

# The Poet and His Song

Paul Laurence Dunbar

Florence B Price

**Moderato** *mf* *mf*

Oboe

Piano

Asongisjust a lit-tle thing Andyet what joy it is to

5

Ob.

Pno.

sing! Inhours of toil it gives me rest And when at eve I long for

9 *dim.* *poco rit.* *a tempo*

Ob.

Pno.

rest\_ When cows come home a-long the bars\_ And in the fold I hear the

13

Ob. *cresc. - - - - f*

bell! As Night, the shep-herd, herds his stars, I sing my song, And all is

Pno. *mp* *mf*

8

18

Ob. *mp*

well. My

Pno. *mf* *mp*

22

Ob.

days are nev-er filled with ease I till my ground and

Pno.

25 *cresc.*

Ob. prunemy trees When ripened gold is all the grain

Pno. *cresc.*

28 *(cresc.)* *f* poco *mp* meno mosso

Ob. I la-bor hard and toil and sweat While o - thers dream with-

Pno. *(cresc.)* *pp smorz*

32 *rit.* *a tempo* *mf*

Ob. - in the dell But e - ven

Pno. *mf*

35

Ob. *f* *allargando*

while my brow is wet I sing my

Pno. *cresc.* *f*

38

Ob. song and all is well

Pno. *rit.* 8

**tempo primo**

41 *mf* *mp*

Ob. Some times the sun un-kind-ly hot My gar-den makes a des-ert spot

Pno. *mf* *mp*

45 *cresc.* *mf*

Ob. *Some-times a blight u-pon the tree Takes all my fruit a-way from*

Pno. *cresc.* *mf*

48 *rit.* *a tempo* *poco piu mosso* *mf cresc.* *poco rit.*

Ob. *me— And then with throes of bit-ter pain— Re-bel-lious pas-sions rise and*

Pno. *mf cresc.*

52 *f* *mp*

Ob. *swell— But life is more than*

Pno. *f* *mp*

55 *cresc.* *ff*

Ob. fruit or grain, And so I sing and all is well.

Pno. *cresc.*

3 3 8 8 8

59

Ob.

Pno. 8