## Why the Caged Bird Sings

for treble voices, horn and strings

## Sympathy

I know what the caged bird feels, alas!
When the sun is bright on the upland slopes,
When the wind blows soft through the springing grass
And the river floats like a sheet of glass,
When the first bird sings and the first bud opens,
And the faint perfume from its chalice steals -

I know what the caged bird feels.

I know why the caged bird beats his wing
Til its blood is red on the cruel bars;
For he must fly back to his perch and cling.

...I know why he beats his wing When his wings are bruised and his bosom sore, -When he beats his bars and would be free;

It's not a carol of joy or glee,
But a prayer the he sends from his heart's deep core,
But a plea that upward to Heaven he flings I know why the caged bird sings!

Paul Lawrence Dunbar (1872-1906)



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