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DADDY DO-FUNNY'S WISDOM JINGLES

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RUTH McENERY STUART

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DADDY DO-FUNNY'S WISDOM JINGLES

BY
RUTH McENERY STUART

ILLUSTRATED BY G. H. CLEMENTS

NEW YORK
THE CENTURY CO.
1916

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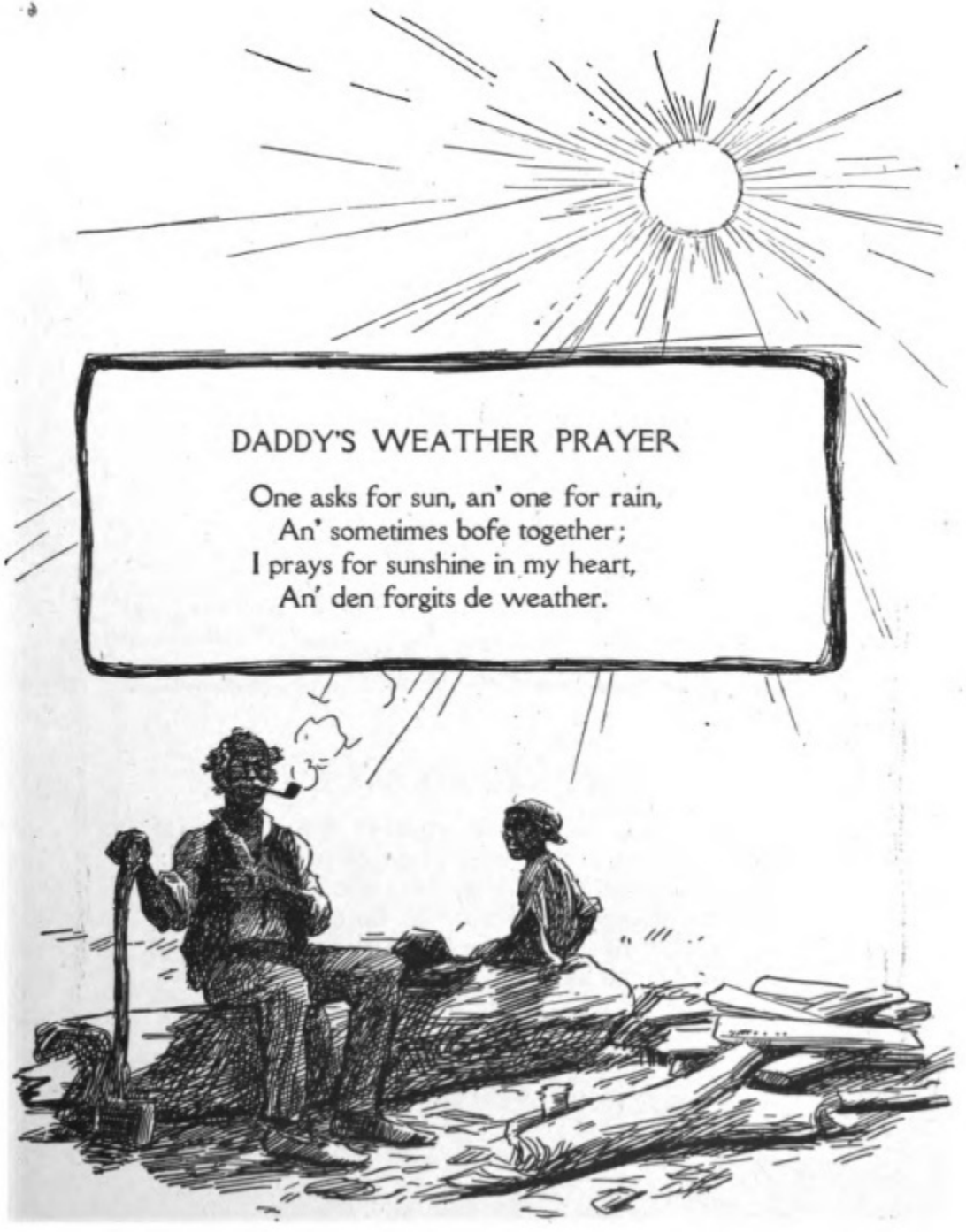

DADDY'S WEATHER PRAYER

One asks for sun, an' one for rain,
An' sometimes bofe together;
I prays for sunshine in my heart,
An' den forgits de weather.

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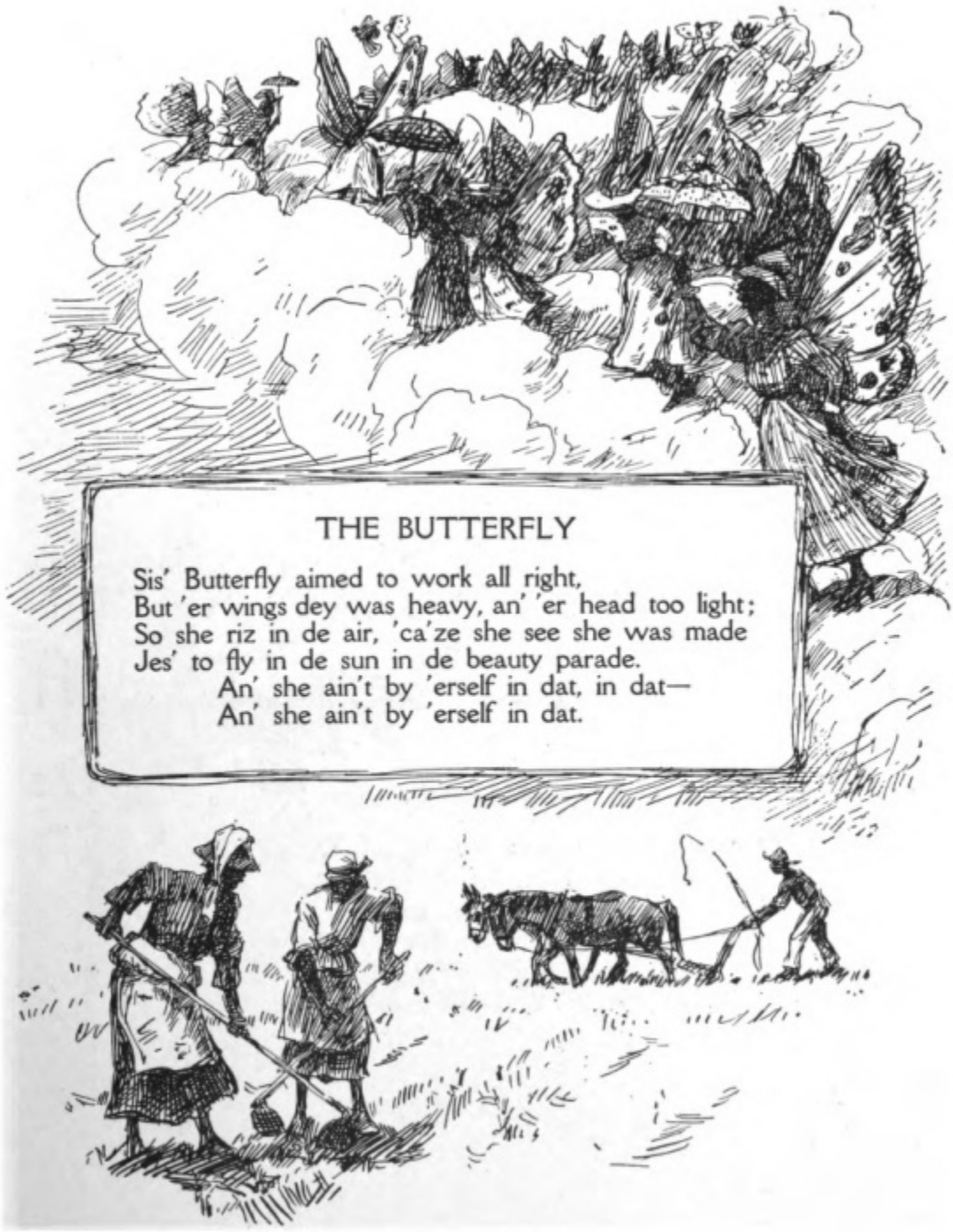

THE BUTTERFLY

Sis' Butterfly aimed to work all right,
But 'er wings dey was heavy, an' 'er head too light;
So she riz in de air, 'ca'ze she see she was made
Jes' to fly in de sun in de beauty parade.
An' she ain't by 'erself in dat, in dat—
An' she ain't by 'erself in dat.

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THE WREN

She's a citizen-bird, Sis little brown Wren,
She nests in de spring an' de fall again;
"Race suicide" talk nuver fazes her,
'Ca'ze she's good for 'er ten little wrens a year.
An' she ain't by 'erself, my ladies, in dat—
No, she ain't by 'erself in dat.

