

DRED SCOTT

Dred Scott, Dred Scott!
What is truth, and what is not?
Do the Justices agree?
In your skin of ebony
does a human being dwell?
“No, Dred Scott, go back to hell!
Born a slave, a slave you’ll be.
Only humans can be free.”

Dred Scott, Dred Scott!
What’s the judgment that you got:
not a person, just a sale,
open to a bull whip’s tail,
open to abortion’s knife,
black-skinned slave without a life,
property until the tomb,
modern baby in a womb?

Dred Scott, Dred Scott!
It’s their choice to let you rot.
Highest Court in all the land
cannot see that you’re a man,
cannot hear your silent scream,
cannot raise the moral steam
to refuse a so-called right:
justice blind to freedom’s light!

Dred Scott, Dred Scott!
Some break laws to change your lot.
Maced, they’re dragged away by cops,
while you plow the slaver’s crops.
What is Congress waiting for?
Do they want the Civil War?
Do they want plantations burned?
Babies die while backs are turned.

Dred Scott, Dred Scott!
Justices Supreme forgot!
In decisions where they lied
God will never let them hide!
Abolitionists will win!
Truth in time exposes sin:
holocausts, the death-camp flames,
Murdered babies without names.

— David L. Hatton 10/14/1991