

“WINTER’S APPROACH”

BY

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De sun hit shine an’ de win’ hit blow,
Ol’ Brer Rabbit be a-layin’ low,
He know dat de wintah time a-comin’,
De huntah man he walk an’ wait,
He walk right by Brer Rabbit’s gate—
He know—

De dog he lick his sliverin’ chop,
An’ he tongue ‘gin’ his mouf go flop, flop—
He—

He rub his nose fu’ to clah his scent
So’s to tell w’ich way dat cottontail went,
He—

De huntah’s wife she set an’ spin
A good wahm coat fu’ to wrop him in
She—
She look at de skillet an’ she smile, oh my!
An’ ol’ Brer Rabbit got to sholy fly.
Dey know.