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THE WATERMELON

Oh, Watermilion sho' is good to eat!
But de darkie rates it twice-t mo' sweet,
'Ca'ze it's ap' to b'long to de yether man,
An' it's mighty hard to lif' by sleight o' han'.
An' it ain't by itself, made sweet like dat—
No, it ain't by itself like dat.

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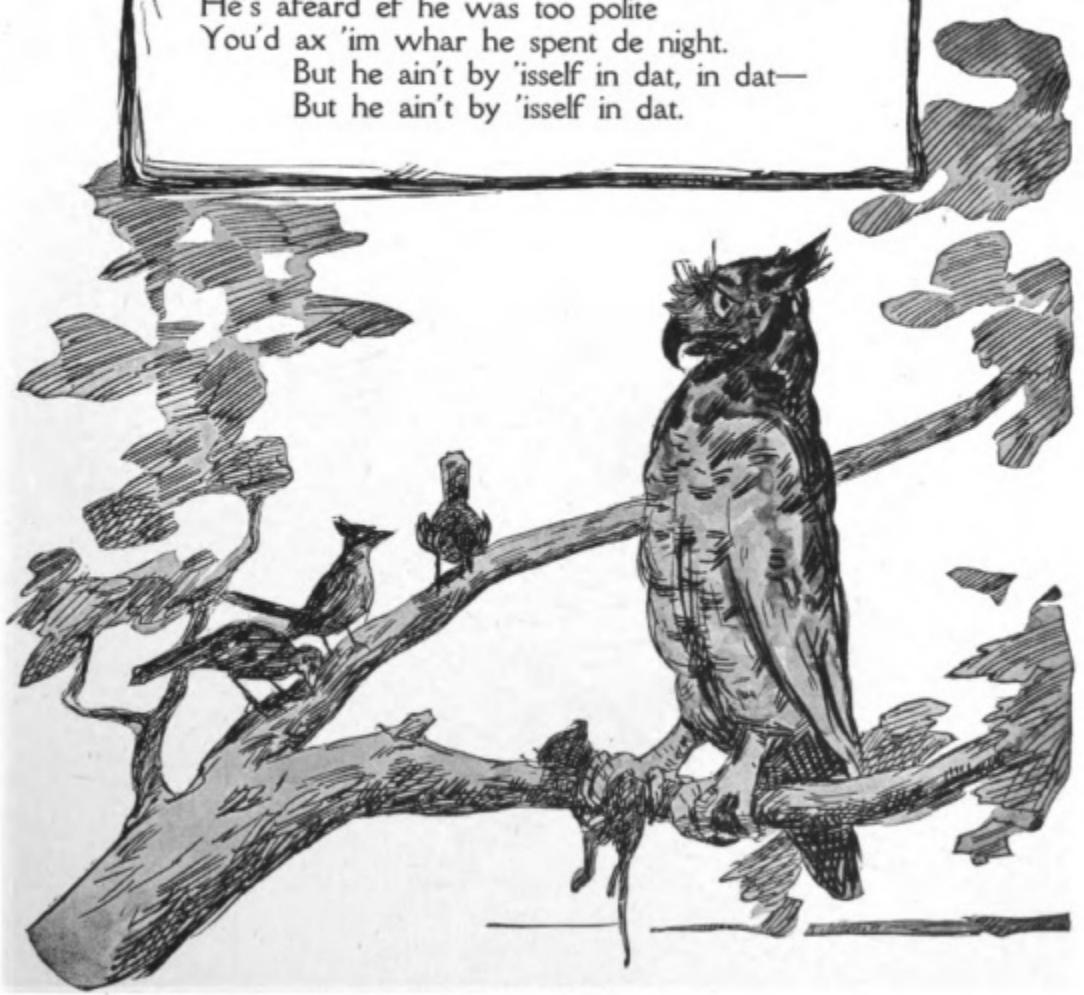
JUDGE OWL

Jedge Owl 's so pompious on 'is limb,
You'd s'pose dey was nobody roun' but him;
He's afeard ef he was too polite
You'd ax 'im whar he spent de night.
But he ain't by 'isself in dat, in dat—
But he ain't by 'isself in dat.



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THE MOSQUITO

Wid so much Christian blood in 'is veins,
You'd think Br'er 'Skitty would take some pains
To love 'is neighbor an' show good will,
But he's p'izenin' an' back-bitin' still.
An' he ain't by 'isself in dat, in dat—
No, he ain't by 'isself in dat.

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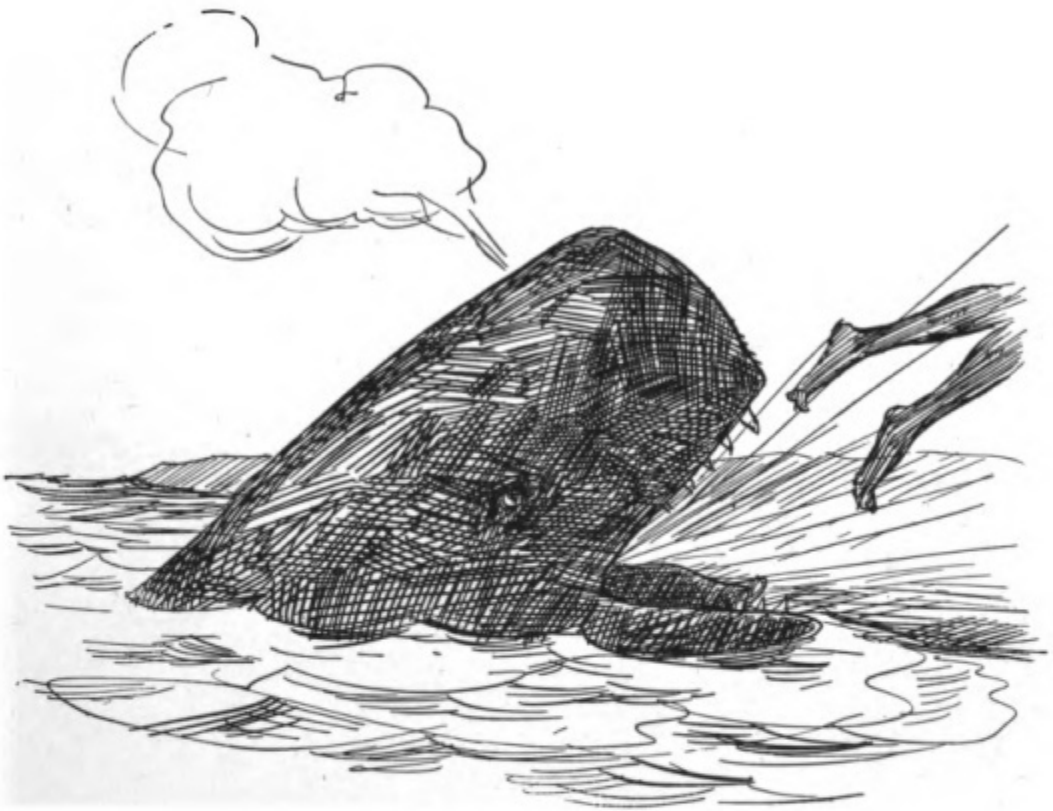

CONFESSION

Dat whale wha' gulped Br'er Jonah down
Was bleeged to swim close-t to de groun'
Ontel he riz up an' confessed
He'd swallered mo' 'n he could digest.
But you ain't by yo'self, Br'er Whale, in dat—
No, you ain't by yo'self in dat.

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THE EPICURE

Ef you keep yo' eyes on Br'er Carrion Crow,
You'll wonder huccome he kin carry on so!
He flies in high circles an' chooses meat
Dat no honest workin'-man would eat.
An' he ain't no new high-flyer in dat—
No, he ain't by 'sself in dat.

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THE MULE

Ef you quiz Br'er Mule, you'll find dat he
Gits mixed on de subjec' of 'is fam'ly tree;
He'll brag about 'is mammy with a noble neigh,
An' deny 'is own daddy wid a ginu*ine* bray.
But he ain't by 'isself in dat, in dat—
But he ain't by 'isself in dat.

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RAIN OR SHINE?

Ol' Mingo, on 'is knees, he say:
"Lord, teach dis nigger how to pray,
Else riconcile two kinds o' weather
For craps an' rheumatiz together!"
But you ain't by yo'self, ol' man, in dat—
Oh, you ain't by yo'self in dat.

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LITTLE GREEN TREE-TOAD

Little green tree-toad on banana leaf,
Plenty po' relations all aroun' 'im in de bog;
But he'd ruther be blind an' dumb an' deef
Dan to hold a conversation wid a "low-life" frog!
But he ain't no lonesome toady in dat—
No, he ain't by 'isself in dat.

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SPARROWS

Dey say dem Sparrers come crost de seas
To eat our surplus grubs an' fleas;
But dey's whupped our birds off'n dis plantation,
Tell we craves to constric' dey immigration.
An' dey ain't by deyselves in dat, in dat—
An' dey ain't by deyselves in dat.

