

## The Birthplace

Here further up the mountain slope  
Than there was every any hope,  
My father built, enclosed a spring,  
Strung chains of wall round everything,  
Subdued the growth of earth to grass,  
And brought our various lives to pass.  
A dozen girls and boys we were.  
The mountain seemed to like the stir,  
And made of us a little while--  
With always something in her smile.  
Today she wouldn't know our name.  
(No girl's, of course, has stayed the same.)  
The mountain pushed us off her knees.  
And now her lap is full of trees.

## About the Author

Robert Frost (1874-1963) was born in San Francisco, California. His father William Frost, a journalist and an ardent Democrat, died when Frost was about eleven years old. His Scottish mother, the former Isabelle Moody, resumed her career as a schoolteacher to support her family. The family lived in Lawrence, Massachusetts, with Frost's paternal grandfather, Wil...

Source: <http://poems.writers-network.com>