

IN DIALECT.

THE OLD MAN TALKS OF SLEEP.

Night-owl cain't be day-bird too,
True for me an' true for you ;
Cain't escape no pain or ache—
Natur's bound ter overtake,
An' she'll ketch you if you stay
'Thout your sleep both night and day.

Owls was born to wuck at night ;
Man was made for natur's l'ght ;
Owl may hoot before the dawn,
Mornin' comes an' den he's gone—
Knows he's gotter get his res'
If his wuck's to be ther bes'.

Wait twell you get old lak' me,
Den you'll see jes' lak' I see,
How we gotter get our sleep—
Elsewise we'll hab cause to weep.
True for me an' true for you,
Night-owl cain't be day-bird too.