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Dover, Delaware

Priceless Jewels

By
Stanford E. Davis

State College Library
Dover, Delaware

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Dover, Delaware



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FOREWORD

The many who had great influence over the young poet and who helped him with good advice and means while in school.

No two people in the whole career of this young man's life have had greater influence over him than Dr. and Mrs. V. S. Collins, who helped him in a very critical time, while seeking an education. And the kind words from time to time while in school by both, firing his ambition to do something for his race, will never be forgotten, as the young man so often speaks of it even now.

He promised faithfully that he would do something to benefit his race and please them.

Prof. Frank Trigg, A.M., Principal at that time, told the promising poet that he was much indebted to these two great friends of his, and warned him daily to be a good young man and be steadfast in making good of opportunities which these two great and real friends made possible for him.

Professor Trigg was the first one to make public to teachers and students in chapel the young man's first poem and it encouraged him

very much. That was in 1905 and in 1907 he graduated, and Professor Trigg gave him great credit, said he was a promising young man, and that he had been a good boy while under him.

In 1909 to the Professor's surprise the young man received personal honor from the President of the United States, Mr. Taft, for his writings, and how proud was the Principal of his young budding genius!

He then gave the young poet the honor of being Princess Anne Academy's poet. This was the highest honor the school has ever received from a single student. Professor Trigg predicts that this young man will be the greatest poet of his race America has ever produced, if ambition is sustained and he takes good care of health.

Other great friends of the poet are Professor John D. Brooks, former superintendent of schools, white and colored, of Sussex Co. in Delaware. He said the young man had exceptional poetical talent, and that he would do all he could to help him. Professor Brooks corrected his first works for his book.

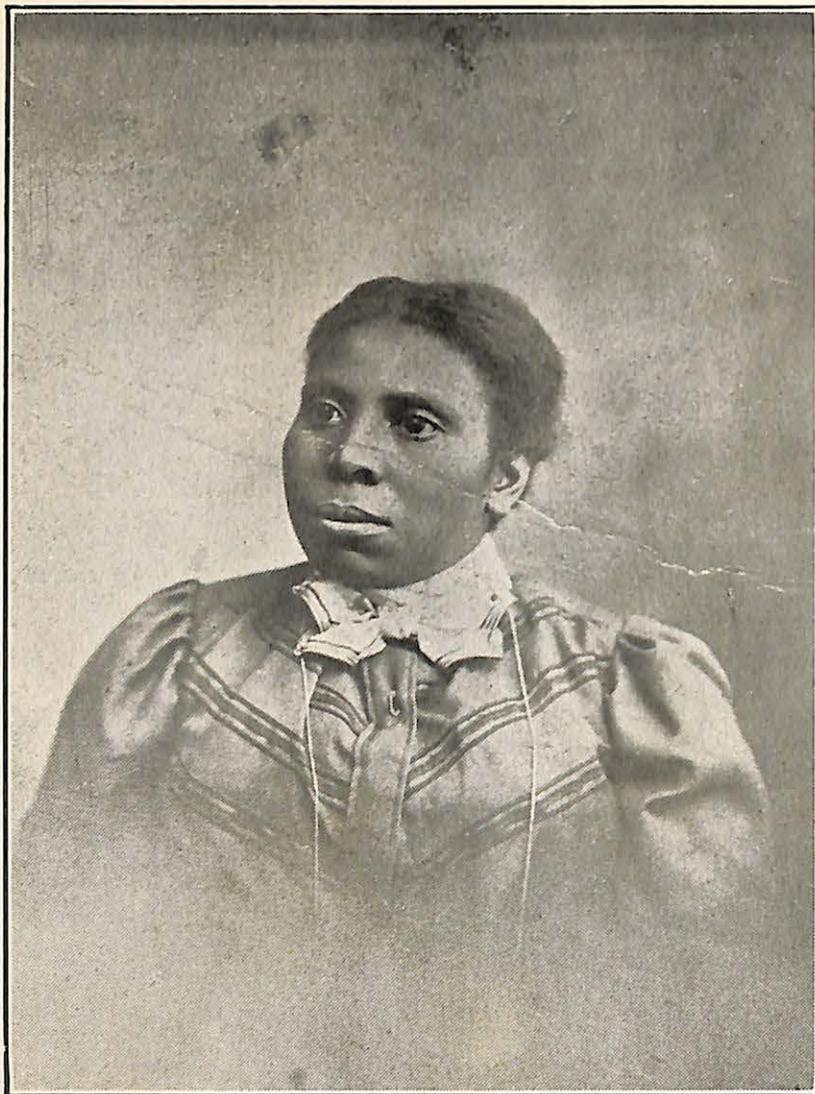
Dr. James Chipman of Georgetown, Delaware, druggist, who is a personal friend of the poet, helped him more than any single white friend at home. He never refused to grant a favor.

Dr. J. Hammond, Lawyer Daniel Layton, Jr., Ex-Mayor Chas. Moore, and Miss Emma

Wright, all of Georgetown, are personal friends. He also received honor from the town as home poet, from the good white friends.

Dr. William J. Carrington, M.D., of Atlantic City, 900 Pacific Avenue, is also a personal friend; and Mrs. MacAllister of the Dennis Hotel in Atlantic City, who has a great influence over his life. She praised him very much and put his little book entitled *Lyrics of Consolation* in the hands of some very rich people in Atlantic City.

The young poet has many good friends to be proud of.



MRS. LENA ELLEN DAVIS.
THE POET'S MOTHER.

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Priceless Jewels

EVERY DUTY WELL PERFORMED BRINGS ITS OWN REWARD

Doubts are traitors in this life
 Striving for success,
 'T is ambition wins the strife
 Combined with our best.
 Retribution must some day
 Crown our lot so hard.
 Every duty well performed
 Brings its own reward.

Every black and dreadful cloud,
 Crossing overhead,
 May bring gloom to blind the way;
 Let it still be said,
 "He was faithful to the end
 Fighting for the Lord."
 Every duty well performed
 Brings its own reward.

2 Every Duty Well Performed

Honest toilings always pay;
If they fail on earth,
God will justly judge our deeds
At that second birth.
So they 're Crowns stored up above;
Toil and not grow tard!
Every duty well performed
Brings its own reward.

WHEN I 'M QWENTY ONE

When I gits to thinkin'
What I has to baih,
I wish I 's in Heaben;
Set'in' way up daih.
Pappie al'ays want me;
Nevah gits to play,
Start soon in de mornin',
Workin' hard al-day.
Got to mine de chickins,
Keep dem off de corn,
Got to bug de tadders,
Store hay in de barn.
Don't kare how fas' I work,
I jes kaint git done.
Be so dog-gon happy,
When I 'm qwenty one.

'Fore day-bra'ke deys callin',
Sayin' git up dare!
Hits take up dem ashes;
Hits den bill dat fare;
Den go feed dose ho'sses;
Den you milk dat cow;
An' pick out som' nubbins,
Heave to dat o 'sow.

When I'm Qwenty One

Som' times I git puff'd up,
 Till I nearly bu'st.
 All dat work 'fore br'ak-fas'
 Man! I lack to cu'st.
 I 'm out heah dis Sad-day
 Grubbin' in de sun,
 But dis time next Chewsday,
 I 'll be qwenty one.

Som'times when ahm eatin'
 Feel so plaggon bad,
 Kan jes barely swoller;
 Den I sho' is mad.
 Haint got h'art fer noffin!
 God kno'es I is sick;
 When dey aint no pleasure
 Home hits hard to stick.
 I 'm jes daily longin'
 Fer to come ah man,
 Den I 'll have som' pleasure,
 Goodniss, Blessid lan'!
 I des feel like fightin'!
 Gosh I 'm full o' fun!
 Bout dis time termarry,
 I 'll be qwenty one!

CRUEL FATE

'T is hard to know that we must die!
 'T is grief to think that by and by,
 This life shall pass away as smoke,
 And those shall cease who ever spoke;
 And for some strange unforeseen lawn,
 Each soul must seek that great beyond!

'T is pain to think when in our prime,
 That death may come most any time,
 And check the plans we all have made,
 And raze the foundations we 've laid:
 It seems that in this fleeting stream,
 This life is but a passing dream!

How cruel is Fate to steal from us
 When we have toiled in sun and dust,
 To make this life worth living for!
 My heart is grief to inmost core!
 Yet, God is judge and knoweth best,
 When burdened souls down here need rest!

DAT O' BLACK HEN DARE DON
CROW'D

Jim d'you see dat black hen dare?
Run her down rite now!
She can't live 'roun' heah I sware;
She mus' die som' how!
Nevah know'd dat sign to fail;
It is sho' bad luck.
Def, er grief, er go to Jail,
Sho's ah ram's ah buck.

Stood up heah rite front dis do,
Fixed her-se'f an' crow'd,
Wish'd you'd seen huh actions tho',
You'd bin skeer'd I know'd.
Stretch'd huh neck an' dare she stid.
Jes dat, was ah sin!
Crow'd wid sass like "yase I did
An' I 'll crow agin!"

Jim's don kill dat hen I 'speck;
Gin huh heah to me!
You black hussy, whaihs yo' neck!
You don crow'd I see.

Dat O' Black Hen Dat Crowed 7

Out heah des ah playin' men!
I don' stood ah lot.
Den I 'spise ah crowin' hen,
You goes in de pot.

AFTER THE STORM

After the storm,
When mighty gusts have ceased to rise,
That whip the world with unkind rain,
And darken all the earth and skies,
Which bring to life much grief and pain,
The dying clouds will greet refrain,
After the storm!

After the storm,
When ocean's billows cease to splash,
And frightful thunders cease to roar,
When fiery lightnings cease to flash,
And basso thunder rolls are o'er,
I feel there's rest for evermore,
After the storm!

After the storm,
When night has come and all is hush,
And this torn soul in death shall creep,
When stormy winds refuse rush,
And this cold clay lies calm and deep,
I feel in breast there's sooth-ful sleep,
After the storm!

After the Storm

After the storm,
When night is past and day is nigh,
And I shall mount with wings upon
The throne of God in Heavens high,
And knowing too my work is done,
The dawn shall greet the shining sun,
After the storm!

A CRYIN' BABY

(This poem in memory of the poet's grandmother, who thought and made more to-do over him than all the rest of her grandchildren.)

Shu-u- darlin' lumbkin, do hush up!
What is yo' mammie doin',
Dat she don't kom an' git chou chil'?
God knows you don bin rouin'!
Wid all dem 'lasses on yo' mouf,
An' yit you ah boohooin'!
Now I 'ud nevah be cryin',
No mo' den I 'd be fluin'!

Yo' bib is nasty zit can be!
Now chil' you needs a floggin'!
Yo' mammie out dare washin' clo'hs,
An' yit ju her a doggin'.
Now ile gi' you som' jonny cake,
An' dat 'll hush you maby.
Fer I za tar'd o' hearn dat noize!
Kase you'se za cryin' baby!

Now you don' worr'd yo' mammie so,
Dat she don' gon' an' lef you.

