POEMS TO LIVE BY

Harlem

By Langston Hughes

What happens to a dream deferred?

Does it dry up

like a raisin in the sun?

Or fester like a sore -

And then run?

Does it stink like rotten meat?

Or crust and sugar over -

like a syrupy sweet?

Maybe it just sags

like a heavy load.

Or does it explode?

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Mother to Son

By Langston Hughes

Well, son, I'll tell you:

Life for me ain't been no crystal stair.

It's had tacks in it,

And splinters,

And boards torn up,

And places with no carpet on the floor -

Bare.

But all the time

I'se been a-climbin' on,

And reachin' landin's,

And turnin' corners,

And sometimes goin' in the dark

Where there ain't been no light.

So boy, don't you turn back.

Don't you set down on the steps

'Cause you finds it's kinder hard.

Don't you fall now -

For I'se still goin', honey,

I'se still climbin',

And life for me ain't been no crystal stair.

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Sermons We See

By Edgar Guest

I'd rather see a sermon than hear one any day;

I'd rather one should walk with me than merely tell the way.

The eye's a better pupil and more willing than the ear,

Fine counsel is confusing, but example's always clear;

And the best of all the preachers are the men who live their creeds,

For to see good put in action is what everybody needs.

I soon can learn to do it if you'll let me see it done;

I can watch your hands in action, but your tongue too fast may run.

And the lecture you deliver may be very wise and true,

But I'd rather get my lessons by observing what you do;

For I might misunderstand you and the high advice you give,

But there's no misunderstanding how you act and how you live.

When I see a deed of kindness, I am eager to be kind.

When a weaker brother stumbles and a strong man stays behind

Just to see if he can help him, then the wish grows strong in me

To become as big and thoughtful as I know that friend to be.

And all travelers can witness that the best of guides today

Is not the one who tells them, but the one who shows the way.

One good man teaches many, men believe what they behold;

One deed of kindness noticed is worth forty that are told.

Who stands with men of honor learns to hold his honor dear,

For right living speaks a language which to every one is clear.

Though an able speaker charms me with his eloquence, I say,

I'd rather see a sermon than to hear one, any day.

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It Couldn't Be Done

By Edgar Albert Guest

Somebody said that it couldn't be done

But he with a chuckle replied

That 'maybe it couldn't,' but he would be one

Who wouldn't say so till he'd tried.

So, he buckled right in with the trace of a grin

On his face. If he worried he hid it.

He started to sing as he tackled the thing

That couldn't be done, and he did it!

Somebody scoffed: 'Oh, you'll never do that;

At least no one ever has done it;'

But he took off his coat and he took off his hat

And the first thing we knew he'd begun it.

With a lift of his chin and a bit of a grin,

Without any doubting or quiddit,

He started to sing as he tackled the thing

That couldn't be done, and he did it.

There are thousands to tell you it cannot be done,

There are thousands to prophesy failure,

There are thousands to point out to you one by one,

The dangers that wait to assail you.

But just buckle in with a bit of a grin,

Just take off your coat and go to it;

Just start in to sing as you tackle the thing

That 'cannot be done,' and you'll do it.

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Grambling Fight Song

Fight! For dear old Grambling

Fight! We're gonna win!

Light! The torch of victory,

We will win this game!

Rah! Rah! Rah!

Fight! For dear old Grambling

Fight! We're gonna win!

There's no doubt that we are

The Pride of the USA!

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Grambling Alma Mater

Old Grambling, dear Grambling

We love thee, dear old Grambling

We're loyal to thee, our dear old School

We'll fight for thee forevermore

And when life's game is fought and won

The hills will ring with victory's song

Old Grambling, dear Grambling

We love thee, dear old Grambling

Old Grambling, dear Grambling

We love thee, dear old Grambling

Long may thee stand 'til all the land

Has felt the worth of thy great hand

And when thy sons to battle go

The hills will ring from shore to shore

Old Grambling, dear Grambling

We love thee, dear old Grambling