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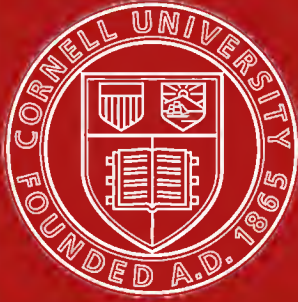
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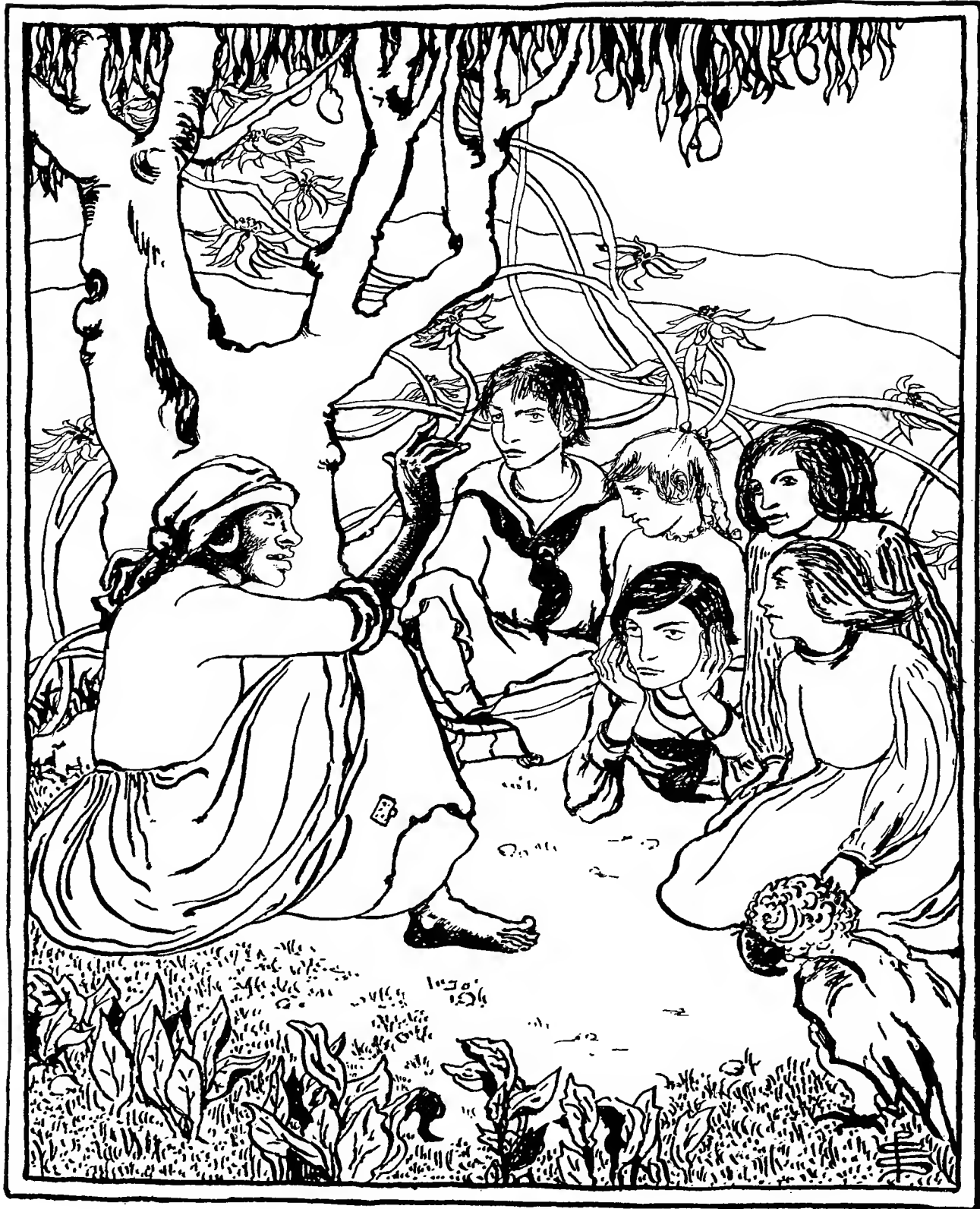
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ANNANCY STORIES

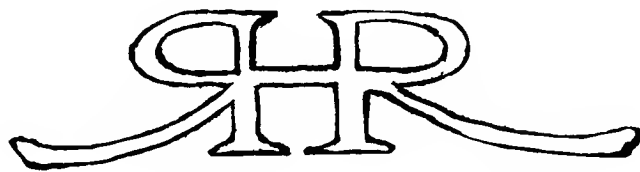




Andancy Stories.

BY

Pamela Colman Smith.



Published by R.H. Russell New York.

1899

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UNBINDABLE

INTRODUCTION

THE "Annancy Stories," by Miss Pamela Colman Smith, a young lady who has recently come from Jamaica to live in this country, are perhaps the most original contribution to negro folk-lore literature since the day when "Uncle Remus" gave us his imperishable record of "Brer Rabbit."

These new stories are a contribution from the West Indian Negroes. They belong to the same class with the stories of "Brer Rabbit," which undoubtedly inspired the young authoress to collect them, as they have inspired all other writers of folk-stories, since Mr. Harris's genius blazed the way. The differences form one of the points of interest. Some of the tales bear traces of descent from Æsop; others have the impress of the "Arabian Nights," whilst yet others show marks of the less ancient fairy tale. Whatever their origin, however, "Annancy" will prove of great interest not only to all who may enjoy this class of literature; but to that wider public who recognize the value of sincerity, and read only for entertainment.

The young authoress has been gifted with the power to illustrate her stories in a manner as original as the stories themselves.

Both as narrator and artist she has struck out boldly on new lines and deserves the success which it is hoped her courage and ability may bring her.

Thos Nelson Page

CONTENTS

Annancy and Chim-Chim	9
De Man An' De Six Poach Eggs	12
Why Toad Walk 'Pon Four Leg	14
Annancy An' Tiger Ridin' Horse	17
Mr. Titman	20
Why John Crow Hab Peel Head	25
Candoo	28
Mother Calbee	31
How Annancy Win De Five Dubbloon	35
Morass	38
Annancy And Giny Fly	41
How Annancy Went To Fish Country	44
Haylefayly An' Pretty Peallope	47
Paarat, Tiger An' Annancy	51
Bull-Garshananee	55
Annancy An' De Nyam Hills	59
Ticky-Picky Boom-Boom	62
De Golden Water, De Singin' Tree An' De Talkin' Bird	65
How Annancy Fooled Death	69
The Three Sisters	72
Annancy And Dry Kull; Or, Why Hog Hab A Long Mouth	75
Dog An' De Duckanoo	78



ANNANCY AND CHIM-CHIM

IN a long before time in dis country dere lib Chim-chim Bird, and Chim-chim Bird him buil' him nest on de top of de grass; so dat it blow up an' down wid de wind. An' in de evenin' when de north breeze blow, de nest go up and down and rock Breda Chim-chim Bird to sleep.

Now in dis same country dere lib a bery cleber man call Annancy, an' him sometime make himself big, an' sometime little. A sort o' * jumbe man.

Now dese two, Breda Annancy and Chim-chim, get to know each oder in de bush. An' dey play cyards togeder, and Breda Chim-chim he always win Annancy. Now, before dey play dey agree dat whoefer lose is to pay a fine to de oder one. An' de fine is to be a piece of flesh off de one dat lose. So dey play fe many, many nights, an' Chim-chim he always win. An' each time he take a piece of flesh off Breda Annancy till Annancy get quite thin. So at last one night Breda Annancy say him would only play one time more. So de nex' night dey play, an' Breda Annancy he win! A'en him laugh, him was so please, an' say, "Now, me Breda Chim-chim, you mus' pay you fine." But Chim-chim only laugh an' fly away.

Long time Annancy try to catch Chim-chim all sort of way, by springes, an' caliban an' lime, but all dis time Chim-chim was too cleber fe him.

So at last Breda Annancy go an' tell Breda Tiger about it, an ax him fe help him catch Breda Chim-chim Bird. So Tiger he listen, and when Annancy finish, he t'ink, an' t'ink fe long time, an' at las' him say:—

"I tell you, Breda Annancy what I wi' do. I wi' lie down an' play I dead, an' you get a bell, and you ring de bell all over de town, and say 'Tiger dead!' an' den we wi' see if Chim-chim will come to de funeral."

Den Annancy say:—

"All right, Breda Tiger, an' if I catch Breda Chim-chim Bird I give you a cow."

So it was agree that if Breda Annancy catch Chim-chim, Tiger would get de cow.

So dey wrote de bargin out.

Nex' market day Breda Chim-chim Bird come to town fe get some salt fish an' yams an' a †quattie peas. An' as him was goin' troo de town him hear a bell, an' him ax what it is, and de people dey tel! him say:—

"De great Massa Tiger is dead!"

So Breda Chim-chim go home an' put on him long-tail-blue coat an' him que-que

*Bogeyman. †Penny-ha-penny.

ANNANCY AND CHIM-CHIM

shoe, an' de que-que shoe say, "Buoay-soi ! buoay-soi !" an' he go to Breda Tiger house. An' him ax :—

"Well, what Breda Tiger dead wid ?" An' dey say. "Dead wid de heat of de wedder."

An' Chim-chim say :—

"When him dead ?"

An' dey say :—

"He dead yesterday forenoon."

An' den Chim-chim say :—

"Well, I sorry; but is him laugh at all since him dead ?"

An' dey say :—

"No !"

An' Chim-chim bird say :—

"You eber hear man dead an' him no laugh ?"

Den when Breda Tiger *yerry dis him gib one big laugh. Den Chim-chim Bird say :—

"Hey-hey ! Who eber hear dead man laugh yet ?" An' he fly away laughing. An' Annancy neber catch him dat time. An' so Tiger didn't get de cow.

Den Annancy say, "I gwin try one more time." So he go an' get in Breda Chim-chim's nest, and say, "I will see if I don't catch him dis time !"

After him lay dere fe long time Breda Chim-chim he come home to him nest and him look an' see de nest look funny—de nes' neber go down so low before—what is de matter wid it ? So Chim-chim fly all about, an' at las' say :—

"Good evening, me nest."

An' de nes' no say notin'. So Chim-chim say :—

"Hi ! Ebery ebening I say good ebening to me nest, an' me nest say good ebening to me ; but to-night me nest won't say notting !"

So den Annancy say "Good ebening, Breda Chim-chim Bird !"

An' Chim-chim say, "Why, me neber hear nest talk yet." An' him fly away.

An' Annancy neber catch him to dis day !

*Hicar





NEX' MARKET DAY BREDA CHIM-CHIM COME TO TOWN.



DE MAN AN' DE SIX POACH EGGS

IN a before time, a man was trabblin from one town to anoder, an' after him walk an' walk fe many mile, him was bery hungry. An' so him stop at a shop, an' axed fe someting fe eat. An' dey brought him six poach eggs. A eat dem, an' he say him don' got any money to pay fe dem; but would back an' pay, when he find him fortune.

So after twelve years, de man was ridin' along de road, on him way back to own country—fe him had found him fortune—an' was goin' home back see him fren and relation. An' as him go by de Cook shop, him stop an' pay six pence fe de eggs he had eaten twelve years before.

An' de keeper of de Cook shop say, it was not enough, dat if de man had not eate eggs, dey would have grown up to chickens, an' de chickens would grow up to hens de hens would lay more eggs, an' dey would grow to chickens, an' dat de six eggs would be worth more dan sixty pounds, not six pennys!

An' de man say, he would not pay any more dan six pence. An' de Cook shop keeper say him mus'! an' so at las' de Cook shop keeper, take de man to de Judge, an' de Judge didn' know what to say. An' while dey was conversin', an' de Judge was t'inkin', a boy came in to de court house. An, him hab a bag under him arm, an' de judge say,

“What you got?”

An' de boy say,

“Parch peas, sah!”

“What you goin' to do wid it?” An' de boy say,

“Plant it!”

An' de Judge say,

“But parch peas won't grow!”

An' de boy say,

“An' poach eggs won't hatch!”

So de Judge laugh! An' he neber make de man pay any'ting! An, de man was so tar full to de boy, dat he took him home wid him, an' he grow up an' get all de man money when him go away wid Death.

Dis story prove dat “No catchee no habie! *

*Have.



AN' DE COOK SHOP KEEPER SAY HIM MUS'!



WHY TOAD WALK 'PON FOUR LEG

IN a long before time—before Queen Victoria come to reign over we, Toad was a buckra gentleman, an' walk 'pon two leg, an' wear quee-quee shoe, an' a hat wid feaders, an' a long two-tail coat! An' dere was a prince lib in de same town where Toad lib, an' a' old Obeah* woman lib dere too, an' de name ob de town was Four Paths, an' de name ob de Obeah woman was Recundadundadrumunday.

Now de Obeah woman was bery proud, fe dere was no oder Obeah woman in de country who could do all de magic she could, an' she set her min' on marrin de Prince. So she go borrow a silk dress, an' a coach an' four horses. An' when she walk to de coach de dress go swish—swish—swish. An' she hab feaders in her hair. An' she make herself just like a buckra woman. An' she drive out, an' when she drive out, who should she buck up on de road but de Prince out ridin', 'pon a big horse! An' de Prince wonder who dis gran' lady was, an' she bow to him, an' him was so please.

An' so ebery t'ing was arrainge an' de weddin' day was fix', an' ebery t'ing ready, an' a big cake—all white like race cake wid little sweets 'pon de top!

An ebery body please!

An' at las' de day come! An' den Bredda Toad he go to de Prince and say to him:—

“You know dat de lady you is goin' to marry is not'ing but an old Obeah woman, an' her name is Recundadundadrumunday!”

An, de Prince would'n believe him, den Toad say:—

“You know she, as well as meself an' you see—I pass by her yard ebery night when I go home. An' I hear her tellin' all sort ob spells an' tings. An' I know her well, an' her name is Recundadundadrumunday!”

An' de Prince didn' believe it at all! But when Toad gone him go to de Obeah woman, an' him say:—

“I know what you is. You are playin' trick 'pon me. You is not'ing but an Obeah woman an' you' name is Recundadundadrumunday!”

