

TZEDEK, TZEDEK (TASHIR V') TIRDOF:
Music in Doing Justice

STUDENT WORKSHEET

סיפורי מוסיקה
STORIES OF MUSIC



[**NOTE:** This worksheet will give you an outline and overview of the lesson, and will provide you with the materials that will help you to understand and integrate the lesson’s major points. These materials include lyrics to songs that will be explored in depth, questions to consider while listening to some pieces of music, and more. This is not meant to be comprehensive, and your instructor may modify this lesson to enhance the learning experience for your particular class. Please notice that the Roman numerals along the way correspond to the Lesson Outline.]

INTRODUCTION

This lesson is an exploration of the importance of protest, ritual, and music in social justice, and the participation of Jews in all of those facets of justice work in American history.

LESSON OUTLINE

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 - B. Yiddish Culture, Workers Rights, and Economic Justice
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IX. Contemporary Jewish Music of Social Justice

- A. The Concert Hall
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- C. Reggae
- D. Experimental Hip Hop
- E. Klezmer
- F. Hanukkah

X. What We've Learned (Weaving Our Threads Together)

XI. Outro

I. PRELUDE/INTRODUCTION: THE PROPHETIC VOICE

Isaiah 58:6–7, 9, and 12

הָלוֹא זֶה צוֹם אֲבֹתֵינוּ: פִּתְחֵם חֲרָצְבוֹת רָשָׁע הַתֵּר אֲגָדוֹת מוֹטָה וְשַׁלַּח רְצוּצִים חֲפָשִׁים וְכָל־
מוֹטָה תִּנְתְּקוּ: הָלוֹא פָּרַס לְרַעֲב לַחֲמֹךְ וְעֵנִיִּים מְרוּדִים תִּבְיֵא בֵּית
כִּי־תִרְאֶה עֵרֶם וְכֹסִיתוֹ וּמִבְּשָׂרְךָ לֹא תִתְעַלֵּם: אֲזַ תִּקְרָא וִיהִי וְעֵנָה תִשְׁנֹעַ וַיֹּאמֶר
הֲגִי אִם־תִּסִּיר מִתּוֹכָּ מוֹטָה שְׁלַח אֶצְבַּע וְדַבֵּר־אֲנִי: וּבְנֵו מִמֶּךָ חֲרָבוֹת עוֹלָם
מוֹסְדֵי דוֹר־דוֹר תִּקְוִימֵם וְקִרְא לָךְ גִּדְר פֶּרֶץ מִשָּׁבֵב נְתִיבוֹת לְשִׁבְתָּ:

No, this is the fast that I desire:

*unlock of the fetters of wickedness,
untie the cords of injustice,
set the oppressed free.*

Break off every yoke!

This is the fast that I desire:

*share your bread with the hungry,
take the poor into your homes,
clothe the naked.*

Don't ignore others!...

When you do this, God will respond.

When you cry out, God will answer, "I am here" —

*but only if you banish injustice from your midst;
only if you send away the menacing hands and twisted speech....*

Then people from your midst shall rebuild ancient ruins.

You shall restore foundations laid generations ago.

Then you shall be called "Repairer of Fallen Walls, Restorer of Lanes for Habitation."

The Gates of Justice IIIb. OPEN THE GATES CHORALE

(Music: Dave Brubeck; Lyrics: Psalm 118:19–23; Isaiah 58:6–7, 9, and 12)

Open the gates. Throw wide the gates to me.
Is not this the fast that I have chosen,
to loose the fetters of wickedness,
to undo the bands of the yoke,
And let the oppressed go free?
And when ye break every yoke, is it not to deal thy
bread to the hungry?
Open the doors to bring the poor that are
cast out to thy house.

When thou see the naked thou shalt cover him.
Then thou shalt call and the Lord will answer;
Thou shalt cry, and He will say, "Here I am!"
Out of the way of the people!
They shall build the old waste places.
Thou shalt raise up the foundations.
Thou shalt be called the repairer of the breach,
the restorer of the paths to dwell in.
Open the gates. When will you open the gates?

1999 Resolution of the Central Conference of American Rabbis 1999:

*"We are obligated to pursue tzedek, justice and righteousness,
and to narrow the gap between the affluent and the poor,
to act against discrimination and oppression,
to pursue peace, to welcome the stranger...
and to redeem those in physical, economic and spiritual bondage.
In so doing, we reaffirm social action and social justice
as a central prophetic focus of traditional...Jewish belief and practice."*

II. MUSIC AND PROTEST

A. The Women's Suffrage Procession of 1913

"She's Good Enough To Be Your Baby's Mother and She's Good Enough to Vote With You"

(M: Herman Paley; L: Alfred Bryan)

No man is greater than his mother
No man is half so good
No man is better than the wife he loves
Her love will guide him
What 'ere beguile him

(Refrain:)

She's good enough to love you and adore you
She's good enough to bear your troubles for you
And if your tears were falling today
Nobody else would kiss them away

She's good enough to warm your heart with kisses
When you're lonesome and blue
She's good enough to be your baby's mother
And she's good enough to vote with you

Man plugs the world in war and sadness
She must protest in vain
Let's hope and pray someday we'll hear her pain
Stop all your madness, I bring you gladness (*Refrain:*)

She's good enough to give you old Abe Lincoln
She good enough to give you Brandon Sherman
Robert E. Lee and Washington too
She was so true she gave them to you
She's good enough to give you Teddy Roosevelt
Thomas A. Edison too.
She's good enough to give you Woodrow Wilson
And she's good enough to vote with you.

