CANO
(I SING)

Let the others sing in their intricate strophes
of sorrow and grim despair
And wail of the snares that beset the race
of the hate that befouls the air;
Let them beat their breasts at the lynching tree
and clench their fists at the sky--
My heart sinks too, but I will not wail,
I know there's a God on high.

So it's hope again, trust again, sing again,
A whine is a weakling's plea;
The stars have not changed in their courses,
The moon still orders the sea.

1

There's murder and hate in the Balkans;
there's vengeance in far Cathay;
Injustice and tyranny threaten where man
and greed have their sway;
They're lynching my sisters in Texas,
they're flogging my sons on the farm;
But I know that Omnipotence watches;
That God has a far-flung arm.

So it's hope again, trust again, sing again,
Step proudly, your face to the skies,
Though the curtain of midnight enfold you,
At the dawning, the sun will arise.

2

Let despairing youth carve in their cameos,
black, lurid and hellish hate;
Paint a Japanese couplet to emblazon the thought
that Christ came to earth too late
'T was ever the way of youth to forget
that love is the one great rule;
Through ultimate tears this lesson is drilled,
for this God sends us to school.

So its hope again, trust again, sing again,
For hate is the wild beast's yelp
Though the pack of the jungle be at our heels,
Omnipotent love is our help.

Def. of Peace

The Quaker Conception

~~Negro in W~~

The World War.

" Neg. in War

What It Achieves

Christ-like Ideals

~~Bibliography~~

Poems

4 Poems

Sambo (?) thinks of the Peace (?) Conference

I.

Boom, boom, boom!