*Witch



"I KNOW WHAT YOU IS. YOU PLAYIN' TRICK 'PON ME."

WHY TOAD WALK 'PON FOUR LEG

“An’ den she gib a loud kreech, an’ trow off her silk frock, an’ all de fine t’ings she hab on, an’ den she tek her chunky* pipe an’ Obeah stick, and run out de Prince house, fe fine who tell de Prince dis one big lie!

An’ den she go along de road, an’ walk, an’ walk, an’ walk, an’ bum-bye she buck up wid a cow. An’ she tell de cow say:

“Cow, you tell de Prince who lib at Four Paths dat I is an’ Obeah woman an’ dat me name is Recundadundadrumunday?”

An’ de cow say:—

“No, missus, I wouldn’ do such a t’ing!”

An’ she go on again, an’ she go fe a long time. An’ bum-bye she buck up wid a sheep. An’ she tell de sheep say:—

“You go tell de Prince at Four Paths dis one great big lie—dat me name is Recundadundadrumunday, an’ dat I is an Obeah woman?”

An’ de sheep say:—

“Noa; missus, you tink I would do sech a t’ing?”

An’ so den she go on, an’ on again, fe a mile an’ a few chain, an’ den she buck up wid Toad himself, an’ him had been watchin’ her all de way, an’ followin’ her in de bush. An’ Bredda Toad say:—

“Oh, dere is me good frien’—me old frien’—I know so long time, Recundadundadrumunday.”

An’ him laugh. But den she say:—

“I know you, now. You go tell de Prince who I is, an’ now I will show you.”

An’ she tek her Obeah stick an’ beat Toad wid it, an’ pull off all him gran’ clothes, him two tail coat, an’ all, an’ lick him down ’pon him four legs, an’ say:—

“Now, me Bredda Toad, you will neber sarve me so again. An’ you mus’ always walk ’pon four legs from now!”

An’ den she put on de gran’ two tail coat an’ plume hat, an’ go off! But she neber marry de Prince, an’ she go to anoder country, Colon or some oder place, an’ was neber seen any more.

An’ Toad was neber a buckra gentleman again an’, because of what him do to de Obeah woman, him walk ’pon four legs to dis day.

Dis story show dat—

“Quattie buy trouble, hundred pound can’t cure it.”

*Short.





ANNANCY AN' TIGER RIDIN' HORSE

IN a long before time Annancy an' Tiger was both cortin' de same young lady. An' dey was bery jealous ob each oder. So one day Annancy him go to de young lady house, an' him say:

"You know Breda Tiger is not'ing else dan an old ridin' horse?"

An' de young lady was bex.

An' so de nex' time Tiger come fe see her she say:

"Go away wid you! How you can come cortin' me when you know you is not'ing but an old ridin' horse!"

An' Tiger him bawl out:

"Who tell you dis one great big lie?"

An' she say Annancy tell her, an' she didn' tink it was a lie at all! So Tiger him say him would bring Annancy to prove it! An' him hurry go Annancy house. But Annancy see him comin' out ob de window. An' him run an' get 'pon de bed an' play him was sick. An' Tiger him come to de door, an' knock, an' say bery sof'ly:

"Breda Annancy, is you in?"

An' Annancy say, as dough him was bery sick:

"Yes, me Breda, I is in."

An' Tiger him go in. An' Annancy say:

"Oh, me Breda, I so sick wid feaver!"

An' Tiger say:

"You tell de young lady dis one great big lie; dat I is not'ing but you fada's old jack-ass ridin' horse? Now you is to come an' prove dat I is not a ridin' horse!"

An' den Annancy say:

"Oh, me Breda! How you tink I can come wid you? I just take doctor medecine an' two pill! How you tink I can come to de young lady house tonight?"

ANNANCY AN' TIGER RIDIN' HORSE

An' Tiger say:

"You mus' come! I tell you what I wi' do, Breda; I will carry you 'pon me back!"

So Annancy say all yite! An him get up, an' take him saddle down from de rafter, an' put it 'pon Tiger back, an' Tiger say:

"Wha' dat for?"

An' Annancy say:

"Dat is so I can go sof'ly 'pon you' back, fe me head hurt me so!"

An' den him go an' tek down him bridle an' rein, an' put dem 'pon Breda Tiger.

An' Tiger say:

"Wha' dat for?"

An' Annancy say:

"Dat is so when you walk too fas', I will pull you back, me head hurt me so!"

Den Annancy, him go and tek down him spur an' ridin' whip; an' den him mount up 'pon de table, an' den 'pon Breda Tiger, an' say:

"Now, me Breda Tiger, you mus'n' walk too fas'."

An Tiger walk off. An' when dey get a mile an' a little, Annancy tek him ridin' whip an' give Tiger a lash! An' Tiger jump, an' say:

"Warra! Wa' dat?"

An' den Annancy say:

"Oh, me Breda, de fly dey boder you so, I is lickin' dem off!"

And den Tiger say:

"Nex' time doan lick so hot!"

So dey go anoder mile an' a little; an' den Annancy tek him ridin' whip an' lash Tiger 'pon de ear! An' Tiger say:

"Warra! Wa' dat?"

An' Annancy say:

"De flies dey boder you so, Breda Tiger!"

An' Tiger say:

"Nex' time you mus'n' lick so hot, Breda Annancy!"

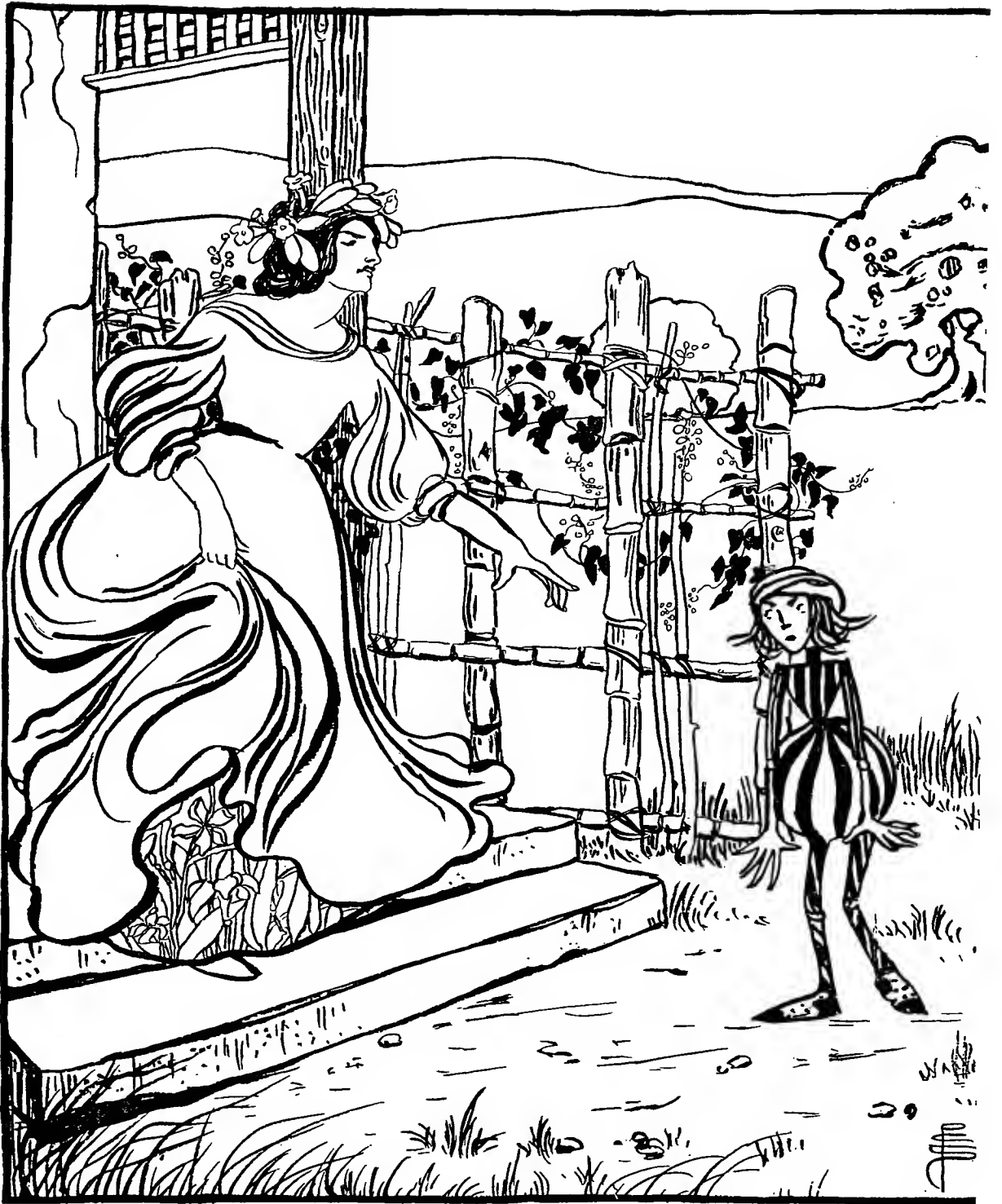
An' den dey go anoder mile an' a little, an' at las' dey get to de young lady house far as de yard mouth.

An' when dey get dere, Annancy see de young lady standin' in de door mouth, an' him stan' up in him stirrup, like how jocky do, a' Kin'ston race cou'se. An' him lash Tiger, an' use him spur till Tiger gallop! When dey get to de door where de young lady was standin', Annancy take off him hat an' wave it, an' him bawl out:

"Me no tell you so, Missus! Dat dis old Tiger was not'ing but me fader's old long-ear jackass ridin' horse?"

An' him jump off, an' Tiger was so 'shame dat him gallop away into de bush, an' was neber seen any more!





"GO AWAY WID YOU! HOW YOU CAN COME CORTIN' ME WHEN YOU KNOW YOU IS NOT'ING



MR. TITMAN

IN a long before time dere was a woman, an' she hab nine children, an' dey was all girls! An' de oldes' one name Quashiba. Now dis woman, she used to make cakes fe ten buckra ladies, an' dey gib her de flour, an' sugar, an' butter, an' eggs, an' all de tings, an' den she would make de cakes—an' bake dem. An' den de buckra ladies dey pay fe it; an' dey would tell all dem frien' dat dey bake de cakes—dem! An' all de frien' say what lubly cake dey make. An' so dat is how de woman she make her livin'.

One time she git de tings fe mek nine cakes, an' dey was in de oven; an' she was goin' out fe de tings fe de las' cake. An' she tell the children not to let de cakes burn! An' not to touch dem! So she go out. An' de cakes dem smell so good dat after a little Quashiba say to de oder children:

“It can't hurt jus' fe look 'pon dem!”

So she open de oven door, an' de cakes look so nice an' brown. An' she say:

“Let us taste dem.”

So all de children tek each one a cake, an' tek one little bite! An' when dey get one bite, dey want anoder, an' when dey get anoder, den dey want anoder, an' anoder, an' anoder! Till all de cakes dem was heat up!

When de mumma she come home, she ax de children how de cakes was gettin' on, an' de children say:

“We heat dem all up!”

An' de woman say:

“You heat dem all up?”

An' dey say:

“Yes.”

An' den de woman go to de corner, an' get a broom dat was dere, an' lick dem hard, till dey all jump about, up an' down, up an' down, like how people do a Kinston race course when dem horse beat!

MR. TITMAN

Now at dis time de king was a buckra gentlemen. An' him happen to be ridin' by, just at dis time. An' when him hear dis n'ise him wonder what it can all be about. An' him pull up him horse—it was a big buckra horse—an' him bawl out:

“What is all dis n'ise about?”

An' de woman hear him, an' come runnin' to de door an' ax him what him want. An' she did'n know it was de King. An' him say:

“What is all dis n'ise about?”

An' she say:

“Oh, me darter, she jus spin a whole fiel' * of linen, an' we is rejoicin'!”

An den de king say, him was de king. An' den de woman was please! An' him say dat if it was true dat the darter spin a whole fiel' of linen, she mus' be him Queen.

An' den de woman call out Quashiba, an' it was all arrange, an' de weddin' day was fix, an' de cake, an' all de oder tings order.

An' everybody was please. An' so dey was marry.

An' it was fix dat fe a year an' a day de girl Quashiba was to hab all de bittles † she could eat—mos'ly cakes—an' all de frocks she could wear, an' all de frien's to call 'pon her dat she want. But at de end of de year an' a day she was to spin tree whole fiel's of linen! An' when de woman hear dis she was frighten, but Quashiba say dat before de time was up de King would forget all about it.

So eberyting go lubly for de year an' de day. An' den de King he go an' tell Quashiba, an' put her in a room as big as a fiel', an' padlock an' bolt de door. Den Quashiba was well frighten! An' begin to cry. An' while she was cryin' she hear a n'ise, an' she look up, an' she see a little man. An' him was ugly fe true! Him hab on a tall green hat, an' him hab a wooden leg an' 'triped trousers, an' a tail! An' him begin bowin' an' grinnin', an' grinnin' an' bowin'. An' Quashiba was more frighten dan eber!

An' den de little man ax her what was de matter; an' she go' an' tell him all about ebery ting! An' him say him would help her if she would guess his name tree times, fe de tree night, tree time ebery night. An' she t'ank him an' say she would. An' den de little man begin singin' an' singin', an' walkin' an' walkin', roun' an' roun'.

An' Quashiba she go to sleep, an' when she wake up it was dark, an' de moon was lookin' in t'rough de little window. An' she see de ugly little man bowin', an' grinnin', an' grinnin' an' bowin'. An' de room was full of linen! Right up to de top! An' de little man say:

“Now, Missus Queen, what is me name?”

An' Quashiba say:

“You name Septimus!”

An' de little man say:

“Noa!” An' him laugh.

An' she say:

“Den you name Obidiah!”

“Noa!” An' him laugh.

An' den she tink an' tink an' tink, an' at las' she say:

“Den you name is 'Jaams!'”

An' de little man say, “Noa!” An' him laugh like anyting an' fly away.

*Field. †Victuals.

