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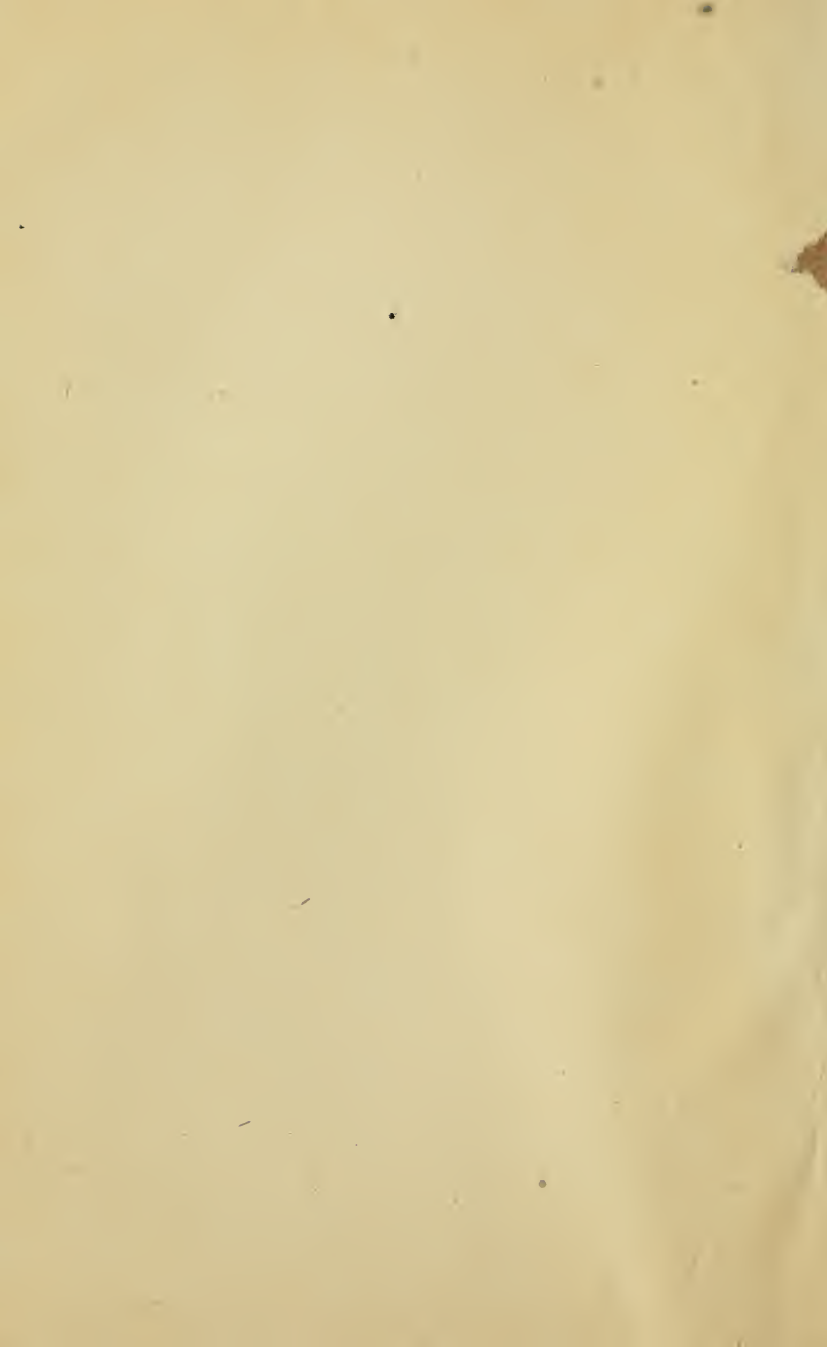
The Voice of The Negro In South Carolina



POEMS



BY
Edwin Posey





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Price 25 Cents

The Crescent Printing Co.,
Columbia, S. C.

228

1733531
76415X6
1917

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OCT 12 1917

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No. 1.

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TO MY MOTHER



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Preface

THE contents of this little volume may not altogether agree with its title, but I have striven to make it as near so as possible. In the writing of this message (The Voice of the Negro) I have invoked the guidance of Almighty God that I may speak for my people, the Negro race.

I have not tried to tell of all our achievements, which have been wonderful and marvelous, because much has been said along that line. But as the title so have we tried to be in our verses, a voice asking our race to be more co-operative, a voice of gratitude, a voice making known our desires to become acquainted with little things, the voice we hope will be to our race the one thing needful—inspiration. I find that with all of our achievements that we are quite a distance from our desired goal. As one of the early prophets has truly said, "There is much and yet to be possessed."