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THE AMBITIOUS COW

Sis' Twis'-horn Brindle is a bothersome cow,
She's boun' to raise a ruction an' she don't keer how;
She craves to be de bell-cow an' lead off wid a clang,
So it's all a man kin do to make 'er gallup wid de gang.
An' she ain't by 'erself in dat, in dat—
An' she ain't by 'erself in dat.

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TRIED BY FIRE

De sugar-cane stands so proud an' smart,
You'd nuver suspicion it sweet at de heart,
But to prove its sweets it yields its will
To be tried by fire an' ground in de mill.
An' it ain't by itself in dat, in dat—
No, it ain't by itself in dat.

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JACK-O'LANTERN

Sence he los' 'is brains to git 'is smile,
Brer Jack-o-lantern grins lak a wilderin' chile
Widout no secrets out or in;
An' de lighter in de head de broader 'is grin
An' he ain't by 'isself in dat, in dat—
An' he ain't by 'isself in dat.

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THE FLEA

Look out for Mr. Po'-trash Flea!
Ef you let 'im come in, he'll make too free;
He'll chase yo' dog till he makes 'im pant,
An' he'll take yo' skin for a restaurant.
An' he ain't by 'isself in dat, in dat—
An' he ain't by 'isself in dat.

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WILL O' THE WISP

Ef de Wul o' de Wust would cuss an' swear
An' take some shape, an' rip an' tear,
It wouldn't sen' col' chills down a nigger's spine
Like de changeable expression of a mystery shine.
An' it ain't by its ghostly self in dat—
No, it ain't by itself in dat.

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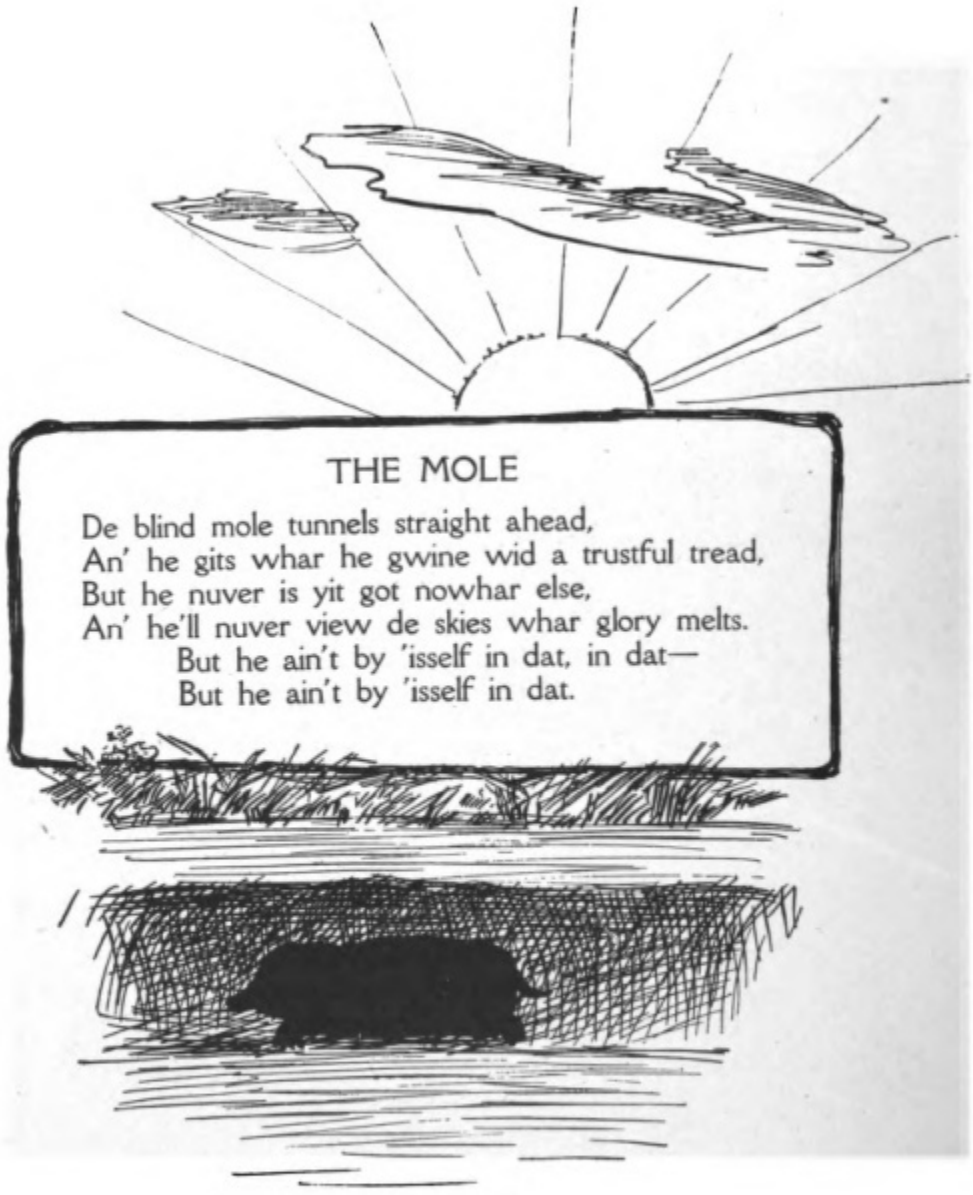

THE MOLE

De blind mole tunnels straight ahead,
An' he gits whar he gwine wid a trustful tread,
But he nuver is yit got nowhar else,
An' he'll nuver view de skies whar glory melts.
But he ain't by 'isself in dat, in dat—
But he ain't by 'isself in dat.

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THE RUNT

You'll sometimes trace de loudes' grunt
In de horg-lot down to de littles' runt,
Lak as ef he'd 'nounce whilst he gulps 'is swill,
"A pompious horg is as big as 'is will."
An' he ain't by 'isself in dat, in dat—
No, he ain't by 'isself in dat.

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THE ARISTOCRAT

Dat three-name chicken wid de feathery legs
Wha' 'merged f'om de ten dollar settin' of eggs,
Is a lonesome bird an' I s'picion he frets
'Ca'ze he can't outgrow dem pantalettes.
An' he ain't by 'isself in dat, in dat—
An' he ain't by 'isself in dat.

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THE CRAWFISH

Br'er Crawfish th'ows a racklass bluff,
An' he sho do look like fightin' stuff;
But turn 'im loose on a battle-groun',
An' he'll bow 'isself out, an' nuver turn roun'.
But he ain't by 'isself in dat, in dat—
But he ain't by 'isself in dat.

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THE ANGLEWORM

"I could stand de hook," says de angleworm,
"An' a lily-brook wouldn't make me squirm,
But I can't help wrigglin' ag'in' my fate;
It breaks me all up to be used for bait."
An' he ain't by 'isself in dat, in dat—
An' he ain't by 'isself in dat.

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THE CHIMNEY-SWALLOW

Wid 'is nest in de flue whar de suctions blow,
Storms due above an' fire below,
No wonder Br'er Swaller sags an' sways
Like a pusson ableeged to dodge bofe ways.
An' he ain't by 'isself in dat, in dat—
An' he ain't by 'isself in dat.

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CATCHING DOODLE-BUGS

Little picaninnies, fishin' in de doodle-bug holes.
Wid a "spit for luck," an' straws for poles,
Show pyore delight in de fisherman's aim
All disp'opo'tioned to de game.
An' dey ain't by deyselves in dat, in dat—
An' dey ain't by deyselves in dat.

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THE PORCUPINE

Sis' Porcupine, wid 'er bristles all set
In a pompado' style, is waitin' yet,
An' she can't understan', whilst she puckers 'er mug,
De sca'city o' kisses an' de absent hug.
But she ain't by 'er lonesome self in dat—
No, she ain't by 'erself in dat.

