How Great They Were In History

Poems about:
Nat Turner
Ella Fitzgerald
John Brown
Adam Clayton Powell
Alex Haley
Abe Lincoln
Paul Robeson

by Memmage Von Balfred Jaffersen
HOW GREAT THEY WERE IN HISTORY

by Memmage Von Balfred Jaffersen
DEDICATION

To my wife, Atlay and my two daughters who encouraged and supported me in every way.

To Dr. R. E. Williams of the University of the District of Columbia who encouraged and motivated me in undergraduate and graduate school.
# How Great They Were In History

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ADAM CLAYTON POWELL
The author of much of the anti-discrimination laws that exist today
ADAM CLAYTON POWELL

Adam Clayton Powell
Was Always the man of the hour
At the age of twenty six
He had the Harlem police in a twixt
In the hodge podge of discrimination
A savior of the homeless
The only living God a black could find
The year was 1934 and times were trying
Poverty was at many black folks door
In the same Harlem was Sufio Hamid
A black storm trooper and so called linguist
Dressed in Nazi riding boots and green lid
He fought for jobs and became an evangelist
Powell joined with neither one
He was Gods stubborn son
Harlem had a special effect
Small things like the integrated movie
Southerners would always reject
Adam Clayton Powell
Was the strong intelligent Black man of the hour
He looked white if you did not know
His speeches words and deeds
Would make you quickly know
He was a great orator
He would almost charm the audience
Keep them listening and almost in suspense
His charisma and charm
Made him rise very fast
Fighting for rights of Afro Americans at last
He became the brains and head of his class
Ran for congress and they were wowed
Adam Clayton Powell
Was always the man of the hour
He fought the white racist with power
Blacks became clerks and cashiers in New Yorks big tower
Drove the buses and worked in white collar jobs
He arrived in congress with no friends
Just foes - Stood tall against the Racist pros
He made no noise and paid his dues
His stock slowly rose
Seniority made him chairmen of the
Powerful Appropriations Committee.
Every time they passed a bill they had
A little no discrimination titty.
He stood firm because he had the power
No discrimination in dispensing of tax
Money
Or the bill would die like fish in a
Waterless shower.
Any bill that came before Mr. Powell
Would have a no discrimination clause
Or die like ice water in hells jaws
He learned how to play the political game
Astute and brilliant with guts
That only a few men like him might claim
The white bigots tried and tried to do
Him in
He eluded them time and time again
They paid a poor black woman to testify
She went to court with the lie
He sailed to Bimini beyond their reach
Slumming and tanning on the beach
The Supreme Court finally reviewed the case
Shoved the dirt back in their face.
NAT TURNER'S LIFE*