II. MUSIC AND PROTEST

B. Yiddish Culture, Workers Rights, and Economic Justice

“Der Arbeter Himnen” [“The Hymn of the Workers Circle”]

(*M: Meyer Posner, 1890–1931; L: Abraham Liessen, 1872–1938, E: Samuel H. Friedman*)

'Mid the blaze of a world in commotion,
The light of true freedom we sought.
Here at home and far over the ocean,
To the forge of our vision we brought
The fire of our love and devotion
And a union of workers we wrought.

(*Refrain:*)

A timeless bond unites us:
A ring of tempered steel.
One radiant beacon lights us
To peace and common weal.
Stand one for all and all for one:
The working class ideal.

On the anvil of struggle created,
The union's our armor and shield.
The branches are links that are mated
In molding the weapon we wield.
So, forward with zeal unabated!
Our fervor will conquer the field! (*Refrain:*)

Pair Share:

-  How do you honor social justice heroes of yesteryear for the gains they helped usher in, whether in the area of voting rights or economic justice?

II. MUSIC AND PROTEST

C. The 1963 March on Washington for Jobs and Freedom

“Blowin’ in the Wind”

(Music and Lyrics: Bob Dylan)

How many roads must a man walk down
Before you call him a man?
How many seas must a white dove sail
Before she sleeps in the sand?
Yes, and how many times must the cannonballs fly
Before they’re forever banned?

(Chorus:)

The answer, my friend, is blowin’ in the wind.
The answer is blowin’ in the wind.

Yes, and how many years must a mountain exist
Before it is washed to the sea?
And how many years can some people exist
Before they’re allowed to be free?
Yes, and how many times can a man turn his head
And pretend that he just doesn’t see? *(Chorus:)*

Yes, and how many times must a man look up
Before he can see the sky?
And how many ears must one man have
Before he can hear people cry?
Yes, and how many deaths will it take ‘til he knows
That too many people have died? *(Chorus:)*

“When the Ship Comes In”

(Bob Dylan)

Oh, the time will come up
When the winds will stop
And the breeze will cease to be breathin’
Like the stillness in the wind
Before the hurricane begins
The hour that the ship comes in

And the seas will split
And the ship will hit
And the sands on the shoreline will be shaking
Then the tide will sound
And the wind will pound
And the morning will be breaking

Oh, the fishes will laugh
As they swim out of the path
And the seagulls they’ll be smiling
And the rocks on the sand
Will proudly stand
The hour that the ship comes in

And the words that are used
For to get the ship confused
Will not be understood as they’re spoken
For the chains of the sea
Will have busted in the night
And will be buried at the bottom of the ocean

A song will lift
As the mainsail shifts
And the boat drifts on to the shoreline
And the sun will respect
Every face on the deck
The hour that the ship comes in

Then the sands will roll
Out a carpet of gold
For your weary toes to be a-touchin’
And the ship’s wise men
Will remind you once again
That the whole wide world is watchin’

Oh, the foes will rise
With the sleep still in their eyes
And they'll jerk from their beds and
 think they're dreamin'
But they'll pinch themselves and squeal
And know that it's for real
The hour when the ship comes in

Then they'll raise their hands
Sayin' we'll meet all your demands
But we'll shout from the bow your days
 are numbered
And like Pharaoh's tribe
They'll be drowned in the tide
And like Goliath, they'll be conquered

III. RITUAL AND PROTEST

A. The Role of Ritual in Doing Social Justice Work

Pair Share:

- ❓ Think of a celebration you were a part of. What concerns did the celebration help “confront”?
- ❓ Have you ever uttered a “subversive” prayer? [This could be in the way you interpreted the prayer, and not necessarily one with subversive language.] If so, please recount a time when you uttered such a “subversive” prayer. How did reciting the prayer affect you? If not, is there a “subversive” prayer you might wish to offer that would promote some aspect of social justice?

B. The Freedom Seder

Pair Share:

Share a time in your experience when music played a role “in breaking down boundaries and unifying peoples.”

Pair Share:

- ❓ Have you ever attended a Passover seder that was dedicated to raising awareness of a particular issue or concern? If so, what was your experience like? If not, what particular issue today might you like to see addressed deeply at a Passover seder? Why?

“We Shall Overcome”

(M & L: Zilphia Horton, Frank Hamilton, Buy Carawan, Pete Seeger)

We shall overcome
We shall overcome
We shall overcome, some day

Oh, deep in my heart
I do believe
We shall overcome, some day

We are not afraid
We are not afraid
We are not afraid, today

Oh, deep in my heart
I do believe
We shall overcome, some day.

Pair Share:

- Have you, or anyone you know, sung “We Shall Overcome”? In what context? What does it mean to you (generally, or from any of your specific identities)?

III. RITUAL AND PROTEST

C. Seder Sisters: The Women’s Seder

The Women’s Haggadah, excerpt #1

To whom do we sing?

The Holy One is Gaol-tanu, Ima-ha-olam, our redeemer, Mother of the World.

She is Ha-raham-aima, Compassionate Giver of Life.

She is Makor hahaiim [sic], Source of life.