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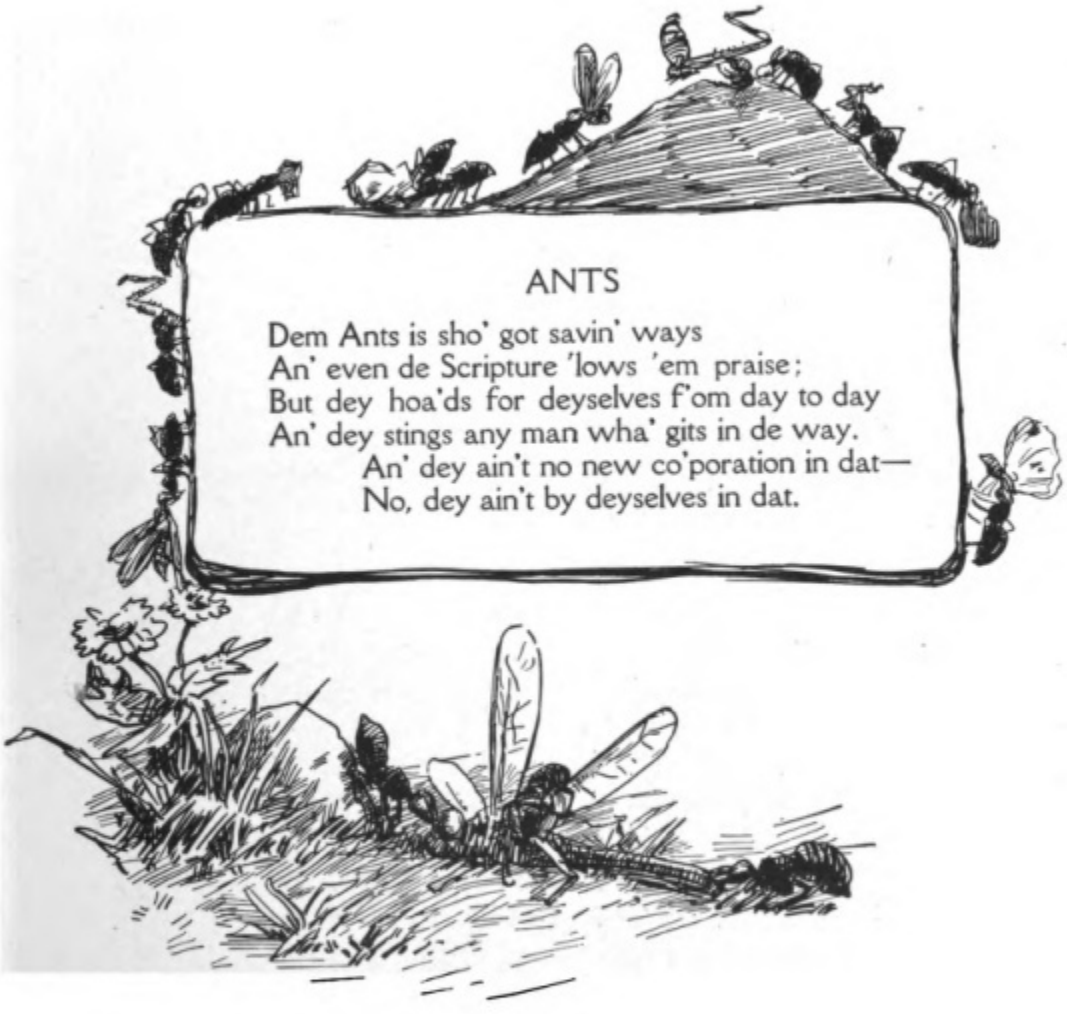

ANTS

Dem Ants is sho' got savin' ways
An' even de Scripture 'lows 'em praise;
But dey hoa'ds for deyselves f'om day to day
An' dey stings any man wha' gits in de way.
An' dey ain't no new co'poration in dat—
No, dey ain't by deyselves in dat.

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THE PARROT

Sis' Tin-cage Polly wid de roamin' nose
Dat roams f'om 'er eyes tel it p'ints to 'er toes,
She keeps up a ratlin' talkin' pace
To turn off attention f'om de shape of 'er face.
An' you ain't by yo'self, Sis' Polly, in dat—
No, you ain't by yo'self in dat.

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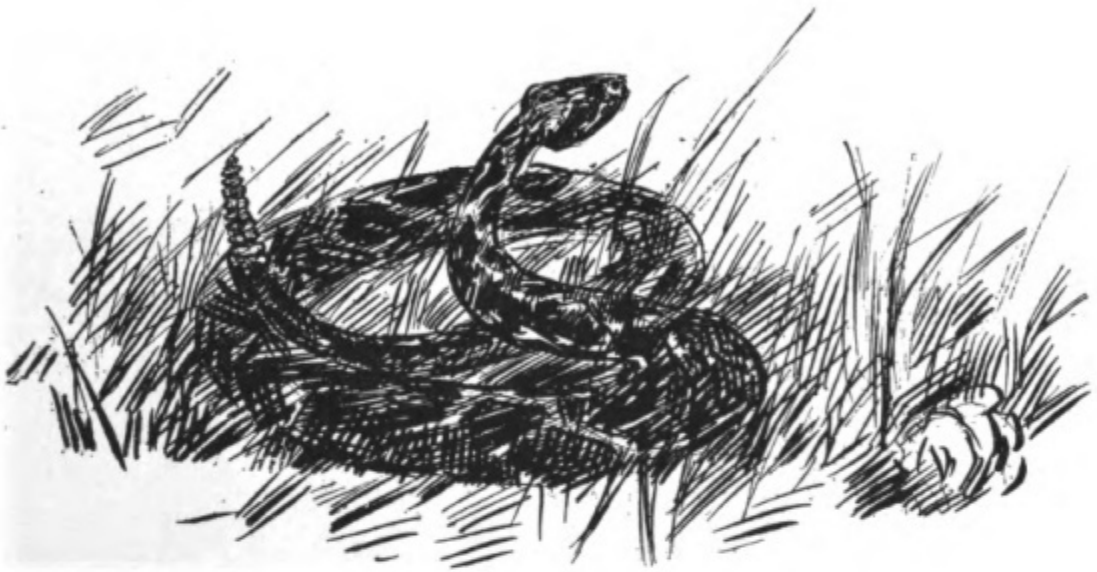

THE RATTLE-SNAKE

Br'er Rattle-snake rattles befo' he springs,
But he warns too late to 'scape 'is stings;
His high-class manners don't count for much
'Ca'ze dey grafted on to a sarpent's touch.
An' he ain't by 'isself in dat, in dat—
An' he ain't by 'isself in dat.

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THE PERSIMMON

Is you little gals, growin' into women,
Ever tasted a snappy young persimmin?
It takes a hard frost to make it sweet,
An' it's ol' an' swiveled 'fo' it's fit to eat!
But it ain't by itself, sharp chillen, in dat—
No, it ain't by itself in dat.

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IN HARNESS

Dat flee-bitten mule an' my bay mare
In de hay-wagon, sho is a mixtious pair:
But dey's pulled so long th'ough wind an' weather
Dat out in de field dey graze together.
An' dey ain't by deyselves in dat, in dat—
An' dey ain't by deyselves in dat.

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THE CANARY

De little yaller cage-bird preems 'is wings
An' he mounts 'is pyerch an' sings an' sings;
He feels 'is cage, but I s'pec' he 'low
To take what comes an' sing *anyhow!*
An' you ain't by yo'self, little bird, in dat—
No, you ain't by yo'self in dat.

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ANSWERING BACK

Br'er Pole-cat's got a s'ciety smile
An' he sho is dressed in scrumptious style,
But he keeps 'is own hat off de quality rack
By de scan'lous way he answers back.
But he ain't by 'isself in dat, in dat—
But he ain't by 'isself in dat.

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THE MAMMY ALLIGATOR

Said de mammy alligator, wid a motherly grin:
"I nuver liked babies wid dey dimples tucked in,
But our little pet, wid its horny hide,
Like its mammy's an' its daddy's, is de fam'ly pride."
An' dey ain't by deyselves in dat, in dat—
An' dey ain't by deyselves in dat.

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THE NEW RICH

Sis' Mush A. Roon sprung up over night
An' to name whar she sprung f'om ain't polite;
But she spreads 'erself wuss'n me or you,
An' wid on'y one foot to stan' on, too.
An' she ain't by 'er new-come self in dat—
No, she ain't by 'erself in dat.

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THE WIBBLY WABBLY CALF

Cunnin' little donkey-baby—
"Ye-haw! Ye-haw!" What a funny laugh!
Soun' jes like a creaky, cranky
Seesaw—seesaw!
Wasn't nothin' funny roun' dat
We saw—we saw!
'Tel we glimpsed de stagger-gait dat
He saw—he saw!
Brindle strikin' swagger-gait when
She saw—she saw—*her wibbly wabbly calf!*

