

# Born Like the Pines

By James Ephraim McGirt

Born like the pines to sing,  
The harp and song in m' breast,  
Though far and near,  
There's none to hear,  
I'll sing as th' winds request.

To tell the trend of m' lay,  
Is not for th' harp or me;  
I'm only to know,  
From the winds that blow,  
What th' theme of m' song shall be.

Born like the pines to sing,  
The harp and th' song in m' breast,  
As th' winds sweep by,  
I'll laugh or cry,  
In th' winds I cannot rest.

Source: African-American Poetry of the Nineteenth Century: An Anthology (University of Illinois Press, 1992)