She is our neighborly spirit, the Shekhinah.

[NOTE: from Broner, E.M. with Naomi Nimrod. *The Women’s Haggadah*. HarperSanFrancisco, 1994, p. 12.]

Pair Share:

- How do you feel about these feminine images of God?
- Which of these images most resonate with you? Which images challenge you? Why?

The Women’s Haggadah, excerpt #2

B’chol dor v’dor / Hayava isha lirot

Lirot et atzma ki’ilu hi / Ki’ilu hi yatza-a mi’mitzrayim.

In every generation, each woman is obliged to see herself as though she went out of Egypt.

[NOTE: From Broner, *op cit.*, pp. 12–13.]

“Miriam’s Song”

(Music and Lyrics: Debbie Friedman)

And the women dancing with their timbrels
Followed Miriam as she sang her song
Sing a song to the One whom we’ve exalted
Miriam and the women danced and danced the whole night long

And Miriam was a weaver of unique variety
The tapestry she wove was one which sang our history
With every strand and every thread she crafted her delight
A woman touched with spirit, she dances toward the light

When Miriam stood upon the shores and gazed across the sea
The wonder of this miracle she soon came to believe
Whoever thought the sea would part with an outstretched hand
And we would pass to freedom and march to the promised land

And Miriam the prophet took her timbrel in her hand
And all the women followed her just as she had planned
And Miriam raised her voice in song, she sang with praise and might
“We’ve just lived through a miracle, we’re going to dance tonight.”

IV. WHAT WE’VE LEARNED TODAY: WEAVING OUR THREADS TOGETHER

V. CODA/CONCLUSION OF PART 1

VI. ENTR’ACTE/INTRODUCTION TO PART 2

“**Somewhere**” from the Broadway musical *West Side Story*

(Music: Leonard Bernstein; Lyrics: Stephen Sondheim)

There’s a place for us
Somewhere a place for us
Peace and quiet and open air
Wait for us somewhere

There’s a time for us
Some day a time for us
Time together with time to spare
Time to learn, time to care
Some day!
Somewhere!

We’ll find a new way of living
We’ll find a way of forgiving
Somewhere

There’s a place for us
A time and place for us
Hold my hand and we’re halfway there
Hold my hand and I’ll take you there
Somehow
Some day
Somewhere!

VII. PERFORMANCE AND PROTEST

A. The Concert Stage

Pair Share:

- ?** Have you ever taken a risk for a social justice cause? If so, please share that moment, its circumstances, and how it may have shaped you or transformed you. If not, is there a cause for which you might be willing to take some amount of risk? What might that be? If you feel you just could not take a risk for a cause, please share your major concerns that might lead you to this choice (e.g. my family needs me).

“It Ain’t Necessarily So” from the opera *Porgy and Bess*
(Music: George Gershwin; Lyrics: Ira Gershwin)

It ain’t necessarily so
It ain’t necessarily so
The t’ings dat yo’ li’ble
To read in de Bible
It ain’t necessarily so

Li’l David was small, but oh my!
Li’l David was small, but oh my!
He fought Big Goliath
Who lay down an’ dieth!
Li’l David was small, but oh my!

Wadoo, zim bam boodle-oo
Hoodle ah da wa da
Scatty wah!
Oh yeah!

Oh Jonah, he lived in de whale
Oh Jonah, he lived in de whale
Fo’ he made his home in
Dat fish’s abdomen
Oh Jonah, he lived in de whale

Li’l Moses was found in a stream
Li’l Moses was found in a stream
He floated on water
Till Ol’ Pharaoh’s daughter
She fished him, she said, from dat stream

Wadoo, zim bam boodle-oo
Hoodle ah da wa da
Scatty wah!
Oh yeah!

Well, it ain’t necessarily so
Well, it ain’t necessarily so
Dey tells all you chillun
De debble’s a villun
But it ain’t necessarily so!

To get into Hebben
Don’ snap for a sebben!
Live clean ! Don’ have no fault!
Oh, I takes dat gospel
Whenever it’s pos’ble
But wid a grain of salt

Methus’lah lived nine hundred years
Methus’lah lived nine hundred years
But who calls dat livin’
When no gal will give in
To no man what’s nine hundred years?


I’m preachin’ dis sermon to show
It ain’t nessa, ain’t nessa
Ain’t nessa, ain’t nessa
Ain’t necessarily so!

VII. PERFORMANCE AND PROTEST

A. The Concert Stage

b. **Gates of Justice (1969)** by Dave Brubeck (1920–2012)

Pair Share:

-  Discuss your initial reactions to the music. Did anything strike you as interesting? Surprising? Did you feel the different styles went together? Any other observations?

VII. PERFORMANCE AND PROTEST

B. The Broadway Theater

“Brother, Can You Spare a Dime?” from the Broadway revue *Americana*
(*Music: Jay Gorney; Lyrics: Yip Harburg*)


They used to tell me I was building a dream, and so I followed the mob,
When there was earth to plow, or guns to bear, I was always there, right on the job.
They used to tell me I was building a dream, with peace and glory ahead.
Why should I be standing in line, just waiting for bread?

Once I built a railroad, I made it run, made it race against time.
Once I built a railroad; Now it's done. Brother, can you spare a dime?
Once I built a tower up to the sun, brick and rivet and lime.
Once I built a tower, now it's done. Brother, can you spare a dime?

