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| **Allow Me to Introduce Myself** by Charles R. Smith Jr.  Allow me to introduce myself  They call me  the show stopper  the dime dropper  the spin-move-to-the-left  reverse jam poppa.  The high flier  on the night wire.  The intense rim-rattlin’  noise amplifier.  The net-shaker  back board break creator  of the funk dunk  hip-shaker.  The Man  Sir Slam  The Legend  I be.  That’s just a few of the names they call me. |
| **Black Girl** by Dudley Randall  **B**lack girl, black girl  Lips as curved as cherries  Full as grape bunches  sweet as blackberries |
| **Comes Walking** by Robert Hayden  (a poem about Sojourner Truth)  **C**omes walking barefoot  out of slavery  ancestress  childless mother  following the stars  her mind a star.  Journeys toward the future, liberty  her calling and her credentials…TRUTH. |
| **Dream Boogie** by Langston Hughes  Good morning, Daddy!  Ain’t you heard  The boogie woogie rumble  Of a dream deferred?  Listen closely:  You’ll hear their feet  Beating out and beating out a---  You think  It’s a happy beat?  Listen to it closely:  Ain’t you heard  something underneath  like a ---  Hey bop, be-bop… ALL: Word |
| Each Man by Henry Dumas  A string on the harp  doing its own destiny  no one pushing  no one behind  each man  the end  and the beginning  of harmony |
| **Words like Freedom** by Langston Hughes  There are words like **F**reedom  Sweet and wonderful to say,  On my heart-strings freedom sings  All day everyday. |
| **God Never Planted a Garden** by Anne Spencer  God never planted a garden  But He placed a keeper there  And the keeper ever razed the ground  And built a city where  God cannot walk at the end of day,  Nor take the morning air. |
| **Harriet Tubman** by Eloise Greenfield  Harriet Tubman didn’t take no stuff  Wasn’t scared of nothing neither  Didn’t come in this world to be no slave  And wasn’t going to stay one either. |
| **If** by Raymond Patterson  If I could imagine the shaping of Fate,  I would think of black men  Handling the sun. |
| **Jumps Right In by** Eloise Greenfield  Get set, ready now, jump right in  Bounce and kick and giggle and spin  Listen to the rope when it hits the ground  Listen to that clappedy-slappedy sound  Jump right up when it tells you to  Come back down, whatever you do  Count to a hundred, count by ten  Start to count all over again  That’s what jumping is all about  Get set, ready now,  Jump right out! |
| **I Am Kojo** by Gwendolyn Brooks  I am **K**ojo. In West Africa, Kojo  means Unconquerable,  My parents  named me the seventh day from my birth  In Black spirit, Black faith, Black communion  I am Kojo. I am A Black  And I Capitalize my name.  Do not call me out of my name! |
| **Lean On Me** by Bill Withers  Lean on me, when you're not strong  And I'll be your friend  I'll help you carry on  For it won't be long  'Til I'm gonna need  Somebody to lean on. |
| My, My, My by Margaret Walker  **M**y grandmothers were strong.  They followed plow and bent to toil.  They moved through fields sowing seed.  They were full of sturdiness and singing.  My grandmothers were strong.  My grandmothers are full of memories  Smelling of soap and onions and wet clay  With veins rolling roughly over quick hands  They have many clean words to say.  My grandmothers were strong.  Why am I not as they? |
| **N**othing by **Owen Dodson**  Nothing happens only once,  Nothing happens only here,  Every love that lies asleep  Wakes today another year. |
| **The Old of Our People by Haki Madhubuti**  The **O**ld of our people  are the elders of the race  and must be listened to,  must be looked after,  must be given meaningful work,  must be loved and cared for,  must be treated with highest respect,  the elders of the race  are the reason we are here. |
| **P**aula by **by Rita Dove**  I’m **P**aula the cat  not thin nor fat  as happy as house cats can be  But now I’ve the urge  for my spirit to surge  and I shall go off to sea. |
| **Queenly by Maya Angelou**  My hair, a hive of honeybees  Is a **Q**ueenly glory  Crackles like castanets  Hums like marimbas. |
| **Rapper’s Delight** by Sugar Hill Gang  I said a hip hop the hippie to the hippie  the hip hip hop, a you don't stop  the rock it to the bang bang boogie say up jumped the boogie  to the rhythm of the boogie, the beat  skiddlee beebop a we rock a Scoobie-Doo  And guess what America we love you  cause ya rock and ya roll with so much soul  you could rock till you're a hundred and one years old  I don't mean to brag i don't mean to boast  but we like hot butter on our breakfast toast  rock it up baby bubbah  baby bubbah to the boogie da bang bang da boogie  to the beat beat, its so unique  come on everybody and dance to the beat  I said a hip hop the hippie to the hippie  the hip hip hop, a you don't stop  a rock on, pretty bubba to the boogity bang, bang,  the boogie to the boogity beat. |
| **The Song of the Smoke** by W. E. B. DuBois  I am the smoke king.  I am black.  I am swinging in the sky.  I am ringing worlds on high.  I am the thought of the throbbing mills.  I am the soul of the soul toll kills.  I am the ripple of trading rills..  >Up, I’m curling from the sod.  I am whirling home to God  I am the smoke king.  I am black.  >I am the smoke king.  I am black. |
| **Things** by Eloise Greenfeild  Went to the corner  Walked in the store  Bought me some candy  Ain’t got it no more  Ain’t got it no more  Went to the beach  Played on the shore  Built me a sandhouse  Ain’t got it no more  Ain’t got it no more  Went to the kitchen  Made me a poem  Still got it  Still to it! |
| **Urgent by Imamu Amir Baraka**  Calling black people  Calling all black people, man woman child,  Wherever you are, calling you. **U**rgent, come in  Black People, come in wherever you are, urgent, calling  you, calling all black people  calling all black people, come in, black people, come  on in! |
| **Vivid**ness by Sterling Brown  Your **V**ividness grants color where  Great need is, in this dingy town.  As you in pride of rose and brown  Thread the dull thoroughfare, |
| **W**ho by Mari Evan  >Who can be born black  and not  sing  the wonder of it,  the joy,  the challenge  >Who can be born  black  and not exult! |
| eXpectations by Audre Long  Without e**X**pectations  there is no need  to the shock of morning  or even a small summer. |
| **Y**oung Neptune **by James Emmanuel**  **Y**oung Neptune dashed the waters  Against enamel shore  And kept the air a-tumbling  With bubble-clouds galore |
| **Talking All That JaZZ** by Stetasonic  Now we’re not tryin’ to be a boss to you  We just wanna’ get across to you  That if you’re talkin’ jazz, the situation is a no-win  You might even get hurt, my friend  Stetasonic, the hip-hop band  And like Sly and the Family Stone, we will stand  Up for the music we live and play  And for the song we sing today  For now, let us set the record straight  And later on we’ll have a forum  and a formal debate  But it’s important you remember though  What you reap is what you sow…  Talkin’ all that jazz. |