Los Angeles: Eagle Print, 1918, p. 16.

## *Adieu Today*

The day is done,  
The shades of night doth fall,  
The glorious sun peeps o'er yon distant wall,  
While twilight shadows dancing, prancing, gay,  
Doth bid farewell to the closing day.

The day is done,  
And darkness covers all,  
The daylight scampers at the night's grim call,  
King quiet reigns upon his lofty throne  
Watching his subjects from his castle's dome.  
The day is done.  
At last all is at rest;  
They who have toiled with all their might and zest  
Now seek repose and calmly speaking say,  
"Thou hast been well spent, adieu to thee fair day."

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Publication. First published in *Log Cabin Lyrics*. Los Angeles: Eagle Print, 1918, p. 18.

## *Admired*

Come hyeah chile an' le' me see yer,  
My, you sutny looks some gran',  
Guess dah ain't annudah lak yer  
In dis, er in de ferrun lan'.

Whah'd yer git dem tucks an' ruffles?  
Holy smoke! You's hard ter beat;  
White kid shoes, too, Lawd a-musy,  
You's dressed up f'om he'd ter feet.

Gwine er co'tin', is yer honey?  
Ha, ha! Naw, yer can't fool me,  
W'y you's lovin' and I knows it,  
You's des happy ez kin be.

You ain't dressed all up fer nuffin',  
Wid yer hair brushed back so fin',  
Sho's I's name Tony Slaten,  
Dah's er fellah on yo' min'.

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Publication. First published in *Log Cabin Lyrics*. Los Angeles: Eagle Print, 1918, p. 18.

## *A Dandelion*

I plucked a dandelion by the way  
That noddtd gently its head of lovely gray;  
I blew a breath upon its soft, gray down  
And all its beauty fluttered to the ground.  
Then I beheld a stem all bald and bare;  
I gazed upon it with a look of care  
  
And wondered if I'd ruined its life so gay,  
Yet not a murmur, not an utterance—nay.  
While standing there bewildered o'er its plight,  
A whispering wind said, "You have acted right."  
And from the ground it raised the downy hair,  
Then lifted it high up into the air;  
A gleeful laugh came from the stem I held,  
As here and there the downy pettals fell;  
It gave me thanks, then to its earthy bed  
I dropped it down, to rest with its own dead.

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Publication. First published in *Log Cabin Lyrics*. Los Angeles: Eagle Print, 1918, p. 19.

## *Ode to Spring*

Oh beautiful Spring, the ideal of my dreams,  
Whose blossoms sweet perfume the balmy air;  
Thy sunny brooks, thy slow-meandering streams,  
With all thy scenes producing beauty rare.  
Thy gentle zephyrs soothe my weary soul,  
Thy flowers fragrance are so sweet—so rare;  
Thy verdent meadows enormous beauty unfold,

As does the music from a harp of gold.  
Oh beautiful Spring, thy charms art made for me,  
Thy murmuring streams 'neath yonder sun-kissed hill  
Make music sweeter than the honey bee  
Meandering here and there o'er rocks and rills.

Oh beautiful Spring, thy voice is always heard  
As is the voice of children singing merrily;  
Glad tidings you do send thro' flower and bird,  
For blossoms and song bring new life back to me.  
Thy showers sweet, refresh the thirsting flowers,  
Who from their earthly beds have waked from sleep;  
They see the grandeur of thy wondrous powers,  
As one by one, they open, and shyly peep.  
Thy leafy banners thou hast nearly hung,  
And as they wave from branch and bough and tree  
The poets sing those rhymes that ne'er were sung,  
Then fell refulgent o'er their victory.

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Publication. First published in *Log Cabin Lyrics*. Los Angeles: Eagle Print, 1918, p. 19.

## *A Gloomy Day*

De col' grey clouds hang heavy in de sky  
Si'ns is good an' rain'll come bye and bye,  
Ter quench de thirst uv de dry an' cloddy soil,  
Dat brings de grain an' meks de famahs toil.  
"Taint much ter do an' I des sets er-round  
Twell some of de boys says, "Joe, lets straggle down town,  
Or take er gant des at de eahly dawn  
Ter shott some ducks, per-haps dats on de pon'."  
  
'Tis mighty gloomy an' I tell yer chile  
I's feahed t'ings gwi git se'us attah while,  
Ef t'ings don't change so I kin mek de mon',  
My days'll be sho't, my race'll soon be run.

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Publication. First published in *Log Cabin Lyrics*. Los Angeles: Eagle Print, 1918, p. 20.

## *A Dream of Love*

In a dream, last night, my darling,  
I fancied you were by my side,  
And that we trod the bright pathway  
Where happiness doth abide;  
I told you love's sweet story,  
I clasped you in my arms  
And heard you answer softly,  
My queries with a song.

Love's fire did burn as on our way we sped,  
Its flames consuming every sigh and care,  
Our hearts were welded in one solid band,  
No joy with ours ever could compare.

Our bliss was that which only lovers know,  
Our cares were light as is the ocean's foam;  
There were no rocky paths—no clouds, us to confront;  
No towering blunders left behind, did we bemoan.

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Publication. First published in *Log Cabin Lyrics*. Los Angeles: Eagle Print, 1918, p. 21.

## *A Prank*

Out uv all the skeerd dahkys  
Dat a body's evah seen,  
Wuz a low, dahk, clumpy fellah

Name Josias Mackelveene.  
On his way ter see his sweet-heart,  
Lis'n now, an' don't yer laff;  
Dahs er graveyahd on de ro'd side,  
Dat Josias habs ter pass.

So er crowd uv us young fellahs  
'Cides dat we will hab some fun,  
Den we rigs up skeemes an' projecks  
Fer ter make Josias run.

Talk 'bout er dahky runnin',  
Dat aih fellah picked up slack,  
Run ez fas' ez eny ant'lope  
When er houn' is on his track.

Well dat dahky run, suh,  
Twell he put nigh los' his br e,'f  
So he set 'own by de ro'd side  
Tryin' ter kompose his se'f.

Des 'bout time dat he wuz seated  
Lonny set 'own by his side  
Whisperin' wid er wiehed uttarance,  
"Josias Mackelveene, is you tiahed."  
Dat question nevah got no ansah,  
'Cause dat dahky rose ergine;  
Coat tail stickin' straight buhind 'em,  
De way he run hit wuz a sin.

He run twell he wuz mos' nigh zausted  
Den he fell 'pon de gorun',  
Saying, "Lawd have mercy on me,"  
An' uttahrin' othah cu'ous soun's.

'Bout de time dat he wuz conshus  
All de boys wuz by his side,

Dat tiahed dahky got so mad, suh,  
Dat he puckahed up an' cried.

He lowed "boys, I sho' ain't jokin,  
Don't yer try dat tricck no mo',  
'Cause when I gits skeerd dat way,  
Why, I'll hurt yer bad, fuh sho'.

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Publication. First published in *Log Cabin Lyrics*. Los Angeles: Eagle Print, 1918, p. 21.

## *At the Telephone*

Hello! Is dat you Ann Liza?  
Yes, dis hyeah's you' lovin' Will.  
How's yer feelin' dis fine mo'nin'?  
Say, you's angrah wid me still?  
G'way, Liza! Ain't you jokin'?  
I really b'lieves you's foolin' me;  
Yes, I knows you's feelin' lonsum,  
If you ain't, you ought ter be.  
Yes; yes, uh-huh; yes.  
Cose I does, dat you hab seen.  
Nor, nor, what? Dat's right,  
'Cose you know dat I ain't mean.  
Don't you b'lieve I luvs yer, honey?  
Yes, uh-huh; 'cose yer do.  
Yes, I thought dat you wuz teasin',  
'Cause you knows my heart is true.  
What? You gwine ter jilt me?  
Liza Ann, dat won't nevah do,  
Fuh my heart is ackin', dahlin',  
An' I wants no one but you.  
'Co'se, I'll do dat, too,  
  
Nor dat gal don't take my eye.  
Yes; uh-huh; 'tis you fuh evah,  
To-morrow night! alright, good bye.

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Publication. First published in *Log Cabin Lyrics*. Los Angeles: Eagle Print, 1918, p. 23.

## *A Country Visit*

Done been ter de co'ntry  
An' I had er jumpkin' time,  
Spent ur fu days wid A'nt Tuggie  
An' er day wid Emahline:  
Uv my chile-hood days dey tol' me  
Uv de place whah I was bo'n,  
In de mo'nt' of April,  
On er Sund'y mo'n.

Looked 'pon de very spot,  
De deahest place on e'rth,  
'Pon which sets de li'l' log cabin  
Dat beahs firm witness uv my birth.  
Hits er ples'n' sight ter gaze at  
When I's been er way so long,  
An' took up de style o' city,  
Whah dah ain't no great big fa'm.

See'd de big o'k by de ro'd side,  
De place I us'ter lak so fine,  
Standing dah wid grace an' b'uty,  
F'om which swings er big grape vine;  
I us'ter swing 'pon dat grape vine  
An' I luvs de memahry deah,  
When I thinks uv dem aih ole time

Hit mos' brings er silent teah.  
Ij'ined de fo'ks in speakin' meetin'  
Des one time 'fo' I lef',  
An' I tell yer truly 'bout it,  
I lak ter got 'sides my-self;  
W'y de sperrit wuz so mighty  
Dat evah body tried ter shout,  
An' we had er glo'r'us time dah  
Plum on 'twell, de Chu'ch wuz out.  
Dah is lots o' ples'nt memahry  
Lingahrin 'bout my ole birth place,  
An' I laks ter think 'bout 'em,  
Rathah view 'em face ter face;

Nevah spec's ter wandah fuh,  
Gwin' ter allus stay right neah,  
So's ter pay er yearly visit  
To de place I luvs so deah.

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Publication. First published in *Log Cabin Lyrics*. Los Angeles: Eagle Print, 1918, p. 24.

## *A Prophecy*

Feelin' li'l chilly,  
Kindah aky an' de lak,  
Weddah getin' coolah,  
Feels de chills all down my back;  
Han' feeln' shaky,  
Feet feelin' num,  
Bettah look out dahkies,  
Wintah's sho' ter come.

Breeze blowin' coldah,  
Hit pinches an' hit stings;  
Birds all done mihgrated  
To de South, whah dey kin sing;

Fer de fros' done tol' 'em  
Dey mus' hurry 'way  
Whah de weddah's warmah  
An' de green bou's sway.  
Trees done shed der dresses  
Uv yallah an' fin' gol';  
Done put on deir wintah clothin'  
So's ter stan' de col';  
No mo' leafy bowahs,  
No mo' cool sweet shade,  
Fer de wintah's comin'  
Ter make huh gran' pahrade.

Git yo' heavy clothin' ready,  
Wrap an' sacks, an' clo'ks an' shal's,  
I don't mistake dis wahnin',  
Fuh de' simmons' mence ter fall.  
She's fas' 'proachin' le' me tell yer  
She gwin tell yer whah she's f'om;  
Bettah look out, dahkies,  
Wintah's sho' ter come.

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Publication. First published in *Log Cabin Lyrics*. Los Angeles: Eagle Print, 1918, p. 25.

## *A Winter's Day*

Old Mother Nature, in the dead of night,  
Stretched out o'er hill and vale, o'er peasants few,  
Her downy mantle, decked with crystals white  
Which is each year a garment old—yet new.

O'er village housetops, o'er meadows and o'er leas  
Her gorgeous robe of white she'd lightly thrown;  
And aye her breath didd chill the morning breeze,  
And cause a musical murmuring thru the ice-clad trees.

The school boys roved as does a flock of sheep  
Whose shepherd's lost, and they at leisure roam;  
Marring the beautiful garment at their feet,  
Slowly wending their way toward their village home.

Before the night had chased the day away  
Her gorgeous robe was ragged, tattered, torn;  
And dripping mittens on the hearths of clay  
Here and there to dry, were loosely strewn.

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Publication. First published in *Log Cabin Lyrics*. Los Angeles: Eagle Print, 1918, p. 26.

## *Art Thou Bereft?*

Why dost thou pine, O soul,  
To flee away to thy eternal goal?  
Has Fate been cruel unto thee,  
Placed thee in bondage, took thy liberty?  
Art thou bereft?  
Why dost thou pine, O soul  
When thou art free thy grievance to unfold?  
Why spend thy years in pining and in grief?  
Why seek not joy, for life is very brief.  
Art thou bereft?  
O, let thy sorrowing cease,  
And spend thy years in happiness—in peace;  
Let not thy cares and burdens master be,  
Be of good cheer, the Lord will comfort thee.

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Publication. First published in *Log Cabin Lyrics*. Los Angeles: Eagle Print, 1918, p. 27.

## *A Prescription*

Take a little laughter  
And a little song,

Then to these add kindness  
Ninety per cent strong;  
Put these all together,  
Take them every day,  
And it's sure to brighten  
Your dark and dismal way.

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Publication. First published in *Log Cabin Lyrics*. Los Angeles: Eagle Print, 1918, p. 27.

## *A Songster*

Uv all de songsters fuh an' neah,  
D'ain't none ter beat dat 'fessor Greer;  
W'h, chile, he sings f'om A to Z  
Ez ezy ez count'n one, two three.  
Y'order hyeah 'im des wunce 'Zek'el,  
Sing? Man, he ain't got no ekul.  
Down ter de pracshus de got oddah night  
I des thought he uz perfec' sight,  
Fuh when de s'pranners' mence ter sing  
I hyeah'd dat meller voice sof'ly ring,  
I des aint tell yer lak I oughter,  
Eny-how, eh called dat Hi'wather.

De altos got clean out o' place,  
An, Lawd, y'orter seen his face;  
Uv all de 'rinkles an' de frowns  
Dey uz in his for'd, when he hyeah'd dat soun'.  
He looked at dem an' shook his head,  
Saying, "Don't yer 'member whut I sed?"  
"Don't drag into de song dat way,  
Make yo' 'tact wid er lively sway,  
Op'n yo' mouf an' le' me hyeah de wo'ds,  
Daih ain't no body dat you'll 'sturb;  
Pick up dat A at de fust o' me-sure,  
Don't ac' so painful, sing lak hits ple'sure."

Let de subsidence o' yo' voices fade ter  
Melahdy sweet an' rare,  
So's ter bring out de spreshun, dat de  
Author's written daih;  
Mrs. Mu'dock play de secon' brace, o' sechun number six,  
Des 'fo' yer do dat, give de tenahs deir pitch,  
Dat's good; wunce mo'; my, dat's fine!  
Now lis'n fuh dat bass run, so's ter come right in on time."

De bes 'thing' Zek'el dat you kin do  
Is to come an' hyeah de whole thing thru,

fuh his voice is ez sweet ez de chanticleer  
Dat blows his clar'on in de fall o' de yeah.  
He's des zackly what I claims,  
When you hyeahs 'im wunce, you'll say de same.

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Publication. First published in *Log Cabin Lyrics*. Los Angeles: Eagle Print, 1918, p. 28.

## *A Friendly Warning*

Whut mekes yer ac' so silly, Sue?  
Don't yer know Zan's foolin' you  
W'y, I maught lis'n tweel I's gray,  
I'd nevah ble've a wo'd he say.  
Dat dahky? Huh, you's sho'ly lef',  
Yo outtah be plum 'shame yo'se'f.  
Gal, dat ain't yo' so't o' man,  
Why do yer was'e time wid dot Zan?

Ez meney times ez you's been tol'  
Dat evah-thing glittahs ain't no gol',  
Yer des keep hangin' ter dat gump;  
He ain't no good, ain't I tol' yer wunce?  
Don't keer how dat dahky dress,  
He ain't wuf de menshun at his bes';  
Sue whut on erf's ter come o' you.  
I's des so sorry fer yer I don' know whut ter do.  
Honey, it'll be er scan'lous shame  
To let dat aih dahky spile yo' good name;  
You lubs 'em? Well—my holy king!  
De idee o' lubbin' sich wufless thing!  
Take dis wahnin', hits good and soun',  
Stop dat dahky fr'om hangin' 'roun';  
Beah dis adage in yo' min',  
Dat er stitch in time, saves nine.

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Publication. First published in *Log Cabin Lyrics*. Los Angeles: Eagle Print, 1918, p. 29.

## *A Rainy Day*

De rain falls thick an' fas' 'pon de groun',  
De rain crow's chuc'lin' mid er sorrowin' soun';  
Ole frog a-moanin' way down de creek,  
De crickets dey a-chirpin' 'kinder sol'm' lak an' meek,  
De rain drops klitter, klatter on de li'l' windah pane,  
An' de li'l' streams run gugglin', t'wa'd de patch o' sorghum cane.

