

“NIGHT, DIM NIGHT”

BY

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Night, dim night, and it rains, my love, it rains,
 (Art thou dreaming of me, I wonder)
The trees are sad, and the wind complains,
 Outside the rolling of the thunder,
 And the beat against the panes.

Heart, my heart, thou art mournful in the rain,
 (Are thy redolent lips a-quiver?)
My soul seeks thine, doth it seek in vain?
 My love goes surging like a river,
 Shall its tide bear naught save pain?