

12:30 Fields

Lift Every Voice

- 1 Read the lyrics to the students from the first two verses
- 2 They will listen silently

- 3 Read a line
- 4 Students will repeat

- 5 Sing the first verse together
If they are daring they can sing the 2nd verse also

Star Spangled Banner

- 1 Read the lyrics to the students
- 2 They will listen silently

- 3 Read a line
- 4 Students will repeat

- 5 Sing the together

My Country Tis of The (America)

- 1 Read the lyrics to the students
- 2 They will listen silently

- 3 Read a line
- 4 Students will repeat

- 5 Try to sing the together

If time permits they can sing along to Hit The Road Jack

- 1 Read the lyrics to the students
- 2 They will listen silently

- 3 Read a line
- 4 Students will repeat

- 5 Sing with the CD

"I have a dream that one day this nation will rise up and live out the true meaning of its creed - we hold these truths to be self-evident that all men are created equal.

I have a dream today!"

-Martin Luther King

***Lift every voice and Sing
1889
James Weldon Johnson, Lyrics
John R. Johnson, Music***

Lift every voice and sing, till earth and heaven ring,

Ring with the harmonies of liberty

Let our rejoicing rise, high as the listening skies,

Let it resound loud as the rolling sea.

Sing a song full of the faith that the dark past has taught us,

Sing a song full of the hope that the present has brought us;

Facing the rising sun of our new day begun,

Let us march on till victory is won.

The Star Spangled Banner
(The Defense of Fort McHenry)
September 20, 1814
By Francis Scott Key

Oh, say can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming?
And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there.
O say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

My Country 'Tis of Thee (America)

(written by Samuel Francis Smith; the tune used for this song is
"God Save the Queen", the British National Anthem)

My country tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing.
Land where my fathers died!
Land of the Pilgrim's pride!
From every mountain side,
Let freedom ring!

The times they are a-changin'

By Bob Dylan

Come gather 'round people
Wherever you roam
And admit that the waters
Around you have grown
And accept it that soon
You'll be drenched to the bone.
If your time to you
Is worth savin'
Then you better start swimmin'
Or you'll sink like a stone
For the times they are a-changin'.

Come writers and critics
Who prophesize with your pen
And keep your eyes wide
The chance won't come again
And don't speak too soon
For the wheel's still in spin
And there's no tellin' who
That it's namin'.
For the loser now
Will be later to win
For the times they are a-changin'.

A Change Is Gonna Come

Performed by Otis Redding

I was born by a river, oh my in this little old tent
Just like this river I've been running ever since
It's been a long, long time coming but I know, but I know
Change has gotta come.

It's been too hard livin' and I'm afraid to die
I don't know what's up there beyond the clouds
It's been a long, long time coming but I know, but I know
Change has gotta come.

There's a time I will go to my brother, oh my
I would ask my brother will you help me please, oh now oh now
He turned me down and then I asked my little mother, oh my oh
I said mother, I said mother I'm down on my knees

It's been time that I go Lord it's too late
Very long, oh now oh
Somehow I thought I was still able
To try to carry on
It's been a long, long time coming but I know, but I know
Change has gotta come.

Huh, just like I said
I went to my little baby brother, oh my, my little brother
I asked my brother, brother help me please, oh now
He turned me down and then I go to my little mother, my dear mother, oh now,
I said mother, I said mother I'm down on my knees

But there was a time that I go Lord it's too late
So very long, oh my oh
Somehow I thought I was still able
To try to carry on
It's been a long, long time coming but I know, but I know
Change has gotta come.

It's been so long, It's been so long
A little too long
But changes gotta come
So tired, so tired of suffering, standing by myself
Has given up a home, But change has gotta come . . .

Say It Loud, I'm Black And I'm Proud

Performed by James Brown

Now we demand a chance to do things for ourself
We're tired of beatin' our head against the wall
And workin' for someone else
We're people we're just like the birds and the bees
We'd rather die on our feet
Than be livin' on our knees
Say it loud, I'm black and I'm proud

Inner City Blues (make Me Wanna Holler) Lyrics

Performed By Marvin Gaye

(Marvin Gaye/James Nyx)

Dah, dah, dah, dah

Rockets, moon shots, spend it on the have-nots

Money, we make it, Fore we see it you take it

Refrain: Oh, make you wanna holler

The way they do my life make me wanna holler

The way they do my life this ain't livin', This ain't livin'

No, no baby, this ain't livin' no, no, no

Inflation no chance to increase finance

Bills pile up sky high send that boy off to die

Refrain:

Hang ups, let downs, bad breaks, set backs

Natural fact is I can't pay my taxes

Refrain:

And throw up both my hands

Yea, it makes me wanna holler

And throw up both my hands

Crime is increasing, trigger happy policing

Panic is spreading God know where we're heading

Oh, make me wanna holler

They don't understand

Dah, dah, dah

Mother, mother everybody thinks we're wrong

Who are they to judge us simply cause we wear our hair long

God Bless The Child

Billie Holiday / Arthur Herzog Jr.

Them that's got shall get
Them that's not shall lose
So the Bible said and it still is news

Mama may have, papa may have
But God bless the child that's got his own
That's got his own

Yes, the strong gets more, while the weak ones fade
Emptty pockets don't ever make the grade

Mama may have, papa may have
But God bless the child that's got his own
That's got his own

Money, you've got lots of friends
Crowding round the door
When you're gone, spending ends
They don't come no more

Rich relations give crust of bread and such
You can help yourself but don't take too much
Mama may have, papa may have
But God bless the child that's got his own
That's got his own

Mama may have, papa may have
But God bless the child that's got his own
That's got his own

He just worry 'bout nothin'
Cause he's got his own

STRANGE FRUIT

Performed by Billie Holiday

Southern trees bear 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 magnolias, sweet and fresh,
Then the sudden smell of burning flesh.

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

Move On Up

By Curtis Mayfield

Hush now child, and don't you cry
Your folks might understand you by and by
Move on up towards your destination
You may find from time to time
Complications

Bight your lip and take a trip
Though there may be wet road ahead
You cannot slip
So move on up and peace you will find
Into the steeple of beautiful people
Where there's only one kind

So hush now child and don't you cry
Your folks might understand you by and by
Just move on up and keep on wishing
Remember your dreams are your only schemes
So keep on pushing

Take nothing less - not even second best
And do not obey - you must have your say
You can past the test

Move on up!