

Grade: 9-12

Title: Music: A Nation's Voice

Length of Class: varies

Inquiry: Students will be exploring the role and/or impact that music in the 60's and today.

Objectives:

Students will be able to analyze and interpret song lyrics for historical connections.
Students will make connections with current music and current events.

Materials:

Song Lyrics (and recording if possible) for the following songs:

Blowin' in the Wind-Bob Dylan
Fortunate Son-J.S. Fogarty (Credence Clearwater Revival)
"Turn! Turn! Turn!"-The Byrds
Eve of Destruction- Barry McGuire
For What It's Worth- Buffalo Springfield

Cd/Ipod player (If possible download or have a copy the songs to play for the class)

Activities:

* This activity should be done after the students have studied a bit about the events of the 60's and 70's.

After playing the songs (or start the lesson here) have the student read through the lyrics of each song. As they read instruct them to make notes in the margins about what they think the song writer was referring to in the song, or commenting on. (You could have each student focus on one or two songs or the whole packet.) Once the students have had a chance to read through the lyrics, facilitate a class discussion addressing what they have found. Ask them about why the songs were created? What impact do they think the songs had? What issues were the songs discussing?

Homework- Have the students find a current song (with in the last 5 years) that comments on current social or political issues. Have them prepare a 2 minute description of the song and what issues it is addressing to be read to the class. (You may want to play of few of the songs students bring in, just remember to censor first)

Assessment: Students will have to create either a song or poem that reflects their thoughts about what is going on currently in their town, state, country, or world. Wars, laws, natural disasters, elections, poverty are just a few suggestions. (This also will help them become more aware of current events!)

Connecticut Framework Performance Standards-

- 1.Examine current concepts, issues, events and themes from historical perspectives and identify principle conflicting ideas between competing narratives or interpretations of historical events.
- 2.Explain the relationships among the events and trends studied in local, state, national and world history.
- 3.Describe relationships between historical subject matter and other subjects they study, current issues and personal concerns.
- 4.Evaluate the contemporary roles of political parties, associations, media groups and public opinion in local, state and national politics.

BLOWIN' IN THE WIND- Bob Dylan
1962 Warner Bros. Inc

How many roads must a man walk down
Before you call him a man?
Yes, 'n' how many seas must a white dove sail
Before she sleeps in the sand?
Yes, 'n' how many times must the cannon balls fly
Before they're forever banned?
The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind,
The answer is blowin' in the wind.

How many times must a man look up
Before he can see the sky?
Yes, 'n' how many ears must one man have
Before he can hear people cry?
Yes, 'n' how many deaths will it take till he knows
That too many people have died?
The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind,
The answer is blowin' in the wind.

How many years can a mountain exist
Before it's washed to the sea?
Yes, 'n' how many years can some people exist
Before they're allowed to be free?
Yes, 'n' how many times can a man turn his head,
Pretending he just doesn't see?
The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind,
The answer is blowin' in the wind.

Fortunate Son

by J. C. Fogarty, (Credence Clearwater Revival)1969

Some folks are born made to wave the flag,
Ooh, they're red, white and blue.
And when the band plays "Hail to the chief",
Ooh, they point the cannon at you, Lord,
It ain't me, it ain't me, I ain't no senator's son, son.
It ain't me, it ain't me; I ain't no fortunate one, no,
Yeah!

Some folks are born silver spoon in hand,
Lord, don't they help themselves, oh.
But when the taxman comes to the door,
Lord, the house looks like a rummage sale, yes,
It ain't me, it ain't me, I ain't no millionaire's son, no.
It ain't me, it ain't me; I ain't no fortunate one, no.
Some folks inherit star spangled eyes,
Ooh, they send you down to war, Lord,
And when you ask them, "How much should we give?"
Ooh, they only answer More! more! more! yoh,
It ain't me, it ain't me, I ain't no military son, son.
It ain't me, it ain't me; I ain't no fortunate one, one.
It ain't me, it ain't me, I ain't no fortunate one, no no no,
It ain't me, it ain't me, I ain't no fortunate son, no no no,

“Turn! Turn! Turn!” The Byrds
Columbia Records 1965

To Everything (Turn, Turn, Turn)
There is a season (Turn, Turn, Turn)
And a time to every purpose, under Heaven

A time to be born, a time to die
A time to plant, a time to reap
A time to kill, a time to heal
A time to laugh, a time to weep

To Everything (Turn, Turn, Turn)
There is a season (Turn, Turn, Turn)
And a time to every purpose, under Heaven

A time to build up, a time to break down
[Find more Lyrics at www.mp3lyrics.org/icC]
A time to dance, a time to mourn
A time to cast away stones, a time
to gather stones together

To Everything (Turn, Turn, Turn)
There is a season (Turn, Turn, Turn)
And a time to every purpose, under Heaven

A time of love, a time of hate
A time of war, a time of peace
A time you may embrace, a time to
refrain from embracing

To Everything (Turn, Turn, Turn)
There is a season (Turn, Turn, Turn)
And a time to every purpose, under Heaven

A time to gain, a time to lose
A time to rend, a time to sew
A time for love, a time for hate
A time for peace, I swear it's not too late

Eve Of Destruction

By Barry McGuire, 1965

The eastern world it tis explodin',
violence flarin', bullets loadin',
you're old enough to kill but not for votin',
you don't believe in war, what's that gun you're totin',
and even the Jordan river has bodies floatin',
but you tell me over and over and over again my friend,
ah, you don't believe we're on the eve of destruction.
Don't you understand, what I'm trying to say?
Can't you see the fear that I'm feeling today?
If the button is pushed, there's no running away,
There'll be noone to save with the world in a grave,
take a look around you, boy, it's bound to scare you, boy,
but you tell me over and over and over again my friend,
ah, you don't believe we're on the eve of destruction.
Yeah, my blood's so mad, feels like coagulatin',
I'm sittin' here, just contemplatin',
I can't twist the truth, it knows no regulation,
handful of Senators don't pass legislation,
and marches alone can't bring integration,
when human respect is disintegratin',
this whole crazy world is just too frustratin',
and you tell me over and over and over again my friend,
ah, you don't believe we're on the eve of destruction.
Think of all the hate there is in Red China!
Then take a look around to Selma, Alabama!
Ah, you may leave here, for four days in space,

but when your return, it's the same old place,
the poundin' of the drums, th pride and disgrace,
you can bury your dead, but don't leave a trace,
hate your next-door-neighbour, but don't forget to say grace,
and you tell me over and over and over and over again my friend,
ah, you don't believe we're on the eve of destruction.

For What It's Worth By: Buffalo Springfield (1967)

There's something happening here
What it is ain't exactly clear
There's a man with a gun over there
Telling me I got to beware
I think it's time we stop, children, what's that sound
Everybody look what's going down
There's battle lines being drawn
Nobody's right if everybody's wrong
Young people speaking their minds
Getting so much resistance from behind
I think it's time we stop, hey, what's that sound
Everybody look what's going down
What a field-day for the heat
A thousand people in the street
Singing songs and carrying signs
Mostly say, hooray for our side
It's time we stop, hey, what's that sound
Everybody look what's going down
Paranoia strikes deep
Into your life it will creep
It starts when you're always afraid
You step out of line, the man come and take you away
We better stop, hey, what's that sound
Everybody look what's going down
Stop, hey, what's that sound
Everybody look what's going down
Stop, now, what's that sound
Everybody look what's going down
Stop, children, what's that sound
Everybody look what's going down