

Two Plantation Songs.

[IF the readers of THE CENTURY who have heard, in concerts or elsewhere, the vocal gymnastics known as the "Swiss Warble," can imagine the volume as well as the melody of that performance increased a thousand-fold, they will be able to form some idea of the thrilling effect of the italicized halloo in the refrain stanzas of the "Hog-Feeder's Song," herewith appended. Harbert, a hog-feeder on the Turner Plantation, in Putnam County, Georgia, could make every inflection of his voice heard at a distance of three miles, but this was not even considered remarkable in a region where the dusky captain of the corn-pile was in the habit of lifting his right hand to his ear, and conveying a most musical invitation to the hands on plantations five miles away.]

I.

HOG-FEEDER'S SONG.

OH, rise up, my ladies! Lissen unter me!
*Gwoop!—Gwoop! * Gee-woop!—Goo-whoee!*
 I'm a-gwine dis night fer ter knock along er you!
Gwoop!—Gwoop! Gee-woop!—Goo-who!
Pig-goo! pig-gee! Gee-o-whoee!

Oh, de stars look bright des like dey gwineter fall,
 En 'way todes sundown you year de kildee call:
Stee-woee! Killdee!—Pig-goo! pig-gee!
Pig! pig! pig-goo! Pig! pig! pig-gee!

De blue barrer squeal, kaze he can't squeeze froo,
 En he hump up he back des like niggers do—
 Oh, humpty-umpty blue! *Pig-gee! pig-goo!*
Pig! pig! pig-gee! Pig! pig! pig-goo!

Oh, rise up, my ladies! Lissen unter me!
Gwoop!—Gwoop! Gee-woop!—Goo-whoee!
 I'm a-gwine dis night a-gallantin' out wid you!
Gwoop!—Gwoop! Gee-woop!—Goo-who!
Pig-goo! pig-gee! Gee-o-whoee!

Ole sow got sense des ez sho's youer bo'n,
 'Kaze she take'n hunch de basket fer ter shatter out
 co'n—

Ma'am, you make too free! *Pig-goo! pig-gee!*
Pig! pig! pig-goo! Pig! pig! pig-gee!

W'en pig git fat, he better stay close,
 'Kaze fat pig nice fer ter hide out en roas'-
 Oh, roas' pig, shoo! *Pig-gee! pig-goo!*
Pig! pig! pig-gee! Pig! pig! pig-goo!

Oh, rise up, my ladies! Lissen unter me!
Gwoop!—Gwoop! Gee-woop!—Goo-whoee!
 I'm a-gwine dis night fer ter knock aroun' wid you!
Gwoop!—Gwoop! Gee-woop!—Goo-who!
Pig-goo! pig-gee! Gee-o-whoee!

II.

A NEGRO LOVE-SONG.

TRACK in de paff whar rabbit bin play'n',
 (Hey, my Lily! go down de road!)
 Han' me down my walkin'-cane,
 (Hi, my Lily! go down de road!)
 Hey, my Lily! de cow done lowed,
 (Go down de road—go down de road!)
 Hit's wet on de grass whar de jew bin po'd,
 (Hi, my Lily! go down de road!)

* G hard here and throughout.

Mighty long way froo de narrer lane,
 (Hey, my Lily! go down de road!)
 En kildee holler like he callin' up rain,
 (Hi, my Lily, go down de road!)
 Hey, my Lily! de chicken done crowed,
 (Go down de road—go down de road!)
 Sun gone down en moon done showed,
 (My Lily! my Lily! go down de road!)

Han' me down my walkin'-cane,
 (Hey, my Lily! go down de road!)
 Big owl holler: *No use stay'n'!*
 (Hi, my Lily! go down de road!)
 Big nigger tote de little gal load,
 (Go down de road—go down de road!)
 'Kaze too big a turn make nigger leg bowed,
 (My Lily! my Lily! go down de road!)

Han' me down my walkin'-cane,
 (Hey, my Lily! go down de road!)
 De boys all sing en keep on say'n':
 (Hi, my Lily! go down de road!)
*Nigger will drink fun 'n'er nigger's go'd,**
 (Go down de road—go down de road!)
En some folks git w'at dey aint never growed,
 (My Lily! my Lily! go down de road!)

One man los' w'at 'n'er man gain,
 (Hey, my Lily! go down de road!)
 You git yo' shawl en han' my cane,
 (Hey, my Lily! go down de road!)

Joel Chandler Harris ("Uncle Remus").

The Message of the Rose.

HE.

SHE gave me a rose at the ball to-night,
 And I—I'm a fool, I suppose,
 For my heart beat high with a vague delight.
 Had she given me more than the rose?

I thought that she had, for a little while,
 Till I saw her—fairest of dancers—
 Give another rose, with the same sweet smile,
 To another man, in the Lancers.

Well, roses are plenty and smiles not rare;
 It is really rather audacious
 To grumble because my lady fair
 Is to other men kind and gracious.

Yet who can govern his wayward dreams?
 And my dream, so precious and bright,
 Now foolish, broken, and worthless seems,
 As it fades, with her rose, to-night.

SHE.

I gave him a rose at the ball to-night—
 A deep red rose, with fragrance dim,
 And the warm blood rushed to my cheeks with fright,
 I could not, dared not, look at him.

For the depths of my soul he seemed to scan;
 His earnest look I could not bear,
 So I gave a rose to another man—
 Any one else—I did not care.

And yet, spite of all, he has read, I know,
 My message—he could not have missed it;
 For *his* rose I held to my bosom, so,
 And then to my lips, while I kissed it.

Bessie Chandler.

* Gourd.