



CHUMS

A STORY BY

He lives across the street from us
An' ain't as big as me,
His mother takes in washin', 'cuz
They're poor as they can be.
But every night he brings his slate
An' 'en I do his sums,
An' help him get his lessons straight,
'Cuz him an' me is chums.

His clo'es ain't quite as good as mine,
But I don't care for that;
His mother makes his face 'ist shine,
An' I 'lent him a hat.
An' every mornin', 'ist by rule,
W'en nine o'clock it comes,
He takes my hand an' goes to school,
'Cuz him an' me is chums.

Nobody better plague him, too,
No matter if he's small,
'Cuz I'm his friend, for tried and true,
An' 'at's th' reason all
Th' boys don't dare to plague him, 'cuz
I 'ist wait till he comes,
An' he walks clost by me, he does,
'Cuz him an' me is chums.

He fell an' hurt hi'self one day
The summer before last,
An' 'at's w'at makes him limp 'at way
An' don't grow very fast.
So w'en I got a piece of pie,
Or maybe nuts or plums,
I always give him some, 'cuz I
Get lots—an' we are chums.

An' w'en it's nuttin' time, we go,
An' I climb all th' trees,
'Cuz he can't climb—he's hurt, you know—
But he gets all he sees
Come droppin' down, an' my! he's glad;
An' w'en th' twilight comes
He says w'at a fine time he had,
'Cuz him an' me is chums.

But my! his mother's awful queer;
'Cuz w'en we're home again,
She wipes her eye—a great, big tear—
An' says: "God bless you, Ben!
Th' Lord will bless you all your days
W'en th' great Judgment comes."
But I say I don't need no praise,
'Cuz him and me is chums.



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