Once in khaki suits, gee we looked swell,
Full of that yankee-doodle-de-dum.
Half a million boots went sloggin' through Hell,
And I was the kid with the drum!

Say don't you remember?
They called me Al. It was Al all the time.
Why don't you remember?
I'm your pal. Say buddy, can you spare a dime?

Pair Share:

-  The protagonist of the song was someone feeling left out or left behind during the Depression. In a twenty-first century context, who might be the protagonist? How do you discern this from the words?

“No More” from the Broadway show *Golden Boy*

(Music: Charles Strouse; Lyrics: Lee Adams)

I gave you my soul — Well, no more
Now I'll kiss your eyes — No more
How I trusted you! — Now I ask what for
You were life to me — but, no more


Well, you had your chance — No more
Now I'll play the fool — No more
How I needed love — But you closed the door
Oh, you'll laugh at me — No more

How I bled for you! — No more
Shed my skin for you! — No more
Oh, I worshiped you — that you can't ignore
But I ain't your slave — No more

Well, you had your way — No more
Well, it ain't your day — No more
Yes, I'm standing up — I ain't on the floor
I ain't bowing down — No more

I ain't gonna cry — No more
No, I ain't gonna cry — No more
I just wanted love — Why'd it turn to war?
I ain't bowing down — No more.

Pair Share:

-  Here the struggles of the protagonist Joe seem to overlap with the struggles of African Americans. To what degree do you think the political is personal and the personal is political?

“You’ve Got to Be Carefully Taught” from the Broadway show *South Pacific*

(Music: Richard Rodgers; Lyrics: Oscar Hammerstein II)

You've got to be taught to hate and fear
You've got to be taught from year to year
It's got to be drummed in your dear little ear
You've got to be carefully taught

You've got to be taught to be afraid
Of people whose eyes are oddly made
And people whose skin is a diff'rent shade
You've got to be carefully taught

You've got to be taught before it's too late
Before you are six or seven or eight
To hate all the people your relatives hate
You've got to be carefully taught

VII. PERFORMANCE AND PROTEST

C. The Jazz Venue

“Strange Fruit”

(Music and Lyrics: Abel Meerpool)

Southern trees bearing a strange fruit
Blood on the leaves and blood at the root
Black bodies swinging in the Southern breeze
Strange fruit hanging from the poplar trees

Pastoral scene of the gallant South
The bulging eyes and the twisted mouth
Scent of magnolia sweet and fresh
Then the sudden smell of burning flesh.

Here is a fruit for the crow to pluck
For the rain to wither, for the wind to suck
For the sun to rot, for the trees to drop
Here is a strange and bitter crop.

Pair Share:

-  In your own Jewish communities to what degree are all sub-communities represented and have a voice?

VII. PERFORMANCE AND PROTEST

D. The Folk Music Revival Performance

“Here’s to the State of Mississippi”

(Music and Lyrics: Phil Ochs)

Here’s to the State of Mississippi
For underneath her borders, the devil draws no lines
If you drag her muddy rivers, nameless bodies you will find
Oh, the fat trees of the forest have hid a thousand crimes
The calendar is lyin’ when it reads the present time
Oh, here’s to the land you’ve torn out the heart of
Mississippi, find yourself another country to be part of

And here's to the people of Mississippi
Who say the folks up north, they just don't understand
And they tremble in their shadows at the thunder of the Klan
Oh, the sweating of their souls can't wash the blood from off their hands
Oh, they smile and shrug their shoulders at the murder of a man
Oh, here's to the land you've torn out the heart of
Mississippi, find yourself another country to be part of

And here's to the schools of Mississippi
Where they're teaching all the children that they don't have to care
All the rudiments of hatred are present everywhere
And every single classroom is a factory of despair
And there's nobody learning such a foreign word as fair
Oh, here's to the land you've torn out the heart of
Mississippi, find yourself another country to be part of

And here's to the cops of Mississippi
They're chewing their tobacco as they lock the prison door
And their bellies bounce inside them when they knock you to the floor
No, they don't like taking prisoners in their private little wars
And behind their broken badges there are murderers and more
Oh, here's to the land you've torn out the heart of
Mississippi, find yourself another country to be part of


And here's to the judges of Mississippi
Who wear the robe of honor as they crawl into the court
They're guarding all the bastions of their phony legal fort
Oh, justice is a stranger when the prisoners report
When the black man stands accused the trial is always short
Oh, here's to the land you've torn out the heart of
Mississippi, find yourself another country to be part of

And here's to the government of Mississippi
In the swamp of their bureaucracy they're always bogging down
And criminals are posing as the mayors of the towns
And they hope that no one sees the sights
And no one hears the sounds
And the speeches of the governor are the ravings of a clown
Oh, here's to the land you've torn out the heart of
Mississippi, find yourself another country to be part of

And here's to the laws of Mississippi
Congressmen will gather in a circus of delay
While the Constitution's drowning in an ocean of decay
Unwed mothers should be sterilized, I've even heard them say
Yes, corruption can be classic in the Mississippi way
Oh, here's to the land you've torn out the heart of
Mississippi, find yourself another country to be part of

And here's to the churches of Mississippi
Where the cross, once made of silver, now is caked with rust
And the Sunday morning sermons pander to their lust
Oh, the fallen face of Jesus is choking in the dust
And heaven only knows in which God they can trust
Oh, here's to the land you've torn out the heart of
Mississippi, find yourself another country to be part of

Pair Share:

-  We have explored social justice on the concert stage, on Broadway, in jazz and in the folk music revival. In these contexts, what other Jewish works or artists have moved or motivated you?