Born in South Hampton Country
He led a slave rebellion
Amidst Virginia slavery
His life is shrouded in mystery
His name is martyrized
A giant in black history
He yearned to be free
He was whipped into submission
Risked his life trying to be free
Justice and fairness was his wish
For those who study astrology
He was a libran of destiny
After his birth in 1800
His father escaped to be free
Yet, at birth his mother repeatedly said
Before she would raise her son to be a slave
She herself would kill him dead
She was a full blooded African
Who the slave master had never completely undone
But she raised him with pride
Great confidence and motivation she did provide
Tom Gray's confessions allude to this
In the story that he wrote about Nat's growing up
They told he could not miss
And one day he would be great
Because the lord had given him a special fate
Since he was as talented as could be
He mixed gunpowder and studied alone; intentionally
And studiously, then avoided the slave society
Praying and learning all he could
For the great purpose that had to be
His life was centered on religion
Grandma introduced him to this field
He was never ordained
But much influence would he wield
He learned the bible thru and thru
He was blessed with character and unlimited zeal
His reputation as a christian grew
His mind could recall events before his birth
He believed that God had given him a special place on earth
Some said he healed by the touch of his hand
He even baptized a local white man
The slaves accepted his leadership voluntarily
Making him at the top of their community
And then he experienced his first vision one day
He said that a spirit approached him
And softly began to say
Seek ye the kingdom of heaven and all things will be added upon you
He was befuddled by this
What could he do?
He did nothing but store it away
In the recesses of his brilliant mind
For that big, big, day
After disagreeing with his overseer
he left the plantation and went far away
But this life for some reason he did not see
His vision asked him to return to slavery
He knew that the lord wanted this to be his station
When he rejoined the other slaves
They questioned his returning to a life of human degradation
Finally, his vision had become clear
He saw white spirits everywhere
Streams of white blood flowed in the air
And way, way up high
In every direction he looked
There was a darkened and thunderous sky
Chaos and fighting everywhere
Then, late in 1828
As he quietly sat
The spirit informed him that
He was to attack the serpent
From where he was at
And without further incident
The spirit would give him his sign
That he could move with the will of his mind
Now he knew
What he had to do
This is what he was born for
To command the slaves
In an all out racial war
Yet visions constantly passed thru Nat’s mind
The Virginia economy started to decline
The slaves were bartered and sold
Since they were on the bottom of the totem pole
Whites now went west for land and gold
He constructed and reconstructed his plan in his mind
He was continually looking for that sign
Always being alone, reading and studying
Yet knowing and hoping for his sign
Sharing his thoughts and plans with no one
Yet in February 1831
On the eclipse of the sun
Nat got his long awaited sign
His plan was clear in his mind
He called his trusted four
They discussed every plan and design
This work Nat knew he had to do
He rehashed thru and thru
The men questioned him
They wanted to know why so few
This area had a heavy slave concentration
We could get some men from each plantation
Nat rejected this
Someone might tell
And all would go amiss
Yet the slave owners were smug and relaxed
Some Virginians made the absurd claim
That they were good slave owners
Slaves had no cause to complain
A slave rebellion was inexplicable
To fight the master would be insane
On the appointed day of rebellion
Nat got very ill
So he cancelled
Saying it was god's will
Yet he regained his strength very patiently
Longing for the work that had to be
Then all four unanimously agreed
That July the 4th would be the day
And Nat would lead
They wanted slaves to join
From the South and North
And all hell they would bring forth
Yet on the second appointed day
The sun was dark and grey
Nat fell ill again
They had to wait for another day
Then on August 13, 1831
The sun rose with a greenish tint
Some blue shrouded the sun
Nat knew what this meant
The sun had a dark spot
The air was still and hot
The white press said that the slaves religious devotion was released
They said that their yearnings were increased
Turner ever looking for his sign
Told his followers of the black spot
He said this meant the black would pass over the earth
And the oppressive whites would be undone
He attached four men and a plan
The whites armed every woman and man
To catch this murderous black
All the whites were nervous and jumping about
Not knowing where he would strike
Spewing lead and death about
The rumors grew and multiplied
As the story tellers lied
Fear and havoc ruled this area of land
Because slaves were defying and killing
The master of the land
News traveled back and forth
Til folks had said Turner was simultaneously in the South and North
Whites were becoming hysterical and frantic
The army was called in
To quell the people's panic
How could this be
With Nat Turner and just three
As the word got out
A few more slaves joined Nat
This gave him some more clout
Some whites said that they had over two hundred men
In truth it was closer to ten
Nat destroyed first
The cruelest master that he knew
Then as the rebellion grew
He killed any white he came to
He left an indelible imprint
Wherever his deeds went
And though he was hung
His deeds were always sung
And he was remembered far and wide
As the slave who fought the system
And proudly died

* Nat Turner was a slave who fought the enslaver
PAUL ROBESON*

He was Paul Robeson
he was freedom’s anointed one
He was a perfectionist
He was a lawyer
He was a civil rights activist
He was a scholar
He traveled far and low
He fought oppression
He cautioned his black brother long ago
Not to stand for racial repression
Not to ever take low
he said keep your head high
He said hit harder than they hit you
Your manly respect let no one deny
Stand always tall
For once you bow and scrape
Your character and integrity will fall
And if in life you don’t win
God the father of all
Will surely welcome you in
He studied voice
He studied it by choice
He developed a beautiful baritone
He was among the world’s great singers
His voice stood alone
His was a wonderful gift
He gave thousands of listeners a lift
He also heard the athlete’s call
Making all American in football
He was one of the greatest players in the nation
He had fortitude and skill
With a strong unbroken will
Yet his proudest achievement might be
His well deserved Princetonion college degree
He graduated with honors in philosophy
At the top of his distinguished class
He exhibited great personal integrity
In spite of the ever present racism
He was guided by his concepts of ethics and honesty
This code was applicable to all men of christianity
He was a minister’s son
The anointed one
Paul Robeson
He was the ultimate black spirit
He acknowledged his down trodden brothers pain
He always reminded the world of this strain
He was the living, breathing alter ego
The side that most blacks secretly wanted to show
But feared the white man’s retaliatory blow
Yet he fought almost alone
When only a few came to his aid
He was the constant, intelligent, authentic protest
He always gave the fight his very best
He never wanted freedom by and by
He wanted freedom now
Without it, he said, it would be better to die
He was branded everything negative
He did not shirk or bend
He wanted to rid American of the racial sin
He was persecuted again and again
He wanted the blacks to have political rights
ABOUT BRAZIL
THROUGH THE EYES & THOUGHTS OF AN AFRICAN-AMERICAN TOURIST

