

# “CHRISMUS IS A-COMIN”

BY

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Bones a–gittin’ achy,  
Back a–feelin’ col’,  
Han’s a–growin’ shaky,  
Jes’ lak I was ol’.  
Fros’ erpon de meddah  
Lookin’ mighty white;  
Snowdraps lak a feddah  
Slippin’ down at night.  
Jes’ keep t’ings a–hummin’  
Spite o’ fros’ an’ showahs,  
Chrismus is a–comin’  
An’ all de week is ouahs.

Little mas’ a–axin’,  
“Who is Santy Claus?”  
Meks it kin’ o’ taxin’  
Not to brek de laws.  
Chillun ’s pow’ful tryin’  
To a pusson’s grace

Wen dey go a pryin'  
Right on th'oo you' face  
Down ermong yo' feelin's;  
Jes' 'pears lak dat you  
Got to change you' dealin's  
So 's to tell 'em true.

An' my pickaninny—  
Dreamin' in his sleep!  
Come hyeah, Mammy Jinny,  
Come an' tek a peep.  
Ol Mas' Bob an' Missis  
In dey house up daih  
Got no chile lak dis is,  
D' ain't none anywhaih.  
Sleep, my little lammy,  
Sleep, you little limb,  
He do' know whut mammy  
Done saved up fu' him.

Dey 'll be banjo pickin',  
Dancin' all night thoo.  
Dey 'll be lots o' chicken,  
Plenty tukky, too.  
Drams to wet yo' whistles  
So 's to drive out chills.

Whut I keer fu' drizzles  
Fallin' on de hills?  
Jes' keep t'ings a-hummin'  
Spite o' col' an' showahs,  
Chrismus day 's a-comin',  
An' all de week is ouahs.