MR. TITMAN

De nex 'mornin' de King come an' him was please to see all de linen. An' him tek Quashiba into anoder room, jus' as big as de firs'. An' padlock her in. An' dis room was de same as de oder, but it hab two windows instead of one. An' Quashiba wonder if de little man would come again.

An' while she was tinkin' dis, dere was de little man right before her, bowin' an' grinnin', an' grinnin' an' bowin'. An' him begin singin' an' singin' an' walkin' roun', an' roun', an' roun'.

An' den Quashiba go to sleep again, an' when she wake up it was not night yet, but jus' before de night come down. An' dere was de ugly little man bowin' an' grinnin' de same as before. An' the whole room was chock full of linen! An' him say:

“Now, good evenin', me Missus Queen. I hope you is well. Now what is me name?”

An' Quashiba she say:

“You name is Nicholas.”

An' him say:

“Noa!”

An' she say:

“Den you name is Neahmia!”

An' him say:

“Noa!” an' laugh.

An' she tink an tink long time an' den say:

“Nebercouldarazor!”

An' him say “Noa!” an' laugh, an' shake him head, an' fly away.

In a little time de King him unlock de padlock an' come in, an' when him see de room full ob linen, him was so please dat him ax de Queen to hab supper wid him. An' dey hab a gran' supper of roas' goat-mutton, an ackees, * an' red peas, an' rice, an' yams, an' sweet potatoe an' plaintain, an' lot of oder good t'ings!

An' de King tell how when him was out huntin' wild hogs de day, him come to a place where was a big hole in de groun'. An' him look in, an' see a funny little man wid a wooden leg, an' 'triped trousers, an' a tall green hat, an' a tail; an' him was dancin' 'pon de wooden leg an' singin' an' singin':

Me name Missa Titman,

Me name Missa Titman,

He—I—oo—hum,

Titman—Titman!

An' dancin' roun' an' roun' all de time!

Den Quashiba laugh, an' was please. An' dey eat as much as dey could, an' den de nex' mornin' de King tek Quashiba an' put her in de las' room. An' it had t'ree windows, an' was jus' as big as eder ob de oders. An' pretty soon de little man come, an' bow, an' grin, an' grin, an' bow. An' say:

“To-day is you' las' chance. If you doan' guess me right name I will heat you up!” An' so him dance, roun', an' roun' an' roun', an' sing, an' sing, an' Quashiba go to sleep de same as de oder time.

An' when she wake up it was mos' dark, but de night doan' come quite down yet. An' dere she see de little ugly man, jus' de same— an' bowin' an' grinnin', an grinnin' an' bowin'. An him say:

*A vegetable.



AN' HIM SAY HIM WOULD HELP HER, IF SHE GUESS HIM NAME TREE TIME.

MR. TITMAN

“Now, Missus Queen, you mus’ guess well dis time—you only hab t’ree guess more— an’ if you doan’ know me name I will h’eat you!” An’ him tail go roun’ an’ roun’ till you couldn’ see it! An’ him laugh.

An’ Quashiba say:

“You name ‘Quashie!’”

An’ him say “Noa!” An’ him tail go ‘roun’!

An’ him say:

“You only got two more guess—so tink good!”

And she say:

“You name mus’ be—be—no—it’s not dat! it mus’ be Teardoor!”

An’ him say:

“Noa! It’s not dat! You mus’ tink good dis time!”

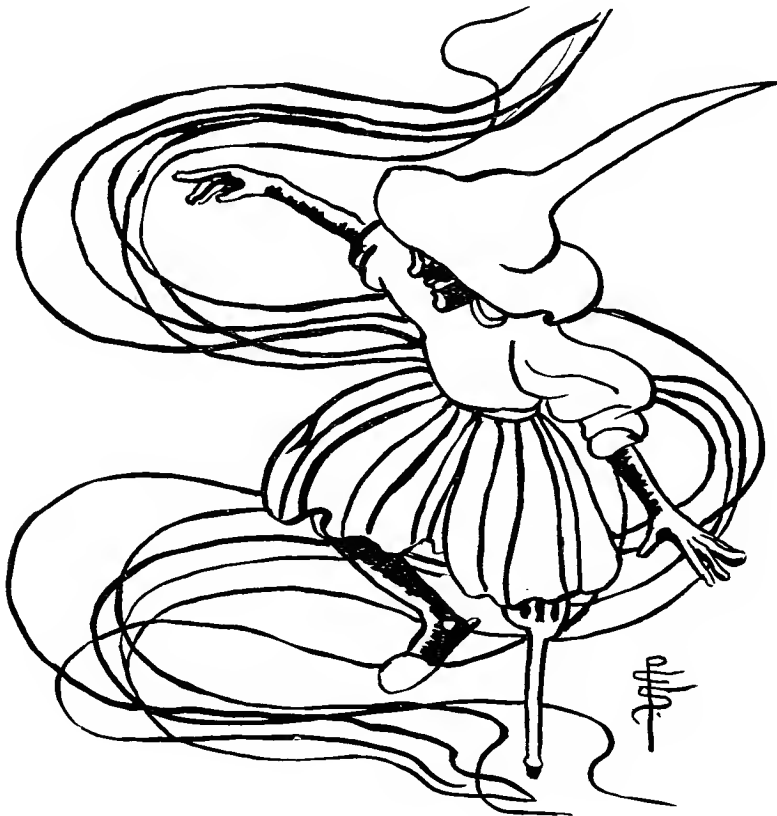
An’ him tail go roun’, an’ roun’, an’ roun’, till you couldn’ see it!

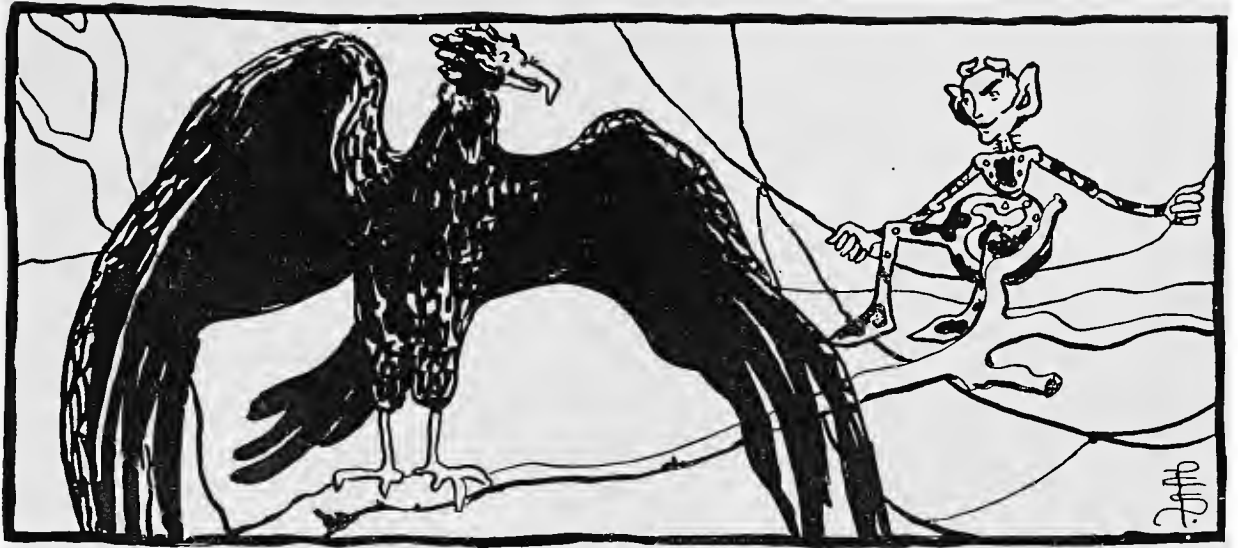
An’ so den Quashiba step back an’ say:

“You’ name is—is—Missa Titman!”

An’ him gib a ‘creech, an’ pop wid a loud noise! An’ left behin’ him a scent dat favor like burnt feaders!

An’ dat is all ob dis story; but if you lie, or tell fib, Missa Titman he gwine come an’ catch you an’ put you in him bag, an’ den him will corn you, an’ h’eat you!





WHY JOHN CROW* HAB PEEL HEAD

IN a before time, John Crow hab feaders 'pon him head. But him don' got any name. An' him ashame, dat eberybody hab a name but him!

One time, as John Crow was walkin' out, he meet Breda Annancy, an' him tell him how him t'ink it too bad dat eberybody got a name but him dean' hab any.

Den Breda Annancy, him tell Breda John Crow dat if him inbite all him frien' an' relation, an' get a barrel of flour, an' a big copper pot, like what dey boil sugar in fe make rum, him would come an' christen dem all!

Den John Crow him was please! An' him t'ank Breda Annancy berry much!

Now, all dis time Annancy dislike John Crow. An' when him tell him dat him mus' inbite him frien' and relation, he mean to play a trick 'pon dem all. An' dis please Bredda Annancy so dat him could hardly wait fe de day to come when him is to christen John Crow. Well, at las' de day it come, an' Annancy him put on him coat, but it was'n him bes' coat—no! him middlin' old coat was good enough fe John Crow!

Well, him put on him coat, an' go out to Bredda John Crow house. An' when him get dere, him fine John Crow an' all him frien' an' relation was dere waitin' An' dey hab a barrel of flour, an' a big copper pot, an' a fire lighted under it, an' water in it, boilin'! An' Annancy say him was goin' to make de christenin' cake. So him empty de flour barrel into de pot, an' den him tell de John Crow, dem not to look—fe him was goin' to make a grand cake. So dey all put dere heads into de barrel, till de barrel was chock full of dere heads? An' den Annancy him take a stick an' stir, an' stir, till all de flour an' water boil up. An' den he bawl out:—

“Now, me Breddas, you mus'n look, fe if you do it will poil!”*

An' dem say:—

“Noa; we is not lookin'!”

So den Annancy him take de pot up, an' carry it to where de John Crows were, wid dere heads in de barrel, an' den him lif' up de pot an' say:—

*Buzzard. †Spoil.

WHY JOHN CROW HAB PEEL HEAD

“Now, me Breddas, dis is de way I christen you, John Crow!”

An’ him spill all de flour an’ water dat was boilin’ into de barrel, an’ burn dem. An’ den him laugh, an’ t’ink dat was de end of all de John Crows.

But dey was not dead, an’ when dey get well again dey fine dat dem head peel, an’ neber would grow feaders any more.

An’ dat is why John Crow hab peel head to dis day!





AN' ANNANCY SAY HIM GOIN' TO MAKE DE CHRISTENIN' CAKE.



CANDOO

ONCE, in bery hungry times, Annancy him go out walkin' in de bush, fe fine tings fe eat. An' him get to a place where dere was a lot of Dibbydibby trees. An' dere on de groun' was a little iron pot wid tree legs turn upside down. An' when Annancy see it, him say:—
 "What a pitty pot!"
 "An' de pot say:—
 "Me no name pot."

An' Annancy say:—
 "What you' name, den?"

An' de pot say:—
 "Candoo!"

Den Annancy say:—
 "Do mek I see."

An' den de pot it turn ober, an' out of it come red peas an' rice, an' salt fish, an' ackee, and roas' plantain, an' nyams* an' plenty oder t'ings. An' Annancy eat, an' eat, an' eat. Long time he don' get anythin' fe eat, an' him was bery hungry.

An' him eat till him couldn't walk! An' den him go sleep. An' when him wake, him find it was night time, an' de moon was shinin' bright. An' Annancy him look fe de pot, an' it was turn over, wid its legs turn up in de air!

So Annancy go home, an' when him son Tacoma see him, him say:—
 "Why! Puppa fat!"

An' him tell him Mumma how fat Puppa look. An' dey wonder where him get de bittles † fe eat.

So Tacoma get some okra seed, an' him put dem in Annancy pocket, an' cut a hole in de pocket. So when Annancy walk out, de okra seed drop all de way, an' show where him go. Den Tacoma an' him Mumma, Crookie, get all de basket, an' calabash, ‡ an' bag dey could carry an' follow de okra seed. An' bum-bye dey get to de Dibbydibby tree, an' dere dey see Annancy fas' asleep. An' dere was de iron pot, wid its legs up in de air. An' Tacoma say:—

"What a pitty pot!"

An' de pot say:—

"Me no name pot!"

*Yams. †Victuals. ‡Gourds.



AN' DEY TURN DE POT OBER, AN' IT WAS NEBER ANY GOOD AGAIN

CANDOO

An Crookie say:—

“Wha’ you name, den?”

An’ de pot say:—

“Candool!”

An’ den dey both say:—

“Oh, do make we see!”

An’ den de pot turn ober, an’ all de good bittles come out, an’ Crookie an’ Tacoma eat, an’ eat, as much as dey could. An’ den dey fill dere basket, an’ calabash, an’ bag full up, an’ den dey turn de pot ober, an’ it was neber any good again!

Nex’ time when Annancy want bittles, an’ tell de pot, do make him see, de pot don’ say nottin’. An’ Annancy fine it was no good again. An’ den he was bex! An’ him fine out dat somebody playin’ trick ’pon him, but he couldn’ tink who it was.

When hungry time come back again, Annancy was out walkin’ in de bush, an’ him come to where dere was a lot of Cashaw trees, an’ on de groun’ was a pitty riding whip. An’ when Annancy see it him say:—

“What a pitty whip!”

An’ whip say:—

“Me no name whip.”

An’ Annancy say:—

“Wha’ you name, den?”

An’ whip say:—

“Candool!”

An’ den Annancy say:—

“Do make I see!”

An’ de whip jump up an’ flog Annancy till Annancy back all mash up! Den Annancy go home, an’ him tek de pitty ridin’ whip wid him. An’ him hang it on de back ob de door. An’ Annancy him go to bed. An’ Tacoma come an’ see him in de bed, an’ him go tell him mumma, Crookie:—

“Puppa back all mash up!”

An’ den dey see de whip on de back ob de door. An’ dey wonder where it come from An’ den Annancy say to Tacoma:—

“Go to de door, an’ see what you see!”

An’ Tacoma an’ Crookie go, an’ dey say:—

“What a pitty whip!”

An’ de whip say:—

“Me no name whip!”

An’ dey say:—

“What you name, den?”