In presenting this book to the reading public I have implored the blessings of God upon it, that it may lift the ideals of our people, that their hearts may be lifted up and made to rejoice over past, present and future things that have helped and will continue to uplift our people in general.

God hasten on the day when we as a race shall regain all of our lost virtues that we haven't regained yet, when the spirit of co-operation, as other good things, have in the past, shall begin at the house of the Lords. If, we, as a race knew the worth of co-operation, as we should, no longer would our business enterprises and professional men have to struggle to succeed. May you read this book with pleasure and profit; may your confidence in the race grow; may the other races of the land hear our cry and give us the same privileges that have been given other races of the land. May they learn to know that we have some virtues along with our vices. Finally, last, but not least, may they learn to magnify our good work as the evil is sometime magnified.

Edwin Posey

Johnston, S. C.

March 12, 1917.

An Invitation To Workers.

To the man that has foundation
To the one that stands upright
To the one fears not temptation
And the one trusts in God's might.

To the One that lives for others
To the one that lives for Christ
To the one that loves his brother
And the one lives pure in life.

South Carolina needs you now
Just as others I expect
We will show the world just how
We the sinfulness will check.

Now the fields are ripe and ready
Will you come and work today?
Here your job is ever steady
Come and help us catch the stray.

South Carolina has some good men
And she needs quite a few more
It will not be until then
You will have peace at your door.

Then the will of great and small men
Will become the will of God's
We will sing the songs and anthems
Of the way our Fathers trod.

Then a little child shall lead them
Both the lion and the lamb
And their praise shall be the omen
To God who is the great I am.

A Voice Of The Youth.

When I grow to be a man
A farmer, I shall be if I can
I will raise produce improve the land
And never use a moving van.

Second Boy.

When I grow to be a man
A merchant I shall be if I can
I'll fill my store with goods from the East
And once a year give the poor a feast.

Third Boy.

When I grow to be a man
A doctor I shall be if I can
I'll visit both the great and small
And give my best attention to all.

Fourth Boy.

When I grow to be a man
A minister I shall be if I can
I'll visit the sick reprove the wicked
And scare the evils away from the thickets.

All in concert.

We little men have come to tell
About our aims in life
We hope that each will succeed well
Then marry each a wife.

A Word To Boys.

Tobacco and drinks are not for boys
They cannot take the place of toys
They often make the day seem long
And sometimes do the young men wrong.

To school every day on time
And with the other young men shime
Each is trying to do the best
All of them want to stand the test.

The test of life that come to all
The noble great and the small
They 'll come to you some day young man
So fortify yourself to stand.

Obey your mother first at home
And you will have no desire to roam
Thus following in the tracks of Christ
And yours will be a well spent life.

An Orphan's Cry In S. C.

Out in the streets in the rain and snow
Out where the wintry's wind doth blow
Out in a world surrounded by guile
O its some poor motherless child.

Out of a home where mother once knew
Out in a world that's never true
In a land of sin, of sorrow a while
Indeed it must be a motherless child.

Out of a home where the Bible was read
Out in a world where millions dread
I hear a faint weeping out in the Isle
It makes me think of a motherless child.

Out in a world of strife and sin
Out in a country where gamblers win
Out in a world that gives no smile
This is the fate of a motherless child.

Out in the city strolling the lane
Striving for a living but all in vain
Is clad in thin clothes that never was style
Yes, this is the experience of a motherless child

I wonder why no one cares for me?
I wonder can I this condition flee
I wonder if I am an African wild
Or its because I'm a motherless child?

This question has puzzled me for some years
And a many times I have shed briny tears
I would to God I was on some isle
Than to be in this world a motherless child

But bye and bye when hopes were gone
There came the minister with a song
He stooped and lifted me with a smile
Rescued the down-trodden motherless child.

A Voice Of The Weak

In the State of South Carolina
In the State I love so well
In the State of John C. Calhoun
Is the story I'm going to tell.

O thou far famed South Carolina
Thou whose fame has crossed the seas
Thy constitution we know well,
How can you be so much at ease?

When there are here in South Carolina
Some things that you doubtless know
But for fear you're not informed
One or two I'm going to show.

In the State of South Carolina
There are many boys and girls
Who if they were properly trained
Would make good citizens in this world

The school terms of dear South Carolina
Are from ten back to three months
Now you know we all belong here
So please help us much as once.