A Cryin' Baby

An' you so mad 'ou don't kno' what
To do a cryin' boohoo!
Now jes don' cry no mo' darlin',
Yo' granny loze you jaby!
Hush, gran'ma's lil' chocolate drop!
You 's one mo' cryin' baby!

WHEN YOU IS PO'

Some people say, "Beautiful Snow!"
But it 's not so,
When you is po'!

Rich people sleigh; many friends know!
But friends don't gro',
When you is po'!

You hesitate, when de win's blow;
But got to go,
When you is po'!

You aggravate, when wages low,
But need de dough,
When you is po'!

It bends the tree, then sneaking slow,
Blockades my do';
And I is po'!

Rich people see beauty in snow,
But um, um, O!
When you is po'!

HALLEY'S COMET

What strange monster can you be?
With thy long tail strung to thee,
Stealing thru the sky so blue;
Are you warning? What mean you?

You surprise us timid men;
Burn dim, and hide now and then.
Your queer actions with the moon,
Tempt our ghostly thoughts to swoon.

Would that we could read your plan!
Bring you peace or war to man?
Why go leave us in suspense,
Looking for the what and whence?

WHEN YOU 'S MAKIN' LOVE

Seem dat time go mighty fas',
When you 's makin' love.
Seem somehow it jes kaint las',
When you 's makin' love.
Time go slow out in de fiel';
Workin' h'rd f'om meal to meal;
Goodniss sake dough how it steal,
When you 's makin' love!

Seem like evah body kno',
When you 's makin' love.
Don't kare how tard, you mus' go,
When you 's makin' love.
Sometimes you kaint strike ah lick;
H'art comes up an' dare it stick,
In yo' th'oat till you is sick!
When you 's makin' love.

I gits mad an' so do she,
When we 's makin' love.
Grumble lack ah bumble bee,
When we 's makin' love.
But 's jes fool'sniss grievin' men,
Lovers' lane sometime mus' ben';
Lil' spats come now an' den,
When you 's makin' love.

When You 's Makin' Love 15

Ole fo'ks ha'f de time ain't sleep,
When you 's makin' love.
An' sir kaint dey wa'ch a heap,
When you 's makin' love!
'C'ose dey dose wid der ole pipe,
Playin' off dey 's sleepin' tight;
Dough dat kiss you got to swipe,
When you 's makin' love.

SHE SMILES TO REST

(Dedicated to dear Phillips in memory of his deceased mother, who died in smiles.)

Marvel not at your loss Phillips,
God who took her knoweth best,
She has paid the price demanded;
In Jesus she smiles to rest!

She is sleeping, sweetly sleeping!
Dreaming not of life's contest.
She 's above all clouds of sorrow;
In Jesus she smiles to rest.

She is crossing yonder river,
Where the waves are calm in breast;
Far away from human pity;
In Jesus she smiles to rest!

SIGNS OF SPRING

When you heah de wile geese ta'kin' gwin' ovah,
'En de robbins wid der music come about,
When you see de ole hoss out dare in de clovah,
'En de little buds an' grubs come stealin' out,
Den you kno' de Wintah time is sho'ly brakin',
An' you gin to think an' ta'k about de plough;
Kase yo' wheat an' co'n dey mus' begin a
makin';
An' dat groun' hit mus' be bustid up somehow.

Dare's yo' beans an' den yo' tadders mus' be
planted;
Dare's yo' cabbage seed an' madders mus'
be got;
An' de chickens foller you till you is h'anted
Fer dey kno' you gine to b'ust de garden
spot;
Den de fishin' worms an' crickets gin to hussle,
Kase dey kno' dem chickens comin' down de
row,
An' de robbins one an' nudder gin to tussle;
While de plough is turnin' solemn like an'
slow.

Signs of Spring

When de fores' trees an' achards gin to blossom,
 When de strawberries an' cherries gin to ripe,
 Den de time is gone to hunt de 'coon an' 'pos-
 som,

Den you got no time to set an' smoke de pipe;
 Soon as day brake you can see de cows peepin';
 Early robbins in de mornin' gin to sing.
 An' dey aint no use to try to keep a sleepin'
 When de cattle an' de birds ar' full o' Spring.

THE SONG OF A LARK

Yellow breast birdie,
 Why so glee?
 Sing thy sweet song
 O'er for me!
 Notes unwritten
 Can't restrain!
 Sing again that
 Sweet refrain!

Thy sweet echoes
 Swell the air,
 Ringing music
 Everywhere!
 Cheerful gladness
 Sing thy song!
 Make me happy
 All day long!

As thy voice doth
 Swell away,
 May the echoes'
 Return say,
 God the future
 Will provide,
 All uncheerful
 Hearts will chide!

GRANNY'S SUNDAY MORNING YEAST
BREAD

Dem breads don' 'pears tah rise.

Wondah what 's de madder wid de 'eas'?
Dis heah won' do, Ime 'sprise!
Shou'd run dover 'f'o'e dis mornin' leas'!

Ile set it by de far',

While I sweep an' den make up mah beds.
Don' want no mo' dis ar'!
Kase I likes mah Sunday mornin' breads!

WHAT LIFE MEANS

What is life? What does it mean,
But to toil and not be seen!
Little scattered seeds will sprout,
Little honest deeds will out,
They will show!

Think of life! How dear and sweet!
Thoughtless of the snares we meet;
Take heed, lest ye slip and fall!
Life 's uncertain after all;
We must die!

Life is naught but toil and cares,
Ladened with both aches and fears,
Saddened hours with weary breath,
Bring gray hairs and then comes death,
And the grave!

WASH YO' FOOTS, GIT READY FO' BAID

Night don' brung dese hungry tramps
Home ah gin, dem dirty scamps!
Know jes when to come ah roun';
Hurry eat dis suppah down!
Den you all git ready fo' baid!

Dis whole day youse played an' rove,
Now stuck down dare hine dat stove,
All piled up dare in ah heap;
I jes daih you go to sleep!
Wash yo' fooks, git ready fo' baid!

Rosco git dem kin'lins in!
Boy I daih you fer to grin!
Fas'in up dat biddie-hen;
Fetch dat ash-buckit an' den
Wash yo' fooks, git ready fo' baid!

Who dat to'kin' to dey se'f?
Gal Ile shake you nigh to def!
Fool wid me Ile bust yo' haid!
Childuns heah me what I said?
Wash yo' fooks, git ready fo' baid!

THE ROYAL ROAD TO SUCCESS

(Race Poem)

Ye sons of Ham, toil on and fire
Ambition's hardest might!
In this hot Sun, faint not; but climb
Yon mountain's utmost height!
Your hands will bleed; your blister'd feet
Will ache with racking pain;
And storms will rage with thunder's roar,
Mid windy clouds and rain.
Th' way is rough; no beds of ease
Are found in life's contest.
Th' Goal is far; its heights if gain'd,
No time to weep, nor rest.

The're times you 'll think you're nearly gone;
And almost lose your grip.
The're times you 'll cease to sing a song:
And times your feet will slip.
But be patient, and hold steadfast
In bands of sweet accord!
To yonder's top is joy and peace;
And great is your reward.
These sweated brows ye bare of toil,
Were theirs from Eden's fate;
But faith and prayer, with toil and care,
Now unlock Heaven's gate.

A WINTAH ALREADY PERVIDED FER

Let de dog-gon blizzards raih!
An' de win's kan rip an' taih!
Kase de ole smoke-house out dare
Is full o' meat.

When it 's stormy out doo's,
An' most evah thing is froze,
Ahm got tadders in de b'rn,
Boofe white an' sweet.

I kan kill a duck er hen,
Kill a turkey too an' den
Got a plenty mo' 'f I want
To change ah roun'.
Ahm got 'coon an' possom doggs,
An' ah plenty o' back loggs
Fer de cabin when de snows
Don' hid de groun'.

So de wintah time kan com';
Let de gales an' blizzards hum!
De ole snow an' hail kan beat,
Don't kare how hard!
Fer I kno' ahm safe f'om harm,
An' my house kan stan' de storm;
Yes I 'm ready; an' feel thank-
Ful to de Lawd!

HARDSHIPS FIRE AMBITION TO LIFE'S GOAL

No one but he knows life's real stings,
That starts and to his hardships clings,
With sweated brow and roll'd up sleeves,
And then with gritting teeth he cleaves,
Beyond the clouds of doubt in faith,
He then begins in life's real pace!

He ceases not whate'er it costs;
Tho' times he 's bitten by the frosts.
He draws his breath and whips his hands,
And then onward his way demands,
The field of fame with vim untold!
His eyes are staid upon life's goal!

His task is great, his days are few.
His morns are laden'd with the dew.
But forward he makes thru the mist,
With daring looks and shaking fist,
He forces way right on thru strife,
With bitter tears! And such is life!

It is the man that has hardships,
And then a chance; and not one slips!

26 **Hardships Fire Ambition**

His ambition fires to its best;
Thru all reports he stands the test.
He never tires, but says "I Will
My burdens take up yonder hill!"
Then grasps and holds his burdens tight!
And struggles thru the day and night,
A facing life's obstacles bold,
Till he ascends the heights of Goal!

WHEN DE GRUB IS STEAMIN' HOT

Dey is timz you git so tickle,
Dat chou don't kno' what to do!
You an' joy des go a leapin'
Down som' distant avenue.
When dose echoes com' ah sendin',
All dem meanin's you don' co't,
When you heahs yo' mammy callin',
An' de grub is steamin' hot.

I haz seen som' childuns la'fin',
An' a jumpin' fit to bust.
Den des all take out a runnin'
Ges to see who git dare fust.
Some lose all der bref ah runnin',
Odders kin' ah slack an' trot,
Fer dey kno' when mammy calls 'em,
Dat de grub is steamin' hot.

When you feel ah lil' gloomy,
An' you jes don' 'ont no play,
'En you sees de childuns comin',
You des drizes dem 'ite away.
But dat gloomy feelin' leaze you,
When you see de table sot,
Kase you kno' yoah ma' don call'd jou,
An' de grub is steamin' hot.

28 **When de Grub is Steamin' Hot**

When youah in de fiel' a ploug'in',
Kiny sposin' it is noon,
An' yoah mule begins a blatin',
Den you kno' it's comin' soon.
An' you fin' yo' se'f ongearin',
'Fo'e you take de secon' tho't,
Kase you knoes yo' mammy call'd jou,
An' de grub is steamin' hot.

When you heahs de cows a lowin',
'En you gain yore appetite,
'En you sees de sun a set'in',
An' you kno' its comin' nite,
Den you feels dat 'lectric feelin'
Dat jes' 'Pears yo' greatis lot,
When you heahs yo' mammy callin',
An' de grub is steamin' hot.

When you go an' gits de basin,
Fo' to wash yo' hanz an' face,
An' you kiny glance de table,
See 'f de fings is at yo' place,
When yo' mammy ax de blessin's,
All yore washin' you 's forgot,
You is set'in' at de table,
An' de grub is steamin' hot.