An’ de whip say:—

“Candool.”

An’ dey say:—

“Do make we see!”

An’ den de whip jump up an’ flog dem till dey jump all about, roun’ an’ roun’, like how people do a Kinston race course, when dem horse beat! Dis story show dat—

“Cotton tree eber so big, but little axe cut him!”



MOTHER CALBEE

IN a long before time dere was a woman, an' she hab a darter who was as cross an' ugly as she herself, an' a stepdarter dat was as good an' pretty as de oders was ugly! An' de ugly girl was bery jallous of de stepsister, an' so she an' her mumma plan dat she an' de good sister would pick goongoo peas togedder, an' whoeber pick de most should get a gold chain, but who pick the least would have to go down de well!

Now de good girls name was Phiba, an' de bad one's was Beneba. An' in de early mornin' dey go out an' begin pickin' peas. An' de mudder she gib Beneba de side ob de garden where dere was de most peas. An' Phiba had to go in de oder side ob de garden where de peas trees didn' bear much.

An' dey pick, an' pick all day.

An' in de evenin' Beneba hab a lot of peas, an' Phiba only a few. So she was put down de well, an' Beneba hab de gold chain given to her.

When Phiba go down to de well bottom she find herself in a big fiel' of pimento grass, an' when she walk 'pon it de grass say:—

“Don', me pretty maid; don' crush me. Some day I will be of use to you.”

Den she step softly—softly so not to crush de grass. An' bum-bye she come to some brambles an' pingwings, an' dey say:—

“Don', me pretty maid, don' knock us down. Some day we will be of use to you.”

An' she pass by de pingwings an' brambles an go on, an' bum-bye she get to a mango tree dat was all leanin' down wid de weight of de fruit, an' de tree bawl out to her:—

“Oh! me pretty maid, do come shake me; me mangoes all ripe, an' some day I will be of use to you.”

An' she shake de tree, an' put de man goes in a heap 'pon de ground. An' she go on, an' on, an' bum-bye she come to a cow, an' de cow say:—

“Do, me pretty maid, come an' milk me. Some day I will be of use to you.”

So den she milk de cow. An' set de pan of milk down 'pon de ground. An' she go on.

MOTHER CALBEE

and on, fe a long time. An' at last she get to a little house, an' dere was an old woman standin' in de door mouth. An' Phiba ax her if she wish anybody fe work, an' de old woman say:—

“Yes, me child, I do, an' me name is Moder Calbee.”

An' she gib Phiba a basket, an' tell her fe fetch water in it. An' Phiba go to de ribber-side, an' de basket wouldn' hold water at all. An' she didn' know what to do. An' den a turtle come out de river an' tell her fê put a plantain leaf in it, an' de water would'n run out. So she do it, an' fill de basket, an' go back to Moder Calbee wid it.

Den Moder Calbee ax her if she would rather have a ham bone, or a whole ham, a grain ob rice, or a quart ob rice. An' Phiba choose de grain ob rice an de ham bone. An' Moder Calbee say if she see a black puss come an' ax her fe some dinner she mus' break its back.

So den Phiba take de ham bone an' de grain ob rice an' put dem in de pot, an' boil dem, an' de rice swell till it fill de pot, an' de ham bone it grow to a big ham! An' Phiba eat and eat a good dinner, an' a black puss come in an' axed for some dinner, an' Phiba gib him all him could eat. An' de nex' mornin' Moder Calbee ax if she hab broken de puss' back, an' she say:—

“Yes, missus, I do.

An' Moder Calbee say:—

“No, me child, you can't work fe me, you is too clebber. Howsomeber, as you done all I axed you, go into de room, an' you will see some calabash.* Choose one, an' you shall hab it fe you' own!”

So den Phiba went into de room, an' all around was all sort ob calabash. Painted one an' some ugly, an' some big, an' some little! So she look all about, an' at last she pick out a little ugly one.

An' den she tank Moder Calbee, an' say goodby to her, an' she go back de way she come, to de well bottom. An' when she hab gone a far way, she hear a noise, an' she look round, an' see a lot of ax-a-men† comin, an' she run, an' dey run, till she get to where de cow was. An' den de cow bawl out:—

“Come, me pretty maid, an' I will hide you!”

An' she run to de cow, an' de cow sit 'pon her, an' hide her. An' when de ax-a-men, dey come up, dey don't see Phiba anywhere at all! An' so dey go back to Moder Calbee again, an' say dey couldn' find de girl at all! An' Moder Calbee say:—

“She is in hidin' under de cow; go an' fetch her,” an' dey start out.

By dis time Phiba she get to where de mango tree was, an' when de mango tree see her runnin' from de ax-a-men, him bawl out:—

“Come, me pretty maid, an' I will hide you!”

So den de mango tree grow down its branches all about her. An' de ax-a-men couldn' find her at all! So dey go back to Moder Calbee, an' tell her dey couldn' find de girl, an' she say:—

“You is fools, she is hidin' under de mango tree; go an' fetch her!”

So dey start out again, an' dey see Phiba runnin', an' dey run, an' she run, till dey come to where de brambles, an' pingwings was. An' dey bawl out to her:—

“Run t'rough us me pretty maid, an' we will grow up an' hide you!”

*Gourds. †Men with axes.



AN' A BLACK PUSS COME IN AN' AXED FE SOME DINNER.

MOTHER CALBEE

So she do, an' de ax-a-men dey come, an' dere was a wall of brambles an' pingwings, an' dey couldn' get t'rough dem. An' Phiba 'tank de pingwings, an' run, an' run, till she get to de pimento grass, an' den she see de ax-a-men comin'. An' de pimento grass bawl out to her:—

“Come, me pretty maid, an' we will hide you!”

“An' she run to de grass, an' it grow ober her, an' when de ax-a-men dey come, dey couldn' find her at all! So dey go back an' tell Moder Calbee all about it, an' she was bex.

So Phiba she get to de well bottom, an' go up, an' when de stepmoder an' de sister Beneba see her dey was bex! An' dey put her in de pigsty. An' den she open de calabash, an' out of it come all sort of lubly clothes, an' she put dem on, an' den out of it come a lubly big house, an' coach an' horses an' eberyting gran'. So den she marry de king of de country, an' lib happy ever after.

Now, when Beneba see what gran' tings Phiba get out of de calabash, she say she would go down de well an' find her fortune, too. So she jump down de well, an' when she get to de pimento grass she roll an' trample all de grass, an' den she go on, an' on, an' bumbye she get to de brambles an' pingwings, an' she pull dem up an' knock dem down. An' den she go on, an' on, till she get to de mango tree, an' what she couldn't eat she trew away in de bush. An' den she go on, an' on, till at last she get to de cow, an' de cow say:—

“Do come milk me, I beg you.”

An' she milk it, till she couldn't drink any more, an' den she go on till she get to Moder Calbee door mouth. An' she ax if she want anybody to work, an' Moder Calbee say yes. So she gib her de basket, an' tell her fe fetch water in it. An' den Beneba go to de river an' put water in de basket, an' it wouldn't stay at all. An' den de turtle come an' tell her fe put a plantain leaf in it. An' she trow stone at de turtle an' tell him to mind him own business. An' den she go home back to Moder Calbee, an' say she couldn' catch water in a basket. An' den Moder Calbee ax her if she would rather hab a ham bone or a ham, a grain ob rice, or a quart. An' she say:—

“What I gwin' to do wid a grain ob rice an' a ham bone. I nebber hear ob cookin' dinner out ob one grain of rice!”

An' so she take de quart ob rice an' de ham, an' cook it in de pot! An' Moder Calbee tell her to beat de black puss if him come! So Beneba eat, an' eat, but de rice boil down to bery little, an' de ham boil half away—an' she was bex. An' den de black puss come, an' she break its back wid a mortar stick. An' de nex' mornin' Moder Calbee ax her if she beat de puss, an' she say,

“I brake him back, hear, ma!”

An' den Moder Calbee tell her fe go an' get a calabash. An' she go in de room and pick out a bright one, all colors, an' berry pretty! An' den she say goodbye, an' go off. An' she get to de well bottom all right widout any ax-a-men chasin' her.

An' den she go up de well, an' tek de pretty calabash home.

An' she an' her mumma open it, an' all kinds ob snakes, an' lizards, an' centipa an' all sorts ob insect come out ob it, an' eat dem up!

An' dat was all ob dem.

Jack man doro, I don't want any more!



H^{OW} ANNANCY WIN DE F^{IVE} DUBBLOON

ONCE dere was a woman, an' she had t'ree darters, an' dey nebber had any body come to see dem. An' no body was allowed in. Annancy was at dat time livin' in de town where dese sisters were. An one day some of de people in de town, dey had a bet, dat if anybody could get in de house dey should have five dubbloons. An' so Annancy say, "Nobody else no go dere, me, Annancy, wi' go dere!" An' him get a fiddle, an' go to de house door mout',* an' play. An' de fiddle say,

"Nobody no go dere,
 Tingy-ringy-ring,
 Nobody no go dere,
 Tingy-ringy-ring,
 Me, Annancy, wi' go dere
 Tingy-ringy-ring!"

An' him play, an' play, an' de three girls look out of de window an' see Annancy, an' dey bawl out to dere mumma "Come an listen to de music!" An' dey beg dey mumma to let him come in. An' den he come in, an' play, an' play, an' dey dance, an' dance, an' had a bery nice time. An' den dey had a gran' supper, an' den dey dance all night till before day. An den Annancy win de five dubbloons!

Dis story show dat dere is notting dat a man can't do if he try!

*Mouth.





A stylized signature or logo consisting of a vertical line with a decorative flourish at the top.



AN' DEN HE COME IN, AN' PLAY, AN' PLAY, AN' DEY DANCE.



MORASS

IN a long before time dere was a debil, an' a bery wicked one, an' he lib on de top of a hill, an' down at de bottom of de hill was a ribber, where plenty people use' to come ebery day fe fetch water.

Now de Debil's name was Taninkin-an-Gouzy, an' him feet neber touch water. An' when he see people comin' to fetch water, he would come runnin' down de hill, an' ax'dem his name—an' if dey could say him name, he no touch dem, but if dey could not tell him name, he catch dem, an' put dem in a bag, an' take dem up to him house, an'corn dem fe eat? So when he come down to de ribber dis is what him would say:

"Gouzy, Gouzy, madam."

"An' den, if dey know him name, dey sing,

"Gouzy, Gouzy,
Gouzy, Gouzy,
Taninkin-an-Gouzy."

So den he could not catch dem, an' was oblige' to run up de hill again.

One time (after a big October rain, when de ribber come down bonk-to-bonk*), a gal come fe fetch water; an' Gouzy come runnin' an' jumpin' down de hill. An' him say,

"Gouzy Gouzy, madam."

An' den de gal she put down her calabash on de groun'. an' sing:

"Gouzy Gouzy,
Gouzy Gouzy,
Taninkin-an-Gouzy,
Shakin Dumma Gouzy!"

An' de debil say,

"What is Shakin Dumma?"

An' de gal say,

"Shakin Dumma is me name."

So den de Debil an' de gal go to de parson, an' de parson he marry dem. An' dey hab a pickney,† an' dey get a pretty little silver bell, an' tie it roun' de pickney neck wid a blue ribbon. So dat if de pickney stray away in de bush, dey would hear where him was, an' find him.

*Bank to bank †Pickanniny



AN' GOUZY COME RUNNIN' AN' JUMPIN' DOWN DE HILL.

MORASS

After seven years, Shakin Dumma she want to go home back, an' see her frien' an' relation, an' Gouzy Gouzy wouldn't let her go. Every before-day, for many week, Shakin Dumma she take, little an' little, gold and silver from de Spanish jars under de groun', where Gouzy Gouzy keep all de treasure dat him get from de people he corn an' eat.

So when de Spanish jar dey empty, an' noting was lef' but de Pickney fe carry away, den Shakin Dumma, she tie up de silver bell, on de pickney neck, wid a piece of old cloth and string. Den she take up de pickney, an walk sof'ly sof'ly to de door, an' unlock de door bery sof'ly. An' run down de hill. But when she get half way down de hill, de string pop! an' de bell begin to ring, an' Gouzy Gouzy hear it, an' wake an' jump out of him sleep and bawl out,

“Shakin Dumma, a wey you dey?”*

An' he don' hear notting, but de sound of de bell. So him run down de hill. Now by dis time Shakin Dumma get to de riber side.

De evenin' before, dere was a heaby heaby rain, and de riber was from bonk-to-bonk. An' Shakin Dumma she swim, an' swim, an' was almos' carry away, but she catch hold of some bush, an' climb up de oder bonk.

By dis time Gouzy Gouzy get to de riber side, an' bawl out,

“Gouzy Gouzy who dey?”

An' Shakin Dumma sing out,

“Gouzy Gouzy,
Taninkin-an-Gouzy,
Shakin Dumma Gouzy.”

So den him bawl,

“Weh you deh for† Shakin Dumma?”

An' Shakin Dumma she laugh, an den Gouzy Gouzy ne jump in de riber, an' try to get ober, but because him foot neber touch water, he couldn't swim.

So he go right down to riber bottom an' he turn morass!

An' dat's why you always see morass in water!

*Where are you? †What are you there for!





ANNANCY AND GINGY FLY

IN a before time, Annancy one day go fe see him Godmodder an' Godfadder Rabbit. When Annancy got to dere house him say :—

“ Good mornin', Godmodder, I hope you is berry well dis mornin'.”

An' den she say :—

“ Why! here is Annancy! How is you, ma son; come in an' see you Godfadder—him is sittin' down in de house.”

An' den Annancy him go in an' tell him Godfadder Rabbit good mornin'. An' den him Godmodder beg him fe stay wid Godfadder, till she go fetch water. So soon as she turn her back Annancy him box Godfadder dead, an' when Godmodder come back him pretended cryin'. An' den Godmodder, she say :—

“ Well, me son, what fe do? You must go bury him!”

