

# MEET THE MAMMA

By

Zora Neale Hurston

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✓  
MEET THE MAMMA

A Musical Play in Three Acts.

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TIME: Present.

PLACE: New York, U.S.A.; the high seas; Africa.

PERSONS:

Hotel Proprietor - Peter Therpe

His Wife Carrie

Her Mother Edna Frazier

His Friend, a lawyer - Bill Brown

The Cashier

The uncle in Africa Clifford Hunt

The Princess

Waitresses

Bell Hops

Warriors

Guests, etc.

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ACT I.      SCENE 1.

HOTEL BOOKER WASHINGTON, N. Y. C.

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SETTING:

One-half of stage (left) is dining room, the other is a lobby (right), with desk, elevator, etc. The dining room is set with white cloths, etc. Elevator is upstage exit (center). There is a swinging door exit right and left.

ACTION:

As the curtain goes up, singing and dancing can be heard, and as it ascends the chorus of waitresses and bellhops are discovered singing and dancing about the lobby and dining room. (7-9 minutes).

CASHIER: (looking off stage right) Psst! Here comes the boss!  
(Everyone scurries to his or her position and pretends to be occupied. Enter boss, right, in evening clothes and cane. Walks wearily through lobby and dining room and back again, speaking to everyone in a hoarse whisper)

BOSS: Have you seen my mother-in-law? (Everyone answers "No".  
~~(He indicates mental anguish and strolls over to the bell-~~  
~~(hops bench.)~~)

BOSS: It wont be long now before she comes sniffing and whiffing around. I aint been home since yesterday, and I got to

have an alibi. What can I tell 'em? *(He indicates mental anguish and strolls over to bell hops's bench)*  
ONE BELL-HOP: Tell 'em you sat up with a sick brother Mason.

BOSS: Oh no,- can't say that. I'm supposed to have been at the bedside and funeral of every Mason in New York City. There aint supposed to be no more left.

ANOTHER: Tell her you went to a bone yard to meditate and see if you could make 'em get up and gallop like Man O' War.

BOSS: Nope, that wont do. Every time I mention bones I get the shinny in my wrist. I'm trying to fool her, boy, not tell where I was. I have been out having a yellow time.

BELL-HOP: What kind of a time is that?

BOSS: Well, I been riding in a yellow taxi with yellow girls and spending yellow money and drinking yellow whiskey. Can't none of you men (to the audience) help out a fellow? I could kill that smart aleck Peter. *You fellows are the poorest bunch of liars I ever saw.*

ANOTHER: What Peter?

BOSS: The one that killed Ananias.

SONG: "Now why did he kill Ananias"

(As the song ends, the mother-in-law enters (Right). Boss sees her *Boss (stage whisper) Ambush!* and steps backward into the open door of the elevator and is flashed upward.)

MOTHER-IN-LAW: (Advancing to center downstage) Where is your boss?  
(She glares about and puts ear trumpet to ear.)

CHORUS: I don't know.

MOTHER-IN-LAW: Just you let me lay my eyes on him! (She exits left).  
(Giggling by the chorus. Reenter Mother, left, and proceeds quickly to the elevator which is coming down.)

MOTHER-IN-LAW: I'll go upstairs and wait for him. (She pauses beside the elevator, but not where she can be seen by the persons on the elevator. As it reaches the floor, the door flies open and the boss dashed out toward exit, left, as she hurries toward elevator. They collide and both sit flat on the floor with feet and legs entangled. They sit there facing and glaring at each other for two full minutes. He speaks).

BOSS: Well, Madam, if you'll pick out what belongs to you, I'll be satisfied with what's left. (They both arise).

MOTHER-IN-LAW Where have you been? (Puts trumpet to ear).

BOSS: (Pretending drunken) Thass chuss what I been trying to fin' out.

MOTHER: You poor stretched out chocolate éclair- you! Just you wait till I put my mouth on you to my daughter, you ground hog!

BOSS: Listen.' (He strides angrily toward her and prepares to speak into the ear trumpet. She removes it before he can say another word and stalks majestically out (Right), leaving him gesticulating wildly.) Five hundred dollars for a new cuss word! If she could hear without that trumpet, I'd set her ears on fire! (Enter lawyer friend (Left)

LAWYER: Why hello, Pete, how's tricks?

BOSS: (Sadly) Pretty low, pal -- suffering from an attack of mother-in-law.

FRIEND: (Laughs) Brace up. It's the first hundred years that worries a fellow.

BOSS: What can I tell my wife? I'm simply crazy about her, but her mother.' Gee, I wish I'd gone home last night!

FRIEND: I know, old man, how you feel.

BOSS: Say, how do you know? You're not married.

FRIEND: Oh, I had a wife once, but her husband came and took her back. I'm going to breeze over and talk to my sweet stuff. Here comes your wife. (he crosses to the desk and converses with the cashier. Boss exits (Left) hurriedly. Enter wife (right), beautifully dressed but sad.

WIFE: (To cashier) Is my husband here?

CASHIER: No, Mrs. Pete.

WIFE: Well, when will he be in?

CASHIER: He didn't say.

WIFE: He hasn't been home all night and I am terribly upset.  
He's so mean to me.

SONG: "Everybody's man is better to me than my own."  
(Exit wife right)

FRIEND: (Crosses to center) Say Pete, why do you put those boots  
on the girls?

BOSS: To keep the cake-eaters from gazing at their-er - limbs.

CUSTOMER: (Man at table) Say! (Bangs fist on table. Everybody  
starts) Can't I get any service here? (Two waitresses  
hurry to him. Both speak at once.)

WAITRESSES: What can we do for you?

CUSTOMER: You can take my order for one thing. (They take order  
books and prepare to write.)

CUSTOMER: Crab meat cocktail.

WAITRESS: (writing) Yes.

CUSTOMER: Hors de heovef

WAITRESSES: Yes

CUSTOMER: Russian Caviar

WAITRESS Yes.

CUSTOMER: Broiled guinea fowl.

WAITRESSES: Yes

CUSTOMER: Endive salad.

WAITRESSES: Yes.

CUSTOMER: Hot apple pie , Fromage de Brie - black coffee.

WAITRESSES: Yes, anything else?

CUSTOMER: No, do you think you can fill that order?

WAITRESSES: We can fill anything.

CUSTOMER: (Drawing a pair of stockings from his coat pocket.) All right, then. Have these filled and serve with the dinner.

WOMAN DINER: Waitress, tell your boss I want to talk to him.

BOSS: Yes, madam, what can I do for you?

