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PAN-AFRICAN CONFERENCE,

WESTMINSTER.

July 23rd, 24th, and 25th.

WORDS OF SONGS.

" CORN SONG " *Dunbar*

" A BLOOD-RED RING " (by desire) *Barry Dane*

" OVER THE HILLS " *Dunbar*

" I ONCE HAD A SWEET LITTLE DOLL " *Kingsley*

" SWEET EVENINGS COME AND GO, LOVE " *George Eliot*

(*Music by S. Coleridge-Taylor.*)

NOT TO BE TAKEN AWAY.

A CORN SONG.

On the wide verandah white,
In the purple failing light,
Sits the master while the sun is lowly burning;
And his dreamy thoughts are drown'd
In the softly flowing sound
Of the corn songs of the field hands slow returning.

“Oh! we hoe de co'n
Since de eh'ly morn,*
Now de sinkin' sun
Says de day is done.”

O'er the fields with heavy tread,
Light of heart and high of head,
Tho' the halting steps be labour'd, slow, and weary,
Still the spirits brave and strong
Find a comforter in song,
And their corn song rises ever loud and cheery.

“Oh! we hoe, etc.”

To the master in his seat
Comes the burden, full and sweet,
Of the mellow minor music growing clearer;
As the toilers raise the hymn
Thro' the silence, dusk and dim,
To the cabin's restful shelter drawing nearer.

“Oh! we hoe, etc.”

And a tear is in the eye
Of the master sitting by,
As he listens to the echoes low replying
To the music's fading calls,
As it faints away and falls
Into silence deep within the cabin dying.

“Oh! we hoe, etc.”

Paul Laurence Dunbar.

* Early morn.

A BLOOD-RED RING HUNG ROUND THE MOON.

A blood-red ring hung round the moon,
Hung round the moon. Ah, me! Ah, me!
I heard the piping of the loon—
A wounded loon—Ah, me!
And yet those eagle feathers rare
I, trembling, wove in my brave's hair.
He left me in the early morn,
The early morn. Ah, me! Ah, me!
The feathers swayed like stately corn,
So like the corn—Ah, me!
A fierce wind swept across the plain,
The stately corn was snapt in twain.
They crushed in blood the hated race,
The hated race. Ah, me! Ah, me!
I only clasped a cold, blind face—
His cold dead face. Ah, me!
A blood-red ring hangs in my sight,
I hear the loon cry every night.

Barry Dane.

OVER THE HILLS.

Over the hills and the valleys of dreaming
Slowly I take my way;
Life is the night with its dream-visions teeming,
Death is the waking at day.
Down through the dales and the bowers of loving
Singing I roam afar;
Day-time and night-time I'm constantly roving,
Dearest one thou art my star.

I ONCE HAD A SWEET LITTLE DOLL, DEARS.

I once had a sweet little doll, dears,
The prettiest doll in the world,
Her cheeks were so red and so white, dears,
And her hair was so charmingly curl'd ;
But I lost my poor little doll, dears,
As I play'd in the heath one day,
And I cried for more than a week, dears,
But I never could find where she lay !

I found my poor little doll, dears,
As I play'd in the heath one day,
Folks say she is terribly changed, dears,
For her paint is all wash'd away !
And her arms trodden off by the cows, dears,
And her hair not the least bit curl'd :
Yet for old sake's sake she is still dears,
The prettiest doll in the world.

SWEET EVENINGS COME AND GO, LOVE.

Sweet evenings come and go, love,
They came and went of yore ;
This evening of our life, love,
Shall go and come no more.

When we have passed away, love,
All things will keep their name—
But yet no life on earth, love,
With ours will be the same.

The daisies will be there, love,
The stars in heav'n will shine ;
I shall not feel thy wish, love,
Nor thou my hand in thine.

A better time will come, love,
And better souls be born ;
It would not be the best, love,
To leave thee now forlorn.

George Eliot.