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"Sandy Klaws" Poem by Anna Julia Cooper

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Sandy Klaws.

Mammy's own Sugar Dumplin!

Gawd bless dat sweet nappy head!

'F I wa'nt here to watch an' keer,

De b'lieve he'd tumble off dead!

Look whar he's kicked de kivers!

De sheet all roun' his neck!

I'll tuck him in, den I'll begin,

He dreamin' it now I 'spec.

He 'lowed he'd watch fer Sandy:

"Gwine stay awake fer sho!

"When Sandy's deer in chimbly he hear,

"Gwine hide behin de do!"

But fer dem bright eyes could'nt,

Jes natchly could'nt keep light.

I reckon de Angels would'nt

want too many stars at night.

Look whar he hang dat stockin!

Aint dat a sight to behold?

Dis candy sweet pushes ^{thru} de feet

Whar de cutest little toes gits old.

De apple I'll put up top here,

De copper cent hide inside.

"Oh Golly!" he'll say, "went I holler an' play,

An' straddle my horsey and ride!"

An' a Christmas tree he shall have too!

Set in dis tomato can,

An' a candle on top tied onto a prop -

Jes like de fust folks in de lan'!

Oh, Mamma's own Sugar Dumplin,

Gawd bless dat sweet nappy head!

'T Christmas's cheer comes jes once't a year,

Sich Love the year roun' could be spread.