

“WHIP-POOR-WILL AND KATY-DID”

BY

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Slow de night 's a-fallin',
An' I hyeah de callin,
Out erpon de lonesome hill;
Soun' is moughty dreary,
Solemn-lak an' skeery,
Sayin' fu' to “whip po' Will.”

Now hit 's moughty tryin',
Fu' to hyeah dis cryin',
'Deed hit 's mo' den I kin stan';
Sho' wid all our slippin',
Dey 's enough of whippin'
'Dout a bird a'visin' any man.

In de noons o' summah
Dey 's anothah hummah

Sings anothah song instid;
An' his th'oat 's a-swellin'
Wid de joy o' tellin',
But he says dat "Katy did."

Now I feels onsuhtain;
Won't you raise de cu'tain
Ovah all de ti'ngs dat 's hid?
W'y dat feathahed p'isen
Goes erbout a-visin'
Whippin' Will w'en Katy did?