Paul Laurence Dunbar (1872-1906)

Philosophy

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y nic est smiles. Ph i lo so phy! Phi lo so phy...

Dat's all right, I ain't a sputin' ___ not a

t'ing dat sou'n's lak fac', but you don't ketch folks a grin nin' ___ wid a

mis ery in de back; an' you don't fin' dem a smilin' ___ w'en dey's
hong-ry ez kin be, least-ways, dat's how hu-man na-tur'al lus

seems to 'pear to me. Phi-lo-so-phy! Phi-lo-so-phy...

We is mos' all put-ty like-ly fu' to

have our lit-tle cares, an' I think we'se do-in' fus' rate w'en we
jes' go long and bears, wid-out break-in' up ou-ah fa-ces in a

sick-ly so't of grin, w'en we knows dat in ou-ah in-nards we is

p'int-ly mad ez sin. Phi-lo-so-phy... Phi-lo-so-phy...

ritardando a piacere

Oh dey's
times fu' be-in' pleasant an' fu' go-in' smilin' roun', 'cause I

don't believe in people al-lus to-tin' roun a frown, but it's

easy 'nough to tit-ter w'en de stew is smokin' hot, but hit's

might-y ha'd to giggle w'en dey's nuf-fin' in de pot. Phi-