BUBBLES FROM THE HEART

(A race poem)

Until we, as a race, learn to make and own our-
selves something,
Not to hold back one another and shield crime,
We shall always be tramped under foot and be
the worm nothing;
We shall lose life's sweetest honeycomb in
prime.

Awake and hearken, ye sons and daughters of
Ethiopia!
Ye claim 't is your dark color that keeps you
down.
Then, God is blamed for your fate and desti-
nation in this life,
Which untruthful thoughts of yours will make
Him frown.

He is a just God, and deals righteously and
bountifully
With all species of nations upon the earth.
He gives all men their work in the earthcoat of
time to perform,
With their will-power the sharpening swords
of birth.

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O, father and mother, the destiny of our race
depends

Entirely on thy training. Christ has said,
"Suffer little children to come unto me; forbid
them not."

If ye fail, 't were better ye were dead.

Look not down! The doors of hope are still
open by Christ to us;

It is ours to fight and win this bitter strife.

Look to God! With honest hearts and just
efforts to God and man;

It is ours to toil and gain the higher life.

HESITATION

I think som'times I jes kaint go,
Dis tiresom' road I trod.

I think som'times I bes' go back
An' den git newly shod.

But O! what Sally-Ann wou'd think,
An' den what she wou'd say,

To see me return jes sun-burnt,
An' den fall by de way.

I kno' som-one don' made dis road,
I got to make it too.

Al-dough de sun is b'ilin' hot,
Don't care, mus' make it through!

I say to me, I 'll jes set down,
An' spell my-se'f a bit.

Den sumthin' says "You haint gone fer,
An' jes kaint 'foad dat yit."

My foots is swell an' none kan tell
How bad I want to stop,

But all I meet say "No res' heah,
It 's up daih at de top!"

So let de ways come rough er smooth;
De dewes may fill my cup,

Though fatal death may tackle me,
'T will meet me goin' up!

THE BEAUTIES OF NATURE AND BLESSINGS OF SPRING

I sing of the beautiful days in Spring,
When voices of birds so delightfully ring,
And Morning's pure breeze, in wrestle with trees,
Makes angry the buzzing of bugs and of bees!

How charming to gaze on the meadows of green,
While Sun makes a mirror the silvery stream!
There roving herds graze, and birds in flock play,
'T is refuge for serpents a sunshiny day!

How sweet are the blossoms and flowers so fair,
That rock roving insects and perfume the air!
How children delight to pluck and recite,
Of fragrants the sweetest and dearest at sight!

"Oh! come! and go gather some flowers with me!
Now over yon meadows they're fair as can
be!"

Two children at play one lovely Spring day,
Said, "Now! we will get them, they may fade
away!"

The Beauties of Nature 33

Yes, God gives us springtime for bright hopes
and cheer!

Reveals to all Plant life it comes once a year!
While Winter's coat hangs, the rack of recline,
Replenishing earth brings forth all of her kind!

'T is man's hope so bright in Spring voice can't
restrain!

Dumb beasts in the forest their vim can't
explain!

Th' birds rest their wings; in early morn sing,
The beauties of nature and blessings of Spring!

THE SONG OF A CROW TO A CRANE

What did de black crow
Say to de crane?
"Wish de Lawd we'd
Hah som' rain!
Mill pon' empty,
Well gon' dry,
Don't hah som' rain,
Things will die!
Fodder parchin',
Mill'ons warm,
Nevah seed sich,
Sence I 'as bo'n!
Madders dried up,
Berries small,
Tadders 'out com'
Up a tall!
Chickins pantin',
Won't ha'f lay,
Why dis ar is,
I kant say.
Mus' be 'cause som'
Bird has sin'd;
Farmer kant raise
Corn ah gin.
Who dat creepin' in?

The Song of a Crow to a Crane 35

I mus' go!
Farmer gunnin'
Me I kno'!
Don' bin hyeah be—
Fo'e you see
Gunnin' ain't no
Novelty.
Good-bye long leg,
Neck, bill crane!
Hope de God we 'll
Hah som' rain!"

DESERTED

The world is gloom! your spark of love,
That fanned in a consuming flame,
And lit my soul with blissful joy,
Has dy'n' away I 'm not the same,
My grieves bring much restless annoy,
My head is gray; I look above!

The road is rough! With feet unshod,
I tramp this lonely Path alone.
I try to sing; but how can I!
The night is black; no Path is shone,
But day will come! and by and by,
I 'll make my way homeward to God!

How storms increase! How thunders roar!
The mighty winds and fearful clouds
Are raging in the upper air,
With angry rains in warlike crowds;
And in the flash of lightnings there,
I kneel to God till all is o'er!

JES SEE IT AN' DEN DON'T SEE IT

Som' times in passin' through dis Worl',
You 'll meet up wid a riot.
Now when you fin' dit out jes whorl!
Don't head stron' passon by it!
Don't wait intill de Police comes
Den ups an' tries to flee it!
Don't hang a roun', dey grab all slums!
Jes see it and den don't see it.

In dark places fo'ks shoot som' times,
Now jes you don't go nigh it!
It's better said I wuz n't dare;
Den said "Dare he lays quiet!"
Kase you don't kno' how things turn out.
Som' one may ax "Why be it?"
Den you kan say "I douno sir!
I hear'd it but ditin see it!"

Som'times when broke you need money;
While workin' hard in private.
You see two bitts on dh side bo'rd,
An' may say "Now Ile swipe it!"
Now wa'ch yore se'f, dey 'll fool you chil'!
You 'll be sorrie you seed it!
Let it a lone! dey 'll carr' you home!
Jes see it an' den don't see it!

PRINCESS ANNE ACADEMY

How oft I ponder to myself
In this enlightened day:
Why after freedom wandered Ham;
His mind sought to obey.
He wished a spot of blessedness,
There not to be confined.
He sang his songs and wandered on,
Holding his thoughts sublime.

How hopeless were our forefathers,
When slavery had its swing!
Man's talents bound in ignorance,—
The truth I yet must sing.
Within these very grounds Negroes
Their precious blood did spill!
But God hath promised in His Word,
That all shall rise who will.

Then see the Martyr Abraham
Who cut the bondage rope!
Fred Douglass with high ambition
Encouraged Negro hope!
And Washington of Tuskegee,
All known of near and far!
A poet dead but yet who lives—
The famous Paul Dunbar!

Princess Anne Academy 39

Ham wandered here and wandered there,
Then found a land we see;
Uncivilized, unchristianized,
In Negro savagery.
Contented in his daring will
That prejudice can't sway,
His active brain with knowledge filled
The Plains of P. A. A.

Professor Bird gave to this spot
His life you will agree;
O'Connell then succeeded him,
A God-sent man was he!
Professor Trigg next took the task,
With ambition untold;
His works to help Ham's future show
His aims are on the goal.

May God through this inspired man,
A leader for the good,
Give inspiration to the race
For pure Negro manhood!
Oh! may his teachings take strong hold
Like roots in new ground play!
And show the world a redeemed spot,
Princess Anne Academy.

I long to sing through South and North,
Yet go on still farther,
From pole to pole and tell the worth
Of my Alma Mater!

O God! wilt thou stand by her side?
 Let her not go astray!
 Tell to her offspring, stamp all earth
 Princess Anne Academy.

A TA'KIN' SUIT O' CLO'ES

I seed a si'n once passin' by
 A sto'e said "Bargain day!"
 I den stops in to ax de man
 What me'nt de si'n to say!
 De man said "de si'n out dare sir
 Means suits now at ha'f price!"
 I said "Umhum, I jes stop'd in,
 Dey seem to look so nice!"

De man said "you had better buy
 Dat six dollar suit dare!"
 I said "I wou'd but realy I
 Ain't got de mon' to spare!"
 He said "Now you can ha' dat suit
 Fer three dollars! Nope! four!"
 I said "No sir Ile call a gin!"
 Den I starts fer de door.

He calls me back I buy'd de suit;
 Put it on rite away.
 I den starts out, how de fo'ks star'd!
 De suit did look so gay!

42 **A Ta'kin' Suit o' Clo'es**

I gitts a bout two squars I g'ess,
De suit commence to ta'k.
De clouds gether'd took in de winds
An' I commence to wa'k!

I did n't see de clouds at fus
Risin' but de suit did.
It den begins za ta'kin' loud!
An' me back home-ward bid!
Said "mister you had better git in!
Sorrie but dis is true!
Now jest diz sho zit rains zon me
Ile tighten up on you!"

LIFTING AS WE CLIMB

(Motto of the Graduating Class of Princess Anne
Academy, 1907.)

Name a higher Spirit!
One that 's more sublime!
Filled with Christian merit!
"Lifting as we climb!"

Jesus Christ a stranger,
Born in Herod's time,
Came from Bethlehem's manger,
"Lifting as he climbed!"

Climbing up the ladder.
On the mount of time,
We should kindness scatter;
"Lifting as we climb!"

We may walk in Jesus;
And God's comforts rhyme;
If we 'll let him lead us,
"Lifting as we climb!"

The dear Lord our master,
On God's Throne divine,
Will reward hereafter;
"Lifting as we climb!"

Lifting as We Climb

We can please our Saviour,
 Make our lives sublime,
 If we daily labour,
 "Lifting as we climb!"

MUS' BE KIS-MUS TIME

Chickins gin toh cackle;
 Gobble gin toh strut,
 Ducks ah gin toh quackin';
 O! I kno' dey's hu't.

Fros' ah gin toh fallin',
 Rabbit gin toh bite.
 'Possum gin toh grinin';
 Raccoon gin toh fight.

Shotes ah gin toh squeelin';
 Ma' got on de pot.
 Scapple des ah smellin';
 Chitlins not fer got.

Ole fo'ks gin toh planin',
 What dey 's gine toh do;
 Childuns gin ah ta'kin',
 'Bout Kistingle too.

Dey is jes don' sweepin';
 Ya'ds all lookin' fine.
 Don't kno' what 's de madder;
 Mus' be Kis-mus time.

LAMENTATION

Oh! That mankind would consider,
When oppress'd and Poor how bitter!
Yet, un-christlike in their meeting,
Races are unfair competing.

God wills all races to prosper;
And justice as brothers foster!
We 're all His through one creation;
He has no respective Nation.

Christ did die for rising races,
Not to oppress color of faces;
But to advance one another;
So each day will find them further.

He taught His to help the poorest;
And to seek to raise the lowest;
Strive with aims on His church steeple!
Live for God and not the People!

Its reward that gives one valor,
Its true manhood has no color!
'T was God's gift of Christ the Saviour,
That freed Christian love and favor.

Lamentation

Oh! that men would take example
Of Jesus and not to trample
Rights and Justice of His bleeding,
But cling to His cross proceeding.

DEACON SNOWBALL'S LAST WORDS
OVER LITTLE RASTUS

We meet dis mos' solemn 'casion,
Fer to 'spress our grief an' pain,
Ovah lil' decas'd Rastus;
Wher' hez gon' dat we kant 'splain.
But we all kno' def don' bin here,
An' tuck Rastus; we regret!
An' we 'spress ouh grief an' sorrow,
By wipin' ouh te'rs an' swe't.

