

1. Amelia Rylak (Virginia)

A Distant Song
By John Gould Fletcher

Whether awake or sleeping,

I cannot rest for long:

By my casement comes creeping

A distant song.

A song like the chiming of silver

Bells which the breezes play,

Seeming to float for ever

Towards an unseen day:

A song that is weary with sorrow,

Yet knows not any defeat:

Through the past, through to-day, through to-morrow,

It echoes on life's long street.

Could I but make words of its power,

Bring it from the future here,

Men's souls would be waking, that hour,
To the victory against fear.

But the vague sweet stanza befools me
With its calm joy, time after time,
And no failure here ever schools me
To cease from an idle rhyme.

That music afar, unspoken,
'Tis I have done it wrong:
I caught, and I have broken,
A distant song.

2. Joy Ogunsakin (New Jersey)

Not Dead, but Sleeping
By Clara Ann Thompson

We say he is dead; ah, the word is too

somber;

'Tis the touch of God, on the weary

eyes,

That has caused them to close, in peace-

ful slumber,

To open with joy, in the upper skies.

We say he is gone; we have lost him for-

ever;

His face and his form we will cherish no

more;

While happy and safe, just over the river,

He is waiting for us, where partings

are o'er.

Ah, sad are our hearts, as we gaze on

him sleeping,

And bitter and sad are the tears gush-
ing down;

And yet,— but we cannot see, for the
weeping,—

He has only exchanged the cross, for
the crown.

And though the dark mists of grief may
surround us,

Obscuring the face of the Father above,

And blindly we grope, still His arms are
around us,

To guide and sustain with His pitying
love.

And he whom we love, is safe in His
keeping,

Yes, safe and secure, whatever may
come;

But ne'er will we know how sweetly he's
sleeping.

Till God, in His mercy, shall gather us
home.

3. Gülse Polat (West Virginia)

Militants to Certain Other Women
By Katharine Rolston Fisher

You who pass coldly by when the police rush upon us,

When they wrench away our banners,

(Beautiful banners whose colors cry a demand for liberty)

You who criticize or condemn

(Declaring you “believe in suffrage,

Worked for it in your state, and your mother

knew Susan B. Anthony”)

Can you think in terms of a nation?

Could you die, (or face ridicule) for your belief?

For the freedom of women, for your freedom,

we are fighting;

For your safety we face danger, bear torture;

For your honor endure untellable insult.

To win democracy for you we defend the banners of democracy

Till our banners and our bodies

Are flung together on the pavement,

Waiting at the gates of government,

We have made of our weariness a symbol

Of women's long wait for justice.

We have borne the hunger and hardship of prison,

To open people's eyes

To men's determination to imprison the power of women.

You women who pass coldly by,

Do you imagine your freedom is coming

As a summer wind blows over fields?

Slowly it has advanced by a sixty-years' war,

(Those who have fought in it have not forgotten)

And that war is not won.

Strongly entrenched, the foe sits plotting.

Close to his lines our banners fly,

Signalling where to direct the fire,

Greater forces are needed, reserves and recruits.

Are you for winning or for waiting,

Women who watch the banners go down?

Women who say, "Suffrage is coming,"

While suffrage goes by you into Prussia?

Cease to be content with applauding speeches, and praising politicians.

Patience is shameful.

Awake, rise, and act.

4. Xariel Banton (Pennsylvania)

A Nation's Strength
By William Ralph Emerson

What makes a nation's pillars high

And its foundations strong?

What makes it mighty to defy

The foes that round it throng?

It is not gold. Its kingdoms grand

Go down in battle shock;

Its shafts are laid on sinking sand,

Not on abiding rock.

Is it the sword? Ask the red dust

Of empires passed away;

The blood has turned their stones to rust,

Their glory to decay.

And is it pride? Ah, that bright crown

Has seemed to nations sweet;

But God has struck its luster down

In ashes at his feet.

Not gold but only men can make
A people great and strong;
Men who for truth and honor's sake
Stand fast and suffer long.

Brave men who work while others sleep,
Who dare while others fly...
They build a nation's pillars deep
And lift them to the sky.

5. Joeltica Rogers (U.S. Virgin Islands)

To Solitude
By Alice Cary

I am weary of the working,

 Weary of the long day's heat;

To thy comfortable bosom,

 Wilt thou take me, spirit sweet?

Weary of the long, blind struggle

 For a pathway bright and high,—

Weary of the dimly dying

 Hopes that never quite all die.

