

"MA GOES TO FLORIDA"

Hellie I. Thomas

Now Ma, you go git busy,  
A fixin' up your clothes.  
We're goin' to take you to the South,  
Fast where the cotton grows.  
You're shakin' and a shiverin';  
And hangin' round the heat,  
You'll surely git the rheumatiz---  
Or ague in your feet.  
And soon the snow'll be comin'  
As you know it allers do,  
And that will shet you in the house,  
Where you'll likely have the flu.

And so they kept a urgin',  
And a pleadin' that 'twas best,  
Till I thot I better do it,  
Jest to give myself a rest.  
So I got my things around me,  
When a voice come up the stair,  
"Now, Ma, don't take a lot of junk;  
Cos we're goin' in the car."

Well, that kinder got me fussin',  
To know what I best leave out---  
For there's my old red flannels,  
I sure couldn't do with-out,  
And them over-shoes, and woolen socks,  
And outing night gowns, I can't spare,  
(I'd cut them high falutin' things  
The girls all like to wear.)  
There's my big coat for rainy days,  
Oh! sakes, what shall I do?  
Tryin' to put a lot of things,  
Where there's only room for few.

Well, we finally got started,  
Folks and luggage piled in tight---  
Scared I couldn't shet my eyes,  
Fer fear I'd tumble something lite,  
Then I thot I'd heered it said:  
"Don't borry trouble, if you do;  
you give as your sourity  
Your peace of mind, "and that's shure true."

So I sot still---I couldn't stir,  
And watched what I could see.  
As we jumped along them 'cadam roads  
As frisky as could be.  
When I saw them folks a workin',  
Where there uster be a drouth---  
I jest felt kinder sorry  
Cause they wasn't going south.

And them thar cities we went in,  
I knew we'd ne'er get out,  
For folks kept holdin' up their hands,  
I don't know what 'twere all about.  
But when I seen them mountains,  
I shore did hold my breath.

We went up and down, and round and through,  
'Till I thot, and still we're left.  
And them big things a standin' there,  
Since God had built this Globe,  
I just knew Noah couldn't drown  
When there on tope he rode.

And then, came along them cabins,  
With not a winder for the light,  
And littled ragged younguns;  
Oh, Lord, it can't be right.  
And I a goin' to Florida:  
To have peace and heart-content,  
I'd oughter think more 'bout them folks  
'Fore all my money's spent.  
Then when we druv 'mong all them trees,  
It sure gave me a stumpins  
With fruit just lyin' on the ground,  
Some looked as big as pumpkins.  
But they told me it was Grapefruit  
Jist like I et at home.  
Lands; I never did expect to see  
Right where they had them sown  
And then, smellin' them there flowers,  
Orange blossoms too, they said,  
I don't wonder all them weddeners  
Likes to wear 'em on their heads.

We jest kept right on a goin'  
'Till I was plum done out,  
A watchin' all them pretty sights  
I'd never even dreamed about.  
I wondered when they'd ever stop  
And if the ocean we could see,  
'Till sudden, come the likenest place  
I said, this here's good enough for me.  
Fer I see'd a great big 'banner,  
It said, "Welcome", when we come,  
and 'twas mighty nice of them,  
For it made us feel to-hum.  
Then we see'd the finest folks---  
Saw the churches all around,  
I jest thought I'd most struck Heaven  
'Cos 'twas such a pretty town.  
They said, I'd find "Florida Crackers"  
But I declare it was just corn pone.

For I can't see no difference  
From those I'd et right home.  
I think the Lord, when He made this arth,  
Thot He'd fix this State some better  
So he growed all these flowers and trees  
And Made it a little mite wetter;  
And then told the sun to keep it all warm  
So people could caper and play  
Where they don't slip on the ice and snow  
And I tell yer, here's where I'se 'er  
plannin' to stay!