Classic Poetry Series

Lizelia Augusta Jenkins Moorer

- poems -

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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.

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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 lunch 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!

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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.

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