

# **“VAGRANTS”**

**BY**

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Long time ago, we two set out,  
My soul and I.  
I know not why,  
For all our way was dim with doubt.  
I know not where  
We two may fare:  
Though still with every changing weather,  
We wander, groping on together.

We do not love, we are not friends,  
My soul and I.  
He lives a lie;  
Untruth lines every way he wends.  
A scoffer he  
Who jeers at me:  
And so, my comrade and my brother,  
We wander on and hate each other.

Ay, there be taverns and to spare,  
Beside the road;  
But some strange goad  
Lets me not stop to taste their fare.  
Knew I the goal  
Toward which my soul  
And I made way, hope made life fragrant:  
But no. We wander, aimless, vagrant!