

**THE BLACK DEVILS
AND OTHER POEMS**

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The Black Devils and Other Poems by Sterling M. Means

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STERLING M. MEANS

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AND OTHER POEMS**

The Black Devils
And
Other Poems



BY

STERLING M. MEANS,

Author of

*"The Deserted Cabin and Other
Poems,"*

*"The German War Lord
and
The British Lion."*



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BY
STERLING M. MEANS.

To the Nine Hundred Thousand
Black Troops who fought in France
and Flanders this little Volume is re-
spectfully

DEDICATED.

Book from Wilson 1945

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THE BLACK DEVILS.

You have read of the French Blue
Devils,

How they climb'd the Alpine Peak;
How they fought in France and Flanders,

And their deeds like thunder speak;
For they fought with Spartan valor,
As all history will record,

But they failed to check the Teutons,
And their raging drunk War Lord;
America calls her Black Devils,

And lets them loose in the awful
fray,

They have certainly gone in action,
They will find 'em hell to play.

They were the first to bear Old
Glory,

To the hell-swept Western Front,
Amid the whiz of shells and shrapnels,

But they bravely bore the blunt.
Big Bertha then was shelling Paris,
Sending forth her projectiles,

Playing havoc and destruction,
Throwing her shells a hundred
miles,
Von Hindenberg's victorious legions,
Held the Anglo-French at bay,
The Black Devils stormed the center,
The Germans found 'em hell to
play.

From the heights of Boston Commons,
From the battle of New Orleans,
From the stormy days of Richmond,
To the far off Philippines;
They have fought and fought like de-
mons,
For they always win the game;
They have won their country's lau-
rels,
From a hundred fields of fame;
As their fathers did yesterday,
They will do the same today,
They have certainly gone in action,
They will find 'em hell to play.

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON'S
PRAYER.

Lay me down beneath the shadows of
the long leaf Southern pine,
Beside the noisy brook and gliding
stream,

Where the wild honey suckle vine,
Shall around my Tomb entwine,
And the nights are balmy and fill-
ed with pleasant dreams.

Lay me down where the S'wanee Riv-
er waters flow,

Where the Moon pours its silver
rays of light,

When I cross the other shore,
In the mystic world I soar,

Let my parting words to thee, be
just "Good night."

Lay me down in Dixie where the skies
are ever blue,

Let me slumber where the sweet mag-
nolias bloom;

Where the little violets too,
As they drink the morning dew,

And shed their evening fragrance
over my Tomb.