SET 3

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| **Lean On Me** by Bill WithersLean 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 memoriesSmelling of soap and onions and wet clayWith veins rolling roughly over quick handsThey 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 asleepWakes today another year. |
| **The Old of Our People by Haki Madhubuti**The **O**ld of our peopleare the elders of the raceand 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 raceare the reason we are here. |
| **P**aula by **by Rita Dove**I’m **P**aula the cat not thin nor fatas happy as house cats can beBut now I’ve the urgefor my spirit to surgeand I shall go off to sea. |
| **Queenly by Maya Angelou**My hair, a hive of honeybeesIs a **Q**ueenly gloryCrackles like castanetsHums like marimbas. |