by Memmage Von Balfred Jaffersen
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DEDICATION

To my wife, Atlay and my two daughters who encouraged and supported me in every way.

To Dr. R. E. Williams of University of the District of Columbia who encouraged and motivated me in undergraduate and graduate school.
CAPOEIRA
Bahia - Brasil
About Brazil
Through The Eyes and Thoughts of An African-American Tourist

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THE BRAZILIAN GIRL

She is very scant
Like a busy ant
Fine and cool
Like Brazilian Jewel
Neat and feisty
Like salad spicy
Tereza Christina
Tereza Christina
Little slender Christina
In American we would say teena
Intelligent and sweet
Like coconut meat
Don’t you understand
She’s special and grand
Around the world
A little pearl
A jewel to me
When I see
A dream, a vision
A possibility
A big brain inside
That lets drift on high
Yet, not denied
And always try
To educate a few
Even one or two
All over the world
She’s really a pearl
Tereza Christina
The Salvador pearl

You ought to know Tereza Christina
The Brazilian girl
The Salvador pearl
THE SOUNDS OF SALVADOR

This is a place they call Bahai
Near the Equator in a setting you would admire
The temperature is warm but not fire
It’s a tropical paradise
For tourist and friend
For Natives its a livin sin
The living conditions are
Generally poor
With disease and poverty
On every door
In order to survive
A garage like structure
Houses ten or five
Running waters never there
A toilet twenty might share
You see some lights and wires-
In the shacks
I dread disease and some typhoid
Attacks
The folks are Clean
But living conditions are mean
The government gives nothing to the schools
So much could be done to change the rules
The living conditions are a punishable crime
You can look and see almost every time
Is the big country built to serve a few
What will the starving 90% chose to do
I predict that in days to come
Violence; riots, insurrection will purr and hum
Let's look on the other side
Where wealth and status has not died
They have the wealth and economic health
That money, status, position gives to self.
I see ahead some very sad days
If the wealth of the country
Is not shared in fairer ways
Rulers can only go so far
T'il some citizens protest and complain
To make the status quo go ajar
UP BY THE AMAZON

Up by the Amazon
The river is deep and wide
The culture of a people
Is daily being denied
They live in the glens and coves.
They live off natures shelf
Given by God himself
Constantly renewing if left alone
Brazilian Indians protect its wealth
Environmentalist, with degrees granted by self
Destroy what God has carefully done
Up by the Amazon
Where natures been put upon
The Indians maintain the land.
It’s being destroyed by the profit man
Oh - wouldn’t it be grand
If God could talk to the insane
And save this vast ecological plane
In the name of goodness
And all that done
Up by the Amazon
You can still see the animals run
The rhythms are sweet and neat
As I listen to the rapid beat
Up and down - all around
I saw a sight today
As I sat in Salvador Bay
There was a child in the surf
A policeman seemed to rock the earth
As the father ran to see
If his child was brought to safety.
Now I think I understand
Why the father
Almost broke the policeman's hand.
LISTENING TO THE SEA

Rocks glistened as the wind dies
Waves ripple and gleam
As the sun begins to rise
Ships sail in the distance
People start to work on the new day
The winds slow to a hum
Coconut trees wave and sway
This Bahai
This is the place
Where portuguese tread
And left the people crushed and dead
As I look at all the evidence
No blood remains to convince
Some secrets great I know
These rocks contain below
What's called Salvador
Pillaged and enslaved
Like everything dead and graved.
You can't adore
In this beautiful land
On this Atlantic shore
You think of days
Before they called it Salvador
Conquerors murdered her Christian core
The people blended
Like mixed colored Moors
Red and brown, yellow if you choose
So many things I don't understand
How God is so great
Yet let man not understand
How destructive he can be
With his free will hand
DOWN ON THE BEACH

