

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS

A Media Site of Everything

DEAR MOTHER

Dear Mother has gone,
 Departed in death;
 I'll meet her at home,
 In heaven to rest.
 She exchanged this world,
 And 'trouble of all kinds;
 For joys above,
 And glory divine.

Death was the stranger,
 That we regretted to see;
 And yet this stranger,
 Will forever be—
 The ship in which she sailed,
 On the stormy sea;
 Entered the port,
 Of eternity.

This ship is not gone,
 And dear mother is not lost;
 She is safe at home,
 For she is nearer the cross.
 There'll be stars in her crown,
 In heaven on high;
 Where she'll be found,
 In the sweet, by and by.

When we meet our dear mother,
 In that home on high;
 Where there's never a suffering,
 And never a high;
 We'll sing and shout together,
 In that home in the sky
 Where parting is never,
 In the sweet by and by.

—JAMES BYRON HOOKS.

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THE WOODLAWN FLEET

The Woodlawn Fleet is moving
 Out on life's battle field,
 The captain calls, "Keep going,"
 To bitter foes don't yield.

"Look up," the fleet is singing,
 "Friendship for one and all,"
 The sailors are increasing
 I hear the freedom call.

The captain calls, "March onward,
 And hold your chins up high,
 Just keep on looking forward,
 The battle's drawing nigh.

"The foes are losing courage,
 Stand firm and don't look back,
 Let not the storm discourage,
 Keep on the freedom track.

"And when you hear the shouting,
 'No Black Man Wanted Here!'
 Look to our God, keep singing
 T'will banish every fear.

"The doubts will rush upon you,
 But God is yet alive,
 The spear of hate will pierce you,
 'Keep on the freedom drive.

"The Woodlawn Fleet has courage,
 To face the battle strong,
 And no one can discourage,
 Or mar the Freedom Song!"

—By FLEET REPORTER.

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DESTINY

Let not the tide of human ills beset my path,
 For lo! in the distance—not far away—
 There may be that, which seemeth best
 To those who follow life's greatest test.
 There comes not to all the good they seek,
 For the good in all is not really seen;
 And the bad is censored by one and all
 In infancy even though one's small,
 The fact that in living some hardly exist,
 While others have riches galore;
 The poor and the humble they rarely assist,
 They're the ones that really need more.
 Some make enough to live quite well,
 Others not enough you can tell;
 But regardless the fact remains to be seen,
 That the not-enough gets the hard end
 Indeed.

For as humans we all need a break,
 But many never get their chance;
 Or alas; it comes too late,
 Others let opportunity pass.
 Then may that destined hand of time,
 Guide each free and noble heart aright,
 That tomorrow some gallant chime will ring,
 That every thing is bright.

—CONSANTO L. G. JOSONAS.

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WHEN I HEAR MUSIC

Sometimes, when I hear music,
 My mind strays far away;
 My thoughts are searching and distant,
 And leave my soul to sway.
 Yet still I am insistent,
 Of things they seem to say;
 But I have no resistance,
 My thoughts go on their way.
 I see, hear and imagine,
 Things I can't understand;
 Things that are secluded,
 Seen not with the eyes of man.
 And I, myself included,
 Within my thoughts that ran;
 In places not deluded,
 Nor touched by human hand.

My mind is all awhirl,
 By these mysterious things;
 That come when I hear music,
 And all around me sings.

—LUCILLE HAMPTON.

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THE TEACHER

Lord, who am I to teach the way
 To little children day by day,
 So prone myself to go astray?

I teach them knowledge, but I know
 How faint they flicker and how low
 The candles of my knowledge glow.

I teach them power to will and do,
 But only now to learn anew
 My own great weakness thru and thru.

I teach them love for all mankind
 And all God's creatures, but I find
 My love comes lagging far behind.

Lord, if their guide I still must be,
 Oh let the little children see
 The teacher leaning hard on Thee.

—DR. LESLIE PINCKNEY HILL

(On "The Wings of Oppression").