I am the Smoke King
    I am black!
I am swinging in the sky,
    I am wringing worlds awry;
I am the thought of the throbbing mills,
    I am the soul of the soul-toil kills,
Wraith of the ripple of trading rills;
Up I’m curling from the sod,
    I am whirling home to God;
I am the Smoke King
    I am black.

I am the Smoke King,
    I am black!
I am wreathing broken hearts,
    I am sheathing love’s light darts;
Inspiration of iron times
    Wedding the toil of toiling climes,
Shedding the blood of bloodless crimes—
    Lurid lowering ’mid the blue,
Torrid towering toward the true,
I am the Smoke King,
    I am black.

I am the Smoke King,
    I am black!
I am darkening with song,
    I am hearkening to wrong!
I will be black as blackness can—
    The blacker the mantle, the mightier the man!
For blackness was ancient ere whiteness began.
I am daubing God in night,
    I am swabbing Hell in white:
I am the Smoke King
    I am black.

I am the Smoke King
    I am black!
I am cursing ruddy morn,
    I am hearising hearts unborn:
Souls unto me are as stars in a night,
    I whiten my black men—I blacken my white!
What’s the hue of a hide to a man in his might?
    Hail! great, gritty, grimy hands—
Sweet Christ, pity toiling lands!
I am the Smoke King
    I am black.