WOMAN: What can you do? You can have these teeth replaced that I broke out on those durn dum bullets you served me for biscuits. I'll sue you good and proper!

BOSS: Now Madam --

MALE DINER: (rising) Say, do the cooks have to go into a trance to find out from the spirit world whether they ought to cook an order or not? Now, you just go back there and tell 'em not to break up a seance ~~waiting~~ on my account. I've only been waiting an hour.

ANOTHER WOMAN: (Limps out of elevator) Fifty thousand dollars damages you got to pay me for ruining my shape on that bum killinator of yours. Oh, oh! Such pains.

(They surround boss, who teaks his hair.)

BOSS: Great gobs of gun powder! The old jinx is after me all right. I'll kill myself! Gimme a gun!

WOMAN DINER: One of those biscuits would do just as well.

LAWYER: (Aside to cashier) I've got to do something to save my pal. He'll go crazy. (He exits right hurriedly).

ENTER WIFE: Oh, here you are, sweetheart. (She weeps.) Oh, you'll break my heart yet, the way you do. Where were you last night?

BOSS: (He puts his arm about her, but does not speak.)

WIFE: (Angrily) You've got to answer me! (She thrusts his arm away.)

ALL: And us too! Yes, answer us too!

BELL-HOP: (Pushes thru the crowd) Telegram for the boss.

PETE: Here. Get out of here before I do a murder. Take it away!!

It's more trouble, I'll bet. (Exit customers <sup>running</sup> singly).

WIFE:

(Snatches it) It's from some woman and you're afraid to open it before me. (He throws up his hands helplessly. She opens it and reads).

"Lualaba, West Africa. Mr. Peter Thorpe, New York City.

"My dear Nephew: Have discovered rich diamond mine. Come  
"at once. Millions for you. Your uncle, Clifford Hunt".

(She dances around and flings her arms about Pete's neck)  
Just think, Millions! Let's start at once.

PETE:

I don't care half as much about a million as I do of one  
of your kisses - a really warm, affectionate kiss.

WIFE:

(Kissing him) Well, why do you stay away from home?

PETE:

Somehow a man just loves to roam.

WIFE:

You often leave me all alone.

PETE:

With contrite heart I do atone,  
But men are creatures strong to do  
The things that they will shortly rue  
But such are we (He hugs her closely)

WIFE:

I see, I see.

I love you true.

PETE:

And I love you. (He kisses her more - even her hands.)  
If life should hold no other bliss  
Than having you, I would not miss  
The rest, dear sweetheart mine.

(They remain embracing for a moment.)

MOTHER-IN-LAW: (Enters left) Carrie! Are you kissing that reprobate!'

(They spring apart.)



WIFE: Mamma, he's explained everything all right.

MOTHER: Oh, yes. He can make you believe the East River is not under Brooklyn Bridge!

WIFE: Oh, look, Mamma, he's got a telegram from his uncle in Africa. He's got diamond mines worth millions and he wants Petey dear to come. Here (Hands the telegram.) Read it!

MOTHER: Ha, ha! I know its the truth!

WIFE: But, Mamma, he wouldn't want us to come if he didn't have it!

MOTHER: Well, if he's got millions, he's got wines by the hundred. Do you want to take your husband to a place like that?

PETE: (Angrily) Now I'll be damned. (Mother removes the ear-trumpet. He swears silently) By heck, I'll go get one of those trumpets and hold to her head until I give her an earful!

WIFE: (Holding to Pete's arm) Honey, don't you think we'd better stay here and run the hotel? I've heard that Africa is very unhealthy for Americans.

PETE: No. I'm going and you're going to leave that walking bunch of trouble and go with me.

MOTHER: If you let that piece of triptalk to me that way, you're no daughter of mine.

PETE: Oh, how I wish she wasn't.

MOTHER: Take my advice, Carrie, and stay here. He treats you bad enough right where the law allows only one wife to a customer - don't go/step with him. (She draws Carrie to her).

PETE: (Snatches Carrie to him) This is my wife.

MOTHER: (Snatches her back) She is my child.

PETE: She'll go with me. (Jerks her back.)

MOTHER: She'll stay with me. (Snatches her again.)

PETE: Let Carrie speak for herself.

CARRIE: (Looks sadly from one to the other). I cannot say. Give me an hour to decide. (She kisses first Pete then Mother then Pete again and exits by the elevator. Pete starts to follow, but she rushes away.)

Pete and Mother stand glaring at each other for a full minute.

ENTER LAWYER: Well, Pete, I heard of your good luck. (Mother exits glaring) Can't you work me into the scheme somehow?

PETE: Sure. You know, I wouldn't want all that wealth without you to help me spend it. You and Essie get married and come along.

LAWYER: Sure. We've been engaged long enough now. How about it Essie?

ESSIE: (She comes out from behind the counter) No indeed. Jim hasn't got but one case, so I can't marry a man who can't support me in the style to which I want to get accustomed. Here, take your ring. I wouldn't go to Africa with anybody at all. I'll be in the same fix with Brownskin Cora.

LAWYER: Well, all I can do is grin and bear it, Essie. But what about this Cora?

ESSIE: Song "Belly Rub Rag."  
(She returns to desk)

(Enter two men, one carelessly dressed; one rather soiled. Best dressed of the two advances to Pete. He speaks.)

BUM: How do, Mистер Thorpe. Will you gimme a dollar?  
(He reels drunkenly.)

PETE: I know you Jim, You want to buy gin. No, I wouldn't give you a cent!

I don't give my money to liquor heads.

BUM: (Offended) You refuse me a drink?

PETE: Yes, I do!!

BUM: (To companion) Clarence, come here. This man wont give us no money--throw a louse on him.

(Pete makes a rush for him, he and his companion run to exit (left), here the man turns, bows politely but shakily. Iss a nice day. (Exeunt.)

ENTER DOWDY LADY (Right) Mr. Thorpe, will you assist a poor widow?

(She uses her handkerchief to her eyes) I know you will, you're so kind.

PETE: Anything I can do except work or lend you money.

WIDOW: Oh, it's nothing as bad as that. (She produces a piece of paper) Here's a song my dear husband wrote before he died, and I want you to sing it so I can sell it and make some money. You see, all of the life insurance money is spent now --

PETE: And if you can't sell this (she hands him the paper) You'll have to go to work.

WIDOW: Yes (sniffs) It's such a beautiful thing - so touching! It was the last thing he did before he was killed. (She begins to weep)

PETE: (Patting her on the shoulder) There, don't cry. I'll sing it for you, or die in the attempt. (He unfolds it and reads title aloud)

"Oh, Fireman, Save my Bustle!"

