SET 3

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| **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. |