Cows dey stan' a-shivahrin' neaf de trees down in de woods,  
Tweel de rain is ovah, a cewin' of deir coods;  
Chickens stalkin' all er 'bout, des wet ez wet kin be,  
Ter ketch de grub wo'ms big an' fat, an' grab de bugs dey see.  
I hyeah de dahkies laffin' in de crib a-shuckin' corn,  
Chile, I feels de tetch o' slumbah, an' er-drowse a-comin' on.

Whah is dat aih table? Liz, fetch dem dominoes;  
Chile, I mus' do sumfin ter keep er way dis doze;  
I des kaint stan' de musick, o'f de rain drop ez dey beat  
'pon dis li'l' log cabin, 'cause hits puts me right ter sleep.  
Hyeah! Take 'way dis table; don't want no dominoes;  
My eyes is done got he'vy, an' I des mus' take er doze.

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Publication. First published in *Log Cabin Lyrics*. Los Angeles: Eagle Print, 1918, p. 30.

## *A Christmas Longing*

Chris'mas is a comin',  
Fuh I feel it in my bones,  
Lim's er gettin' spreyer  
Go 'way, let me 'lone;  
Dah ain't no use in talkin,  
'Bout dat glor'us time o' yeah,  
When you gits de good ole spir'ts  
Dat drives 'way yo' feah.

Dahkies singin' loudah  
Ez dey go ter wo'k,  
Turkey gobblah struttin'  
An' keepin' on de 'lert;  
Bettah min', ole turkey,  
How you rels an' rocks,  
Fuh yo' time is rushin'  
To'wa'd de choppin' bock.  
Evah thing is merrah,  
Feelin' prim an' fine,  
Fuh I feels de sperit

Uv de Christmas time.  
Gals a-feelin' love-sick,  
Fuh dey sings er way,  
Waiting fuh deir lovahs  
On dat Christmas day.

Hush yo' mouf dah, Sam'son,  
Don't you sing no mo',  
Fuh I feels 'bout in spots  
Biggah dan de do'.  
Des do' menshun Christmas  
Don't you speak 'bout fun,  
'Case I'se sutny longin'  
Fuh dat day ter come.

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Publication. First published in *Log Cabin Lyrics*. Los Angeles: Eagle Print, 1918, p. 31.

## *A Vision*

On yon bright throne a vision fair I see,  
My love, my queen, waits longing, there for me,  
With hands outstretched, with eyes a lustrous flame,  
She pleads and calls, I answer to my name.

Then like a lob, who just awakes from sleep,  
Crooning a tune I cuddle back and peep,  
As though 'twere fears barbated, sated face  
Instead of hers who occupied the place.

The vision grows in beauty—splendor, true,  
As does a rose-bud ope, that's kissed by dew,  
And ere the scene has been made wholly clear,  
My eyes are dim, my cheeks have nursed a tear.

What rapturous joy! My love has come at last,  
To soothe my longings—quell the roaring blast,  
Which many days harassed, tormented me,  
Before she came to pardon, set me free.

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Publication. First published in *Log Cabin Lyrics*. Los Angeles: Eagle Print, 1918, p. 32.

## *Advice*

When you'se feelin' kin' o' troubled  
Don't lay 'roun' an' pout,  
Jes anulyze yo' pashon  
An' cas' dat feelin' out.

Dah ain't no use ter worry,  
Des cas' yo' woahs er side,

Don't tug wid tribulashuns,  
Be merry—let 'em slide.

Smile when yo' buhden's heavy,  
Give sunshine on yo' way,  
Don't fret an' fume an' frown 'round,  
When evah one is gay.

Dest take up new ambishun,  
Be merry de whole day thro',  
An' de trouble dat worries many  
Will nevah worry you.

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Publication. First published in *Log Cabin Lyrics*. Los Angeles: Eagle Print, 1918, p. 33.

## *At Last*

When at last my weary path on earth I've trod,  
And I must rest beneath the cold, dark sod,  
Place this old body 'neath the large oak trees,  
Where the hymns of Avant floa upon the breeze.

There the brown thresh sings his happy mating lay;  
There the whip-poor-will calls at the close of day;  
There Mother Nature, her huge blanket spreads,  
Adorned with fragrant blossoms o'er the dead.

Where the wood-chuck raps upon the stake,  
A call to wake me, ere I sleep too late;  
Where the mocking bird imitates the jay,  
Where the hoot-owl sings his mournful evening lay.  
There let me rest in peace, for ever more,  
Till I shall hear God's holy trumpet blow;  
Then I shall wake to greet that holy band,  
And soar with them to that Celestial strand.

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Publication. First published in *Log Cabin Lyrics*. Los Angeles: Eagle Print, 1918, p. 33.

## *A Love Song*

Sweet is thy voice  
As strains born of the lute,  
For ere thou speakest  
I am voiceless, mute,  
Enwrapt, enhanced, nurturing one desire,  
To drink from thy love's cup, and quench love's burning fire.

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Publication. First published in *Log Cabin Lyrics*. Los Angeles: Eagle Print, 1918, p. 34.

## *Business in Religion*

Get business in your religion, man I say;  
Raise your ambitions, aspirations, every day;  
Seek the betterment of man  
As the leity you scan,  
Then his respect you can command—work I say.

'Mid the turmoil and the strife, work I say;  
Use the efforts of your life, don't delay.  
Push and vim is all you need;  
These well used, you'll sure succeed,  
Show the limit of your greed; work I say.

Don't be a lazy ne-er-do-well, will makes way.  
Make those huge air castles real,  
Then prosperity you'll feel  
If you give a good square deal; work I say.

Business makes religion grow; man makes haste;  
Work, the business qualities to show, of your race.  
You're a man as other men,  
Start now. Don't wait to begin;  
Standing still you'll never win; keep the pace.

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Publication. First published in *Log Cabin Lyrics*. Los Angeles: Eagle Print, 1918, p. 34.

## *Billy Town*

Dey's ole time li'l log cabins  
Is dem homes in Billy Town,  
An' de people dat pozesses 'em  
Is cu'us critters chile, you bound.  
Some o' dem is fat an' chunky,  
Odders, tall an' lean, and slim;  
Some is des de image o' b'uty  
An' er fu looks des lak sin.

Evah eb'nin' 'bout de sun-set  
Deir li'l' chu'ch bell give de soun',  
An' dey getah 'bout in floc's  
Same as ef de trump wuz soun'd;  
Dis gethahrin is fer suvice  
Uv de Christ'ns uv de ban',  
W'y hits sho' mehraklus, honey,  
Ter see dem Afg'ans ac' so gran'.

Deir li'l chu'ch is called J'rus'lem  
Whah de wo'ship an' serve de Lawd,  
Seated way down in de back wood  
Whah de ekos soun' er bro'd;  
De squeakin' uv deir gabby voices  
Ringin' loud an' long an' cleah  
If you's not 'customed ter it  
It'll give yer a kindah tremblin' feah.

Is dey Christuns? Lawd a-macy!  
Dem aih fo'ks is sho' dervout;  
Dey puts daih very so'l in singin'  
An' ez dey sing de good flows out;  
Squeakin', squakin' an' puhjectin'  
Cu'us praises in daih way,  
Makes daih suvice kindoh puzzlin'  
Tryin' ter mek out what dey say.

I guess de good Lawd boun' ter hyeah 'em,  
An' He knows des whut dey say,  
Guess He'll ansah all daih pleadin's,  
An' He hyeahs 'em when dey pray;

Fuh de Good Book bahs no pusson  
Dat is pure in heaht an' soun',  
An' I b'l'eves when I gits ter hebben  
I'll see de whole o' Billy Town.

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Publication. First published in *Log Cabin Lyrics*. Los Angeles: Eagle Print, 1918, p. 35.

## *Blighted Hopes*

The way that leads me on to heights of men  
Is thronged with monsters that strive my all to  
They torment me, they slowly steal my wealth—  
Take all I own, all I possess—my health.  
They leave me clinging to the bricly threads  
That soon will break, ere I commence to tread  
The paths that leads to honor, to renown,  
Where men of eminence, men of fame, are crowned.

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Publication. First published in *Log Cabin Lyrics*. Los Angeles: Eagle Print, 1918, p. 36.

## *Co'tin' Ovah De Fence*

Yes, I sees why de ole fence sags so lo',  
'Cause hits de place whah you chats wid yo' beau,  
Dah ain't no use, dis fac' ter try deny,  
I seen yer, honey, wid my own deah eye.  
I seed him standin' kimbowed des lak dis,  
An' you a-standin' fumlin' wid yo' 'ris'  
Kinder laffin ez he talks er way  
Soakin' in evah wo'd he say.

You des can't dodge 'roun' dese stubbo'n fac's,  
Dis dahky knows dat he's de man yer laks,  
An' if de fence could witness ter de wo'ds,  
Sich tales o' lub 'twould tell, yer nevah heahd;  
Uv how he tol' yer dat you wuz his queen  
An' dat annudah lak yer he ain't seen,  
Look hyeah, chile, dah ain't no use ter laff,  
I's been 'long de same ole lovin' paff.

De fence swings lo' in dat pertic'lar spot  
As do' 'twould fall; an' tis ez lak ez not  
Dat hit gits tiahed o' de heavy weight,  
An' wondahs why yo' lovah stays so late.  
I reckon, too, dat I would feel much wronged  
Ef he lent on me, wid dem heavy arms,  
An' dat I'd break down wid de bu'den, too,  
Waitin' twell he's tho a-coatin' you.

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Publication. First published in *Log Cabin Lyrics*. Los Angeles: Eagle Print, 1918, p. 36.

## *Companionship*

When I plays dis hyeah ole vihlun  
Hit takes me back ter bye-gone days,  
Makes me think 'bout de good times  
'Bout de festavahls an' de play.  
Oh, we sutny 'joyed 'em, honey,  
All lined up in great big rings,  
Some er hollahin', some er clappin',  
Whilst de oddahs dey would sing.

Dah is lots o' plesunt memahries  
Lingahs 'bout dis sweet ole pal,  
Thoughts of Lizan', Lou an' Anna,  
Dem de wuns dat wuz my gals.  
Lot uz sed 'bout dem beauties  
When deyed dress up an' go ter town,  
All de boys uz crazy 'bout 'em  
Ez er mole er bout de groun'.

Tell yer, true, I lubs dis fiddle,  
Hits my comp'ny day by day,  
Fer when I feels kindah solum  
I takes her down an' 'mence ter play.  
Plays dem ole plantashun melohdys  
Dat gran'pa played des fo' he died,  
Sings de songs uv mammy Liza  
Twell de teahs stan' in my eyes.

Wondah when I's ole an' feeble  
Ef dis fiddle 'll comf'rt me  
When my lim's is getting' aky  
An' dahs er shakin' in my 'nee.  
Ef she fails me, le' me tell yer  
Twill be de fus time uv my life,  
Don't ble've dat she gwi leave me  
Fo' I pahts dis hyeah life.

Lub her? Yes I does, I reckon,  
Huhs my sweetheart, darlin' chile,  
Lingah wid me des fer comp'ny,  
Le' me hyeah yo' voice er while.

Now des take yo' ole pozishun  
By de mantle on de wall,  
'Cause when I feels spirit broken  
You mus' hyeah yo' mastah's call.

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Publication. First published in *Log Cabin Lyrics*. Los Angeles: Eagle Print, 1918, p. 37.

## *Choicy*

Talk 'bout yo' po'k chops  
An' yo' I'ish stew;  
'Bout yo' good ole beef ro'st  
Simmahed tho' an' tho';  
Talk er bout yo' chicken meat  
Bein' sweet an' brown;  
But gimme good ole 'possum,  
Wid taters layin' 'round.

Take 'way yo' roun' steak,  
Yo' tea-bone an' de lak,  
Case dey isn't in it  
When hit comes to nachul fac's.  
Des gimme good ole 'possum  
Wid the grahay oosin' out,  
Is dat very good eatin'?  
Chile dat ain't no doubt.

Dah ain't no use in 'scussin'  
'Possum beats 'em all;  
Ehen beats de toton-tail  
In de dead o' fall.  
Ez fuh me, de things been settled,  
Long time er go;  
An' Ise ste'dfas' fixed on 'possum,  
Don't want nuffin mo'.

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Publication. First published in *Log Cabin Lyrics*. Los Angeles: Eagle Print, 1918, p. 39.

## *Caresses*

Today I plucked a rose,  
'Twas sweet and fair;  
I kissed it and caressed it,  
As though thy lips were there.  
Its sweet perfume did straight-way set me longings,  
For the estatic love which only you can give;  
As sweet the scent to that one flower belonging,  
So sweet the love—the life with you to live.

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Publication. First published in *Log Cabin Lyrics*. Los Angeles: Eagle Print, 1918, p. 39.

## *Coquettish*

Nor I ain't gwi ma'y you,  
G'way man, I say;  
Fuh I's mad all tho' and tho',  
Bein' treated dis hyeah way.

Flirtin' wid Miss Mandy,  
Go ma'y her, what I keer;  
You think she's sich er dandy  
An' dat she lubs yer daeh.

Does I love yer? 'Cose I does,  
Zekel, you won't do;  
I's crazy 'bout yer an' allus wuz,  
I des mus' tell yer, true.

You love me, too? Hush up, Zeke,  
Man, I's hard to fool;  
I b'lieve you's actin' jes fuh spite,  
Can't use me ez no tool.

Come back, Zekel, I's teasin' you,  
What's de use o' cryin',  
You know I luvs you thro' and thro',  
I des mus' quit denyin'.

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Publication. First published in *Log Cabin Lyrics*. Los Angeles: Eagle Print, 1918, p. 40.

## *De Colah'd Camp Meetin'*

Dey wuz holdin' tracted meetin'  
At de place dey call Hill Cres',  
An' hit seemed de Lawd had whispah'd  
His promis' ter some soul distressed,  
Fuh uv all de halleluyahs, happy mouns an' pleadin' cries,  
Dey rose f'om dat li'l pahvillun, ter de Lawd up in de skies.

Bein' so fuh, I des coul' hyeah 'em,  
Yet my soul wuz tetched an' winged  
An' I hurried dah ter jine 'em  
Ter help mek de pra'ses ring.  
Dah wuz joy in dat camp meetin'  
An' evah soul stretched forth his han'  
Ter bring de sinnahs ter Confesshun,  
Den have 'em jine de hebbenly ban'.

Dat colah'd minnistah pleaded fervently,  
"Come an' fe's wid us ter day,  
De do' is op'n, no man kin shet it—  
Come now, moanah, don't delay."  
"Come an' eat de bre'd o' hebben,  
Fuh de hongrah shall be fed,  
Drink de wahtah o' life, 'gin freely,  
Come po' sinnah, lif' up yo' he'd."

"Come, back-slidahs an' be fuh-given,  
Come back ter de shephah'ds fol'  
Come now, wandarah, an' 'ce've salvashun,  
Fuh de good Lawd 'll save yo' soul."  
An' at dat de sermon ended,  
Wid er prayah by Bruddah Jones;  
Yer ottah hyeah'd dat coloh'd deacon  
Ez he knelt down an' 'mence ter maon!

Chile, he prayed twell all de sinnahs,  
Back-slidahs, hippah-krits an' all,  
'Round de monnahs bench had gethahd,  
Ready 'pon deir knees ter fall.  
An' have de blessins por'd 'pon 'em,  
Fuh deir heahts wuz sick wid sin,

Ter have deir buhdens lifted from 'em,  
An' walk de paf dat habs no en'.

Dah wuz joy in dat camp meetin'  
An' I nevah kin fuh-git,  
Fuh de wo'ds uv dat aih parson  
Way down in my soul is writ.  
"Did he tetch 'em?" Chile do' mum'le,  
Evah soul wuz tetched an' winged,  
Fuh de glory, time wuz neah 'em  
An' dey pra'sed de Lawd and King.

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Publication. First published in *Log Cabin Lyrics*. Los Angeles: Eagle Print, 1918, p. 40.

## *Dady's Pickanniny*

Come hyeah li'l pickanniny,  
Git in dady's lap,  
Sich a preshus dahlin',  
Come hyeah fo' yer drap.  
Settin' dah er noddin'  
Tiahed out f'om yo play,  
Runnin', rompin', rippin',  
Thru de live long day.

My, but you's er caushun,  
Mos' nighth played ter def,  
Done scampahed ovah de nabah-hood  
Twel' you's neahly out o' bref.  
Don't yer know de buggah man  
Lacks sich boys ez you,  
So yer bettah walk right lightly,  
Don't he gwi ketch yer too.

