

## **“O Southland!”**

**James Weldon Johnson**

O SOUTHLAND! O Southland!  
Have you not heard the call,  
The trumpet blown, the word made  
known  
To the nations, one and all?  
The watchword, the hope-word,  
Salvation's present plan?  
A gospel new, for all—for you:  
Man shall be saved by man.

O Southland! O Southland!  
Do you not hear to-day  
The mighty beat of onward feet,  
And know you not their way?  
'Tis forward, 'tis upward,  
On to the fair white arch  
Of Freedom's dome, and there is room  
For each man who would march.

O Southland, fair Southland!  
Then why do you still cling  
To an idle age and a musty page,  
To a dead and useless thing?  
'Tis springtime! 'Tis work-time!  
The world is young again!  
And God's above, and God is love,  
And men are only men.

O Southland! my Southland!  
O birthland! do not shirk  
The toilsome task, nor respite ask,  
But gird you for the work.  
Remember, remember  
That weakness stalks in pride;  
That he is strong who helps along  
The faint one at his side.