
Dry-Foot Bwoy, By Louise Bennett

Wha wrong wid Mary dry-foot bwoy?
Dem gal got him fi mock,
An when me meet him tarra night
De bwoy gi me a shock!
Me tell him seh him auntie an
Him cousin dem sen howdy
An ask him how him getting awn.
Him seh, 'Oh, jolley, jolley!
Me start fi feel so sorry fi
De po bad-lucky soul,
Me tink him come a foreign lan
Come ketch bad foreign cole!
Me tink him got a bad sore-troat,
But as him chat-chat gwan
Me fine out seh is foreign twang
De bwoy wasa put awn!
For me notice dat him answer
To nearly all me seh
Was 'Actually', 'What', 'Oh deah!
An all dem sinting deh.
Me gi a joker de gal dem laugh;
But hear de bwoy, 'Haw-haw!
I'm sure you got that bally-dash
Out of the cinema!
Same time me laas me temper, an
Me holler, 'Bwoy, kirout!
No chat to me wid no hot pittata
Eena yuh mout!
Him tan up like him stunted, den
Hear him no, 'How siiley!
I don't think that I really
Understand you, actually.'
Me seh, 'Yuh understan me, yaw!
No yuh name Cudjoe Scoop?
Always visit Nana kitchen an
Gi laugh fi gungoo soup!
'An now all yuh can seh is "actually"?
Bwoy, but tap!
Wha happen to dem sweet Jamaica
joke yuh use fi pop?'
Him get bex and walk tru de door,
Him head eena de air;
De gal-dem bawl out affa him,

'Not going? What! Oh deah!
An from dat night till tedeh, mah,
Dem all got him fi mock.
Miss Mary dry-foot bwoy!
Cyaan get over de shock!

Noh Little Twang! By Louise Bennett

Me glad fe se's you come back bwoy,
But lawd yuh let me dung,
Me shame o' yuh soh till all o'
Me proudness drop a grung.
Yuh mean yuh goh dah 'Merica
An spen six whole mont' deh,
An come back not a piece betta
Dan how yuh did goh wey?
Bwoy yuh noh shame? Is soh you come?
Afta yuh tan soh lang!
Not even lickle language bwoy?
Not even little twang?
An yuh sista wat work ongle
One week wid 'Merican
She talk so nice now dat we have
De jooce fe undastan?
Bwoy yuh couldn' improve yuhself!
An yuh get soh much pay?
Yuh spen six mont' a foreign, an
Come back ugly same way?
Not even a drapes trouziz? or
A pass de rydim coat?
Bwoy not even a gole teet or
A gole chain roun yuh t'roat.
Suppose me las' rne pass go introjooce
Yuh to a stranga
As me lamented son wat lately
Come from 'Merica!
Dem hooda laugh afta me, bwoy
Me could'n tell dem soh!
Dem hooda sey me lie, yuh was
A-spen time back a Mocho.
Noh back-ansa me bwoy, yuh talk
Too bad; shet up yuh mout,
Ah doan know how yuh an yuh puppa
Gwine to meck it out.
Ef yuh want please him meck him tink
Yuh bring back someting new.
Yuh always call him "Pa" dis evenin'
Wen him come sey "Poo".

Back to Africa, By Louise Bennett

Back to Africa, Miss Mattie?
You no know wha you dah seh?
You haf fe come from somewhe fus
Before you go back deh!
Me know say dat you great great great
Granma was African,
But Mattie, doan you great great great
Granpa was Englishman?
Den you great granmader fader
By you fader side was Jew?
An you granpa by you mader side
Was Frenchie parlez-vous?
But de balance a you family,
You whole generation,
Oonoo all barn dung a Bun Grung-
Oonoo all is Jamaican!
Den is weh you gwine, Miss Mattie?
Oh, you view de countenance,
An between you an de Africans
Is great resemblance!
Ascorden to dat, all dem blue-yeye
White American
Who-fa great granpa was Englishman
Mus go back a Englan!
What a debil of a bump-an-bore,
Rig-jig an palam-pam
Ef de whole worl start fe go back
Whe dem great granpa come from!
Ef a hard time you dah run from
Tek you chance! But Mattie, do
Sure a whe you come from so you got
Somewhe fe come back to!
Go a foreign, seek you fortune,
But no tell nobody say
You dah go fe seek you homelan,
For a right deh so you deh!

Social Climbing, by Louise Bennett

Shet up yuh mout an tap de nize!
Yu tink yuh grievance strong
Because yuh never get de chance
Fi jine de dress-puss gang?
Stop jump an kick an bawl an gwaan
Like Chigger-fly dah bite yuh
Yuh hooda tun big poppy show
Ef dem did go invite yuh!
For yuh no got no scissors-tail-
Coat an top hat fi wear,
An de waistcoat grampa dead lef
Nyamy-nyamy up an tear!
Moresoever, koo yuh head top
How it shape like big seed pear!
Wha yu tink yuh hooda favour
Eena dem-deh kine a gear?
A no piaw-piaw tings did outa
Big church Sunday mawnin gawn.
Me never see more nose-veil
An han-stockin from me bawn!
Church yard wasa play dress circle.
It was jus like dress parade --
More plastic boot an jersey frock!
More embroidery an braid!
All de mout-dem dah put awn de
scritch-scrutchy high class walk!
All de foot-dem dah try out de
Scripsy-scroopsy high class walk!
When de breeze dah meck fi blow weh hat,
Gloves han pon head dah cotch it;
Nose veil dah tickle up nose, an
Glove finger-dem dah scratch it!
Yuh waan see Matty Walla-lef
An Mary Halfa-brick
Wid Sweetie Charles dah roll him eye
An wheel him walkin stick!
So stop shoot off yuh mout bout bout how
Parson did out fi spite yuh,
An calm yuhself an praise de Lawd
Dem never did invite yuh!
Ay ya yie!

Scandal, by Louise Bennett

(Some wallow eena scandal like hog eena dutty water.)
De same smaddy yuh hear-so from
Gwine spread hear-so pon yuh!
An dem-deh weh yuh hear-so bout
Gwine hear-so bout yuh to!
For hear-so no got no bridle!
All dem rumour weh dah fly
Spring form idleness and grudgefulness
An plenty time is lie!
So pudung carry-go-bring-come,
Hear-so, hear-seh, seh-seh, susu!
For yu carpas qwine be hot
When kas-kas tumble dung pon yuh!
Ay Ya Yie!