Ise not gwine to Pre'ch a sahmon,
Ner to cause yore te'rs to flood.
Kase Rastus is angle flyin',
An' we kant do 'im no good.
I jes wants to tell you mamme,
Rastus cross'd de odder shoah.
An' it ain't worf-while a grievin',
He don' gon' fer evah Moah.

You 'out haf to buy 'im little
Cakes no mo'er pa'ch iz cloes.
You 'out haf to comb iz little
Nappy he'd er clean iz nose.

Deacon Snowball's Last Words 49

You 'out haf to call 'im when de
Pone is hot an' table sot.
By you settin' dare a grivin'
All dis I spose you fer-got.

You 'out haf to fry 'im taders,
An' 'out haf to bake 'im pie,
Fer Rastus is now ah-bidnin'
In de sweet ovh by an' by.
All I wants to warn you mammie,
As you tote chour ha'vy cross,
Be careful an' wa'ch out dat chour
Foots dont slip an' so'l git loss.

You had bettah cut out stealin';
An' dancin' wid odder gies!
You had bettah cut out spoatin';
Back bitin' an' tellin' lies!
Fer de Lo'd haz spottid you man;
An' he 'll take you de same way.
Besides him dare is no odder,
An' hiz w'rd you mus' do bey.

I knoes som' timz you gits worrid;
An' yoah husbin som' timz fite,
'Specially when he works an' com's home,
Den fin's no grub cook'd at nite.
But you'd bettah ta'k wid Jesis,
Def may make you de nex call,
An' if you aint right when Ga'b'le
Sounds his trumpet chile, dat's all!

KEEP THE FAITH

Oh! 't is sweet to lean on Jesus,
Through life's raging thunder-storm,
When you 're hid in Rocks-of-Ages,
What 's the need of fearing harm?
There is always peace and sunshine
For the faithful and the just:
Never doubt the Lord and Saviour,
Keep your hand in His and trust!

We can't always expect sunshine;
Life must bring some clouds and rain,
Time must change with each to-morrow,
Burdened with some grief or pain.
When your trust is in the Master,
Never dread the storms, go on!
Christ is able to deliver,
Put your trust in Him, go on!

RESENTMENT

You don' kno' how bad myh co'ns hurt,
You does'en waihs my shoe.
Lucindy kaint waih Sally's skirt;
My collars 'ont fit chou.
You 's jes lack som' mo' fo'ks I kno',
Who run ah roun' an' lie an' blow;
An' not one w'rd dey say is so;
Jes 'lights in kar-in news.

I know when I done eat a-nuff;
I kno'es when I got pain.
Dey's no use ta'kin' all dat stuff;
I kno' de dew f'om rain;
Dey haint bin but one Jesis Chris'.
An' jes lack him who 'nied Him twice,
You ole Judus will meet chour price,
Jes keep on kar-in news.

THE VOICE OF THE NEGRO IN AMERICA

(The poem President Taft complimented upon.)

How oft I find myself in tears!
While down upon my knee,
Then asking God in aching fears,
Is there a chance for me?

Oh! as Thy blood did cleanse all sin,
Wilt Thou not hear my Plea?
Thou Lamb of God let light within!
Is there a chance for me?

But as I wipe my weeping eye,
I feel the answer through
My sincere Prayer in reply,
Yes, there 's a chance for you!

And there 's a chance for every one,
Who seeks with thoughts sublime!
To save the World I gave My Son!
That through Him all may climb!

God is a just God and I know,
He has no favorite tree;
To every limb His justice show!
And there 's a chance for me!

Voice of the Negro in America 53

Yes there 's a chance for all mankind,
Through Divine Majesty!
For Christ says "Seek and ye shall find!"
And "There 's a chance for me!"

A LAFIN' DOG

What dat dog a lafin' bout?
Teef grinin' an' tongue stuck out.
Som' one tickl'd him I kno';
Nevah seed sich laf be fo'.

He 's runin' de dungle 'round;
In de barnyard out de pound;
Skeer'd de chickens an' de geese;
An' de shotes dey grunt fer peace.

Chilluns mus' don' tole ah lie;
Bate 'e smells dat chicken pie!
An' 'e knoes 'e gine git som';
Run fer joy you dirty bum!

Bate 'e gits noffin but bones;
Gine to change hiz lafin' tones!
Tell you bones is mi'ty nice!
I gine crak 'em 'nce er twice.

Git de marrie an' de juice,
Bate Ile crak 'em good in loose,
Gine to make 'em mi'ty slim,
Den Ile thro' 'em out to him.

A Lafin' Dog

Lizza he 's ah lafin' yit.
Foe de Lawd he 's got a fit!
Laffin' almos' fit to die,
Gone crazzie 'bout chicken' pie.

TO THE MEMORY OF PAUL LAURENCE
DUNBAR

Sometimes I think that God 's unfair,
To take a beloved friend.
Though why we hold grief or despair?
We all must know that end.

How sweet we deem this dream of life,
That fadeth like the rose!
How much we wish we could change life;
And check that time bestows!

Yet life is naught but grief and pain,
To make the best of it;
We have our sunshine, clouds and rain,
Then sleep and all is quite!

We know he played his part here well!
His deeds will never rust!
Oh! May his soul in Heaven dwell!
He 's with the saints I trust!

SELFISH PASSIONS

Shet up! don't I 'll bus't yo' haid!
Ole tell tail I wish jou's daid!
Ever blessid thing dat's done,
You mus' go an' tell some one.
"Now ole gal youv' said a nuff,
Wid yo' mouf shoch full o' snuff.
Iz jes eachin' fo' you meat
Wid dem grea'd big hustly feet.
Ta'k like ise som' dog er cat,
Gwine up staihs an' tare yo' hat!
Ever see sich hightone airhs,
Bate chou got a man som' whaihs!
Fink her-se'f a 'oman too!
Mamie got it in fer you!
You wuz out de odder nite;
Mamie aint fergot dat quite.
All dem ruffulls on her frock,
Jes so proud dat she kaint ta'k!
An' jes look at all dat paint!
Try'n' to make out she 's som' saint!
She 's jes powder'd her ole face,
Twell its all on her ole waise.
An' dat ole calico dress
Is ah site I mus' confess!

Selfish Passions

'Member to cook'd som' things
 When Ma' went to Mrs. King's,
 'Member you made us a pie?
 Dare you say dat is ah lie!
 You kill'd Ma's ole cripple hen!
 Thowd it in de woods; now den!
 I jes tho't I'd let chou see,
 Noffin' ever scapes f'om me.
 Now ole gal you needin fear,
 Twill be hot when Ma gits here.
 Seems like I see her now mad!
 Wid dat grea' big hickry gad!"

THERE 'S HOPE IN BREAST OF HAM

Regardless all the Prejudice,
 Regardless jim-crow cars!
 Though law and justice fail to stand,
 Behind the pleading bars.
 Though all the World may wrongfully
 Hold back him in command;
 Amid trials and temptations,
 There 's hope in breast of Ham.

The 're heavy clouds of grief sometimes,
 Rise o'er this distant way.
 His shaking head with discouragement
 At time waits justice sway.
 But facing hopes of victory
 With Jesús the World's lamb,
 In hardest strife with all his foe;
 There 's hope in breast of Ham.

Old Ethiopia did Pay well,
 The Price of Slavery's chain.
 She bore the toil in mournful songs,
 And then endured the Pain.
 How God was pleased! Then said to her
 "Ye shall stretch forth your hand!"
 Though Powers may rise against her
 There 's hope in breast of Ham.

TIME WAITS FER NO MAN

How som' fo'ks scheme in dis fas' Worl',
Sho taint fer me to see.
Som' timz I figger but I fin',
Its bad Philosophy.
Kase time you stops an' tries to fink
'Bout dis or dat man's Plan,
Rite dare you's loosin' out chore se'f;
Kase time Waits fer no Man!

Som'timz I wish di ne'er Wuz bo'n;
To 'sperience som' fings I do!
It seems dat hard luck 's my bes' fr'en';
Dat's sad but yit its true!
De disappointments in dis life
I sho kant understan'!
In all my cipherin' I fin'
Its time waits fer no man!

One day I went to ketch a train,
A man said "Dares yore gate!"
I rush deep to dat man he said
"Ime sorrie but chouer too late!"

Time Waits fer No Man 61

De man said "Where you want to go?"
I said "To Princess Anne!"
He den said "You mus' stie now days
When time comes she kant stan'!"

My gran-mam when she lef' dis life
She lef' som' property.
I c'u'd'nt write but gits a fr'en'
To si'n de notes fer me.
I g'ess my fr'en' in-stid o' mine
Si'n'd his name as de man:
I foun' it out late sued my fr'en'
Fou' yeahs about my lan'!

I ax'd my lawyer wou'd 'e win!
He said "It 's a dark day!
Dey fin' no record o' yore fo'ks;
Yore name aint got no say!"
Ite dare I 'gins to dou' my se'f;
An' on de odder han',
De Juge an' jury shook dem he'ds,
An' said "You were too late stan'!"

How man fus' figger'd out dh time,
Dat is ah mystery!
De seconds, minuets, daz, an' weeks,
Its sumpin I jes kant see.
Now 'en you looks into de fac
No trufe dare not a stran!
Man's wrong when he says its rite now!
Kase time waits fer no man!

THE SONG OF DEATH

Yea! I am he who tramps the earth
And claim my own from instant birth.
I claim in Christ, I claim in sin,
Though they refuse I insist in.

I claim the poor, the rich, the great.
They all must know my call of fate.
And none can hide where I can't find.
I have no color, creed nor kind.

I tarry not, I 'm here and there.
The Wide World knows me everywhere.
And none can say, nay, pro nor con;
But weep where I have been and gone.

I 'm dreaded both by beast and men,
Yet why? God sent me from Eden
To keep his word and mark man's run;
Till Christ shall come and say "Well Done."

WHAT LIZZAH'S GOT FO' SUPPAH

Ile jes say mose, what Lizzah got
Fo' suppah; an' its gran'!
Now she got chops an' mutin stew
Wid gravie; under stan'?

Got two de fatis 'merican birds,
Dat evah flapp'd der whings.
I ko'ch 'em over mastah Jones.
An' mose der pr'tty things.

Got som' de finis cabbage 'um
Evah smelt sence God made us!
All smovverd down wid 'lishous ham,
An' bran' new bo'n tadders.

Got one de sweetis 'Possoms mose,
So fat hez rite lazzie.
All standin' wid sweet tadders dare,
Knee deep in brown gravie.

She got de sweetis bakin meat,
Dat evah wore ah shote,
An' den de finis chittilns,
Dat iny sow c'u'd tote.

I w'u'd vite you but mose I kaint,
Now dare! Hy-eah Lizzah call?
Wish jou c'u'd smell dat lishous pone,
I kno' you 'd faint! dat 's all.

