

## Monumentum in Aere.

+ + + + + The woman sat upon a tomb  
 And, with her brood around,  
 The story told of hero-dust,  
 That made it holy ground  
 "They fought," she said "to save our land  
 From Treason's grasp and free  
 A race who bore, in sweat and blood,  
 The chains of Slavery!"  
 "What's Slavery?" straight the youngster cried.  
 I heard in sore amaze  
 For hue and lineage conspired,  
 To show the sun-cursed race.

+ + + + +  
 "Enough! Enough!" I wailing cried:  
 "Oh, comrades, not in vain ye died!  
 Let brambles hide each grave!  
 Let mural tablets fade!  
 Ye need them not,  
 For Afric's child,  
Knows not the name of Slave!"

Written for Dedication Day 1876, and used at that  
 Cemetery, Raleigh, N. C.  
 William W. Bourgee

