

De Las' Long Res'

(Soprano)

Words by
PAUL LAURANCE DUNBAR

Music by
CARRIE JACOBS-BOND

Moderato

Lay me down be-nea' de wil-lows in de
Lay me nigh to whah it makes a lit-tle
Let me set-tle when my shoulders drop de

grass, — Whah de breeze'll be a singin' as it pass, — An' when I'se ly-in' low, I kin
pool, — An' de wa-tah stan's so qui-et-like an, cool, — Whah de lit-tle birds in spring Ust to
load, — Nigh e-nough to hear de noises in de road, — Foh I tink dat las' long res' Gwine to

hear it as it go, Sing-in' "sleep mah hon-ey, take y'r res' at las'." —
come an' drink an' sing, An' de chil-luns wad-ed on der way to school. —
—suit my spir-it bes' If I'se ly-in' 'mong de tings I al-ways know'd. —

dim. e rall. *pp*

dim. e rall. *pp*