

IDLE-TIME RIME

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Idle-time rime by Herbert Flansburgh

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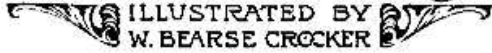
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Herbert Flansburgh



ILLUSTRATED BY
W. BEARSE CROCKER

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Many of Mr. Flansburgh's selections in this volume originally appeared in the following publications:

Success	Broadway Magazine
Boston Transcript	Toledo Times
Christian Herald	Cleveland Plain Dealer
Columbia (S. C.) State	San Francisco Examiner
Chicago Record Herald	





Soliloquy of a Hawg

AH'S a creepy kin' o' feelin', seem to kotch
me in de night,

Lay low, hawg! Lay low!

Hyeah mah teeth begin to chattah, w'en de
fros' begin to bite,

Lay low, hawg! Lay low!

Den de moon say, "Whut de mattah? Why
you skeer'd of all de soun'?"

Dat jes' only winds a-rasslin' wif de leaves
erpon de groun';

Shet dem eyes an' git to snorin', case dey
hain't no ghos' eroun',"

Lay low, hawg! Lay low!

I's aware de day's fu' rootin' an' de night time's made fu'
sleep,

Lay low, hawg! Lay low!

But dey's heaps o' tho'ts I's thinkin' w'en de shaddahs 'gin
to creep,

Lay low, hawg! Lay low!

I's feelin' moughty 'spicious of de t'ings I hyeah an' see,
Case de fahmah git too frien'ly an' de cohn git mos' too free,
So I reckon sompin's comin' whut it won't be good fu' me,

Lay low, hawg! Lay low!

I's noticed how de missis pat mah haid an' rub mah back,

Lay low, hawg! Lay low!

Den de chillun fotch me foddah, all dey li'l arms kin pack,

Lay low, hawg! Lay low!

Dat ol' gobble tuhkey see me an' he say, "You's lookin'
prime!

Evah t'ink erbout de feastin' of de folks Thanksgivin' time?
You ain't got no wings fu' flyin' an' you's mos' too fat to
climb,"

Lay low, hawg! Lay low!

Goodness lan's! de sun's a-risin' an' I hasn't
slep' a wink,

Lay low, hawg! Lay low!

Got a feelin' dat I's 'proachin' moughty neah
destruction's brink,

Lay low, hawg! Lay low!

I kin hyeah de squeaky grindstone an' de
raspin' of de knife,

Hit's de saddes' kin' o' music dat I's hyeahd
in all mah life,

Spec' de time is gittin' nigher fu' to end dis
earfly strife,

Lay low, hawg! Lay low!

Smoke a-oozin' f'um de smoke-house, look
jes' lak a mournin' veil,

Lay low, hawg! Lay low!

Dah's dat on'ry fahmah comin' wif a stickin'
knife an' pail,

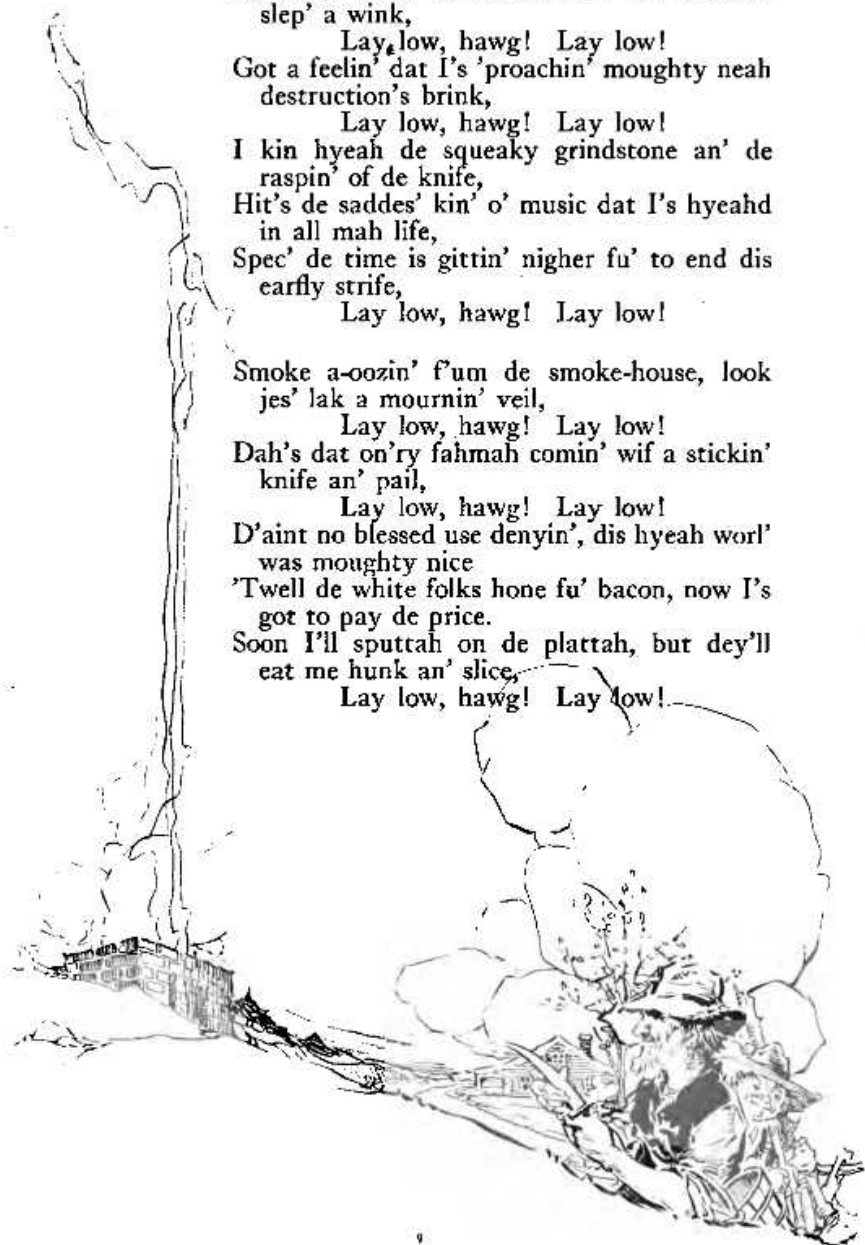
Lay low, hawg! Lay low!

D'aint no blessed use denyin', dis hyeah worl'
was moughty nice

'Twell de white folks hone fu' bacon, now I's
got to pay de price.

Soon I'll sputtah on de plattah, but dey'll
eat me hunk an' slice,

Lay low, hawg! Lay low!





Li'l Drum

WHUT'S de mattah wid yo' noise
Li'l Drum?
Hit's as silent as de toys
Li'l Drum!
Top an' bottom busted in
Dust an' rust am on de tin,
Whaih de tunin' straps hab been,
Li'l Drum!

Dat ol' hole look mighty bad,
Li'l Drum!

Droopin' lak a mouf dat's sad,
Li'l Drum!

Dem two li'l holes in you
Whaih de sticks go pokin' froo,
Lak de baby's eyes o' blue
Li'l Drum.

'Membah how ol' mammy scol'
Li'l Drum;

When de racket git too bol'
Li'l Drum?

Dat was music low an' sweet,
'Side de noise ob silent feet
Dat hab halted wid yo' beat
Li'l Drum!