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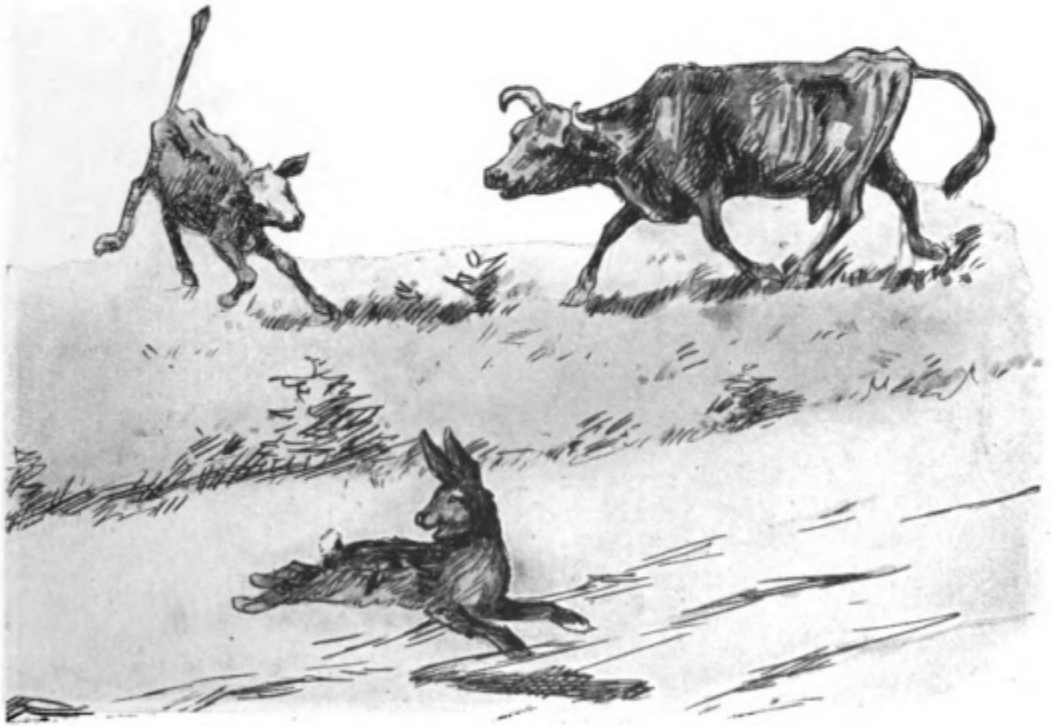
Den we j'ined wid Mister Donkey,
"He-haw! He-haw!" How we-all did laugh!
But we laughed at some'h'n' mo' dan
He saw—he saw!
Donkey couldn't see de ears dat
We saw—we saw!
Rabbit lopin' down de road, we
Three saw—three saw!
Wagged his ears an' called him daddy!
"Haw-haw! Haw-haw!" How dat—who dat laugh?
An' de last to see de joke was *wibbly wabbly calf!*



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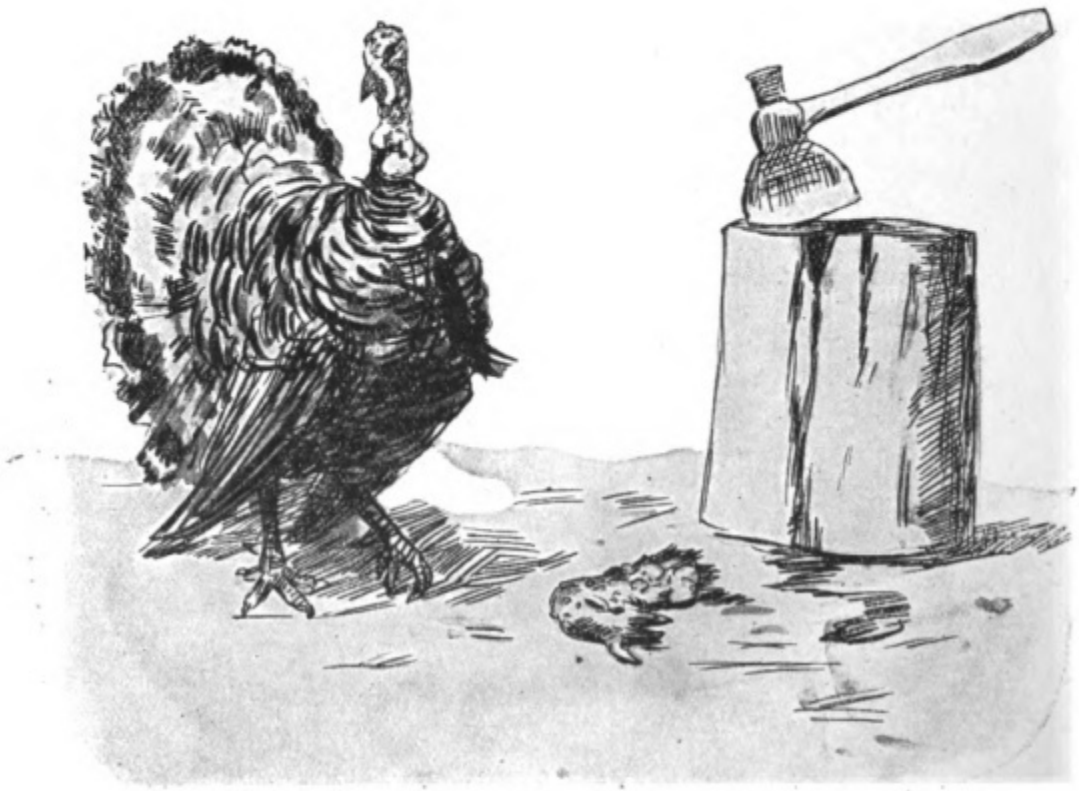

THE TURKEY-GOBBLER

Ol' Gobbly struts aroun' de stable
An' th'ows out hints o' de rich man's table,
An' he h'ists his tail an' spreads it wide,
To display his cuyus graveyard pride.
But he ain't by 'isself in pride like dat—
But he ain't by 'isself in dat.

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THE CAULIFLOWER

When de cabbage got ambitiom, in a uppish hour
An' lost 'is head an' bu'st into flower
Wid 'is brains outside, an addled, at dat—
He sot 'isself up for a 'ristocrat.
An' he ain't by 'isself in dat, in dat—
An' he ain't by 'isself in dat.

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THE STEP-MOTHER

Sis' Dominick follers her brood o' ducks
To de bayou's edge, an' she clucks an' clucks:
"Dis stepmammy job, oh me, oh me!
Ain't all dat it's quacked up to be!"
But she ain't by 'erself in dat, in dat—
But she ain't by 'erself in dat.

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THE FROG

Ol' Br'er Frog ain't much to sing,
But he clairs a log in a single spring,
An' jedgin' 'im by his bigoty ways,
He's clean forgot 'is tadpole days!
But he ain't by 'isself in dat, in dat—
But he ain't by 'isself in dat.

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THE RAT

Br'er Rat in de corn-bin over-fed
An' under-worked, an' now he's dead;
He craved to live lak a bloated chief,
An' now he ain't nothin' but a ol' dead thief.
An' he ain't by 'isself in dat, in dat—
No, he ain't by 'isself in dat.

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THE MOCKING-BIRD

Br'er mockin'-bird sings in de live-oak shade,
A secon'-hand chant or a serenade;
He'll take off a pa'tridge, a robin, or a jay,
But he'd nuver make a name no other way.
But he ain't by 'isself in dat, in dat—
But he ain't by 'isself in dat.

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THE MUSHROOM

Dey's many a musharoon good to de tas'e
An' rich for de table, dat goes to was'e
'Ca'ze folks don't dast to gether it in
For de way it favors its dung-hill kin.
An' it aint by itself condemned like dat—
No, it ain't by itself in dat

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THE MEASURING WORM

When Br'er Measurin'-worm strikes out so brave,
Makin' tend he kin measure you for yo' grave,
Wid all 'is stride an' all 'is stren'th
He can't measure mo'n 'is own little len'th.
An' he ain't by 'isself made cheap like dat—
No, he ain't by 'isself like dat.

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THE TOP-KNOT HEN

Hit's a proper pride in Sis' Top-knot's breast
Dat makes 'er step to march 'er crest;
Yit jalousy follers 'er 'roun' de shed
On de count o' dat innercent tufted head.
An' she ain't by 'erself pursued lak dat—
No, she ain't by 'erself in dat.

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THE 'POSSUM

Br'er 'Possum makes pertend he's dead
Whilst shots goes whizzin' over 'is head,
But time de hounds is out o' sight,
He's up an' "hongry for a fight!"
An' he ain't by 'isself in a bluff like dat—
No, he ain't by 'isself in dat.

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THE OWL

When de big owl calls out "*Who—ooo—ooo—!!!!!*"
In de dark o' de moon, like night-owls do,
De chillen, a-beggin' to play out late,
Come tumblin' back into Daddy's gate.
An' dey ain't by deyselves in dat, in dat—
No, dey ain't by deyselves in dat.

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THE CHAMELEON

De camelia-lizard is a turn-coat man,
An' he borries his colors where dey's "room to stan'";
He mought keep solid as a county candidate,
But you couldn't sca'cely find 'im on a map o' de State.
But he ain't by 'isself lost out, like dat—
No, he ain't by 'isself in dat.

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THE CATERPILLAR

Whilst she eats de groun' f'om onder 'er feet,
Sis' Caterpillar's weavin' 'er windin'-sheet;
But 'er red eyes shine an' 'er grass-green-hair,
An' 'er short life's bright, so she don't care.
An' she ain't by 'erself in dat, in dat—
An' she ain't by 'erself in dat.