(To woman) Say, what was your husband thinking about? Alright, I'll try to sing it for you. Come on boys.

(To the orchestra) Let's help the lady out.

Oh, why must love and duty call

Such distances apart

Any why should such a burden fall

Upon a human heart?

(She turns toward Pete)

My lover calls with outflung hands

The one true man who understands

My heart and has its keeping

(She turns to her mother)

But duty says 'go not away'

Tarry with me, oh stay and play

With heart and mind asleeping.

(Both rush down stage to her sides and take her hands).

BOTH: You must decide.

(She draws her right hand away from Pete and clasps her Mother's neck. Her mother holds her. They hold the picture for a moment. Pete starts away). (Re-enter Bill)

PETE: (To Bill, bitterly) Let's be off then to Darkest Africa.-  
the darker the better.

BILL: (Produces papers) We can leave in an hour - we two heart-  
broken men.

CARRIE: (flies to Pete and catches his arm. He shakes her off;  
she flings herself about his neck) I'll go with you.

(Sings) I wish to spread my wings and try

The sea of love and romance

I do not fear a cloudy sky

For danger does but enhance.

(They embrace)

I steer my prow to the rising sun

And sail with you till the day is done.

(They kiss again)

I'll say good-bye to Mother.

PETE: We two must have each other.

---1ST QUICK CURTAIN, BUT UP AGAIN---

LAWYER BILL: To the ship, to the ship! away!

CHORUS: To Africa to stay.

---FINAL CURTAIN.---

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ACT II. Scene 1.

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Deck of Ocean Liner

Captain and Crew on Deck.

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CAPTAIN: (Sings)

O, I am the captain of this swift greyhound  
A city of floating steel  
It trips and slips thru the bounding waves  
So strong in prow and keel  
Oh the mists may wrap  
And the waves may slap  
But they do not worry me  
For I stand by heck, on the upper deck  
Of the queen of the rolling sea.

CREW:

Yes, we stand by heck, on the strong steel deck  
Of the mistress of the seas  
We fling our sail to the howling gale  
In the very teeth of the breeze  
Oh we dance and sing and do the Highland fling  
And let the ocean rave  
*Some day we'll dock her*  
In *Davy* Jones' locker  
And go to a sailor's grave.

CAPTAIN: (Walks to rail and gazes out to sea with glasses.  
(Crew exit whistling refrain "Yes we stand" etc.)

ENTER PETE, GARRIE and BILL in becoming travelling costume. They  
lean on the rail.

PETE: Bill, take it from me, you certainly are missing something by not getting a swell wife like mine. Why, we've been alone for two days and I haven't had a dull moment. Here I've been married six months and this is the first time I've had a chance to love her like I want to.

BILL: Oh, don't rub it in.

PETE: Sorry old man, that was the verse you heard, I've got to sing the chorus.

"Oh, what a sweet wife I've got  
Oh aint she some good looking peach  
Oh, aint I glad I saw her before you did  
And got her away from her mamma".

BILL: (Gets down on hands and knees) Ow-O-oo-oo (howling like a dog) I just hope the S.P.C.A. comes along while you are abusing me like this.

PETE: (Laughs) Bear with me, Bill. But remember, we are two days out from New York and my troubles and going farther every minute. Hot dam! Just think of owning diamond mines. Are you happy sweetheart?

CARRIE: I'd be happy anywhere with you, but I do hate to leave Mamma. I'm all she's got, you know. It will be such a long time before we'll see her again.

PETE: Yes, I know, dear, but we'll try to bear up under that.  
Just think of our vast diamond mines - (over here)

Enter one of crew and place a steamer chair. Exit left. In a moment he re-enters leading some one all wrapped in a steamer rug.

BILL: There's someone who aint got their sea legs on yet. (They all look. Pete and Carrie start).

CARRIE: Why - why, it's Mamma! (She runs to embrace the mother, who drops her rug and glares at Pete.)

CARRIE: Mamma, how did you get on board?

MOTHER: Come on early and stayed in my stateroom. Just had to come to see how you made out. This is a public boat, aint it?

PETE: Yes, but I wish I owned it for a few minutes.

CARRIE: Now, dont you two start again. Let's do something to amuse ourselves on this long voyage.

PETE: Alright. But what would be fun for me would ruin your Ma.

BILL: Let's get up a poker game. Nope, I guess you ladies couldn't understand that - let's make it craps.

MOTHER: (Sneering) This is your husband's company.

CARRIE: I have it! Let's give shows. We can all take partys.

PETE: (Proudly) There's brains for you! Yes, let's give shows.

MOTHER: I'd just love it! Let's go in the main saloon and start right away.

ALL: Yes, let's.

(Curtain falls on deck scene; arises immediately on grand salon.)

CARRIE: Let's give grand opera first.

BILL: Do you think we can do all that high singing?

CARRIE: Sure we can. We are on the high C's.

PETE: All right, let's give opera and make it up as we go along.

CARRI: I'll be Galli Cursey.

BILL: I'll be John Philip Souse.

MOTHER: And I'll be Rosa Raza.

PETE: Gee, this is gonnter be a very rough party. Here, Mother, you got to sing contralto, and Bill, you get gin off of your mind and sing bass. That's close enough to the cellar. I'll be Caruso. That's safe. Let's all go out and come back in



our new characters.

All exit. Quick curtain. It goes up again; sea-side scene, ocean background. At left a great promontory; at right a tall tree.

CONTRALTO: (The rock opens a door and Mother's face appears. She sings.)

ROCK: I am rock of the earth.  
Who gives the mountains birth  
And trundle sloping hills  
And send forth rippling rills  
It is my fate to watch and wait  
Till time flies back to heaven's gate.

TREE: (Bill's face appears in the foliage.)  
A tree, I am a tree  
That stands close by the sea  
I hold the strong winds in my arms  
And shout and laugh in the raging storm  
I murmur love songs sweet and low  
As thru my leaves the breezes blow.

CARRIE: (Sits upright and is seen for the first time to be a part of the sea.)

"SEA SONG".

Enter Pete at right, riding in a new Moon boat, low over the sea. He stops and kisses Carrie prolonged as she sings chorus, and exits behind rock at left, but returns at end of chorus and sings it duet with her. He is stationary while he sings, then exits right.

----CURTAIN----

Scene 4.

Brewery painted on back drop. Action in brewery yard. All characters in fantastic dress; the men with razors in scabbards like swords.

