

Liberty, Labor and Langston

A new exhibit of the



Let America Be America Again

by Langston Hughes, 1936)

Let America be America again.
Let it be the dream it used to be.
Let it be the pioneer on the plain
Seeking a home where he
himself is free.

(America never was America to me.)

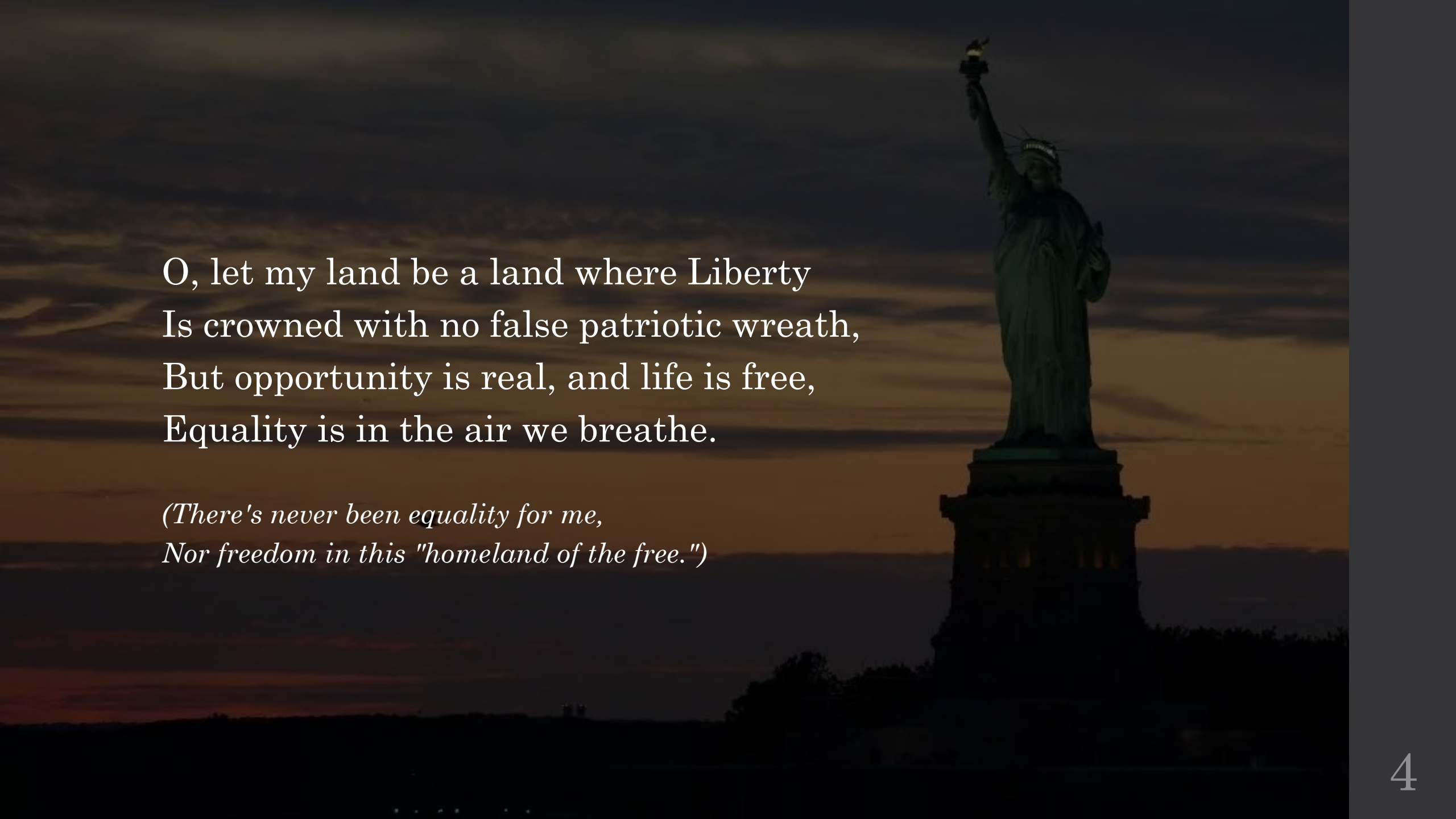


Let America be the dream the
dreamers dreamed--
Let it be that great strong land of love
Where never kings connive nor tyrants
scheme
That any man be crushed by one above.