An' den Annancy say him would—but she mus' gib him a pound of lard, an' a fry pan, an' some bread, an' him would go an' ax Breda Giny Fly fe help him dig de hole. So den she gib him de lard, an' de fry pan, an' de bread. An' Annancy go, an' him get *Giny Fly, an' dey tek Godfadder Rabbit wid dem. An' when dey get to de burial ground dey build a fire an' fry de lard, an' den when it was well hot, dey put Godfadder Rabbit in de fry pan an' fry him, an' den dey eat him up, and dey bury de bones. And dem was so full of rabit dem could'en walk. So dey lie down under a Tamarind tree and sleep, till de evenin' breeze come down from de hills and wake dem up.

When dey was returning home, Annancy say to Giny Fly :—

“ What you is goin' to say to Godmodder when we get home back ?”

An' Giny Fly him say :—

“ I will tell her we eat him up, an' how good him was !”

Annancy den say :—

“ O—h! yes, fe true, we did! How him did agree wid you Breda Giny Fly!”

In a little him say :—

“ Let I see your tongue !” An' den Giny Fly him put out him tongue, an' Annancy

*Carrion fly.

ANNANCY AND GINGY FLY

him tek him knife an' cut it off. An' when dey get home Gingy Fly couldn't talk. An' dey ax him what was de matter. Annancy say dat Gingy Fly laf, at Godfadder an' Godmodder, an' dat him was struck dumb.

An' dat is why Gingy Fly can only say vro-vro-vro-vro to dis day!





"GOOD MORNIN', GODMODDER, I HOPE YOU IS BERRY WELL DIS MORNIN'."



H^{OW} ANNANCY W^{ENT} TO FISH COUNTRY

ONCE dere was a famine in de land, an' Annancy went over into Fish Country. An' when him see de fat young mullets, dem him mout' water no ribber! So him tunderation what fe do! An' so him dress himself up in long two-tail coat, an' tall hat, an' mount one big white choker, an' mek belieb him was a doctor.

Now dere was a rich fish famb'ly with a blind old grandmoder, so dey call Bredda Annancy in, fe zamine*, an' cure de old lady. Bredda Annancy polish him big boot, an' cock him eyeglass, an' look wise no screech owl! An' when him see de plump old Mrs. Queen-fish, de way de water run out of him mout' like ribber! When all de famb'ly come roun', an' ax Annancy question, as to wedder him can cure de old lady—Annancy look contemp' like! An' tell dem him cure bigger blind eye, commonly!

An den Bredda Annancy tell dem to put de old woman to bed, an' to put a fire in de fire pot, an' gib him a fry pan, an' a loaf of bread, some butter, pepper an' salt, a plate, an' knife an' fork.

Den him go in de room wid de old grannie fish, an' him tell dem all, dat when dey hear de fry pan cry, twee-twee-fee-twee, dey mus' all hold hands, an' dance, an sing:

“Bim me grandie eye da well, fee fee grandie eye dey cure!”

When him mek all him arrangements done, Dr. Annancy lock de door, an' den him say to de old lady:

“Hold up your face mam while I zamine you eye.”

An den de old lady 'trech up her face, an' Annancy put de knife in her neck, *bam!* In less dan no time Annancy scrape off de scales' an' knock de old lady in de fry pan, an' spread de butter, an' pepper an' salt 'pon de fat old Queen-fish, an' when de fry pan cry twee-twee-fee-twee, de whole famb'ly outside join hands, an' dance, an' as dey dance dey sing,

“Bim me grandy eye da well,
Fee fee grandie eye da cure,

†Examine.



ANNANCY LOOK CONTEMP' LIKE !

HOW ANNANCY WENT TO FISH COUNTRY.

Bim me grandy eye da well,
Fee fee grandie eye da cure!"

In a bery short time Bredda Annancy, who was well famish, eat up de old lady, an' only leave a few bones, which him wrap up in de pillow case, an' kiber* up under de sheets. Den him wipe him mout', an' pick him teeth, an' den him open de door, sof'ly an' peep him head out, an' tell de famb'ly dat de old lady was fas' asleep, and dat she mus' not be disturb, for six hours time!

When de fish dey hear dat de cultivation on de old lady's eyes was successful, dem heart almost *burst* wid greatfullness, an dey fill up Annancy's bag wid food 'nough fe last him one whole year! Annancy den mek him way home. An' go on, an' on, an' when him get to de riber side, which devide him country from Fish country, him find plenty of Alligator ready fe eat him. So him call Darg, an' say,

"Bredda Darg, I beg you take me across de riber, on you back!"

Darg say,

"What will you gib me, if I do take you over?"

Annancy say back to Darg,

"Hi! me no wj' gib you half de food in me bag?"

So Darg run down de riber, an' bark, an' mek Alligator t'ink him going jump in, so dey all go down which side Darg was, an' Darg gallop up, put Annancy on him back, an' before Alligator could turn round, fe dem is a t'ing dat take a long time to turn! Darg jump in de riber wid Annancy 'pon him back, an' swim over to de oder side.

Now Annancy was dat cubbage† dat him grudge to gib Bredda Darg any of de food in him bag, an' so when Darg ax him fe it him 'toop‡ down, an' pick up a big rock-a-tone§, an trow it down into de riber, an' cry out:

"Bredda Darg me bag tumble in de riber, go quick an' bring him up fe me!

Now Darg is a craven ravenous creature, an' him fix him mind on de food, an' feget all about de Alligator, so him jump in de water, an' begin dive fe de bag, when him rise up de third time, Alligator catch him, an' Annancy tek him bag, an' mek track fe home, before Fish find out dat dere grandmother had been devoured.

Ever since dat day, Annancy is always a 'ceetful creature, an' de more 'ceetful, de longer him legs grow; dat's why dey sometimes call him—Daddy long legs!

*Cover. †Greedy. ‡Stoop. §Rock-stone.





HAYLEFAYLY AN' PRETTY PEALLOPE

IN a long before time, dere was an Obeah woman, an' she hab two darters, call Haylefayly, an' Rosabella. An' she marry a man who hab two children, call Pretty Peallope, an' Simeon. An' when Pretty Peallope feel please, de wedder was fine, but when she bex, de wedder was very unpleasant.

Now, Pretty Peallope an' Simeon was buckra children, an' dat mek de Obeah woman an' her darters dislike dem bery much, an' dey was bery cruel to dem, an' mek dem work in de yard an' dig nyams* an' fetch water from de riber, an' all sort ob hard work, an' den dey mek fun at dem an' call dem name!

Dere fader was bex at dis, but after a time him die—an' den de Obeah woman get all him gran' house, an' money, an' eberyting. So, after a time Simeon him tell Pretty Peallope him would go find him fortune. So him set out, an' walk an' walk, fe a many mile, till him get to de King house, an' him ax' if dey want anybody fe work; an' dey say, yes, dey want a 'culian† in de kitchen.

So him wash dishes, an' do all de dirty work. An' den him tell de cook about him sister Pretty Peallope, an' how when she was please de sun shine, an' when she was bex de wedder it was stormy. So bum-bye it reach de ears ob de King. An' him send fe Simeon, an' tell him go fetch him sister, him would like fe see she—an' if it true what Simeon say, she mus' marry de King son.

So Simeon him set out an' walk an' walk till him get to where de Obeah woman was libin'. An' when dey see him come home widout any fortune, dey was bex an' lick him.

So, one time soon, when him t'ink dat Haylefayly or Rosabella or de Obeah woman was not dere, him tell Pretty Peallope what de King say; but Haylefayly was behin' de door, an' she hear all dem say. An' she go an' tell her mumma all about it. An' so de mumma say dey would all go to de King house togedder.

So dey all get into de coach. De Obeah woman, an' Haylefayly, an' Rosabella, an' Pretty Peallope. But dere wasn' room for Simeon, so him hab to sit outside wid de coachman. Well, dey go on an' on, drivin' fas'. An' Haylefayly an' Rosabella pinch Pretty Peallope an' mek her cry, an' den dey call her name. An' so it come on to rain. An' Simeon bawl out:—

“My dear sister Pretty Peallope, what is de matter dat it rain so hard?”

*Yams. †Scullion.

HAYLEFAYLY AN' PRETTY PEALLOPE.

An' she couldn' hear him, so she ax Haylefayly what him say, an' she say:—

“Him say dat you is to cut off you right foot an' gib it to us!”

So she cut off her right foot, an' de Obeah woman put it in her pocket. An' dey go on teasin' an' teasin' her, till it t'under an' lightnin' an' rain. An' den Simeon bawl out:—

“What is de matter, Pretty Peallope?”

An' she ax Rosabella what him say, an' she say:—

“You mus' gib us you oder foot an' you right eye!”

So she do, an' she cry harder dan eber, an' den it blow an' blow an' rain harder dan eber! An' Simeon bawl out again:—

“Pretty Peallope, what is de matter dat it storm so?”

An' she ax dem what him say, an' dey say dat him say, dat she mus' gib dem her lef eye. So she do, an' now she cry so dat it blow a hurricane! An' den Simeon bawl out once more:—

“What is de matter, dear Pretty Peallope?”

An' she ax dem what him say, an' dey say, “Dis!” an' dey trow her out of de buggy window into de ribber dey was passin'.

An' when dey get to de King house Simeon ax dem where was him sister. An' dey say:

“She say she wouldn' stay in the buggy, an' you ax'n her so many questions!”

An' de Obeah woman mek her darter Haylefayly all dress up gran', an' dey take her to de King as Pretty Peallope. An' when de King find out dat she couldn' mek de sun shine or de rain come, he was bex! Hi! him so bex dat him say Simeon was to sit in de yard an' hab all de dish water trow 'pon him, for tellin' such a great big lie! An' him say him neber believe Simeon hab any sister at all! An' de old Obeah woman an' de darters stay at de King house.

Pretty Peallope she get out ob de ribber an' go on an' go on, till she get to an ole man house. An' him grow all sort of grapes an' fruit fe market. An' she stay dere, an' help him take care of him children, as him wife gone on a visit to her frien' an' relation in de country.

Now Pretty Peallope know dat de old Obeah woman was bery fond ob grape, an' so she get one ob de old man children fe tek some grape to de King house, an' to say dat dey was fe sale fe a right eye. An' she go, an' she bawl out when she get to de King house:

“Dese nice musqueedor grapes fe a right eye. All dese nice grapes fe a right eye!”

An' when de Obeah woman hear dis she come runnin' out to buy dem. So when she hear dat dey was fe a right eye she say to de little gal:—

“What you want wid a right eye?”

An' de little gal say,—

“One ob our sheep hab loss an eye an' can't see fe walk about wid only one.”

So de Obeah woman gabe her de right eye of Pretty Peallope, an' she run home wid it to her, an' she put it in, an' Pretty Peallope feel glad, an' de sun shine an' de grape grow big an' fat!

Well, bum-bye she sen' de little gal again wid some more grape, an' dis time she go an' ax fe a left eye an' two feet, an' de Obeah woman an' Haylefayly tink dat de grape look so sweet dey mus' hab dem! An' dey ax what de gal want fe dem, an' de gal say:—

“Oh, missus, our cow hab loss an eye an' two feet.”

An' de Obeah woman gib dem to her, an' she run home wid dem to Pretty Peallope. An'



BUT HAYLEFAYLY WAS BEHIN' DE DOOR, AN SHE HEAR ALL DEM SAY.

HAYLEYFAYLY AN' PRETTY PEALLOPE

now, when she hab both eye an' both feet she was please, an' de grape dey grow so sweet, hi! jus' like sugar cane. An' den de man wife come home, an' she t'ank Pretty Peallope fe takin' care ob de children dem!

An' Pretty Peallope tell dem all goodby, an' start off fe de King house. An' she walk an' walk fe a good long way, an' when she get dere, dey took her to de King, an' him was please wid her looks. An' de King say if she was Simeon's sister, he was sittin' in de yard, an' all de dish water was pour 'pon him.

An' when she hear dis she cry.

An' de rain come down in torrents! An' de king know dat she is really Simeon sister, an' she cry an' cry, an' de rain wet up all de people dat had run out fe bring in Simeon.

An' when Pretty Peallope see Simeon she was so please dat de sun it shine, an' all de flowers spring up. An' den de king was please, an' she tell dem all about Hayleyfayly an' Rosebella an' de Obeah woman how bad dey had been to her, an' dey was put into a cane mill an' crunch up to nottin'.

An' Pretty Peallope marry de king son, an' Simeon marry de king darter, an' dey was well when I see dem at de las' gran' market buying nyams.

Dis story show dat—

“Ebery dog hab him day, an' ebery puss hab him four o'clock.”





PAARAT, TIGER AN' ANNANCY

ONCE in a long before time, after a bery dry season, de hungry time dey come. Annancy an' Tiger go out into de bush to look fe food, an' when dey was lookin' dey buck up Breda Paarat.* An' den Annancy say dat dey would all change dere names an' tek new ones. An' Annancy say him name would be Checherebanja.
 An' den Tiger say him name would be Gelukiezanger.
 An' Paarat him say him name would be Greencornharo!

An' Tiger say dat dey would all go firs' to Paarat mumma an' ax her him name, an' if she couldn' name him new name dey would corn her and eat her up! An' den go to Tiger mumma's house, an' den to Annancy mumma's an' ax dere names. So dey set out, an' go to Paarat mumma's house, an' when dey get dere dey sing:

Annancy name Checherebanja!

Tiger name Gelukiezanger!

Paarat name Greencornharo!

Den Paarat say:

"Mumma, what me name?"

An' him mumma say:

"Me son, you name Paarat; me christen you so!"

So den Tiger an' Annancy jump 'pon her an' chop off her head. An' while dey was cornin' her, Annancy him say:

"Excuse me, genimen, I mus' run home an' get me umbrella. It look bery much like rain!"

An' him run off as quick as ever to him mumma an' say:

"Mumma? Tiger an' Paarat dey comin' here, an' dey will ax you me name, an' now I hab taken a new name, an' I call Checherebanja, not Annancy again. Now what is me new name mumma?"

An' him mumma say:

*Parrot.

PAARAT, TIGER AN' ANNANCY

"Che-che-re-banja, me son!"

"All right, mumma, now I mus' hurry back to me frien's or dey will wonder where I is gone!"

So him run off to dem an' when him get dere, dey ax him where is him umbrella. An' him say:

"Why! I feget what I go for when I get home, but I don' tink it will rain quite yet!"

