Obi Won't Bite
(unless you bite Obi)

Right here on this campus
this place called T.C.C.
The true blacks got together
formed a union called Obi

Prayer

Lord, what can a young girl do?
I'm young.
I'm caught.
I'm caught.

God, please listen.
I'm too young to vote . . .
And if I could,
It would not be enough.

To unite the people
In a modern way!
To make them live
and know
and care
and understand
and love

One another . . .
Lord, what can a young girl do?

"Pick up your pen and write."
But Lord, what can I say?
"Just pick up your pen and write."

—By Cathleen M. Heckard

And we know that some don't understand
just what our purpose is
For there can be found in the whiter minds
a thought that says, "What gives?"

So I'm going to try and tell you,
that is, "lay it on the line."
And I suggest you heed these words
cause there isn't that much time

"The time has come
it has shown its face
And we Blacks are here
to take our place."

"In a nation where
we were once enslaved
We've come out now
from our common grave

"And still, all we ask
is an equal chance
'Cause we're a beautiful race
and we will advance."

So, here and now,
there's no cause for alarm
'Cause we're not here
to do you harm

Though we do hope
to make you aware
So move on over
We'll do our share

And for the Black Brothers here
who won't take part
You say you've got soul,
"Have you got a heart?"

—William Hall, Jr.