

Lyrics of the Hearthside.

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.