An' by dis time dey had finish corn Paarats mumma. So dey all go off to Tiger house nex' an' sing:

Annancy name Checherebanja!

Tiger name Gelukiezanger!

Paarat name Greencornharo!

So den Tiger say:

"Mumma what me name?" An' she say:

"Tiger, me son! Me christen you so!"

An' so den dey chop off her head, an' while dey was cornin' her fe eat (and dey hab to corn her better dan Paarats mumma, fe now dey was not so hungry again, after eatin' Paarats mumma, an' dey want Tiger mumma to las' longer) Annancy him say:

"Genimen, excuse me; I mus' run home an' get peppers, an' some pimento to put 'pon Tiger mumma, fe Tiger neber eat good widout!"

So him run as fas' as him could home, an' him say:

"Mumma, mumma."

An' him mumma say:

"Yes, me son."

An' him say:

"Mumma, what is me name?"

An' she say:

"Annancy, me son!"

An' him say:

"Noa, me name isn' dat any more; it is Checherebanja now!"

An' him mumma say:

"All right, me son, Checherebanja!"

An' den him pick some pimento off de trees in him yard as him was goin' back, but when him get to de yard mouth him tink him had better run back an' ax him mumma if she remember him name. So him run back again to him mumma an' ax her once more what him name was, an' she say:

"Annan—Oh! Checherebanja, me son!"

An' him say:

"Doan' feget, mumma!"

An' she say all 'ite, an' dis time him run as fas' as ever to where Tiger an' Paarats was cornin' Tiger mumma. An' Annancy say:

"I couldn' fine any nice pimento at all fe a long time!"

An' dey ax fe de pepper. An' Annancy say:

"Why! I feget it! but I tink you can do widout it. We will put it on when we eat her."



JUS' DEN ANNANCY GET TO DE TREE BOTTOM.

PAARAT, TIGER AN' ANNANCY

So when dey finish corn Tiger mumma dey put her in a barrel an' put it up fe when de hungry time come again. An' den dey go to Annancy house, an' dey sing:

Annancy name Checherebanja!

Tiger name Gelukiezanger!

Paarat name Greencornharo!

An' dey ax Annancy mumma what him name an' she say:

“Checherebanja!”

An' dey coul'n eat her! an' dey was bex!

Den Annancy take her an' carry her up to de top of a high cotton tree, an' dey lib dere fe a long time, an' ebery day Annancy mumma let down Annancy to de groun' in a basket on de rope end. An' den Annancy go teaf* yams an' tings, an' den when him want to get up de tree, he would sing:

Mumma, mumma, here you' son Annancy,

Mumma, mumma, him want fe come up.

An' den she would let down de basket an' Annancy would get in, an' den she would pull him up.

Now Tiger an' Paarat watch all dis, an' so one day dey come to de tree bottom an' both sing out:

Mumma, mumma, here you' son Annancy,

Mumma, mumma, him want fe come up.

An' when she hear dis she say:

“Me son, what mek you' vice† so double?”

An' Tiger an' Paarat say:

“Oh, mumma, I catch fresh cold out in de bush!”

So she let down de basket an' bofe get in, an' she pull an' pull an' pull, but dey was so heaby she couldn' pull fas'. So she bawl out:

“Me son, wha' mek you so heaby?”

An' Paarat say:

“Oh, mumma, I eat such a lot of—”

But jus' den Annancy get to de tree bottom, an' when he see him mumma pullin' up Tiger an' Paarat him bawl out:

“Mumma, let drop de basket!”

An' she was deaf, an' no hear what him say. So she bawl out:

“What you say, me son? You want de bushel basket?”

An' him say: “Noa, let dem dwop, dwop! It's Tiger an' Paarat!”

An' so den she drop it, an' Tiger and Paarat break dey necks, an' den Annancy an' him mumma corn dem an' eat dem. An' so dey hab plenty fe eat trough de hungry times.

Dis story show dat:

“Cunny—cunny‡ better dan strong!”

*Steal. †Voice. ‡Cunning.





BULL-GARSHANANEE

IN a long before time dere was a wild bull, an' him hab t'ree head an' one tail, an' him name Bull-Garshananee.

One time in de dry season a buckra* woman came to fetch water at de pond dat was on Bull-Garshananee groun'. An' she hab her pickney† wid her.

Bull-Garshananee see somebody catchin' de water, an' him was bex an' run an' eat up de Buckra woman. But de pickney him run into the bush, an' Bull-Garshananee couldn' fine him at all! Bum-bye an old Obeah woman pass by, an' fine de pickney an' take him homewid her an' bring him up fe her own pickney, an' sen' him to school. An' when him win de oder boys at marbles dey make fun at him an' call him name and bawl out:—

“Dat mek so!”

One time dis happen, an' him get bex, so when him get home him say to de old Obeah woman:—

“De boys bawl ‘Dat mek so’ at me, n’ I don’ know what dey mean!”

An’ de Obeah woman say:—

“Did you eber hear of Bull-Garshananee?”

An’ de boy say:—

“Yes; him got t’ree head an’ one tail, an’ him eat eberybody dat come near him!”

An’ de Obeah woman say:—

“Well, when you was bery small, Bull-Garshananee eat up you mumma!”

An’ de boy say:

“Den you is not me mumma?”

An de Obeah woman say:

“No, mie pickney; you mumma was a Buckra woman, an’ I fine you in de bush an’ bring you home wid me.”

*White. †Pickaniny.

BULL-GARSHANANEE

An' de boy say:

“Den you is a good old woman to take care of me so, all dis time after me mumma was eaten by Bull-Garshananee. An' de King ob de country say dat whoeber kill Garshananee is to marry de princess, an' I is goin' to kill him!”

An de Obeah woman say:

“No, me pickney, Bull-Garshananee will eat you up! How-some-eber, if you can lif' dis house off de groun', you shall go an' try fe kill him.”

So den de boy take him hand an' lif' de house right off de groun'! An' den de old Obeah woman was so please dat she gib him a bow an' t'ree arrows an' some dumplin'. An' de boy tell goodbye to de Obeah woman an' start out 'pon him way, fe fin' Bull-Garshananee. An' him walk an' walk an' walk an' go on, an' on, an' on, fe many a plenty week, till him come to where de pond side was, where Bull-Garshananee eat up him mumma! An' him look all about, an' him no see notting. So he climb up a tall cocoanut tree an' wait, an' wait fe t'ree day an' night, an' him get bery hungry, for de last dumplin' was gone, an' so him pick a cocoanut an' drink de water.

After t'ree day an' night pass by, an' it get to de fourt' day him hear a nise comin' an' comin', an' him look an' doan' see notting! But bum-bye him see Bull-Garshananee comin', an' him hab t'ree head an' one tail, jus' so people say him did hab! An' him was bery ugly! And when him see him de boy sing:—

“Garshananee, Garshananee,
Sarchin' fe you since January.
Come, Garshananee, let I see you!”

An' Garshananee sing:—

“An' weh de boy
An' weh de man
To call me name?”

An' de boy say:—

“Me dyer* fe you.”

So den Garshananee come runnin' an' bellowin', an' run at de tree an' buck it. An' de tree go down, down, almos' to de groun'. An' de boy say:

“Bear up, me good tree, bear up!
God make de green to stan'
An' de dry to fall;
Bear up, me good tree, bear up!”

Den Garshananee buck de tree again. An' it go down till it nearly touch de groun'! An' de boy say:

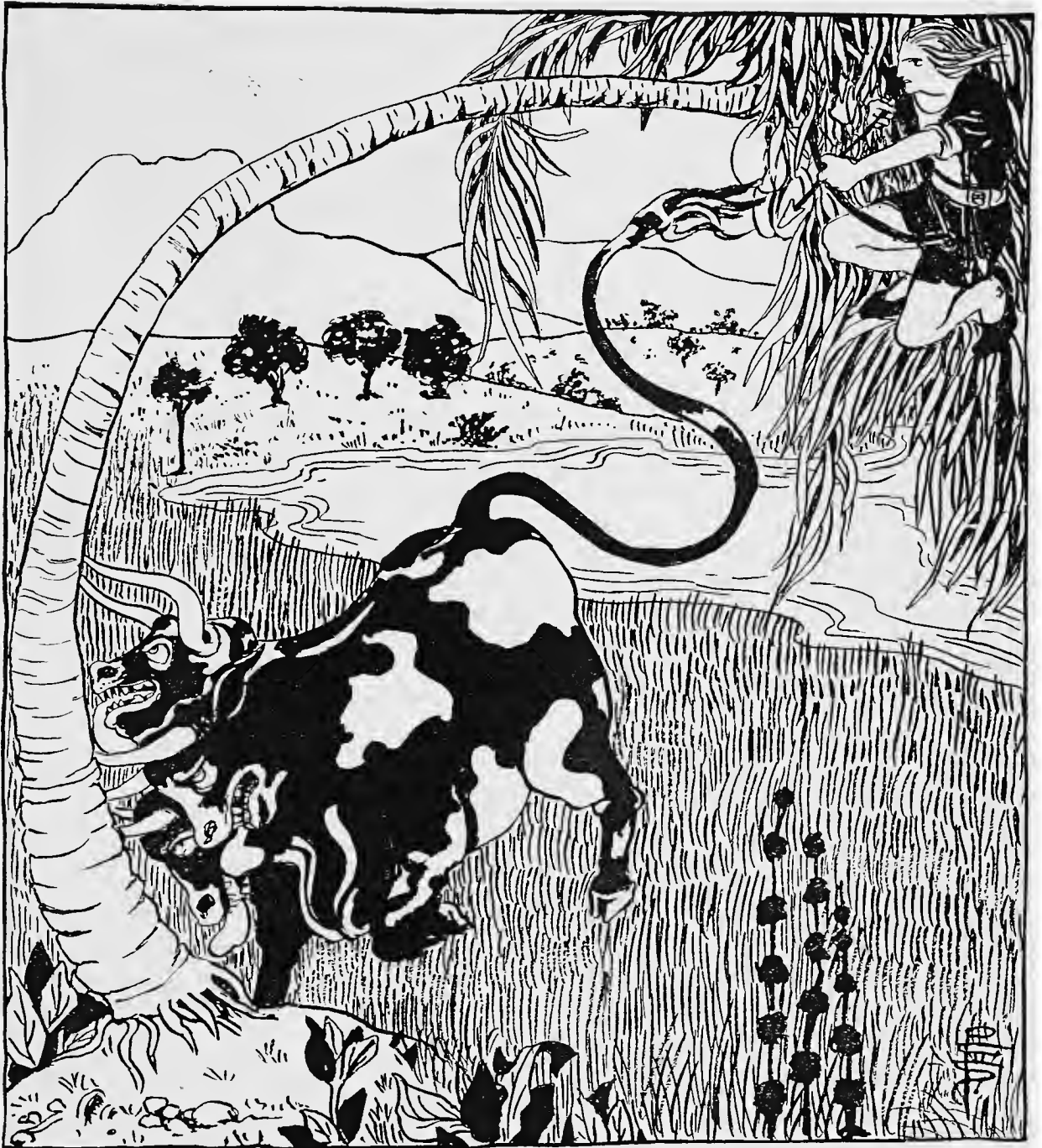
“Bear up, me good tree, bear up!
God make de green to stan'
An' de dry to fall;
Bear up, me good tree, bear up!”

Den Garshananee buck de tree again. An' de boy take de bow de old Obeah woman gib him, an' one arrow, an' shoot it at one of Garshananee head, an' de head fall off.

An' de boy take anoder arrow an' shoot it, an' off go anoder head.

An' den de boy take him las' arrow an' shoot it, an' knock off Garshananee las' head an' dat was de end ob him.

*Here



SO DEN GARSHANANEE COME RUNNIN' AN' BELLOWIN', AN' RUN AT DE TREE AN' BUCK IT.

BULL-GARSHANANEE

An' den Garshananee was bex, an' roar an' bellow.

An' de boy come down, an' cut de t'ree tongue out of Garshananee t'ree head, an' tie dem up in him kirchief, an' go fe show dem to de old Obeah woman. An' she was so please fe see him, an' make him sit down an' eat a big supper of yams an' plaintain, an' meat, an, duckanoo.* An' den gib him a gran' coat an' new clothes, an' sen' him to de king.

'Now all de time Garshananee was tryin' to get at de boy Annancy was watchin', but him make himself so small dat you couldn' see him at all! An' when de boy go off wid de tongue Annancy come out of hidin' an' take de t'ree head, and de tail, and run wid it to de King house, an' tell de King.

'Me say, me Annancy kill Garshananee, an' I come marry you darter!'

An' jes' as him was tellin' dis one great big lie, de boy come in, an' say him had kill Bull-Garshananee! An' Annancy say:

"You see de head I get from Garshananee. You doan got notting to show dat you kill him!"

An' den de boy say:

"Where is de tongue?"

An' den Annancy was so shame dat him run under de table. An' dat is why you always see Annancy under de table to dis day!

An' so de boy an' de King darter was marry, an' of course she was please not to have to marry Annancy.

An' de old Obeah woman put Obeah 'pon dem, an' dey lib long time, an' dey was well an' happy when I see dem last. An' dat was yesterday. Dey drive past my house in a grand coach an' four horses.

*Pudding.





ANNANCY AN' DE NYAM HILLS

IN a long before time dere was a Queen, who was bery wicked; an' she was an Obeah* woman, an' her name was Five; but she didn't like dat name, so she say, whoeber say Five, mus' fall down dead!

An' one time, it was bery hungry times, an' all de ribers were from bonk to bonk†—an' nobody could get across to go a market side: An' Annancy get to be bery hungry, so he was cunny-cunny‡ an' go an' buil' five nyam hills by de ribber side. An' he buil' a nice little house dere, too.

An' when de rainy season ober, de people dey come fetch water at de ribber. An' by dis time Annancy was getting more an' more hungry. So when anybody come along him would say:—

“I beg you, come tell me how many nyam hills I have here; I can't count bery well!”

So den de friendly ones would come to where de nyam hills was an' count dem.

“One, two, tree, four, five”—an' when dey say “five” dey fall down dead, an' den Annancy corn dem an' eat dem!

