

“NIGHT OF LOVE”

BY

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The moon has left the sky, love,
The stars are hiding now,
And frowning on the world, love,
Night bares her sable brow.
The snow is on the ground, love,
And cold and keen the air is.
I ‘m singing here to you, love;
You ‘re dreaming there in Paris.

But this is Nature’s law, love,
Though just it may not seem,
That men should wake to sing, love,
While maidens sleep and dream.
Them care may not molest, love,
Nor stir them from their slumbers,
Though midnight find the swain, love,
Still halting o’er his numbers.

I watch the rosy dawn, love,
Come stealing up the east,
While all things round rejoice, love,
That Night her reign has ceased.

The lark will soon be heard, love,
And on his way be winging;
When Nature's poets wake, love,
Why should a man be singing?
Be thou toiler, poet, priest,
Keep a-pluggin' away.

Delve away beneath the surface,
There is treasure farther down,—
Keep a-pluggin' away.
Let the rain come down in torrents,
Let the threat'ning heavens frown,
Keep a-pluggin' away.
When the clouds have rolled away,
There will come a brighter day
All your labor to repay,—
Keep a-pluggin' away.

There 'll be lots of sneers to swallow,
There 'll be lots of pain to bear,—
Keep a-pluggin' away.
If you 've got your eye on heaven,
Some bright day you 'll wake up there,—
Keep a-pluggin' away.
Perseverance still is king;

Time its sure reward will bring;
Work and wait unwearying,—
Keep a—pluggin' away.