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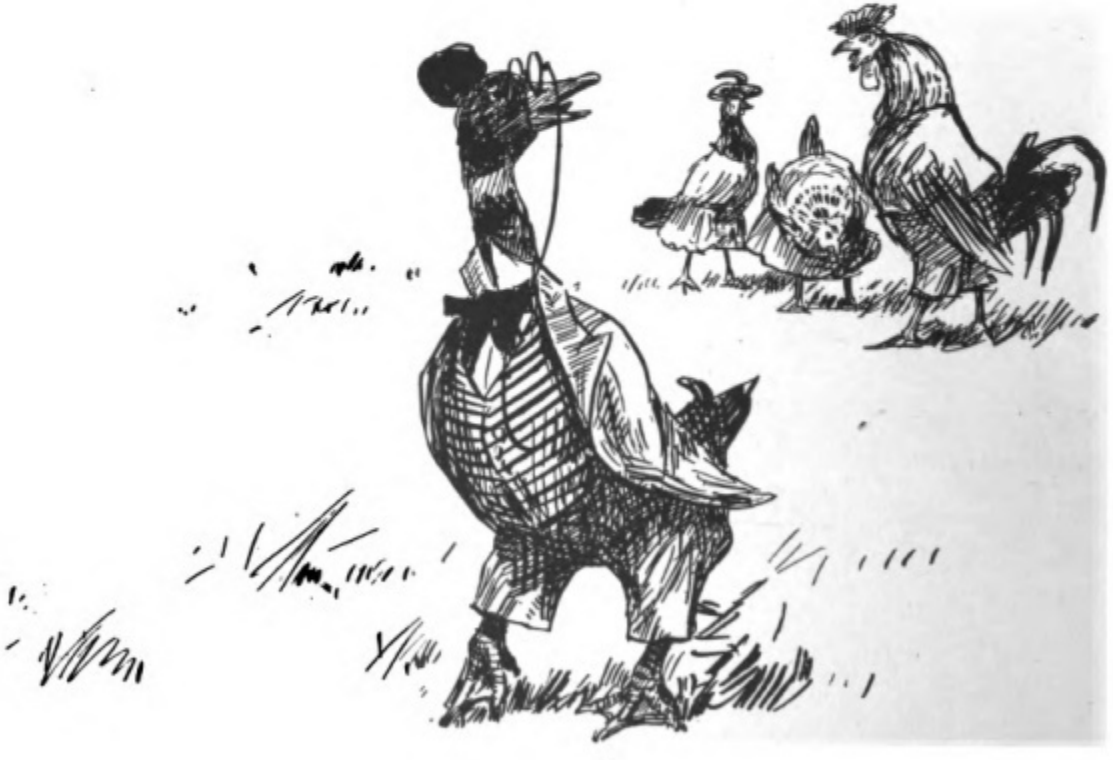
DR. DRAKE

Ol' Dr. Drake wid 'is college waddle
An' Latin inscriptioms on 'is noddle,
Would part wid 'is gait an' 'is shimmerin' back
To perscribe a *crowin'-powder* an' nuver say "Quack!"
But he ain't by 'isself in dat, in dat—
But he ain't by 'isself in dat.



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THE PEACOCK

Br'er Peacock 'lows he's a 'ristocrat,
Wid mighty fine clo'es, an' vain at dat;
He'll answer yo' glance wid col' surprise
An' look you over wid a thousan' eyes!
But he ain't by 'isself in dat, in dat—
But he ain't by 'isself in dat.

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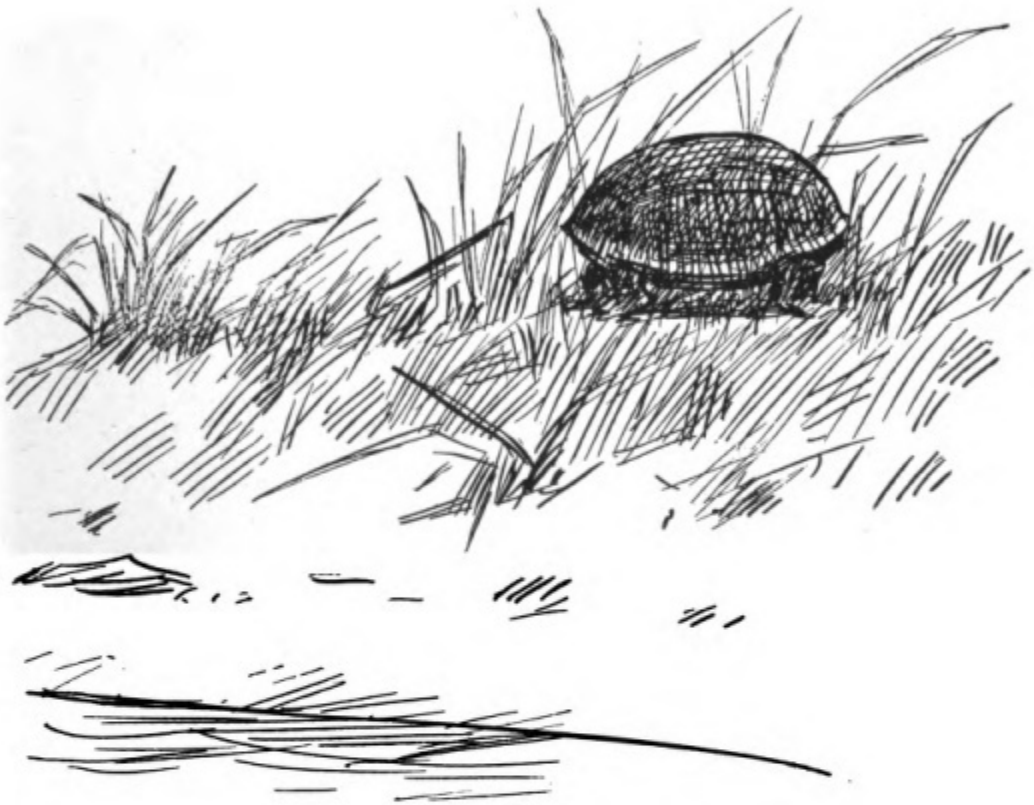

THE TERRAPIN

Br'er Tarrapin draws in 'is head so knowin',
You can't tell whether he's comin' or goin',
But *his* mind ain't mixed—he's layin' low
Tel he sees which way he's obleeged to go.
An' he ain't no new politician in dat—
No, he ain't by 'isself in dat.

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THE DANDELION

De dandelion flower blooms out so young
Wid a look in its face like a sassy tongue,
Den it grows light-headed wid self-conceit
Wid a flighty ol' age, for full defeat.
An' it ain't by itself, pert chillen, in dat—
No, it ain't by itself in dat.

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THE CUD

"Life's give an' take," Sis' Cow, she laugh,
"So I gives my milk an' dey takes my calf."
An' when contentment's hard to fin',
She chaws 'er cud to ease 'er min'.
And you ain't by yo'self, Sis' Cow, in dat—
No, you ain't by yo'self in dat.

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THE MIRROR

Br'er Donkey, drinkin' at de brook,
Surveys hisself wid offish look,
An' 'low: "You Jackass makes too free!
Huccome you dast to drink wid me!"
An' he ain't by 'isself in dat, in dat—
Oh, he ain't by 'isself in dat.

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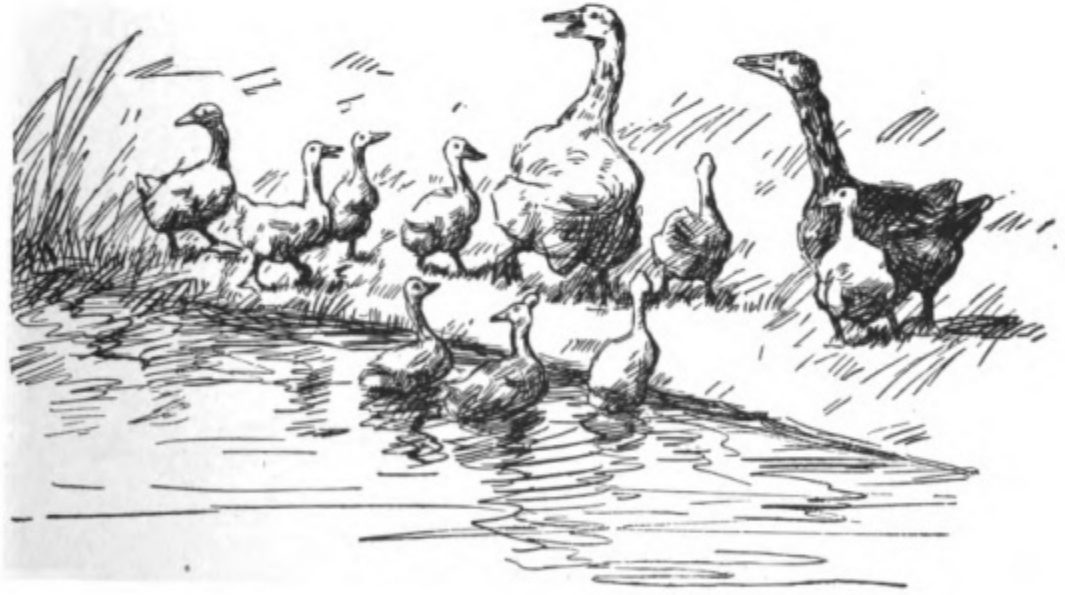
GOSLINGS

De purty yaller goslin's say:
"Oh, what—oh, what's de use!
When Mama say, 'Come, walk dis way
An' ac' jes like a goose!'
Oh, what's de use—oh, what's de use?
I's boun' to grow a noddle,
Like every goosey, goosey, goose,
An' waddle, waddle, waddle!