Down on the beach
With not one dime
Like Atlantic City
In the summer time
Bahai is cool and breezy
Life seems easy
Dreamers might get excited
Like a soldier knighted
Looking at the beautiful flesh
Bikinis, uncovered young breast
Whatever is your desire
One look lights your manly fire
Beauty in every shade and hue
Any direction you look to
You'll see more than a few
Like ripe pineapples
Radiant hue
Then I turned to my left side
Another view was not denied
I almost had to swear
That Miss Brazil was everywhere
God if this is a crime
Remember me at forgiveness time
As I started to leave
A shapely brown thing
Touched my sleeve
As I think and slowly go
I just don't know
What other wonder
God might yet show.
EDINMARY OF BAHAI

Warm and brown
Like a Brazilian sundown
She knows where she goes
The system that stops her
Is what she must oppose
She’s from a small town
Strong and intelligent
She will not be kept down
Honest and decent
She loves one hundred per cent
There is much to do
Some things to undo
Born in a little village
Where officials never pillage
Strong as a shoe
When its almost new
A brain like a crown
Warm and brown
Like a pacific sundown
Edinmary of Bahai
Warm as a ripe papaya
Her good brain will free her
You will have to wink
She will make you think
Ms. Edinmary Rubino
Cautious as a wondrous sweet dream
Serious enough to make your heart scream
Edinmary of Bahai
The world cannot deny her
LITTLE SCHOOL

On top of a steep hill
In a giant city
A little school the folks did build
I know its there
Because I walked up the hill
As the folks would smile and stare
The children would run to and fro
Looking at strangers they did not know
Christina led the way
Interpreting every question
In her stumbling English way
We slowly reached the hills crest
Her relatives and community leaders
Would let us stop to get some rest
One room stores would line the street
Soda pop or candy, you could stop to eat
The military policeman were stern and austere
They seem to be everywhere
We took photos as we approached the school
I got inside, no desk, no blackboard, no pencils
They were void of every educational tool.
The principal and the students crowded around
They were proud of their little 4-room school
Every shade from white to brown
I just could not believe
Or even conceive
Of education in any station
With just students and dedication.
HOTEL BRAZIL

As I leave my room on -
The seventh floor
Turn the lights out and
Lock the door
Thoughts come to me like
Never before
I pushed the button
For the elevator ride
A calmness hits as I
Get inside
The elevator dial goes thru
The floors
I step out of the sliding
Doors
Walk to the desk of the
Concierge
Bum some paper for whatever
Thoughts there will be
Down the steps and to the patio
The swimming pools empty
But the ocean is roaring
Steady and slow
As I look to where the sky -
Meets the sea
I think of the balance of man's ecology
And the world's topography
Off the distance shore
About 200 yards or more
I see a man in a little boat
How can he have so much
Confidence
In a piece of wood that might
Cease to float
Just think that all this beautiful land
Was given to a prince
And people massacred like animals.
Seldom seen before or since
SALVADOR BY THE BAY

I dropped in the other day
To a city by the bay
People are of every shade
Like sundown on the fade
When you have time to play
Fly to Salvador by the bay
Where the sun shines
Almost every day
In Salvador by the Bay
By the Atlantic Shore
Brazil is big and wide
Bahai's in Salvador
Its on the Atlantic side
Black culture
Is strong and well I know.
In Salvador, where you
Don't get any snow.
I'm gonna say
In a Yankee Way
Go to Salvador
By the bay
One more time
I'm gonna chime
Go to Salvador
By the bay
BAHAI IN THE SAND

Why don't you go
To a place south of Mexico
Woman wear the Afro
And life goes very slow
The land is beautiful
In a place without white snow
The beaches are pristine
In a land
That's ever green
Why don't you go
To a place south of Mexico
Woman wear Afro
And life goes very slow
Plan to go my man
To Bahai in the sand
Plan to go my man
To Bahai in the sand
You just have to go
To a place south of Mexico
Woman wear Afro
And life go very slow
To a place south of Mexico
Come on Jane and Joe
Get your passport
Let us go
To a place south of Mexico
To Bahai on the sho
Where the coconuts grow
Why don't you go
To a place south of Mexico
Woman wear the Afro
And life go very slow
Get your hat
Grab your coat
Get plane
Grab a boat
Let us go
To a place
South a Mexico
Woman wear the fro
And life go very slow
In Bahai on the sho
In Bahai on the sho
Where pineapple and coconuts grow
In Bahai on the sho
Where pineapple and coconuts grow.
ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Mr. Jefferson was born and educated in the poor section of the nation's capitol. His father worked for the railroad. He has three brothers — June, the oldest; Matthew; and Samuel, the youngest.

