

“ADVICE”

BY

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W'en you full o' worry
‘Bout yo’ wo’k an’ sich,
W'en you kind o’ bothered
Case you can’t get rich,
An’ yo’ neighboh p’ospah
Past his jest desu’ts,
An’ de sneer of comerds
Stuhes yo’ heaht an’ hu’ts,
Des don’ pet yo’ worries,
Lay ‘em on de she’f,
Tek a little trouble
Brothah, wid yo’s’e’f.

Ef a frien’ comes mou’nin’
‘Bout his awful case,
You know you don’ grieve him
Wid a gloomy face,
But you wrassle wid him,
Try to tek him in;

Dough hit cracks yo' features,
Law, you smile lak sin,
Ain't you good ez he is?
Don' you pine to def;
Tek a little trouble
Brothah, wid yo'se'f.

Ef de chillun pestahs,
An' de baby's bad,
Ef yo' wife gits narvous,
An' you're gettin' mad,
Des you grab yo' boot-strops,
Hol' yo' body down,
Stop a-tinkin' cuss-w'rds,
Chase away de frown,
Knock de haid o' worry,
Twell dey ain' none lef';
Tek a little trouble,
Brothah, wid yo'se'f.