

H. T. Johnson
"The Black Man's Burden"
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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*.