

A happy time for the Darkies in the South is just after the first severe frost in the Fall. It is then that the Persimmons are full ripe and the 'Possums are all fat.

Every Persimmon tree has its 'Possum, so to speak, and 'Possum hunts are of nightly occurrence, until the Persimmons are all gone. Sweet Potatoes are an invariable, and frequently the only, accompaniment to a 'Possum feast, which is always an occasion for a general gathering and great rejoicing.

So the Darkies one and all, from the "Cornfield Niggah" up to "Coontown's Four Hundred," are always glad when the good ole time for "'Possum and Taters" has come, and sorry when it's gone.

NOTE—The title was suggested by the composer's having been a witness at one of these joyful occasions.

POSSUM AND TATERS.







