

“A ROADWAY”

BY

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Let those who will stride on their barren roads
And prick themselves to haste with self-made goads,
 Unheeding, as they struggle day by day,
 If flowers be sweet or skies be blue or gray:
For me, the lone, cool way by purling brooks,
 The solemn quiet of the woodland nooks,
 A song-bird somewhere trilling sadly gay,
 A pause to pick a flower beside the way.