VIII. MUSIC AND SOCIAL JUSTICE HAVRUTA

Option A (Concert Stage): ***The Gates of Justice***
(Music by Dave Brubeck)

After the death of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., jazz great Dave Brubeck wrote a cantata entitled, *The Gates of Justice*. Among the sources of the work's libretto are the Bible, the *Union Prayer Book* (Reform Movement), the speeches of MLK, the writings of Hillel, and contributions from Iola Brubeck. You will be exploring the final two movements of the work.

Notes on the Music:

- ◆ This group of movements makes extensive use of the Gospel and blues idioms.
- ◆ Every time the full brass section enters, there is some rhythmic and musical tension.
- ◆ The last movement, a mere 57 seconds long, still brings an exciting exclamation to the entire work.

Notes on the Text of Movements XI and XII:

- ◆ "There are knives...and a buckler" — These words of MLK are less cited than many others.
- ◆ MLK mentions that God has called us to use "the weapon of nonviolence."
- ◆ "*Thou shalt not be afraid...flyeth by day*" is from Psalm 91:5. That psalm is "a subtle, complex piece, a reflection on confidence accompanied by an underlying disquiet." [**NOTE:** Segal: 2013, p. 434. See Resource Guide, Works Consulted.]
- ◆ Psalm 149 is the penultimate psalm in the book of Psalms. It celebrates deliverance, redemption, one that changes the current status quo for good, permanently.

PLAY: [XI. His Truth as a Shield](#)  and [XII. Come, Let Us Sing a New Song](#) 

XI. His Truth as a Shield

(Texts: *Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. and Psalm 91:5*)







There are knives and there are other arms.
You have called on all of us to put them away,
To bear instead, the weapon of nonviolence,
the breastplate of righteousness, the armor of truth.
His truth is a shield and a buckler.
Thou shalt not be afraid of the terror by night,
nor of the arrow that flyeth by day.

XII. Oh, Come Let Us Sing a New Song

(Text: *adaptation of Psalm 149*)

O come, let us sing a new song to the Lord.
O come let us sing a new song unto the Lord!

DISCUSS:

-  What themes of the text (Movements 11 and 12) connect you the listener to the CRM and the impetus toward justice?
-  How does the music bring this out?
-  Why choose these rather unknown words of MLK as we approach the close of *The Gates of Justice*?
-  How is the use of nonviolence a “weapon”?
-  What are some of the daily “terrors” and “arrows” that the African American community faced before, during, and since the CRM? How can we “not be afraid”?
-  What kind of a “new song” (Final movement) might we sing if we do start to reduce hate today? What might it look like in 5–10 years?

YOUR PRESENTATION FOCUS:

-  How does this work of music react to and/or promote social justice?

Option B (Broadway Stage): **“The Eagle and Me”** from the Broadway show *Bloomer Girl* (Music: Harold Arlen; Lyrics: Yip Harburg)

Notes on the Context

- ◆ Arlen’s father was the renowned Cantor Samuel Arluck in Buffalo, New York, and sang in the all-male choir of his Orthodox synagogue.
- ◆ He was drawn to jazz and gospel music. He became staff composer of the renowned [Cotton Club](#). He later wrote music for established African American singers (such as Ethel Waters and Lena Horne) and wrote (or co-wrote) scores for three musicals that had all- or nearly all-Black casts.
- ◆ Arlen wrote (with Martin Charnin) “That’s a Fine Kind of Freedom,” which Barbra Streisand introduced at the *Broadway Answers Selma* event that Sammy Davis, Jr. hosted in April, 1965. It was written specifically for the event. The song was officially released the following year.
- ◆ *Bloomer Girl* opened on Broadway in 1944 and ran for 657 performances. The show portrays Evalina who, in her own personal life, defies notions about women and demands that her fiancé, Jeff Calhoun, emancipate his slaves.
- ◆ “The Eagle and Me” is sung by Pompey, a runaway slave, who surprises Calhoun, his former owner, when he emerges from a trunk at a way station of the [Underground Railroad](#). Evalina has persuaded Calhoun to help her hide the trunk, but when Calhoun discovers what and who is in it, he is shocked and demands that Pompey explain how he could do such a thing as run away. Pompey explains by singing “The Eagle and Me.”
- ◆ Here, you will see the performance of Lena Horne, a noted singer, actress, and civil rights activist, in 1963. She also recorded it for her 1963 *Here’s Lena Now* album, the same album with the song “Now” that was adapted from “Hava Nagila.”

Consider as You Listen to the Music

- ◆ While the subject matter is serious and fiercely stated, the melody and text (ripe with metaphor) are actually quite light-hearted and joyful.
- ◆ Part of the power of the piece resides in the work itself, proudly stating the individuals’ need to be free; yet part of its power is in Horne’s stirring performance.