(It never was America to me.)

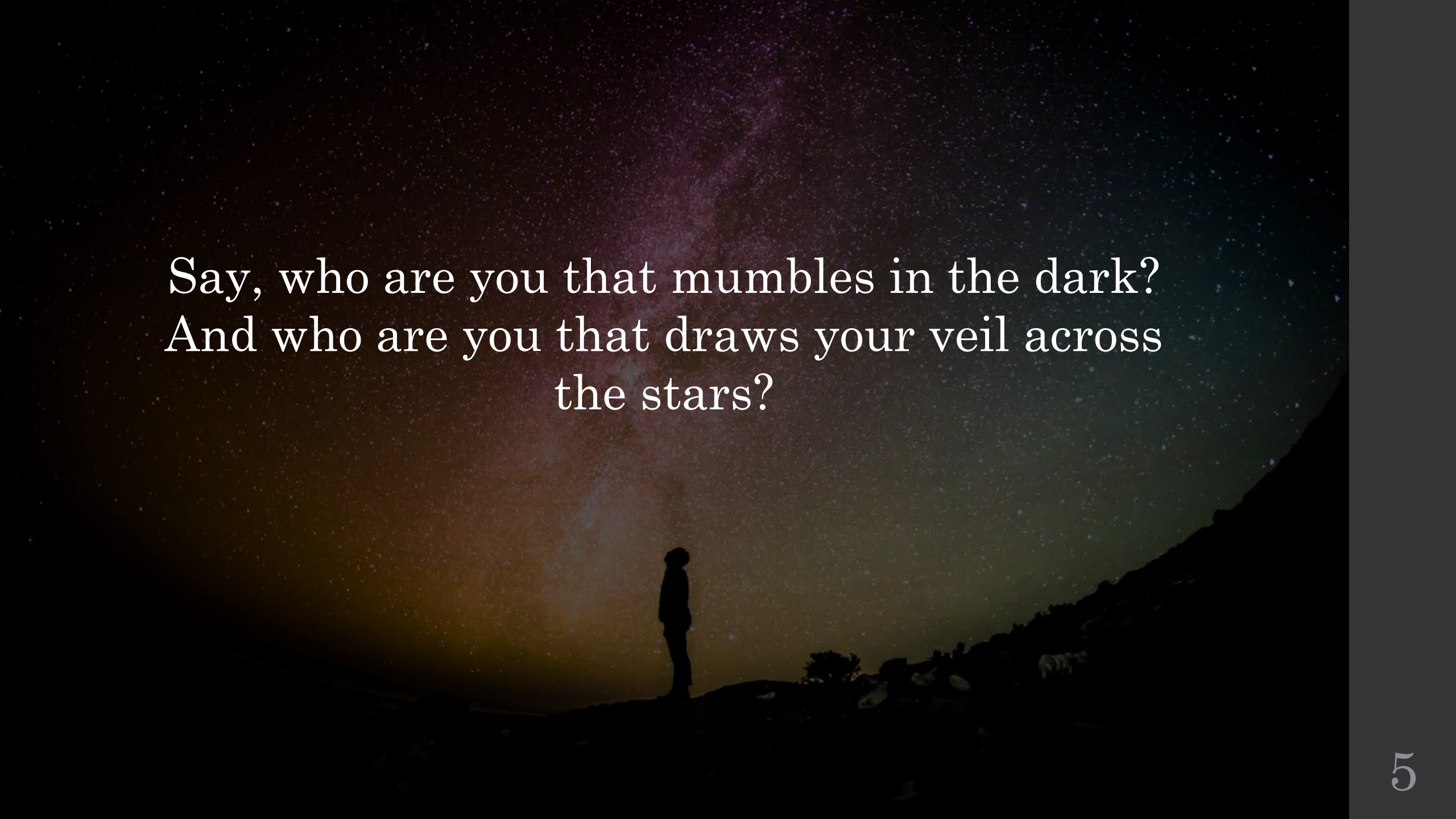


King George III of England

The background of the slide is a photograph of the Statue of Liberty in New York City, silhouetted against a sunset sky. The sky transitions from a deep orange near the horizon to a dark, almost black, blue at the top. The statue is positioned on the right side of the frame, with its right arm raised holding a torch. The overall mood is somber and reflective.

