

George Moses Horton, Myself

By George Moses Horton

I feel myself in need

Of the inspiring strains of ancient lore,
My heart to lift, my empty mind to feed,
And all the world explore.

I know that I am old

And never can recover what is past,
But for the future may some light unfold
And soar from ages blast.

I feel resolved to try,

My wish to prove, my calling to pursue,
Or mount up from the earth into the sky,
To show what Heaven can do.

My genius from a boy,

Has fluttered like a bird within my heart;
But could not thus confined her powers employ,
Impatient to depart.

She like a restless bird,

Would spread her wing, her power to be unfurl'd,
And let her songs be loudly heard,
And dart from world to world.

Source: Naked Genius (Wm. B. Smith & Co., Southern Field and Fireside Book Pub. House, 1865)