

Classic Poetry Series

Lizelia Augusta Jenkins
Moorer
- poems -

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Lizelia Augusta Jenkins Moorer()

Frances Cornford (1886-1960) was born and lived for most of her life in Cambridge. She was the granddaughter of Charles Darwin, and on her mother's side was related to William Wordsworth. In 1909 she married the classicist Francis Cornford, who was to become Professor of Ancient Philosophy at Cambridge, and they had five children. Frances Cornford published eight books of poetry and two of translations. Her *Collected Poems* (1954) was the Choice of the Poetry Book Society, and in 1959 she was awarded the Queen's Gold Medal for Poetry.

A Legal Mouse

A lawyer had a legal mouse,
A naughty one they say,
That took possession of his house
And papers ev'ry day,

His books and records it would gnaw,
Without regard for loss,
Its disrespect and lack of awe
Just kept the owner cross.

When no revenge the man could get,
His anger blazed so high,
Till he declared when next they met,
The mouse would surely die.

The murder, all the world should know,
He planned with ire intense,
To strike the mouse a fatal blow
And call it self-defence.

One day the desk he opened wide,
The mouse in regal state,
Sat in a pigeon hole, inside,
In style the scene was great.

A stroke the lawyer at it gave,
A star it made to flee,
Into a hole its life to save,
To find security.

When he had guarded well the hole,
It scrambled for the floor,
Again he kept it from the goal,
Its life endangered more.

The door of hope he seemed to close
Upon the enemy;
Its feelings then, nobody knows,
Its longings to be free.

Up through his sleeve it made a break,
In search of freedom sweet;
His arm he then began to shake,
To bring it to his feet.

His cuff was thrown away, no doubt,
The button had to go;
His coat and vest he tore about,
The mouse had scared him so.

All o'er his body, too, he felt
The mouse, though such a prig,
Himself he then began to pelt,
To yell and dance a jig.

His thoughts he threw around his will,
The same he had not made;
He felt uncertain which would kill,
Such terror was displayed.

The neighbors and the police heard
The noise of that affray;
And to the spot, without a word,
They quickly made their way.

Upon his back, between his shirts,
The little mouse was found.
'Twas hard, amid' so many flirts,
To bring it to the ground.

Out of his coat, upon advice,
He came, with haste replete.
The room-door opened in a trice
And made good his retreat.

The mouse was taken from its place
Of hiding and of dread,
So painful was the last embrace,
It fell down by him—dead.

Then to the crowd the lawyer said,

'Of such, my friends, beware,
Mine enemy, the mouse, is dead,
Such things we all can spare.

'The killing, in my case, was one
Of self-defence, 'tis true;
And, on the whole, I've only done
As other men would do;

'But still, my hands are red with blood!
That mandate, 'Do not kill,'
Prevents the waters of the flood
From washing off the ill.'

To all who shall the story read,
And many will, I trust,
Don't kill a helpless mouse, I plead,
Unless the killing's just.

Lizelia Augusta Jenkins Moorer

A Notable Dinner

Once the nation's chief was honored by the company of one,
Who to lift a fallen people had a work of worth begun,
Lofty things had he accomplished for a race so long despised,
In a land where naught but color by the whites are ever prized.

Booker Washington, the teacher, with the president has dined,
Southern whites it gave convulsions, for to such they're not inclined,
'Tis the color, not achievements, that their fancies recognize,
Whites alone receive their plaudits, Negro worth they will not prize.

Roosevelt was censured sorely, half the country writhed and hissed,
Just because he shared his dinner with a Negro—there's the gist—
'Twas the manhood not the color that the president admired,
Souls of worth demand attention, only such his mind desired.

'Down with Washington the 'nigger' and with Roosevelt, because
He has made of him an equal—how offensive to our laws,
Worthy deeds are not for black men' is the constant cry they raise,
'All advancement of such people brings proportionate dispraise.'

Hark! the press begins to clamor, to the South it says 'beware!
Lest equality with 'niggers' in the end we'll have to share;
Anti-nigger is our platform, how to crush a 'nigger' man,
Officers must be elected as resulting from this plan.'

Washington is far above him—any man who fails to see,
Good when found upon a Negro, from a lack of charity,
See the Southern degradation! view the monster once again,
How it measures deeds of merit by the color of the skin.

Roosevelt was very careful on the choosing of a guest,
Here is what he did for Tillman, in his zeal to have the best,
Cancelled out his invitation and his company refused,
Dined the best of peoples only—other classes he excused.

Down with prejudice and envy! should be wafted to the breeze,
For the Southern slaves of fashion need a prompt and sure release,
In the teachings of the Master while the path of earth He trod,
We've a brotherhood of races and a Fatherhood of God.

Lizelia Augusta Jenkins Moorer

Birthday Wishes To A Physician

Birthday greetings
From a friend,
All thy meetings
Peace attend.

Time extended
Be thy store,
Bliss appended
Evermore.

Did the flowers
Born of May,
From their bowers
Choose a day?

Music ringing,
On the air,
Flowers springing
Everywhere.

Chanting gayly,
Five and eight,
Make the day we
Celebrate.

Where's the doctor?
Can you tell,
How she make her
Patients well?

Soul of beauty,
Day by day,
To her duty
Hies away.

With the sickest,
Day and night,
In the thickest
Of the fight.

Heaven's treasure
Be thine end,
Is the measure
Of a friend.

Lizelia Augusta Jenkins Moorer

Emancipation Day

The sixties brought a clash of arms—
The mem'ry of it thrills and charms—
While Negro slaves for freedom prayed,
Till Heaven bowed to give them aid.

The God of nations—God of right—
Kept back success within the fight,
Till Lincoln vowed on bended knee,
To set the Negro bondsmen free.

The first of January, see!
In eighteen hundred sixty three,
The first Emancipation Day,
When mad oppressors lost their sway,
The sun of freedom rose that day,
The night of bondage drove away,
When sainted Lincoln did decree,
That slaves forever should be free.

As years of time have come and gone,
For each the Negro race has borne,
Abundant fruit in freedom's name,
That will not bring the nation shame.

Emancipation Day, so great!
With joy we meet to celebrate,
The Sun of Righteousness we hail,
Who died that freedom might prevail.

Lizelia Augusta Jenkins Moorer

Immorality

Have you heard, my friend, the slander that the Negro has to face?
Immorality, the grossest, has been charged up to his race.
Listen, listen to my story, as I now proceed to tell
Of conditions in the Southland, where the mass of Negroes dwell.