Nudgin' up ter daddy, is yer?  
Hush now, don't yer weep,  
Buggah man gone fer er way,  
Down dah by de creek.  
Close dem eyes, go ter sleep,  
Bless you', li'l' heaht,  
If dat ole man come up dis way  
Daddy 'll make 'em start.

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Publication. First published in *Log Cabin Lyrics*. Los Angeles: Eagle Print, 1918, p. 42.

## *Drifting*

Drifting slowly, o'er life's billowy sea,  
My little craft doth float at liberty;  
Some time its way midst life's grey fog is lost,  
Some time shaken, some time tempest tost.  
So oft 'tis struck by monstrous submarines—  
Those that destroy, and seldom e'er are seen;  
But oh! before it finds a watery grave,  
Its captain comes, his sailor bold to save.  
Quite oft I strive to steer my craft a-land,  
But still she drifts. I cannot understand  
The captain's orders, why he bids me wait  
And seek not entrance through the harbor gate.

My captain knows when my craft needs repair;  
He answers quickly, my one signal—prayer,  
And I safely harbor, ere I drift too far,  
Anchored in Him my life, my guiding star.

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Publication. First published in *Log Cabin Lyrics*. Los Angeles: Eagle Print, 1918, p. 43.

## *Des Er Li'l' Log Cabin*

Des don't menshun city,  
'Taint no place for me,  
What's so mazin' 'bout hit,  
Really, I can't see.  
Dah ain't no joy in livin'  
Crowded mos' ter death;  
Ain't got turnin' room fer nothin';  
Can't get er decent bref.  
Don't want no sat'ly manshun,  
No cottage an' no flat,  
I's talkin' plain an' simple,  
Don't want none uv dat.  
Des er li'l' log cabin  
Fuh down in de woods,  
Is my bes' ambishun  
An' nuffin' ain't half so good.

Take 'way yo' daben po'ts,  
Yo' couches an' de lak,  
Wid er hom' 'ade bunk, suh,  
Den things don't stan' no hack.  
Why, dem people in de city  
Kin mos' nigh run yer wil'  
Tryin' ter be so hyf'lutin'  
Wid deir fashun an' deir style.

When hit come to real down livin',  
Country life des can't be beat,  
You kin raise yer sweet pahtatahs,  
Raise yer corn, an' raise yer meat;  
Raise yer turkeys an' yo' chickens,  
Guineas an' de lak o' dat,  
Country life is wuf de livin'  
When hit comes ter nachel fac's.

Fer me er li'l' log cabin  
Fuh down in de woods,  
An' I tell yer, chillun,  
Nuffin' ain't ha'f so good.

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Publication. First published in *Log Cabin Lyrics*. Los Angeles: Eagle Print, 1918, p. 43.

## *Dese Mod'n Times*

Can't undah-stan' de people  
Uv dese mod'n times,  
Some-how dey keeps me worried  
An' troubled in my mind,  
'Talkin' 'bout de great world wah  
An' de way fuh peace,  
'Spresin' deir feeble pinuns  
Ez ter when de wah will cease.

Dey raves 'bout de submarines  
An' 'bout der ar-oplanes—  
Well, I tell yer, chillun,  
I des don't b'lieve dey's sane.  
Inste'd uv ole time 'leg'on,  
Hits money an' politicks,  
De real down truf 'bout it,  
Dey's in er awful fix.

Der wimmin done gone crazy,  
Dey's called de suffahgettes,  
Dey's reg'lar ravin' lunies  
An' dey's spunky ones—you bet.  
Dey's stoned an' cuffed an' beaten,  
At times dey's mos' nigh mobbed,  
An' yet dem foolish critters  
Won't give up de job.

Some talks 'bout serciety  
An' 'bout diffiunt styles,  
Some talks 'bout the layerty  
Fuh miles, an' miles, an' miles;  
Don't think about de Skriptuhs,  
Won't kneel an' pray at night,  
Des tell yer, hit is awful,  
Ter be in sich a plight.

For me I's seekin' hebbin,  
I'm gwi God's praises sing,  
An' when my time is ended,

I hope to soar on wings  
Ter dat Cerlesteel City  
Whah wah, money, an' politicks,  
Serciety, layarty, an' suffahgettes

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Publication. First published in *Log Cabin Lyrics*. Los Angeles: Eagle Print, 1918, p. 44.

## *Day by Day*

My way's growin' bright an' brightah,  
    Day by day;  
Buhden's gittin' light an' lightah,  
    Day by day;  
An' I keep er joggin' 'long,  
Doin' de right an' shunin' wrong,  
Keepin' up er li'l' song,  
    Day by day;  
Don't mind what de people say,  
    Day by day;  
I des keep er pluggin' way,  
    Day by day;  
An' I can't see what hit 'Tis  
Dat gits all deir tempahs riz;  
What I does ain't none o' deir biz,

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Publication. First published in *Log Cabin Lyrics*. Los Angeles: Eagle Print, 1918, p. 46.

## *De Chune I Lubs to Hyeah*

Daihs er chune dat lingahs wid me,  
Des a-ringing in my yeah,  
'Tis de song o' wo'kin' dahkies  
An' de chune I lubs ter hyeah,  
Ez de all go hurry-scurry  
Full o' life, an' d'out er feah.

When dey's pressin' o' de cotton  
'Bout de middle uv de fall,  
Daih's er feller dey calls Hay-wood  
Dat makes dem awful calls,  
To de man dat's at de levah  
You kin hyeah him loudly squall,

"Alright, Capta'n, Capta'n, alright."  
Den er bale o' cotton's thru,  
An' er dahky daih ter grab hit  
An' try ter make de slew,  
Fuh I tell you truly, honey,  
Hit ain't no eazy thing ter do.

'Roun' de dinky dey's a-singin'  
Lak de wo'ks ain't nuffin' but fun,  
An' de truckers dey stan' ready  
Lined up reg'lar one by one,  
So's ter git his bale an' scampah  
Up de long an' tegus run.

Ringin' loudah dan de singin'  
Or de rollin' o' de trucks,  
Comes de call uv dat aih Hay-wood  
Ez de bales o' cotton bucks,  
"Capta'n alright, alright Capta'n;"  
Lawd, he thinks he's muk-e-muk.

Bales on top o' bales uv cotton  
Ter be pressed an' shipped er way,  
Dahkies by de tens' an' twenty's  
Allus singin', allus gay,  
Nevah min's de heat an' hurry

Dat is derns de live long day.

Peers lak I kin hyeah de whis'le  
O' de kompress loudly call,  
Peers lak I kin hyeah de musik  
Uv dat Hay-wood's solum squall,  
Ez de ekoes come a-bouncin'  
F'om de tall an' slaintin' walls.

"Capta'n alright, alright Capta'n,"  
Des er ringin' in my yeah,  
'Tis de song o' wo'kin' dahkies  
An' de chune I lubs ter hyeah.

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Publication. First published in *Log Cabin Lyrics*. Los Angeles: Eagle Print, 1918, p. 46.

## *Dat Quality Qua'tette*

“My Adeline,” dem boys is singin’,  
Goodness, ain’t dat musik gran’,  
Dey’s de sweetes’ singin’ dahkys  
Eny whah in dis bro’d lan’.  
Now dey sings, “Swing Lo’, Sweet Cha’ot,”  
How hit puts my soul on wings,  
Fuh I v’ews de Holy City,  
When dat Quality Qua’tette sings.

Lis’n! lis’n! now dey’s singin’  
“No’h, No’h, Built de Ark,”  
Now de medley rises sweetah,  
“He b’ilt hit out uv hic’ry bahk.”  
“Ship uv Zion,” bless my so’l,  
Dat’s de song I lubs de best,  
Dat old ship gwi beah me home-wa’d  
When dis ole body’s gone to res’  
Oh, my lim’s is gittin’ feeble,  
Voice done got too weak ter sing,  
But I hopes some day ter meet ’em  
Whah sweet musik evah rings.

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Publication. First published in *Log Cabin Lyrics*. Los Angeles: Eagle Print, 1918, p. 48.

## *Des Joggin' 'long*

Des can't tell yer how I'se feelin'  
Do' I'se only joggin' long;  
I feels ol' age er creepin', stealin',  
Chile, my time ain't very long.  
Co'se I reckon dat I'se been blest  
Livin' hyeah dese many yeahs,  
An' I'se got no place fuh grumlin',  
Tries to drive er-way my feahs.

Yes, my rheumatiz hits bettah,  
De pains ain't lak de wunce has been,  
Chile, I suffahed so durin' Chris'mas  
Dat I tho't hit was er sin;  
Couldn't skower de ole plantashun  
Lak I done er yeah er go;  
Drinkin' uv de good ole Buhbon  
Dat make yer feel lak twenty-fo'.

Som'how, I can't zackly 'splain hit,  
I'se been spahrd dis much o' life,  
An' I'se still gwi mope er long now  
Mungst de ter'mo'l an' de strife;  
Do' my steps be weak an' tremblin',  
Do' my voice shakes wid my song,  
I'm gwi keep de best uv sperrits,  
An' des keep er joggin' long.

Uh huh, dese lo'ks dey's gettin' fleecy,  
Eyes dey's growin' very dim,  
An' I feels de chill uv wintah  
Stealin' tho' f'om lim ter lim'.  
Hans dey feels so nervus—shaky,  
Dat I feels lak my time ain't long,  
But dahs one gran' konsulashun,  
I'm gwi keep er joggin' 'long.

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Publication. First published in *Log Cabin Lyrics*. Los Angeles: Eagle Print, 1918, p. 48.

## *Easter Morning*

Ascending high unto the mountain's top,  
And singing praises—Glory to His name:  
A mighty host of God's own chosen flock,  
At sun-rise chanted anthems to the King.  
On high they offered supplications, prayers;  
On high they shed their tears of heartfelt joy,  
Knowing that He, who knows and always cares,  
Would from their souls, all enmity destroy.  
Yes, higher still, they lifted up their eyes  
Heaven-ward; to Him who at the portal stands,  
With cries of "Father, let Thy tender ties,  
Of peace and brotherhood permeate the lands."

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Publication. First published in *Log Cabin Lyrics*. Los Angeles: Eagle Print, 1918, p. 49.

## *Flattered*

Whah'd yer git dat li'l' smile?  
    My, hit's cute;  
An' dem demples 'mergin' out?  
    You's er beaut;  
Goddness, grashus, when you smile,  
    W'y, hit mos' nigh sets me wil';  
You's some preshus li'l' chile,  
    Dat's de truf.

Whut meks yer lak ter tease me so?  
    Don't ac' dat way.  
I knows you's got some oddah beau,  
    Go 'way, I say.  
I des can't stan' dat teasin' smile,  
    Gwi tell yer truly, attah while,  
You has some captahvatin' style,  
    Chile, go 'way.

Honey, is yer mad wid me?  
    Yer preshus lam';  
Whut I's done to yer I can't see,  
    Deah, be ca'm;  
Whut makes yer try ter break my heaht?  
    Guess yer thinks you's acin' smaht;  
I's kindah 'spishus from de staht,  
    'Bout ole Sam.

Put my arms 'roun' yo' wais?  
    Bless you' heaht,  
Le' me look right in yo' face,  
    Tilly Hart.  
Don' know whut on erf I'd do  
    Ef her twuzn't des fuh you;  
You's my preshus dahlin', too,  
    My whole heaht.

Tilly, don't tease me no mo',  
    Tain't no use,  
I's easy fretted, chile, fer sho' —  
    Can't stan' no 'buse,

'Cause ter you I's allus true  
An' I lubs yer tho' an' tho';  
Don't keer fuh Jane er Sal er Sue,  
Can't ston' no 'buse.

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Publication. First published in *Log Cabin Lyrics*. Los Angeles: Eagle Print, 1918, p. 50.

## *Fishin' I Nde Creek*

I'm gwine fishin', Sula,  
Way down on de creek;  
Since I's tried de luck o' ketchin'  
Hits mos' nigh been er week.  
Dah ain't no use in tryin'  
Ter wo'k down in de sod,  
Fuh de groun's too hahd.  
Git 'own my old musket,  
Fetch de ram-rod, too,  
I'm gwi shoot er cotton-tail  
So's to have some rabbit stew.  
Whah's my nap sac, Sula;  
Evah thing's out o' place;  
You des blundah 'bout dis house  
An' let things go ter was'e.

Come 'long, red-hyeah grundy! hyeah!  
Come 'long, old boy,  
You knows zactly whah I's gwine,  
Dat's why yer jumps fuh joy.  
Git yo'se'f in acshun,  
Git 'own! Hi' 'way!  
Go and fetch 'em, grundy,  
Hurry red, I say!

Look out daih, old mud cat!  
Yer bettah scoot, goggahl eye!  
Tain't no us in doggin' 'roun,  
Er actin' all so sly;  
Fuh my appahtite's er callin'  
Fer yo' tendah meet an' sweet,  
Whoopee! Lawd er massy  
How I's gwine ter eat.

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Publication. First published in *Log Cabin Lyrics*. Los Angeles: Eagle Print, 1918, p. 51.

## *Hyeah Me David*

Hyeah me, David! Come hyeah, I say,  
Ain't yeah neavah tiahed o' play?  
Git o dat fence! boy, is you wil',  
You ac's des lak er silly chile.  
David, hyeah me! Git 'own, dis minit,  
Lan's o' Moses, you's de limit;  
Nevah seen yer ac' dis way,  
Hyeah me, David! What I say.

Come out dat street! boy, do ye rhyeah!  
Hush! Dry up! Don't shed one teah!  
You's gwi be good? Boy, nor, yer ain't;  
Look at dem pants, all full o' paint.  
Buhfo' I's seen annudah day  
Dis verah boy gwi tu'n me gray,  
I's nevah seen in my bo'n days  
A chile wid sich audashus ways.

David! let dat dog 'lone!  
Run 'long, Fido, go back home!  
You bettah do des ez I's sed,  
Don't, I'll des put yer right ter bed.  
Come out o' dat street! I's tiahed o' callin';  
De whole day tho you keeps me bawlin';  
Boy, I's got my wo'k ter do;  
Can't spen' de day a-callin' you.

She up dis minit! Hush! Dry up!  
Hyeah! dring dis watah; don't break dat cup;  
You's des entiahly 'sides yo'se'f.  
Wipe dem eyes, you li'l' e'f;  
Guess you'll min' me f'om dis on;  
Quit dat snufflin', I ain't gone.  
Dat's right, ac' lak er 'telligent chile,  
Set still an' tak yo' res' er while.

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Publication. First published in *Log Cabin Lyrics*. Los Angeles: Eagle Print, 1918, p. 52.

## *Hear Thou My Plea*

Why turn me way and leave me, dear, to roam  
Through this world of sadness and sorrow, all alone?  
Do you not know that casting me away  
Means gloom and darkest shadows till my final day?

Hear thou my plea, O fairest one and dear,  
I cannot go, I fain I would linger near  
And pour out my soul's last yearning faint desire,  
Ere I'm consumed by love's eternal fire.

Come rescue me lest I am soon devoured  
By wrath of conscience—by life's o'er-shadowing clouds.  
Wilt thou not hear? Don't leave me thus, to die.  
Thou art my life's last hope, all others I defy.

You will not come? Then must I say good-bye?  
Must I the mid-day dreams and thoughts of you decry.  
Then 'tis farewell, my life shall hold no more  
Resplendant dreams which it had nursed before.

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Publication. First published in *Log Cabin Lyrics*. Los Angeles: Eagle Print, 1918, p. 53.

## *In Quest of a Goal*

In quest of that which seems so far away—  
Of my ideal, of my vocation true;  
I still have hopes that in a future day  
I conquer it and have no days to rue.

Years have come and years have swiftly sped,  
Yet in their flight no dawning hopes they've brought;  
Still I beseech my God and look ahead,  
For my vocation many years I've sought.  
A hewer of wood, a drawer of water, still  
Toiling away at long and irksome tasks;  
Going and coming at another's will,  
Hoping that soon the role will all be past.

Scarcely earnig means for food and drink—  
A strenuous fight for life—so hard to live;  
Quie often perched upon the narrow brink,  
My life a living sacrifice to give.

But I am saved by a Hand I cannot see;  
Again I start for the height that I desire,  
Knowing that somewhere joy awaits for me,  
When I have strength my Ideal to acquire.

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Publication. First published in *Log Cabin Lyrics*. Los Angeles: Eagle Print, 1918, p. 54.