Mr. Jefferson's Christian name is Bernard Alfred Jefferson — he writes and publishes under the name of Memmage Von Balfred Jafferson.

He attended Storer College in Harper's Ferry, West Virginia. In 1972, Mr. Jefferson received his Master of Arts in Educational Administration and Bachelor of Arts in Adult Education from the University of the District of Columbia.

Now he resides in Harper's Ferry, West Virginia where he writes poetry.
He did not ever want charity
He wanted equality and decency
He mastered many languages
He could speak in thirty with accepted fluency
He wanted the black man’s birth right
He felt that the courts should guarantee
The constitutional granted democracy
He never wanted to come with hat in hand
In front of any white woman or man
He constantly asked for brotherhood
Because it was something that was universally understood
He was Paul Robeson
The tireless one
The strong black one
He even spent his life earnings
Trying to stop lynchings and klan burnings
He made many whites aware
Of the sin their children might bear
He demanded of his brother again and again
Always stand together as men
Before no other man should you bend
Or you’ll be in slavery once again
That was Paul Robeson
Descendent of a slave
God’s anointed one
And very, very brave
He was a great Afro-American
Mr. Paul Robeson

*Paul Robeson was a man who fought racism with every fiber of his being
WHAT WOULD JOHN BROWN SAY?

What would John Brown say if he knew America today?
Just the thought of what was happening in our U.S.A.
Over one hundred years after his death
What would John Brown say?
Let's start with South Boston and then go back
The place where Crispus attacks fell is under the white racist attack
Years ago they supplied the people south of them with money and brains
To comply with school desegregation guidelines
And help educate young black minds
They have given time and manned freedom trains
What was all this for, to keep black children from their Boston school door?
Our racist system is self perpetuating and has not erred
Because our only black senator from that state
In order to get re-elected has been silenced
Never a negative word
But he knew where his power was at
With about fourteen percent of his electorate black
And registered republicans less than ten
He must not alienate the white law breakers in order to win again
But this is not a new democratic twist
John Brown recognized and could not fight this
He attempted to attack at the most vulnerable point
Control the military, have his own politicians move to the front
What would John Brown say if he knew that all his sacrifice was not totally in vain?
Though his dream of slavery being caused some scars that sill remain
It has been over one hundred years since he retaliated against the murderers of some antislavery men in Kansas
And then in martyrdom and death his greatest victory he would win
John Brown knew that the law of god would transcend the law of men
What would John Brown say if he knew that his legend and will lives on?
As men in America strive for a new admixture and an ecumenical dawn
Would all that happened in that engine house on October 16, 1859
When the black station master was killed and John Brown's plan of action maligned
Would he still see the need
To allow that train to proceed?
And give the alarm right away
Dispatching Jeb Steuart and R.E. Lee with marines on the following day
If he could now talk and discuss with us
What would John Brown say?
Would he call 1974 America's darkest year?
When a presidential minister preached a sermon
Based on the sixth chapter of Isaiah
The gist of it goes this way
As the Rev. spoke on Mr. Nixon's resignation day
An unclean leader was brought down by unclean men
After shirking and ducking their duty for so long
They could no longer pretend
Do we now need a strong and dedicated man to sound the alarm again?
And work for justice, freedom, and equality among all men
What would John Brown say?
If before he was hung and martyred
His prediction of civil war would soon be recognized
And the people would elect a raw boned common man to the white house
Who spoke against the issue of slavery til he was black and blue
Abe Lincoln was smart enough to make the primary issue be union
and not slavery that he wanted to undo
I think he was certain that no nation could survive half slave and half free
With a constitution dedicated to a participatory democracy
Slavery was to be eliminated with the north's crushing victory
Always starting in speeches that the north fought for union rather than against the evils of slavery
But some amendments were passed by the Lincoln congress right away
With the intent to make slave men full Americans from that day
Mr. Lincoln to me had his greatest hour
When he spoke at the battlefield in Gettysburg clear, articulate
and slow
Talking about the beginnings of American freedom four score and
seven years ago
What would John Brown say?
When he could hear a president of the U.S.A. quote the bible?
To explain that the law of god was the one to obey
Because this was the just and proper way
I think John would be happy and happy indeed
If he read the laws on the books against discrimination
And a suggestion asking for all deliberate speed
Yet if he checked what was really going on
He would think that slavery had been renamed yet reborn
Union and skilled jobs are segregated as can be
Corporate presidents are almost black man free
Black cabinet officials are almost impossible to see
Under our system if you are to be truly free
You must be involved when the representatives of the people meet to
make policy
I don’t think that John would really be mouldering in the grave
With god’s help he would work and fight and vociferously rave
To unite the hearts and minds with good intent
Coordinated with fairness and justice
Blessed with unyielding decency and equality blended with unanimous consent
Such that the violators would be struck down
Or made to repent

