

# “HOW LUCY BACKSLID”

BY

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De times is mighty stirrin’ ‘mong de people up ouah way,  
Dey ‘sputin’ an’ dey argyin’ an’ fussin’ night an’ day;  
An’ all dis monst’ous trouble dat hit meks me tiahed to tell  
Is ‘bout dat Lucy Jackson dat was sich a mighty belle.

She was de preachah’s favoured, an’ he tol’ de chu’ch one night  
Dat she travelled thoo de cloud o’ sin a–bearin’ of a light;  
But, now, I ‘low he t’inkin’ dat she mus’ ‘a’ los’ huh lamp,  
Case Lucy done backslided an’ dey trouble in de camp.

Huh daddy wants to beat huh, but huh mammy daihs him to,  
Fu’ she lookin’ at de question f’om a ooman’s pint o’ view;  
An’ she say dat now she would n’t have it diff’ent ef she could;  
Dat huh darter only acted jes’ lak any othah would.

Cose you know w’en women argy, dey is mighty easy led  
By dey hea’ts an’ don’t go foolin’ ‘bout de reasons of de haid.  
So huh mammy laid de law down (she ain’ reckernizin’ wrong),  
But you got to mek erlowance fu’ de cause dat go along.

Now de cause dat made Miss Lucy fu’ to th’ow huh grace away  
I ’s afeard won’t baih no ‘spection w’en hit come to judgement day;  
Do’ de same t’ing been a–wo’kin’ evah sence de worl’ began,—  
De ooman disobeyin’ fu’ to ‘tice along a man.



Lucy jes' went on to meetin' lak she did n't keer a rap,  
But my 'sperunce kep' me t'inkin dah was somep'n' gwine to drap.

Fu' a gal won't let 'uligion er no othah so't o' t'ing  
Stop huh w'en she teks a notion dat she wants a weddin' ring.  
You kin p'omise huh de blessin's of a happy aftah life  
(An' hit's nice to be a angel), but she 'd ravah be a wife.

So w'en Chrismus come an' mastah gin a frolic on de lawn,  
Did n't 'sprise me not de littlest seein' Lucy lookin' on.  
An' I seed a wa'nin' lightnin' go a-flashin' f'om huh eye  
Jest ez 'Lishy an' his new gal went a-gallivantin' by.

An' dat Tildy, umph! she giggled, an' she gin huh dress a flirt  
Lak de people she was passin' was ez common ez de dirt;  
An' de minit she was dancin', w'y dat gal put on mo' aih  
Dan a cat a-tekin' kittens up a paih o' windin' staih.

She could 'fo'd to show huh sma'tness, fu' she could n't he'p but know  
Dat wid jes' de present dancahs she was ownah of de flo';  
But I t'ink she 'd kin' o' cooled down ef she happened on de sly  
Fu' to noticed dat 'ere lightnin' dat I seed in Lucy's eye.

An' she would n't been so 'stonished w'en de people gin a shout,  
An' Lucy th'owed huh mantle back an' come a-glidin' out.  
Some ahms was dah to tek huh an' she fluttahed down de flo'  
Lak a feddah f'om a bedtick w'en de win' commence to blow.

Soon ez Tildy see de trouble, she jes' tu'n an' toss huh haid,  
But seem lak she los' huh sperrit, all huh darin'ness was daid.  
Did n't cut anothah capah nary time de blessid night;  
But de othah one, hit looked lak could n't git enough delight.

W'en you keeps a colt a–stan'nin' in de stable all along,  
W'en he do git out hit 's nachul he 'll be pullin' mighty strong.  
Ef you will tie up yo' feelin's, hyeah 's de bes' advice to tek,  
Look out fu' an awful loosin' w'en de string dat hol's 'em brek.

Lucy's mammy groaned to see huh, an' huh pappy sto'med an' to',  
But she kep' right on a–hol'in' to de centah of de flo'.  
So dey went an' ast de pastoh ef he could n't mek huh quit,  
But de tellin' of de sto'y th'owed de preachah in a fit.

Tildy Taylor chewed huh hank'cher twell she 'd chewed it in a hole,—  
All de sinnahs was rejoicin' 'cause a lamb had lef de fol',  
An' de las' I seed o' Lucy, she an' 'Lish was side an' side:  
I don't blame de gal fu' dancin', an' I could n't ef I tried.

Fu' de men dat wants to ma'y ain't a–growin' 'roun' on trees,  
An' de gal dat wants to git one sholy has to try to please.  
Hit's a ha'd t'ing fu' a ooman fu' to pray an' jes' set down,  
An' to sacafice a husban' so 's to try to gain a crown.

Now, I don' say she was justified in follerin' huh plan;  
But aldough she los' huh 'ligion, yit she sholy got de man.  
Latah on, w'en she is suttain dat de preachah 's made 'em fas'  
She kin jes' go back to chu'ch an' ax fu' givenness fu' de pas'!