Weary searching a bad cipher

 For a good that must be meant;

Discontent with being weary,—

 Weary with my discontent.

I am weary of the trusting

 Where my trusts but torments prove;

Wilt thou keep faith with me? wilt thou

 Be my true and tender love?

I am weary drifting, driving

Like a helmless bark at sea;

Kindly, comfortable spirit,

Wilt thou give thyself to me?

Give thy birds to sing me sonnets?

Give thy winds my cheeks to kiss?

And thy mossy rocks to stand for

The memorials of our bliss?

I in reverence will hold thee,

Never vexed with jealous ills,

Though thy wild and wimpling waters

Wind about a thousand hills.

6. Summer Lin Brackett (New Hampshire)

On Religion
By Kahlil Gibran

And an old priest said, Speak to us of Religion.

And he said:

Have I spoken this day of aught else?

Is not religion all deeds and all reflection,

And that which is neither deed nor reflection, but a wonder and a surprise ever

springing in the soul, even while the hand hew the stone or tend the loom?

Who can separate his faith from his actions, or his belief from his occupations?

Who can spread his hours before him, saying, "This for God and this for myself"

This for my soul, and this other for my body?"

All your hours are wings that beat through space from self to self.

He who wears his morality but as his best garment were better naked.

The wind and the sun will tear no holes in his skin.

And he who defines his conduct by ethics imprisons his song-bird in a cage.

The freest song comes not through bars and wires.

And he to whom worshipping is a window, to open but also to shut, has not yet

visited the house of his soul whose windows are from dawn to dawn.

Your daily life is your temple and your religion.

Whenever you enter into it take with you your all.

Take the plough and the forge and the mallet and the lute,

The things you have fashioned in necessity or for delight.

For in revery you cannot rise above your achievements nor fall lower than your
failures.

And take with you all men:

For in adoration you cannot fly higher than their hopes nor humble yourself lower
than their despair.

And if you would know God be not therefore a solver of riddles.

Rather look about you and you shall see Him playing with your children.

And look into space; you shall see Him walking in the cloud, outstretching His
arms in the lightning and descending in rain.

You shall see Him smiling in flowers, then rising and waving His hands in trees.

7. Astrid Santos (Rhode Island)

Our Own Twelve Anti-suffragist Reasons By Alice Duer Miller

1. Because no woman will leave her domestic duties to vote.
2. Because no woman who may vote will attend to her domestic duties.
3. Because it will make dissension between husband and wife.
4. Because every woman will vote as her husband tells her to.
5. Because bad women will corrupt politics.
6. Because bad politics will corrupt women.
7. Because women have no power of organization.
8. Because women will form a solid party and outvote men.
9. Because men and women are so different that they must stick to different duties.
10. Because men and women are so much alike that men, with one vote each, can
represent their own views and ours too.
11. Because women cannot use force.

12. Because the militants did use force.

8. Eason M. DeMarsico-Thorne (Vermont)

A Southern Road
By Helene Johnson

Yolk-colored tongue
Parched beneath a burning sky,
A lazy little tune
Hummed up the crest of some
Soft sloping hill.
One streaming line of beauty
Flowing by a forest
Pregnant with tears.
A hidden nest for beauty
Idly flung by God
In one lonely lingering hour
Before the Sabbath.
A blue-fruited black gum,
Like a tall predella,
Bears a dangling figure,—
Sacrificial dower to the raff,
Swinging alone,
A solemn, tortured shadow in the air

9. Sarah Seidu (Ohio)

Invitation to Love
By Paul Laurence Dunbar

Come when the nights are bright with stars

Or come when the moon is mellow;

Come when the sun his golden bars

Drops on the hay-field yellow.

Come in the twilight soft and gray,

Come in the night or come in the day,

Come, O love, whene'er you may,

And you are welcome, welcome.

You are sweet, O Love, dear Love,

You are soft as the nesting dove.

Come to my heart and bring it to rest

As the bird flies home to its welcome nest.

Come when my heart is full of grief

Or when my heart is merry;

Come with the falling of the leaf

Or with the redd'ning cherry.

Come when the year's first blossom blows,

Come when the summer gleams and glows,

Come with the winter's drifting snows,

And you are welcome, welcome.

10. Caliyah McCall (North Carolina)

Battle-Hymn of the Republic
By Julia Ward Howe

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord:

He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;

He hath loosed the fatal lightning of his terrible swift sword:

His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;

They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;

I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps.