Lord Foam de Suds-----Bill, villain

Lady Sweet Patootie-----Carrie, heroine

Count Shake N. Roll-----Pete, hero

Princess Heebie Jeebie-----Mother

Enter Pete: I am the hero, full of prunes

I'll win in spite of all.

(He crosses and stands downstage left, arms folded.)

Enter Mother: I am the bloody villianess

Whose always dark and tall.

(She crosses also and stands a little upstage)

Enter Carrie: And I'm the little heroine

As good as gold, by heck

BILL: And I'm the skulking villiyun

Who gets it in the neck.

On with the opry!

(All exit; dim lights. Enter chorus, all laughing, singing, drinking.)

1 chorus man: (Singing) Bring on more beer.

2nd " " : It'll cost too much, I fear.

1st " " : Whaddye you keer, the boss will pay. He's wed today.

2nd " " : (Dropping his mug) Will wed? I thought he was gointer get married. (Shades his eyes with his hand.)

Here comes my lord of Suds. (There is a blare of trumpets.)

LORD SUDS; Enter ~~Mask~~ (He laughs loudly and harshly. All the people flee)

Oh, today I'm gointer get married

Married, Married

Oh, to\*day I'm gointer get married  
To Lady Sweet Patootie toot.

(Tune "Downward Road is Crowded)

Enter Princess Heebie Deebie: Psst, my lord Suds. She walks  
this way with the man I love. I would see her dead.  
They must not see my face. I must haste away.  
(She exits right.)

(Lord Suds taps his razor significantly and drawls into a beer  
barrel. He speaks.)

LORD SUDS: Ha! Here she comes now with that cake-eater Count Shake  
N. Roll. I shall polish him off before her very eyes.

(Enter Lady Sweet on the arm of Count Shake. They advance to center stage)

COUNT: (Sings) I love but thee, no fooling, kid.

LADY SWEET: I'll go where e'er that thou shalt hid.

COUNT: (Sits on barrel near the one in which Lord Suds hides) (Sings)  
Sit on my knee.

LADY: No, let us flee. I mean, let's go.

COUNT: I tell thee no.

LORD SUDS: (Rises out of the barrel) Ha! I have you in my power,  
and you shall die this hour.

COUNT: (Stropping his razor on his boots). I fling thy false words  
back among thy false teeth. Prepare to fight. (He tests  
the edge of his razor. Lord Suds does likewise. They  
fight a duel. Lady Sweet runs back and forth wringing her  
hands.

(Enter Princess right: Ha, revenge.

LADY SWEET: (Sings) Oh, courage love!

PRINCESS: (Sings) Sweet revenge.

(Lord Suds receives a fatal shall and falls. Princess takes the razor from  
his hand and cuts a few strands of hair from her head and falls dying  
across his form).

LORD SUDS: (Rises to sitting position and sings weakly) I think I'm thru.

PRINCESS: (Does same) I think so too.

LORD SUDS: (Repeats business) My blood leaks out.

PRINCESS: ( " " ) I've got the gout.

LORD SUDS: ( " " ) I am dying.

PRINCESS: ( " " ) So am I.

COUNT SHAKE: (Sings) I wish they'd die.

LADY SWEET: ( " ) And so do I.

(Lord Suds and Princess sit up for the last time and gaze into each other's eyes soulfully.)

LORD & PRINCESS: (Sing) Dy -y-ing --oh - ah - (ends in dying shriek.

(They both fall back dead. Count plants his feet on Lord's body and strikes a pose.)

C U R T A I N .

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DRAMA.

Father-----Bill  
Mother-----Mother  
Wife-----Carrie  
Husband-----Pete

SETTING.

A living room. Father reads the paper; mother knits; husband gnaws his finger-nails and watches the clock.

HUSBAND: Mother, Sadie left no message for me?

MOTHER: No.

HUSBAND: Then?

MOTHER: Yes.

HUSBAND: I feared.

Enter Sadie with several parcels. She removes hat and coat.

SADIE: Well, I am here, Tom.

TOM: Yes, you are here.

SADIE: Yes, here, here, (she flings wide her arms) here! Shut in with this thing between us.

TOM: Then you have kept something from me.

SADIE: Yes, but how can I blame you, or even me.

TOM: Terrible.

SADIE: Terrible? You clod! How calm you sit with (she rages up and down, tearing her hair) the universe falling in shards about us.

TOM: Clod? I? (He leaps up and bites a piece of paper from a magazine. The fire that has raged within me all these months! God! You call me a clod! It bites into my very flesh. (He rushes at her to strike her. She recoils) that you should bring this thing upon us.

SADIE: (She rushes to the table and tears open a parcel and returns triumphantly with a baby dress. She shows it to him and sinks in a faint to the floor. He revives her) I-I - didn't know, Tom. Mother never told me. (She rises and rushes at her mother.) You! You - to keep me in ignorance that smothers out all our happiness. You! Shirking your duty to the off-spring God gave you. Oh Tom. (She reels toward him).

TOM: (Standing and holding the tiny garment in a dazed manner.) It too must suffer.

MOTHER: (Half weeping) I never dreamed. I never knew, dear (she puts her arms about Sadie) But your father is the real ~~culprit~~ culprit, not I. (She faces her husband) Now, will you speak for the happiness of our daughter and her unborn child.

FATHER: (Reads the paper for a moment; lays it down, buries his face in his hand, but remains silent. The others draw near and wait breathlessly for a sign from him. At last he motions to speak) It has come at last! Sadie weeps, mother sinks to her knees, Tom grasps a handful of hair on either side of his head and stands glaring) Before I married your mother, Sadie I was rather wild (Sadie becomes hysterical; mother is crawling about on hands and knees and Tom is eating up a newspaper.) Yes, I was wild and, and, rather fond of the girls. (Tom is attacked by St. Vitus dance; Sadie is having convulsions and Mother weeping softly) So I wore tight shoes so often that I have an ingrown toe nail! There, my secret is told at last. Do you despise me utterly, my children? (He looks from one to the other of the three. No one answers him. He walks bare-headed to the door slowly. The others do not move until the door closes softly. Mother rushes out after him. They re-enter.

Sadie puts on hat and coat and looks questioning at Tom. He appears not to see her. She picks up the garment and steals softly out by another door.

C U R T A I N.

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MUSICAL COMEDY.

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Carbona Kleaner -----	Carrie
Mrs. Kleaner, her mother-----	Mother
Mr. Kleaner, her father-----	Bill
Pluto Water-----	Pete

SETTING.

Cyclorama, Atlantic City Boardwalk.