Ev'ry city, town or county, ev'ry state on Southern soil,
Has mulattoes in its borders, found among the sons of toil.
Can you tell from whence they landed; or to whither shall they go?
Is the Negro race responsible alone, I'd like to know?

When a man among the Negroes is the least suspected there
Of an intimate relation with a daughter that is fair,
Then an angry mob arises and he answers for the same
In a death, the worst in cruelty the company can name.

Though the noonday sun is shining at the time the lynching's done,
Still the officers of justice can't detect a single one,
Who partook in Negro killing, for the deed no one is blamed,
And inside the nation's senate comes a voice, 'We're not ashamed.'

Is the same true when a white man leads a Negro girl astray?
When he takes away her virtue, is the same true? tell me, pray,
Do the press and pulpit clamor or condemn the mighty wrong?
Is there sentiment against it? is the burden of my song.

When the case is thus presented, they are silent as the grave,
And the law at once is powerless a Negro's name to save,
So you see the same continues and the truth is like a flood,
That in veins of Southern Negroes flow the best of Southern blood.

Can you tell of these mulattoes, did they fall here from the sky?
How is this that they're among us? can you tell the reason why?
Who's to blame for their existence? is the Negro race alone?
If there are such freaks in nature it is time to make them known.

'Tis a custom born of slavery when master's law and might,
Was enforced upon the bondsman without question of the right,
And the parson preached on Sunday how the servant should obey
All the mandates of the master, let them be whate'er they may.

O, how sad the tales of bondage when persuasive measures failed,
How they tortured Negro women till their hellish plans prevailed!
Women faithful to their virtue were as martyrs sent to rest,
Others yielded to the tempter, weary, helpless and distressed.

So the spirit lives at present for the master hand to rule,
Cook or washer, nurse or housemaid passes through this training school,
Lo! the greatest of temptations, men and devils there invent,
And present them to the servants, on their ruin so intent.

There's no friend to whom the dusky maiden can appeal for aid,
To the mistress of the home to speak of such she is afraid,
In the law there's no protection that a Negro girl can claim,
None to rescue, none to pity, so she enters into shame.

Now reflect for just a moment, in the light of what you see,
Which is worse, to yield the tempter or the evil one to be?
Can you still believe that Negroes are immoral more than whites?
O, how different the picture if the Negro had his rights!

There's a God who rules in justice, one who feels his children's pain,
So we know that sin and darkness cannot always hope to reign,
All the ills to Negro women will the Father bring to light,
For the Judge, the only Judge of all creation will do right.

Lizelia Augusta Jenkins Moorer

Injustice Of The Courts

Whites alone upon the jury in a number of the states,
Thus they crush a helpless Negro with their prejudicial hates;
Legal ills they thrust upon him, and the tale is passing sad—
Equal rights with white men? Never! Color-phobia makes them mad.

'Tis the training of the children, every Negro to suppress,
They their spleen may vent upon him and he happy, none the less,
They will boast aloud in anger if by Negroes they are crossed,
'If we shoot or kill a Negro, not a cent will be the cost.'

Juries represent the people and their sentiments make known,
When a Negro comes in question there's discrimination shown.
They are bold to make assertion that they will not do the same
For a Negro as a white man, and no feeling comes of shame.

Jurymen have made confession after trial had been made
Of a Negro, and 'He's guilty!' was the verdict there displayed.
Stern remorse so touched the conscience, they the story did relate,
How the verdict they had rendered was to stay the dying fate.

'It was hard to say him guilty, for the man, we thought, was clear.
But a mob was making clamors that were terrible to hear.'
'Punishment or death!' it shouted, and around began to press;
And of two impending evils, we have chosen him the less.

Thus we legalized the lynchers, we their words to court have brought,
And the innocent convicted! how revolting is the thought!
When a mob has forced a jury to a stand against the right,
All the waters of the ocean cannot make the conscience white.

Once a Negro girl was saucy, and the wife the husband told,
Who in haste arraigned the servant and began to swear and scold.
Then he whipped her without mercy—straightway she to law applied.
Passing strange—they found him guilty, and the judge was sorely tried.
This he said, in making sentence, 'No disfavor comes to you,
You have only done as others, or as I myself would do,
If your servants vex the mistress, thrash them out again, I say,
Go to jail ten minutes only, and a fine of five cents pay!'

If a judge is conscientious, then the people vote him out,
His partiality to white men they must know, beyond a doubt.
No equality for Negroes in the law the world must know,
If he fails to make distinctions, from the bench they'll have him go.

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This injustice is a cancer, in the nation's breast it lives,
Quietly and unmolested, awful is the death it gives.
It results from color-phobia, which the God of right defies,
Slaves of prejudice, take warning! pause before the nation dies.
All the land is running riot, laws are trampled in the face,
Negroes must be law-abiding; whites alone the laws debase.
Wrong upon itself is coiling, hissing serpent of the times,
Whites in self-defense are crying, 'Shield us from our people's crimes.'
Barbarism fills the country, all for safety take alarm,
From the lowest to the highest, no one now is free from harm;
Anarchy is rife among us, all resulting from the same,
Gross injustice of the court-room brings the nation into shame.

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Lawlessness is at a premium, woeful penalty it brings,
Relic of the middle ages is the present state of things.
To the winds we now are sowing, and the whirl-wind comes at length,
Evils cast upon the waters come again with added strength.

Lizelia Augusta Jenkins Moorner

Jim Crow Cars

If within the cruel Southland you have chanced to take a ride,
You the Jim Crow cars have noticed, how they crush a Negro's pride,
How he pays a first class passage and a second class receives,
Gets the worst accommodations ev'ry friend of truth believes.

'Tis the rule that all conductors, in the service of the train,
Practice gross discriminations on the Negro—such is plain—
If a drunkard is a white man, at his mercy Negroes are,
Legalized humiliation is the Negro Jim Crow car.

'Tis a license given white men, they may go just where they please,
In the white man's car or Negro's will they move with perfect ease,
If complaint is made by Negroes the conductor will go out
Till the whites are through carousing, then he shows himself about.

They will often raise a riot, butcher up the Negroes there,
Unmolested will they quarrel, use their pistols, rant and swear,
They will smoke among the ladies though offensive the cigar;
'Tis the place to drink their whiskey, in the Negro Jim Crow car.

If a Negro shows resistance to his treatment by a tough,
At some station he's arrested for the same, though not enough,
He is thrashed or lynched or tortured as will please the demon's rage,
Mobbed, of course, by 'unknown parties,' thus is closed the darkened page.