GIFT OF THE HOLY BIBLE

Let this be guidance for your feet,
A lamp unto your faith!
And though the Devil you may meet,
But keep the righteous Path!

CONCEALED SORROWS

Of'en there 's one's smiling face in this life,
That covers an aching heart!
Sorrows then conceal'd in bitterest strife:
Though alas a tear must part!

THE PIANO OF LIFE

Life is but a vast Piano;
Every soul is but a key
That must sound to God Hosanna;
For this Christian liberty.

DANCING ROSES

Dance on roses; fragrant yield!
Charm the bees from yonder field!
Scent the morn air thru and thru,
With thy sweet fragrants dipp'd in dew!

MANDY

Sweetes' music come an' goes.

Do' you 'spose hits Mandy?
She 's gone thu' dare wid som' cloes,
An' it soun's like Mandy.
Heah dem echoes soundin' twice?
Aint dat gal ah singin' nice?
O! its brings me so much spice!
Bleave my so'l its Mandy.

Childun go look down de road!
Dat's yore mammie Mandy.
I mus' git dese tadders hoed,
She's got you-ins candy.
Drap my hoe an' I'll go too.
I loze dat gal deah an' true.
She loza me I swah she do!
Bless de Lawd! its Mandy!

Go meet her an' take 'er things;
Kiss yore mammie Mandy!
D'aint no sweeter 'oman sings;
Den my lovin' Mandy.
Com 'ere gal, God bless yore so'l!
Wish I c'u'd'nt be so bol'!
Kaint he'p it to save my so'l.
God knoes I loze Mandy!

SCENES OF PRINCESS ANNE ACADEMY

As I stepped upon the campus,
There trees were clothed in green;
Then the lawn's soft silk green carpet,
Beautified the lovely scene.

There the bees were boldly robbing,
Roses' fragrants sweetest found!
Dancing in their red dress'd splendor,
Gayly on the circled mound.

There the birds were sweetly singing,
Songs of the Springtime full of glee.
And the echoes that resounded,
With their sweetness welcome me.

There I was most kindly greeted,
By dear ones' heartfelt applause.
My converse with friends was pleasant;
There, in students' tender cause.

I'm proud of my *Alma Mater!*
How I wish o'er my school days!
But the past can't make the future;
Heart's drum beats each day new plays.

May God bless her toiling teachers;
One and all I wish them well!
May God's grace and tender mercies
Ever upon her grounds dwell!

CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE

How long dis 'ill las' you 'spose?
It's ah time!

O! Dem win's an' driftin' snows.
Sich ah time!

Blue birds heah mos' nily froze!
Set'in' in de tree out doo's.
Solemn like ges like he kno'es;
It's ah time!

When no wood is on de place,
It's ah time!

An' yore food is powerful skase;
Sich ah time!

'En de snow is to yore wais',
An' you waih a solemn face,
Den you say yore great is grace;
Dat 's de time!

When you kaint fin' skatter'd wood,
It's ah time!

An' dis huntin' game no good;
It's ah time.

Den you grab up yore ole hood,
Turn a roud' from wheah you stood,
An' say "Lawd now ef you c'u'd,
Dis ah time!"

Clouds and Sunshine

When you feel you haz no fr'en',
 It's ah time!
 An' yore troubles haz no en';
 It's ah time!
 When you 'neel to God an' den,
 Stay dare twell yore praihs assen'
 You aint po' no' mo'; Amen!
 Dat's de time.

TOO LATE

(Dedicated to my Dear Friend, J. W. Phillips, by request.)

There are times that one gets drifting,
 In a whirlwind way from home.
 Like a piece of paper floating;
 Helpless on a hopeless roam.
 And you try your best to settle,
 Yet here's your revengeful fate.
 Though you strive with all your efforts,
 You 'll at last find all 's too late.

There are times when sorrows deepest,
 Seem to swell your inmost soul,
 How your heart than aches with sadness!
 You lose all hopes of life's goal.
 Then comes to your mind a vision,
 Of those thoughts you deathly hate.
 With an unforgiving feeling;
 That at last you were too late.

Often wasted golden chances,
 Reflect after past and gone.
 Renewing your condemnation;
 Tho' they still are marching on.
 And you feel all you accomplish,
 Is nothing though e'er how great.
 For those thoughts take all your courage.
 Just the thoughts "I am too late!"

HEIGHTS OF AMBITION

Dey're timz on life's mountain clim'in',
When my hanz git bleedin' so
Dat I git disgustid tryin'!
An' say "gine to clim' no mo'!"
Den I 'gin to fink ovh many
Heights dat great men reach'd an' kept;
Dat wer' not gain'd thru discourag,
But toilin' while odders slept.
Den I strike on wid fresh courage,
An' de tho'ts to nevah stop;
Clim'in' on my painful journey,
Twell I gain de mountin top.

Dey ar' timz daylight goes stealin'
Wid de sun away from me.
Den de nite grows dark an' foggy;
Der no stars dat I kan see.
Dough I spex to keep on climb'in'!
Fer I kno' dare is a crown
On de mountin top a waitin',
When I lay my burdins down.
An' up dare I 'm tol' is Sunshine!
Trophys of silver an' gold!
An' fer all who en' de journey,
Crowns ovh victory untold!

LOVE SPARK

Love is but a shining spark,
Fanned in a consuming flame!
Found in every Christian heart;
The World Saviour's blessed name!

"Love has no second place."
Check not love for dress nor wealth,
Nor roses of the face!
For love like Jesus Christ himself
Contains no second place!

"The whet to do Godly."
As the cutter whets his ax
Each morn to cut much wood,
So should Christians whet with prayer
Each morn to do great good!

"Priceless Jewels."
Modesty is a priceless jewel!
Character more than gold!
Faith in prayer which is Soul's fuel,
Are they that can't be sold!

"Aim high."
Face the World with courage men!
All earth's sin defy!
Pray to God let light within!
Be heroes, Aim high!

EATIN' TIME

All dem ho' made biskits,
Layin' in de oven,
Spex to ax my mamie,
Wonc she please gi' me som' of 'em.

Papie ax de blessin',
An we child'ens peepin',
At de eatin' zon de table,
While de steam za creepin'!

Gimme som' dem dumplins,
An' som, chickin gravy?
Don't git som' 'fo'e it's all gon,
I know I shill go crazy!

"Have yore se'f you Rastus!
S'op yore tong'e a lappin!
Take you down f'om dis table
An' giv' you ah powerful slappin!

Take yore plate down 'cindy!
Ile gi' you a beatin'!
Kase I 's hungry my own se'f,
An' want to git ah eatin'!"

Eatin' Time

This poem was written in honor of a family at the Hotel Dennis, Atlantic City, N. J., for which the Poet received many open compliments and thanks. He was in quite an embarrassing position for a while, as so many of the guests stared at him. The family signed their names at the bottom of the poem in the Poet's honor to appear in his book. He was greatly encouraged by this family: Mr. John Neuman, Mrs. Brosseon and Miss Neuman of Brooklyn, N. Y., Misses Hicks and Cuddy of Montreal, Canada.

DEY'S CROUBLE IN DE A-MAN CORNER

I don't care what chou pay me
Nor to bring me to eat.
I got to preach de Gospil
Ef I step on yore feet.
I 'm handin' you de Scripchure,
Dough I kno' it taint sweet.
Kase dey 's crouble in de A-man corner.

De sinners 're ta'kin' bout chou
An' dey say dis an' dat.
It 's time you 're lookin' 'roun' an'
See wher' you standin' at.
Yore prayah meetin's soun' lovely
Wid jore han's pit-e-pat,
But dey 's sump-um in de A-man corner.

You 've got to grin'kin' whick'y,
And you 're struck on gin.
You 've bin all roun' ah taddlin';
I done head dat agin.
Den Sunday come heah noddin'
An' ah dozin' in sin.
De Devil 's in de A-man corner.

Crouble in de A-Man Corner 79

Now I don't blame de sinners,
Kase dey kno, you aint right,
'F you got de true 'eligion,
You bes git it in sight.
Dey aint no use to mumble
An' to grumble fer spite,
"Kase de crouble 's in de A-man corner."

I see yore eyes ah battin',
An' yore ta'k I can smell.
I see yore teef ah grin'in'
Heah yore moans slightly swell.
But none of you can 'spute me,
You is all boun' fer, well
Dey 's crouble in de A-man corner.

A TAFFY PULLIN'

We pull'd taffy de odder ni'te,
Now chile we pull'd it all our m'ite.
An' ges us'd all de lord we c'u'd.
We greezed dat taffy slick an' good.
De pullin'es' one was dat man Reed;
Who seem to pull wid so much speed.
An' got his-un so nice an' white;
Dat after dat I kaint tell quite
How we jes pull'd in turns to see,
Who 'd ha' de whites' pull'd taffy.
But heah 's what tickl'd me som' mo';
Som, drapp'd der taffy on de flo';
Dey pick'd it up an' said "Don't hurt."
We all mus' eat a peck o' dirt.
We got it pull'd den gin to shape
Dese nishials like dis great long tape,
An' some made snakes jes like dey crows,
An' som' great big black candy balls.
We got it shap'd an' put to cool,
An' c'u'd'nt wait, but like ah mule
Ges waded in an' we did bite;
We had reel taffy appetite.
O! we jes had ah jolly time;
Our spirits den wer' in der prime.
An' did n't ha' no time to spare;
It sho' was good fer to be dare.

RETURN OF THE PRODIGAL SON

"Ef I do git to mammie's house,
I 'll dare fer evah stay!
Not nevah mo' to roam from souf,
From now twill judgment day!

Som' one said 'go up in de nor'f!
An' dare you 'll stay wid glee!
You 'ont fink 'bout de fire place h'arf'!
But som' one lied to me!

I've needed cash an' wanted work;
Den pawy'd my clo'es to eat!
I've laid an' walk'd fer squars in lurk;
Twill I had tender feet!

Ime tryin' toh save my car'fare home;
An' O! my mammie's doo'
I don' 'spatch dare 'sorrrie I roam!'
Dis 'ont cotch me no mo'!"

YOU DON'T KNO' WHO 'S YORE FR'EN'

I tell you fo'ks dis day in time,
True fr'enz ar' hard to find.
Now when you think you's got a fr'en',
Som' one don' got chou blind.
Yore so call fr'en' kiss you som'timz;
Dare youle fin' Judus nigh.
You may say "Well" but wa'ch dat fr'en',
Kase deed God kno'es dey're sly.
All dat kiss you aint chour fr'en';
Judus plan dem, skeems,
An' ever sence dis kissin' fo'kes,
Aint jes what it seems.
Dey'll shake yore han' an kiss you sweet,
An' den jes kissin' you wid deceit;
De bes' thing is jes hold 'em off!
You don't kno' who 's yore fr'en'.

Ole Judus play'd our Saviour's fr'en',
Fer silver in his day.
Charles Geteau wuz James Garfield's fr'en',
Seekin' ah office say.
Wilks Booth shot Lincoln in a play.
A stage player was he.
McKinley shook once wid Zolgoth's
Wrapp'd han' twas sore's c'u'd be!

