

Stand Your Ground, Mister President  
(Dedicated to President Harry S. Truman)

Just stand your ground, Mister President!  
Millions of us are cheering for you.  
We believe it Divine Providence  
That you are thus led God's will to do.

Lo, God moves in mysterious ways;  
We know not whom He has in waiting.  
Who knows but that you are just the man -  
There is no need of hesitating.

So stand your ground, Mister President!  
There have been martyrs before your time.  
Should you fail in your undertaking,  
May you be numbered with them sublime.

When the leader of a great nation,  
Looking into the future, can read  
The bold handwriting upon the wall  
And with his subjects begins to plead,

It is time that we stop and listen,  
To your Civil Rights Program give heed;  
For you have come to us, as Lincoln,  
A great light in our dark hour of need.

To think that in a DEMOCRACY  
Governors and Congressmen, too,  
Want to rebel against their leader  
Because he chooses the RIGHT to do.

If the South fail to heed your warning,  
But find you firm, to convictions true,  
Perhaps they, like repentant children,  
Will seek a different course to pursue.

Then stand your ground, Mister President!  
Though it seem alone you bear the cross.  
We hope you will win, but should you lose,  
You can go down for no greater cause.

Mrs. A. H. Thorpe

Feb. 14, 1948

THE WHITE HOUSE  
WASHINGTON

March 9, 1948

My dear Mrs. Thorpe:

Your letter of March second to the  
President has been received. The thoughtfulness  
which prompted you to send him that copy of your  
poem is appreciated as well as the confidence in  
his leadership which is implied.

Very sincerely yours,



WILLIAM D. HASSETT  
Secretary to the President

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