PLAY: “The Eagle and Me” 

River it like to flow
Eagle it like to fly
Eagle it like to feel
Its wings against the sky





Possum it like to run
Ivy it like to climb
Bird in the tree and bumble bee
Want freedom in autumn or summertime

Ever since that day
When the world was an onion
'Twas natch'ral for the spirit
To soar and play

The way the Lawd'a-wanted it
Free as the sun is free
That's how it's gotta be
Whatever is right

For bumble bee and river and eagle
Is right for me
We gotta be free
The eagle and me

DISCUSS:

-  How do the music and words interrelate?
-  What is the role of Horne's performance in capturing the message of the song?
-  Why do the words focus more on the eagle than the river or the bumblebee?
-  The song's argument for freedom and civil rights derives from the perspective of both nature and religion. How effective is the song's argument? Why approach the argument this way?

YOUR PRESENTATION FOCUS:

-  How does this work of music react to and/or promote social justice?

Option C (Folk Music Revival): **“Long Ago, Far Away”**
(*Music and Lyrics: Bob Dylan*)

This early song was not released until 1991. It shows how the status quo still prevailed, without progress toward justice in our society, in spite of the preachments of some leaders (like Jesus, referenced in the opening stanza). Some have suggested that the song reacts to the Jerome Kern-Ira Gershwin song “Long Ago (and Far Away)” from the movie *Cover Girl*.

Consider As You Listen to the Music

- ◆ Consider Dylan's musical idiom: listen for inflections of Delta Blues (i.e. Robert Johnson).
- ◆ Consider the rhythm of the vocals, as well as the flow of the text and its relationship to the guitar.
- ◆ Consider the role of the guitar
- ◆ The piece gets its edge by extending the timing of the words into the rhythm of the song — they do fit in, but only just. It really gives the feeling that the whole piece is on the verge of falling over, without actually ever doing so. This fits in with the passion of the song's lyrics.

PLAY: “Long Ago, Far Away”  (Excerpt)

To preach of peace and brotherhood
Oh, what might be the cost!
A man he did it long ago
And they hung him on a cross
Long ago, far away
These things don't happen
No more, nowadays

The chains of slaves
They dragged the ground
With heads and hearts hung low
But it was during Lincoln's time
And it was long ago
Long ago, far away
Things like that don't happen
No more, nowadays

The war guns they went off wild
The whole world bled its blood
Men's bodies floated on the edge
Of oceans made of mud
Long ago, far away
Those kind of things don't happen
No more, nowadays





One man had much money
One man had not enough to eat
One man he lived just like a king
The other man begged on the street
Long ago, far away
Things like that don't happen
No more, nowadays

One man died of a knife so sharp
One man died from the bullet of a gun
One man died of a broken heart
To see the lynchin' of his son
Long ago, far away
Things like that don't happen
No more, nowadays

Gladiators killed themselves
It was during the Roman times
People cheered with bloodshot grins
As eyes and minds went blind
Long ago, far away
Things like that don't happen
No more, nowadays

And to talk of peace and brotherhood
Oh, what might be the cost!
A man he did it long ago
And they hung him on a cross
Long ago, far away
Things like that don't happen
No more, nowadays, do they?

DISCUSS:

-  Consider the tone of the opening two lines: Is it serious, sarcastic, angry, or something else? How might that inform the listener's understanding of Jesus' efforts to unite people in “peace and brotherhood”?
-  What is the effect of the repeated refrain “Long ago, far away, these things don't happen no more, nowadays”? Consider how it affects the meaning of the lines preceding it.
-  Why might Dylan, a Northern Jew, have chosen to evoke Jesus in the opening lines?
-  What is Dylan's intent in alluding to enslaved African Americans, and stating, once again, that it was a problem of another time?

YOUR PRESENTATION FOCUS:

 How does this work of music react to and/or promote social justice?

ADDITIONAL LYRICS

“Olam Chesed Yibaneh”

(Text: Psalm 89:3; Music and English: Rabbi Menachem Creditor)

Olam chesed yibaneh...yai dai dai (4x)

I will build this world from love...yai dai dai
And you must build this world from love...yai dai dai
And if we build this world from love...yai dai dai
Then God will build this world from love...yai dai dai (*Olam chesed...*)

“Isaiah”

(Music: Anselm Rothschild; Lyrics: based on Isaiah 58:5–8)

Is this the fast I asked you to keep?
Is this the fast I asked for?
Is this the fast I asked you to keep?
Is this how God will hear you?

By bowing your head like a bulrush
By sleeping on sackcloth and ash
By bowing your head like a bulrush
By crying of your small nature

Is not this the fast that I have chosen:
To loosen the fetters of wickedness
To undo the bonds of the yoke
To let the oppressed go free
To break every yoke

So bring your food to the hungry
Bring your bread to the poor
Care for the orphan and the widow
Clothe the naked, too.

Honor duties to your family
Do this and you'll be blessed

Then shall your light break forth like the dawn
And you'll grow stronger as a wound that's newly healed
Then when you call your God They will answer you (2x)
And you'll grow stronger like a wound newly healed.

“Eretz Zavav Chalav”

(Music: Eliyahu Gamliel; Lyrics: Tanakh, various places)

Eretz zavav chalav ud'vash!

ארץ זבת חלב ודבש

[Israel is a land flowing with milk and honey!]

