H. T. Johnson "The Black Man's Burden" [AME] *Christian Recorder* March 1899

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THE BLACK MAN'S BURDEN.

Pile on the Black Man's burden, 'Tis nearest at your door; Why heed long-bleeding Cuba Or dark Hawaii's shore? Halt ye your fearless armies Which menace feeble folks, Who fight with clubs and arrows And brook your rifles smokes.

Pile on the Black Man's burden. His wail with laughter drown, You've sealed the Red Man's problem

And now take up the Brown. In vain ye seek to end it

With bullets, blood or death-Better by far defend it

With honor's holy breath.

Pile on the Black Man's burden, His back is broad though sore;
What though the weight oppress him, He's borne the like before.
Your Jim-Crow laws and customs, And fiendish midnight deed,
Though winked at by the nation,

Will some day trouble breed.

Pile on the Black Man's burden, At length 'twill Heaven pierce;
Then on you or your children Will reign God's judgments fierce.
Your battleships and armies May weaker ones appall.
But God Almighty's justice They'll not disturb at all.
-H. T. Johnson, Editor The Christian Recorder.

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