A death song

Paul Laurence Dunbar (1872-1906)  Gary Bachlund

\[d = 40\] with a calm yet resolute pace

Lay me down beneath the willow in the grass, while the branch will go singing as it

night to where it makes a little pool, and the wat'rs stand so quiet like an


passing. An' when it's a-laying low, I kin heah it as it go singing,

cool. While little birds in spring, dust to come an' drink an' sing, an' the


"Sleep, my honey, tek yo' res' at las'." Sleep.

children walked on their way to school.
A death song

Let me settle when my
shoul-dahs drapsey load nigh en-ough to hyeah de noises in de road:

fu'I tink de las'long res' gwine to soothe my sper-rit bes'ef I's la-yin'mong de

t'ings I's al-lus knowed. Sleep. Sleep.

circa 3'45"