



Ririro

READ ANYWHERE, ANYTIME

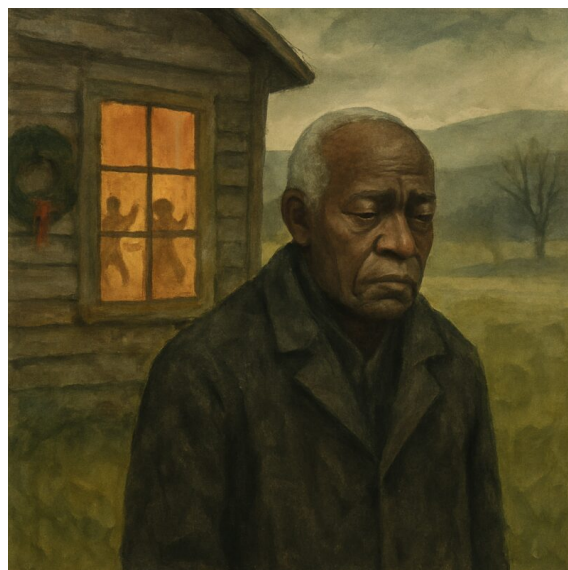
A Christmas Folksong

Paul Laurence Dunbar

De win' is blowin' wahmah,
An' hit's blowin' f'om de bay;
Dey's a so't o' mist a-risin'
All erlong de meddah way;
Dey ain't a hint o' frostin'
On de groun' ner in de sky,
An' dey ain't no use in hopin'
Dat de snow'll 'mence to fly.

It's goin' to be a green Christmas,
An' sad de day fu' me.
I wish dis was de las' one
Dat evah I should see.

Dey's dancin' in de cabin,
Dey's spahkin' by de tree;
But dancin' times an' spahkin'
Are all done pas' fur me.
Dey's feastin' in de big house,
Wid all de windahs wide—
Is dat de way fu' people
To meet de Christmas-tide?



It's goin' to be a green Christmas,

No mattah what you say.
Dey's us dat will remembah
An' grieve de comin' day.

Dey's des a bref o' dampness
A-clingin' to my cheek;
De aih's been dahk an' heavy
An' threatenin' fu' a week,
But not wid signs o' wintah,
Dough wintah'd seem so deah—
De wintah's out o' season,
An' Christmas eve is heah.

It's goin' to be a green Christmas,
An' oh, how sad de day!
Go ax de hongry chu'chya'd,
An' see what hit will say.

Dey's Allen on de hillside,
An' Marfy in de plain;
Fu' Christmas was like springtime,
An' come wid sun an' rain.
Dey's Ca'line, John, an' Susie,
Wid only dis one lef':
An' now de curse is comin'
Wid murder in hits bref.

It's goin' to be a green Christmas—
Des hyeah my words an' see:
Befo' de summah beckons
Dey's many 'll weep wid me.

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