~ To the liberator, John Brown
JOHN BROWN EULOGY

There lies the bones of John Brown
The soul still very strong
A rope brought his body down
How could America right this wrong

He attacked with a very few men
Determined as a bull when aroused
Trying to erase a country's sin
The fire of hate was never doused

He was like a planes descent
The country would finally look inside
Never to try and repent
Until many innocent men had died

He led his men along the track
The station master was black and free
Soldiers came from the station masters back
They knew the lands topography
Slaves, slaves come and join me
I have a few men and guns
I am going to make you free
As men and nuns are God's sons.

We are fighting for you
Our lifes on the line
I have little sons and daughters too
They have your freedom in mind

Join me and fight
A nation will join me soon
God knows I am right
My life ends near noon.
ROOTS AND SLAVERY

Mr. Haley went back seven generations
He quietly researched his family tree
Back to the Gambia of 1750
He uses the narrative history technique
Some say the truths are weak
African-American roots of his forbearers is traced
And a graphic picture of slavery is chased
From Kunte Kinte to the Civil War
The reader feels the cruelness and hardships of slavery
This is what the slaves daily saw
Yet imbued in all of this
The cunningness for survival is shown
The brutalities inflicted on those who would resist
The genius of a fiddler is known
As he exemplified Uncle Tom
Who blacks constantly demean
Though his usefulness and importance is seen
Then the highly emotional drama
When Chicken George confronted his worried mamma
Who said to his alarm
Do the master no harm
Because that is your dad
The only one you ever had
The clouds of insecurity
Whatever the slave's situation might be
The transmitted and hope for freedom
Passed down as a family legacy
I think it is a great journey
About the institution of slavery
And the beginnings of America
And the roots of the present society
Also how people controlled by others
Could develop love, affection, and dignity
Along with aspirations for freedom
In spite of debasing utter depravity
And on the other hand
It's not hard to understand
The white's chilling fear
When uprisings came near
Thinking retaliation would come
And then finally
The long trek to Tennessee
Where life would then be free
Beautifully depicted by the author
Mr. Alex Haley
ABE LINCOLN AND GOD'S WILL

Tis a very humid September day  
The humidity would make your clothes stick  
The sentinel walks around the White House with his snappy heel click  
Sweaty clerks tuck handkerchiefs  
Crowded bureaus wait to release their daily shifts  
As warm eyes watch the clock tick away  
Their ladies wait for the close of the work day  
Yet, stifled in corsets and long gowns  
They are in the capitol from many towns  
Yet this heat is all around  
But they must prepare a hot meal  
As a newsboy starts his sales appeal  
Amidst this torrent of heat  
He goes terr-r-ble victory great defeat  
Terr-r-ble victory great defeat  
Army new, army news, army news  
Lee's army trapped invading Maryland  
McClellan stops him once again  
And as his voice dies  
Some listeners wonder if he lies  
The bureaus releases a torrent of men  
Who rush home to their hot food  
And their patient women  
Away from the center of town  
Long lean Abe Lincoln could be found  
He was under a shaded area of soldiers home  
Trying to perceive who the victor would be  
His General McClellan
Or the brilliant tactician, Robert E. Lee
He knew that they were fighting now
Stanton and Halleck said you never can tell
Remember how we got wrong news on Bull Run?
The Southerners had given us hell
But it's gonna be different today
I wired McClellan to destroy them to the last man
When I released General Pope
And put Mac back in command
But if he wins and lets Lee get away
I'm done with him in every way
Because this war will be prolonged against god's will
And still no end
To the killing of our young men
Let's talk of God's will if I may
I talk to endless lines of ministers
And laymen from day to day
They write many, many prayers
But, do you think they hear the wounded?
As they bleed, die, and suffer amidst their swears
And then again
Could God's will be some payment for suffering?
Suffering of Black men
Who have been wronged again and again
God's will prevails in all probability
Balancing good over evil
As only he can see
But as I am President
I hope the will of God is on my side
Yet, in great contests such as this
Each side claims this will
Yet both may be wrong, still
But one certainly must  
Be with God and his trust  
And then I realize as I daily act  
This union could be saved or destroyed by God  
Without any war, battles, or attack  
If this is what has to be  
Tis unfathomable for one such as me to see  
Yet if I have to sacrifice every union man  
I mean to save the union if I can  
By what and whatever deeds  
Under our Constitution  
If God reads  
I feel that he is also just  
As he reads my will  
And surely he must  
That here in this country  
I find it very necessary  
That the last slave should be forever free  
But understand me, or will of God  
Saving the union is my goal  
Even before freeing one black soul.
ELLA

