

December, 1919

Claude McKay

Last night I heard your voice, mother,

 The words you sang to me

When I, a little barefoot boy,

 Knelt down against your knee.

5 And tears gushed from my heart, mother,

 And passed beyond its wall,

But though the fountain reached my throat

 The drops refused to fall.

'Tis ten years since you died, mother,

10 Just ten dark years of pain,

And oh, I only wish that I

 Could weep just once again.