

“ON THE ROAD”

BY

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

I 's boun' to see my gal to-night—
Oh, lone de way, my dearie!
De moon ain't out, de stars ain't bright—
Oh, lone de way, my dearie!
Dis hoss o' mine is pow'ful slow,
But when I does git to yo' do'
Yo' kiss 'll pay me back, an' mo',
Dough lone de way, my dearie.

De night is skeery—lak an' still—
Oh, lone de way, my dearie!
'Cept fu' dat mou'nfal whippo'will—
Oh, lone de way, my dearie!
De way so long wif dis slow pace,
'T 'u'd seem to me lak savin' grace
Ef you was on a nearer place,
Fu' lone de way, my dearie.

I hyeah de hootin' of de owl—
Oh, lone de way, my dearie!
I wish dat watch-dog would n't howl:—
Oh, lone de way, my dearie!
An' evaht'ing, bofe right an' lef',
Seem p'int'ly lak hit put itse'f
In shape to skeer me half to def—
Oh, lone de way, my dearie!

I whistles so's I won't be feared—
Oh lone de way, my dearie!
But anyhow I's kin' o' skeered,
Fu' lone de way, my dearie.
De sky been lookin' mighty glum,
But you kin mek hit lighten some,
Ef you 'll jes' say you's glad I come,
Dough lone de way, my dearie.