The Harlem Dancer

Claude McKay

Ap-plaud-ing youths laughed with young
prostitutes and watched her perfect half-clothed body sway;
her voice was like the sound of
blend-ed flutes blown by black players upon a picnic day.
The Harlem Dancer

She sang and danced gracefully and calmly, the light gauze hanging loosely about her.

To me she seemed a proud lys-

Swaying, palm grown lover for passing through a storm.

She sang...
The Harlem Dancer

Up on her swarthy neck black shiny

curls luxuriant fell; and tossing coins in praise, the

wine flushed, bold-eyed boys, and even the girls, de-

voured her shape with eager, passionate gaze.
But, looking at her falsely smiling face,

I knew her self was not in that strange place.

Come prima

Applauding

Youths laughed with young prostitutes and watched her perfect.
half-clothed body sway... the

Harlem dancer... the Harlem dancer...

circa 3'00"