If a lunatic is carried, white or black, it is the same,
Or a criminal is taken to the prison-house in shame,
In the Negro car he's ushered with the sheriff at his side,
Out of deference for white men in their car he scorns to ride.

We despise a Negro's manhood, says the Southland, and expect,
All supremacy for white men—black men's rights we'll not protect,
This the Negro bears with patience for the nation bows to might,
Wrong has borne aloft its colors disregarding what is right.

This is called a Christian nation, but we fail to understand,
How the teachings of the Bible can with such a system band;
Purest love that knows no evil can alone the story tell,
How to banish such abuses, how to treat a neighbor well.

Lizelia Augusta Jenkins Moorer

Loyalty To The Flag

In the love of home and country and the flag of Uncle Sam,
Can the loyalty be doubted of a dusky son of Ham?
Wheresoever duty calls him, as a freedman or a slave,
The response is ever hearty when 'Old Glory' he would save.

'Twas the war of Revolution, when a Negro's blood was first,
To be shed for independence, when a yoke the land had cursed;
Crispus Attucks died in Boston, on State street he paid the debt,
Liberty his blood has planted and the tree is growing yet.

Ask the spirit of Pitcairn how he came to meet his death?
Where and who it was that brought him down to breathe the dying breath?
'Twas the Negro Salem's bullet at the charge of Bunker's Hill,
Bringing to the whites their freedom but to Negroes naught but ill.

In the battle of New Orleans, eighteen fourteen was the year,
When the Negro fought with valor till the victory was clear;
Jackson paid this glowing tribute—may the spirit never lag—
'None more strong and none more useful, none more loyal to the flag.'

O, how brave the Negro soldiers when the Civil war was fought!
Shall they fight such noble battles in the nation's cause for naught?
Hark! the battle cry of Charleston! at Fort Wagner is the place!
At Port Hudson and Fort Pillow how the rebel guns they face!

Fifty-fourth of Massachusetts—may such regiments be praised—
By its valor at Fort Wagner, North and South became amazed!
Hall began as color-bearer but was killed on duty grand,
To the spot went William Carney and the colors took in hand.

Wounded many times was Carney, shot in head, in arm and thigh,
On one knee he fell and crawling kept the colors flying high,
Blood upon the banner streaming while his words the action crowned;
'Boys I've kept aloft 'Old Glory' and it never touched the ground!'

Colonel Stafford was disabled, Dwight his men to battle led,
With great feeling at New Orleans, Stafford to the sergeant said,
'Guard, protect defend these colors,' 'Yes,' he answered, 'though I die
I will bring them back in honor or to God report the why.'

All the world has heard the story of the Cuban war with Spain,
Ah! the sound of Negro valor falls upon the ear again,
At Elkaney and San Juan how they helped to win the day,
Near the town of Santiago, held the enemy at bay!

Side by side with other soldiers being in complexion white,
Negroes died to take San Juan in the thickest of the fight,
Thus they gained the worthy plaudit from the loyal, brave and true;
'Negroes on the field of battle, dignify the nation's blue.'

Shall the prejudice existing in the country now, increase,
While the Negro's patriotism merits rest at home and peace?
Nay, the hydra-headed monster in the end will surely die,
We expect the right to triumph over evil by and by.

Lizelia Augusta Jenkins Moorer

Lynching

Have you ever heard of lynching in the great United States?
'Tis an awful, awful story that the Negro man relates,
How the mobs the laws have trampled, both the human and divine,
In their killing helpless people as their cruel hearts incline.

Not the heathen! 'Tis the Christian with the Bible in his hand,
Stands for pain and death to tyrannize the weaklings of the land;
Not the red man nor the Spaniard kills the blacks of Uncle Sam,
'Tis the white man of the nation who will lynch the sons of Ham.

To a limb upon the highway does a Negro's body hang,
Riddled with a hundred bullets from the bloody, thirsty gang;
Law and order thus defying, and there's none to say them nay.
"Thus," they say, to keep their power, "Negroes must be kept at bay."

How his back is lacerated! how the scene is painted red,
By the blood of one poor Negro till he numbers with the dead!
Listen to the cry of anguish from a soul that God has made,
But it fails to reach the pity of the demons in the raid.

To a tree we find the Negro and to him a chain beside,
There a horse to it is fastened and the whip to him applied.
Thus he pulls the victim's body till it meets a dying fate,
And to history is given a new scandal to relate.

Limb from limb he's torn asunder! See the savage lynchers grin!
Then the flesh is cut in pieces and the souvenirs begin;
Each must have the piece allotted for the friends at home to see,
Relatives will cluster round him, laughing, dancing, filled with glee.

To a stake they bind the Negro, pile the trash around him high,
Make the fire about his body; it is thus that he must die.
Burn him slowly, hear the lynchers: "That's the part we most enjoy!
Tell it out in all the nation how we killed a Negro boy!"

Savage mob a Negro's chasing, and to catch him must not fail;
If it does, another's taken, there to force from him the tale
Where the fleeing man is hiding; if the facts he cannot raise,
Though his innocence protesting, for the same by death he pays.

"Tis a Negro's blood we're craving; such will have at any cost;
We must lynch the one in keeping, for the other one is lost!"
This they say, and when they're questioned answer like this is the why,
"To the race at large a warning here a Negro man shall die!"

O, how brave the Southern white man when, a hundred men to one,
Lynch a lone, defenceless Negro, when each lyncher has a gun.
If at midnight or the noonday, the result is all the same,
Law is powerless to hinder, and the nation shares the blame.

Lynchers go into the Senate and their savagery uphold,
How they shoot and butcher Negroes is the story that is told.
Guns and ropes they have in plenty, and, if necessary, will
Use them on an office holder, such a Negro they must kill.

How they clamor for the Philippines and Cubans far away,
While a worse thing is transpiring in this country every day.
In the eyes of such law-breakers lives a beam of greatest size,
That will hinder all the pulling of the mote from others' eyes.

Are the candidates for lynching always found among the men?
No, the fiends of human torture lynch a woman now and then.
Yea, the Spanish Inquisition insignificant will pale,
When compared with such atrocities that in the South prevail!

'Tis a blot on Christian manhood time, itself, cannot erase;
Human blood upon the conscience centuries cannot efface.
Simply to suspect a Negro is sufficient for the band,
He must die without a hearing, in a boasted gospel land.

Sowing antedates the reaping, and the nation should beware,
That the sowers to the wind will reap the whirlwind everywhere.
Hark the cry! the blood of Negroes cries for vengeance from the dust!
How I tremble for the nation when I think that God is just!

