



Journey to America...

A musical view of history

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What is “American” music, anyway?

- Irish
- Italian
- Native American
- Japanese
- Chinese
- Korean
- Vietnamese
- German
- Polish
- Russian
- Swedish
- French
- Kenyan
- Liberian
- Canadian
- Chilean
- South African
- Iraqi
- Australian
- British
- Sicilian
- Ghanaian
- Thai
- Venezuelan
- Puerto Rican
- Colombian
- Brazilian
- Indian
- Israeli
- Turkish
- Azerbaijani
- Syrian
- Saudi Arabian
- Lebanese
- Mexican
- Cuban

So, when and how did these people get to America?



In order to travel the world, you
need...



Journey #1: From Italy to Ellis Island



Year: 1918

Song: Tu Scendi Dalle Stelle
(You Descend From the Stars)

Zampogna



Tu scendi dalle stelle
O Re del cielo
E vieni in una grotta
Freddo e gelo

O Bambino mio divino
Io ti vedo qui tremar
O Dio beato
Ahi quanto ti costo
L'avermi amato Ahito

You descend from the stars
Oh King of Heaven
And you come to the manger
Cold and icy

Oh my divine Child
I see you here shaking
O blessed G-d
How much did it cost
To have loved me?

Journey #2: From France to New Orleans



Year: 1929

Song: Grosse Mama
(Big Mama)





Accordion



Grosse Mama

C'est la belle,

C'est la belle qui m'abandonne

Pour s'en aller

Me quitter

Moi, tout seul

Moi tout seul comme un pauvre'tit neg

Ay yaie

Journey #3: From Ireland to Northern California



Year: 1929

Song: Molly Durkin



Looking for gold during the Gold Rush of 1849

I'm a daycent honest workin' man, as you might understand,
And I'll tell you the reason why I left old Ireland.

'Twas Molly Durkin did it when she married Jim O'Shea,
And to keep my heart from breakin' I sailed to Amer-i-kay

Arrah, goodbye Molly Durkin, I'm sick and tired of workin'
And me heart is nearly broken and no long I'll be fooled.
And, as sure as my name is Cooney, I'm bound for Cal-i-fooney
And, instead of diggin' mortar, I'll be diggin' lumps of gold.

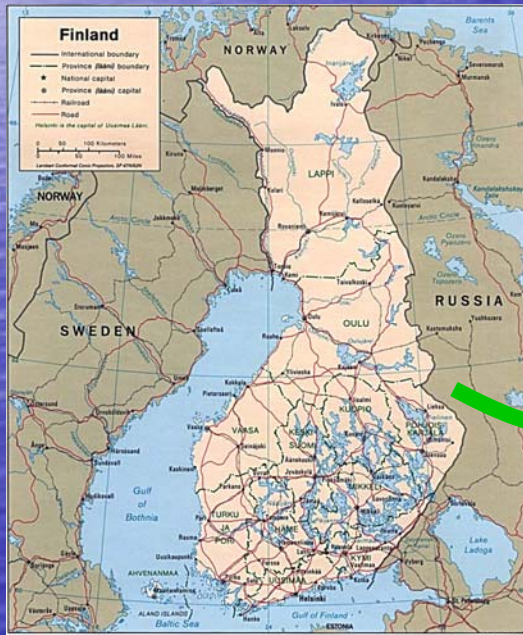
Well, I landed in Castle Garden, sure I met a man named Burke
And he told me to remain in New York until he get me work.
But he hasn't got it for me, as in the nights I'll tell them plain,
For San Francisco in the morn I'm goin' to take a train.

Arrah, goodbye Molly Durkin, I'm sick and tired of workin'
And me heart is nearly broken and no long I'll be fooled.
And, as sure as my name is Cooney, I'm bound for Cal-i-fooney
And, instead of diggin' mortar, I'll be diggin' lumps of gold.

Well, I'm out in Cal-forn-i and my fortune it is made.
I'm a loaded down with gold and I throw away my pick and
spade,
Sail home to dear old Ireland and with the Castle out of sight,
And I'll marry Miss O'Kelly, Molly Durkin for to spite.

Arrah, goodbye Molly Durkin, I'm sick and tired of workin'
And me heart is nearly broken and no long I'll be fooled.
And, as sure as my name is Cooney, I'm bound for Cal-i-
fooney
And, instead of diggin' mortar, I'll be diggin' lumps of gold.

