

“RIGHT’S SECURITY”

BY

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

What if the wind do howl without,
And turn the creaking weather-vane;
What if the arrows of the rain
Do beat against the window-pane?
Art thou not armored strong and fast
Against the sallies of the blast?
Art thou not sheltered safe and well
Against the flood’s insistent swell?

What boots it, that thou stand’st alone,
And laughest in the battle’s face
When all the weak have fled the place
And let their feet and fears keep pace?
Thou waviest still thine ensign, high,
And shoutest thy loud battle-cry;
Higher than e’er the tempest roared,
It cleaves the silence like a sword.

Right arms and armors, too, that man
Who will not compromise with wrong;
Though single, he must front the throng,
And wage the battle hard and long.
Minorities, since time began,
Have shown the better side of man;
And often in the lists of Time
One man has made a cause sublime!