Enter Pete and Carrie in appropriate costumes, hand in hand.

PETE: (Sings) I met a little girl down by the sea.  
I looked at her, she looked at me.

CARRIE: And soon we'll be married.

PETE: Now we first met just yesterday  
Love at sight, sure right away.

CARRIE: No neither of us tarried.

BATHING BEAUTY CHORUS: (Dancing across singing: Married, they'll ~~soon~~  
soon be Married."

PETE: Now what next?

CARRIE: Dance of course. That's always next in a musical comedy.  
(They do a dance and end with Black Bottom. Re-enter  
(chorus danging.)

PETE: Looka here, Chorus, what are you doing back here again?

1st CHORUS LADY: Well, that's all a musical comedy is - Chorus.  
(They dance off left.)

Enter Mr. & Mrs. Kleaner, arm in arm.

MRS. KLEANER (Looking roguishly at Carbona and Pluto) Remember  
(she sways on her feet) we was young once (She claps her  
hand to her stomach -- sea-sick gesture)

MR. KLEANER: (Clutching his stomach also) I'm seasick too; let 'em gwan  
marry if they want to - I mean God bless you, my children.  
Say! Stop this ship from shaking! (He starts for his  
stateroom, but collapses on the floor upstage.)

PETE: Carbona! (He stretches out his arms; she falls in them  
weakly. She is also seasick)

CARBONA: Oh, Pluto Water! You're so strong and clean. (She clutches  
her stomach and attempts to run off right, When she reaches  
Mr. Kleaner's form she tries to step over it several times  
but the motion of the boat carries her backward each time  
with one foot lifted. At last she sinks down parallel to  
Kleaner.

MRS. KLEANER: (Tries to approach Pluto as the chorus stagger in holding  
their stomachs. They open their mouths as if singing, but  
no sounds come out. They collapse all over the stage. Mrs.  
Kleaner turns to exit (right), but collapses, parallel to  
Carbona. A look of triumph leaps to Pluto's face.  
He rushes over to the glass case on the wall that contains  
the axe and saw and tries to open it. He finds it locked.  
He rushes over to the prostrate form of his mother-in-law and  
does a wild savage dance of triumph about her. He looks  
about for a weapon, but sees none. At last on the table he  
sees a siphon of water and gets it, sending a stream into  
her face. He continues to dance and soak her with the carbo-  
nated water.



PLUTO: Not enough water for the old girl. I ought to sink the  
ship while she's all spread out! (He is still prancing )

\*\*\*\*\* C U R T A I N \*\*\*\*\*

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ACT III Scene 1.

SCENE: African jungle at night and dawn.

Curtain goes up on a dim lit stage. It is night. The southern cross is seen in the sky. The dense mass of the jungle comes half way down stage toward the foot-lights.

ACTION: As curtain goes up, the dim figures of the party can be seen down-stage right, huddled together. There is a native guide.

VOICE OF PETE: O-o-o wee! I'm scared. Bill, everytttime I think about you getting me into this, I could kill you before these lions and tigers get to us. (There is the trumpet of elephants and the head of a big bull with huge tusks appears thru the foliage.)

VOICE OF PETE: D-d-don't be scared, Carrie. I'm here. (More elephants appear thrusting their heads thru the trees. They withdraw shortly and the roar of a lion is heard. They all huddle closer. The lion appears, (left), but exits, upstage (center).)

VOICE OF BILL: Whew! That was a close call! This is the longest night I ever lived thru.

VOICE OF PETE: You aint lived thru it yet. ~~You get plenty time to die still - and us along with you.~~ We ought to've took a taxi thru this jungle.

VOICE OF BILL: Look Pete, the sky is getting lighter. Day is breaking. (Lights grow brighter. Birds twitter. There is distant sounds of tom toms.)

VOICE OF PETE: (To guide) Lets start right now. The sooner we get there, the better. How much farther have we to go?

GUIDE: We will arrive within an hour. (It is now light, but the sun has not appeared. The party hurries across stage and exits downstage left. The sky is cobalt. The jungle a riot of color.)

\*\*\*\*\*CURTAIN\*\*\*\*\*

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Scene II                      Village of Luababa.

There is a rhythmic beating of tom toms. The playing of some deep stringed instrument and a chant before the curtain goes up.

SETTING:

Curtain discloses totem pole, whose grotesque head breathes fire and smoke. Elaborate religious setting. Upstage to the right is an arch decorated with masks and symbols. It is the "Door of the Sun" (eastern gate). Village is painted on the backdrop. Jungle entire left.

ACTION:

Young girls and men are doing tribal ceremonial dance about the pole and arch -- Men with gorgeously painted shields and assagais-- girls carry a single red flower. All wear <sup>Ceremonial</sup> elaborate masks. A number of youths play the drums. One crouched over a large flat stringed instrument that sounds cello-like. All chant as one girl does a solo dance before the pole, then all arise and join in.

Enter party (left) and stand <sup>behind shrubbery</sup> ~~attentive~~ until ceremony is over. Bill starts to applaud, but is *stopped by Pete*)

PETE: Cut that out. This aint no show! This is church to them.

BILL: Is it? I got religion right away. I'm gointer joinand I'll bet nobody ever catches me back-sliding.

CARRIE: (Impatiently) Tell the guide to take us on to the chief. I'm dead on my feet from this jungle tramping stunt.

BILL: (Gazing at the native girls who are going up stage toward the village.) Looka heah, I'll bet that girl (indicating the solo dancer who lingers behind) is the preacher. I ought to go over and confer with the pastor.

MOTHER: No, you wont either. I'm tired. Let's go on to that village.  
(She points upstage).

BILL: Pete, I think I'll stay around here and do a little missionary work. I feel that I've been living too selfishly and these poor heathens dying for the light. Fact is, I could give my whole life to showing them things. (girl departs toward village)

PETE: Yea bo, I feel ~~like~~ the missionary urge myself. Now I see why so many men dedicate themselves to the mission field. (he motions to follow girls.)

CARRIE: (Angrily) Pete! (Pulls him back) Never mind these hunks of chocolate gelatine. I'll do all the dancing in this family.

PETE: (Comes back and hugs her gently) Now darling, didn't your Sunday school lesson teach you not to be selfish? While you're trying to keep a whole husband to yourself, think of all the poor unfortunate girls with no husbands at all. Don't be selfish.

MOTHER: (Pointing toward village) Look at all those vicious looking heathens coming! Suppose they try to eat us!

PETE: Well, you don't need to worry. Go on out Friday Night and find out what's the idea. (The guide meets the warriors; they talk and gesticulate for a moment.)

