

Upward and onward your watchword
shall be.

O, Blessed Savior, show him thy favor!
Keep our beloved Marcus Garvey
eternally.

REV. THOS. H. FORD,
Hambrook, Mich.

Knocking the Garvey Movement.
Boys, you may say whatever you like,
but I know that—
It's no use to knock this movement.
What's the use to kick? I say.
It is just for your improvement—
Then fall in line with the U. N. I. A.

Are you one of those that are sleeping.
While the whole world is awake?
Are you still like babes a-creeping?
Oh, for heaven's sake awake!

Africa to you is calling.
She's been-calling loud and long.
Get in line with us who are going—
We're four hundred million strong!

Cease to fight the white man's battle.
You to him a tool have been.
When you hear the cannon's rattle,
Rally round the red, black and green!

Marcus Garvey is the leader
Of this noble race of ours.
He is not a coward, either—
He's a man that knows no fears.

Yes, we're coming, Mr. White Man,
You had better take your flight.
Coming to redeem our own land,
Fighting just for our right.

Give the new Negro his portion,
And he'll never bother you.
Give him his, on land and ocean,
For he'll have it anyhow.

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