

One cent a number for each size
 If some more tens, should be a prize
 And greatly help their needs so many,
 When added to their pile of pennies,
 "Now one more thing and den we go,
 So please all line up in a row,
 And give the hand of fellowship,
 To every one, with good strong grip."
 The music started, so did they,
 And circled round and round the way
 Led by one brother black and tall
 Who's voice was heard above them all,
 Over and over the songs he sang,
 Louder and louder their voices rang,
 As they danced, and stamped, and felt the ^{Power}
 Swayed by the spirit of the hour,
 The Preacher standing back, looked on
 With shining face, demeanor calm,
 But when he thot time to postpone it,
 They all were quiet in a moment.