

# PORTLAND OBSERVER

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Section II

## The Cry of our youth



I am the Black child.  
All the world awaits my coming.  
All the earth watches, with interest,  
to see what I shall become.  
Civilization hangs in the balance.  
For what I am,  
The world of tomorrow will be.

I am the Black child.  
You have brought me into this world,  
about which I know nothing.  
You hold in your hand my destiny.  
You determine whether I succeed  
or fail. Give me, I beg you, a world  
where I can walk tall and proud.  
Train me, as is your duty unto me,  
To love myself, my people, and to  
build our Black nation.