To J. K.

De Las' Long Res'
(Soprano)

Words by
PAUL LAURANCE DUNBAR

Music by
CARRIE JACOBS-BOND

Moderato

Lay me down be-nea' de will- 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 sing'in' 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

_dim. e rall._

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—
_smit my spir-it bes' If I'se ly- in' 'mong de tings I al- ways know'd._

_dim. e rall._

pp