Philosophy

Paul Laurence Dunbar (1872-1906)
ve - y nic - est smiles. Phi - lo - so - phy!_ Phi - lo - so - phy...

Dat's all right, I ain't a - spu-tin'___ not a t'ing dat soun'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 - smi-lin'___ w'en dey's

Philosophy
jes' go long and bears, wid-out break-in' 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' pleas-sant an' fu' go-in' smi-lin' roun', 'cause I

don't be-lieve in peo-ple al-lus to-tin' roun a frown, but it's

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

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