

“JILTED”

BY

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

Lucy done gone back on me,
Dat's de way wif life.
Evaht'ing was movin' free,
T'ought I had my wife.
Den some dahky comes along,
Sings my gal a little song,
Since den, evaht'ing's gone wrong,
Evah day dey 's strife.

Did n't answeh me to-day,
Wen I called huh name,
Would you t'ink she 'd ac' dat way
Wen I ain't to blame?
Dat 's de way dese women do,
Wen dey fin's a fellow true,
Den dey 'buse him thoo an' thoo;
Well, hit 's all de same.

Somep'n's wrong erbout my lung,
An' I 's glad hit 's so.
Doctah says 'at I 'll die young,
Well, I wants to go!
Whut 's de use o' livin' hyeah,
Wen de gal you loves so deah,
Goes back on you clean an' cleah—
I sh'd like to know?