"But Mama say: 'Don't talk dat way!
Come, waddle like a mild goose,
F'om side to side, wid proper pride—
Not like a woodsy wild 'goose!
Dey's plenty use—dey's plenty use!
Come, git yo' education!
See how to waddle an' tote yo' noddle
Accordin' to yo' station!'"



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THE PET

De little white chicken dat's petted too much
Gits stunted in growth f'om de sp'ilin' touch.
An' she'll nuver make a hen so brave an' good
As ef she went a-pickin', an' worked wid de brood.
An' she ain't by 'erself in dat, in dat—
No, she ain't by 'erself in dat.

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THE GUINEA-HEN

Sis' Guinea, in proud week-day clo'es
Forgits how she was hatched outdo's;
Wid 'er red boot chicks, she cuts a dash,
An' calls 'er neighbors "*Po' trash! Po' trash!*"[1]
But she ain't by 'erself in dat—
But she ain't by 'erself in dat.

[1]The guinea-fowl strays away from home and makes her nest in the fields. The newly hatched guinea-chicks are beautiful, dainty things, with coral-colored feet which look very fine. The guinea's cry, loud and harsh, sounds like "Potterack!" or "Poor trash!"

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THE MOON

Dey say Sis' Moon daresn't shine at night
Cep'n by Marse Sun's allowance o' light,
An' whilst he's away whar de yether moons are
She don't even dast to wink at a star.
An' she ain't de onies' wife like dat—
No, she ain't by 'erself in dat.

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THE HEN-ROOST MAN

De Hen-roost Man he'll preach about Paul,
An' James an' John, an' Herod, an' all,
But nuver a word about Peter, oh, no!
He's afeard he'll hear dat rooster crow.
An' he ain't by 'isself in dat, in dat—
An' he ain't by 'isself in dat.

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A GUILTY CONSCIENCE

Dat little yaller pup 's got so many lickin's
For pesterin' all de ducks an' chickens,
Dat whenever he hears any barn-yard strife,
He looks over his shoulder an' runs for 's life.
But he ain't by 'isself in dat, in dat—
No, he ain't by 'isself in dat.

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INCUBATOR CHICKENS

Dem inkybator chickens dat's hatched by de clock,
Wid a lamp for love, is lonesome stock;
Dey feeds in droves, but dey envies de others
Dat scratches for grubs wid any ol' mothers.
An' dey ain't by deyselves, po' orphans, in dat—
No, dey ain't by deyselves in dat.

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THE FIREFLY

Br'er Lightnin'-bug is a gay yo'ng spark,
But he nuver is yit put out de dark;
He shines for 'isself in 'is zigzag flight,
An' he's middlin' sho he's de sou'ce of light.
But he ain't by 'isself in dat, in dat—
But he ain't by 'isself in dat.

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THE GRAY SQUIRREL

De gray squir'l lives a nachel life,
Wid friends an' foes an' chillen an' wife;
But whenever he gits his picture took,
He snatches dat nut, to appear in de book.
But he ain't by 'isself in dat, in dat—
But he ain't by 'isself in dat.

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LOOK OUT FOR MISTER BEE

Look out for Mister Bee in de punkin-flower!
Plenty gallinippers in de grass!
Mighty close tie 'twix' wings an' stings
Better let de honey-bee pass!
Z—Z—Z,Z,Z!
Better let de honey-bee pass!

White-face bumblebee—white folks' ways—
Never give a sassy answer back!
But don't you trus' de black-face, no matter what he says!
Give de nigger bumblebee de track!
Z—Z—Z,Z,Z!
Give de nigger bumblebee de track![1]

[1]The white-faced bee does not sting.

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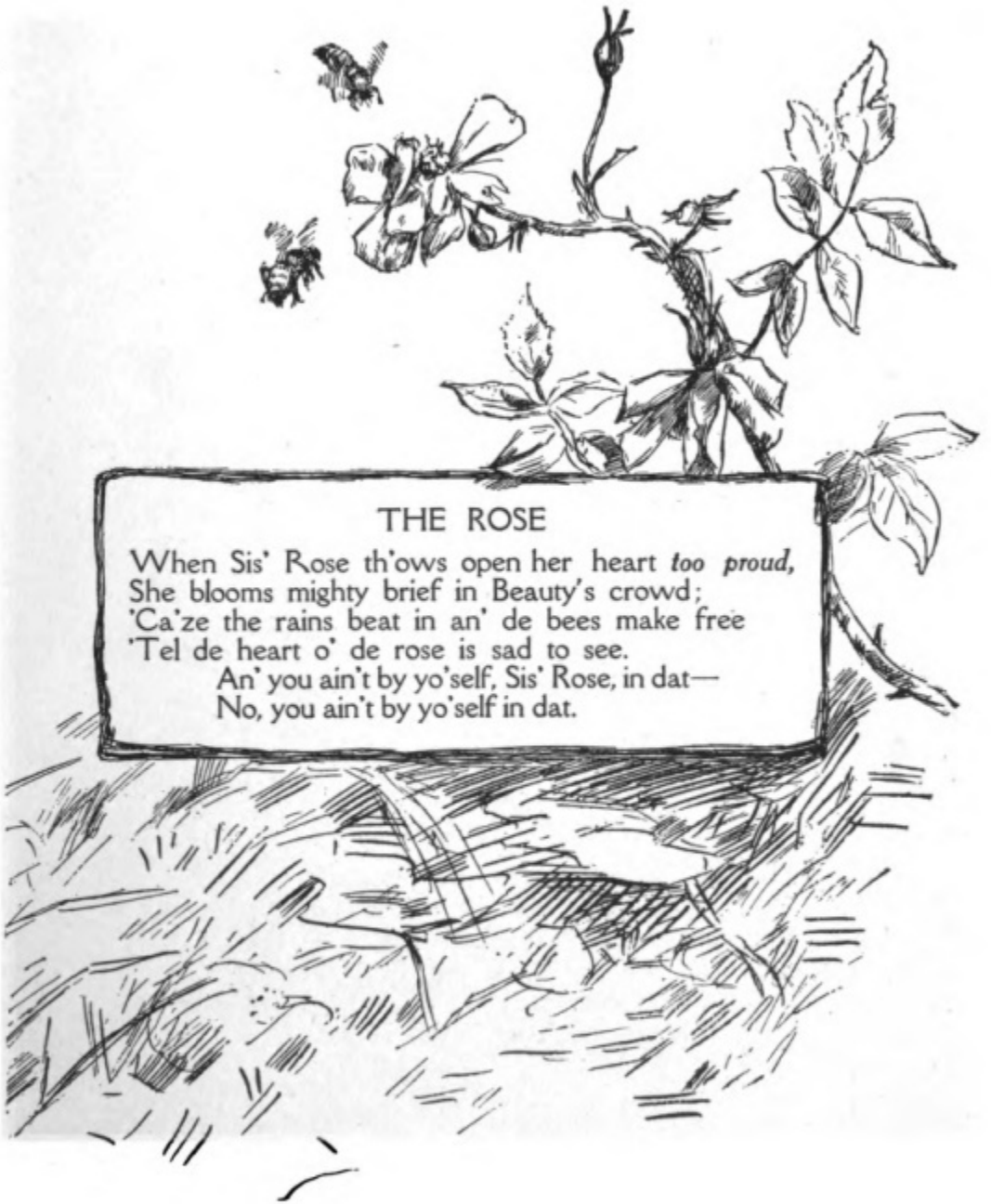

THE ROSE

When Sis' Rose th'ows open her heart *too proud,*
She blooms mighty brief in Beauty's crowd;
'Ca'ze the rains beat in an' de bees make free
'Tel de heart o' de rose is sad to see.
An' you ain't by yo'self, Sis' Rose, in dat—
No, you ain't by yo'self in dat.

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THE GOAT

No matter how much she strive to 'spire,
Sis' Nannie Goat's measured 'g'inst some'h'n' higher;
"First cousin to a sheep" an' "de po' man's cow,"
Is hol'-down luck, come when, come how.
An' she ain't by 'erself helt down like dat—
No, she ain't by 'erself in dat.

