

“THE PHOTOGRAPH”

BY

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

See dis pictyah in my han’?
Dat’s my gal;
Ain’t she purty? goodness lan’!
Huh name Sal.
Dat’s de very way she be—
Kin’ o’ tickles me to see
Huh a–smilin’ back at me.

She sont me dis photygraph
Jes’ las’ week;
An’ aldough hit made me laugh—
My black cheek
Felt somethin’ a–runnin’ queer;
Bless yo’ soul, it was a tear
Jes’ f’om wishin’ she was here.

Often when I 's all alone
Layin' here,
I git t'inkin' 'bout my own
Sallie dear;
How she say dat I 's huh beau,
An' hit tickles me to know
Dat de gal do love me so.

Some bright day I 's goin' back,
Fo' de la!
An' ez sho' 's my face is black,
Ax huh pa
Fu' de blessed little miss
Who 's a-smilin' out o dis
Pictyah, lak she wan'ed a kiss!