

Poetic Sampling—Jazz Lyric Strips

Print and cut the strips of lyrics on the following pages to use with the “Poetic Sampling” lesson plan! Lyrics are taken from the following classic jazz songs:

- ♪ When the Saints Go Marching In (Louis Armstrong)
- ♪ Down by the Riverside (Mahalia Jackson)
- ♪ Things Ain't What They Used to Be (Duke Ellington)
- ♪ Backwater Blues (Bessie Smith)
- ♪ How High the Moon (Ella Fitzgerald)
- ♪ They Can't Take That Away from Me (Ella Fitzgerald and Louis Armstrong)
- ♪ Ain't Misbehaving (Louis Armstrong)
- ♪ On the Sunny Side of the Street (Louis Armstrong)
- ♪ Compared to What (Les McCann & Eddie Harris)

We are traveling in the footsteps
Of those who've gone before

But we'll all be reunited (but if we stand reunited)

On a new and sunlit shore (then a new world is in store)

When the moon turns red with blood

Oh when the trumpet sounds the call

Some say this world of trouble
Is the only one we need

But I'm waiting for that morning
When the new world is revealed

When the revelation (revolution) comes

When the air is pure and clean

When we all have food to eat

When our leaders learn to cry

Got so weary of bein' nothin',
Felt so dreary just doin' nothin'

Now my eyes on the far horizon can see a glow

Announcin' things ain't what they used to be.

Now I know there's a happy story yet to come.

It's the dawn of a day of glory: millennium

I tell you things ain't what they used to be.

I'm gonna lay down my sword and shield

Down by the riverside

I ain't gonna study war no more

I'm gonna lay down my heavy load

When it rained five days and the sky turned dark as night

Then trouble's takin' place in the lowlands at night

I woke up this mornin', can't even get out of my door

There's enough trouble to make a poor girl wonder where she wanna go

Then they rowed a little boat about five miles cross the pond

I packed all my clothes, throwed 'em in and they rowed me along

When it thunders and lightnin' and the wind begins to blow

There's thousands of people ain't got no place to go

And I went and stood up on some high old lonesome hill

Then looked down on the house were I used to live

Somewhere there's music
How faint the tune

Somewhere there's heaven
How high the moon

There is no moon above
When love is far away too

Until it comes true
That you love me as I love you

Somewhere there's music
How near, how far

The darkest night would shine
If you would come to me soon

Until you will, how still my heart
How high the moon

The way you wear your hat
The way you sip your tea

The memory of all that
No no they can't take that away from me

The way your smile just beams

The way you sing off key

The way you haunt my dreams

We may never never meet again

On the bumpy road to love

Still I'll always, always keep the memory of

The way you hold your knife

The way we danced till three

The way you've changed my life

No they can't take that away from me

No one to talk with
All by myself

No one to walk with
I'm happy on the shelf

Ain't misbehavin'

Don't go nowhere
What do I care?

Worth waitin' for, believe me

I don't stay out late
Don't care to go home about eight

Leave your worries on the doorstep

Just direct your feet
On the sunny side of the street

And that happy tune is your step

Life can be so sweet

Grab your coat
Grab your hat, baby

I used to walk in the shade
With those blues on parade,

If I never have a cent, babe
I'd be rich as Rock-e-fellow

With gold dust at my feet
On the sunny side of the street

I love the lie and lie the love

A-Hangin' on, with push and shove

Possession is the motivation

Looks like we always end up in a rut

Tryin' to make it real, compared to what?

Slaughterhouse is killin' hogs
Twisted children killin' frogs

The President, he's got his war
Folks don't know just what it's for

Nobody gives us rhyme or reason

Have one doubt, they call it treason

Where's that bee and where's that honey?

Where's my God and where's my money?

Unreal values, crass distortion

Tryin' to make it real, compared to what?
