

“WADIN’ IN DE CRICK”

BY

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Days git wa’m an’ wa’mah,
School gits mighty dull,
Seems lak dese hyeah teachahs
Mus’ feel mussiful.
Hookey’s wrong, I know it
Ain’t no gent’man’s trick;
But de aih’s a–callin’,
“Come on to de crick.”

Dah de watah’s gu’glin’
Ovah shiny stones,
Des hit’s ve’y singin’
Seems to soothe yo’ bones.
Wat’s de use o’ waitin’
Go on good an’ quick:
Dain’t no fun lak dis hyeah
Wadin’ in de crick.

W'at dat jay-b'ud sayin'?
Bettah shet yo' haid,
Fus' t'ing dat you fin' out,
You'll be layin' daid.
Jay-bu'ds sich a tattlah,
Des seem lak his trick
Fu' to tell on folkses
Wadin' in de crick.

Wilier boughs a-bendin'
Hidin' of de sky,
Wavin' kin' o' frien'ly
Ez de win' go by,
Elum trees a-shinin',
Dahk an' green an' thick,
Seem to say, "I see yo'
Wadin' in de crick."

But de trees don' chattah,
Dey des look an' sigh
Lak hit's kin' o' peaceful
Des a-bein' nigh,

An' yo' t'ank yo' Mastah
Dat dey trunks is thick
W'en yo' mammy fin's you
Wadin' in de crick.

Den yo' run behin' dem
Lak yo' scaihed to def,
Mammy come a-flyin',
Mos' nigh out o' bref;
But she set down gentle
An' she drap huh stick,—
An' fus' t'ing, dey's mammy
Wadin' in de crick.