

“A LOVE LETTER”

BY

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

Oh, I des received a letter f'om de sweetest little gal;

Oh, my; oh, my.

She's my lovely little sweetheart an' her name is Sal:

Oh, my; oh, my.

She writes me dat she loves me an' she loves me true,

She wonders ef I'll tell huh dat I loves huh, too;

An' my heaht's so full o' music dat I do' know what to do;

Oh, my; oh, my.

I got a man to read it an' he read it fine;

Oh, my; oh, my.

Dey ain' no use denying dat her love is mine;

Oh, my; oh, my.

But hyeah's de t'ing dat's puttin' me in such a awful plight,

I t'ink of huh at mornin' an' I dream of huh at night;

But how's I gwine to cou't huh w'en I do' know how to write?

Oh, my; oh, my.

My heaht is bubblin' ovah wid de t'ings I want to say;

Oh, my; oh, my.

An' dey's lots of folks to copy what I tell 'em fu' de pay;

Oh, my; oh, my.

But dey's t'ings dat I's a-t'inkin' dat is only fu' huh ears,

An' I couldn't lu'n to write 'em ef I took a dozen years;

So to go down daih an' tell huh is de only way, it 'pears;

Oh, my; oh, my.