Candle Lightin’ Time

Words by
Paul Laurance Dunbar

Music by
S. Coleridge-Taylor

High Voice 6 Low Voice

The John Church Company

Cincinnati New York Chicago
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Kiver up yo' baid my little lady,
Hyenah de win' a blowin' out o' do's,
Don' you kick, or projick wid de comfo',
Less'n fros' I'll bite yo' little toes.
Shut yo' eyes an' snuggle up to mammy,
Gi' me bofe yo' hands, I hol' 'em tight:
Don' yo' be afraid, an' 'mence to trimble
Des ez soon ez I blows out de light.

Angels is a mindin' you my little baby,
Keepin' off de Bad Man in the night.
Whut the use co bein' akeerd o' nuffin? 
You don' fink de darkness gwine to bite.
Whut de crackin' sou'n' you hyenah erroun' you?
Lawsy, chile, you tickles me to def!
Dat's de man what brings de fros' a paintis'
Pictures on der windew wid his bref.

Mammy, ain' afeard, you hyenah hu' lassin'?
Go 'way Mistah Fros,' you can't come in;
Baby aint receivin' folks dis evenin',
Reckon dat you'll have to call again.
Curl yo' little toes up so, my possum,
Umph, but you's a cunnin' one fo' true!
Go to sleep, de angels is a watchin'
An' yo' mammy's mindin' of you, too.

—Paul Laurence Dunbar
Candle Lightin' Time

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

S. COLERIDGE-TAYLOR

Audante

Kiv-er up yo' haid
Cov-er up your head

my lit-tle la-dy, Hyeh de win' a-blow-in' out o' do's,
my lit-tle la-dy, Hear the wind a-blow-ing out of doors,

Don' you kick, or pro-jick wid de com-fort,
Don' you kick, but nee-tle in quite com-fy,

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poco accel.

Les 'sh frost 'll bite yo' lit- tle toes.
Or the frost 'll bite your lit- tle toes.

poco rit.

Shut yo' eyes an' snug-gle up to mam- my,
Shut your eyes and snug-gle up to mam- my,

poco rit.

Gi' me bofe y' hands, I hol' 'em tight.
Give me both your hands, I'll hold them tight.

mp

Don' yo' be a-fraid, an' do not trem- ble Just as soon as I blow out the light.

mence to trim- ble Des ez soon ez I blows out de light,
Des ez soon ez I blows out de light.
Just as soon as I blow out de light.

Angels is a-mind-in' you
Angels are minding you

my little baby, Keep-in' off de Bad Man in de night...
my little baby, Keep-ing off the Bad Man in the night...

What de use ob be-in' skeer'd o' nul-fin?
What's the use of being scared of nothing?
You don't think the darkness is going to bite

What's the cracking sound you hear around you?

Law-sy, chile, you tickles me to death!

That's the man who brings the frost a-painting pictures on the window with his breath!
Pictures on the window with his breath.

Mammy ain't afraid, you hear her laughing?

Go'way Mis-tah Frost, you can't come in;
Ba-by ain't receivin'

Folks dis eve-nin', Reck-on dat you'll have to call again.

 accel.
Curl yo' lit-tle toes up so, my pos-sun

Umph, but you's a cu-nin' one fo' true! Go to sleep, de

an-gels is a-watch-in', An' yo' mam-my's mind-in' of you, too,

mam-my's mind-in' of yo', too.

poco a poco roll

poco a poco roll

poco a poco roll

mp

pp

pp