

Instructional Lesson Plan

English Language Arts

Grade: 06 **Unit Title:** Lesson 1 Poem – When Malindy Sings

Lesson 1 – When Malindy Sings

“When Malindy Sings” Translation Answer Key

“When Malindy Sings” (in dialect)	“When Malindy Sings” (translation)
G'way an' quit dat noise, Miss Lucy-- Put dat music book away; What's de use to keep on tryin'? Ef you practise twell you 're gray, You cain't sta't no notes a-flyin' Lak de ones dat rants and rings F'om de kitchen to de big woods When Malindy sings.	Go way and quit that noise, Miss Lucy-- Put that music book away; What's the use to keep on trying? If you practice till you're gray, You can't start those notes a-flying Like the ones that rant and ring From the kitchen to the big woods When Malindy sings.
You ain't got de nachel o'gans Fu' to make de soun' come right, You ain't got de tu'ns an' twistin's Fu' to make it sweet an' light. Tell you one thing now, Miss Lucy, An' I 'm tellin' you fu' true, When hit comes to raal right singin', 'T ain't no easy thing to do.	You don't have the natural organs For to make the sound come right, You don't have the turns and twistings For to make it sweet and light. Tell you one thing now, Miss Lucy, And I'm telling you for true, When it comes to real right singing, It's no easy thing to do.
Easy 'nough fu' folks to hollah, Lookin' at de lines an' dots, When dey ain't no one kin sence it, An' de chune comes in, in spots; But fu' real melojous music, Dat jes' strikes yo' hea't and clings, Jes' you stan' an' listen wif me	Easy enough for folks to holler, Looking at the lines and dots, When there is no one can sense it, And the tune comes in, in spots; But for real melodious music, That just strikes your heart and clings, Just you stand and listen with me When Malindy sings.
Ain't you nevah hyeahd Malindy? Blessed soul, tek up de cross! Look hyeah, ain't you jokin', honey? Well, you don't know what you los'. Y' ought to hyeah dat gal a-wa'blin', Robins, la'ks, an' all dem things, Heish dey moufs an' hides dey faces When Malindy sings.	Have you never heard Malindy? Blessed soul, take up the cross! Look here, aren't you joking, honey? Well, you don't know what you lost. You should hear that girl a-warbling, Robins, larks and all those things, Hush their mouths and hide their faces When Malindy sings.
Fiddlin' man jes' stop his fiddlin', Lay his fiddle on de she'f; Mockin'-bird quit tryin' to whistle, 'Cause he jes' so shamed hisse'f. Folks a-playin' on de banjo Draps dey fingahs on de strings-- Bless yo' soul--fu'gits to move em, When Malindy sings.	Fiddling man just stops his fiddling, Lays his fiddle on the shelf; Mocking bird quits trying to whistle, Because he's just so shamed himself. Folks a-playing on the banjo Drop their fingers on the strings— Bless your soul--forget to move them, When Malindy sings.
She jes' spreads huh mouf and hollahs, "Come to Jesus," twell you hyeah	She just spreads her mouth and hollers, "Come to Jesus," till you hear

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<p>Sinnahs' tremblin' steps and voices, Timid-lak a-drawin' neah; Den she tu'ns to "Rock of Ages," Simply to de cross she clings, An' you fin' yo' teahs a-drappin' When Malindy sings.</p>	<p>Sinners, trembling steps, and voices, Timid-like a-drawing near; Then she turns to "Rock of Ages," Simply to the cross she clings, And you find your tears are dropping When Malindy sings</p>
<p>Who dat says dat humble praises Wif de Master nevah counts? Heish yo' mouf, I hyeah dat music, Ez hit rises up an' mounts-- Floatin' by de hills an' valleys, Way above dis buryin' sod, Ez hit makes its way in glory To de very gates of God!</p>	<p>Who can say that humble praises With the Master never count? Hush your mouth, I hear that music, As it rises up and mounts-- Floating by the hills and valleys, Way above this burying sod, As it makes its way in glory To the very gates of God!</p>
<p>Oh, hit's sweetah dan de music Of an edicated band; An' hit's dearah dan de battle's Song o' triumph in de lan'. It seems holier dan evenin' When de solemn chu'ch bell rings, Ez I sit an' ca'mly listen While Malindy sings.</p>	<p>Oh, it's sweeter than the music Of an educated band; And it's dearer than the battle's Song of triumph in the land. It seems holier than evening When the solemn church bell rings, As I sit and calmly listen While Malindy sings.</p>
<p>Towsah, stop dat ba'kin', hyeah me! Mandy, mek dat chile keep still; Don't you hyeah de echoes callin' F'om de valley to de hill? Let me listen, I can hyeah it, Th'oo de bresh of angels' wings, Sof an' sweet, "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," Ez Malindy sings.</p>	<p>Towser, stop that barking, hear me! Mandy, make that child keep still; Don't you hear the echoes calling From the valley to the hill? Let me listen, I can hear it, Through the brush of angel's wings, Soft and sweet, "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," As Malindy sings.</p>