Lizelia Augusta Jenkins Moorer

Misunderstood

The ills of all the human race,
The woes of earth that bring disgrace
Would banish, if we only could,
Escape the fiend, Misunderstood.

When Eve and Adam pure and good,
The law divine misunderstood,
A downward course was then begun,
A race that all the earth must run.

The thought is sad, indeed, though true,
That sinners reap in season due,
The fruits of all they sow, and should,
For down in hell they're understood.

The infidels of giant brain,
Would save themselves a deal of pain,
By claiming truth, if such they could,
But they alas! misunderstood.

The wars that devastate the land,
The reason men for wrong will stand,
They have somewhere in seeking good,
The law of right misunderstood.

In harshness do we estimate,
The neighbors oft we underrate,
The scene would change its nature could,
The monster bare, Misunderstood.

The Negro Problem of the times,
Which breeds the most atrocious crimes,
Survives, because in crushing good,
The Golden rule's misunderstood.

The Savior's work on earth was one,
Of building up where sin had run,
He gave to all the highest good,
But passed through life misunderstood.

We long to rest when time is o'er,
In that beyond for evermore,
The habitation of the good,
Above the fiend, Misunderstood.

Lizelia Augusta Jenkins Moorer

Must Be Freed

The ante-bellum Negro prayed,
For God to intercede,
And God in answer to him said,
'Your children shall be freed.'

The hand was seen upon the wall,
The fates at once decreed
That Negro bondsmen one and all,
Should soon be free, indeed.

'If Abraham Lincoln's president'
The South said, 'we'll secede;'
They apprehended he'd consent,
For Negroes to be freed.

To battle North against the South,
O'er states rights was agreed,
But echo from the cannon's mouth,
Said, 'Negroes must be freed.'

Confed'rates did with marked success,
McClellan's steps impede,
Till Abr'm Lincoln did confess,
That Negroes must be freed.

The Union boys with heaven's strength,
From that time did succeed;
And fought with valor till at length,
The Negro slaves were freed.

The Jim Crow car for Negroes made,
To crush their pride, indeed,
Has on the harps of thinkers played,
Those people must be freed.

The right of suffrage from the men,
Is taken out of greed;
A better day is coming when
They shall from this be freed.

Black men before the lyncher's rope,
In vain for mercy plead,
But justice cries, 'There is a hope,
From such you shall be freed.'

From ignorance and poverty,
From superstition's creed,
From those who crush his liberty,
The Negro must be freed.

The hand has written on the wall,
The clouds must all recede,
For God Whose word can never fall,
Says, 'Negroes must be freed.'

Lizelia Augusta Jenkins Moorer

Negro Heroines

Down in history we find it and in grandest works of art,
How the men on fields of battle play so well the soldier's part,
But I come to tell the story of relief from care and pain
Rendered them by Negro women in the Cuban War with Spain.

When the scourge of yellow fever fell upon the boys in blue.
And the nation stood in wonder scarcely knowing what to do,
There was found a Negro woman, Mrs. Curtis was her name,
Wife, she was, of a physician with the highest social fame.

When the name of Mrs. Curtis fell upon the nation's ear
And her worth on such occasions had been shown in language clear,
She was summoned by McKinley to the White House—there to plan
How to change the dread condition; how to stay the soldier's ban.

By him there she was commissioned, given fullest oversight
Of relieving fever-stricken in the famous Cuban fight;
With a confidence unflinching, she her preparations made—
Uncle Sam his backing promised true success could not be stayed.

When a call she made for helpers, from the nation's busy throng,
The response from Negro nurses came three hundred eighty strong,
In the Catholics were also, found one hundred twenty nuns,
Who would brave the field as nurses for the fever-stricken ones.

In this noble work of mercy were their duties done so well
That a halo of enchantment round them all is made to dwell,
When we search the war department no complaint of them is found,
Not a word to their discredit and to truth that record's bound.

While upon the field of battle helping stem the fever's tide,
While upon that angel mission seven Negro nurses died,
In this work the nuns had fallen till the same had numbered four;
Thus on snowy, angel pinions they the news to heaven bore.

When our boys had thrashed the Spaniards, Mrs. Curtis straightway sent
A petition into congress praying that a monument
Be at Arlington erected out of sacred memory
Of the nurses who in Cuba died to make the island free.

Mrs. Curtis went in person, she in congress did appear,
Told the story of her labors, of her precious deeds of cheer,
She convincingly impressed it in the nation's congress true,
That for those who fell on duty still a monument was due.

An apportionment by congress for the same at once was made,
Yea, to make a fit memorial for the nation's honored dead;
Twenty-five will name the thousands of the dollars that were spent—
In the nation's cemetery stands the nurses' monument.

Mrs. Curtis and her nurses have been valiant in the strife,
May such heroines be favored with a long and happy life;
In the face of such achievements on the nation's battle field,
Prejudice is made to tremble, partly too, his lips are sealed.

Lizelia Augusta Jenkins Moorer

Prejudice

How strangely blind is prejudice, the Negro's greatest foe!
It never fails to see the wrong but naught of good can know.
'Tis blind to all that's lofty, yea, to truth it is opposed,
Degrading things will ope his eyes, while good will keep them closed.

How cruel, too, is prejudice! how wicked is the tongue!
The evils reign supremely there, the bad is ever sung;
With some the Negro needs a soul, with others he's a brute,
In silence those remaining live and naught of this dispute.

The schools it legislates against, in keeping Negroes down,
Whatever tends to elevate it meets it with a frown.
It gives to them the Jim Crow car and vessels on the sea;
It makes the stockade to exist and take their liberty.

It makes the press to vacillate up the Negro's name,
The pulpit makes a compromise with evil, for the same,
It makes the Pharaohs of today and seals them with its ban,
It strives to close the door of hope upon the Negro man.

It causes mobs to formulate, to come and go at will,
At morning, evening, noon or night, a Negro man to kill,
It brings injustice to the courts when Negro men are tried,
It wrings the ballot from their hands—a thousand wrongs beside.

It is the country's greatest curse, the nation's open sore,
It slowly saps the precious life, is poison to the core,
Such ravages gave certain death to nations in the past,
The same will lay this country low, its fondest hopes will blast.

It minimizes all that's good and magnifies the ill,
The devil's mission upon earth, it clamors to fulfill;
'Twas prejudice that caused the death of Christ upon the tree,
He knows the pangs that Negroes feel and gives them sympathy.

