

2020 Spring program – Fanfare for the Working Person – Readings and Songs

0(Fanfare for the Common Man – Patti and Lina – 4 hand piano? with Anna M-R trumpet)

0 Poem: Work by Henry van Dyke (1852-1933)

Let me but do my work from day today,
In field or forest , at the desk or loom,
In roaring market-place, or tranquil room;
Let me but find it in my heart to say,
When vagrant wishes beckon me astray -
"This is my work: my blessing, not my doom:
Of all who live, I am the one by whom
This work can best be done, in the right way

Then shall I see it not too great, nor small,
To suit my spirit and to prove my powers;
Then shall I cheerful greet the laboring hours
And cheerful turn, when the long shadows fall
At eventide, to play and love and rest,
Because I know for me my work is best.

1*SONG: I Hear America Singing – Neil Ginsberg - intermediate

Work as portrayed on The Wisconsin State Seal:

1 Reading: A reading from John Seymour (The Self-Sufficient Life):

I once knew an old lady who lived by herself in the Golfen Valley of England. She was one of the happiest people I have met. She described to me all the work she and her mother used to do when she was a child: washing on Monday, butter-making on Tuesday, market on Wednesday, and so on. "It all sounds like a lot of hard work," I said to her. "Yes, but nobody ever told us then," she said. "Told you what?" "Told us there was anything wrong with work!"

Today, "work" has become a dirty word, and most people would do anything to get out of it. To say that an invention is labor-saving is the highest praise, but it never seems to occur to anyone that the work might have been enjoyable. I have plowed all day behind a good set of horses and been sad when the day came to an end.

The Work of Farmers:

2SONG: Allunde Aluia – Nigerian Harvest Song - easy

2a Poem: Plowboy – by Carl Sandburg

After the last red sunset glimmer,
Black on the line of a low hill rise,
Formed into moving shadows, I saw
A plowboy and two horses lined against the gray,
Plowing in the dusk the last furrow.
The turf had a gleam of brown,
And smell of soil was in the air,
And, cool and moist, a haze of April.

I shall remember you long,
Plowboy and horses against the sky in shadow.
I shall remember you and the picture
You made for me,
Turning the turf in the dusk
And haze of an April gloaming.

3SONG: The Pasture – Stroope (living American composer) - intermediate

3 READING: THE WORDS OF 80-YEAR OLD FARMER FRED MITCHELL, AS QUOTED IN RONALD BLYTHE'S 1960'S STUDY - *AKENFIELD, PORTRAIT OF AN ENGLISH VILLAGE*.

3a Quote "But there was always singing - the boys in the field, the chapels were full of singing. I have had pleasure enough; I have had singing."

4SONG: what did you grow – Copland – women (classic) – intermediate – hard

4 Reading: Ralph Waldo Emerson said in an essay back in 1871, 'If a man can write a better book or preach a better sermon, or make a better mouse trap than his neighbor, even if he builds his house in the woods the world will make a beaten path to his door.'

The Work of Miners:

5 SONG: Drill ye tarriers – sab - worksong - easy

5a Reading: "On Mining" the words of miner Joe Haynes interviewed by Studs Terkle in his book, Working

I graduated from high school in 1930, November. I went to work in the mines. We worked for fifteen cents a ton. If we made a dollar and a half a day, we made pretty good money. You got up between three thirty and four in the morning. You'd start work about six. We usually got out around dark or seven or eight, nine o'clock. I come back as late as ten o'clock at night. Sometimes I just laid down to sleep, not even sleep – then wash up.

5B POEM: THEY WILL SAY CARL SANDBURG

OF my city the worst that men will ever say is this:
You took little children away from the sun and the dew,
And the glimmers that played in the grass under the great sky,
And the reckless rain; you put them between walls
To work, broken and smothered, for bread and wages,
To eat dust in their throats and die empty-hearted
For a little handful of pay on a few Saturday nights.

6 SONG: *Rainbow Round My Shoulder – men/altos – arr. Decourmier - worksong - intermediate
(16 tons – easy/intermediate – or arrange Take Da't Hammer)

The Work of Shippers and Sailors:

6A POEM: FROM DOWN AT THE DOCKS
by Isabel Ecclestone Mackay

Down at the docks—when the smoke clouds lie,
Wind-ripped and red, on an angry sky—
Coal-dumps and derricks and piled-up bales,
Tar and the gear of forgotten sails,
Rusted chains and a broken spar
(Yesterday's breath on the things that are)
A lone, black cat and a snappy cur,
Smell of high-tide and of newcut fir,
Smell of low-tide, fish, weed!—I swear
I love every blessed smell that's there—

For, aeons ago when the sea began,
My soul was the soul of a sailorman.

7 SONG: O Shenandoah – arr. Erb - American sea chantey – hard

7a Poem: Fish Crier by Carl Sandburg

I know a fish crier down on Maxwell Street with a
voice like a north wind blowing over corn stubble in
January.

He dangles herring before prospective customers evincing
a joy identical with that of Pavlova dancing.

