

# “THE DISTURBER”

BY

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Oh, what shall I do? I am wholly upset;  
I am sure I ‘ll be jailed for a lunatic yet.  
I ‘ll be out of a job—it’s the thing to expect  
When I ‘m letting my duty go by with neglect.  
You may judge the extent and degree of my plight  
When I ‘m thinking all day and a–dreaming all night,  
And a–trying my hand at a rhyme on the sly,  
All on account of a sparkling eye.

There are those who say men should be strong, well–a–day!  
But what constitutes strength in a man? Who shall say?  
I am strong as the most when it comes to the arm.  
I have aye held my own on the playground or farm.  
And when I ‘ve been tempted, I haven’t been weak;  
But now—why, I tremble to hear a maid speak.  
I used to be bold, but now I ‘ve grown shy,  
And all on account of a sparkling eye.

There once was a time when my heart was devout,  
But now my religion is open to doubt.  
When parson is earnestly preaching of grace,  
My fancy is busy with drawing a face,  
Thro' the back of a bonnet most piously plain;  
'I draw it, redraw it, and draw it again.'  
While the songs and the sermon unheeded go by,—  
All on account of a sparkling eye.

Oh, dear little conjurer, give o'er your wiles,  
It is easy for you, you're all blushes and smiles:  
But, love of my heart, I am sorely perplexed;  
I am smiling one minute and sighing the next;  
And if it goes on, I 'll drop hackle and flail,  
And go to the parson and tell him my tale.  
I warrant he 'll find me a cure for the sigh  
That you 're aye bringing forth with the glance of your eye.