Let us lengthen out the short terms
Let the others remain the same
If you'll do this South Carolina
You'll add laurels to your fame.

If you would make our State richer
And place it on a higher plane
Let us stop so much complaining
For its time to make a change.

In the place of wicked prisons
I think a school would do
It would help to change conditions
And help all men to be true.

Then the time that we've long looked for
Our fathers longed to see
It will come if South Carolina
Will set all her children free.

For The Sake of Our Children.

For the sake of our children

We should stand for what is right

We should help each other then

We would save some ones sad plight.

For the sake of our children

We should send them all to school

There would be no room you see then

For the folks to call us fools.

For the sake of our children

We should shape their lives while young

We should put high ideals in them

And our good works will be sung.

For the good of our children

South Carolina, should come first

It was God who praised their anthems

South Carolina gave them birth.

Good Luck and What It Is In S. C.

If you happen to make good
In the arena of life
If you happen not to marry
But one woman for your wife
You can often hear folks talking
About the luck you had in life
You can hear some of them say
That you even had it twice
Some will say some of your kin folks
Simply left you all the pluck
And in many other ways
That no sound mind could justify
Is the story they are telling
And the way they testify
But my friends I'm here to tell you
That there is no luck on earth
For the lazy man or woman
Who's forver dodging work

But the luck that's in this world
Comes in proportion as you work
And my friend the lazy man
It don't visit those who shirk
The men who make great discoveries
They are always on the job
They keep close to mother's nature
There her secrets are not odd.
Take a look in the modern world
And see the change has taken place
We see the white man and the Negro
All are keeping forward pace;
When we see the mighty steamships
See the mighty railroad trains
And the wonderful wireless telegraph
Don't you think some brains are strained?
Now we have the Aeroplane
The giant German submarine
In the state of South Carolina
There are those have been trained.
They were trained in our schools
How to serve the present age.
There they learned to know all men
And to never get discouraged
Lawyers, Doctors, and our teachers
And the ministers of the gospel
They and many others whom
Time and space fails me to tell.

And my friends will you yet tell me
That all of this is luck too?
Now my friends I'm here to tell you
That it takes some good brains too;
Those who would build up a fortune
Are those who desire fame.
The price of it they'll surely pay
If they win in life's great game.
The price of it is sleepless nights,
Restless days and always fight
Believe yourself that you can win
Trust in God with all your might
When folks come around talking luck
Tell them all to go their way
For you know now for yourself
That such luck will not do this day.
When you make this resolution
Problems swift will disappear
And if service is your text
Duty to you will be dear.

How We Build The Temple

We build the temple day by day
Like Solomon did of old we say
We build upon the solid ground
So when it rains we'll still be found.

We build the Temple day by day
The Holy Temple of the Lord
That we may worship at His feet
And Live forever humble and meek

We build the Temple day by day
By the good deed and words we say
Then let us try to do our best
The Temple then will stand the test.

We build the Temple day by day
We hope and trust all will say
We thank Thee for the Temple Lord
And for thy Holy written Word.

(The Truth Tune)

If We Only Understood

If we only understood
Each other as we often think
We would sometime do some good
And put in the missing link,
We would sometime work for others
And deny ourselves we could
We would lift our fallen brothers
If we only understood.

We could stop so much complaining
Of our weakness here below
We would go to those who're waning
And to them our service show
We could feast on better things
That are stored up for the good
We could go where angels sing
If we only understood.

If we knew more of ourselves
And not so much of our brother
We could take some of our wealth
And give to the needy others,
Could we learn or see the best
And to do it then we would
Now a change would be the rest
If we only understood.

If we knew what we were made for
Or we knew what duty meant
There we'd start to doing service or
We'd say I slept and drempt.
Before we return to dust
We would do it if we could
We could bring the world to Jesus
If we only understood

Just A Word To You

Just a word to you my friend
Just a word of love
Is the message that I bring
From my home above.
Just a word of mothers advice
It is all to you
If you will accept it now
Just a word will do.

Just a word to you my son
For you'll need it every bit.
It is from your loving mother
And she wants you to heed it;
Just a word of consolation
To the heart thats broken thru
To the one that needs consoling
Just a word to you.

To the one whose burdens heavy
To the one that cares have worn
To the one that trials many
Have come often as the morn.

To the one whose life's been well spent
And the one that has wept too
Its the man that knows your sorrow
That has sent the word to you.

To the man thats in the trenches
To the one thats on the hill
To the one that heeds the Gospel
And believes we should not kill.

To the one that reads the Bible
To the one that searched it thru,
To the man that has decided
It is just a word to you.

