

FACE TO THE SUN

"Chained by another; never knowing our Mother
Forced to look down, eyes ... always to the ground.
Hiding in the woods, being told you are no good.
Reaching for our dreams, we blocked out the screams,
For our freedom we fought, those left behind, we never forgot.

Our Face turns now up to the sun, no more ... having to run

Promised Land was given but, many men are yet to be forgiven.
We have come so far, our eyes ever cast to the North Star.
Tears, feelings of pride, we face the future, no more reason to hide.
Now, Master of our own land, we stand tall; like "a Free Man".

Our face turns now up to the sun, our lives have truly begun.

We work hard each day, always remembering to pray.
A Large Rock in a plough lane, at times, reminds us of Slave pain,
But, for ourselves we now toil; bringing life to rocky, Homestead soil.
Our backs' bend of our own accord, for that, we "thank you my Lord."
Oh how we had yearned for the light to be returned.

Our face turns now up to the sun, here we can freely love anyone

Now, we hold our heads high, yet, we remain humble, "no lie".
Hands calloused & worn, new generations into freedom are born.
We remain here, for one reason, hope springs anew with each season
Plenty of crops in the field, our new heritage is forever sealed.

Our Face turns up to the sun, never again "will -we- have- to- run"

We came from a place that gave power to race!
This land, we now own; "Old Durham" is home sweet home.
We are all family now, getting through it ... somehow.
As a Negro race we are free to show pride on our face.
With no Master to keep we are now restful, in our long, long sleep.