

LYRICS OF THE SOUTHLAND

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Lyrics of the Southland by Emory Elrage Scott

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EMORY ELRAGE SCOTT

**LYRICS OF
THE SOUTHLAND**

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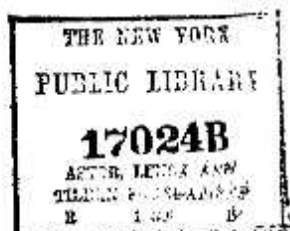
LYRICS *of the* SOUTHLAND

BY

Emory Elrage Scott

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By W. F. SCOTT

CHICAGO.

DEDICATION

TO MY MOTHER:

The source of my inspiration, and whose influence has ever been my guide, this book is affectionately dedicated.

1926

Lyrics of the Southland

RAINY DAYS.

On my pane the rain-drops patter,
With a drumming, noisy clatter,
And the glist'ning drops bespatter
 Mother earth.
Clouds before the brisk breeze scurry,
Trees yield leaves unto the flurry,
But sit I in pensive worry,
 Without mirth.

Myriads of rain-drops glimmer,
Hast'ning streamlets seem to simmer,
And the darkened day grows dimmer,
 Dimmer still,
Until now the earth is shrouded,
And the blackened skies beclouded,
With huge billows black, close crowded;
 Hushed the rill.

Idly sit and gaze I dreaming,
Seeing only fox-fire gleaming,
Until starlets, brightly beaming,
 Shed their light.
Then I kneel, and meekly bending,
Start my prayer to heaven ascending,
And to darkened day that's ending,
 Say: "Good-night."

Sons of the Sod

SONS OF THE SOD.

O! swarthy race, how oft I turn
And view thee, sore oppressed.
O! for some soothing balm to heal
Thy wounded bleeding breast.
A breast that nurtures genius
For pinnacles of fame;
A breast that hides a hurting heart,
That weeps not in its shame;
Faith's glist'ning foil thy stay shall be;
Thy leader, He in Heaven above;
Thy banner, faith;
Thy war-cry, love.

O! ebon race of Afric's clime,
Of cloud-flecked sunny skies,
The sentinels of Heaven watch
Thy steady, rapid rise.
Men of the sod, strive and fight on.
Choice of our God, reach up and strive,
And live, and work, and work, and thrive.
For the hand that shrouds in darkness
Is the hand that made the light,
And the God who spurns the evil
Is the God who loves the right.
Though strife oppress, turn ye not back,
For tott'ring weaklings cry and pale.
The valiant negro must fight on;
He shall not, will not, cannot fail.

Lyrics of the Southland

A SONNET TO MY SISTER.

Could but cold death in sooth assuage my woes,
I'd hie him to the churchyard of my heart,
And bid him bide his time, and ne'er depart
'Till scanned full well the tombstones of his throes.

And with one tear methinks I would disclose
That sanctum, of my sister's soul a part,
Then gently as caress of roe and hart,
I'd bow in rev'ence where the Reaper sows.

I'd bow and sing a song to worlds unknown,
Played on my heartstring lyre unto the blest,
And on my mound of strife, so weather-worn,
The victor, vanquished, would I ween be guest;
Until that gray, grim Reaper quit His throne
And carved with swinging scythe: The soul at rest.

EPITAPH.

May sweet dreams mark thy peaceful rest,
And restful peace be thine;
May heaven train upon thy breast
Her beacon-light divine.
Until thy struggling, care-worn soul
Shall reach the oft-sought, hard-gained goal,
Shall flit o'er paths that once were trod
Beneath a weak world's chast'ning rod,
And lightly skim o'er sinful sod
To meet thy Maker and thy God.