

Redemption Song  
Bob Marley

Old pirates, yes, they rob I  
Sold I to the merchant ships  
Minutes after they took I  
From the bottomless pit  
But my hand was made strong  
By the hand of the Almighty  
We forward in this generation.

Triumphantly  
Won't you help to sing  
These songs of freedom?  
'Cause all I ever have  
Redemption songs  
Redemption songs

Emancipate yourselves from mental slavery  
None but ourselves can free our minds  
Have no fear for atomic energy  
'Cause none of them can stop the time  
How long shall they kill our prophets  
While we stand aside and look? Ooh  
Some say it's just a part of it  
We've got to fulfill the Book  
Won't you help to sing  
These songs of freedom?  
'Cause all I ever have  
Redemption songs  
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Emancipate yourselves from mental slavery  
None but ourselves can free our minds  
Wo! Have no fear for atomic energy  
'Cause none of them-a can-a stop-a the time  
How long shall they kill our prophets  
While we stand aside and look?  
Yes, some say it's just a part of it  
We've got to fulfill the book  
Won't you have to sing  
These songs of freedom?  
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These songs of freedom

Songs of freedom

Source: [LyricFind](#)

Songwriters: Bob Marley

# To His Coy Mistress

By Andrew Marvell

If we but world enough and time,  
This coyness, lady, were no crime.  
We would sit down, and think which way  
To walk, and pass our long love's day.  
Thou by the Indian Ganges' side  
Shouldst rubies find; I by the tide  
Of Humber would complain. I would  
Love you ten years before the flood,  
And you should, if you please, refuse  
Till the conversion of the Jews.  
My vegetable love should grow  
Vaster than empires and more slow;  
An hundred years should go to praise  
Thine eyes, and on thy forehead gaze;  
Two hundred to adore each breast,  
But thirty thousand to the rest;  
An age at least to every part,  
And the last age should show your heart.  
For, lady, you deserve this state,  
Nor would I love at lower rate.

But at my back I always hear  
Time's wingèd chariot hurrying near;  
And yonder all before us lie  
Deserts of vast eternity  
Thy beauty shall no more be found;  
Nor, in thy marble vault, shall sound  
My echoing song; then worms shall try  
That long-preserved virginity,  
And your quaint honour turn to dust,  
And into ashes all my lust;  
The grave's a fine and private place,  
But none, I think, do there embrace.

Now therefore, while the youthful hue  
Sits on thy skin like morning dew,  
And while thy willing soul transpires  
At every pore with instant fires,  
Now let us sport us while we may,  
And now, like amorous birds of prey,  
Rather at once our time devour  
Than languish in his slow-chapp'd power.  
Let us roll all our strength and all  
Our sweetness up into one ball,

And tear our pleasures with rough strife  
Through the iron gates of life:  
Thus, though we cannot make our sun  
Stand still, yet we will make him run.

# Holy Sonnets: Batter my heart, three-person'd God

By John Donne

Batter my heart, three-person'd God, for you  
As yet but knock, breathe, shine, and seek to mend;  
That I may rise and stand, o'erthrow me, and bend  
Your force to break, blow, burn, and make me new.  
I, like an usurp'd town to another due,  
Labor to admit you, but oh, to no end;  
Reason, your viceroy in me, me should defend,  
But is captiv'd, and proves weak or untrue.  
Yet dearly I love you, and would be lov'd fain,  
But am betroth'd unto your enemy;  
Divorce me, untie or break that knot again,  
Take me to you, imprison me, for I,  
Except you enthrall me, never shall be free,  
Nor ever chaste, except you ravish me.

## Young Africa's Plea by Dennis Osadebay

Don't preserve my customs  
As some fine curious  
To suit some white historian's tastes.  
There's nothing artificial  
That beats the natural way  
In culture and ideals of life.  
Let me play with the whiteman's ways  
Let me work with the blackman's brains  
Let my affairs themselves sort out.  
Then in sweet rebirth  
I'll rise a better man  
Not ashamed to face the world.  
Those who doubt my talents  
In secret fear my strength  
They know I am no less a man.  
Let them bury their prejudice,  
Let them show their noble sides,  
Let me have untrammelled growth,  
My friends will never know regret  
And I, I never once forgot

Dennis Osadebay

Dennis Chukude Osadebay (29 June 1911—26 December 1994) was a Nigerian politician, poet, journalist and former premier of the now defunct Mid-Western Region of Nigeria, which now comprises Edo and Delta State. He was one of the pioneering Nigerian poets who wrote in English

THE FACE OF HUNGER- Oswald Mtshali

I counted the ribs on his concertina chest

bones protruding as if chiseled

by a sculptor's hand of famine.

He looked with glazed pupils

seeing only a bun on some sky-high shelf.

The skin was pale and taut

like a glove on a doctor's hand

His tongue darted in and out

like chameleon's

snatching a confetti of flies.

O! child,

your stomach is a den of lions

roaring day and night.

# Songs of Sorrow

By Kofi Awoonor

Dzogbese Lisa has treated me thus  
It has led me among the sharps of the forest  
Returning is not possible  
And going forward is a great difficulty  
The affairs of this world are like the chameleon feces  
Into which I have stepped  
When I clean it cannot go.

I am on the world's extreme corner,  
I am not sitting in the row with the eminent  
But those who are lucky  
Sit in the middle and forget  
I am on the world's extreme corner  
I can only go beyond and forget.

My people, I have been somewhere  
If I turn here, the rain beats me  
If I turn there the sun burns me  
The firewood of this world  
Is for only those who can take heart  
That is why not all can gather it.  
The world is not good for anybody  
But you are so happy with your fate;  
Alas! The travelers are back  
All covered with debt.

## II.

Something has happened to me  
The things so great that I cannot weep;  
I have no sons to fire the gun when I die  
And no daughters to wail when I close my mouth  
I have wandered on the wilderness  
The great wilderness men call life  
The rain has beaten me,  
And the sharp stumps cut as keen as knives  
I shall go beyond and rest.  
I have no kin and no brother,  
Death has made war upon our house;

and Kpeti's great household is no more,  
Only the broken fence stands;  
And those who dared not look in his face  
Have come out as men.  
How well their pride is with them.  
Let those gone before take note  
They have treated their offspring badly.  
What is the wailing for?  
Somebody is dead. Agosu himself  
Alas! A snake has bitten me  
My right arm is broken,  
And the tree on which I lean is fallen.

Agosi if you go tell them,  
Tell Nyidevu, Kpeti, and Kove  
That they have done us evil;  
Tell them their house is falling  
And the trees in the fence  
Have been eaten by termites;  
That the martels curse them.  
Ask them why they idle there  
While we suffer, and eat sand.  
And the crow and the vulture  
Hover always above our broken fences  
And strangers walk over our portion.

Notes:

1. Colloquial: It (the feces) will not go (come off).

Kofi Awoonor was born George Awoonor-Williams in Wheta, Ghana, to Ewe parents. He was a poet, literary critic, professor of comparative literature and served as an ambassador for Ghana. Awoonor earned a BA from University College of Ghana; an MA from University College, London, and a PhD.