When men refuse to see the light a darkness is assured,
Such blindness comes upon the scene as never can be cured!
Contagious is the dread disease, for Negroes learn to view
The white man with suspicious eyes, but here's a thing that's new.

The Negro Problem of the land, and all the same entails,
Will be no more whene'er we find a sentiment prevails,
To bury prejudice so deep it never can arise
Till all the races of the earth shall meet above the skies.

Twas God who made the Negro black, the reasons are His own
One blood the nations all the same, the facts are too well known,
He also made the Golden Rule, to use the neighbor well,
Shall prejudice among us dwell forever? who can tell?

Lizelia Augusta Jenkins Moorer

Retribution

When Egypt said, 'Exterminate
The males among the Jews,
Fair Goshen's land make desolate
And bid them glad adieus:'

The darkest hour then was brought
Upon their slavery,
But God came down, with Egypt fought,
And made the bondsmen free.

No means of peace within the bout
Could pay the price—'tis plain—
The measure they had meted out
Was measured back again.

For blood of Hebrews had been spilt,
And justice did demand
Egyptian blood to cleanse the guilt—
The firstborn of the land!

America! how canst thou tell
Thy tale of bondage sore?
How blood as rain from Negroes fell,
Till many were no more!

The blood of Negroes cried so loud,
For vengeance from the ground,
Till clouds of sorrow wept and bowed
And heaven's anger frowned.

No peaceful means, 'tis understood,
Could end the dread affray;
For justice cried, 'Slave-owners' blood
In war the debt shall pay!'

The Negroes of the country now
Are held in open scorn,
To other peoples forced to bow,
Though often higher born.

To lynch a Negro is no crime,
The courts of justice say;
And so 'tis done at any time,
A mob may set a day.

The night is darkest near the dawn,
The voice of nature speaks;
The blood that's from the Negroes drawn
A retribution seeks.

'Revenge is mine, I will repay,'
The God of right declares.
The savage mob, with regal sway
A nation's curse prepares.

America! a warning take,
Repent! forsake the wrong!
Thine evil ways at once forsake,
Thy time cannot be long!

The morning star begins to rise,
The darkest night dispels,
Its ray of hope illumes the skies,
And precious dawn foretells.

America! rouse up! awake!
For God is living still,
Who will of wrong a sample make,
When sin has drunk its fill!

Lizelia Augusta Jenkins Moorner

Thanksgiving

Let us give thanks to God above,
Thanks for expressions of His love,
Seen in the book of nature, grand
Taught by His love on every hand.

Let us be thankful in our hearts,
Thankful for all the truth imparts,
For the religion of our Lord,
All that is taught us in His word.

Let us be thankful for a land,
That will for such religion stand;
One that protects it by the law,
One that before it stands in awe.

Thankful for all things let us be,
Though there be woes and misery;
Lessons they bring us for our good-
Later 'twill all be understood.

Thankful for peace o'er land and sea,
Thankful for signs of liberty,
Thankful for homes, for life and health,
Pleasure and plenty, fame and wealth.

Thankful for friends and loved ones, too,
Thankful for all things, good and true,
Thankful for harvest in the fall,
Thankful to Him who gave it all.

Lizelia Augusta Jenkins Moorer

The Southern Press

When a Negro comes in question you may watch the Southern press,
See how bias its opinions, how his ills are given stress,
Prominence is given headlines, when accused he is of crime,
Emphasizes all the evils of the Negro ev'ry time.

If a white man comes in question you may watch the press again,
How its dignity it loses in a compromise with sin,
Down in some secluded corner you the story may behold,
Where the public may not find it, sadly there the tale is told.

It condemns the sins of Negroes which in white men 'twill excuse,
If a Negro's crime is grievous here's the heading it will use:
'He's a candidate for lynching,' in a type that's bold and plain,
If a heinous crime's committed by a white man, 'he's insane.'

When the Negroes prove their manhood and their homes protection give,
They're pronounced as desperadoes and too desperate to live,
Nothing like its ever published of a white man, though his case
May be ten times more revolting and far deeper the disgrace.

At some public place if Negroes are mistreated by the whites,
When policemen won't arrest them or defend a Negro's rights,
Though the proof is overwhelming and the public ear it gains.
How conspicuous the silence that the Southern press maintains.

When a good is done by Negroes of the same you will not hear,
With their ills the press is busy and the good cannot appear,
Wrong, if found upon a Negro, will be charged up to the race,
But if white, with him 'tis ended, brings his people no disgrace.

See! the Southern press is bowing to a god that's made of gold!
And the populace is crying in a way that's passing bold,
'It must run to suit our fancy or the gold we'll take away!'
So the press can rise no higher than the common people say.

Humbleness will be exalted, exaltation be abased,
To the press it sounds a warning blest humility to taste.
Exaltation in a measure waves its banner over all,
But such pride will bring destruction, haughty spirits bring a fall.

Lizelia Augusta Jenkins Moorer

The Crum Appointment

You, no doubt, have heard the story told of Charleston by the sea,
How they persecute a Negro when a man he tries to be,
'Tis of national importance and the world enjoys the sport,
Caused by William Crum's appointment as collector of the port.

When the president decided to appoint him to the place,
Then a train of opposition from the city set apace,
'Our objection to a Negro,' said the whites, 'has ever been,
That we fear contamination from the color of his skin.'

This the president dishonored, then they brought another plea,
'To the great and grand old party, he has faithless proved to be,'
Crum his loyalty established and the fallacy declared,
Brought McComas to his rescue and the prejudice was bared.

To the friends within the senate they directed their appeal,
To defeat his confirmation and suppress a Negro's weal,
For a time the plan succeeded, thus a vote was thwarted twice—
He was promptly re-appointed till the same was numbered thrice.

Then they tried intimidation, told him how the race would lose
All the favors of the white man, and between these he must choose,
They persuaded and they threatened, aye, the Southern press was wild,
In denouncing such an outrage, how the city was defiled!

He with patience bore their envy, heard the clamor and the din,
Ev'ry accusation answered, save the color of his skin,
As a pillar of Gibraltar, he in firmness took a stand,
Braved the storm of opposition like a Moses of the land.

When at length he was commissioned, great, indeed, the city's change,
'Twas a hundred, aye, and fifty that applied for work! how strange!
'Twas the very class of people that his color filled with dread
Who then asked for sub-positions, though a Negro man was head.

Then a telegram was brought him saying, salary was paid,
To no one who was appointed when the senate gave no aid,
Equal to the dire occasion, he made answer, 'Tis no test,
Till the government shall warn me I'll take chances with the rest.'