She makes dah notes so dear
Like dah instruments you hear
Ain’t nuthin bettah
Den Ella
Singin dah tune to dah lettah
She has sung with Bingo
Louie, Frankie and Dinah too
Her notes are sad and blue
Even did some scattin wid Diz
Now known as de greatest
In all show biz
Her notes are so clear
She imitates dah instruments you hear
Ain’t nuthin bettah
Den Ella
Singin dah tune to dah lettah
It started with tisket a tasket
Cause she lost a yellow basket
Chick Web sockin on dah drums
Little Ella got her start
Den dah world took her to heart
And as time goes on
Ella sings and sings
Den swings and swings
She challenges the musicians wails
Her sound just sails and sails
Ain’t nuthin bettah
Den Ella
Singin dah tune
To dah lettah
She loved Duke Ellington
Dah fabulous one
She sang his songs
From dah train
To lover's wrongs
She announces them
Wid endearing songs
Out of respect for him

Ain't nuthin bettah
Den Ella
Singin dah tune to dah lettah
After starting as a little girl
Her sound is known round dah world
Good ole Ella
Singin dah tune to dah lettah.
Dedicated to the beautiful singing voice of
ELLA FITZGERALD
Mr. Black
Watch his attack
He got fire
In dat wire
I say he got fire in dat wire
His ax will ring
It will crack
Den sing and swing
From string
To string
Dats Mr. Black
Doing his act, Mr. Black doing his act
He plays de classical
Or even de rock
Beethoven and blues
Sometimes even bach
Blenden high and low
Like a desert breeze
Like clouds walkin
Like steam talkin
Listen jack
Dats Mr. Black
Just doing his act
Watch dah fingahs
Like peles toes
Deh knows
Deh high
And deh lows
Catchin a note
Cuttin it off
Or lettin it float
Shavin a crescendo
Wid a bender
Or a quick bow
No greater skill
Can one know
When Mr. Black
Starts to blow
So straighten up jack
You is sho nuff blessed
Listening to Mr. Black
Get his guitar undressed
He got fire
In dat wire
Ah say he got fire in data wire
Its glide and glow
Like Saturday nite
At a disco show
Like a soaring eagle
Way up high
Gliding thru
Dat musical sky
Dats Mr. Black
At de top of de rack
Off de beaten track
Doin it, Just doin it
Over in watergate town
The pigfoot can be found
Off Rhode Island Avenue
Wid Mr. Black
Just doin his act
Chitlins, drinks and brew
So straighten up jack
And hurry back
And watch de lawd
Help Mr. Black do his act

To Bill Harris - One of D.C.'s Greatest

Guitarist Classical & Jazz
ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Mr. Jefferson was born and educated in the poor section of the nation’s capitol. His father worked for the railroad. He has three brothers—June, the oldest; Matthew; and Samuel, the youngest.

Mr. Jefferson’s Christian name is Bernard Alfred Jefferson — he writes and publishes under the name of Memmage Von Balfred Jaffersen.

He attended Storer College in Harper’s Ferry, West Virginia. In 1972, Mr. Jefferson received his Master of Arts in Educational Administration and Bachelor of Arts in Adult Education from the University of the District of Columbia.

Now he resides in Harper’s Ferry, West Virginia where he writes poetry.