

“THE DELINQUENT”

BY

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

Goo’-by, Jinks, I got to hump,
Got to mek dis pony jump;
See dat sun a-goin’ down
‘N’ me a-foolin’ hyeah in town!

Git up, Suke—go long!

Guess Mirandy’ll think I’s tight,
Me not home an’ comin’ on night.
What ’s dat stan’in’ by de fence?
Pshaw! why don’t I lu’n some sense?

Git up, Suke—go long!

Guess I spent down dah at Jinks’
Mos’ a dollah fur de drinks.
Bless yo’r soul, you see dat star?
Lawd, but won’t Mirandy rar?

Git up, Suke—go long!

Went dis mo’nin’, hyeah it ’s night,
Dah ’s de cabin dah in sight.

Who's dat stan'in' in de do'?'
Dat must be Mirandy, sho',

Git up, Suke—go long!

Got de close—stick in huh han',
Dat look funny, goodness lan',
Sakes alibe, but she look glum!
Hyeah, Mirandy, hyeah I come!

Git up, Suke—go long!

Ef 't had n't a' b'en fur you, you slow ole fool, I 'd a' be'n home long
fo' now!