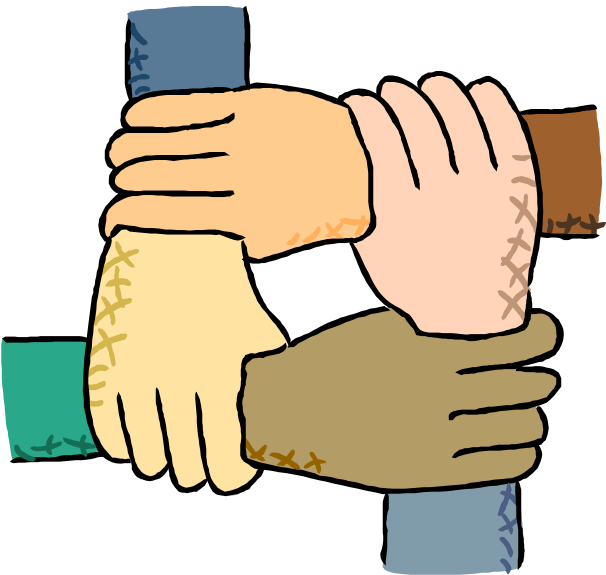


**Grade 2**

# Poetry



**Unit 4**

# Words Like Freedom

There are words like *Freedom*  
Sweet and wonderful to say.  
On my heart-strings freedom sings  
All day everyday.

There are words like *Liberty*  
That almost make me cry.  
If you had known what I knew  
You would know why.

Langston Hughes

# Rosa

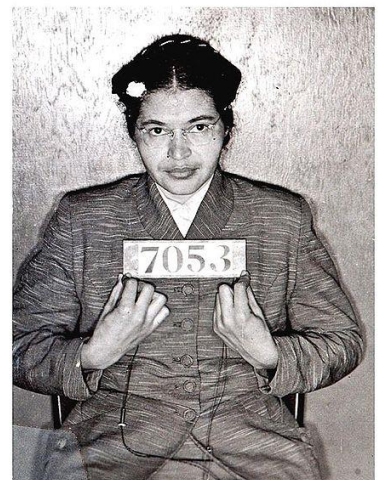
How she sat there,  
the time right inside a place  
so wrong it was ready.

That trim name with  
its dream of a bench  
to rest on. Her sensible coat.

Doing nothing was the doing:  
the clean flame of her gaze  
carved by a camera flash.

How she stood up  
when they bent down to retrieve  
her purse. That courtesy.

Rita Dove



# Merry-Go-Round

Where is the Jim Crow section  
On this merry-go-round,  
Mister, cause I want to ride?  
Down South where I come from  
White and colored  
Can't sit side by side.  
Down South on the train  
There's a Jim Crow car.  
On the bus we're put in the back—  
But there ain't no back  
To a merry-go-round!  
Where's the horse  
For a kid that's black?

Langston Hughes



# Harriet Tubman

Eloise Greenfield

Harriet Tubman didn't take no stuff  
Wasn't scared of nothing neither  
Didn't come in this world to be no slave  
And wasn't going to stay one either

“Farewell!” she sang to her friends one night  
She was mighty sad to leave ‘em  
But she ran away that dark, hot night  
Ran looking for her freedom  
She ran to the woods and she ran through the woods  
With the slave catchers right behind her  
And she kept on going till she got to the North  
Where those mean men couldn't find her

Nineteen times she went back South  
To get three hundred others  
She ran for her freedom nineteen times  
To save Black sisters and brothers  
Harriet Tubman didn't take no stuff  
Wasn't scared of nothing neither  
Didn't come in this world to be no slave  
And didn't stay one either

And didn't stay one either



# Lincoln

*Nancy Byrd Turner*

There was a boy of other days,  
A quiet, awkward, earnest lad,  
Who trudged long weary miles to get  
A book on which his heart was set—  
And then no candle had!

He was too poor to buy a lamp  
But very wise in woodmen's ways.  
He gathered seasoned bough and stem,  
And crisping leaf, and kindled them  
Into a ruddy blaze.

Then as he lay full length and read,  
The firelight flickered on his face,  
And etched his shadow on the gloom,  
And made a picture in the room,  
In that most humble place.

The hard years came, the hard years went,  
But, gentle, brave, and strong of will,  
He met them all. And when today  
We see his pictured face, we say,  
"There's light upon it still."

