

# “WAITING”

BY

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The sun has slipped his tether  
And galloped down the west.  
(Oh, it's weary, weary waiting, love.)

The little bird is sleeping  
In the softness of its nest.  
Night follows day, day follows dawn,  
And so the time has come and gone:  
And it's weary, weary waiting, love.

The cruel wind is rising  
With a whistle and a wail.  
(And it's weary, weary waiting, love.)  
My eyes are seaward straining  
For the coming of a sail;  
But void the sea, and void the beach  
Far and beyond where gaze can reach!  
And it's weary, weary waiting, love.

I heard the bell–buoy ringing—  
How long ago it seems!  
(Oh, it's weary, weary waiting, love.)  
And ever still, its knelling  
Crashes in upon my dreams.  
The banns were read, my frock was sewn;  
Since then two seasons' winds have blown—  
And it's weary, weary waiting, love.

The stretches of the ocean  
Are bare and bleak to–day.  
(Oh, it's weary, weary waiting, love.)  
My eyes are growing dimmer—  
Is it tears, or age, or spray?  
But I will stay till you come home.  
Strange ships come in across the foam!  
But it's weary, weary waiting, love.