



Little Door to the First of December

Christmas by Paul Laurence Dunbar

(June 27, 1872 – February 9, 1906)

Step wid de banjo an' glide wid de fiddle,
Dis ain' no time fu' to pottah an' piddle;
Fu' Christmas is comin', it's right on de way,
An' dey's houahs to dance 'fo' de break o' de day.

What if de win' is taihin' an' whistlin'?
Look at dat fiah how hit's spittin' an' bristlin'!
Heat in de ashes an' heat in de cindahs,
Ol' mistah Fros' kin des look thoo de windahs.

Heat up de toddy an' pas' de wa'm glasses,
Don' stop to shivah at blowin's an' blas'es,
Keep on de kittle an' keep it a-hummin',
Eat all an' drink all, dey's lots mo' a-comin'.
Look hyeah, Maria, don't open dat oven,
Want all dese people a-pushin' an' shovin'?

Res' f'om de dance? Yes, you done cotch dat odah,
Mammy done cotch it, an' law! hit nigh flo'd huh;
'Possum is monst'ous fu' mekin' folks fin' it!
Come, draw yo' cheers up, I's sho' I do' min' it.
Eat up dem critters, you men folks an' wimmens,
'Possums ain' skace w'en dey's lots o' pu'simmons.

