

# “IN THE MORNING”

BY

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‘Lias! ‘Lias! Bless de Lawd!  
Don’ you know de day’s erbroad?  
Ef you don’ git up, you scamp,  
Dey ‘ll be trouble in dis camp.  
T’ink I gwine to let you sleep  
W’ile I meks yo’ boa’d an’ keep?  
Dat’s a putty howdy—do—  
Don’ you hyeah me, ‘Lias—you?

Bet ef I come crost dis flo’  
You won’ fin’ no time to sno’.  
Daylight all a—shinin’ in  
Wile you sleep—w’y hit’s a sin!  
Ain’t de can’le—light enough  
To bu’n out widout a snuff,  
But you go de mo’nin’ thoo  
Bu’nin’ up de daylight too?

‘Lias, don’ you hyeah me call?  
No use tu’nin’ to’ds de wall;  
I kin hyeah dat mattuss squeak;  
Don’ you hyeah me w’en I speak?  
Dis hyeah clock done struck off six—  
Ca’line, bring me dem ah sticks!  
Oh, you down, suh; huh, you down—  
Look hyeah, don’ you daih to frown.

Ma’ch yo’s’e’f an’ wash yo’ face,  
Don’ you splattah all de place;  
I got somep’n else to do,  
‘Sides jes’ cleanin’ aftah you.  
Tek dat comb ah’ fix yo’ haid—  
Looks jes’ lak a feddah baid.  
Look hyeah, boy, I let you see  
You sha’ n’t roll yo’ eyes at me.

Come hyeah; bring me dat ah strap!  
Boy, I’ll whup you ‘twell you drap;  
You done felt yo’s’e’f too strong,  
An’ you sholy got me wrong.  
Set down at dat table thaih;  
Jes’ you whimpah ef you daih!

Evah mo'nin' on dis place,  
Seem lak I mus' lose my grace.

Fol' yo' han's an' bow yo' haid—  
Wait ontwell de blessin' 's said;  
“Lawd, have mussy on ouah souls—”  
(Don' you daih to tech dem rolls—)  
“Bless de food we gwine to eat—”  
(You set still—I *see* yo' feet;  
You jes' try dat trick agin!)  
“Gin us peace an' joy. Amen!”