

SENIOR CLASS

Hear the voice of Benjamin E. Mays...



**“Life Is Just a Minute”**

By: Benjamin E. Mays

I’ve only just a minute,  
Only sixty seconds in it.  
Forced upon me, can’t refuse it,  
Didn’t seek it, didn’t choose it,  
But it’s up to me to use it.  
I must suffer if I lose it,  
Give an account if I abuse it,  
Just a tiny little minute,  
But eternity is in it.

**Quote Excerpt taken from**

***Walking Integrity: Benjamin Elijah Mays, Mentor to Martin Luther King, Jr.***

“Whatever you do, wherever you go,  
I hope you will perform so well in your chosen work  
And stand so high in depth of character  
That when positions open up or promotions are in order,  
Your credentials will be so impressive  
That those authorized to recommend persons for the new jobs  
or for promotions  
Will be compelled to examine your credentials  
Whether you, or someone else, gets the position is not important  
But it is important that you be so outstanding in your field  
And so noble in character  
That you cannot be ignored.”

JUNIOR CLASS  
POEM



"If"

By: Rudyard Kipling

If you can keep your head when all about you  
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;  
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,  
But make allowance for their doubting too:  
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,  
Or, being lied about, don't deal in lies,  
Or being hated don't give way to hating,  
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise;

If you can dream - and not make dreams your master;  
If you can think - and not make thoughts your aim,  
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster  
And treat those two impostors just the same.  
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken  
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,  
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,  
And stoop and build'em up with worn-out tools;

If you can make one heap of all your winnings  
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,  
And lose, and start again at your beginnings,  
And never breathe a word about your loss.  
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew  
To serve your turn long after they are gone,  
And so hold on when there is nothing in you  
Except the Will which says to them: "Hold on!"

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,  
Or walk with Kings - nor lose the common touch,  
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,  
If all men count with you, but none too much:  
If you can fill the unforgiving minute  
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,  
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,  
And - which is more - you'll be a Man, my son!

SOPHMORE CLASS  
POEM



**“The Man Who Thinks He Can”**

By: Walter D. Wintle

If you think you are beaten, you are;  
If you think you dare not, you don't.  
If you'd like to win, but you think you can't,  
It is almost a cinch that you won't.

If you think you'll lose, you've lost;  
For out in the world you'll find  
Success begins with one's will  
It's all in the state of mind.

If you think you're outclassed, you are;  
You've got to think high to rise.  
You've got to be sure of yourself before  
You can ever win a prize.

Life's battles don't always go  
To the stronger or faster man;  
But sooner or later the man who wins  
Is the one who thinks he can!

FRESHMEN CLASS  
POEM



**"Invictus"**

By: William Ernest Henly

Out of the night that covers me,  
Black as the Pit from pole to pole,  
I thank whatever gods may be  
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance  
I have not winced nor cried aloud,  
Under the bludgeonings of chance  
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears  
Looms but the horror of the shade,  
And yet the menace of the years  
Finds, and shall find me, unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,  
How charged with punishments the scroll,  
I am the master of my fate:  
I am the captain of my soul.

EIGHTH GRADE CLASS  
POEM



**“Somebody Said It Couldn’t Be Done”**

By: Edgar Albert Guest

Somebody said it couldn’t be done  
But he with a chuckle replied  
That “maybe it couldn’t,” but he would be one  
Who wouldn’t say so till he’d tried  
So he buckled right in with a trace of a grin  
On his face. If he worried he’d hid it  
He started to sing as he tackled the thing  
That couldn’t be done and he did it!

Somebody scoffed: “oh, you’ll never do that;  
At least no one ever has done it;”  
But he took of his coat and took off his hat  
And the first thing we knew he’d begun it.  
With a lift of his chin and a bit of a grin,  
Without any doubting or quiddity,  
He started to sing as he tackled the thing  
That couldn’t be done, and he did it.

There are thousands to tell you it cannot be done,  
There are thousands to prophesy failure,  
There are thousands to point to you one by one,  
The danger that wait to assail you.  
But just buckle in with a bit of a grin,  
Just take off your coat and go to it;  
Just start in to song as you tackle the thing  
That “cannot be done,” and you’ll do it!

SEVENTH GRADE CLASS  
POEM



**“Live Your Creed”**

By: Langston Hughes

I'd rather see a sermon than to hear one any day.  
I'd rather one walk with me than just to show the way.  
The eye is a better pupil and more willing than the ear.  
Advice may be misleading but examples are always clear.  
And the very best of teachers are the ones who live their creed,  
For to see good put into action is what everybody needs.

I can soon learn to do it if you let me see it done.  
I can watch your hand in motion  
but your tongue too fast may run.

And the lectures you deliver may be very fine and true  
But I'd rather get my lesson by observing what you do.  
For I may misunderstand you and the fine advice you give  
But there's no misunderstanding how you act and how you live!

SIXTH GRADE CLASS  
POEM



**“See It Through”**  
By: Edgar Albert Guest

When you’re up against a trouble,  
Meet it squarely, face to face;  
Lift your chin and set your shoulders,  
Plant your feet and take a brace.  
When it’s vain to try to dodge it,  
Do the best that you can do;  
You may fail; but you may conquer,  
See it through!

Black may be the clouds about you  
And your future may seem grim,  
But don’t let your nerve desert you;  
Keep yourself in fighting trim.  
If the worst is bound to happen,  
Spite of all that you can do,  
Running from it will not save you,  
See it through!

Even hope may seem but futile,  
When with troubles you’re beset,  
But remember you are facing  
Just what other men have met.  
You may fail, but fall still fighting;  
Don’t give up, whate’er you do;  
Eyes front, head high to the finish  
See it through!