“Freedom (Mi Chamocha)”

(Music: Michael Hunter Ochs; Lyrics: Liturgy)

Mi Chamocha ba'elim Adonai

Mi Kamocha ne'edar bakodesh

nora tehilot nora tehilot oseh feleh

and the river is wide and the river is deep
and the river is standing between you and me and
freedom freedom but we shall overcome one day (*Mi Chamocha...*)

and the river is fear and the river is hate
and the river is standing 'tween us and the gates
of freedom freedom but we shall overcome one day (*Mi Chamocha...*)

and the river divides and the river forgives
and the river's a wall and the river's a bridge to
freedom freedom but we shall overcome one day

with a tambourine and mighty hand
across the sea and the desert sand
let us sing the song of Miriam
next year in the promised land
next year in the promised land
next year in Jerusalem, in....

freedom freedom but we shall overcome one day
freedom freedom but we shall overcome one day

The Gates of Justice, excerpts

(Music: Dave Brubeck)

I. Lord, The Heavens Cannot Contain Thee

(Text: *I Kings 8:27–30, 41–43*)

O Lord, the heaven of heavens cannot contain Thee;
How much less this house that I have builded!
Yet have Thou respect unto the prayer of Thy servant,
And of Thy people Israel, when they shall pray toward this place.
Yea, hear, and when Thou hearest, forgive.
Moreover, concerning the stranger that is not of Thy people Israel,
When he shall pray toward this house, hear Thou;
And do according to all that the stranger calleth to Thee,
That all the peoples of the earth may know Thy name.

IIIa. Open the Gates

(Text: *Psalms 118:19–23; Isaiah 62:10; 57:14*)

Open the gates, open the gates.
Open to me the gates of justice,
I will enter them and give thanks to the Lord.
The gate is the Lord's, the just shall enter in.
I will give thanks to Thee, for Thou hast answered me
and have become my salvation.
The stone that the builders rejected has become the cornerstone.
This is the Lord's doing, and is marvelous to behold.
Go through, go through the gates;
Clear ye the way for the people.
Make way! Cast up the highway, gather out the stones.
Clear the way.
Take up the stumbling block out of the way of the people!

IVa. Except the Lord Build The House

(Text: *Psalms 127:1*)

Except the Lord build the house
They labor in vain that build it.
Except the Lord keep the city,
The watchman waketh but in vain.

IX. How Glorious Is Thy Name

(Text: *Psalms 8:2*)

How glorious is Thy name in all the earth!

“Now”

(Music: Jules Styne; Lyrics: Betty Comden and Adolph Green)

If those historic gentlemen came back today —
Jefferson, Washington and Lincoln.
And Walter Cronkite put them on Channel 2
To find out what they were thinkin’.
I’m sure they’d say
“Thanks for quoting us so much
But we don’t want to take a bow
Enough with the quoting
Put those words into action
And we mean action now.”

Now is the moment (2x)
Come on, we’ve put it off long enough.
Now, no more waiting
No hesitatin’
Now (2x) — Come on let’s get some of that stuff.

It’s there for you and me
For every he and she
Just wanna do what’s right
Constitutionally.

I went and took a look
In my old history book
It’s there in black and white
For all to see.

Now (6x) — Everyone should love his brother
People all should love each other
Just don’t take it literal, mister
No one wants to grab your sister
Now is the time (2x)

(repeat paragraphs 2–4)

Now (12x) — The message of this song’s not subtle:
No discussion, no rebuttal.
We want more than just a promise
Say goodbye to Uncle Thomas.
Call me naïve — Still I believe
We’re created free and equal,

Now (6x) — Everyone should love his brother
People all should love each other
Since they say we all got rhythm
Come on, let’s share our rhythm with ‘em
Now is the time (2x)
The time is nowwwwww.

“I Know Where I’ve Been” from the Broadway show *Hairspray*
(Music: Marc Shaiman; Lyrics: Marc Shaiman and Scott Wittman)

There’s a light in the darkness
Though the night is black as my skin
There’s a light burning bright showing me
the way
But I know where I’ve been

There’s a cry in distance
It’s a voice that comes from deep within
There’s a cry asking why I pray the answer’s
up ahead
’Cause I know where I’ve been

There’s a road we’ve been travellin’
Lost so many on the way
But the riches will be plenty
Worth the price, the price we had to pay

There’s a dream in the future
There’s a struggle that we have yet to win
And there’s pride in my heart ’cause I know
where I’m going,
And I know where I’ve been

There’s a road we must travel
There’s a promise we must make
But the riches will be plenty
Worth the risk and the chances we take

There’s a dream in the future
There’s a struggle that we have yet to win
Use that pride in our hearts
To lift us up up to tomorrow
’Cause just to sit still would be a sin

I know where I’m going
And I know where I’ve been
I’ll give thanks to my God
’Cause I know where I’ve been

“Go Down, Moses”
(African American spiritual)

When Israel was in Egypt land (Let my people go)
Oppressed so hard they could not stand (Let my people go)

(Chorus:)
Go down Moses way down in Egypt land
Tell old Pharaoh to let My people go

The Lord told Moses what to do (Let my people go)
Leave the people of Israel through (Let my people go)

When they reached the other shore (Let my people go)
They sang a song of triumph (Let my people go):

*Mi chamocha ne’dar ba-kodesh,
Nora t’hilot osei fele.* (Chorus:)

“Chapter 319”

(Music and Lyrics: Daveed Diggs, Jonathan Snipes, and William Hutson [clipping.])

Left, right, left

How long can we holler when it ain't no breath?

