To the Negro Farmers of the United States

By Alice Moore Dunbar-Nelson

God washes clean the souls and hearts of you,
   His favored ones, whose backs bend o’er the soil,
Which grudging gives to them requite for toil
   In sober graces and in vision true.
God places in your hands the pow’r to do
   A service sweet. Your gift supreme to foil
The bare-fanged wolves of hunger in the moil
   Of Life’s activities. Yet all too few
Your glorious band, clean sprung from Nature’s heart;
   The hope of hungry thousands, in whose breast
Dwells fear that you should fail. God placed no dart
   Of war within your hands, but pow’r to start
Tears, praise, love, joy, enwoven in a crest
   To crown you glorious, brave ones of the soil.

Notes:
from The Dunbar Speaker and Entertainer