Now contamination's mountain sinks away to common dust,
They are not afraid of Negroes but desire the place of trust,
They want Negroes to be servants and their bosses to be white,
Prejudice distorts their visions and they cannot see the right.

Lizelia Augusta Jenkins Moorer

The Door Of Hope

The president has thus disclosed
In words his noblest plan:
'The door of hope shall not be closed
Upon the Negro man.

'His opportunities must be
With other men's the same;
As nation's chief I will not see
Him forced in ways of shame.'

Official work he'd scarce begun
When from his lips did fall,
'A special right I give to none,
But equal rights to all.

'Square dealing for the soldiers true,
Who made this country grand;
But more than this no man is due,
And none shall less demand.

'I'm president of all the land,'
The broiling South was told.
'For truth and fight I mean to stand,
Such policy I hold.'

When urged to crush the Negro race,
He answered with a zest,
'All men of worth shall have a place,
True manhood is the test.

"Tis better all the people up,
Than keep a portion down,
You need, my friends, a loving cup,
Your prejudice to drown.

'The doors of hope are open wide
To all within the land,
With God forever on our side,
This sentiment will stand.'

With spinal column stout and strong,
With arm that's made of steel,
He crushes prejudice and wrong,
And makes the demons reel.

To heal the nation's open sore
Of hatred for a race,
He wider swings the open door,
And bares the monsters face.

No president could stem the tide
Of opposition blind,
Since Lincoln for the Negro died,
Till Roosevelt we find.

Long may he live to bless the land
With truth and liberty,
Who for the right will take a stand
And set a nation free.

Then Roosevelt for nineteen four
Our president should be,
Who gives to all an open door
Of opportunity.

Lizelia Augusta Jenkins Moorer

The Eutawville Lynching

(July, 1904)

In the State of 'Old Palmetto,' from the town of Eutawville,
Comes a voice of pain and anguish that refuses to be still.
'Tis a voice that cries for vengeance for the wrongs it has received,
Yea, it asks a nation's conscience, When will justice be achieved?

'Twas a Negro and four white men that a fishing-party made,
In this party all the basis of a tragedy was laid,
One of them began a quarrel with the Negro of the crowd,
Told him not to think of justice, for to him 'twas disallowed.

Then they all began to curse him, in a shameful way to see,
Till the Negro said, 'I'll spank you, if you do not let me be!'
For this threat he was arrested, and for trial was arraigned,
And it goes without the saying, it was by the white man gained.

So Kitt Bookard there was sentenced, for that was the Negro's name,
To a fine of just five dollars, and condemned with all the blame.
When the fine he could not furnish, in the guard-house he was placed,
There in safety for the lynchers, who that night the town disgraced.

With the constable to help them and the marshall of the town,
Went the wicked fishing-party to the guard-house, with a frown;
They procured a bar of iron, gagged and tied Kitt Bookard fast,
And they took him in a buggy to the river, for the last.

'Say your prayers,' the lynchers told him, 'for to Jordan you have come,
Be in haste, for hour of midnight brings you to your final home.'
'If you'll spare me,' said Kitt Bookard, 'I will be your slave for life.'
'Speak no more,' the mob retorted, 'with your blood will end the strife.'

He was clubbed and mutilated, then the fiends put out his eye—
Any mob of heathen darkness would such shameful deeds decry—
Then with weights about his body, in the river he was cast,
Where his blood cried out for vengeance till a week and more had passed.

Bookard's family was anxious to procure him his release,

Through the night his wife was restless, and from worry could not cease.
At the dawn his brother hastened, 'I will pay the fine,' he said,
But he found the guard-house empty and as quiet as the dead.

Quick a search was instituted, all the Negroes, round about,
Volunteered into the service, bound to clear the place of doubt.
In the night a rain had fallen and no stirring round was done,
Save a buggy-track was leading from the guard-house—only one.

Hurriedly the track was followed to the Santee River's brink,
And a dredging was decided when the Negroes came to think.
On the ninth day thus they found him in the silent river's bed,
Weighted with a bar of iron, mutilated, bruised and dead.

When the coroner was summoned and an inquest was begun,
'Twas revealed in all its horrors, how the deed of shame was done,
'Twas a tale of barbarism that the press refused to tell,
How the mob with hellish fury did the work of demons well.

In the mob was found a witness, when the fiends were brought to court,
Who exposed the shocking lynching in a clear and full report,
All the details of the quarrel, and the fine Kitt was to pay,
Of his death in Santee River long before the dawn of day.

Then the jury left the court-room, just for fourteen minutes' time,
And returned to bring the verdict that would free the sons of crime,
'We pronounce the men not guilty,' said the foreman of the crew,—
When the facts are given credance, this was thunder from the blue.

Now that mob unwhipped of justice, poses as the country's best,
Why, it only killed a Negro! let such matters have a rest!
Hark! we hear in half the country, 'Keep the Negro in his place,
Violence we measure to him as a warning to his race.'

To this day the blood of Bookard cries for vengeance, loud and long,
And the wailing reaches heaven, fills the ear that hates the wrong.
So the same can never triumph—punishment for sin is sure,
'Tis God's world, and not the devil's; wrong enthroned is insecure.

While we feel that God is living, we our patience strive to keep,
Still the question comes with power, O, how long will justice sleep?
Those who die the death of Bookard, some sweet day revenge will find.

Nature's God reveals the secret, wrong is punished by its kind.

Lizelia Augusta Jenkins Moorer

The Negro Ballot

Can America be reckoned as the country of the free?
In the light of recent actions 'tis a truth that's hard to see.
It has taken from the Negro his protection, yea, his vote,
How oppressive is the finger that such cruel mandates wrote!

'Equal rights are not for Negroes; they shall never have a vote,
To supremacy of white man shall be raised the highest note.
Keep the black man from the ballot and we'll treat him as we please,
With no means for his protection, we will rule with perfect ease.'

Those are words of Southern white men, backed, it seems, by all the land,
From the blacks they'll take the ballot, with their rights on every hand;
O, the maladministration in enforcement of the ills,
Thus they re-enslave the Negro till their cup of evil fills.

When appeal is made to Congress for protection of a race,
They will promptly dodge the issue, saying, 'This is not the place;
In the courts alone there's power to decide it for a fact,'
'We evade it,' says the court-room, 'Congress has the power to act.'

So when Negroes cry for justice in this commonwealth of ours,
There is none to give an answer, none to regulate the powers,
Congress claims no jurisdiction, and the courts declare the same,
None in all this Christian nation who will face the load of shame.