BILL: Pete, I'm getting all crazy about these Africans. They're so darned cheerful.

PETE: How can you tell?

BILL: Lookit all that dark brown skin! Pure baked-in sunshine, that's all! (Guide returns and salutes.)

PETE: Well, what are they going to do with us?

GUIDE: The chief says: "Welcome to Luababa. Advance at once. The ladies to the left to rest and bathe, the men come directly to him.

PETE: What's his name?

GUIDE: Mwa Bibo Bike! The master of many spears.

PETE: (Turning on Bill) Thought you told me he was my uncle? Instead of getting something to eat, we'll get butchered up plain and fancy. But if he spares us for one hour, I'll fix you! You ~~hammered down~~ splay-footed chocolate éclair! (To guide) Aint there no way we can get back to the coast before he gets us?

GUIDE: No. He has known of your coming since you left the ship. His jungle eye has watched you. His spears reach for a whole day's march of the sun. He sent me to guide you.

PETE: <sup>(feels</sup>  
<sup>Bill's</sup>  
<sup>head)</sup> This is the first time I knew that hair could grow on a rock. (To Bill) To think I left a hotel in Harlem to get et up in Africa.

BILL: Aw shut up! I was trying to be a friend to you and get you out of trouble in New York.

PETE: Trouble? There aint nothing in New York to hurt me. Course there's a few thugs and bandits and gunmen and taxi-drivers and gunwomen, but outside of that ---

MOTHER: Stop that jaw ginding and come on. I'm not going back in that jungle to be killed by varmints. If I must die, let me be killed decently by folks.

(They proceed toward village. Curtain falls for a minute to indicate lapse of time till they reach village. Drums and beating all the time.)

SCENE III King's Palace in Village.

SETTING:

A very ornate straw hut, center stage; other houses of village on back drop. Bright silk hangings on walls, Leopard and lion skins on walls and floor, also bright patterned mats. There is a chair of ivory elaborately carved with symbols standing within the door of the palace. A small stream runs diagonally across the stage and off left, with a rude luidge. A large drum stands near the door (right) and the stringed instrument (Left).

ACTION:

(Arising curtain reveals six of the girls standing in the stream in the September Morn pose. The warriors are grouped at left. They are in striking war pantomime poses. King seated in the chair with the solo dancer seated on a pile of grass cushions beside him. A man beats upon the drum; the other instrument wails and the guide enters with Pete and Bill, who are visibly frightened. They are led directly before the king and the guide signals them to kneel. They do so. The girls stand erect and make a gesture of welcome.)

KING: Where do you come from?

PETE: New York City, U.S.A.

KING: Get up quick and have cushions. Did you ever hear of the city of HushPuckanny, Va.? (He signs to the girls and boys to retire.)

PETE: (Pleasantly surprised) That's my home. Pete Thorpe is my name.

KING: Not my sister Sarah's boy.

PETE: (Boastfully) Put it here, Uncle Cliff. I heard you was in Africa. I come hunting you. (He kicks Bill. Bill grimaces)

KING: Well, well, I'm glad to see anybody from U.S., let alone my own nephew. What are you doing in Africa?

PETE: (Very haughtily) I thought I'd sell my hotel in Harlem and look around a bit. I was sortea overburdened with a business and a mother-in-law.

PETE: We sold the hotel before we sailed, but we still got the mother-in-law on hand.

KING: Well boys, you've come to the right place. There aint a mother-in-law in my kingdom.

PETE: How come?

KING: As soon as a girl gets married here, we take her mother off and feed her to the lions.

PETE: You're some king. Put it here. (They shake hands) But how did you come to get such a good system?

KING: Well, you see, back in Virginia I used to love a girl and her mother just kept us apart and married her to a New York guy. Well, there wasn't anything left for me in America, so I set out wandering and finally landed in Africa with a few cents in my pocket, a gun and a dozen cartridges. I didn't know where I was going and didn't care. I beat on thru the jungle for days. Just as day was breaking one morning, I arrived at this village. I heard a great shouting and wailing and came rushing up thru the door of the sun, gun in hand. You see, I didn't know that no mortal ever steps on that holy ground. A lion had gotten into the village and killed the chief and his wife. He was in easy range, so I raised my rifle and fired. He fell dead. The natives thought I was a god, coming at sunrise thru the door of the sun, and killing the lion with the "stick with the voice". I wont let them make a god of me. I merely told them I had been sent to be their king. They gladly crowned me and neither the people nor I have had cause to complain. This girl is the daughter of the chief the lion killed. But I have raised her as my own. She was only a few months old when the lion got her parents. She is the Princess Zido.

BILL: Gee, I'm glad she's <sup>not</sup> Pete's aunt. I think I ought to kiss her to er - sort of make her feel at home. (The king pushes him back into his seat)

PETE: But, Kingy--coming back to this mother-in-law business. Have you got a real hungry lion all ready?

KING: Sure, we got one expert lion -- been getting 'em for years.

PETE: Naw siree! You don't want no old tired lion in this case. You aint seen my mother-in-law. What you wants is a young, snappy one -- wild and rearing to go, and extry full of appetite.

KING: Where is your mother-in-law?

PETE: She with my wife where ever it is you sent them to bathe and rest.

KING: (Clapping his hands) We'll soon fix her up. (A huge warrior appears.) Walla, walla, take your bunch of lion catchers and go catch me a young, vicious, hungry lion and have him here in half an hour.

(Walla salaams and departs right; drums are heard off stage. A big warrior rushes up to warrior and gesticulates wildly, jibbering in his native tongue. King listens until he has finished)

KING: Well, bring them all in. (Warrior exits)

BILL: What did he say?

KING: There has been a killing, so I must hold the inquest at once. (Enter two warriors carrying a limp body of another. They deposit it before the king. Two others bring in a man between them. All begin to gesticulate. They jabber away and shimmy in their excitement.)

BILL: What are they saying?

KING: They tell me that Mtesa here (He points to the prisoner) had caught a string of fish and the other man came up and took them. Mtesa threw a spear at him -- you see, Mtesa is the best spearman in Africa - bar none - and so the other fellow is dead.

BILL: Well, what's your verdict?

KING: Death from natural causes. As good a spearman as Mtesa is, it's natural for a man to die if he aims at him. Case dismissed.



PETE: Say, uncle king, do you mind us looking over your harem while we're waiting for the lion?

KING: I have none. Never have been married. If I can't have what I want, I wont have what I can get. But I'll have Zido and the girls to dance the "*Birth* of love" for you. (He claps his hands and the girls enter, followed by the male musicians. They take their places. Enter Carrie and her mother.)