His face is that of a man terribly glad to be selling fish,
terribly glad that God made fish, and customers to
whom he may call his wares from a pushcart.

OR (Interview by Studs Terkel of Sailor turned Taxi Driver)

8 SONG: What Shall We do with a Drunken Sailor – sea chantey arr. Jens Klimek -

The Work of Manufacturers:

8A Reading: "What the woman who labors wants is the right to live, not simply exist... the worker must have bread, but she must have roses, too." - Rose Schneiderman

8B Poem: If thou of fortune be bereft

If thou of fortune be bereft,
and in thy store there be but left
two loaves, sell one, and with the
dole, buy hyacinths to feed thy soul.

9 SONG: bread and roses – choir - union song – easy – to be arranged (solo Tina?)

9a Interview: Lavelle worker?

SONG: 71/2 cents – two soloists male/female

The Work of Essential Workers

9b Reading: From "Facing the Challenge of a New Age," address delivered at the First Annual Institute on Nonviolence and Social Change on Dec. 3 1956, Montgomery Alabama. (In *The Papers of Martin Luther King, Jr., Volume III: Birth of a New Age, December 1955-December 1956*, University of California Press, 1997)

Whatever your life's work is, do it well. Even if it does not fall in the category of one of the so-called big professions, do it well. As one college president said, 'A man should do his job so well that the living, the dead, and the unborn could do it no better.' If it falls to your lot to be a street sweeper, sweep streets like Michelangelo painted pictures, like Shakespeare wrote poetry, like Beethoven composed music; sweep streets so well that all the host of Heaven and earth will have to pause and say, 'Here lived a great street sweeper, who swept his job well.'

10 SONG: Old London Street Cries (small group - 4 singers) (Tim, Stan, women)

10a Street Cries by [Sidney Lanier](#)

Oft seems the Time a market-town
Where many merchant-spirits meet
Who up and down and up and down
Cry out along the street

Their needs, as wares; one THUS, one SO:
Till all the ways are full of sound:
-- But still come rain, and sun, and snow,
And still the world goes round.

11 SONG: Who Will Buy? - from Oliver

11a Reading: Sonnet? By Mohamed Nasir

What does a painter do? A painter paints.
Of paintings inspired by the universe;
Of legends luminous as pious saints.
But people like me work to fill my purse.
Not artisan by trade nor rich merchant,
With rough and stubby fingers callused palms,

I'll starve if I were the master's servant
And soon to take the streets to beg for alms.
I paint for sake of commerce not for art;
I paint all kinds of buildings, houses, schools.
None enters, jobs can't start till I depart;
Scrappers, ladders, paints, brushes are my tools.
Do what I'm commissioned to do. To paint.
But Leonardo or Angelo I ain't.

(waitress interview from Working – Suds Terkle)
12 SONG: (waitress solo from Working?)

The Work First Responders, Healthcare Professionals

12a Reading:

I don't know what your destiny will be, but one thing I know: the only ones among you who will be really happy are those who will have sought and found how to serve.
- Albert Schweitzer

12b Poem: No Man is an Island – John Donne

No man is an island entire of itself; every man
is a piece of the continent, a part of the main;
if a clod be washed away by the sea, Europe
is the less, as well as if a promontory were, as
well as any manner of thy friends or of thine
own were; any man's death diminishes me,
because I am involved in mankind.
And therefore never send to know for whom
the bell tolls; it tolls for thee.

(INTERVIEWS OR CONTEMPORARY QUOTES)

13 SONG: Prayer of Saint Francis – intermediate (done)

The Work of Educators

13a Reading:

Education is not the filling of a pail but the lighting of a fire. William Butler Yeats

13b A good teacher is like a candle – it consumes itself while it lights the way for others. ?

13c It is the supreme art of the teacher to awaken joy in creative expression and knowledge.
— Albert Einstein

13d No one has yet fully realized the wealth of sympathy, kindness, and generosity hidden in the soul of a child. The effort of every true education should be to unlock that treasure. —
Emma Goldman

13e Poem: To be of Use by Marge Percy

The people I love the best
jump into their work head first
without dallying in the shadows
and swim off wit sure strokes almost out of sight.
They seem to become natives of that element,
the black sleek heads of seals
bouncing like half-submerged balls.

I love the people who harness themselves, an ox to a heavy cart
who pull like water buffalo, with massive patience,
who strain in the mud and muck to move things forward
who do what has to be done, again and again

I want to be with people who submerge
in the task, who go into the fields to harvest
and work in a row and pass the bags along,
who are not parlor generals and field deserters
but move in common rhythm
when the food must come in or the fire be put out.

The work of the world is common as mud.
Botched, it smears the hands, crumbles to dust,
But the thing worth doing well done
has a shape that satisfies, clean and evident.
Greek amphoras for wine or oil,
Hopi vases that held corn, are put in museums
but you know they were made to be used.
The pitcher cries for water to carry
and a person for work that is real.

14 Song of Democracy – Howard Hanson - classic major work – hard