So time go on an' on; an' Annancy lib bery well, an' in plenty, till one time Guinea Fowl come along, on her way to de grand market; an' Annancy say:—

“Oh, Missus Guinea Fowl! I beg you come count me nyam hills fe me. I make some, an' I don't know how many. Do, come tell me!”

So Guinea Fowl come to where de nyam hills dem was. An' den she go an' sit pon one ob dem an' say:—

“I see, one, two, tree, four, an' de one I sittin' on!”

“Cho!” say Annancy; “you don' count right at all!”

An' Guinea Fowl say again, “One, two, tree, four, an' de one I sittin' on!”

An' Annancy say again, “Cho! you don' count right, at all!”

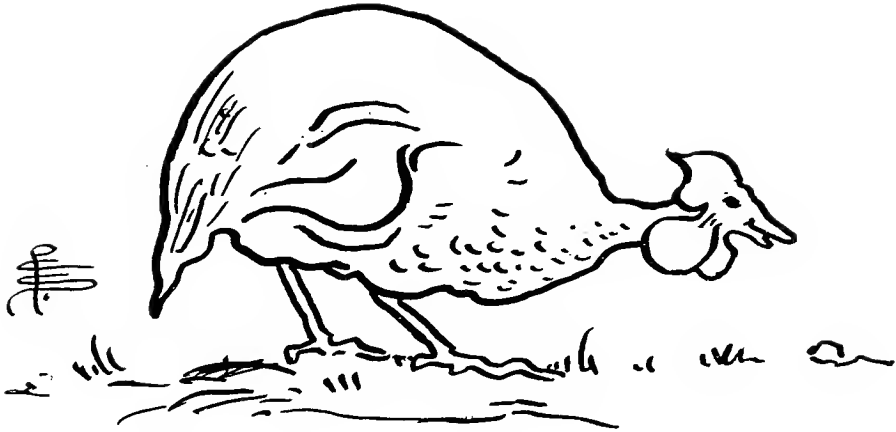
So den Guinea Fowl say, “How you count it, den?”

An Annancy say: “One, two, tree, four, f-i-v-e!—five!”

An' him fall down dead, an' Guinea Fowl eat him up.

Dis story show dat “greedy choke puppy!”

*Witch. †Bank to bank. ‡Cunning.





"I SEE ONE, TWO, TREE, FOUR, AN' DE ONE I SITTIN' ON!"



TICKY-PICKY BOOM-BOOM

IN a before time, Annancy, him hab a yard wid nyams* in it, an' he tell Bredda Tiger he was gwine hab a buckra† yard wid flowers! And him say dat if him dig up de nyams him should hab dem fe him own. So Bredda Tiger take a cutlass and try fe dig up de nyams, but de more him dig de more de nyams dey grow down into de groun'. When four o'clock come, work time over, Tiger was bex! So him take de cutlass and mash up de groun'. An' when him was goin' home him hear a n'ise. An' him look roun' an' see de nyams dey comin'.

And dey go,

Ticky-picky-boom-boom,
Ticky-picky-boom-boom,
Boof!

An' him run, an' de nyams run, an' some o' dem got two leg, an' some o' dem got t'ree leg, an' some o' dem got four leg.

An' him run, an' de nyams run!

Him get to Bredda Darg house, an' him say:—

“Do, me Bredda Darg, hide me from de nyams!”

Darg say:—“All yite! but you musin make a n'ise!”

So Tiger him hide behind Bredda Darg, an' de dyams dey come,

Ticky-picky-boom-boom,
Ticky-picky-boom-boom,
Boof!

An' de nyams dey say:—

“Tell we, Bredda Darg, if you seen Bredda Tiger?”

An' him say:—

“Noa, I doan' see him at all.”

An' Tiger bawl:—

*Yams. †White man.



AN' TIGER HIDE BEHIND SHE. AN' DE NYAMS DEY COME.

TICKY-PICKY BOOM-BOOM

“Wh—y!”

An' Darg run 'way an' leave him to de nyams.

An' de nyams jump, an' Tiger jump, an' de nyams run, an' Tiger run, till him come to Mudder Dilly. An' Tiger say:—

“Do, me Mudder Dilly, hide me from de nyams dem!”

An' Mudder Dilly say:—

“You mus'n' make a n'ise.”

An' Tiger hide behind she. An' de nyams dey come.

Ticky-picky-boom-boom,

Ticky-picky-boom-boom,

Boof!

An' de nyams say,—

“Mudder Dilly, you see Bredda Tiger pass dis side?”

An' Mudder Dilly say:—

“Noa, I doan' see him.”

An' Tiger bawl:—

“Wh—y!”

An' Mudder Dilly fly away, an' lef' him to de nyams. An' Tiger him run, an' den de nyams dey run, an' Tiger him jump, an' de nyams dey jump, till dey get to Bredda Goat. An' Tiger say:—

“Do, me Bredda Goat, hide me from de nyams!”

“All lite, Bredda Tiger, but you mustn't make a n'ise.”

Den de nyams dey come,

Ticky-picky-boom-boom,

Ticky-picky-boom-boom,

Boof!

“Bredda Goat, you seen Bredda Tiger go dis side?”

An' Bredda Goat say:—

“Noa, me nyams. I doan' see him go dis side at all!”

Den Tiger bawl out:—

“Wh—y!”

An' de nyams jump an' try fe get at Tiger, but Goat buck dem till dey all mash all up to little pieces.

Den Bredda Tiger take up de pieces of dem an' inbite Bredda Goat fe come home wid him an' eat de nyams.

So dey go home to Bredda Tiger house, an while de nyams was boilin' in de pot Bredda Goat he eat de nice green grass in de front of Tiger house.

But when de nyams dey ready Tiger t'ink it too much a pity to part dem an' Bredda Goat.

So den Bredda Tiger him go take Bredda Goat an' put him un de pot wid de nyams an' eat dem all up.

Dis story show how some people ungrateful.



DE GOLDEN WATER, DE SINGIN' TREE AN' DE TALKIN' BIRD

IN a before time dere was t'ree sisters, an' one evenin,, dey was sittin' 'pon de door step—an' de oldes' one say,

“I wish I was de King's chief baker's wife, what nice buns an' cakes I would have to eat!

“An den de nex' one say,

“Oh, how I would like to be de King's chief cook's wife, what nice t'ings I would hab fe eat!”

“An, de las' one she say,

“I wish I was de King's wife, how happy I would be!”

Now who should be goin' by, but de King an' him chief counselor, an' dey hear all dat de t'ree sisters say. But de t'ree sisters did'n know it was de King dat pass by at all. So de nex' day de King him sen' fe dem. An' at firs' dey was frighten' an' didn' want fe go at all. But den dey t'ink dat it may turn out all nice, so dey go. An' de King him ax dem what dey was talkin' about 'pon de door step de night before. An' de oldes' one say she don't remember—an' so den him ax de nex' one—an' she don't remember right-fully—an' so den him ax de younges' one, an' she tell him all about it, an' de King laugh! An' him sen' an' call in de parson an' marry de oldes' gal to de chief baker; an' de nex' one to de chief cook, an' de younges' one him marry himself!

Well—So time go on, an' on, an' bum-bye de Queen hab t'ree children. An' de sisters dey was bery jalous, an' one night dey teaf away de t'ree children, an' put dem in a basket, an' trow it in de riber. An' when de King come home from trabblin' him was bery bex, dat him t'ree lubly children was loss. An' him scol' de Queen, but she say she don't know notting of where dey was gone. An' he hab her set up in de yard an' all de dish water trown 'pon her.

De basket float down de riber, an' down de riber, till it come to a sugar mill; an' de water from de riber turn de wheel. An' de book-keeper wife she see de basket on de riber,

DE GOLDEN WATER, DE SINGIN' TREE AN' DE TALKIN' BIRD

when she was washin' clothes. An' she catch it, an' fin' t'ree pretty children in it, two boys an' a pretty little gal. An' she run an' tell her husban' an' he come runnin' an' he so please, dat dey take de children an' bring dem up, till dey was quite big.

An' bum-bye de old man de book-keeper an' him wife dead. An' de two breddas an' de little gal grow up. An' one ob de breddas grow corn an' grin' corn, till him was quite rich; an' de oder bredder, grow cane, an' grow cane, an' grin' cane, an, grin' cane, till *him* was quite rich: an' dey buil' a gran' house, an' dey an' dere sister lib in it. An' one day de breddas dey go out huntin' an while dey was away dere was an' old woman came to de house, an' de sister gib her a dish of soup an' some salt fish. An' den show de old woman de house. An' den de old woman say;

“Me darter dis is a lubly house, an' de only t'ing dat is needed, is de Golden water, de Singin' tree, an' de Talkin' bird!”

An' de gal ax her where dey was to be foun'. An' de old woman sing:

“On yonder mountain top.

You will find

De golden water

De singin' tree an'

De talkin' bird!”

An' she say good bye to de gal, an' go away. An' when de Breddas come back she tell dem what de old woman say. An' dey say dey would go out fe fine de wonderful t'ings. An' so dey start out 'pon dere horse, an' lef' de sister at home.

Dey go on, an' go on, till bum-bye dey buck up an' old woman. An' she ax dem where dey was goin' an' dey tell her. An' it was de same old woman dat told dey sister about de t'ings, but dey didn' know it was she. An' she ax dem fe somet'ing fe eat—an' dey gib her all dey hab. An den' she t'ank dem an' gib dem each a ball of cotton, an' tell dem to t'row it back of dem when dey was ridin' along. Den dey would hear a big n'ise, but dey was not to look roun'. So dey t'ank her an' go on. An' dey t'row de balls behind dem, an' dey hear a great n'ise of shoutin', an' groun' shake, an' it tunder an' lightnin'! An' dey was so frighten' dat dey look roun', an' de groun' it open an' swallow dem up!

So de sister wait, an' wait, an' wait, an' when she see de Bredders dey no return she start out fe sirsch fe dem. An' before she go she gib her nurse a red correl necklace, an' tell her dat when it turn white, she mus' be sick, an' if it turn black she was dead, but if it stay red an' bright, she was all right. An' she go on, an' go on, an' bum-bye she buck up de old woman an' she tell her where she was goin'. An' de old woman gib her a ball of cotton, an' tell her to t'row it back of her, but not to look back, whatever she hear.

So she t'ank de old woman, an' go on, an' she t'row de ball of cotton back of her, an' hear a great n'ise, of all sort of t'under an' shoutin' an' n'ises; but she don't look back! An' she go on, an' on, an' on, till she get to de top of de mountain—an' dere was a beautiful green fiel', an' in de middle of de fiel' was de singin' tree, an' under de tree was de fountain of golden water, an' on-a bush near de tree sat de talkin' bird. An' de tree sing so sweet!

An' so she catch de bird an' take a bottle of de golden water, an' a branch off de singin' tree. An' de talkin' bird tell her to sprinkle some of de golden water 'pon de rocks, an' trees, an' t'ings, as she do, an' dey turn into people, dat was turn into dose t'ings. But she



NOW WHO SHOULD BE GOIN' BY, BUT DE KING AN' CHIEF COUNSELOR.

DE GOLDEN WATER, DE SINGIN' TREE AN' DE TALKIN' BIRD
don't see her breddas any where. An' she set out trabblin' home ways. An' bum-bye she come to de foot of de bally.* An' on each side of de road she see a tall rock-a-tone† dat favor like her breddas. An' she 'prinkle, 'prinkle, de rock-a-tones wid de golden water an' dere was her two breddas. So dey all go home togeder.

An' now dere house no' want anyt'ing fe mek it nicer—an' dey fasten up de branch of de singin' tree ober de door; an' de bird he lib in a pretty golden cage, at night, but in de day time, him fly all about, an' find out t'ings! An' dey keep de golden water lock up fe when anybody hab feaver. An' de necklace, de gal she gib her nurse, it stay bright, an' don't turn no oder color but red. An' dey was so please to get back home again!

One day de breddas was out huntin' in de wood an' dey buck up de King. An' de King ax dem to dinner an' dey go, an' den dey ax de King to dere house fe dinner an' him come. An' before him come, de talkin' bird tell de gal to put *him* in de dinin' hall, an' put a dish of pearls 'pon de table. An' de King him come, an' when him see de dish of pearls 'pon de table him was bery surprise. An' him hear de branch of singin' tree sing, an' him was more surprise! An' de talkin' bird say,

“An' you are so surprised at a dish of pearls; what would you t'ink, if you was to know dat dese t'ree children are yours!”

De King him was so delighted! An' him take de t'ree children home wid him. An' him hab dere mumma from wherè she was in the yard, wid de dish water t'rown 'pon her, an' had her wash wid soap!

An' de two sisters dey was put in a pit, with there arms tie, an' with scorpions, an' snakes, an' centipede. an' lizards; an' Annancy, who eat dem up!

*Valley. †Rock-stone.





HOW ANNANCY FOOLED DEATH

ONCE in a before time, Annancy was walkin' out in de bush, an' bum-bye him come to a house, an' in de door mouth was sittin' an old, old, bery old man, an' him name Death. But Annancy don' know dis, and him come up close to de door mouth an' say,

“Marnin' me Massa! You hab any scraps of food fe give me?”

But Death no say notting. An' den when Annancy no hear him say notting—him say,

“Hi! him say I can go in; an' help me self!”

So he go in, an' eat eberyting him could find! An' him come de nex' day, an' say,

“Maruin' massa, how you is dis day?”

An' Death sit dere, an' sit dere, an' no say notting! An' den Annancy say,

“I hab a darter an she wan' fe go out as a cook. Shall I bring her to you to lib wid you?”

An' Death no say notting! An' Annancy say,

“Hi! him say I can bring her fe lib wid him!” So de nex' day Annancy bring him darter, an' leave her wid Death. An' de nex' day him come, an' him do'an find her any-where! An' him hunt about, an' hunt about, an' at last him find her ring in de oven, but could'n find her at all! So him go to Death an' say,

“Massa! where me darter?”

An' Death no say notting! An' den Annancy ax him again,

“Massa, where me darter?”

An' Death bawl out,

“I take her an' eat her, an' now I will eat you!”