You Don't Kno' Yore Fr'en' 83

All dat shake hanz aint chour fr'en'.
Leon plan dem skeems.
An' ever sence dis shakin' hanzes,
Aint jes what it means.
Dey come up, speak an' bough an' ben',
Wid gunnin' plans an' means to en';
De bes' thing is to shake no hanz!
You don't kno' who 's yore fr'en'.

THE SOUL'S SOLE PRAYER

Dear Lord inspire me
With thy soothing message from above,
That I may bubble up sweet songs
Of praise to thee!
Grant that I may ever lis'
To thy guiding spirit of love,
Which art my hope, my all;
Trust ever more shall be!

PHILOSOPHY

Miss gwine my direction?
You 's jes my completion.
Do you hab objection,
Me bein' yo' pertection?

Changin' now an' den de Paster,
You 'll fin' sheep I 'll fatin' faster.

De Eagle soars 'way in de airh,
But mus' come down sometime, somewhah.

BRAVE TENTH CAVALRY

This to-day if ye are soldiers,
You must fight, and that in deed!
Here 's the time for men; not cowards;
Ye must suffer, toil, and bleed!

"Sound the drum for March! Attention!
Forward, March!" was heard the cry.
'T was to grieve a loving Mother!
'T was to suffer loss and die!

Onward, onward, onward heroes!
Rescue stars and stripes braves, on!
Charge and bloodstain you hills horsemen!
On ye brave of San Juan!

Ye are sons of God in Glory!
Ye are stars in darkest night;
Ye are fighters now for Jesus;
On boys, on! forward and fight!

Are ye men of vim and valor?
Shall our stripes now fall to shame?
God rewards all faithful servants,
Strike for him your Maker's name!

Brave Tenth Cavalry

Ye are true lovers of freedom,
Scale yon hills, yon utmost height!
Be faithful if ye would conquer,
Take courage men, we 're right!

Onward, onward, boldly onward,
Face cannon, smoke, shot, and shell!
Ride ye braves if ye would conquer,
Ride into the gates of hell!

GIV' ME DE COUNTRY

Its pleasure fer to travel 'roun'
To cidys, but de country town
Is better fer to make a life;
An' den I 'fers de country wife,
She knows my ta'kin' dis an' dat',
An' den she knows my Sundy hat.

It's pleasure when you grubs an' diggs,
To go at noon an' slop yo' piggs,
Aldough you 's ta'rd you nevah pine,
Kase thoughts reflec' "dem shoats am mine,"
An' when you want to kill ah hen,
No one can say "NO" now an' den.

In country dey is sich pure air;
An' food is freshly put up dare;
Dey git it fresh rite out de groun',
An' daint no better water foun',
Aldough you don't git so much steak,
You 's happy wid plain 'lasses cake.

What 's better den de country pies,
Dat smell so good jes draw de flies?

Giv' Me de Country

What blessid soul kan tell de rhyme;
Dat scrapple scents hog-killin' time.
'Y cidy food ain't got de tase;
In cidys I 'm jes out of place.

I like to heah de roosters crow,
De robbin sing, an' hosses blow;
I like to see de flowers dance,
An' den go give de stream ah glance.
I like to try de millions thump;
An' cool 'em under-neef de pump.

I like to see de cows in mud,
Den hunt de poun' an' chew der cud;
I like to heah de sheep dat bleat,
An' hosses paw when feedin's late;
I like to heah de booby owl,
An' moanful cry of de pea fowl.

DAT OLE HUNGRY WOLF WINTAH IS
COMIN'

Yase, De Wintah time is comin',
An' hits comin' midy fas';
Kase I feel it gittin' coolish in de breeze.
An' de win' is jes ah hum'in'
Thru de woods ah fetchin' sass,
Roun' de corners of de house an' in de trees.

I kan see de snow ah creepin',
Jes ah hidin' all de groun',
I kan heah dat hungry, savage wolf fo' sho';
When he 's howlin' daint no sleepin'
In de night-time to be foun';
Kase he's starvin' out dore waitin' fo' de po'.

He don cotch de wood-pile empty,
An' de ham an' bacon slim;
He don cotch de wheat an' co'n bread midy
lo'w.
Den myh cash is far f'm planty;
An' de ole gun out o' trim;
Dat jes why he 's out o' trim;

Hungry Wolf Wintah is Comin' 91

Keep on howlin'; you ole raskle!
I jes bait when Summah time
Comes ah gin I 'll git som' powder fer you
sir;
An' I 'll hav' it in my cabin
Waitin' fer nex' Wintah time,
Den when you come you 'll git buck shot
in yo' fur.

JUSTICE

I oftin wondahs how de time
Does fetch 'bout sich ah change.
De ole an' young fo'ks grow mo' wus;
An' to me it is strange.
My days de whites an' blacks grow'd up,
An' play'd in de same san',
An' when hit com' to eatin' time,
Dey sopp'd in de same pan.

De real man has no coler; when
He does right he is right.
De blood is red in ev'ry man;
Deys good bofe black an' white.
Dey aint no use in barrin' dat
What God gives to a man.
Dat 's foolin' wid de Mastah's work,
An' playin' wid God's plan.

De rain hit falls fer ev'ry one,
Not jes fer Sal an' Liz.
De meat dat 's in de fryin' pan
Has no respective siz.
Its smells fer ev'ry hungry man,
De riches' an' de po'.
De scent dat goes all up de staihs
Goes schoc' clean out de do'.

Justice

We need de love of Jesis Chris'
To keep in de right road.
We need a brother's prayah an' han'
To tote dis sinful load.
'T is justice dat looks down line;
Ambition makes de way.
'T is harmony of all mankind;
An' toilin' night an' day.

TINY JOHNSON'S FIGHTIN' CHILE

(In honor of the Champion of the world, Jack Johnson)

Heah bout tiny Johnson's chile,
One dat waihs de golden smile,
Fightin' so?

He 's jes awful heah of late,
Famous from dat Reno's gate.
Fightin' so.

Som' fo'ks say it tizin' right,
Fer to come right out an' fight,
But I think

When ah Man makes 'ones' bread,
An dey 's fightin' in his head,
Git de chink!

Life is noffin but ah fight,
Laborin' both day an' night,
Fer de prize.

An' I say ef iny man,
Sweats to reach dat promis-lan',
Let 'im rise!

Tiny Johnson's Fightin' Chile 95

If you labor hard an' true,
At dat what chou like to do,
God is pleas'd!

So it is with all in life;
You mus' fight to win de strife;
Bloody seas!

A KICKIN' COW

Milk-up, milk-up, goes de pail,
Bate dis cow ha' me in jail,
Soh! stan' still, an' back yo' laig!
Don't I 'll up an' bust yo haid!
Lookin' 'roun' heah mighty slick,
I jes dare you fer to kick!
Flies am so bad in dis poun';
Bettah keep yo' ole tail down!
Good Lawd! Don't dey bite you sharp?
You jes kick dis pail I 'll swarp,
Diah! heah, I lay in dis mud!
Ole critter jes chaw yo' cud.
Wondah who will go my bail?
Kase God kno'es ahm boun' fer jail.

Jim go hook dis ole poun' gate!
Heah I 's nasty, wet an' late,
Throw me dat o' black ox' whip,
Bate I 'll near bout bust her hip!
I jes want to let her kno',
When I say soh, I mean soh'
Swarp-up-swarp up, I be blame,
'F I don't cause her, daih she 's lame!
Jim, my Lawd! what shill I do?
Only struck her free times too!

A Kickin' Cow

Daih com's Mas' John, my he 's mad!
"Who beat up dis cow so bad?"
Moze don nit, dare lays his hat,
I tole Moze to don't do dat!

PARSON JOHNSON'S LAS' SERMON TO
HIS CONGREGATION

Brudderns an' Sisterns, you don' love de Lord
no mo';
Heah you come set down an' den you soon
commence to sno';
Sech trif'lin' wid de Word o' God I nevah seed
befo';
Its sac-a-ligious! Its sac-a-ligious!

Brudderns an' Sisterns you don' care fo' me no
mo';
Haint bin vited out to eat, de Lord hisse'f don'
kno';
Dun los' myh tas'e fo' chickin, an' ahm, ahm
so';
Aint gwine stan' it! Aint gwine stan' it!

Mens waihs o'nails in der spenders; make out
dey 's so po',
Wimens jes as wus kase dey is too lazy to sew,
You fills de clexion box wid buttons, dat I do
kno'!
Ise gwine leave you! Ise gwine leave you!

Parson Johnson's Las' Sermon 99

Ahm so sick an' tard o' dis, wid dese yo' kaihins
on,
Dat Ise gwine to leave dis day, jes is sho's you
bo'n;
An' now's de time; jes one, mo' prahyr, an'
den I is gon';
All ben' ovah! Haid all ovah!

Now Lawd fer giv' dese ole raskles!
Dey kno' not what dey do'!
Kase I kaint git no sense in dem,
Don' gi' dem up to you!

Now Lawd I want chou com' down heah;
Fer dis is ah hard gang!
Kase all thru dh week dey shoot dem crap;
On Sunday dey use slang!

An' som' o' dem kaihs ole black jacks,
An' som' de razzoo steel!
Now Lawd com'! fer I kaint stay heah;
Kase dis am one mo' fiel'!

Now Lawd don' sen' yo' son Jesis,
Timz too h'rd; com' yo' se'f!
No time fer childun's play down heah,
Kase dis am life an' de'f; A-Man!

The Poet returns many thanks to Superintendent Brooks for his very encouraging letters:

128 DISSTON AVENUE,
ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.,
February 8th, 1909.

MR. JOHN D. BROOKS, Milford, Delaware.

Dear Friend:—Your letters of encouragement which I so highly appreciate were received; and in reply,

BROOK OF BROOKS

Flow on! Thou brook, earth's blessed stream!
Make way for small ones; yet not seen!
Thou washest rocks' rough faces clean!
Thou art the Brook of brooks!

Upon thy bosom sunlight gleams;
From birds and serpents cannot wean!
Tho' issueth life for lily's bean!
Thou art the Brook of brooks!

Thou nurse the herds and from thy breast,
Flow color for the grasses' dress!
Thy loving works doth never rest!
Thou art the Brook of brooks!

May Godly cheerful tidings go,
On! as thy silver liquid flow;
His purest, highest teachings show,
Thou art the Brook of brooks."

Yours truly
STANFORD ELMER DAVIS.
"In honor of Mr. Brooks."

ETERNAL SLUMBER

He cannot move, his limbs are cold,
And when his pale face I behold,
'T is vain to say he will awake,
And of this life again partake.
His sleep is deep.

Bring roses forth in crowns of love!
'T is grief down here, but joy above.
The angels there shall greet his soul,
And he shall ware his price of gold.
'T is vain to weep.

GROWING SINS

Little sins like little serpents
Must be conquered while they 're young;
For to keep their sinful beguile out of breath.
Hypocrites with growing pretence
Have these serpents to them clung,
Which will hug them in their own while down to
death.

