

The Wild Goat

Claude McKay

O you would clothe me in silken frocks
And house me from the cold,
And bind with bright bands my glossy locks,
And buy me chains of gold;

5 And give me—meekly to do my will—
The hapless sons of men:—
But the wild goat bounding on the barren hill
Droops in the grassy pen.

Textual Note

This poem also appears under a different title in *Spring in New Hampshire* (1920).

1 The Wild Goat] The Choice Spr.

3 ,] om.