PETE: (Whispers to King) Here comes my mother-in-law.

KING: She wont be your mother-in-law much longer. (There is a lion's roar off stage. The king rises and places seats for the ladies. Bill and Carrie are on the left of king; as mother-in-law approaches to sit she stares at king and he at her.)

KING: Edna! My old sweetheart.

MOTHER: Cliff!

KING: How did you find me?

EDNA: Following my daughter and her husband. I didn't know you were here, but, er I'm mighty glad.

PETE: (Aside) That poor lion wont get no dinner right away. I can see that.

KING: (Edna moves to sit on the cushions. Wait, sit in this chair, Edna. I'm sorry it's no better.

EDNA: But that's your throne. You are a king.

KING: And you are a queen, if I got anything to say.

BILL: King, you aint forgetting the dance you promised us.

KING: (To Zido) "The birth of Love", Zido. (The music begins and the chorus dances first, then Zido takes the center stage. Bill and Pete indicate they are captivated by the dancers. Bill seems carried away by Zido.)

BILL: (Reaching into his vest pocket and producing a wedding ring.)  
I'm gointer lasso that shimmy and domesticate it. She's mine!

KING: Hey, wait awhile! You don't make love to a jungle girl like that. What you need to win her is a "love stick".

BILL: What is a love stick?

KING: I'll show you (He speaks to one of his warriors) He'll bring one in a minute. You'll have to learn to make "Jungle Love"  
(The warrior returns with two or three clubs about the size of a baseball bat) This is the great love maker. (He hands one to Bill)

BILL: (Puzzled) Say king, what's the idea?

KING: (With a wise wink) My man tell me one love stick is worth a hundred compliments.

BILL: (Enlightened) I get you king. Just leave me alone with the princess for a few minutes.

KING: (Rises to go. He offers his arm to Edna and Pete's wife) Come Edna, I want you to see our diamond mines and select some stones for yourself and friends.)

PETE: (Astonished) Real diamonds, Uncle Cliff?

KING: Sure. Come on and make your own selections.

PETE: (Hurrying after party) Lead on, not soon, but now if not quicker. (The party exits left; only Bill and the princess are left on stage. Bill practises several swings with the club, flexes the muscles of his arms, limbers up generally. Then with club in hand approaches Zido who is picking flowers all the while. A warrior enters (left) with a club in his right hand. He is carrying a limp girl under the left arm. He exits right. Zido's back is still turned. He lifts his club to stike. Zido turns smiling sweetly and offers him a flower. He drops club.

He siezes her hand with the flower, kisses it. He leads her over to the throne. She sits on it. He kneels at her feet and pantomimes a proposal. She accepts. They kiss fervently. She breaks away and attempts to run off stage across the bridge.

BILL:

(Striking a commanding pose) Zido! Come back here and finish kissing me! A half kissed man is a mad man. (He overtakes her. She yields coquettishly. He catches both of her hands in one of his and holds them behind her. Pulls her backward halfway to the ground, giving her a prolonged kiss.) Boys, this is love! The fly's ankles, the eel's hips

Aint got nothing on my baby's lips.

(There is the sound of men's voices laughing off stage left and Pete and the king enter left. Pete is carrying a large bag which he drops on the floor as soon as he enters, and mops his head with handkerchief)

PETE:

(To Bill) Man, we're rich! (Points to the bag) All that's diamonds.

BILL:

(To Pete) I found one too while you were gone. (He and Zido look coyly at each other.)

KING:

I could see it coming, so I brought you this (He hands Bill a large stone) That for her engagement ring. I know you want to do things in United States style.

BILL:

Thanks, King. I'm gointer marry her up so bad she'll never get over it long as she lives. (He looks off stage left) But where are the women?

KING:

They selected some little trinkets from my treasure room and went to try them on. (Looks off stage left) Here they are now. (Enter Carrie and Edna. They have taken off American clothes and Edna wears a bandeaux, a breech-cloth, anklets and head-dress,

all of diamonds. The wristlets are of ostrich. A high ostrich head-dress rises from the diamond circlet about her head. Carrie wears no head-dress of ostrich, but she has a similar outfit entirely of topaz. She advances to center stage.

PETE: (In admiration) Hot damn! I sure married my cupful when I roped this baby. (He advances and hugs her) When I get ~~back~~ back to Harlem, I'm gointer buy that old hotel for her to keep her shoes and stockings in.

BILL: (In amazement) Looka here, man, what's coming! (All look to left; Enter Edna)

PETE: *Meet the Mama!*  
My mother-in-law sure has been hiding something all these years. (He rushes up to her) Mama give your boy a kiss! (He snatches a kiss quickly. Looks down at her legs) I always knew there was something swell about you, but I couldn't find out what it was.

CARRIE: (Pulls him away) Don't be foolish!

PETE: Foolish? I'm sensible now. ~~I was a fool all along.~~

BILL: (To Zido) Why - er - don't you wear <sup>diamond</sup> ~~glass~~ pants too Honey? *(Edna laughs and pinches his chest)*

ZIDO: (Making grimace) Hurt too bad. Can't sit down.

PETE: Now let's set out for the Coast and America.

BILL: EDNA: The good old United States.

KING: You all speak so happily of America. You're going back. You'll leave me twice as sad and lonely when you leave as when you came. (He looks significantly at Edna.)

PETE: (Pulling Carrie) Come on, folks; let's get packed. (All exit except Edna and King.) *Edna (to King) aren't you coming too?*

KING: Why should I leave?

EDNA: (Coyly) I thought maybe you had not forgotten me entirely.

KING: (Warmly) I haven't. I have thought of you every day for all these years. See that little bridge? I built it with my own hands. And while I was doing it, I thought a lot about you - and me.

EDNA: (Eagerly) Why?

KING: (Song) "Over the Bridge"

(They do second chorus as a duet, standing up on the center of the bridge. At the end the others enter, all dressed as they came. King turns to them happily)

KING: Well, folks, Edna has consented to be the queen. Being now her boss, I command her to go and cover the royal shape. From now on, that diamond suit can be worn only before the royal eyes. (They laugh. She exits quickly. He comes down from the bridge and joins the others center stage.) Say folks, who's gointer run my kingdom when I'm back in America?

BILL: So you're going?

KING: I aint gointer stay.

