If We Must Die

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If we must die, let it not be like hogs

Hunted and penned in an inglorious spot,

While round us bark the mad and hungry dogs,

Making their mock at our accursèd lot.

If we must die, O let us nobly die,

So that our precious blood may not be shed

In vain; then even the monsters we defy

Shall be constrained to honor us though dead!

O kinsmen! we must meet the common foe!

Though far outnumbered let us show us brave,

And for their thousand blows deal one death-blow!

What though before us lies the open grave?

Like men we’ll face the murderous, cowardly pack,

Pressed to the wall, dying, but fighting back!

**I, too by Langston Hughes**

I, too, sing America.  
  
I am the darker brother.  
They send me to eat in the kitchen  
When company comes,  
But I laugh,  
And eat well,  
And grow strong.  
  
Tomorrow,  
I'll be at the table  
When company comes.  
Nobody'll dare  
Say to me,  
"Eat in the kitchen,"  
Then.  
  
Besides,  
They'll see how beautiful I am  
And be ashamed--  
  
I, too, am America.

**Langston Hughes**

**A Dream Deferred**

What happens to a dream deferred?

      Does it dry up

      like a raisin in the sun?

      Or fester like a sore—

      And then run?

      Does it stink like rotten meat?

      Or crust and sugar over—

      like a syrupy sweet?

      Maybe it just sags

      like a heavy load.

*Or does it explode?*

**It Don’t Mean a Thing if it Ain’t Got That Swing**

What good is melody?  
What good is music?  
If it ain’t possessing something sweet  
Now it ain’t the melody  
And it ain’t the music  
There’s something else that makes this tune complete,  
do wah, do wah, dow wah,  
It don’t mean a thing if it ain’t got that swing  
Well it don’t mean a thing all you got to do is sing  
It makes no difference if it’s sweet or hot  
Just give that rhythm ev-ry-thing you got YES  
It don’t mean a thing if it ain’t got that swing  
It don’t mean a thing  
It don’t mean a thing if it ain’t got that swing boy  
(Ba ba doo dah doo…)  
I said it don’t mean a thing and all you got to do is sing  
(La la la…)  
Now it makes no difference if it’s sweet or hot just give me your best shot shut up shut up shut up dummy fuvk  
Just give that rhythm ev-ry-thing you got OHH  
It don’t mean a thing boy, if it ain’t got-a-that-a-swinga  
(Ba boo ba doo…)  
Show me

**"Strange Fruit"**

Southern trees bear a strange fruit  
Blood on the leaves and blood at the root  
Black bodies swingin' in the Southern breeze  
Strange fruit hangin' from the poplar trees  
  
Pastoral scene of the gallant South  
The bulgin' eyes and the twisted mouth  
Scent of magnolias sweet and fresh  
Then the sudden smell of burnin' flesh  
  
Here is a fruit for the crows to pluck  
For the rain to gather, for the wind to suck  
For the sun to rot, for the tree to drop  
Here is a strange and bitter crop

**Choosing 1 of the primary documents above complete the following on the back of the paper**

1. **Summarize the artist & main idea of the work (3-5 complete sentences)**
2. **Describe how the work is representative of things we have discussed about Harlem Renaissance (3-5 sentences)**
3. **Write your personal reaction to the work, mood, tone, feelings if evokes, what you liked, didn’t like, agreed with, disagreed with, found interesting because… (3-5 sentences)**