

“JOGGIN’ ERLONG”

BY

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

De da’kest hour, dey allus say,
Is des’ befo’ de dawn,
But it’s moughty ha’d a–waitin’
W’ere de night goes frownin’ on;
An’ it’s moughty ha’d a–hopin’
W’en de clouds is big an’ black,
An’ all de t’ings you ’s waited fu’
Has failed, er gone to wrack—
But des’ keep on a–joggin’ wid a little bit o’ song,
De mo’n is allus brightah w’en de night’s been long.

Dey ’s lots o’ knocks you ’s got to tek
Befo’ yo’ journey ’s done,
An’ dey ’s times w’en you ‘ll be wishin’
Dat de weary race was run;
W’en you want to give up tryin’
An’ des’ float erpon de wave,
W’en you don’t feel no mo’ sorrer
Ez you t’ink erbout de grave—

Den, des' keep on a-joggin' wid a little bit o' song,
De mo'n is allus brightah w'en de night's been long.

De whup-lash sting a good deal mo'
De back hit 's knowed befo',
An' de burden 's allus heavies'
Whaih hits weight has made a so';
Dey is times w'en tribulation
Seems to git de uppah han'
An' to whip de weary trav'lah
'Twell he ain't got stren'th to stan' —
But des' keep on a-joggin' wid a little bit o' song,
De mo'n is allus brightah w'en de night's been long.