O, let my land be a land where Liberty
Is crowned with no false patriotic wreath,
But opportunity is real, and life is free,
Equality is in the air we breathe.

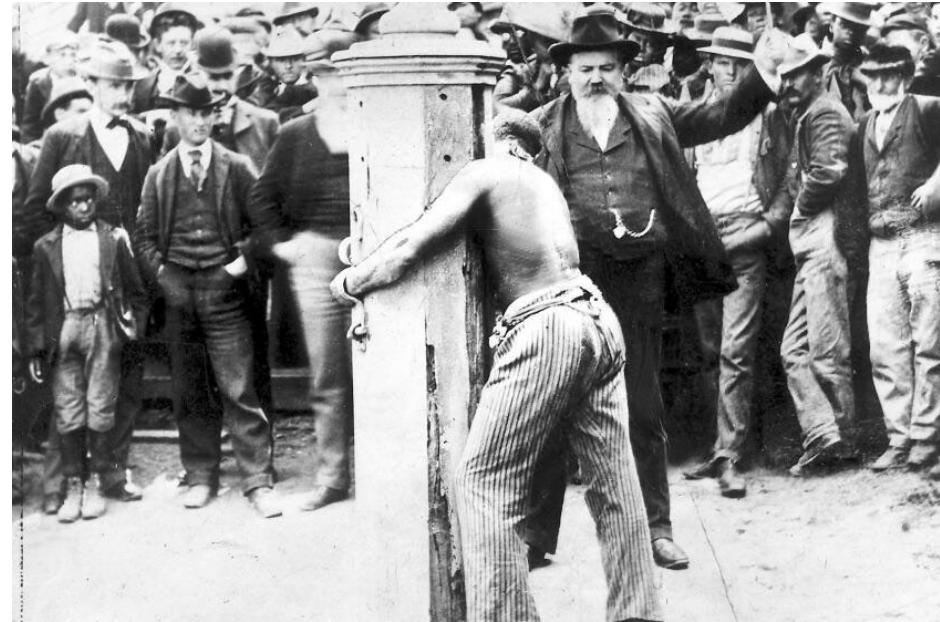
*(There's never been equality for me,
Nor freedom in this "homeland of the free.")*

A person is silhouetted against a vast, starry night sky. The Milky Way galaxy is visible, stretching across the upper portion of the frame. The person stands on a dark, rocky outcrop, looking up at the stars. The overall scene is dark and atmospheric, with the bright stars providing the primary light source.

Say, who are you that mumbles in the dark?
And who are you that draws your veil across
the stars?



I am the poor white, fooled and pushed apart,
I am the Negro bearing slavery's scars.