Just a word to all man kind
Just a word to the human race
Who every one some distant day
Must stand before the Master's face;
It is a word from Jesus
Its the only word will do
Its the word that saved a nation
It is just a word to you.

Just a word to you I bring
That will cheer a weary traveler
Tell the man that in his sins
Of the love of God the Father;
Tell the man that don't know Christ
In the pardon of his sins
Christ is ready to forgive
Just a word to you my friends.

“New Year”

New Year's day is here at last
It really came but not so fast
We like to greet it then we say
This is happy New Year's day.

Only a few of us have thought
Of the lessons that last year taught
But let us not forget the cost
Then our souls will not be lost

The New Year brings us many things
That is why we always sing
It brought some of the same old cares
That have prevailed in former years.

It brought its sorrows and its woes
And left our enemies and our foes
It brought new duties to all men
And God's command to never sin.

Thus I hope we all will see
That New Year means more than glee
It means more work more sacrifice
It means for us to better life.

Our Duty To Our Country

Every man should love his country
Whether he be white or black
For we live in the nineteenth century
And we owe to never retrack.

There's a duty that we owe
Both to God and our brother
Whether it be friend or foe
We should strive to help the others.

Let us love our country then
Work and make conditions better
Let us be true to all men
Whether free or bound in fetters.

Ode to The S. C. Teacher

To the South Carolina teacher
Those who teach in Negro schools
Those who listen to the preacher
And their life is used a tool.

To the one that does his best
Whether encouraged or not
To the one has stood the test
And takes service for his lot.

To the one that works for others
Denying himself just like the Christ
He's the one can lift his brothers
From the depths to nobler heights.

You shall have encouragement
And our cooperation too
Its to you my pen is lent
It is just a word to you.

You are doing a noble work
Training boys and girls for service
Learning them to never shirk
Their duty if its sacrifice.

The destiny of the Negro race
It is in the teachers hand
You are keeping us in pace
With the races of the land.

You are making great and good men
Out of little common boys
You are helping them to look in
Where there is something better than toys.

I know you need cooperation
From the people of our race
I know you have some opposition
In your home or any place

But if you are doing a good work
If you're sure that you're doing good
Remember that they would never shirk
If they only understood.

South Carolina My Birth Place.

In the old Palmetto State
Is where I first saw the light
It is where I learned to rate
And to figure and to write.

Here I learned about the schools
And the way that things go on
Here I learn the golden rule
To never leave the right for wrong.

South Carolina's small in area
But she's great in possibilities
We welcome all to keep a dairy
And utilize our school facilities.

South Carolina like other States
Makes some mistakes now and then
But she has helped all the races
That have made their home therein.

South Carolina has some great men
Who should be praised with tongue and pen
If their voice was heard tomorrow
There would be less sin and sorrow.

“Safety First”

Safety first, it I believe
Every man on earth should
To your loved ones you are dear
And the end is always near.

Never risk yourself too much
Thinking, harm you'll never touch
For the danger's always near
And there's trouble everywhere.

Many a man has heeded too,
And since their lives have been true,
All the good men of the earth
Knows the slogan, "Safety First."

Safety first when you are born
And you'll avoid much of the harm
That comes in the average life
And makes our mothers sacrifice.

Success And How It Comes.

There are some of us who wonder
Of the success of our brother
And the thought in my mind ponders
If he has deprived the others.

Then I think a little higher
In the realm of the just
See and know the mighty power
That to man our God has trust.

Now I think a little different
Of the Way that success comes
Its the one that knows the contents
Its the one the journey runs.

Its the one thats always boosting
The good deeds of any brother
Its the man thats always setting
Good Example for the other.

Its the man that does not envy
Progress any where on earth.
To the one that not deny
Success starts right at your birth.

Now my friend don't think as I
Think your chance is not as good,
For the top you could aspire
If you only understood.

The Roses of Dixie.

Sing a song about the roses
That have lately shed their blooms,
That have took their sweet repose
And we too must follow soon.

They were planted in the garden
Where the water lilly grows
And were watered often when
The evening sun its shadow throws.

On the west side of the plant bed
Where the children use to play
There their pretty buds were red
Giving fragrance every day.

I have often sat and wondered
Where they got their fragrance from
And the thought in mind pondered
'Twas they got it from the sun.

For 'tis when the sun is setting
Far behind the western hills
That the flowers are begetting
Beauty from its Master still.

And the rose is our flower
Its the one I love so well
Gives its fragrance every hour
That the children like to smell.

The Country Store.