## *I Need Thee*

I need Thee, Lord;  
Go with me day by day,  
Guide me aright  
Lest I should lose the way;  
Leave me not comfortless  
Ere weary I should fall  
Under heavy burdens  
That would my soul enthrall.

I need Thee, Lord,  
When cares and fears dismay;  
When all is dark  
And my life's clouds are grey;  
When evil flames strive to consume my soul;  
When cries of agony from my being burst  
I need Thy cooling waters,  
Lord, to quench my thirst.

I need Thee, Lord,  
Before, and after Death;  
To be with me—  
Then take me home to rest;  
Where conflicts cease,  
Where sorrows come no more,  
And all is peace and bliss  
Upon the Happy Shore.

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Publication. First published in *Log Cabin Lyrics*. Los Angeles: Eagle Print, 1918, p. 54.

## *In Ecstasy*

I breathed a sigh upon the morning air  
That cleared my soul of yearnings and despair;  
And lo' tumultuous joy enwrapt my gladdened soul,  
As I beheld the beauty of my love of old.  
With mind aloof, and thoughts quite calm, serene,  
I sat alone and dreamt a lovely dream,  
'Twas as if she who in my heart abides  
Sat calmly listening, closely by my side.

'Twas that same love, which many years ago,  
Knocked and was welcomed at my heart's weak door;  
That love that entered at a single stride  
And said to me, "I'll ever here abide."

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Publication. First published in *Log Cabin Lyrics*. Los Angeles: Eagle Print, 1918, p. 55.

## *Inquisitive*

What is dat you writin', honey?  
Han' me, let yo' gran'ma see,  
Now do' know no mo' 'bout it  
Dan er infunt 'bout er bee.

Tryin' ter write er book now, is yer?  
Grashus, dat is sho'ly gran';  
Want ter git up wid de big men  
Uv of dis bro'd and glorious lan'.

Chile, you sho' hab had a hand time,  
Gran'ma wish yer all de luck;  
All hit takes fuh eny yungstah  
Is des de brain an' den de pluck.

I ain't got no edycashun,  
Only got plain common sense,  
But I know hit takes ambishun  
Fuh ter git on top de fence.

Go 'long, honey, don't yer wavah,  
Some day you gwi win big fame,  
An' 'pon de top-mos' pinnuckle  
All de world gwi read yo' name.

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Publication. First published in *Log Cabin Lyrics*. Los Angeles: Eagle Print, 1918, p. 56.

## *In the Land of the Setting Sun*

The golden west is now thine own abode,  
Where flowers ever bloom, where fruit abounds in hordes,  
Where God's great wonders thou dost daily see,  
Where life to live is joy, not pain, nor misery.  
There, when the day is nearly done,  
You sit and watch the golden setting sun  
Go down, behind the beautiful snow-capped hills  
Whose summit high is cold—aye, bleak and chill.

My southern sun adorns its throne each day,  
Yet all seems dark—how gloomy is the way!  
Midst hardest struggles, which seem all in vain,  
I strive quite bitterly, health and strength to gain.  
Quite oft I'm shipwrecked, quite oft tempest tost  
In life's weird sea fog, I quite oft am lost;  
Ere come the dawning of another day,  
Mine eyes I ope and dimly view my way.

If this—my life—were void of cares and grief,  
Of all that makes me nurture unbelief,  
Today, with Thee, in the land of the setting sun  
I'd live the life so sweetly once begun.  
But many miles measure the great divide,  
In fancy only I am by your side;  
Yet in my heart an altar firm shall stand,  
For Thy love's offering, tho' in a distant land,

I wish thy life thro' thy remaining years  
To be as brilliant as the golden rays  
Of the western sun that reigns a King Supreme,  
O'er mountain, valley, o'er hill and stream.  
'Twill matter not what fate befalls me here,  
'Twill matter not if each day brings a tear  
To these, my eyes, which are so often wet,  
Aft memory shrives me, aft I can't forget.

Each day I'll breathe a song into the air,  
It shall be wafted to you, should you care  
To press the key love's messenger operates—  
To let down the bar that holds so fast the gate.

Quite short 'twill be, for short is life to live;  
All has its cost, not very much to give;  
Yet this wee song shall ring upon thine ears  
From day to day, from months, to lengthy years.

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Publication. First published in *Log Cabin Lyrics*. Los Angeles: Eagle Print, 1918, p. 56.

## *Jim's Celebrashun*

Wuz you at dat celebrashun  
Down ter Jim's de oddah nite?  
Honey, 'twas de grandes' cashun  
Dat hab evah reached my sight.  
Some gal uz dressed in silk and satun,  
Made in tango style an' sich,  
Some woah oddah styles uv fashun  
Fittin' to de very stitch.  
Some o' de fellahs woah dey peg-tops,  
An' some woah de English style;  
Why, dem dahkies had sich fashuns  
Dat hit took my gaze er while.  
Jim's co't wuz de swallow tail style,  
Pants wuz made in ole time bell,  
Honey, tain't no use in talkin',  
Dat ah dahky looked some swell.

Well, we had ouh lunch in co'ses,  
Fust de cake an' den de wine,  
Den we got ouh pussons ready,  
So's ter dance ter good rag-time;  
All at wunce de musick stahted,  
Dahkys feet 'mence ter shake,  
In er minit all wuz ready  
Fah ter walk fuh dat big cake.

Aftah dat dey done de tango,  
Den de hop, and den de slide,  
Next ter dat de sweet muhzuka,  
Aftah dat de Dallas glide;  
Las'ly come de ole time break down,  
Jim wuz ready now, you bet,  
An' he grabbed his pahtner, Emily,  
While ole Zekel called de sets.  
Zekel calls 'em too. I tell yer.

Dahs some class ter 'em when he calls;  
Now an' den he calls 'em sof'ly,  
Den er gin dat dahky bawls,

“Evah body swing yo’ pahtners  
To de lef<sup>2</sup>-now promahnade,  
Raise you’ feet dah, Moses Johnson,  
Step up lightly fo’ you fade.”

Well, dat set wuz soon all ovah,  
No one neah dat dey could ’noy,  
An’ as quiet wuz a reignin’,  
Josefus shouted, “ spread mo’ joy.”  
But dis ended de perfo’ mance,  
An’ Jim steps out ’pon de flo’  
An’ says, “I’s fo’ ty-three ter nite, folks,  
Dis time next yeah, fo’ ty-fo’.”  
Des ter tell yer all er ’bout it,  
De entiah thing was good an’ gran’,  
Dah ain’t no use in sayin’ nuffin’,  
’Twas de bes’ ball uv de lan’.

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Publication. First published in *Log Cabin Lyrics*. Los Angeles: Eagle Print, 1918, p. 58.

## *Kindly Deeds*

I would that I might lift the misty veil  
That shrouds thy life, and make thy sad heart wail,  
But oh, I fancy 'tis a nobler deed,  
'Twould take to fill thy sad heart's potent need.

I would that I, a gentle word, might speak  
To warm the chill of thy life's winter, bleak;  
But fearing that I might thy thoughts belay,  
I guard my tongue, and hold my speech at bay.

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Publication. First published in *Log Cabin Lyrics*. Los Angeles: Eagle Print, 1918, p. 59.

## *Lamentation*

'Tis sad, too sad, that this my fate must be,  
I would to God that I were from pain set free;  
Much misery has been my lot for six, long years,  
And many days I've bathed my face in briny tears.  
But God, who knows and measures all our fates,  
Will bring me comfort, ere it be too late;  
He is my comfort when my pains are hard to bear,  
I must put my trust in Him; I know He hears my prayer.

Heavenly Father, let Thy will be done;  
Out of the hosts that suffer, I am only one;  
In Thee I place my trust forever more,  
To be with Thee when I am called to go.

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Publication. First published in *Log Cabin Lyrics*. Los Angeles: Eagle Print, 1918, p. 59.

## *Love's Confession*

Take dis li'l piece o' musick,  
    Honey, deah,  
Try 'em out 'pon yo' piano,  
    Des to cheer  
Dis hyeah heart, fuh hit is achin',  
Mos' nigh at de point o' breakin',  
Look hyeah, honey, ain't you shakin',  
    Have no feah.

Play 'em so's to git de melody  
    sof' an' sweet;  
So each chord 'll beah hits message  
    Swift an' fleet;  
Fuh dahs in dis weazen frame  
'Fectious dat is mos' nigh flame,  
An' I knows dat you de blame,  
    Keep yo' seat.

Yes, I luvs you, 'cose I dose,  
    True an' deah;  
Won't you be my—O, you know,  
    Foah a yeah?  
Life dout you is totally blank;  
'Taint no us to act a crank,  
Dat's right, honey, play no prank;  
    You's my deah.

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Publication. First published in *Log Cabin Lyrics*. Los Angeles: Eagle Print, 1918, p. 60.

## *Love Time*

June's de mont' fuh lovahs,  
Hits de matin' time,  
O, I lubs hit deahly,  
Goodness! ain't it fine.  
When yer goes er strollin'  
Down de lovah's lane,  
Woooin' yo' bes' sweet-heart,  
Name Muhlindy Jane.

Co'se I lubs dat June mont',  
Hits der time ter spoon,  
Strollin' wid yo' dahlin'  
Neaf de silvah moon,  
While you tels her fon'ly  
Dat you lubs her true,  
An' she whispers sof'ly,  
"Yes, I lubs you, too."

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Publication. First published in *Log Cabin Lyrics*. Los Angeles: Eagle Print, 1918, p. 61.

## *Lasses Time*

When de dahkies go a-trampin'  
Ter de ole time' lasses mill,  
Dat is seated in de hallow  
Neaf de ruddy clay-capped hill;  
Whah de cane juice is er oozin'  
F'om the ugly grindahs mouf,  
An' de scent o' cookin' 'lasses  
Is a-risin' strong an' stout;  
Den yer knows dat hit is summah  
An' dat res' time's very nigh.

Fuh de farmahs done quit ho'in'  
An' de crops is all laid bye.  
Way down in de cane f'el,  
Neah ole Chandler's lane,  
Dahs er dozen er more dahkies  
A-strippin' o' de cane;  
Dey's er workin', too, I tell yer,  
I knows hit by the crackin' soun'  
O' de long, sharp hick'ry paddahls  
Dat falls faddah ter de groun'.  
Now and den yer see a-rippin'  
An' er shakin' o' de stalks,  
An' yer hyeah er kindah rumplin'  
Ez dem dahkies 'mence ter talk.

Den er-gin yer hyeah er hollah  
Way down nigh de lowah en',  
Whah de rows is sawtah narrow  
An' dey crook, an' twis' an' ben'—  
Dat's er si'n dat some is tu'nin'  
So's ter mek annudah thro',  
An' de ansah come a-rollin',  
"Take de fuss, an' den skip two;"  
Cane stalks reelin' an' a-rockin'  
'Bout de middle o' de f'el',  
An' yer hyeah some o' dem dahkies  
Break 'pon er so'thun reel.

Hits er joy ter see dem dahkies  
A-mowin' o' de tall cane down  
Dat is ready fuh de millin'  
When hits piled 'pon de groun';  
Den daih come, er sawtah hankerin'  
Ez yer lingah 'roun de vat  
Whah de good ole solghum 'lasses  
Spew an' sputtah, steam an' spat;  
Fuh you appahtite gits sharpah

Dan er anchunt battle ax,  
An' yer feels de hongah 'pon yer,  
Dis I knows ez axul fac's.

Seein' dis ain't ha'f de feelin'  
Ez dat whut comes when dinnah's nigh,  
When yer knows dat ma gwi fetch yer  
Er good ole piece o' 'lasses pie.  
G'way, chillun! le' me tell yer one thing,  
Yer lin lis'n, ef yer will,  
Daih ain't no time dat's ha'f so tetchin'  
Ez wo'kin' 'roun' de 'lasses mill;  
Whah de cane chews pile up highah  
Dan er regulch foddah stack,  
An' whah ma's li'l' pickahninny's  
Roll an' tum'le on deir backs.  
When de dahkies' mence ter make 'lasses,  
Den yer know dat res' time's nigh,  
Fuh de farmahs done quit ho'in'  
An' de crops is all laid by,  
An' de all go stompin', trompin',  
To de ole time 'lasses mill  
Dat is seated in de hollow  
Neaf de ruddy clay-capped hill;  
Whah de cane juice is er oozin'  
F'om de ugly grindah's mouf,  
An' de scent o' cookin' 'lasses  
Is er risin' strong an' stout.

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Publication. First published in *Log Cabin Lyrics*. Los Angeles: Eagle Print, 1918, p. 61.

## *Lay Bye Time*

Dis hyeah is de lay-bye time o' de yeah,  
Crops lookin' prosp'rus an' hits brings good cheer;  
Done laid 'way de teahm's ole ha'ness,  
Done stacked de plow tools in de barn  
An' dahs plenty time tor lawter  
F'om place to place, f'om farm ter farm.

Hay f'el's lookin' yallah all er roun';  
Corn 'mence ter ripen an' de foddah's turnin' brown;  
Honey-bee er buzzin' 'roun' de cotton bloom  
An' de cotton blossom scent de aih wid deir sweet puhfume;  
Watah mellun rip'nin', big an' red, an sweet,  
An' hit makes er fellah feel good F'om head ter feet.

Got plenty time ter lawter 'bout de place,  
Don't haftah go hurry-scurry, in er pace;  
Time ter mend all de ole ha'ness,  
Ter grease 'em up, an' make 'em shine;  
Time ter build de rac's fer faddah  
An' place de fences all in line.  
Fuh dis hyeah is de lay-bye time o' de yeah;  
Evah thing is prosperin' an' hit brings good cheer.

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Publication. First published in *Log Cabin Lyrics*. Los Angeles: Eagle Print, 1918, p. 64.

## *Lift the Veil*

Come lift the veil, for gloomy is the way  
I grope in sorrow; fears, and distrust dismay;  
Once all was clear, the misty veil had gone;  
Alas! returned, my agony to prolong.  
Dark are the clouds which doth my soul enthrall;  
Grim is the trace of joy, of comfort; all  
In panoply which terrifies my soul,  
They seem to sing a canny, sad parole.

Come lift the veil, I long to calmly see  
The joy, the comfort, my life holds for me;  
For all these years have made obscure my goal,  
And I am left a weary, desperate soul.

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Publication. First published in *Log Cabin Lyrics*. Los Angeles: Eagle Print, 1918, p. 65.

## *Meloncholy*

I can't stop de teahs f'om flowin'  
F'om dese eyes o' mine,  
Fer I's longin' fer my dahlin  
Very neah all de time.  
'Cause I luvs her deahly,  
Hit is sho'ly true,  
Dat's de reasun, honey,  
I's so awful blue.  
My mind des rambuhls ovah  
De same ole rocky paf;  
My eyes des keep er leakin',  
Can't have er hardy laff;  
'Cause I'se thinkin' 'bout my dahlin',  
Nobody else won't do;  
An' fer dat very reasun  
I's sho' awful blue.

I'm gwi write an' tell her,  
"Tishie, please come home,  
For my heart is breakin',  
Do not longah rome;  
Come home, won't yer, dahlin',  
Back ter ma and Sue,  
Fer my heart is akin'  
An' I's awful blue."

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Publication. First published in *Log Cabin Lyrics*. Los Angeles: Eagle Print, 1918, p. 65.

## *My Lost Love*

Quite oft I sit with you on memory's throne,  
Quite oft I plod the paths we trod-alone;  
I've sat with you while memory acted guard,  
First in the pews—upon the old Church yard.

There, neath the trees, protected by their shade,  
My memory hastens o'er the vows we made,

And oh, my heart seems pierced thro' by a dart,  
To think that we, today, are far apart.  
I cherish still the old love ture and tried,  
Some day, beloved, I'll nestle by your side  
And tell you o'er, as once I fondly told,  
Love's sweet story which has ne'er grown old.

Quite oft I sit with thee in waking dreams  
Down by the meadow brook-beside the murmuring stream,  
Where last we sat and planned the beautiful ways  
We'd spend our glorious, happy, future days.

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Publication. First published in *Log Cabin Lyrics*. Los Angeles: Eagle Print, 1918, p. 65.

## *Mammy's Li'l' Bright Eyes*

Look at dady's dahlin'  
Des stickin' ful o' mud,  
I bet er silvah button,  
You's been planyin' in dem suds.  
Come' ere, li'l' bright eyes,  
Jump up in daddy's lap,  
My, whut er preshus dahlin'!  
You's sich er deah li'l' chap.

