

# “LOVER’S LANE”

BY

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

Summah night an’ sighin’ breeze,  
‘Long de lovah’s lane;  
Frien’ly, shadder–mekin’ trees,  
‘Long de lovah’s lane.

White folks’ wo’k all done up gran’ —  
Me an’ ‘Mandy han’–in–han’  
Struttin’ lak we owned de lan’,  
‘Long de lovah’s lane.

Owl a–settin’ ‘side de road,  
‘Long de lovah’s lane,  
Lookin’ at us lak he knowed  
Dis uz lovah’s lane.  
Go on, hoot yo’ mou’nf’ul tune,  
You ain’ nevah loved in June,  
An’ come hidin’ f’om de moon  
Down in lovah’s lane.

Bush it ben' an' nod an' sway,  
Down in lovah's lane,  
Try'n' to hyeah me whut I say  
'Long de lovah's lane.  
But I whispahs low lak dis,  
An' my 'Mandy smile huh bliss—  
Mistah Bush he shek his fis',  
Down in lovah's lane.

Whut I keer ef day is long,  
Down in lovah's lane.  
I kin allus sing a song  
'Long de lovah's lane.  
An' de wo'ds I hyeah an' say  
Meks up fu' de weary day  
Wen I's strollin' by de way,  
Down in lovah's lane.

An' dis t'ought will allus rise  
Down in lovah's lane;  
Wondah whethah in de skies  
Dey 's a lovah's lane.  
Ef dey ain't, I tell you true,  
'Ligion do look mighty blue,  
'Cause I do' know whut I 'd do  
'Dout a lovah's lane.