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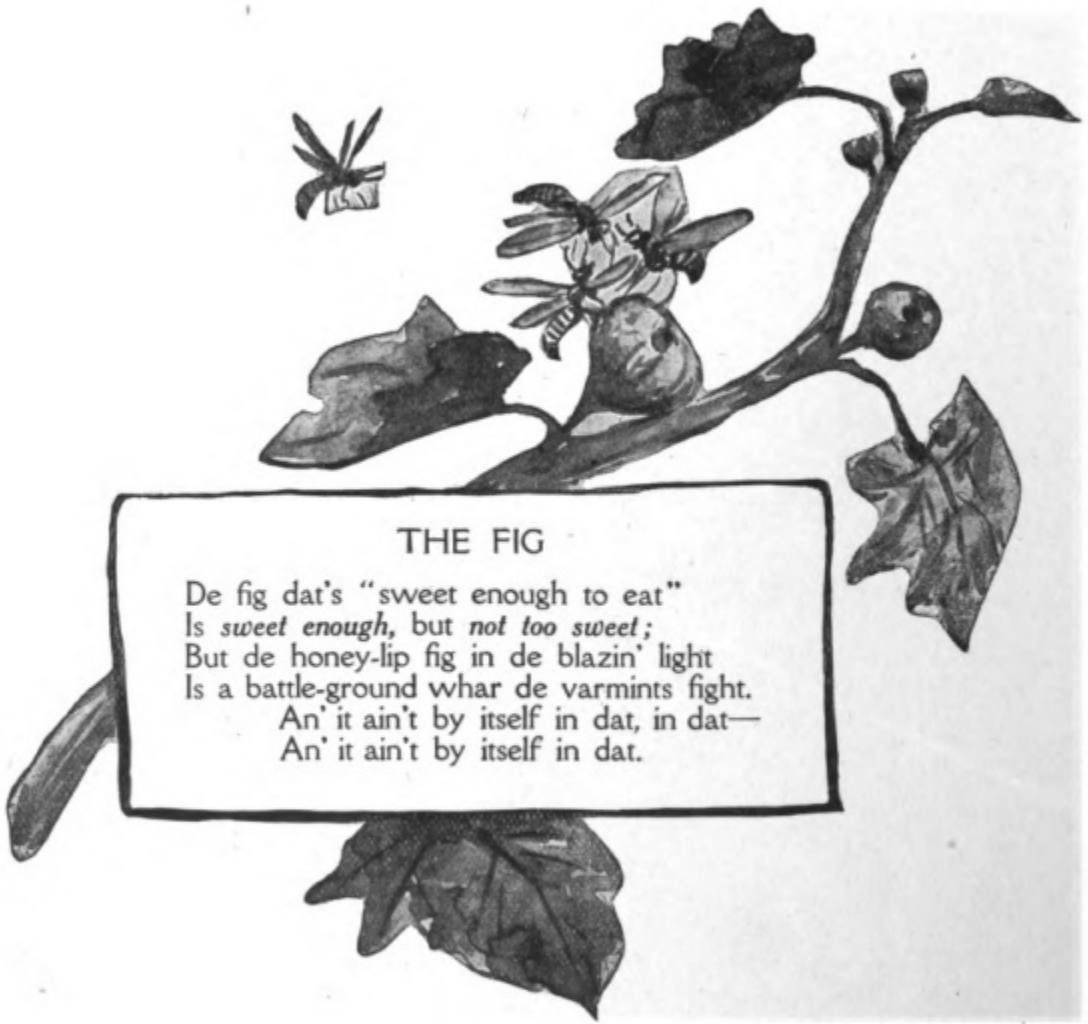

THE FIG

De fig dat's "sweet enough to eat"
Is *sweet enough,* but *not too sweet;*
But de honey-lip fig in de blazin' light
Is a battle-ground whar de varmints fight.
An' it ain't by itself in dat, in dat—
An' it ain't by itself in dat.

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THE EEL

Br'er Eel got a mighty jewbious name,
But maybe he ain't so much to blame;
He couldn't squirm out ef he nuver ventured in,
An' he resks his all when he resks his skin.
But he ain't by 'isself in dat, in dat—
But he ain't by 'isself in dat.

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THE RAIN-CROW

Br'er Rain-crow sho kin prophesy,
Caze he reads his wisdom f'om de page on high;
His mind ain't clogged wid secon'-hand facts,
But de moon an' de skies is his almanacs.
An' he ain't by 'isself in dat, in dat—
An' he ain't by 'isself in dat.

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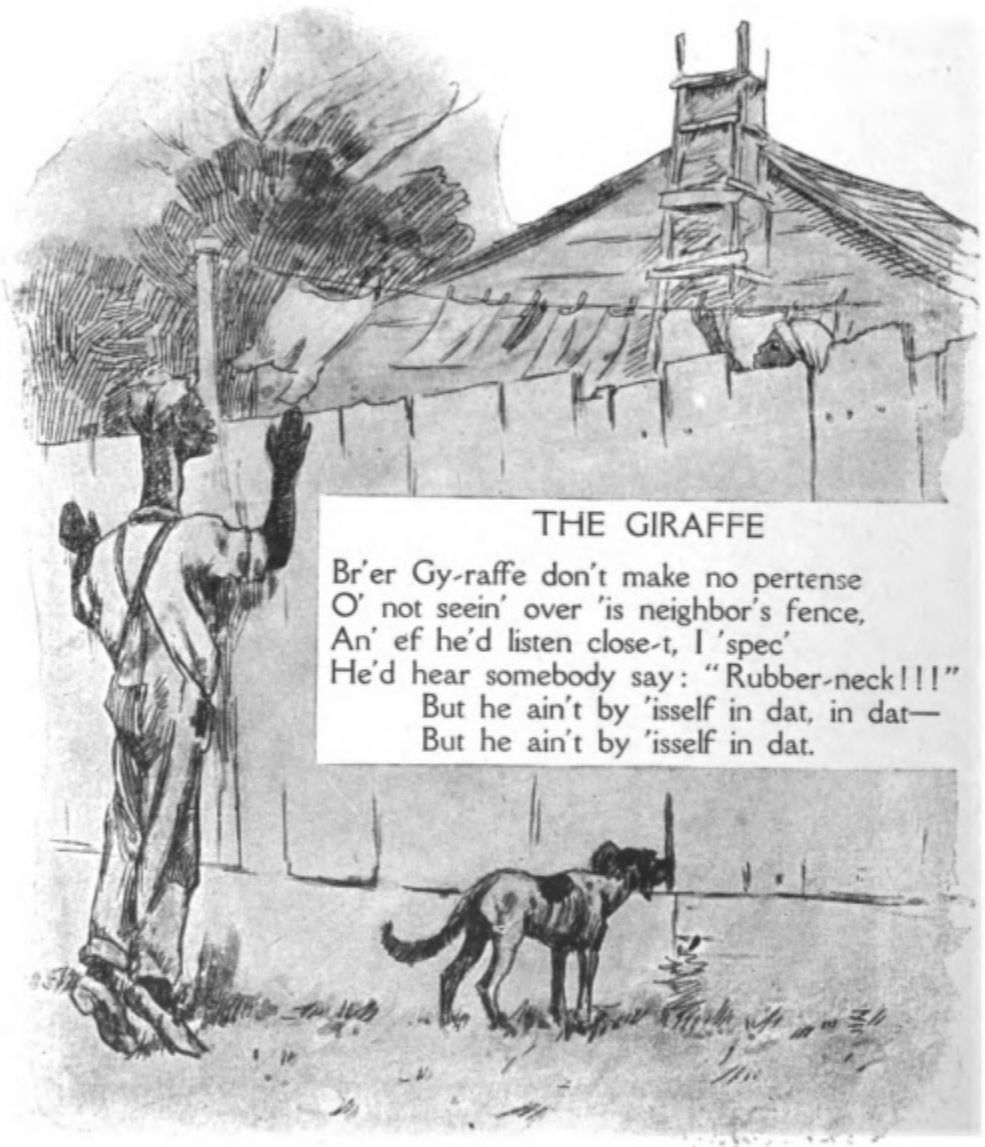

THE GIRAFFE

Br'er Gy-raffe don't make no pertense
O' not seein' over 'is neighbor's fence,
An' ef he'd listen close-t, I 'spec'
He'd hear somebody say: "Rubber-neck!!!"
But he ain't by 'isself in dat, in dat—
But he ain't by 'isself in dat.

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THE BLACK SHEEP

De black sheep says, "Oh, what's de use
To shun de mire an' de muddy sluice?
For whether I walks for praise or blame,
Dey'll call me 'black sheep,' jes de same!"
An' he ain't by 'isself in dat, in dat—
An' he ain't by 'isself in dat.

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THE PRIZE-WINNER

Dat Berkshire horg in de blue ribbon pen
Come home wid de heavy-weight prize again;
He looks mighty pompious in 'is stall,
But he's on'y a fat horg, after all.
An' he ain't by 'isself in dat, in dat—
An' he ain't by 'isself in dat.

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THE DOG

I can't talk dog an' he can't talk man,
Yit Rover an' me, we onderstan';
I wag my tongue an' he wags 'is tail,
An' Love explains whar grammars fail.
An' we ain't by ourselves in dat, in dat—
No, we ain't by ourselves in dat.

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BRENTANO'S
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