PETE: Say, turn it over to Walla Walla. He's a noble lion-tamer. But say, tell him to let up on the mother-in-laws. They aint so bad after all. I've got a peachy one since I know her better. (Re-enter Edna dressed for travel. She puts the King's pith-hat on his head and takes his arm)

KING: The bearers will take our baggage to the coast for us -- and Back to God's Country -- the U.S.A! (He takes Edna's hands and gazes lovingly at her) I know we wont be sorry, will we? (Hand in hand they start over the bridge slowly. They sing in duet the chorus of "Over the Bridge" and the others fall in line. First Pete and Carrie, then Bill and Zido. They sing to curtain. It goes up again for a minute and natives are dancing farewell to them boisterously.

F I N A L    C U R T A I N

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EVERYBODY'S MAN IS BETTER TO ME THAN MY OWN.  
-----

I'm blue, I'm blue, so blue,  
I don't know what to do  
Because my man don't stay home;  
Every night he has to roam  
Because I'm his, he thinks me slow  
But other men don't find me so.

CHORUS:

Everybody's man is better to me than my own  
Hear me cry, hear me sigh  
Oh listen to me moan  
He cheats me, he cheats me and stays out all night long.  
When he's out, they're hanging round  
All those long, tall teasing browns.  
Oh, I could get loving, if I'd take a chance  
They'll pay the fiddler, if I'll only dance,  
But my mean pappa wont bring it home  
Oh - everybody's man is better to me than my own.

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Oh where is my wandering boy to-night  
Go search for him where you will  
Go bring him to me with all his blight  
And tell him I love him still.

I just got back from the church house  
And heard what the preacher said.  
It seems that a dirty look from Peter  
Laid the poor old scout out dead.  
They say he was killed for lying --  
I can't see why that should be  
That they should croak a good old scout like him  
And not do a thing to me.

Now this Pete was a busy body,  
Like a prohibition hound  
When regular guys are having fun  
He's sniffing and whiffing round.  
He ought to've been brought to justice  
And given life in jail  
With only his wife for company  
And never a chance for bail.

Cause Ananias was a liar  
Much needed in every club  
To fix up things to tell your wife  
And alibi in any rub

He could fix up a tale for the landlord  
And just lie a collector to death  
And explain to the wife about the sick friend  
And even explain your breath.

Now, why did they kill Ananias?

I need him beside me right now

With an income tax blank before him

That baby would be a wow!

Oh, why did they kill the best liar --

That one inspired cub!

If he were alive, I'll bet you a five

He'd be a member of my club.



I spent a long time by the sea  
Telling my woes, it answered me  
For I was feeling blue  
And the sea was lovely too,  
For I love you, and you're not true,  
And the moon breaks the heart of the ocean too  
I wept and cried  
The sad sea sighed  
And turned a deep, deep blue.

Cho: I know what the wild waves are saying  
I know what the wild waves do -  
I know what the sea-shells are whispering  
And that's why I am blue.  
For the moon is an errant lover  
That flirts with every breeze  
and kisses the chill grey mountains  
and caresses the trembling trees.  
I call thee the night, for his kiss is light  
I am the sad blue seas.

2nd verse - see next page

Bald head men and other sojourners  
Who spend their time at drug-store corners  
To watch the shebas tripping by  
Looking "come hither" out your eye  
I got great comfort for you too  
It isn't hard for you to do.  
Please keep your seats! Don't crowd and push  
Don't kill me blind men in the rush  
Just take a lesson from Coué  
And do your dozen every day.

CHORUS:

Skirt by skirt on every flirt  
They're getting higher and higher,  
Inch by inch they cling and pinch  
There's more to admire  
Sock by sock and knee by knee  
The more they show the more we see  
Hour by hour and day by day  
Let's hope that things keep on this way.  
Oh, Coué', Coué', Coué'  
Let's pray this every day.

-----ZORA NEALE HURSTON.

1st verse - see

Men -- and other drinkers that's feeling blue,  
Gather round, I got good news for you --  
I see the tear drops in your eye  
I know your throats are dusty dry.  
You yearn for suds - you miss the pail  
The glistening bar -- the sining rail.  
But keep your soul bright -- let nothing dim it--  
Neither rum hounds -- nor twelve mile limit  
The way to do it from day to day  
Is do your daily dozen with old Coue'.

CHORUS:

Quart by quart from date to date  
It's getting better and better  
Crate by crate in every state  
It's getting wetter and wetter  
Still by still and more and more  
The stuff is coming from every shore  
A straw vote shows how the wind is blowing  
Rum must go! And we must keep it going  
Coue', Coue', Coue'  
Just say this every day.

# Gravy Blues

~~BELLY RUB RAG.~~

Brown Skin Cora, from way down Dixie way,  
Came up North, bud did not want to stay --  
Old man Trouble -- that's how she felt  
Was hitting her below the belt  
So she rubbed her tummy, looked at her shoes -  
And wailed them low-down belly-rub Blues.

## CHORUS:

I want my good old chicken and stuff

Um - um - um (hum)

I know I never got enought

(hum)

Want my chicken good and brown

With lots of gravy flowing round and round

(hum)

Oh, I wish my daddy would send for me

Buy me a ticket on the F.E.C.

Oh Gravy, um - (hum)

And the sunshine of his kiss

Is another thing I miss

That's way down south in Dixie.

(Note: The belly is rubbed on each hum.)

Brown skin Cora  
From way down Dixie way,  
Came up North  
But did not want to stay  
Old man trouble --  
That's how she felt  
Was landing blows  
Below the belt  
So she sighed and shook her head  
And this is what she said:

CHORUS:

I want my good old chicken and stuff

Um - um - um

I know I never got enough

Um - um - um

I want my chicken good and brown

With lots of gravy flowing round and round

Um - um - um

Oh, wish my daddy would send for me

Buy me a ticket on the old I.C.

For the sunshine of his kiss

Is another thing I miss.

OVER THE BRIDGE.

Live is but a walk o'er a bridge  
With the river of life beneath  
With years full of trouble  
And moments of bliss  
According to friends we meet.

Bright dreams quickly fading  
Youth's days quickly gone  
Soon fled to the nevermore  
A stumble in shadow  
A step in the dark  
And then, love, the other shore.

CHORUS:

If you with me will walk o'er the bridge  
I'll care not how years may go  
We'll care not for cluds  
We'll laugh at the rain  
Nor mind how the river flows  
We'll just clasp hands and wander along  
Singing love's old sweet song  
When summer's gone  
And we cross the ridge  
With skies no longer blue  
I'll not be sad  
I'll just be glad  
I've walked o'er the bridge with you.

----ZORA NEALE HURSTON. Nov. 16, 1924.

