

So say them words agin, Preacher,
(Ssh!! . . my ol' mammy's callin',
Ez she ust ter do . . .
Ssh!! . . hear her callin'?

.
Guess I'm a-goin' too.)

So say them words . . That's 'em, Preacher . .
While the shaders come a-creepin'
Roun' t'his shanty . . slow en' deep,
En' the pines are whisp'rin' peaceful,—
 'He . . . giveth
 His beloved . . .
 sleep!