2.

Death will be so quiet and peaceful Death reminds me of reincarnation Death reminds me of sleep Every day I step into a coffin

3.

That man over there say a woman needs to be helped into carriages and lifted over ditches and to have the best place everywhere.

Nobody ever helped me into carriages or over mud puddles ... And ain't I a woman? Look at me. Look at my arm. I have ploughed and planted and gathered into barns and no man could head me ... And ain't I a woman? I could work as much and eat as much as a man when I could get to it - and bear the lash as well, And ain't I a woman? I have borne thirteen children and seen most all sold into slavery and when I cried out a mother's grief none but Jesus heard me And ain't I a woman?

4.

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 ,grasshopper;
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5.

abcd
efg
hijk
lmnop
qrs
tuv
wx
y & z

6.

Try to remember the kind of September When life was slow and, oh, so mellow. Try to remember the kind of September When grass was green and grain was yellow. Try to remember the kind of September When you were a tender and callow fellow. Try to remember and if you remember, Then follow, follow, follow.