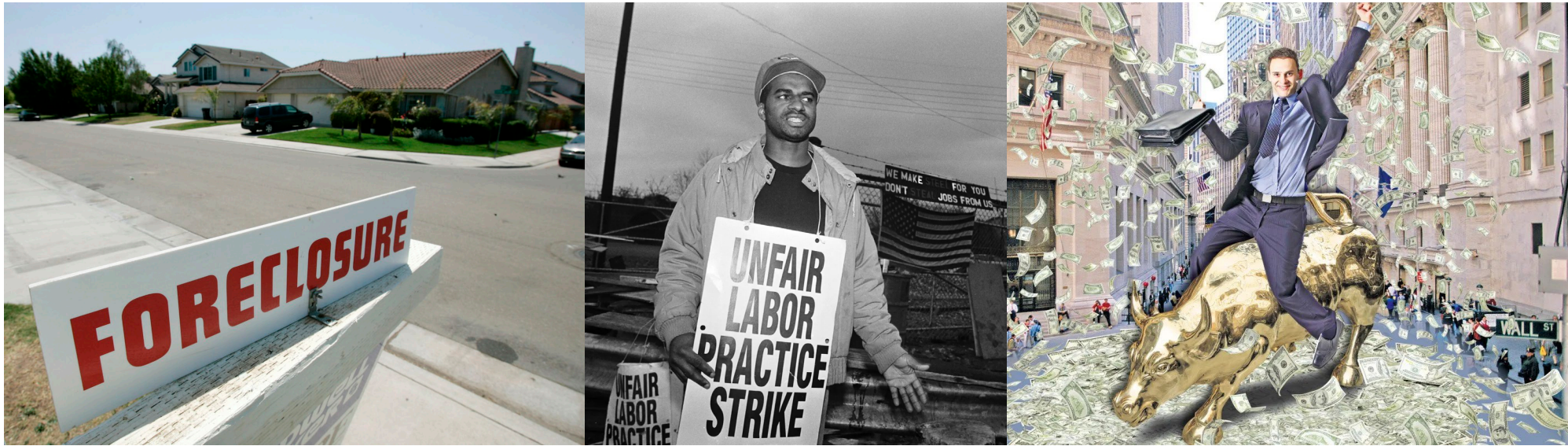




I am the red man driven from
the land,



I am the immigrant clutching the hope I seek--
And finding only the same old stupid plan
Of dog eat dog, of mighty crush the weak.



I am the young man, full of strength and hope,
Tangled in that ancient endless chain
Of profit, power, gain, of grab the land!
Of grab the gold! Of grab the ways of satisfying need!
Of work the men! Of take the pay!
Of owning everything for one's own greed!



I am the farmer,
bondsman to the soil.
I am the worker sold to
the machine.
I am the Negro, servant
to you all.

I am the people,
humble, hungry, mean--

Hungry yet today
despite the dream.

Beaten yet today--O,
Pioneers!

I am the man who never
got ahead,

The poorest worker
bartered through the
years.





Yet I'm the one who dreamt our basic dream
In the Old World while still a serf of kings,
Who dreamt a dream so strong, so brave, so true,
That even yet its mighty daring sings
In every brick and stone, in every furrow turned
That's made America the land it has become.
O, I'm the man who sailed those early seas
In search of what I meant to be my home--
For I'm the one who left dark Ireland's shore,
And Poland's plain, and England's grassy lea,
And torn from Black Africa's strand I came
To build a "homeland of the free."

The free?



Who said the free? Not me?
Surely not me? The millions
on relief today?

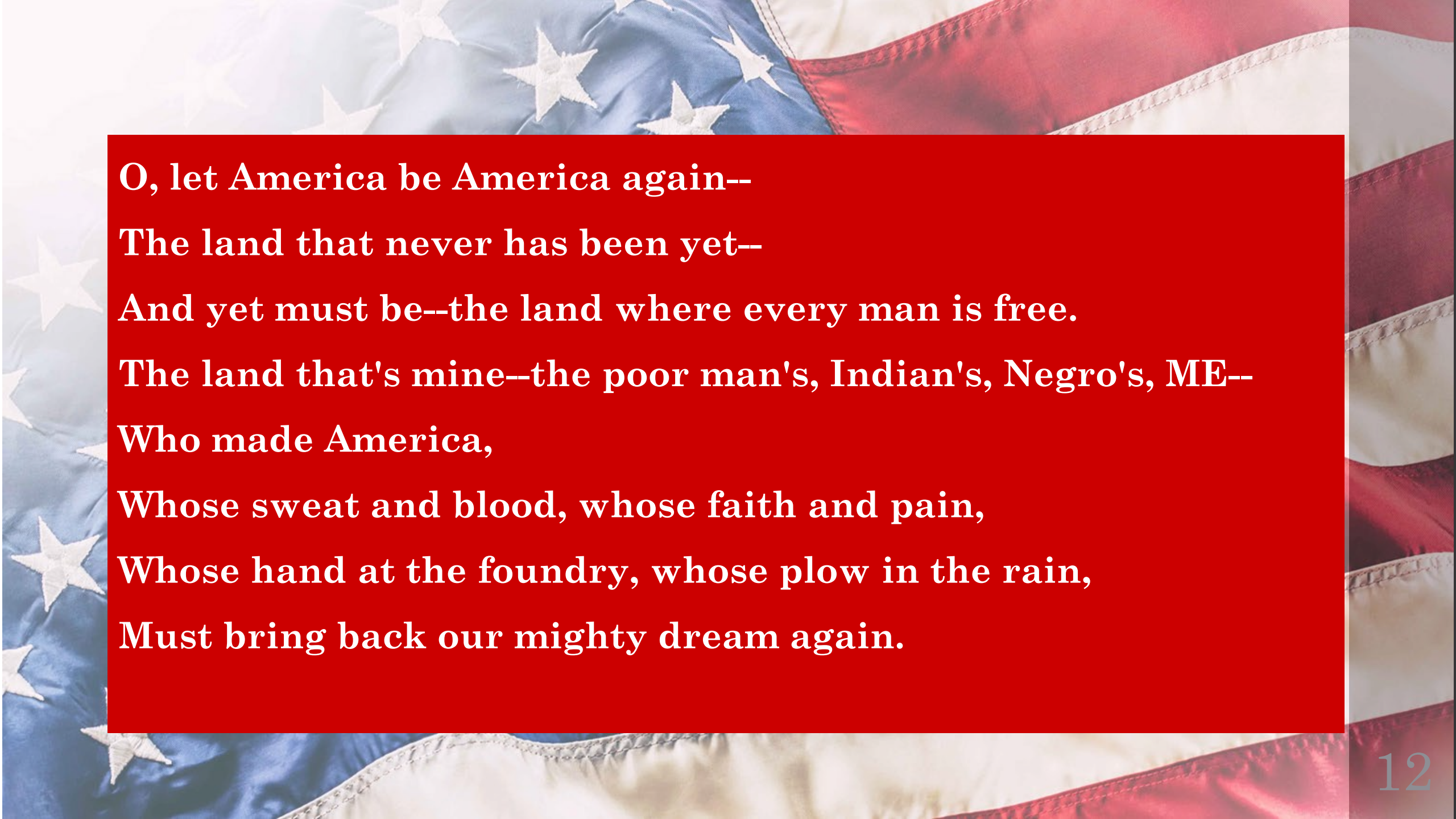
The millions shot down
when we strike?

