

## **Pura Fé**

# **"Della Blackman/Pick And Choose"**

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Della Blackman married a white man  
Who lived on the other side of town  
Her husband had friends  
That disapproved of the marriage  
They wore white hoods  
Saying Klu Klux Klan

Aunt Della was told  
To forget about her ancestry  
She denied her mama's blood was red as the land  
If she would ever see her family or people  
Della was warned to walk on by

You've got to pick and choose in this world  
There's a right and wrong  
You gotta know it in your heart  
But when the time has come  
Creator will do what is done  
But until then you've got to pick and choose

One day a postcard came in the mail  
A family picnic, she was invited to  
Della was warned that she had better not go  
Well, what do you think this woman did do?

Aunt Della remembered the strength of her family  
Yeah, the singing, laughter, and mama's love she  
missed  
Therefore she said, "I'll be damned if I don't! I'll go  
Pack up my bags and see my folks!"

To get to the picknick, Della walked through the woods  
She heard footsteps of the living dead  
Aunt Della started to run, screaming to her family  
But no one heard the final warning had come  
A group of angry men violated Della and  
Left her in the woods, hard to identify  
When her family got the news,  
They summoned all her people  
In silence they carried her body home.

Chorus

Della Blackman, was buried with her people  
Many who'd been taken down from the land  
Everyday you'd see her husband standing by her  
grave,  
As if he were the ghost and Della had been saved!

Chorus

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