

En' sure 'nuff it struck her . . . Say,
Hear that gum noise?
Er am I a-dreamin'?
Sounded like her voice
Th' day my ol' mammy called me
To her side
Right in this 'ere ol' shanty
Jist afore she died
'Twuz then I heerd them words, Preacher,—
Give us 'em kinder slow
En' fix 'em right en' proper,
So's I'll know
I've got 'em ez my ol' mammy sed 'em
Yars en' yars ago!
(Me? . . . Dyin'? . . Mister Preacher,
Me a-feared?
Been 'ere since I wuz jist a codger,—
En' always guv' the squarest deal . . .
Hell! Me feel
A-skcered?
.
'S gittin' dark, Preacher . . strike a light.
What, only three! . . Well, p'raps yer right.
Might give us 'nuther toothful of that lick
En' t'n . . . good night.)