Whah'd yer git dem putty teef,  
Shinin' des lak peahls?  
You's de sweetes' pickaninny  
In dis wohle big wo'l'.  
Eyes ez bright ez moon beams,  
Hair done up in cu'ls,  
Diah ain't in dis creashun  
Annudah sich dandy girl.  
Mammy, is dis yo' pickaninny,  
Huddled up in my ahms?  
She must o' blowed in de odder day,  
Wid dat passin' sto'm.  
I des can't rekernize de fe'tur's

O' dis muddy li'l' chile,  
Guess we'll hafter gee huh  
To de man dat's runnin' wil'.  
He'll take huh way down by de hill  
Ter his den down in de groun',  
Den she can't paddle in de mud  
An' waller all 'roun';  
Fer dat ole man'll git huh, sho',  
Wid his fiahry, sparklin' eyes;  
She'll hafter be er tidy, chile,  
He'll whoop huh ef she cries.

Come ter yo' mammy, preshus dahlin',  
Nevah feah de man dat's wil',  
Ef he comes 'roun neah dis cabin,  
Mammy, 'll 'tect huh li'l' bright eyes.

Take yo' res', my preshus li'l' un,  
Daih ain't no clouds ter mar yo' shies;  
Daih ain't no critter dat kin harm yer,  
Mammy'll watch ovah huh li'l' bright eyes.

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Publication. First published in *Log Cabin Lyrics*. Los Angeles: Eagle Print, 1918, p. 66.

## *My Sweet L'u'sana Queen*

F'om de lan' whah de good ole sugah cane grow,  
Whah de f'el's o' cotton blossom wite ez snow,  
Whah daih's many a blushin', sweet kerleen,  
Daih comes my sweet L'u'sana Queen.

Huh eyes is er putty indergo blue,  
Dey shine an' sparkle des lak dew,  
An' she's des er lov'ly li'l' dream,  
Fuh she's my sweet L'u'sana Queen.  
Ef she is nawty, whut I keer,  
Ez long ez she ter me is deah;  
I don't think dat she's so awful mean,  
Fuh she's my sweet L'u'sana Queen.

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Publication. First published in *Log Cabin Lyrics*. Los Angeles: Eagle Print, 1918, p. 67.

## *My Life's Bright Star*

I long, my love, for just one written line,  
Which shall be treasured dearly, held sacred, most sublime;  
This sublunary hope is fraught with many cares  
And slowly do the moments pass—so slowthful are the years.  
As one whose cot bears time's tattooed imprint,  
Sits gazing at Celestial bodies far,  
So I, whose heart, whose soul is almost rent,  
Look longing up to Thee, my life's bright star.

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Publication. First published in *Log Cabin Lyrics*. Los Angeles: Eagle Print, 1918, p. 68.

## *May I Make Amends*

There's a tiny spot in the recesses of my heart  
Which caught aflame as you spoke of the days of yore;  
And now the fire is of my soul apart,  
An intense longing sets it all aglow.

May I make amends, and once more ask esteem,  
Of you whose friendship is serenely sweet,  
And hope some day for closer ties serene;  
For that blissful joy I truly long to greet?

May I make amends for the words at random spoken,  
And be to you, my life's own flowery May?  
May I make amends for the vows so often broken.  
That I might see a bright and happy day?  
All in a day 'twas done with you and me;  
I sought—I thought—a jewel sparkling bright,  
And all the days since then full of misery  
Have marked a dismal path, not one of light.

Now hopes are bright, the way is plain and clear;  
There's none to mar a joy that life may give,  
For freedom makes me know no bitter fear,  
And life is sweet; a pleasant dream to live.

Let me make amends! Speak pardon from thy lips,  
Whose calm sweet utterance thrill my soul all through;  
Whose voice is sweet as the nectar that has dripped  
From the honey-suckle that I slowly gave to you.

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Publication. First published in *Log Cabin Lyrics*. Los Angeles: Eagle Print, 1918, p. 68.

## *Mammy's Lullaby*

Go ter sleep now, Selabo,  
    Bye, baby bye.  
Krissy-Kane 'll ketch yo, sho',  
    Bye, baby bye.  
Bloody bone is layin' 'roun',  
Car' yer way down in de groun',  
    Bye, baby bye.

Close dem eyes now, don't you peep,  
    Bye, baby bye.  
Dat's de way de good boy sleeps,  
    Bye, baby bye.  
Mamma comin' attah while,  
Dat's righ', be er sweet li'l' chile,  
    Bye, baby bye.

Dah now, honey, take yo' res'  
    Bye, baby bye.  
Lak er bird dat's in hits nes',  
    Bye, baby bye.  
Sleep now, dahlin'; when you wake  
You gwi git er gingah cake,  
    Bye, baby bye.

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Publication. First published in *Log Cabin Lyrics*. Los Angeles: Eagle Print, 1918, p. 69.

## *Mother*

Sweet angel of my life and soul a part;  
I sing to thee;  
For in my heart's recesses deep,  
A cherished love, along with care and grief,  
Doth loiter free.

But lo, my heart is filled with pain,  
Aye bubbling o'er;  
And o'er thy life's sad story I brood,  
And sigh the more.  
Thy days of child-hood  
Fraught with hardship sore, have passed away;  
And woman-hood with all its  
Cares and joy, make thy bright day.

I've listened to thee time and time again,  
Thy career review;  
And in my heart I tried to fancy  
'Twere not true.

As thou has said when bleak the winter's day  
Thou had to go,  
To fetch from neighbors 'cross the woods,  
Through sleet and snow;  
A morsel of meal to make thy daily bread  
Feet wrapt in rags, a rag upon thy head  
'Twas truly so.

I fancy you as on your way you sped, with aching feet  
With hands quite numb, body shivering, cold

From stinging sleet; plodding the lonely path so often trod  
Alone, with no one near, save thine own God,  
To cheer thy soul to make thy burdens light

No one you'd meet.

Alas back home and crouching by the fire  
To embers burned, while guardian knits or naps,  
The pones you turned  
Till done and ready for a scanty meal,

You'd wait and long,—grim hunger you would feel;  
How you were spurned!  
“Twill be no more, as 'twere with thee long years ago;  
Thy hardest struggles long have passed,  
They'll come no more;  
Thy years are ripening, and thy last days shall be,  
Quite calm, serene, and from all turmoil free;  
Till thou art called to go.

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Publication. First published in *Log Cabin Lyrics*. Los Angeles: Eagle Print, 1918, p. 70.

## *My Lib*

Dis hyeah is my own sweet Lib,  
          Dis hyeah gal;  
She's de sweetes' evah lived,  
          Dis hyeah gal;  
An' I des can't really' splain  
'Bout dis gal dat's got my name,  
And how I ain't de blame,  
          She's my Lib.

Her li'l' voice is shrill an' sweet,  
          Is my Lib's;  
An' her pusson's really neat,  
          Is my Lib's.  
When she goes 'bout de house,  
Puckahin' up her li'l' mouf,  
You hyeah wabbles loud an' stout,  
          F'om my Lib.

O, I lubs her ter her heaht,  
Dis hyeah gal;  
Don't see how dat I kin paht  
F'om my Lib;  
'Cause I lubs her true an' deah;  
Ef she knows hit, I do' keer;  
Wid her I nevah habs no feah;  
She's my Lib.

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Publication. First published in *Log Cabin Lyrics*. Los Angeles: Eagle Print, 1918, p. 71.

## *Nearing His End*

Ole marsus, I's come ter see yer  
Once mo' fo' I go—  
My time is almos' spent hyeah  
I'm gwine to de oddah sho'.

I's gwine cros' de dark ribbah,  
Whah de troubled is at res';  
Dah I'll be in sweet kermunun  
In de comp'ny uv de blest.  
Whah de weak an' hebby laden  
Does not shed a briny teah;  
Whah dark triahls nevah entah,  
An' yer nevah have no feah.  
Ovah dah I'll be a restin',  
Standin' fo' de throne I'll sing,  
An' I'll shout a loud hossannahs,  
Glory to de Lawd an' King.

'Pears lak I kin hyeah de Anguls  
Singin' on dat shinin' sho';  
'Pears lak I kin hyeah de voices  
Uv de Saints dat's gone befo'.

Oh, I's gwine way ovah de ribah,  
I'se gwi play on de hawp uv Gol'

An' I'll sing glad halleluyahs  
When I reach the Master's fol'.

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Publication. First published in *Log Cabin Lyrics*. Los Angeles: Eagle Print, 1918, p. 72.

## *Nature's Music*

All Nature's music resounds within my soul,  
And sweeter the melody than tongue or pen can tell;  
God, through Nature, all harmony doth unfold;  
Sweet is the story that I fain would tell.

The soft breeze whispers to the leaves, "awake ";  
Their rippling voices answer sweet and low;  
It hastens on across the silent lake  
And sets its placid waters dancing to and fro.

The mountain stream awakes the pebbles that sleep,  
As it goes murmuring on its frolic way,  
Laughing and chattering as here and there it leaps  
A sulky boulder and hastens toward the bay.  
The song birds twitter and flit from branch and bough,  
Piping their sweet, melodious songs of love;  
The chanticleer proclaims the morning hour;  
From a far come wailings of the mournful dove.

The cricket loudly blows his tiny piccolo  
Whose sharp, shrill tones resound upon the air,  
Floating aloof from his home beneath the floor,  
Yet there is joy and peace and harmony there.  
All Nature's music resounds within my soul,  
And sweeter the melody than tongue or pen can tell;  
God through Nature all harmony doth unfold;  
Sweet is the story that I fain would tell.

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Publication. First published in *Log Cabin Lyrics*. Los Angeles: Eagle Print, 1918, p. 73.

## *Odd Fellows' Day*

Dey wuz gethad, wuz dem dahkies  
F'om miles 'roun', f'om fuh and neah;  
Seem lak all o' Ham's dusky chillun  
Come f'om edges o' de sp'ere.  
Some on ho's'back, some in buggies,  
Oddahs in deir wagans come,  
Some came bobbín' up on foot, suh,  
Walk ter dem wuz only fun.  
Wagans, buggies, an' de ho'ses  
Standin' 'roun' 'bout in spots,  
Men an' wimmin an' deir chillun  
Huddled 'bout in great big floc's;  
People dah uv all diskripshuns,  
Blin' an' cripple, grizzahly, gray;  
Nevah seen in all my zistance  
Dahkies getah dat er way.

Time? Lawd, chile, dey had it—  
Dancin', singin', playin' ball;  
Vitul's! Don't say nothin', honey,  
Dat's de paht whut beat 'em all.  
An' ole fashun barbecue,  
Fexhnarys uv all deskripshuns,  
Ice cream an' hoky-poky, too.  
'Bout de middle uv de eben'  
De colah'd ban' 'mence ter play,  
So's ter git de crowd ter gethah  
To hyeah de speakahs uv de day.  
Ministahs, de'cons, stewahds, te'chers  
Rose fo' dat august crowd,

Some er actin' very humble,  
Oddahs actin' hawty, proud.

Speakin'! Honey, le' me tell yer,  
Dem ah dahkies made some fuss,  
Don't tell me dat we isn't in it.  
Us collud fo'ks is' mongst de stuff.  
Preachahs pled de cause uv heben,

De'cons jined 'em in der talk,  
Now an' den er sistah'd hollah,  
"Bruddah, make 'em walk de chalk."  
Dem big fessahs, huh! dey capped it  
Wid deir hyflutin' style,  
Wo'd 'byon my kompahenshun,  
An' I'd des set daih an' smile.  
Dey spoke 'bout ko-prashun  
Uv collud fo'ks in walks o' life,  
Den dey spoke 'bout de pedahmints,  
Dat brings 'bout all dis ahful strife.  
Can't tell yer all 'bout dat dinnah,  
'Twas de bes' dey's had in yeahs;  
Dwant er fetuh uv de ebenin'  
Dat didn't git er lots o' cheers,  
Evah thing wuz gran', I tell yer,  
An' I sho', Lawd, 'joyed my'se'f.  
Dah is dis one thing 'bout it,  
De dahky gittin' on de she'f.

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Publication. First published in *Log Cabin Lyrics*. Los Angeles: Eagle Print, 1918, p. 74.

## *Poet*

Tell me, red rose, the secret of your heart;  
Is there a message you would fain impart  
To me, if I should weild a listening ear  
And linger near, your lispig speech to hear.

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Publication. First published in *Log Cabin Lyrics*. Los Angeles: Eagle Print, 1918, p. 75.

## *Rose*

God gave me beauty; He fragrance gave me, too,  
That I might bear a message sweet to you;  
Upon my lips are kisses of sunshine,  
No cloud ne'er came to mar my way sublime.  
Short is my life, and joyful I must live;  
Little I have but that I freely give  
To make some life, all fraught with pain and grief,  
A realm of joy, an eden of perfect peace.

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Publication. First published in *Log Cabin Lyrics*. Los Angeles: Eagle Print, 1918, p. 76.

## *Proposing*

Ca'y I's got er ser'us kwestun  
Dat I feels lak I mus' ax,  
But some-how hit seems puhplexin  
Seems ter me li'l' lax;  
But I's gwine ter ax it, dahlin',  
Brace yo'se'f ter stan' de shoc',  
'Cause ef I don't spress my feelin'  
I b'l'eve ter good-ness dat I'll pop.

Ca'y I has allus luv'd yer,  
Dat you know, an' kin attes',  
An' I want ter—good-ness, grac'us,  
Hit's so hot I des can't res'.  
Will yer be—oh, shuh, how chilly!  
Dis hyeah wetah's made er change;  
Fells des lak de de'd o' wintah,  
Ca'y I feels a'ful strange.

Yes, I wants ter tell yer—good-ness!  
Dis hyeah chair don't set des right;  
Evah time I's mos' nigh told yer  
Somfun gives er 'a'ful fright;  
Ca'y I—er ca'y will yer be—er  
Will yer tak—er—give me er drink  
Fuh I's des so pawahful thusty,  
Fells lak I's gwi sho'ly faint.

Guess yer knows by dis time, dahlin',  
Zacly whut I's tried ter say,  
I's made hit plain as day-light,  
In my slo' an' stumlin' way.  
Yes, dat's hit, I tho't yer know'd it,  
Co'ldn't ax dat ter save my life,  
Fuh de changin' uv my feelin's,  
Yet I know'd you'd be my wife.

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Publication. First published in *Log Cabin Lyrics*. Los Angeles: Eagle Print, 1918, p. 76.

## *People Will Talk*

You can't satisfy dese people  
'Bout deir laks an' 'bout deir wants,  
Fer dey'll talk 'bout de gamblah  
An' dey'll talk 'bout de font;  
Dey'll talk 'bout yer dressin'  
'Cause hit ain't de lates' style,  
An' dey'll say yer face is double.  
Ef yer weahs er kindly smile.  
Efyer goes ter Chu'ch on Sunday  
Dey'll call yer devilish, hippercrit;  
On Monday dey'll come thringin' ter you  
Wid sister "sick, an' sich an' sich.  
I tell yer hit is simply a'ful  
Terhave er bunch uv fic'le frien's,  
Dey'll keep yer min' all tore ter p'eces  
F'om er week's' ginnin' ter hit's en'.  
Can't eben weah no decen' clothin'  
But what dey'll call yer hawty, vain,  
An' cause hit ain't des made ter suit 'em  
Dey'll say you's crazy an' insane;  
Dey'll geer an' sneer ter raise yo' angah  
  
An' say yo' hat ain't dressed des right;  
Oh, yer des can't please dese dahkys,  
You can't suit deir appahtites.

Ef yer visits certa'n nabahs  
De oddahs'll say you's all stuck up,  
Says yer thinks you's 'bove dey comp'ny  
An' dat yer thinks you's muck-e-muck.  
Mattahs not whut is yo' callin',  
Dey gwi have some fa'lt ter fin';  
Honey, you can't please dese people,  
Tryin' you'll d'range yo' min'.

You des can't please dese collud people,  
I knows hit, an' I ain't gwi try;  
Dah ain't no use in tuggin', scufflin',  
Deirwants an' laks ter gratahfy.

Hit's bes' ter strive ter suit de Mastah,  
Doin' de right an' shunin' wrong,  
Dah ain't no use ter teah yo' brains out,  
You can't please dis dev-lish throng.

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Publication. First published in *Log Cabin Lyrics*. Los Angeles: Eagle Print, 1918, p. 77.

## *Queen of My Dreams*

When night has fallen  
And my weary lids  
Are closed in sleep,  
'Tis you of whom I dream,  
Quite constantly,  
To you I speak.  
So near art thou  
That grasping, I awake,  
And thou art gone;  
Queen of my dreams,  
Which I did hold  
In my own arms.  
'Twas that sweet voice  
Which softly called,  
  
And 'twas obeyed;  
For ere I slept again  
I sat with thee  
In cool, sweet shade.  
Not once, but oft while slumbering, I sit  
With thee alone,  
Queen of my dreams,  
Whose time is brief  
Ere thou art gone.