More than all the host of Egypt or the Canaanites of old,
Were the Jews when God was captain of the army, we are told.
Stronger than the ancient mountain of the waters of the sea,
Nature hastened to the rescue, making all opposers flee.

Though Elisha, when at Dothan, was encompassed round about,
By the forces of Benhadad, as he put the Jews to rout,
His protection came from heaven in the chariots of fire,
Yea, the angels and the horses told the earth of heaven's ire.

When for God and fight we battle, numbers cannot make a mark,
For while countless millions perished, eight were saved in Noah's ark.
'Twas the faithful few, my readers, who were found on holy ground,
That were saved, while all remaining in the raging flood were drowned.

Tell me not of shame or failure in a just and righteous cause,
For the right at length will triumph in the face of wicked laws,
Heaven still extends protection to the weakened and oppressed,
Who will cry to God for succor and relief when sore distressed.

Yea, the angel still encampeth round about when Christians fear,
To deliver them from evil and their souls to fill with cheer.
With the faith of ancient Hebrews should the Negro of today,
Ask the Maker for the ballot, and with courage wend his way.

If a fervent prayer is offered by a race ten million strong,
Telling of discrimination, persecution, hate, and wrong,
God will hasten to the rescue and the ballot will restore,
And reclaim for Negro manhood, equal justice evermore.

Lizelia Augusta Jenkins Moorer

The Negro Schools

Please be silent now, my country, while I fill the speaker's place;
While I point out some abuses that we constantly embrace,
Listen with your best attention to the words that I shall say,
How the Negro schools are managed, in this Commonwealth today.

All the officers are white men and together they conspire,
To undo the schools for Negroes, of such deeds they never tire;
Oft we find among the trustees men who cannot read a word,
But when speaking of the Negro, they are certain to be heard.

Education for the Negro they discourage, and they say,
'It will bring dissatisfaction to such people ev'ry day,
Make them crave for something higher, such as white men should enjoy,
Which will spoil the other Negroes that we have in our employ.'

Shorter terms are recommended many times as low as two
Are the months to Negroes given, in a year—now this is true,
Longer terms the whites are given in the same communities—
They conform to such a standard of the right with perfect ease.

Poorer pay to Negro teachers, driving good ones from the field,
Schools are let to lowest bidders to the same they're forced to yield,
Higher pay and better teachers for the white schools is the cry.
While encouragement is given Negro schools to starve and die.

Rural libraries established for the whites on ev'ry side,
But when application's made for Negro schools it is denied,
Thus they deal with education for the mass of Negro youth,
Posing still as great exponents and conservers of the truth.

From the sword of fierce Goliath we may all a lesson learn,
How while planning death to others on your head it may return,
In regard to schools for Negroes, cease their welfare to neglect,
For the same will come upon you in a way you least expect.

Lizelia Augusta Jenkins Moorer

The Peonage System

The religious wars of Europe have been numbered with the past,
But a worse thing, bright America with clouds has overcast,
'Tis the heinous contract system that plantation life contains,
Worse than slavery's conditions in a land where freedom reigns.

Negroes forced in one roomed cabins, mother's from their children torn
All the day till dark of evening from the dawn of early morn,
Sweet affection, thrift and neatness, all that perfect homes would bring,
Yea, humanity is buried at command of money's king.

Shall the future of the Negro by the white man be suppressed,
In his forcing from the present all that makes the future best?
Shall the training of the children be neglected? passing strange
Things material for the morals of the Negro they exchange.

Oft we find an overseer with a gun and club and whip,
Who at night within the stockade locks the Negroes, lest they skip,
If they offer a resistance for their treatment in this cage,
They are clubbed into submission in the overseer's rage.

Some are kidnapped for the stockade, others taken there for debt,
Fed with only bread and water and for more they dare not fret,
They are worked like beasts of burden and the story here is told,
Of the sacrifice of manhood to a god that's made of gold!

'Tis an open, open secret how the white man without pain,
Sells the evil one his conscience out of greed for earthly gain,
Barbarism can't surpass it, races cannot lower fall,
'Mid this great enlightened country money's king rules over all.

If a farm hand makes an effort in the schooling of himself,
Or a mother will persist in looking up her little elf,
They must leave the old plantation for a more congenial clime,
'No enlightenment for Negroes,' planters say, ' 'tis loss of time.'

'Send to Africa the Negro,' they have talked of such you know,
Like to England's Irish question, planters cannot let him go,
Hear the planter loudly singing, this the chorus of the song:
'Keep the 'niggers,' all the 'niggers' in the field where they belong!'

Now he pleads for better treatment, why dehumanize a race?
On the farm he's proved his service and there's none to take his place,
None to stand the heat of summer in the making of the crop,
Whites are taught to need his labor and they cannot learn to stop.

Sad, indeed, to find a nation, bowing down to money's might,
Sacrificing all that's noble, all that's beautiful and right,
'Righteousness exalts a nation,' sin can only bring it shame,
Serve no other god, I warn you, in the God of heaven's name.

Lizelia Augusta Jenkins Moorer

The Pharaohs Of Today

Pain and labor of oppression gave the Western world its birth,
From such shores the love of freedom ne'er should perish from the earth;
To a conscience that's awakened, these are words to make it start,
'Each oppressor of a human buys himself a hardened heart!'

'Twas the sixties broke the shackles from the body of the slave,
Which was only half his freedom, for his mind we now must save.
Liberty of his opinion, such as other people use
Give him all that makes for manhood, and the same he'll not abuse.

True, the God of ancient Israel loves the Negro of today,
Many proofs are had in common of the truth of what I say;
For the stronger the oppression made them multiply and grow,
Of the Negro in this country quite the same is true, you know.

'Give him freedom,' says the white man, 'will defeat our greatest plan,
With his freedom here's the trouble, he'll aspire to be a man.
Men will scorn to suffer treatment on the level of a brute,
Safest way to keep them subjects is their manhood to dispute.'

Ancient Pharaoh was a pagan, bowing down to wood and stone,
Deeds today of Christian Pharaohs would disgrace the ancient throne.
Leaguers now with Satan's kingdom from their plans he never parts,
Such oppressors of a human pay the price of hardened hearts!

Pharaoh's cruelty in Egypt filled the Israelites with pain,
Thus his heart was fully hardened out of love for earthly gain.
For the same he met destruction; to his rashness it was due,
Modern Pharaohs, his example may a lesson bring to you!