The millions who have
nothing for our pay?
For all the dreams we've
dreamed

And all the songs we've sung
And all the hopes we've held
And all the flags we've
hung,

The millions who have
nothing for our pay--
Except the dream that's
almost dead today.



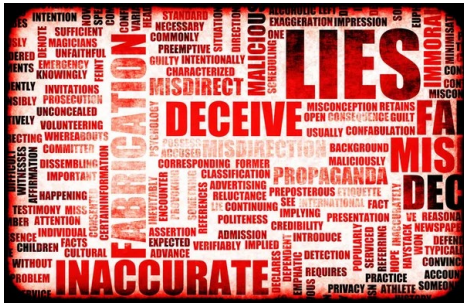
The background of the slide is a close-up, slightly blurred image of the American flag, showing the blue field with white stars and the red and white stripes. The flag is draped and appears to be in motion, with soft lighting that creates a patriotic and nostalgic atmosphere.

**O, let America be America again--
The land that never has been yet--
And yet must be--the land where every man is free.
The land that's mine--the poor man's, Indian's, Negro's, ME--
Who made America,
Whose sweat and blood, whose faith and pain,
Whose hand at the foundry, whose plow in the rain,
Must bring back our mighty dream again.**

Sure, call me any ugly
name you choose--
The steel of freedom
does not stain.
From those who live
like leeches on the
people's lives,
We must take back our
land again,
America!



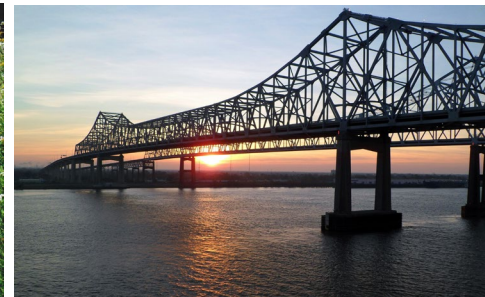
O, yes,
I say it plain,
America never was
America to me,
And yet I swear this
oath--
America will be!



Facebook, Instagram and Threads will no longer have fact-checking in the United States



Out of the rack and ruin of our gangster death,
The rape and rot of graft, and stealth, and lies,
We, the people, must redeem
The land, the mines, the plants, the rivers.
The mountains and the endless plain--
All, all the stretch of these great green states--
And make America again!





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Our new exhibit opens online at www.carver4m.org on February 1, 2025 in celebration of Black History Month. It is curated by Terry Miller.

It will open inside of the museum from February 25 through the end of December.

Open by appointment. Contact C. Carpenter at (540) 270-3891