

Poem- "Ain't I a Woman"

Wall, chilern,
whar dar is so much racket
dar must be somethin' out o' kilter.
I tink dat 'twixt de nigger of de Souf
and de womin at de Norf,
all talkin' 'bout rights,
de white men will be in a fix pretty soon.
But what's all dis here talkin' 'bout?

Dat man ober dar say
dat womin needs to be helped into carriages,
and lifted ober ditches,
and to hab de best place everywhar.
Nobody eber halps me into carriages,
or ober mudpuddles,
or gibs me any best place!
And ar'n't I a woman?

Look at me!
Look at my arm!
I have ploughed,
and planted,
and gathered into barns,
and no man could head me!
And ar'n't I a woman?

I could work as much
and eat as much as a man --
when I could get it --
and bear de lash as well!
And ar'n't I a woman?

I have borne thirteen chilern,
and seen 'em mos' all sold off to slavery,
and when I cried out with my mother's grief,
none but Jesus heard me!
And ar'n't I a woman?

Den dey talks 'bout dis ting in de head;
what dis dey call it?
'Intellect,'
(whispered someone near).
Dat's it, honey.
What's dat got to do wid womin's rights
or nigger's rights?
If my cup won't hold but a pint,
and yourn holds a quart,
wouldn't ye be mean
not to let me have my little half-measure full?

Den dat little man in black dar,
he say women can't have as much rights as men,
'cause Christ wan't a woman!
Whar did your Christ come from?
Whar did your Christ come from?
From God and a woman!
Man had nothin' to do wid Him.

If de fust woman God ever made
was strong enough to turn de world upside down
all alone,
dese women togedder ought to be able to turn it back, and get it right side up again!
And now dey is asking to do it,
de men better let 'em.

Bleeged to ye for hearin' on me,
and now ole Sojourner
han't got nothin' more to say.'

[Sojourner Truth](#)