---

Publication. First published in *Log Cabin Lyrics*. Los Angeles: Eagle Print, 1918, p. 78.

## *Rifled*

Why rifle me of all that gives me life,  
Of all that makes me what I am today,  
When all my hopes, serrated tho' they be,  
Cling to the cragged cliffs of love's rough way

Will you come some day to make amends,  
To pave the path which now is rugged—rough,  
Or will it be a wanderer's terrible fate  
To grope in darkness—tumble down the bluff?  
Awe stricken! Oh, what reverential fear!  
What ghostly forms, what impish figures near!  
Come, thrice come, lead me lest I fall;  
Lead yonder, to that fount where phantoms sweet appear.

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Publication. First published in *Log Cabin Lyrics*. Los Angeles: Eagle Print, 1918, p. 79.

## *Sing, Sweet Bird*

Why pipe such plaintive songs, my birdling, dear,  
Upon thy perch so high up in the air,  
Hast thou song mate flown to another sphere  
And hast thou none, thy plaintive cries to hear?

List how the mock-bird in derision yells,  
His shouts of laughter, at their plaintive cries;  
List how his music and his rhythmic spells

Burst forth quite merrily, “birdling, do not sigh.”  
Sweet birdling, sing, for the earth is all aglow,  
The flowers bloom and the gentle breezes swell  
Till through the trees their voices soft and low  
Whisper a story I am loath to tell.

The sunbeams lavish caresses upon the rose,  
The sparkling dew drops to its petals cling,  
With sportive airs, with murmers light, jocose,  
Cheer up, cheer up, and sing, sweet birdling, sing.

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Publication. First published in *Log Cabin Lyrics*. Los Angeles: Eagle Print, 1918, p. 79.

## *Suspicion*

Miss Jessie Steel, you can't fool me,  
Ain't my eyes made so's ter see,  
Dat you's crazy 'bout de man  
What put de red rose in yo' han'.  
Eben seen yer blush de oddah day  
When he come 'long an' look'd yo' way;  
I seen yer cas' dat sheepish eye  
An' seen 'em wave as he went by.  
Come 'long, Miss Jessie, tell me true,  
Is dat de man whut's made fuh you?  
Now don't ac' silly, tell yo' fr'en',  
I has a piece o' 'vice ter len'.  
I know'd you'd fess up ter de fac'  
'Bout bein' gone dead on Mr. Jack;  
He's trim an' fine, dat ain't no lie;  
Chile, you's sho'ly got some eye.  
De nex' time dat he fetch er rose,  
Don't tell me dat you only s'pose  
Dat he takes yer fer er fr'en'  
An' try ter keep de secret in.

Fuh dese hyeah eyes is keen an' shahp,  
Dey're sho' ter ketch yer ef yo' spark  
'Roun' dis place wid Mr. Jack,  
Den try ter keep hit all hid back.

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Publication. First published in *Log Cabin Lyrics*. Los Angeles: Eagle Print, 1918, p. 80.

## *Show Me the Way*

Why is your life so full of mirth and glee?  
Have you ne'er known no pain, no misery?  
Are all your days with sunshine bright and fair?  
Have you no cause to murmur or despair?

In strange suspense I often gaze at you,  
Trying to steal what seems your secret clew  
To happiness, to joy, and to mirth;  
Still I am lost, a wanderer, all a-thirst.  
Show me the way; just let me glimpse the shrine  
Where there is joy, and I true hope might find,  
or lo! dark clouds o'ershadow my life's skies;  
All is a misty veil before my wistful eyes.

Is my life sad? Such bitter, bitter years  
I've spent in torture, in sorrow and in tears;  
Battling the grim and savage monster: pain;  
Trying a victory o'er ill-health to gain.

Too long and woeful is my theme to tell,  
And I must strive this passion wild to quell,  
Of pouring out to one whose life sublime  
Has brought to mine rays of bright sunshine.

Show me the way, be it not too great a task,  
This one request is all that I must ask;  
Then let me strive to gain the utmost heights,  
Where all is harmony, all is bliss and light.

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Publication. First published in *Log Cabin Lyrics*. Los Angeles: Eagle Print, 1918, p. 81.

## *Satisfied*

Guess you's satisfied, I reckon,  
When he hol's yo' li'l' han';  
Guess he calls yer his own deahrie,  
Or his preshus li'l' lam'.

Yes, I seen yer 'fo' yer knowed it,  
Den yer acted kinda shy,  
Dah ain't no use in tryin' ter fool me,  
I wuz lookin' on de sly.  
Yer sees 'em purty reglah, don't yer,  
Put nigh eavah day, hit seems,  
Think he ask yer han' fer wed-loc',  
He's yo' very heaht, I ween.

Yes, yo' heaht is made fer lovin',  
Des de same ez dis uv mine,  
An' 'cause you wuz turtle-dovin'  
I shan't fin' no cause ter whine.

---

Publication. First published in *Log Cabin Lyrics*. Los Angeles: Eagle Print, 1918, p. 82.

## *Smile*

When you's feelin' kind o' troubled,  
    Git er smile.  
Worry makes de t'ings come double,  
    All de while;  
"Taint no use ter have er grouch;  
Git dem puckahs out yo' mouf,  
    Git er smile.  
Worry hampahs many critters  
In dis lan';  
So hit's up ter you ter dodge 'em,  
    Stay his han'.  
Yes, I's talkin' f'om sperence,  
I ain't in no spirit seance,  
    Undahstan'.

When ole trouble' proaches me  
I des smile,  
Den he scampahs fuh er way  
To exile.  
Dat's de way ter lick dat scamp  
When he lingahs 'bout yo' camp,

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Publication. First published in *Log Cabin Lyrics*. Los Angeles: Eagle Print, 1918, p. 82.

## *Sad Memories*

Oh, I feels so awful lon'some  
By dis fiah-side, wunce so cheerful,  
Fell des lak I's all fuhsaken,  
Tell yer, honey, I feels feahful;  
Fuh my memoahry wandahs fon'ly  
Back ter days uv long er go,  
When I co'ted deah Mahrandy,  
When I wuz huh only beau;  
When we gathahed de wil' flowah  
Way down in de madah,  
An' we lingahed fer kuhresses  
Neaf de willahs' gentle shadows.  
Dis fiah dat wunce burned very brightly,  
Slowly, kamly, now hit's dyin'  
An' my heah is filled wid sadness,  
Fuh my dahlin' I is sighin'.  
Yes, my memahry takes me slowly  
Down de li'l' country lane;  
Takes me ter de li'l' Chu'ch yahd  
Whah my dahlin' now is layin';  
I wants ter lay neah whah she's sleepin',  
Near dis place when I's passed er way,  
Whah I'se spent sad days o' weepin'  
Whah my deah Mahrandy lay.

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Publication. First published in *Log Cabin Lyrics*. Los Angeles: Eagle Print, 1918, p. 83.

## *Spring Voices*

It seemed as if a thousand voices o'er me sang.  
The wood-land rung with music far and near;  
And here and there to break the rythm  
A creaky voice rings out a pleading call.  
Tell me rain-crow, what dost thy pleading mean?  
Art thou a messenger bringing news of Spring?  
If this thy mision be, we welcome thee,  
For 'tis our greatest joy to greet the blossoming flowers;  
The budding trees with grasses growing beneath;  
All Mother Nature's children that whisper to me of Spring.

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Publication. First published in *Log Cabin Lyrics*. Los Angeles: Eagle Print, 1918, p. 84.

## *Scolded*

Don't you hyeah me callin'?  
Git up now, my son,  
Don't yer mean ter work today?  
Bre'kfus mos' nigh done,  
An' you'se snoozin' deeply  
As ef'twas dark mid-night;  
Gone ter sleep er 'gin, suh;  
Why, dat boy's er sight.

Moses, don't yer hyeah me?  
Gwi call yer one moah time;  
Des ez sho' ter whoop yer  
Ez my name ez Emahline.  
Des don' mean ter min' me;  
Emily, whah's my strop?  
Dahky, I'm gwi whoop you;  
Hush! Don't yer cry er drop.

Hush up! Don't yer muttah,  
Wipe dem great big eyes,  
Want ter sleep all day, suh,

Why, I's really s'prised.  
Dry up, I tell yer Moses!  
Des whimpah wunce er gin,  
De way I'll whoop you-hyeh me!  
'Fo' God 'twill be er sin.

Go fetch me dem aih eggs, boy,  
Den tu'n de ho'ses in de fiel',  
While I gits thrue wid dis chu'nin',  
So's ter have er good square meal.  
You's tiahed; come heah, Moses!  
Boy, you sho'ly can't be beat;  
You ain't wuf de bref dat's wasted  
Ter wake yer f'om yer sleep.  
Come on ter yer bre'kfus,  
Ain't yer tryin' ter pout?  
Boy, I'll give yer sumpin'  
Fer ter pout erbout;

De day is made fer wo'kin',  
Ter move, an' git er bout;  
Now ef yer don't membah dat,  
We's sho'ly gwi fall out.

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Publication. First published in *Log Cabin Lyrics*. Los Angeles: Eagle Print, 1918, p. 84.

## *Step 'long*

My pa, he allus uster say,  
“Step 'long, ponies, step 'long.”  
A-plowin' co'n, or a-mowin' hay,  
“Step 'long, ponies, step 'long.”  
I allus hated ter hyeah dem wo'ds,  
Dey'd soun' ter me so a'ful' surd,  
Yit dat same chune I's of'n heard,  
“Step 'long, ponies, step 'long.”  
When us chaps'd go sa'ntering ter de f'el'  
“Twuz step 'long, chillun, step 'long.”  
Ef us picked peas fer Mistah Steele,  
“Twuz step 'long, chillun, step 'long.”  
  
'Twuz step 'long, chillun, de blessed day,  
But not er mumlin' wo'd we'd say  
Twell pa wuz pretty fuh er way,  
Wid his “Step 'long, chillun, step 'long.”  
Don't keer whut us had ter do,  
Pa'd allus say, “Step 'long.”  
'Twuz step 'long, chillun, tweel we wuz thro',  
“Step 'long, chillun, step 'long.”  
I guess when pa is ole an' gray,  
An' speedin't'ward de ole gospul way,  
He'll allus manage so's ter say,  
“Step 'long, chillun, step 'long.”

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Publication. First published in *Log Cabin Lyrics*. Los Angeles: Eagle Print, 1918, p. 85.

## *Solitude*

O solitude, what phantoms dost thou nurse!  
Which rise like mist before my weary eyes;  
Try as I will the specters to disperse  
They linger near to torture, I surmise.  
What ghostly forms! How frantically they dance!

Lifting their gorgeous robes like wings into the air,  
Whirling and spinning—sprightly they prance.  
I sit and gaze perplexingly—a victim of despair.  
Like elves and fairies tripping to and fro, they bound about,  
Nimbly they skip—they move their beauteous forms enchantingly  
As if to lure me way, and yet I entertain a doubt;  
A vague fear shrouds my being and I move quite languidly.  
O solitude, what power dost thou hold  
O'er these thy children born in the minds of men;  
O'er these thy beauties, fair as the twilight gold,  
Which live and die ere thought comes sauntering in.

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Publication. First published in *Log Cabin Lyrics*. Los Angeles: Eagle Print, 1918, p. 86.

## *Surprised*

What you got dah, Isaac?  
Boy, you can't fool me;  
Come up nihah, honey,  
Let yo' gran'pa see.

Dat's er 'possum, bless de lam',  
Good-ness, ain't dat gran' '!  
You de fines' dahky  
In dis sorrowin' lan'.  
Won't us eat dat buggah  
When he gits good an' brown,  
Wid dem sweet pohtaters  
Layin' all er round.

Den dah is de gravy, too,  
Seassoned to per fecshun,  
Won't dah be a glolah time  
When us make conecshuns.

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Publication. First published in *Log Cabin Lyrics*. Los Angeles: Eagle Print, 1918, p. 87.

## *To Margaret*

Thy way is like that of a lily, Margaret;  
Thou art fair as the first rose of Spring;  
Thou art free from the world's woeful sorrows,  
As the merry field lark thou dost sing.  
Thou art a friend, little Margaret,  
Thou art company through the live long day;  
I enjoy thy innocent presence  
When my tasks are in good headway.

No hardships, no struggles, have been thy lot,  
As has been measured me;  
Thy life is full of joy and hope,  
Mine pain and misery.

I hope at last when all is done,  
And our lives near their end,  
That I may ever trust you  
For a true, devoted friend.

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Publication. First published in *Log Cabin Lyrics*. Los Angeles: Eagle Print, 1918, p. 87.

## *The Voice of Love*

Sweet is thy love, as strains born of the lute,  
For when thou speakest, I am voiceless, mute,  
Bewitching charms, hast thy sweet voice for me,  
So filled is it with rythmn, melody.  
Thou speakest softly, as a cooing dove;  
Thy utterance fills my heart, beloved,  
With joy and hope, with strains of boundless love.

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Publication. First published in *Log Cabin Lyrics*. Los Angeles: Eagle Print, 1918, p. 88.

## *The System Saved*

The wheel of Civilization swiftly turns;  
Each revolution making its own history  
And driving the minor cogs which are so often spurned;  
Yet of these minor cogs it is consistory.

Today a kingdom—a mighty driving band—  
Stands in its beauty and splendor, its bearings strong.  
Tomorrow it falls; devastated are its lands,  
Its bearings crushed—aye, dead, a mighty throng.

A call for aid—new bearings, cog and belt,  
Come quickly, for the system's fall is at hand;  
Let thy man power, in its strength and wealth,  
Haste to our rescue, make the big wheel stand.

Again she starts; a peace plan mends the break.  
One revolution. Look! Again she fails.  
No aids come yet. A nation's life's at stake.  
A second cog, a third, now feels the quake.

Hastening across the sea—mechanics, soldiers, brave,  
Unshaken in morals though treacherous be the sea,  
With blood-thirst monsters pointing to the grave,  
With intent that the system shall be saved.

They strike the blow for Liberty at last.  
They'll save the system from a trailing shame,  
Though hard the struggle and irksome the task;  
Its honor they shall guard till all the storm is past.

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Publication. First published in *Log Cabin Lyrics*. Los Angeles: Eagle Print, 1918, p. 88.

## *To a Lily*

Lift your head, my beautiful lily,  
Don't moan because I am sad,  
You have innocence, purity, God-given beauty,  
You must not o'er my sadness feel bad;  
I would that my soul from all stain were as white  
As your natural beauty unfolds,  
I would have no cause for sorrow and grief,  
But strive for life's terminal goal.

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Publication. First published in *Log Cabin Lyrics*. Los Angeles: Eagle Print, 1918, p. 89.

## *The Dawn of Spring*

Peering upward, here and there,  
Flowers, mosses everywhere,  
Coming forth to greet the Spring  
And to hear the sweet birds sing.  
Blossoms lift their lovely heads  
From their lowly earthly beds;  
Dew-drops on their petals stand,  
And all is beauty, splendor, grand.

Trees put on their coats of green  
Down beside the mountain stream,  
Their rippling leaves all seem to say,  
What a joyous, festive day.  
Little children shout with glee  
As scampering they go o'er hill and lea,  
Chasing the beautiful butterfly  
That kisses the blossoms and pass them by.

All the wood-land rings with song,  
And Mother Nature's coming along  
To dress her children, happy, gay,  
Then hasten on her Summer's way.

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Publication. First published in *Log Cabin Lyrics*. Los Angeles: Eagle Print, 1918, p. 89.

## *The Call of the Sea*

I hear thy call, O turbulent, rolling sea,  
But ere I come, I fain my fate would be  
Thy fathomless depths throughout eternity.  
Upon thy bosom, leaping to an dfro,  
I see the billows and the white-caps glow  
With pride, in every leaping rushing stride,  
Then calmly roll and silently subside.

What dost thou ask? Why speak so mournfully?  
Cans't thou not speak in tones more audibly,  
That I thy words sublimity might know  
Before they're shattered against the sandy shore?

That I may know the query that you ask  
Speak now, lest later, answering be a task;  
For in my heart there springs as ne'er before  
A yearning great, thy ceaseless call to know.

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Publication. First published in *Log Cabin Lyrics*. Los Angeles: Eagle Print, 1918, p. 90.

## *To Earnestine*

Gone forever more thou art, O sister dear,  
To spend eternity in one continuous year;

Thy days were few in this sad woeful world  
Before death came, one eve, His mantle to unfurl.

