Subject Intros

***Something Inside Me*, Elmore James**

Elmore James was born in Mississippi in 1919, the illegitimate son of a 15 year field hand named, Leola Brooks. He began making music at the age of 12 using a simple one-string instrument ("diddley bow" or "jitterbug") strung up on a shack wall. As a teen he was playing at local dances under the names Cleanhead and Joe Willie James. After he served in WWII, he worked with his adopted brother at his electrical shop. There, he started experimenting with the equipment to make unique sounds.

This was the beginning of his famous sound, which has been called: fierce, boisterous, earthy, exuberant, organic, and rollicking. He was the so-called “King of the Slide Guitar”, and that title definitely shines through in his music. Something Inside Me was released in 1966 (after James’ death in 1963), and it is in the genre of “Chicago Blues”.

Lyrics

Something inside me,
That just won't let me be
Something inside me,
That just won't let me be, yeah
My baby is gone and left me,
And my heart's in misery

I wake up early in the mornin',
In my bedroom all alone
I wake up early in the mornin',
In my bedroom all alone
I don't find my baby,
And I wonder, I wonder, where she gone
Oh yeah, yeaah

My baby's gone,
And I'm so tired, it's a cryin' shame
Yes, you know I'm so tired, it's a cryin' shame
Ever since she been gone,
You know my life don't feel the same

***Ain’t No Way*, Aretha Franklin**

Aretha Franklin is one of the most recognizable singers and musicians alive today, and her work spans decades. She was born in 1942, and was raised by her father, a Baptist minister, in Detroit. She got her start singing Gospel Music at her father’s church. Her roots in Gospel are apparent in all of her work--she has a voice that shakes the core of the soul.

Ain’t No Way was released in 1968, and it was written by Aretha’s sister, carol. It is in the genre of Soul.

Lyrics
Ain't no way for me to love you
If you won't let me
Ain't no way for me to give you all you need
If you won't let me give all of me

I know that a woman's duty
Is to help and love a man
And that's the way it was planned

Oh but how can I, how can I, how can I
Give you all the things I can
If you're tying both of my hands?

Oh, it ain't no way
It ain't no way
It just ain't no way, baby
Ain't no way, baby
It ain't no way for me to love you
If you won't let me

Stop trying to be someone you're not
How cold and cruel is a man
Who paid too much for what he got?
And if you need me like you say, say you do
Oh then please, please
Please don't you know that I need you?

Oh, it ain't no way
I tell you that it ain't no way
It ain't no way, it ain't no way, baby, no
It just ain't no way
It sure ain't no way
It ain't no way for me to love you
If you won't let me
No way
If you won't let me
Ain't no way

***Everybody Hurts*, REM**
R.E.M. was an American rock band from Athens, Georgia, formed in 1980 by singer Michael Stipe, guitarist Peter Buck, bassist Mike Mills, and drummer Bill Berry. They were one of the

first popular alternative / indie rock bands. In a 1988 interview, Peter Buck described typical R.E.M. songs as, "Minor key, mid-tempo, enigmatic, semi-folk-rock-balladish things. That's what everyone thinks and to a certain degree, that's true." *Everybody Hurts* was released on their 8th album in 1992 and rose to huge success. In my opinion, and in my experience, it expressed the "moody vibe" that was prevalent with teens and college kids in the 90's…

While we listen to the song, pay attention to your thoughts. We will listen a second time while watching the music video. www.youtube.com/watch?v=5rOiW_xY-kc
The video is stylish and well produced--it has artistic value. Pay attention to how your experience of the song changes while you watch the video. Did the video put any ideas in your head that weren't there when you listened the first time?

Lyrics
When your day is long
And the night, the night is yours alone
When you're sure you've had enough
Of this life, well hang on

Don't let yourself go
'Cause everybody cries
And everybody hurts sometimes

Sometimes everything is wrong
Now it's time to sing along
When your day is night alone (Hold on, hold on)
If you feel like letting go (Hold on)
If you think you've had too much
Of this life, well hang on

Everybody hurts
Take comfort in your friends
Everybody hurts
Don't throw your hand, oh no

Don't throw your hand
If you feel like you're alone
No, no, no, you are not alone

If you're on your own in this life
The days and nights are long
When you think you've had too much of this life to hang on

Well, everybody hurts sometimes

Everybody cries
Everybody hurts sometimes
And everybody hurts sometimes

So hold on, hold on
Hold on, hold on, hold on, hold on, hold on, hold on
Everybody hurts

Symphony No 3 (Symphony of Sorrowful Songs), Henryk Gorecki
Henryk Gorecki was a Polish, contemporary composer who received his first success with this piece. Composed in 1978, *Symphony No 3* is pure artistry. Gorecki used three samples of local literature as inspiration to weave together this piece: the first movement, Lamentation of the Holy Cross Monastery from the "Lysagóra Songs", a collection from the second half of the 15th century; the second movement, a prayer inscribed on the wall of cell no. 3 in the basement of "Palace," the Gestapo's headquarters in Zadopane, Poland--the prayer was signed “Helena Wanda Blazusiakówna 18 years old, imprisoned since 26 September 1944."; the third movement, an old Polish folk song in the dialect of the Opole region about a mother’s lament for the son she lost in war. These themes guide the tone and poetic lyrics of the piece.

We will listen to the Second Movement first while looking at the prayer that inspired it. Then, we will watch a video that was produced (to the music of the Third Movement).
www.youtube.com/watch?v=plMd6K4_ENY
Pay attention to the artistic impression--does the addition of the images change the way you experience the music? (Just a warning, there are graphic images of suffering in this video.)

First Movement

My son, my chosen and beloved
Share your wounds with your mother
And because, dear son, I have always carried you in my heart,
And always served you faithfully
Speak to your mother, to make her happy,
Although you are already leaving me, my cherished hope.
--Lamentation of the Holy Cross Monastery from the "Lysagóra Songs", a collection from the second half of the 15th century

Second Movement

No, Mother, do not weep,
Most chaste Queen of Heaven
Support me always.
"Zdrowas Mario." (*)
−−A prayer inscribed on the wall of cell no. 3 in the basement of "Palace," the Gestapo's headquarters in Zadopane, Poland--the prayer was signed “Helena Wanda Blazusiakówna 18 years old, imprisoned since 26 September 1944."

(*) "Zdrowas Mario" (Ave Maria)—the opening of the Polish prayer to the Holy Mother

Third Movement

Where has he gone
My dearest son?
Perhaps during the uprising
The cruel enemy killed him

Ah, you bad people
In the name of God, the most Holy,
Tell me, why did you kill
My son?

Never again
Will I have his support
Even if I cry
My old eyes out

Were my bitter tears
to create another River Oder
They would not restore to life
My son

He lies in his grave
and I know not where
Though I keep asking people
Everywhere

Perhaps the poor child
Lies in a rough ditch
and instead he could have been
lying in his warm bed

Oh, sing for him
God's little song-birds
Since his mother
Cannot find him

And you, God's little flowers
May you blossom all around
So that my son
May sleep happily
--Polish folk song in the dialect of the Opole region