An' him jump 'pon Annancy, but Annancy him run, an' Death run, Annancy jump, an' Death jump! Till at last Annancy get to him yard mouth! An' him bawl out,

“Wife, wife, put de children up 'pon de rafter!”

An' de wife Crookie bawl out,

HOW ANNANCY FOOLED DEATH.

“What? You say you want de bushel basket?”

An’ Annancy bawl,

“No! I tell you put de children up ’pon de rafter!”

An’ him run into de house, an’ catch up Crookie, an’ de children, an’ jump up ’pon de rafter wid dem. An’ Death him could’n reach dem at all! An’ dey hold on wid dere hands, an’ at last de oldes’ child cry out,

“Oh, Puppa, me hand hurt me!”

An’ Annancy say,

“Drop den, drop! Death will know what to do wid you!”

So de child drop, an’ Death take him, an’ put him in him bag. An’ pretty soon anoder child cry out,

“Oh Puppa! me hand hurt me!”

An Annancy say,

“Drop den, drop—Death will know what to do with you!”

So de child drop—an’ Death put him in him bag! An’ so all de children drop, an’ Death put dem in him bag! An’ at las’ Crookie she drop, an’ Death put her in him bag. An’ den him wait, an’ wait, fe such a long time! Till bum-bye Death him get berry tired of waitin’, an’ waitin’! So him bawl out,

“Look a here, Bredda Annancy? is you comin’ down, or not?”

An Annancy say,

“No! if I drop I pop! I am so fat, an’ if I popped! you could’n find enough fe put in you bag! But if you’ll get de flour barrel in de oder room, I will drop into dat, an’ den I won’t pop!”

So Death him get de flour barrel, an’ put it under Annancy. An’ den Annancy him drop into it! An’ all de flour fly up into Death’s eyes, an’ while he was rubbin’ it out Annancy him jump out of de barrel, an’ away him run, an’ Death him run. An’ Annancy jump, an’ Death jump, but he couldn’t catch him at all!

An’ Death not catch Annancy to dis day!





"LOOK A HERE, BREDDA ANNANCY? IS YOU COMIN' DOWN, OR NOT?"



THE THREE SISTERS

IN a before time, dere lib t'ree sisters. An' dey names were Isadora, Florinda, an' Laurita. An' de two eldest were bery cross an' spiteful to Laurita. An' dey were always goin' out to parties and teas—an' dey would neber tek Laurita wid dem fe she was so pretty, an' dey was so ugly.

So dey make her stay at home, an' do all de dirty work, an' wear rags, while dey go out. An' Laurita feel bad, an' one time dey went out to a King house ball, an' lef' her at home, an' she was cryin', an' cryin', an' she hear a little nise an' she look up, an' dere she see an old Obeah woman. An' de Obeah woman ax her what was de matter, an' she tell her all about it! An' den de Obeah woman say, she would help her an' send her to de ball! An' out of her pocket she bring a lot of little sticks, an' an iron pot, an' build a fire, an' say a great many funny Obeah words, an' out of de pot come a lubly silk frock! An' a wreath of silver flowers, an' gold chain, an' beads, an' shoes of real gold! An' den Laurita put dem on, an' de Obeah woman take a calabash an' put it in de pot, an' it come out a big coach, an' horses, an' coachman; an' Laurita get in it an' go to de ball at de King house. An' ebery body wonder who dis lubly lady was. An' de sisters dey did'n know her at all, but was bery jallous ob her!

De King he dance wid her, an' dance wid her, an' wid nobody else. An' when de clock it struck twelve, Laurita she go home, jus' as de old Obeah woman told her to do. An' she go back home in de coach, an' de Obeah woman was waitin' fe her, an' she put de gran' frock, an' de shoes, an' de gold chain, in de pot again, an' dey boil up, an' was gone! An' den she t'ank de Obeah woman, an' she say, dat de nex' ball Laurita should go again!

An' when de sisters dey come home, dey tell Laurita all about de lubly lady dat was at de ball, an' how she danced with the King, an' how jallous dey was of her!

An' bum-bye de King him give anoder ball. An' Isadora and Florinda dey dress up gran', an' go to it. An' after dey had gone, de Obeah woman she come, an' boil de pot! An' anoder frock come out of it! An' she take de calabash, an' coach come out of it. An' Laurita she go to de ball, an' de King him was so please fe see her. An' him ax her



AN' LAURITA SHE GO TO DE BALL, AN' DE KING HIM WAS SO PLEASE FE SEE HER.

THE THREE SISTERS.

name, an' she couldn' tell him. An' she dance wid him all de evenin' an' de sisters was so *jalous!* An' when twelve strike she go an' drive back in de coach. An' de Obeah woman do de same wid de t'ings! An' so now de King him was wonderin' an' t'inking who the lubly lady could be! An' so him say him would have anoder ball de nex' week, an' him t'ink she would come again! An' how de sisters dey did talk about de pretty lady, an' how please de King was wid her!

De nex' week come, an' de sisters dey go to de ball in gran' new frocks. An' den de Obeah woman come an' boil de pot de same way! An' dis time de frock was all of gold wid flowers on it! An' de gold chain hab big blue stones in it, an' when Laurita was all dress up in de t'ings, she look more lubly dan ever! An' de calabash coach take her to de King house, an' she dance, an' dance, wid him, an' him was so please to see her! An' she hab such a good time dat twelve of de clock strike, an' she run out, an' when she get outside de door mouth, one of de lubly gold slippers it fall off, an' she did'n stop to get it. An' den all her gran' frock an' chain, an' tings turn to her old rags an' t'ings.

An' she run an' run, an' no calabash coach was dere. An' she run an' run. An' den a big rain it come up, an' wet her, an' at las' she get home, an' dere was nobody dere but de *parrot*. An' him was please to see her. An' de sisters came home, an' say dat de lubly lady was dere de third time, an' dat she was in such a hurry when she went away dat she dropped her gold shoe, an' de King found it an' said he would sen' it all about de country, an' who ever it fit was de lubly lady, an' he would make her him Missus Queen.

Bum-bye de King came wid de shoe, to de house of de t'ree sisters. An' when dey see him comin' Isadora an' Florinda dey take Laurita, an' put her in de oven. De Parrot see all dis, an' when Isadora try an' put on de little gold shoe, him sing out,

“You may pare your heels,
You may pare your toe
But de owner of de shoe
Is in de O—ven!”

De King wonder what de parrot is sayin'. An' Florinda put him cage in anoder room. An' den she try to put on de shoe. An' den de parrot bawl out again,

“You may pare your heel,
You may pare your toe,
But de owner of de shoe
Is in de O—ven!”

An' de King him wonder what de parrot is sayin'. An' him listen, an' listen! An' at las' he go an' look in de oven, an' him find Laurita in it. An' bring her out, an' put on de shoe, an' it jus' fit!

An' den de King took her home, an' had a gran' weddin', an' a big feast! An' de sisters was so greedy, dat dey eat, an' eat, till dey pop a-sunder!

An' de King an' Laurita dey live bery happily, an' was well an' hearty when I hear of dem last!

Jack man dooro, I don't want any more!



ANNANCY AND DRY-KULL; OR, WHY HOG HAB A LONG MOUTH.

IN a before time dere was a buckra lady, an' she had a cocoanut tree, but nobody could eber pick de cocoanuts off, because of de wapses* on de tree. So she offer a prize, of a cow, to anybody dat would pick de cocoanuts off, wid out *feelin'* of de place where de waps bite dem.

So Annancy he went to de missus, an' say he would pick de cocoanuts. So den all de people dey gather round, an' Annancy he go up de tree, an' de wapses dey go fe him, an' bite him hot! An' him bawl out:

“You know what I see once? A cow, you hear? Yes, a cow, an' him was blue here!” An' him knock off a waps, “an red here!” an' he knock off anoder waps, “an yellow here an' purple here, an' green here!” An' all de time he was knockin' off de wapses, an' de people didn' know it!

So Annancy went right up de tree! An pick de cocoanuts, an' nobody saw him knock off de wapses at all! So den de buckra lady gib Annancy de cow, an' him tank de lady, fe it, an' den he took de cow out in de bush fe eat it! An' when him was roas'in' de cow who should him see comin' but Bredda Dry-Kull.† An' Annancy was well frighten when he see him! An' Dry-Kull say:

“Don' eat de cow, if you eat it, I will put de feaver 'pon you!” An' Annancy gib Dry-Kull de cow an' Dry-Kull eat it up. After him eat all but de bones, him go to sleep, an' den Annancy tek de bones an' boil dem in pot fe mek soup. An' jus' as him was goin' to eat dat, Dry-Kull jump up an' say,

“If you eat it I will put de feaver 'pon you!”

So den Dry-Kull eat up de soup, an' den Annancy didn' get anyt'ing of de cow at all! An' den Dry-Kull he tell Annancy dat him find him a bery nice frien', an' would like to lib wid him. An' den Annancy say, him doan' got room fe Bredda Dry-Kull in him house, an' Dry-Kull say dat if he wouldn' take him to lib wid him, he would put de feaver heat 'pon Annancy!

*Wasps. †Skull.

ANNANCY AND DRY-KULL

So Annancy took Dry-Kull on him back, an' carry him home. An' him lib at Annancy's house fe a long time! An' Annancy, an' him wife Crookie, an' Tacoma, an' all de oder children, dey doan' get not'ing fe eat! An' one day dey hear Bredda Hawk comin' An' now Bredda Hawk is de only t'ing dat Dry-Kull is frighten of. So when Annancy hear him flyin', when him fly, him wing go,

"Pin-yon—pin-yon."

Den Annancy go out an' call sof'ly, sof'ly:

"Bredda Hawk—Bredda Hawk! beg you come down!"

So den Bredda Hawk him come down! An' Annancy tell him all about Bredda Dry-Kull, an' beg Hawk fe carry him away! An' Hawk say:

"What you gib me if I do?"

An' den Annancy say,

"I will gib you a nice big cock Bredda Hawk—but oh me dear Bredda, do carry Dry-Kull away—far!"

An' den Hawk go in de house—which part Dry-Kull was, an' tek him up—an' fly away wid him! An' when he get up in de air—Annancy an' Crookie dey bawl out to Bredda Hawk, "Carry him far, Bredda Hawk—carry him far!" An' Hawk wing say:

"Pin-yon—pin-yon—pin-yon!" An' him fly away wid Dry-Kull!

An' de nex' day Hawk come back, an' ax fe him cock, Annancy tell him say:

"You wait here Bredda Hawk, an' I will get him!"

So den Annancy he go in de house, an' fetch him gun, an' come out wid it, an' shoot it at Bredda Hawk, but it did'n hit him! An' den Bredda Hawk him fly up in de air, an' him wing go:

"Pin-yon, pin-yon!" An' den Annancy tek him gun an' fire again, an' dis time he kill Bredda Hawk dead! An' den dey tek Bredda Hawk, an' corn him, an' eat him.

When de nex' hungry time come, Annancy was walkin' out in de bush, fe find a somt'ing fe eat! An' bum-bye him walk so far, dat him reach to anoder part of de country. An' he was well famish. An' he come suddenly 'pon a t'ing 'pon de ground—an' it was Bredda Dry-Kull sleeping. An' Annancy go an' try to eat him, but when him mouth touch Dry-Kull, him mouth grow out *long!* like how hog mouth do to dis day! An' den Dry-Kull go all to ashes! An' den Annancy say:

"Why! what I gwin do? I can't go home wid me mouth so. Crookie would'nt let me into de house! I mus' t'ink how I can leave it behind!" So Annancy t'ink, an' t'ink, an' at las' him hit 'pon a plan! When him get to de nex' town, him tell all de people, dat Missus Queen send dem all howdeedo—an' hope dem is well, an' dat she wish all de people in de town, to go to de riber nex' day, an' unscrew dere mouths, an' go into de riber to bathe, widout dere mouths. An' so come de nex' day, all de people in de town go down to de riber, an' unscrew dere mouths, an, put dem 'pon de bonk†, an' den dey go in de riber an' bathe. An' when dey was all in, Annancy go an' look at all de mouths. An' at dis time Hog had a *short* mouth. An' Annancy hunt all about till he fin' Hog mouth, an he tink dat it would suit him well. So he unscrew him mouth, an' put on Hog short mouth, an' run away home!

An' when Hog come out of de riber, an' fin' long mouth dere, an' not him own, him was bex, but dere was no oder mouth he could hab—so him put on de long one.

An' dat is why Hog hab a long mouth to dis day!

*Bank.



AN' HIM COME SUDDENLY 'PON A T'ING 'PON DE GROUND.



DOG AN' DE DUCKANOO

ANNANCY was walkin' out one day in de bush, an him come to a Duckanoo tree. An' it was full of Duckanoos*. An' him was bery hungry, an' so he climb up fe get one. An' when he climb up to de top of de tree, de Duckanoo jump to de groun'. An' den Annancy he come down, an' when he come down, de Duckanoo jump up on de tree again! Den Annancy he go up—Duckanoo jump down, an' when Annancy come down to the groun', Duckanoo jump up; an' dis go on for a long time. An' who should pass by but Bredda Darg!

Now Bredda Darg was bery hungry himself; and he would like to get a Duckanoo, too. Den Annancy tell Bredda Darg, how de Duckanoo treat him, and beg him fe catch de Duckanoo, when it jump down, an' him would gib Darg half ob it!

Annancy den go up de tree, an' de Duckanoo jump down, an' Darg catch Duckanoo in him mouth—and vops! And Darg swallow him down!

An' Annancy was bex! An' Darg he run, an' Annancy him run, an' Darg run, an' Annancy run. Den Annancy stop runnin', an' go to Bredda Darg house; an' hide, in de groun'—an only him eyes was out of de groun'!

So in de evenin', Bredda Darg him come home, an' him see eyes lookin' out ob de groun' at him! An' Bredda Darg say:

“Hi de firs' time I see groun' hab eyes!”

So den Annancy jump out, an' catch Bredda Darg—an' quese† de Duckanoo out of him! An' dat is why Darg is thin at one end to dis day!

*A Duckanoo is a kind of pudding made of corn meal, and tied up in a plantain leaf, and then boiled. †Squeeze.



ANNANCY DEN GO UP DE] TREE.