Then slowly, as the sun sank in the west,  
Thou, whom wast all my joy, had gone to rest;  
Thy toil was o'er, thy labors at an end,  
No more sad days, no sorrows to amend.

Rest dear, beloved, and peaceful be thy sleep  
With Jesus, who has all to watch and keep;  
Some day we shall unite forever more  
On that bright, Celestial, happy shore.

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Publication. First published in *Log Cabin Lyrics*. Los Angeles: Eagle Print, 1918, p. 90.

## *To the Breezes*

Blow gentle breezes, blow,  
From off the murky sea,  
Thy whispering zephyrs sweet and low  
Break time's monotony.

Blow gentle breezes, blow,  
And swiftly speed the hours;  
Blow gentle breezes, blow,  
For sweet thy soothing powers.

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Publication. First published in *Log Cabin Lyrics*. Los Angeles: Eagle Print, 1918, p. 91.

## *Teased*

Yes, I see'd yer de oddah night  
At de show wid Thomas Eykes,  
Recken you think you's takin' spite  
By de way you's actin'.

I see'd yer when you santahed by  
An' see'd dak dahky wink his eye;  
Tryin' ter drap me on de sly,  
An' make me feel rejected?  
Malindy, you ain't quite so sma't,

You t'inks you's playin' er mi'ty paht,  
But you gwi see who rules my heaht,  
'Fo' de week is ended.

Wait, Jim, I's des only jokin',  
You sut'ny kin ac' real provokin',  
Puffed up lak some frog a-croakin',  
You knows dat you's my heaht.  
Malindy, you'se de wo'sest sight  
You puts me in mos' feahful pli'ts,  
Youstuh me up an' dat ain't right,  
When you ac's so nawty.

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Publication. First published in *Log Cabin Lyrics*. Los Angeles: Eagle Print, 1918, p. 91.

## *Thoughts*

Dear Lauretta, I's thinkin' 'bout you at dis very minit,  
An' 'bout de happy days we spent,  
At dat school house in yo' city  
Which at dis time's vakunt, rent.  
Yes, dahs lots o' ples'nt mem'ries  
Kernected wid dese ramblin' tho'ts,  
An' I thinks uv dem hahd zamples  
Wid deir ansahs bein' naught.

Den I thinks uv dose queer moshuns  
Dat steals 'pon er lon'ly heaht  
When dat nawty fellah, Kewpid,  
Come ter play his ste'lthy paht.  
Dis brings tho'ts uv deah li'l' Beulah,  
Gracius, how I lubs dat chile.  
Guess I bettah quell dis pashun  
So's ter keep 'live er while;

Eny how, now deah Lauretta,  
Take dis ez er passin' joke,  
Fuh you's Miss School Teachah now-'days,  
An' I feahs dat I'll pervoke  
Des 'membah me ter Lovie,  
Gi' my love ter Bossy, too.  
Tell de ole fo'ks dat I membahs  
All o' dem ez well ez you.

Des 'fo' closin', deah Lauretta,  
Le' me leave dis wo'd in min',  
I's longin' des ter see yer,  
So look fer me mos' any time;  
Cose I knows dat dis'll fin' yer  
'Joyin' all de bes' o' he'lth.  
And hit leaves me des de same, deah,  
'Joyin' de same t'ings ez yo' se'f.

When you habs no one ter think uv,  
Drap yer chum er fu sho't lines,  
Closin' wid dese scatterin' spresshuns,  
Yourn fuh happiness all de time.

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Publication. First published in *Log Cabin Lyrics*. Los Angeles: Eagle Print, 1918, p. 92.

## *Where a Hearthside Fire Is Burning*

There is a home fire burning low tonight,  
Far, far away, o'er mountain, hill and plain—  
To that dear spot my memory takes its flight,  
And a longing comes to sit with those again  
By the dear old hearthside fire's inviting glare,  
And listen calmly to the merry chat  
Of little children, free from toil and care.  
Where through the bleaky winter's days I've often sat.

I know that fireside has a place for me;  
I know the dear ones have a welcome, too;  
'Twill not be long before I'll strive to see  
Those loving souls, with hearts so kind and true.  
Whose way sometime is awful rugged, rough;  
Yet trusting Him who doeth all things well  
They mount still higher up life's stormy bluff,  
And smile with joy, the story o'er to tell.

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Publication. First published in *Log Cabin Lyrics*. Los Angeles: Eagle Print, 1918, p. 93.

## *Would You Think of Me?*

What if by land, or if by sea, I go,  
To some unfathomed clime,  
To some far distant shore?  
What of the turmoils and terrors of land or sea,  
If I but cherish memories sweet of thee?  
'Twould matter much, if I so far should stray,  
Knowing not my destiny, glimpsing not my way;  
To think that thou, my life's, my soul's, sweet queen  
Had not a fleeting thought of me—an image in thy dreams.

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Publication. First published in *Log Cabin Lyrics*. Los Angeles: Eagle Print, 1918, p. 94.

## *Webster's Ole Blue Back*

Dah is lots o' plesunt memahries  
Dat comes flowin' thru my min',  
When I takes my blue back Webstah  
F'om de she'f ter spell er line.  
Hit takes me way back ter my boyhood,  
When my feet wuz rough and beah,  
To de ole well by de ro'd side  
An' de o'ken bucket daih.

O, I longs fer dem aih days  
When I sees dis li'l' book,  
Days I swung 'pon de grape vine;  
Days uv paddlin' in de brook.  
Now-er-days de boys is timid,  
Don't weah hick'ry shirts wid splits,  
Des yer menshun dem sich thing, suh,  
An' dey'll laff twell dey hab fits.

I laks ter tak up dis hyeah spellah,  
Hits wo'ds an' rules I truhly voice,

You kin staht wid dat wo'd baker,  
Den spell up ter suit yer choice.  
Spellin' de wo'd com-pre-hen-si-bil-ity,  
Sus-cep-ti-bil-i-ty an' de lak,  
When hit come ter real down spellin',  
Gi' me Webstah's ole blue back.  
Yes, I membrahs very cleahly  
One day, long, long yeahs ergo,  
Standin' wid my deah ole class-mates  
In er long an' ugly row;  
Waitin' kamly, waitin' pa-shunt,  
Fer my lessen wuz er cinch,  
Den I lef' de foot an' scampahed  
Fer de head on dat wo'd chintz.  
I tell yer time is allus changin',  
F'om ole fashun ter new ways;  
Don't spell wo'ds ez we would spell 'em  
In de antebellum days;

Yet fer me, I's standin' steahdy,  
Des ez gracefule ez de rook,  
On de rules an' regulashuns  
Uv ole Webstah's spellin' book.

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Publication. First published in *Log Cabin Lyrics*. Los Angeles: Eagle Print, 1918, p. 94.

## *With a Friend or Two*

Let me sit down to spend a yarn  
    With a friend or two.  
There I'm content to sit till dawn,  
    With a friend or two.  
Where the moments pass as a swift flying cloud;  
Where laughter and mirth permeate the crowd;  
There's none to censure, and I am proud  
Of a friend or two.  
  
What soothing joy is it to sit  
    With a friend or two.  
And criticize the petit wit  
    Of a friend or two.  
'Tis but a portion of each life  
To hide away from moil and strife,  
And pluck from time a moment rife,  
    With a friend or two.  
They are the common laity folk,  
    Is a friend or two.  
Just easy-going as a frolicsome joke,  
    Is a friend or two.  
No jilted hopes their minds contain  
The troubles of this vast domain,  
Ne'er wont to linger on my brain,

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Publication. First published in *Log Cabin Lyrics*. Los Angeles: Eagle Print, 1918, p. 95.

## *When Weary Dresses Up*

When dat dahky fo'ks call Weary  
Don his long, black froc' tail coat,  
He des t'inks dat's he's de Pres'dent,  
An' hit sho'ly gits my goat;  
Des ter see him stan' er puffin'  
Rings o' smoke up in de aih,  
An' a-holdin' his suspendahs  
Lak he wuz er millunaih.  
Shoes all shinin' bright an' glossy,  
Wid deir pat'n' le'thah tips,  
Be'ver hat o' ekul brillunce,  
W'y dat dahky ac's right fip;  
Ef he owned er great plantation, automobile or omnibus  
W'y, he couldn' ac' moah grandah;  
Aihs an' styles couldn' be no wuss.

Caution? Dat do' neah 'scribe 'em,  
Dah ain't no wo'ds ter suit his case,  
His class is entiahly differ'n'  
F'om de oddahs o' his race;  
Fuh his style an' cu'us mannahts  
Varys wid his waverin' feelin',  
Makin' him stan' out mo's'pic'us  
An' his differ'n' mannahts 'vealin'.

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Publication. First published in *Log Cabin Lyrics*. Los Angeles: Eagle Print, 1918, p. 96.

## *When a Dreamer Dreams*

Dis sun-shine feel lak summah time,  
          Hit makes me lazy;  
Many days o' dis hyeah kind,  
          'Ll run me crazy.  
I des sets 'round an' dreams an' dreams,  
De blessed day;  
Some time my tho'ts is uv de streams,  
So fuh er way.

At times my memahry runs way back  
Ter dat ole spot  
Whah de li'l' log cabin's gone ter rack,  
An' mos' fuh-got.  
I swings some time on de ole grape vine,  
F'om de big oak hung;  
Den I slides down de steep crick bank  
As when I'uz young.

Clambin' de peach tree's lot o' fun,  
When I dreams er way;  
Ter steal er peach, den break an' run  
Hit's fun, I say.  
Mammy callin' "boosy boy,"  
"You triflin' scamp,"

Me hidin' nigh de peach ter 'joy,  
          All in er cramp.  
Shine on, ole Sol an' le' me dream  
Uv days gone bye;  
I keers not fuh yo' red hot beams,  
          An' will not si'.

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Publication. First published in *Log Cabin Lyrics*. Los Angeles: Eagle Print, 1918, p. 97.

## *When Last You Writ*

When last you writ,  
The sad words pierced my heart  
As does an arrow pierce its destined mark;  
The name inscribed as 'twas in days of yore,  
It brought back memories of the long ago.  
When last you writ

My hopes were most sublime,  
But now I dread—I hate the thought how I repine!  
To thee I long a message to impart,  
Which holds the deepest secret of my heart.  
When last you writ  
You bade me “write no more,”

And now I have no sweetheart to implore;  
Hope, joy, comfort—all is lost,  
And into life's deepening shadows I am tossed  
When last you writ  
Mine eyes clogged with briny tears,  
And dimly did I scan the scope of coming years;  
The sun of all my life had sunken in its west,  
As if forever more to spend an endless rest.

When last you writ  
'Twas one bleak winter's day,  
And tree and bough first to, then fro, did sway,  
As if they knew the message that I had  
And o'er its solemn contents had felt sad.

Now let it be  
As thou commanded me.  
It is too late, the victory can't be won;  
At last, at last, thy will is wholly done,  
As last you writ.

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Publication. First published in *Log Cabin Lyrics*. Los Angeles: Eagle Print, 1918, p. 98.

## *Would You Care*

If we should wander, my darling,  
When the happy day's most done  
To sit by the beautiful stream side  
And watch the waning sun.  
Then if you should look o'er the hedges,  
Or among the grasses there,  
Where some, perchance, might eavesdrop us,  
My darling, would you care?

If by the hedge when the stars shine bright,  
Some one should slyly creep,  
Glancing timidly round about,  
Then o'er the hedges peep;  
And if at once a glow appears  
To light a scene so fair,  
"T would matter not to me, beloved,  
My darling, would you care?

If by the stream, my darling,  
We should find a comfortable seat,

If I should whisper in thine ear  
A message sweet—so sweet;  
Then if our hearts should dream a dream,  
And should that dream be fair,  
Then if my lips should meet thine own,  
My darling, would you care?

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Publication. First published in *Log Cabin Lyrics*. Los Angeles: Eagle Print, 1918, p. 99.

## *When Day Is Done*

We homeward plod our way;  
As does the plow-man at the close of day;  
From labor's clutches we're at last set free  
To join our children, full of mirth and glee.  
Then when a blithsome hour we've spent,  
To take a sweet night's slumber, we're content;  
For God will shelter with His mighty hand  
While blackest darkness hovers o'er the land,

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Publication. First published in *Log Cabin Lyrics*. Los Angeles: Eagle Print, 1918, p. 100.

## *When De Ash Cake's Good an' Brown*

Mammy's bakin' ash cake,  
Know hit by de smell,  
An' I hyeahs de shucks a-poppin'  
As dat ash cake swells;  
Neaf de red-hot enbahs  
F'om de hick'ry wood,  
Sees de steam come sizzlin',  
Holy smoke, how good!

Run tell sis an' Cely  
Let 'em run hyeah quick;  
Now peep in tho' de key hole,  
Ain't dat ash cake thick?  
Mammy's turned it ovah  
An' hits gettin' good an' brown,  
Won't us have er appahtite  
When eatin' time comes roun'?

Hush yo' gigglin', Cely,  
Move sis, le' me see,

Goodness, I's so hongry!  
What's de good o' me?  
Seems lak mammy's slowah  
Dan she's evah been befo',  
An' I feels de hongah  
Creepin' 'pon me moah an' moah.

Now she's 'menced ter wash it,  
De time is drawin' nigh,  
Ruddah have dat ash cake  
Dan er piece o' pun'kin pie.  
Fer hit tas'es sweetah  
An' hit's se'son'd ter perfuxun,  
Tell yer moah 'bout it  
If dah ain't no diah objecshuns.  
Well, er ash cake hit is sweetah,  
Dat yer know f'om nachul fac's,  
Dan yo' golden colahed co'n cakes  
Baked in ovahns on de rac's;

Den dah creeps er cu'us feelin'  
Seems ter staht right f'om de groun'  
An' run clean tho' yo' constisution  
Des 'bout time hit's good an' brown.

Dahs er joy time in dis cabin'

When our mammy 'mence ter bake,  
Fuh we feels de shock o' gladness  
An' our bodies reel an' quake:  
Fex de ash cake hot an' steamin',  
Cookin' wid er sputterin' soun',  
An' we knows de joy time's comin'  
When dat ash cake's good an' brown.

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Publication. First published in *Log Cabin Lyrics*. Los Angeles: Eagle Print, 1918, p. 100.

## *The Passing Years*

'Tis but the passing of the silen tyears,  
That weave our sorrows and our cares to threads of joy.

In quiet succession as fall the autumn leaves, they roll,  
Casting unmeasured mirth and glee alike to every soul.

They pass. The rolling years pass on,  
And do not wait. Their span is brief, not long.  
They tread the pedal of life's loom incessantly;  
Weaving slowly as they tread, each man's destiny.

They pass. The rolling years pass on quite jocularly,  
Lulling our harrassed souls to gaiety;  
Their ghostly forms nurture the beauty of the age;  
They are the harbingers of life's each written page.

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Publication. First published in *Log Cabin Lyrics*. Los Angeles: Eagle Print, 1918, p. 101.

## *The Junkman's Song*

Mistah junkman comin',  
Know him by his song,  
Hyeah him bawlin' loudly  
Thru his great big horn,  
"Hab yer any rags ter sell,  
En ybones ter day,  
I's de same ole fellah  
In de same ole way."  
Little boys dey hus'le  
When dey hyeah him yell,  
Gethahs all dey junk ter gether  
So's ter make er sell;  
Gits daih brass an' pile it,  
Hunts daih baggin' sac's,  
Tryin' ter git 'em ready,  
By de time he's back.

Den when all is ready  
Dey goes an' take daih stan',  
'Cause dey luvs de musick  
Uv dat ole junkman;  
Ez he loudly hollahs  
"Eny junk ter day,  
I's de same ole fellah  
In de same ole way."

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Publication. First published in *Log Cabin Lyrics*. Los Angeles: Eagle Print, 1918, p. 102.

## *Whoa Rock*

Down in de country,  
'Bout twenty miles or so,  
Dah lives a burly dahky  
Dey calls 'em li'l' Joe;  
Eahly in de mornin'  
Des 'bout foah a'clock,  
Dat fellah' mence to whistle,  
Down 'bout de lot.

Den he's gettin' ready  
To make dem oxuns pop,  
As dey slowly saunter round  
An' he yells, "whoa, Rock."  
'Tis de sweetes' musick  
Why, hits mellah den chocklat drops,  
When eahly in de mornin'  
Li'l' Joseph yells, "Whoa, Rock."  
Feet ez bah ez gooses,  
He'd ez slick ez glass,  
'Tain't no use in talkin'  
Li'l' Joseph's got some class;  
Why, he's des ez study  
As a nin'ty dollar clock,  
An' he nevah tiahs of yellin'

"Whoa, Rock! Whoa, Rock."