They start in the infant's cradle;
They like wheat and tare grow up,
Both are struggling together every day.
They are mixing with life's ladle,
Good and bad stirred in the cup.
They "old Satarn when a monster" won't obey.

BYGONE DAYS IN DIXIE

Dedicated to an ex-slave in Lincoln City,
Delaware, by the name of Thomas Ricketts,
who was impressed by the Poet's wonderful
reciting.

Yes! they are gone, 't was like a dream!
My youth has past; I stiff and gray!
I weep for I can't understand!
But followed by some Divine plan,
Of him who rules the night and day,
Why I should miss my morning's cream!

How helplessly I fall in trance!
My thoughts steal out back in the past,
Fetch memories of long ago,
When whitest frost and deepest snow,
When fiercest storms and strongest blast,
Blockaded then my youthful chance!

How many dawns aroused the birds,
That greeted wild the blazing sun,
Which thru the cracks burnt in the floor
And made a watch the cabin's door,
And dried the tears on meadow's run,
Which wept in green for kissing herds!

Bygone Days in Dixie 105

How many bleeding moons have gone,
That drip'd and stain'd the mighty deep!
How many stars that wept and fell,
And past away into the dell,
Where gravity so low and steep
Demanded them keep gliding on!

How much I bore the whip and lash!
How many nights my back was lean!
How oft I went with frosted feet!
How many noons I bore the heat!
How many storms I 've heard and seen,
The thunders roar, the lightnings flash!

I wander by moss-covered graves,
Where many friends though dormant still,
Whose spirits form bandana squads,
Reminding him who lowly trods,
Directed by some Potent Will,
Their lives were, too, of humble slaves!

THE PASSING OF SPRING

This poem, which has made its author famous in many papers, is considered by its readers the most musical verse known in the history of all poetry, and, being the first of its kind, receives the name of the S. E. Davis Poetry, which distinguishes him from all other poets.

Hip-Whoray!
Hip-Whoray!
Wake up, the spring is now passing!
Rip and rear!
Skip and steer!
Give all the slow things a sassing!

Sweet bird's song
Greet herds 'long,
Meadows so green and so flushing.
Gone! I think
On high rink,
By come the waters a gushing!

By that tree
I sat in glee!
Where the sun is yet still beaming.
Saw the field
Thaws reveal,
From the plowed new ground a steaming.

The Passing of Spring

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Day is done!
May his sun
Falls on the June bug and hummer.
Night is nigh;
Sight his spy
Lurks for the treasures of summer.

Creep tan stone
Deep lan' shown!
Move in this current so tickling!
By low stream,
Die slow dream!
In her clear waters a rippling!

ODE TO PROCRASTINATION

Why do you hold God's priceless gems
In your filthy slums, Procrastination?
How many rubies and diamonds
Have been lost in your fascination!
I glance your mould sods and spacious hems,
Your sinful caves daily sink millions!

How many talents lay dormant
In your soothing beds of ease contented;
Why not let them arise and shine?
How long will you hold them down lamented?
Let them come forth for God, and grant
His blessings to nations who wait them!

There may be a Shakespeare, a Burns,
Whittier, or Dunbar held in your lands;
Or some other Moses the world
Has not yet seen, covered in your sands,
Hindered by your dares and cruel spurns,
Which forces them to sleep deeper!

LUNA

Come on!
Come on!
Darkness slowly steals the day,
Come on!
Little birdies in the bush
Roosting, give their chirping wish;
Give thyself a little push,
Come on!

Be on!
Be on!
Evening yet is very young,
But on!
With your crown of honor to
Stealing thru the sky so blue,
God himself is sliding you;
Pass on!

Slide on!
Slide on!
Earth is still and all is well;
Slide on!
For the air is chilly cold;
And the night is growing old;
Slide, you burning lumb of gold;
Slide on!

Glide on!
 Glide on!
 Queen of Heavens in the night,
 Glide on!
 Let me take just one more peep
 At you on your course so steep;
 Then when I am soft asleep,
 Glide on!

FAITH IN THE APPROACHING WINTER

Frosty win's begin to smart,
 Fo'k-ses pray'rs ar' git'in' short,
 But de Master sees de h'art,
 Hgee—Hgee—He knows!

Faih begins ah tred'in' snow,
 Wood-pile dare is midy low,
 But I know jes whaih to go,
 Hgee—Hgee—I does!

Haint no tadders on de place,
 Meat an' bre'd is pow'rful skase,
 An' de fowl look' roun' an' chase,
 Hgee—Hgee—Dey knows!

C'ris-mus'-time is 'pro'chin' nigh,
 Turkeys, too, ar' passin' by,
 I 'll git mine I hope to die,
 Hgee—Hgee—I will!

Jes slip on a boot an' shoe,
 Iny coop a tall will do,
 Ha'f-pas'-two I 'm genly thru,
 Hgee—Hgee—I am!

CHRISTIAN PRETENCE

Some ar' singin', some ar' shoutin',
Some ar' hollern "Hallelew!"
Some ar' speakin', some ar' poutin',
Shakin' han's say'n' "Haddy Doo!"
Well suh, de whole church is happy!
In dis Sundy mo'nin' class,
Shirts rite ringin' wet an' sappy;
Um! Dem han's! how can dey las'?
Through de week dey 'll hardily speak sir.
So much grace on Sundy dat
All de congregation will stir,
Shoutin' supple as a cat.
Dey got dis aih hell-scar'd 'ligion.
Look! you-all don't ha'f to surch,
Heah sets one drunk as a pigeon.
See, de Devil 's in de church.

Sinners votin' local option,
Church members ah votin' wet!
'S' not de drinkin' wid de oxen,
Its de zample dat chou set.
How'n' de name o' God can sinners
Be persuaded by yo' acts?
How you-all expect berginners

Christian Pretence

To believe an' see de facts?
You kaint fool de Lord an' Master!
You mus' die jes like you live,
An' then in dat great hereafter,
God will know who crowns to give!
Takes a lot to be a Christin;
An' you-all heah on de lurch,
What 's de use to keep ah mistin',
When de Devil 's in de church?

THE FANGS OF POVERTY AND HUNGER

Many honest hearts are forced the way
Of thieves, desperators and crime
For the need of food and means to keep
Body and soul together!
How can a man live in good spirits
When he is penniless, friendless,
Outdoors, ragged, and in starvation
Barefooted faces the weather!

How can a man cheer and feel thankful
When death angrily threatens his life
And each day multiplies his sufferings,
Which take all his whack and vim!
How can a lion being without
Food so long, wandering near and far
Thru the vast dense forest in lurk, let
That pass which is meat to him!

As the dog jumps to a poisonous
Bone thrown out, ignorant of his death,
Seeking to pacify inner crave,
And coal-oil his dying flame,
So man, highest of God's creation,
Seeks and resorts to drastic measures
Knowing and fearing death all the while,
Growling at his feeble frame!

DITTIES

May he who runs the race of life
Be humble, on his mile;
Sometimes we weaken in the strife
And long a friendly smile.

Experience the moulder of great men;
Her lessons are never forgotten;
The loftiest heights her sons ascend,
Unharm'd; though their ladders be rotten.

"Jim, do you r'aly think you will go straight up
to Heaven
When you 's ready to die?"
"I don't kno' but that I might stop off a little
while
As I am passin' by."

Education with common sense
And good manners makes a man.
In the christlike spirit I firmly believe
"It is more blessed to give, than receive."

LENA

This poem, written in honor of the Poet's mother, "Mrs. Lena Ellen Davis," expresses his great love for her doing all she could, educating him and caring for him until he was able to see into the responsibilities of life for himself. It is considered one of his most serious poems.

The many thoughts you thought for me
When helpless in the infant's bed,
And saw the snares I could not see,
Deprived yourself to gain me bread.
I think of thee; thy tender care,
And of the years you 've labor'd thru;
I gaze with grief your turning hair,
And that your days are numbered too,
I dread the thoughts your spring has past;
And how I wish it back again!
Your shrinking frame that cannot last,
Which time is stealing, gives me pain!

I wonder will I find the way
When you shall cease to guide me more;
I wonder will I see some day
The many friends who 've cross'd, ashore;

Lena

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I dread the storms you 've warn'd me of;
I dread the journey I must make.
My duty to my God above,
When I realize, it makes me shake!
But God rewards the faithful soul,
And has a crown for those that toil,
Enduring pain to reach the goal,
They shall inhabit Heaven's soil.

DR. BENNETT'S NEW LIFE

Poem published by the Bennett Medicine Company, in Norfolk, Va., by the famous Quaker Dr. L. R. Bennett, a friend of the Poet.

The young man spoke well of the Dr.'s medicine and sold a lot of orders for him in Atlantic City.

If you want a spring tonic to build the system
strong,
To cleanse and purify the blood from ills that
have been long,
To banish rheumatic agonies from you, to stand
the strife,
To cure all stomach sufferings, take Dr. Ben-
nett's new life.

THE KEYS TO PROSPERITY AND SUCCESS

First of all is be a man,
Hold up self on every hand,
Yet remember what is right,
Never loose the Christly sight.

Think a good bit of your name;
Make it good and keep the same;
Realize when your name is down,
All the world on you will frown.

Make yourself no running bills.
Keep away from brandy stills.
Drunken men will never rise,
Noble thoughts they do despise.

Never mind the people's talk,
But stay in the righteous walk;
Put yourself in what you do;
Just one more, and I am through.

Pay your duty to your God!
You can't tramp life's path unshod;
Cheer the sick and help the poor,
You 'll meet smiles at Heaven's door.

AND WHY SHOULD I BE LONELY?

This poem describes the Poet's love of home with its comforts and his pet Tabby, a jet black cat of an enormous size.

There were two of them put down at the Poet's home when very small before their eyes were open. The Poet found them one very cold morning and begged his mother to let him keep them, so she did agree to do so. After good sized kittens one of them died but the real black one lived and made a very large cat, which the Poet has trained to the minuet.

You say I 'm lonely in this spot
Beside the grave yard; but I 'm not!
Here is the railroad right in front,
On either side I hear a grunt,
And why should I be lonely!

Out back there is the chicken yard,
So when I look till I am tard,
I walk on back out to the spring,
Where little birds delight to sing,
And why should I be lonely!

And Why Should I Be Lonely? 121

When twilight falls for little mouse,
Here ticks the clock inside the house,
And even should I fear at that,
Beside me lies my "Tabby Cat,"
And why should I be lonely!

My troubles can't my zest destroy,
There 's always something brings me joy,
I love to think of thoughts sublime,
I like to read, I like to rhyme,
And why should I be lonely!

BROTHAH SLAMBANG PREACHES TO-
DAY

Had-doo Sister! How you doo?
Rite well I bl've, how is you?
Farely common like I guess.
Haint dis weathah bin ah mess?
An' I aint seed you so long,
Dat I tho't 't was somethin' wrong.
Comin' out dis Sundy, say?
Brothah Slambang preaches to-day.