His Day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of steel:

“As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal;

Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel,

Since God is marching on.”

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;

He is sifting out the hearts of men before his judgment-seat:

Oh! be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet!

Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me:
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

11. Oona Borovicka (South Carolina)

The Net
By Margaret Widdemer

The strangers' children laugh along the street:
They know not, or forget the sweeping of the Net
Swift to ensnare such little careless feet.
And we—we smile and watch them pass along,
And those who walk beside, soft-smiling, cruel-eyed—
We guard our own—not ours to right the wrong!
We do not care—we shall not heed or mark,
Till we shall hear one day, too late to strive or pray,
Our daughters' voices crying from the dark!

12. Natalia Gatti (Delaware)

To a Young Dancing Girl
By Elsa Gidlow

Golden-eyed girl, do you see what I see?

Do you see behind the veil that Life

laughs through?

Golden-eyed girl, I would like to laugh

with you.

But my veil is torn, and I see things pass

Like shadows in the depths of a crystal glass.

Golden-eyed girl, you are young as springtime,

Your great eyes are dreamful, your rare

lips sweet.

Shadows matter little to youth with dancing feet

All of Life's skeletons wear gay dresses

And youth is deceived by even Death's caresses.

Golden-eyed girl, you have years to dance and

wonder

Before your Life's curtain will wear into holes

And let you see the hopelessness hidden in souls.

You have many moons of laughter, many

years to go

Before you'll learn how heavy dancing feet

can grow.

13. Nyla Dinkins (District of Columbia)

A Suggested Campaign Song
By Alice Duer Miller

(“No brass bands. No speeches. Instead a still, silent, effective influence.”—*Anti-suffrage speech*.)

We are waging—can you doubt it?

 A campaign so calm and still

No one knows a thing about it

 And we hope they never will.

 No one knows

 What we oppose,

 And we hope they never will.

We are ladylike and quiet,

 Here a whisper—there a hint;

Never speeches, bands or riot,

 Nothing suitable for print.

 No one knows

 What we oppose,

 For we never speak for print.

Sometimes in profound seclusion,

 In some far (but homelike) spot,

We will make a dark allusion:

“We’re opposed to you-know-what.”

No one knows

What we oppose,

For we call it “You-Know-What.”

14. Meghan Rivard (Maine)

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represent their own views and ours too.
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15. Isabella Romero (Maryland)

[little tree]
By E. E. Cummings

little tree

little silent Christmas tree

you are so little

you are more like a flower

who found you in the green forest

and were you very sorry to come away?

see i will comfort you

because you smell so sweetly

i will kiss your cool bark

and hug you safe and tight

just as your mother would,

only don't be afraid

look the spangles

that sleep all the year in a dark box

dreaming of being taken out and allowed to shine,
the balls the chains red and gold the fluffy threads,

put up your little arms

and i'll give them all to you to hold.

every finger shall have its ring

and there won't be a single place dark or unhappy

then when you're quite dressed

you'll stand in the window for everyone to see

and how they'll stare!

oh but you'll be very proud

and my little sister and i will take hands

and looking up at our beautiful tree

we'll dance and sing

"Noel Noel"

16. Emma Rose Frisbie (Connecticut)

The Old Suffragist
By Margaret Widdemer

She could have loved—her woman-passions beat

Deeper than theirs, or else she had not known

How to have dropped her heart beneath their feet

A living stepping-stone:

The little hands—did they not clutch her heart?

The guarding arms—was she not very tired?

Was it an easy thing to walk apart,

Unresting, undesired?

She gave away her crown of woman-praise,

Her gentleness and silent girlhood grace,

To be a merriment for idle days,

Scorn for the market-place:

She strove for an unvisioned, far-off good,

For one far hope she knew she could not see:

These—not her daughters—crowned with motherhood

And love and beauty—free.

17. Nia Cao (Massachusetts)

**Rulers
By Fenton Johnson**

It is said that many a king in troubled Europe would sell his crown for a day of happiness.

I have seen a monarch who held tightly the jewel of happiness.

On Lombard street in Philadelphia, as evening dropped to earth, I gazed upon a laborer duskier than a sky devoid of moon. He was seated on a throne of flour bags, waving his hand imperiously as two small boys played on their guitars the ragtime tunes of the day.

God's blessing on the monarch who rules on Lombard Street in Philadelphia.