You keep killin' fathers without no regrets

Then keep on countin' dollars 'til it ain't none left

So the streets gon' keep on marching like left, right, left

F— yo' empty promises, these ain't no threats

Streets is taking all of it; you made yo' bed

Fix it, always problems, we ain't goin' nowhere

Bring it straight up to your door, now who run it, hoe?

A knee to the neck is this week's

Symbol of sh— you've been reapin'

As a reaper of people, there's no equal

To the police and they be their own sequel

So consistently as a monster

Paid by a system set up to prosper

On victims of the historic situating as property

People that are melanated, so easily separated, know what?

F— the history lesson, you know you know by now

We do not know-how

You keep playing dumb, but still be trusted with guns

You must be defunded

This march is not a one-off

This march is not the misaimed warning shot

This march a foot in yo' f—ing throat

To choke out the whole assumption that you are here to protect us

This government doesn't respect us

And somehow they seem to expect us to accept

The power a piece of sh— millionaire president wants to project

F— are you getting at? Get the f— back in the bunker

We taking back spaces

'Til you manage to make them safe for black faces

That's up to the fact that America's racist

Donald Trump is a white supremacist. (full stop)

If you vote for him again, you're a white supremacist. (full stop)

Call it like it is, and then let the rims spin 'til they (full stop)

Put one up for Big Floyd, the march is not goin' to stop

(repeat first two stanzas)

You wanna shoot without being shot back
Got news for you, no one's really 'bout that
You got the guns, but we got the shout
To vote the mouthpiece, the clout and the loud pack
(Got guns too)

Ya facts? Yeah, we doubt that
Show us receipts so we will denounce that
Take ya tear gas, inhale like an ounce of that cookie cake
Your bullets all bounce
Even when they break flesh, you are not safe
We are watching every motherf—ing move you make
Play it back on cameras so no one can mistake
The order of events that lead to prove another life you take
And if the verdict come back less than murder
Don't be surprised when your streets are burnin'
This anger ain't misplaced
It is turning cop cars to bonfires 'til you learn
If you profit off this system, you should make them dollars fold
In the pockets that don't fund the death of black people, this whole
F—in' country 'bout the money, so watch where your money go
Let 'em know that we watching how they roll

Donald Trump is a white supremacist, full stop
If you vote for him again, you're a white supremacist, full stop
America can be better, but we must call it out 'til it full stop
Put one up for Breonna, the marching not going to stop

(repeat first two stanzas, changing “fathers” to “daughters”)

“Mermaid’s Avenue”

(Music and Lyrics: Woody Guthrie)

Mermaid Avenue that's the street
Where the lox and bagels meet
Where the halvah meets the pickle
Where the sour meets the sweet;
Where the beer flows to the ocean
Where the wine runs to the sea;
Why they call it Mermaid Avenue
That's more than I can see

(Chorus:)

But there's never been a mermaid here on Mermaid Avenue
No, I've never seen a mermaid here on Mermaid Avenue
I've seen hags and wags and witches; and I've seen a shark or two
My five years that I've lived along old Mermaid's Avenue

Mermaid Avenue that's the street
Where the saint and sinners meet;
Where the grey hair meets the wave curls
Where the cops don't ever sleep;
Where they pay some cops to stop you
When you hit that Sea Gate gate;
Where them bulls along that wire fence
Scare the mermaids all away

Mermaid Avenue that's the street
Where the sun and storm clouds meet;
Where the ocean meets that rockwall
Where the boardwalk meets the beach;
Where the prettiest of the maidulas
Leave their legprints in that sand
Just beneath our lovesoaked boardwalk
With the bravest of our lads *(Chorus:)*

"Banu Choshech"

(Music: Emanuel Amiran; Lyrics: Sara Levi-Tanai)

*Banu choshech l'garesh
B'yadeinu or va'esh
Kol echad hu or katan
V'kulanu or eitan....*

Light is returning
Even though this is the darkest hour
No one can hold...back the dawn

Let's keep it burning
Let's keep the light of hope alive
Make safe our journey...through the storm.

*Banu choshech l'garesh
B'yadeinu or va'esh
Kol echad hu or katan
V'kulanu or eitan.
Sura choshech ha-la sh'chor
Sura mi-p'nei ha or.*

Our planet is turning
Circle on her path around the sun
Earth Mother is calling...her children home.

Light is returning.
Banu choshech l'garesh...

“One Day”

(Music and Lyrics: Matisyahu)

One day, one day, one day...

Sometimes I lay under the moon
And thank God I’m breathin’
Then I pray, “Don’t take me soon
’Cause I am here for a reason”

Sometimes in my tears I drown
But I never let it get me down
So when negativity surrounds
I know someday, it’ll all turn around because

All my life, I’ve been waitin’ for
I’ve been prayin’ for, for the people to say
That we don’t wanna fight no more
There’ll be no more wars, and our children will play
One day, one day, one day
One day, one day, one day

(verse in Arabic and Hebrew, then “All My Life...”

It’s not about win or lose
’Cause we all lose when they feed on the souls of the innocent
Blood-drenched pavement
Keep on movin’ though the waters stay ragin’
In this maze, you can lose your way, your way
It might drive you crazy

One day, this all will change, treat people the same
Stop with the violence, down with the hate
One day, we’ll all be free and proud to be
Under the same sun, singin’ songs of freedom like

One day, one day, one day
One day, one day, one day