Hear'd him pray las' Sundy night,
An' he sho' went some; alright.
"Dis" an "Dat" he made dem sound,
Bustid up some bran' new ground.
Pastor said "We glad you come,
Kase you sho'ly can go some."
Pastor said den rite away,
"Brothah Slambang nex' Sunday!"

Well sir dat nex' Sundy morn,
You'd tho't Gabrel blow'd his horn.
People come from every wheah.
Brothah Slambang he was daih.
He made dat church farely ring.
No one know'd dat he c'u'd sing.
Members outside callin' "Hay!
Brothah Slambang preaches to-day!"

EVE WAS BAD F'OM AH BABY UP

Of all de vice dat 's in de worl',
Sometimes I do believe,
De worse an' most out-ragious girl,
Was dat of naughty Eve!
In all her sway wid God's command,
She bro't de worl' a scorn,
I oftin think 'twere bettah that
She nevah had bin born.

Kase Eve was bad f'om ah Baby up!
Had she common sense,
Dare wou'd not bin dis sin down heah,
Which is so emence.
It seems to me had I bin God,
I 'd made some mo' new fo'ks.
In all Eve's ways she was corrupt;
She was bad f'om ah Baby up!

Den she was not say satisfied,
Wid her wretched sin,
She offered Adam, Adam sighed,
Daih! "She pulls him in!"
Dey knowed dey'd sin'd an' tried to hide;
With fear dey 'gin to grin;
God call'd Adam, he ups an' lied!
Heah 's whaih it all begin.

IF DARE 'S A DAY I DO DESPISE IT IS
WASHIN' DAY

I can tell as sho' as shot,
When it 's washin' day.
All de eatin's am fergot
When its washin' day.
Evah thing is ovah look'd
On a washin' day.
Grub is jest a bout haf' cook'd
On a washin' day.
How ole fo'ks can bat dey eyes
On a washin' day!
If dare 's a day I do despise,
It is washin' day!

I jes dre'd to see it come;
Dis ole washin' day;
Dat o' tub, debum—debum!
On a washin' day.
You des kaint stay in de house,
On a washin' day.
Got jes much show as ah mouse,
On a washin' day.
I des hate to see sunrise,
Fer a washin' day;
If dare 's a day I do despise,
It is washin' day.

PICKANINNIES IN DE BED AH
FIGHTIN' IN DE MORNIN'

Heah! you lil' raskles,
Bettah quit dat noize.
Ef you dont you 'd bettah!
Do you heah me boys?
Bawlin' an' ah squallin',
Like you had no sense.
Evah blessed mornin',
Heah, you-all commence.

Ef I haft to come heah
To dis staih-do' 'gin,
I shill go rite up daih.
'Speck I 'll haf to sin!
Dont want git to fightin'
'Fo'e dis bre'kfuss 's done.
Jes aint rite dis mornin'
'Speck I 'll kill some one!

Wakin' up de n'abers,
Evah whaihs ah roun',
'Speck you bettah git up
An' des all come down!

Pickaninnies in de Bed

Kase Ise gitin' madah,
 Den I tho't I wus;
 I aint prayed dis mornin',
 I can f'o'de to cuss.

Now you bettah let me
 Have some pleasure heah.
 Kase when I git fightin',
 You know I don't care;
 I jes leave to murdah
 As to read ah check;
 I jes leave to cripple
 As to brake ah neck.

Stand f'om 'roun' dis fireplace!
 Let me have some room.
 Lizzah turn dem pla'-cakes!
 Cindy git de broom!
 An' rite aftah brekfuss,
 Soon is it gits light,
 I 'll jes fix you younguns,
 So you all can fight.

THE EASIEST WAY IS BEST WAY AFTER
 ALL

To keep down strife when evil 's sung,
 The best thing is to hold your tongue;
 For easiest way is best way after all.

It may cost you a little tear
 To be silent when vengeance 's near,
 But easiest way is best way after all.

So very plain the Master said
 "Put up thy sword"! He looked ahead,
 Saw easiest way the best way after all!

I feel that some celestial day,
 When I get home the band will play,
 "The easiest way is best way after all!"

THE DREAM OF YOUTH

O! Dream of Youth,
Could I be young again,
And see this life as I now see,
The golden thoughts that swept by me,
And took their flight across Thy Sea,
I 'd make Thee real in sun or rain,
Could I be young again!

O! Blessed Youth,
Could I be young again,
And see Thy blinding bright sunrise,
Make o'er the hills, sweep o'er the skies,
I 'd know her lay when low she dies,
Puts out her lamp in dusky lane,
Could I be young again!

O! Joyful Youth,
Could I be young again,
And leap at will with Thee unshod,
I 'd heed to Thy correcting rod;
I 'd toil with Thee and toil for God;
And suffer all the world's disdain,
Could I be young again!

MYSTERIOUS NATURE

I love to hear the Fiel' Larks sing,
In meadows frosty mornings,
I love to hear their echoes ring
With cheerful sounding warnings.
And lots of more 'bout nature that
I love to hear and witness,
I love to see the grasses green
And trees in all their fitness.
The why they come, and where they go,
When they depart from nature;
The world is full of God! And he
Alone can master nature.

STELLA

Dedicated to Miss Estella Aldrich, a very beautiful young girl, daughter of Mr. James Aldrich of Atlantic City.

Bright up in the Heavens high overhead,
Glittering in darkness,
Sparkle, sparkle, little light!
My! but you look lonely!
Thou art Divine Guidance my soul hath said,
Sparkling in darkness,
Feeling, stealing, thru the night.
Oh! but you look lonely!

Thou art the handy work of God burning from
creation on,
Blinking, charming, one to hark!
How bright! yet you look lonely,
Dazzling at God's footstool, decorating that
great beyond!
Beaming, gleaming, little spark,
You look, oh! how lonely!

CHILDREN ARE BLOOMING BUDS OF THE HUMAN FLOWER GARDEN

Yes, children are at times so bad!
But that is youth, mischievous glad;
Just as the rippling streams perforce,
The spring of youth must have its course.

I like to see their spirits high,
Kick up their heels, go hopping by;
I like to see them skip and run,
Be full of life and full of fun.

Oh! They 're some trouble as you say;
But when one 's head is turning gray,
You see so much in what they do!
It brings back childhood days to you.

Then, children are but human buds,
Enraptured in but earthly duds,
That must come forth out of their gloom,
And prised the earth in all their bloom.

MYSTERIES OF LATE HOURS

Who dat knockin' out dare! seems I
Hyead dat be fo'.
Donchou com' ah axin who dat,
Opin de doo'!
Skoose me honey now! now I dit'nt
Kno' dat chou Jim.
Hurry! Wont no makin' skooses,
Obc'o'se its him!
Jim you stay'd an offul long while,
Wher' has you bin?
Tho't chou'd ax som' foolish questions,
Jes like you Lin'!
Jimmie now you 'splain dis airh' yo'
Lindy loze you!
I don't feel de bes' Lindy an'
Ta'kin' out do'!
Bin shot in de bossom of my
Briches I kaint.
Jim do hush! You'se jes ah foolin'!
Dou-dou't chou haint!
Yes, but chile I got my biddie;
An' so did Bert.
Jim you got it alrite but I
Kno' you is hurt!

Mysteries of Late Hours 133

Put de pan up on de stove an'
Throw in som' fat,
Fry dis chickin nice an' brown, I
Show you bout dat!
Warm dem bre'ds' an' make fresh coffee!
See 'f ders som' beat!
Holler when you'se got it ready,
Den fix my seat!

A TIME IN DE KITCHIN

Gramma 's don' tied up huh haid;
Goin' to cook fo' Sundy.
Don' drove Sambo out doo's to
Cut wood las' till Mondy.
Makin' pies mos' every kine;
Jam'd rite full o' sweetin';
Bu'stid eggs dare in de bowl,
Ready fer dey beatin'.

Chil'uns all drove off to play;
Let on dey don't mind it.
Come back say dey lef' dey cap;
Make out dey kaint find it.
Every thing is smellin' good;
Piggs come up an' chickins;
Strutin' all a roun' de house;
Dis heah beats de dickins!

Spiders seem to take it hard,
'Way up in de gable.
Sassy flies come pitchin' down,
Plump! rite on de table.
Seem lack 'ease' bre'd kaint beheave
When it 'gins ah risin'
An' I jes aint right my-se'f,
Its so appetizin'.

A Time in de Kitchin

Doggs come 'way f'om neef de house,
Roused up f'om dey sleepin',
Jes set up rite front de do',
Yeahs buck'd des ah peepin',
Wa'chin' every crum' dat draps,
Head set up rite wishy.
Jealous cat dare in de flo',
Tail spread out rite bushy.

Chil'uns all don' lef' dey play,
Sneekin' up rite 'spicious.
Ho' made 'ease' bre'd des got done,
Smellin' so delishous.
Pies ah scentin' clean out doo's;
Folxes pass rite solemn.
Wish I c'u'd be-heave my-se'f,
I des feel like hollern!

LETTERS OF HONOR

Mr. John D. Brooks, Superintendent of free schools, white and colored, of Sussex Co., Delaware, encourages the Poet with his letter:

STANFORD E. DAVIS,
Georgetown, Delaware.

Dear Sir:—

I have read your Poems with great interest.
You have exceptional Poetical talent.

To find a Poet gives me greater pleasure than
to find a nugget of gold among the sands of
Sussex.

You may rely upon me to do everything in
my power to develop the muse in our midst.

May the shades of Dunbar rest heavily upon
thee.

Very truly,
JOHN D. BROOKS.

PRINCESS ANNE ACADEMY, MD.,
March 12, 1909.

MR. S. E. DAVIS,
Atlantic City, N. J.

My dear Mr. Davis:

I am in debt to you for two letters, the one
containing the very happy remarks by your
friend Mr. Brooks and the one containing the
reply of the President of the United States.

You should call yourself highly blessed keeping
company with such distinguished gentlemen.
I say to you again that we are very proud to
hear from you at any time.

I have written Dr. Spencer concerning your
work. I think we shall be able to give it due
notice in a subsequent issue of the Bulletin.

Your poem on the Academy will appear in
this month's issue of the Bulletin. The one on
your class motto, I have and hope to use it. It
is very pretty. Everybody likes it.

I wish you would compose a poem on the
race.

Our students are very proud of you. When
I read your poems to them they always clap
their hands. I hope you will continue to
succeed. Do not be too anxious. Keep cool,
keep level-headed. Do not work too hard.
You know the brain gets tired.

Mrs. Trigg and the family all send you much
love.

With best wishes for your success,

I am

Very truly yours,
FRANK TRIGG.

THE WHITE HOUSE, WASHINGTON,
March 9, 1909.

My dear Sir:

I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your

favor of the 8th instant, and to thank you in
the President's behalf for writing.

Very truly yours,

FRED W. CARPENTER,

Secretary to the President.

MR. STANFORD E. DAVIS,
128 Disston Avenue,
Atlantic City, N. J.

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