When the Jews for wrong decided, then the nation lost its rank.
Rome, debauched in gross corruption, into degradation sank.
Sins of national importance bring calamities the same,
Just as true as it is ancient, sin will bring the nation shame.

Lizelia Augusta Jenkins Moorer

The Southern Pulpit

The Southern pulpit, in our eyes,
Descends to make a compromise
With evil things in heaven's name;
The kind that brings a blush of shame.

The evils to the Negro shown,
His rights that Southern men disown,
We view with sorrow and distress,
Its lack of effort to suppress.

Prevailing thought it cannot cross,
If so, it feels financial loss;
The gold to it is dearer far,
Than all the rights of Negroes are.

It preached that slavery was right,
Upon the Scripture based its fight,
Why should we now expect a change
So radical? Such would be strange.

This pulpit fails to higher climb
Than sentiment at any time.
Such grades of preaching cannot live,
The truth alone can freedom give.

Lizelia Augusta Jenkins Moorer

The Truth Suppressed

Why do people sit in darkness as regards the Negro race?
Why so ignorant are nations of conditions in the case?
'Tis because the facts are strangled by a prejudice intense,
Truth is murdered in the forum when she cries in his defence.

If a white man braves the tempest and takes up the Negro's cause,
Thus exposing to the country the injustice of its laws,
He is met with ostracism and consigned to deep disgrace,
He is branded as a traitor to himself and to his race.

Did you know that Sledd of Oxford, his professorship resigned,
When he gave the press an outline of how Negroes are maligned,
When the world he gave the story of their wrongs on ev'ry hand,
And rebuked his brother white man for supporting such a stand?

Have you heard the tale of Bassett's being taken up and tried,
By the trustees of his college and the public too, beside?
He evoked the shaft of censure such as mad men would decree,
Just for writing good opinions of a Negro, don't you see?

We esteem the two professors being natives of the South,
Who would follow their convictions in the face of censure's mouth,
At a risk of their positions, prizing justice more than gold,
Such a sacrifice we'll cherish till the night away has rolled.

Manhood now is at a premium that such risky things will do,
When the life is so endangered from a social point of view,
'Tis a milestone of advancement when a Bassett or a Sledd
Rises higher than surroundings, up above the critic's dread.

If the North its grief expresses, as it views the ill so rife,
It is promptly called a meddler, an engenderer of strife,
Then the politicians clamor, while the press takes up the song,
And the people join the chorus in denouncing such a wrong.

We are proud of sympathizers in the great unequal fight,
In the struggle for true manhood and for triumph of the right,
'Tis exposure maims the evils as they viciously unfold,
So his sufferings, unvarnished, by the Negro must be told.

Truth has perished as a martyr, in her grave she's laid to rest,
Though she never fails of rising when the Father thinketh best,
Soon there'll be a resurrection and conditions 'twill expose,
That will bring the Negro's manhood in the midst of wicked foes.

Lizelia Augusta Jenkins Moorer

The Voice Of The Negro

All ye nations, pause a moment! listen to the Negro's voice,
Coming up from all vocations where his life has made a choice!
Listen to each rank or station, as you cross the sea of time,
It is heard in ev'ry nation, any race and ev'ry clime.

If you'll go among the tradesmen and their work of worth inspect,
If you'll tarry with the lowly and their lack of skill detect,
If you'll travel o'er the planet, filled with thought, with action stirred,
In them all you'll find, my brother, that the Negro's voice is heard.

Search the patents of invention, or the soldiers record find,
Peep into the author's study, or the poet keep in mind,
In the avenues of science or the broadest fields of art,
You. will hear the voice of Negroes as they bravely play their part.

As good lawyers and physicians, or as men who're called to preach.
As an orator and statesman who the hearts of people reach,
As you view the great professions that have made the world rejoice,
If you'll listen for a moment, you will hear the Negro's voice.

'Tis a voice that cries for justice, not for favors to be shown,
For an equal chance with others, for a manhood of its own,
Give that voice a proper hearing in the forum of the world,
Then all prejudice and envy from the race will soon be hurled.

Lizelia Augusta Jenkins Moorer

Why Is It?

Why is it so, Dear Prince of Peace,
That wrongs to Negroes never cease?
Are they disloyal to thy name,
And thus are punished for the same?

Is this thy training school on earth,
To mould a race of truest worth?
Pray is it thus that lives are pruned
And sanctified, for heaven tuned?

Thou art the refuge of the race,
That all its troubles will efface,
Wilt thou incline the wayward heart,
To keep thy law in ev'ry part?

'Tis needful that offences come,
But woe unto the man by whom!
They come the evil hearts to chain,
And drive them back to thee again.

For such afflictions, we are told,
Bring people nearer to the fold,
If this be true, then teach them now,
To such conditions here to bow.

Thy chosen people suffer here,
Such chastenings as children, dear,
With patience sweet, in peace and love,
Prepare their souls for life above.

They suffer from refining pains,
The kinds that raise to highest planes,
Can this be why, Dear Prince of Peace,
That wrongs to Negroes never cease?

Lizelia Augusta Jenkins Moorser

Why Negroes Don'T Unite

Why of all the many races in the country where we live,
Do we find so little union as the Negro race can give?
Is it lack of love? or color? who will give the reason true,
Why they cherish opposition more than other peoples do?

We'll examine for a moment, how the Negro race is made,
Now, we find them all complexions, any hue and ev'ry shade,
Scraps of all the human races in among them we can find,
All the many dispositions, ev'ry nation of its kind.

Ev'ry tribe will hang together, though among the Negroes found,
Which will bring about dissensions, on all questions that abound,
Ev'ry blood must have a 'say so,' red or yellow, white or black,
Differ always in opinion, racial union always lack.

Hark! the whites of this assembly to a special plan agree,
Lo! the red men now are holding their opinion, don't you see?
Aye, the blacks must have a hearing in the question of today,
Yellow folks compose a factor and the same will have a say.

Scripture tells how Ham was tickled by the shame of Noah's plight,
How his brothers with a mantle shielded Noah from the light,
Now we find that Ham's descendants keep disgraces well exposed,
While the children of the others keep a shameful secret closed.

From inheritance the Negro gets his levity and mirth,
More than any other species of the races of the earth,
He rejoices in reporting what will bring his neighbor shame,
Charity extends her mantle and the others cover blame.

When the race discards the fragments, by the others thrown aside,
And suppresses altogether sinful levity and pride,
Then begins a cultivation of a union of the race,
That will strengthen all its borders which for naught will yield apace.

Lizelia Augusta Jenkins Moorer