I remember years ago
Just before the break of morn
Paying a visit to a country store
Over the hills from our home.
The store was owned by a colored man
As plump as a butter ball
I wish you could see him as I can
As he leans against the wall.
Of the stock of goods that was therein
One or two I do remember
Was candy in jars very thin
On the twenty-fith of December.
'Twas there I knew mother and father
Sister and brother too,
From time to time we did gather
Pennies at the country store.

Time.

On the banks of time we stand
Looking in as humans can
Who'll be next none of us know
One by one we all must go.

As we stand by gazing on
Thinking of the ones that's gone
In the stream of time they went
As on a mission they were sent.

In the stream of time we see
Great characters used to be
They've been ushered out of sight
Into one long silent night.

They will never meet again
While the evils dwell on land
And the babies we hear cry
They will soon bid us good-bye

For the children soon or we
In the stream of time must flee
In the darkness we'll not hide
If the Lord with us abide.

To The Front.

If you happen to make good
With your speech this Childrens Day
You should then be more encouraged
To the front to make your way

If an error you should make
In your speech this Children's Day
You should never be discouraged
But the front press on your way.

You should stop and think about men
Who have stemmed the swelling tide
Who have climbed the hills of progress
Now they're on the other side.

Remember life and what it is
Than we our very soul will give
Trying to save the dear lost ones
That they all again may live.

The S. C. Negroes Voice.

The South Carolina Negroes voice
Has in the nations ear been hoist
Hear us South Carolina men
We'll be a better people then.

Is South Carolina built of units?
If it is let all construct it,
Let us merit what we get
And we still will follow yet.

The poor black man like other men
Has his faults its natural then,
Who's the man that has no fault?
He's now sleeping in some vault.

Let us magnify the good work
Constantly and never shirk
If you will the good deeds own
The evils will soon be gone.

Truth

If we would accept the truth
As our guide in early youth
Often would the days bring mirth
Years would swiftly pass on earth.

It would be a guiding star
To all men who would not bar
The light the sun out of their life
And substitute with sin and strife.

To know the truth and live it then
Should be the cry of all the men
Strife and sin be it far from me
And buried in oblivion's sea.

The Church in South Carolina

For the church in South Carolina
This I give to you the sign
It stands as Gibraltar strong
To help those whose way is wrong;
The church here stands for forward movements
And a leading element too
Will you come and join the band
Under God's omnipotent hand?

The church stands for the salvation of men
And the way is so plain that all men can
If they will keep on as they are
On the final day wear a crown of stars.
No sin is so vile or so great
That the church cannot help you get straight
Will you come and join today?
Its a dangerous risk to remain away.

It is the instrument of salvation
Saved many a man seemed doomed to damnation
On the other hand it is the daily talk
How the church gets along without making a balk;
Its the honoring of mothers and fathers at home
That gives us a place on earth to own
Its the plan of the Master who came to the earth
To give every man and woman new birth.

If the plan you'll accept believing it best
A life filled with service will tell the rest
The kings and kingdoms of this world shall fall
And our King shall triumph over all.
I'm now going to bring my story to its end
I hope that some one will take refuge therein,
Join with the church to campaign
And war against the great profane.

What We Have To Be Thankful For.

I am glad that I'm a Negro
I am glad I'm in the South
History says that we are Heroes
Let us remain in the South

In the South our mother land
Is the dearest place I know
It is where we'll all join hands
For the goal of success sure.

The South I think is now converted
Has found out the Negroes worth
Some of its people have deserted
South Carolina for the north.

Still there are in our State
Great numbers of the Negro race
They are those who out-stripped fate
And are keeping forward pace.

We believe the so-called problem
Can be solved here in the South
If all men will keep within
The laws that govern every mouth.

Problems die where progress starts
Thinking men have found this out
Any race whose men are smart
Success ought they never doubt.

For within the Negro race
There are men for every work
In the South we fill our place
From our duty never shirk.

We have wrought well in the Southland
This our progress plainly tells
Out of bondage in the land
In the Southland doing well.

South Carolina I love thee,
With my pin I will not lie
If you'll let us all be free
In South Carolina I will die.

When I Grow to be a Man.

When I grow to be a man
I want to do something if I can,
Others will not be ashamed to do
And to my church be loyal and true.

We are little leaders bold
In sunshine rain or cold
Striving for the Master's cause
We shall never cease or pause

As we go from day today
Tramping on the miry way
Let us join our hearts and hands
In one holy happy land.





JUN 73



N. MANCHESTER,
INDIANA