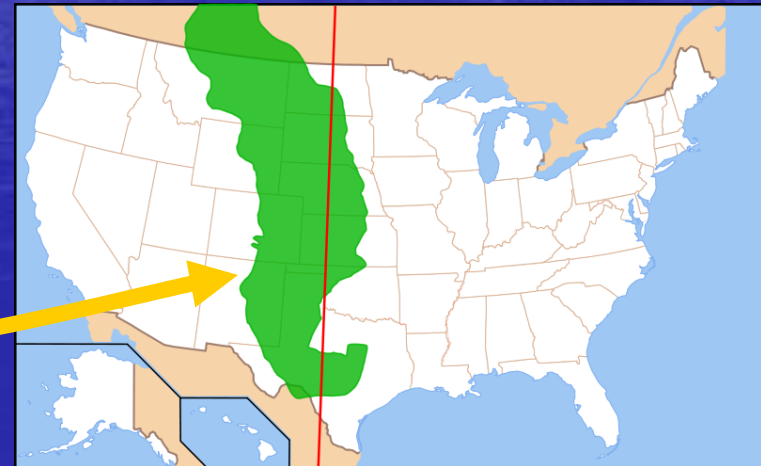
Journey #4: From Finland to New York City



Year: 1931

Song: Varssyja Sielta Ja Taalta
(Verses from Here and There)

Journey #5: From NYC to the Great Plains



Year: 1931

Song: This Land is Your Land



This land is your land This land is my land
From California to the New York island;
From the red wood forest to the Gulf Stream waters
This land was made for you and Me.

As I was walking that ribbon of highway,
I saw above me that endless skyway:
I saw below me that golden valley:
This land was made for you and me.

I've roamed and rambled and I followed my footsteps
To the sparkling sands of her diamond deserts;
And all around me a voice was sounding:
This land was made for you and me.

When the sun came shining, and I was strolling,
And the wheat fields waving and the dust clouds
rolling,
As the fog was lifting a voice was chanting:
This land was made for you and me.



Woody Guthrie

- Lived through some of the most significant historic movements and events of the Twentieth-Century --the Great Depression, the Great Dust Storm, World War II
- Captured the plight of every man.
- Traveled throughout the American landscape during the 1930s, '40s, and '50s
- Observations of what he saw and experienced has left for us a lasting and sometimes haunting legacy of images, sounds, and voices of the oppressed people with whom he struggled to survive despite all odds.





As I went walking I saw a sign there
And on the sign it said "No Trespassing."
But on the other side it didn't say nothing,
That side was made for you and me.

In the shadow of the steeple I saw my people,
By the relief office I seen my people;
As they stood there hungry, I stood there asking
Is this land made for you and me?