'Bout his yoke o' oxuns,  
Dey's big an' stout an' strong,  
An' when li'l' Joseph hollahs  
Dey move right peert a-long;  
Don't know nothin' 'bout stoppin'  
Dey'll trabble 'twell dey drop,  
Less dey li'l' mastah  
Yells out loud, "Whoa, Rock."

Wid one line he guides dem  
Thro' de live-long-day,  
'Tain't no use ter muttah  
He's got dem steahs his way;

Hit's des a reel cu'osity  
An' des ez lack ez not  
In dat great getherin' mornin'  
Li'l' Jo'll yell, "Whoa, Rock."

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Publication. First published in *Log Cabin Lyrics*. Los Angeles: Eagle Print, 1918, p. 103.

## *To His Sweetheart*

Dear Mirandy:

Wid my papah re'dy,  
An' my pen in han'  
I'se tryin' ter write yer,  
F'om dis furren lan'.

Well, I tell yer, dahlin',  
I'se feelin' awful glum  
Thinkin' 'bout de good times  
An' de fo'ks at home.

'Bout dese people, honey;  
Dey's a purfec sight,  
Dey keep you allus laffin'  
F'om mo'nin' 'twell de night.

Den de vitu'ls dat dey give yer,  
Makes yer ahful lean an' slim,  
Ain't seen no sich cookin'  
Since my name been Joseph Jim.

When dey smuffers good ole chicken  
Dey calls hit allamortin',  
Dat's ernuff, Mirandy, dahlin',  
Ter kill mos' eny mo'tal.  
I want ter come back home, Mirandy,  
Whah de cookin' fixed fuss rate,  
Whah dat good ole smuffer'd chicken  
Steams wid grace 'pon de plate.

How is Unkle an' Joshua?  
Gin my luv ter Sol an' Jane,  
Ef dey tell yer ter tell me hawdy,  
Tell 'em howdy back-de same.  
I'se closin' now, Mirandy,  
All mistakes is in de pen;  
Yet I'se now an' still fuh-evah,  
Yo' devoht'd, e'rne's' Jim.

## *Thanksgiving*

We thank Thee, Lord, for many things,  
For peace, and free from pain;  
We thank Thee for Thy blessings,  
For food, for comfort, rain;  
Our hearts shall sing Thy glorious praise,  
Our souls shall ever rejoice  
In Thee, who doeth all things well,  
For ever Thou art our choice.

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Publication. First published in *Log Cabin Lyrics*. Los Angeles: Eagle Print, 1918, p. 105.

## *The Voice of the Heart*

Hark! Listen! and answer, darling,  
To the voice of the heart, as it calls;  
In candence soft and tender  
As the autumn leaves they fall.  
It pleads in tones most caressing  
For thy love so sweet, so sublime,  
Confessing its sadness and sorrow,  
And hoping to conquer sometime.

Wilt thou open love's fort for the conquest,  
Or forever close its grand door  
Against an earnest invader,  
Who yearns, its true worth to explore?  
Wilt thou ever be cold and selfish  
Till this furious passion doth bate;  
Wilt thou answer in a time most needy  
Lest answering be too late?

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Publication. First published in *Log Cabin Lyrics*. Los Angeles: Eagle Print, 1918, p. 106.

## *Then I Thought of the Life of Man*

Musingly I stood and watched the tumbler boy,  
While he cleaned the linters, ere another day began;  
'Twas the wear of the clothing by bits collected there,  
And straightway I thought of the life of mortal man.

Then thought I of the beautiful, fragrant rose,  
Full blown today, in all its beauty grand,  
Tomorrow its petals seek an earthly bed,  
So lives and dies the material, mortal man.

Of the falling leaves of autumn, too, I thought,  
In yellow and golden colors, strew upon the land  
Their living o'er, their mission wholly fulfilled,  
So short their living is, so brief the life of man.

I thought of the howling billows upon a boisterous sea,  
That fade to tiny wavelets and die upon the sand,  
Once furious, frolicy, bouyant, to live and calmly die:  
Like the life of the mighty billow, so is the life of man.

Like the fruit that ripens and to the dust returns,  
Short be its existence, yet it has lived its span.  
As does the fruit to the dust return,  
So the body of material, mortal man.

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Publication. First published in *Log Cabin Lyrics*. Los Angeles: Eagle Print, 1918, p. 106.

## *The Dawning Day*

O'er yon eastern hill peeps the sun all clad in gold.  
Westward the waning moon trips down upon its silvery ladder,  
As the drapering curtains of the night unfold;  
Like a hermit I sit and muse, feeling all the sadder.

The morning glory lifts its drooping head from a night's repose,  
And lists to hymns of the sky-lark, the sentinel of the early morn,  
As he, to the gentle breeze, his glad song doth disclose,  
Void of all its loneliness, for the hours of night are gone.

The violet lifts its lovely face, laden with dewy tears;  
Like spreading flames the rose bud opes and smiles,  
And the night creeps back to its chasm dark and drear,  
For the day comes on the darkness to beguile.

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Publication. First published in *Log Cabin Lyrics*. Los Angeles: Eagle Print, 1918, p. 107.

## *The Sterling News*

Deah Jessie:

We thinks dat you's fer-got 'bout us  
Way up daih in big Frisco,  
An' we's writtin' yer a lettah  
So dat you'll be sho' ter know  
How we's doin' in Los Angeles  
'Roun' de sterlin' laundry place,  
An' dat we's wo'kin' hard ez evah,  
Keepin' up de reg'lar pace.

Smiffy's well, an' so's Gertie,  
Lucile's Johnny on de spot,  
Eva walks ez fas' ez evah,  
Lak she'd run ez soon ez not;  
Pearl's been kindah grouchy  
'Cause she's sufferin' wid huh feet;  
Li'l' Jessie's at huh pos', too,  
Lookin' solum lak, an' meek.  
Annie fumes ez much ez evah,  
Ella's in de bes' o' sperrits yit;  
Bill keeps de boys a-feelin' jolly  
Wid his' umor an' his wit.  
Den diah Colonial, forty-three,  
Des fat an' gwaky ez kin be,  
Singin' dem same ole jobul song,  
"Bring back my Jessie, deah, ter me."  
'Bout mys'f hit's hard ter tell yer,  
I's piddlin' 'lin des sorter so,  
Doin' whut evah comes ber-fo' me,  
Wo'king slowly, but I's sho',  
Dis is all I's got ter tell yer  
'Bout dis hurry, skurry place,  
An' we's all er longin', Jessie,  
Terlook in yo' smilin' face.

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Publication. First published in *Log Cabin Lyrics*. Los Angeles: Eagle Print, 1918, p. 108.

## *The Country's Call*

A mother's hand, I see, outstretched for a last embrace;  
I see the burning tears that bathe her care-worn face.  
She bids farewell to a son soon off to war,  
Whose deathly hazards cause a feel of awe.

I see a father clasp, with trembling fear,  
The hand of him whom to their hearts is dear,  
And bid him go, for it is his country's call,  
To save Democracy from a dreadful fall.

A sister clings about his neck, too faint to speak,  
Yet raining showers of kisses upon his tawny cheeks,  
Sobbing bitterly, "'Tis for us you go  
Across the waters, to that far distant shore."  
There, where perchance, his life's blood might be spilt  
By a demon's sword, plunged to the very hilt.  
In a manly bosom, which never murmurs, nay,  
But fights till the last breath of life has ebbed away.

The mother's hopes belie her fears; her fears her hopes belie;  
She pictures her son safely home again; again she sees him die  
Upon the bloody battlefield, where he'll fight her life to save;  
Where many a man has fallen, and now fills a soldier's grave.

The night comes on; the evening shadows fall,  
Stretching their growing lines o'er castle, dome and hall;  
And the mother lisps to God a fervent prayer,  
Alone in the room, by the country's call, made bare.

"God save my son, my joy, my comfort, all;  
Hear this my prayer; O Father, hear my call."  
Her faint heart wavers, and her bosom swells;  
Weak sobs and wailing break her prayerful spell.

She slumbers, and lo, what a fearful dream:  
She sees her son kneel by a cooling stream,  
All wounded, weak—once manly and so stout,  
Sipping the cooling water, to eke his living out.

He struggles! He cannot rise! He totters! Look! He falls!  
He gasps for breath! He's dying! "Mother" comes the whispering call  
Upon her ears, and leaping from her bed,  
Cries, "Father, I thank Thee! He lives! He is not dead!"

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Publication. First published in *Log Cabin Lyrics*. Los Angeles: Eagle Print, 1918, p. 109.

## *Unknown Tears*

Why come these tears that fill my eyes, and do not flow,  
As my wandering thoughts, like nomads come and go;  
Why does my heart beat heavily, and my bosom swell,  
As do the heaving billows, at the hurricane's maddened yell?  
Why come such feelings, when all my soul is wrapt in this I do?  
I cannot tell you why these briny tears my eyes bedew;  
Why should I weep? I know no reason why;  
I know no fears that might my hopes belie.

Ah! well, I know—sad disappointment saunters in  
And throws its darkening shadows' just where hopes begin.  
It bids the reposing tears awake, and mourn my saddened spell—  
That's why my heart beats heavily and my bosom swells.

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Publication. First published in *Log Cabin Lyrics*. Los Angeles: Eagle Print, 1918, p. 110.

## *Vindicated*

We laugh with the merry,  
And laughing disperses grief;  
Dispelling from our innermost being  
Doubts and unbelief.

We sigh with the weary:  
Our sighs availeth much;  
Their cares we share—their burdens:  
Be they laconic—curt.

We weep with the sad;  
And weeping, at its best,  
Is but the outward sign  
Of inwardly distress.

We mourn with the sorrowful,  
For mourning we are blest;  
'Tis but an humble omen  
Of what our souls possess.  
Laughing, sighing, weeping, mourning,  
All to human nature given,  
Vindicate salvation's causes,  
Strengthen the faith to mankind given.

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Publication. First published in *Log Cabin Lyrics*. Los Angeles: Eagle Print, 1918, p. III.

## *When Gran'pa Smokes*

When wintahry days 'mence ter roll 'roun';  
When snow an' ice lays thick 'pon the groun',  
'Tis gran'p's joy ter ell us yarns an' jokes,  
While 'tween de pahts his ole cob pipe he smokes.  
Fust 'bout br'er rabbit an' his cunnin' tricks,  
Den 'bout br'er beah gittin' in er ter'ble fix;  
How ole br'er ta'pin fooled ole mistah fox;  
Nex' 'bout de g'os' an' 'bout de ha'nted box.

Sometime de hair stan' straight 'pon yo' head,  
An' peahs lak you kin hyeah de g'os'es tread,  
When gran'pa tells hit kindah sof' and low,  
Den mek er stomp, ker-bam! 'pon de flo'.

You feels er chill go runnin' down yo' back,  
Peahs lak dahs somethin' neah yer 'buot ter strack,  
An' gran'pa laffs and slowly tell de res',  
While you's so skeerd you's mos' night out o' bref.

Den when he's done, he says, "Now go ter bed."  
I waits fuh John, an' Tony waits fuh Ned;  
Twell ouh eyes gits heavy an' de hour grows late,  
Yet still we set an' gap an' stretch an' wait.  
I des can't tell yer how we gits ter bed  
An' grab de kivah an' wrap it 'roun' ouh heads,  
Fuh dahs skeery times when gran'pa 'mence ter smoke  
An' puff 'way high de rings o' snow-white smoke.

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Publication. First published in *Log Cabin Lyrics*. Los Angeles: Eagle Print, 1918, p. 112.

## *Whis'lin' Jessie*

Whistlin'? Look hyeah, honey,  
Don't yer say one mum'lin wo'd,

Jessie is de whistlinist dahky  
Dat er body's evah heard.  
Hyeah him eahly in de mo'nin'  
Whistlin' chunes right sof' an' lo',  
Uv some ole hymn dat's mighty' pealin',  
Kindah sol'm lak an' slo'.

When he goes er bout his lahbah  
Jessie whis'l's but de mo',  
Wabblin' sweetah dan kuhnarahs,  
Den in sharp shrills lak de crow.  
When he makes dat kin' o' musick,  
Tell yer true, don't be surprised,  
Dat de wrinkles an' de puchas  
Put nigh hides his shiny eyes.

Dat dahky Jessie is de limit  
When he goes ter see Susanne,  
'Cause he know she knows his whis'lin'  
F'om all othahs uv de lan'.  
Leaving home he whis'les sweetly  
Ez er bird dat's los' his mate,  
Wabblin' ketchy li'l' love chunes,  
Ez he neahs Susannah's gate.  
Wish dat I could whis'le lak 'em,  
If I could I tell yer true,  
Dat I'd whis'le at de noon time,  
Whis'le in de ev-nin' an' mid-night, too.  
Dahs er mistahry 'bout 'em somehow  
Dat de folks can't' compahend,  
Anyhow, uv all de whis'lahs  
He de whis'linist uv all men.

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Publication. First published in *Log Cabin Lyrics*. Los Angeles: Eagle Print, 1918, p. 112.

## *Where Thy Memory Rests*

Embedded deeply in my soul  
The last impression lies,  
  
Unknown to any one save God,  
Unseen by human eyes;  
Cherished as a costly gem  
And loved, aye, ever more,  
Than jewels of a heritage  
Handed from those of yore.  
Upon my lips your last kiss burns  
As if 'were yesterday  
Your soft hand in my palm I feel,  
Though many miles away.  
I see you wave me last good-byes  
As homewards I am sped;  
I feel the love in each adieu,  
I see the joy ahead.  
But oh, the dream is suddenly broken  
And a groping in our path  
A traitor comes to mar the way  
With cold and steel-like grasp;  
And in an instant you are seized,  
You're shown another way;  
You steel your heart against my vows  
And I am forced to say:  
Sweetheart, good-bye, alas! farewell!  
Some day we'll meet again,  
And I shall over my story tell  
Atune with love's refrain.

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Publication. First published in *Log Cabin Lyrics*. Los Angeles: Eagle Print, 1918, p. 113.

## *Where the Spirit Dwelleth*

So filled were they with thoughts that lift the soul  
Upward, beyond all human selfish gains,  
That in their faces was portrayed the gold  
Of lives of service and repentant aims.  
So filled were they, that hymns of rapturous praise  
Burst from their being and their faces shone  
Resplendent with the light of hope,  
  
As heavenward their praise was borne.  
The songs were those of ante-bellum days,  
And sweet the songs that of those days were born;  
For never more shall such all revered praise  
Burst forth upon the early hours of morn.  
Each soul did feel Omnipotence very near,  
For on each countenance beaming with the light  
Were seen the traces of a joyful tear,  
A witness for the loyal and the right.  
So much astir were all the people there,  
It seemed as though the heavenly gates did ope  
And bid them cleave unto the very air,  
And enter into endless joy and hope.

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Publication. First published in *Log Cabin Lyrics*. Los Angeles: Eagle Print, 1918, p. 114.

## *Yesterday*

I wandered yesterday, alone,  
Down sorrow cloistered path,  
Enhanced by penury and woe,

A victim of the world's iry wrath;  
My way seemed dark—all too dark;  
My heart was filled with care,  
The misery that was my lot  
Seemed more than I could bear.

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Publication. First published in *Log Cabin Lyrics*. Los Angeles: Eagle Print, 1918, p. 115.

## *Today*

Today I tread the path of light,  
Of joy, of comfort, hope;  
Where sorrow never lingers 'round,  
Nor cares nor shadows grope.  
My way is bright—quite luminous  
My heart is filled with glee;  
Yesterday in prison bound,  
Today I am set free.

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Publication. First published in *Log Cabin Lyrics*. Los Angeles: Eagle Print, 1918, p. 115.

# Bibliography

*Selected primary and secondary sources*

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Book and periodical titles are italicized throughout.

## Works by the Author

*Log Cabin Lyrics*. Los Angeles: Eagle Print, 1918.

## Works About the Author

Local obituary, census, marriage, cemetery, and family-history research file.

*California Eagle* notices and poems.

# Colophon

## *Publication and production notes*

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This critical reading edition was edited by Brian Kim Stefans for The Text-Tech Papers, Los Angeles, in 2026, as part of *Extremes and Moderations: Early Southern California Poetry*. The poems were reset from the source pages identified in the publication notes and datasheet. The book was composed in EB Garamond on a cream field at 6 × 9 inches. The cover uses original abstract artwork prepared for this edition.