

Who Knows?



Thou art the soul of a summer's day,
Thou art the breath of the rose;
But the summer is fled and the rose is dead;
Where are they gone, who knows, who knows?

Thou art the blood of my heart of hearts,
Thou art my soul's repose;
But my heart's grown numb, and my soul is dumb,
Where art thou love, who knows, who knows?

Thou art the hope of my after years,
Sun of my winter snows;
But the years go by 'neath a clouded sky,
When shall we meet, who knows, who knows?

Paul Lawrence Dunbar.

WHO KNOWS?

Poem by PAUL LAWRENCE DUNBAR.

Musical Setting by ERNEST R. BALL.

Larghetto.

Thou art the soul of a sum-mer's day,

The first system of musical notation for 'Who Knows?' is in 4/4 time, key of B-flat major (two flats). It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a whole note rest, followed by a half note G4, a quarter note A4, and a half note Bb4. The piano accompaniment starts with a series of chords in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. Dynamics include *mf* (mezzo-forte) and *p* (piano). A 'Con Pedale' instruction is present at the beginning of the piano part.

Thou art the breath of the rose; But the sum-mer is fled and the

The second system of musical notation continues the vocal and piano parts. The vocal line has a half note G4, a quarter note A4, a half note Bb4, and a whole note C5. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and a bass line. Dynamics include *mf* and *p*.

rose is dead;— Where are they gone, who knows, who— knows?

The third system of musical notation concludes the piece. The vocal line has a half note G4, a quarter note A4, a half note Bb4, and a whole note C5. The piano accompaniment ends with a final chord. Dynamics include *mf* and *p*. A 'ritard.' (ritardando) instruction is placed above the final vocal note.

f poco piu mosso.

Thou art the blood of my heart of hearts, Thou art my soul's re -

pose; But my heart's grown numb, and my soul is dumb,—

molto rit.

Where art thou love,— Who knows, who knows?

Tempo I.

Thou art the hope of my aft - er years, Sun of my win - ter

snows; But the years go by 'neath a cloud - ed sky, — *ten.*

When shall we meet, Who knows, who knows? —