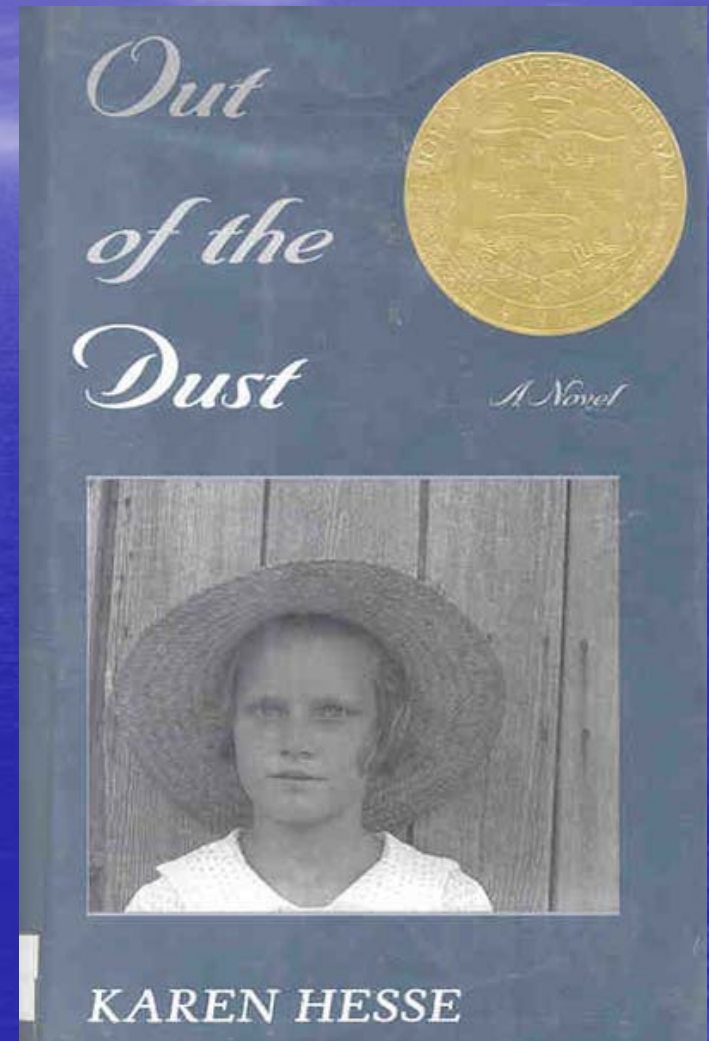


Out of the Dust

Outlined by Dust

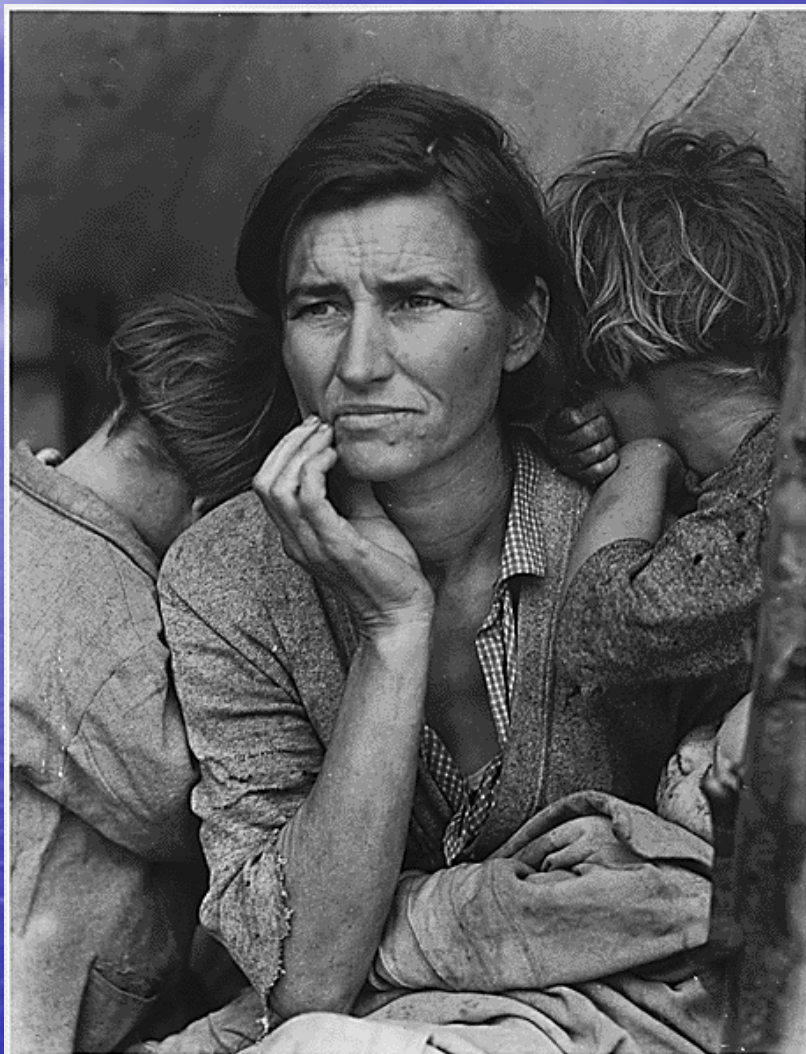
He spend long days
digging for the electric-train folks
when they can use him,
or working here,
nursing along the wheat,
what there is of it,
or digging the pond.

He sings sometimes under his breath,
even now,
even after so much sorrow.
He sings a man's song,
deep with what has happened to us.
My father's voice starts and stops,
like a car short of gas,
like an engine choked with dust,
but then he clears his throat
and the song starts up again.



Dustbowl Footage →





Caption: Nipomo, Calif. Mar. 1936. Migrant agricultural worker's family. Seven hungry children. Mother aged 32, the father is a native Californian. Destitute in a pea pickers camp, because of the failure of the early pea crop. These people had just sold their tent in order to buy food. Most of the 2,500 people in this camp were destitute."

Dorothea Lange

- Hired by Farm Security Administration to photograph plight of farmers during the Great Depression
- Most famous works are "Migrant Mother" photos





**Nobody living can ever stop me,
As I go walking that freedom highway;
Nobody living can ever make me turn back
This land was made for you and me.**

Congratulations! You made it
through our musical journey to
America!

