



[The blues] teaches us that when we
find ourselves at a crossroads, we don't
shy away from our problems. We own them.
We face up to them. We deal with them.
We sing about them. We turn them into art.
—President Obama

CONSERVATORY LAB
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QUOTE SOURCES

p. 46: Julius Lester, *The Blues Singers: How They Rocked the World* (New York: Hyperion, 2001).
p. 3: Jeanne Walker Harvey, *My Kinda Sing the Blues: African American Boarders' Childhood Journey* (Marshall Cavendish, 2011).



GET YOUR BLUES ON!

A BOOK OF POEMS, COLLAGES,
AND BLUES SONGS

2011-2012 4TH-GRADE CLASS

...the blues is not only a feeling. It's also a kind of music that cures the blues. The words of a blues song might be sad, but the music and the beat wrap around your heart like one of your grandmother's hugs. —JULIUS LESTER

ABOUT THIS BOOK AND OUR SCHOOL

The mournful cries of a clarinet twisting in and out of a steady bass line wrap around my heart as I listen to groups of soulful fourth graders perform the blues they composed during their study of the Great Migration.

The blues that migrated north and west with African Americans during the 1900s expressed the urgency of moments in migrants' lives when everything they knew and loved was lost and gone. They sang the blues to express their sadness and to get past it. Our fourth graders' blues express the emotional urgency of moments in their lives—grief at losing a beloved pet, anger at bullies and late school buses, despair over senseless wars and mounting pollution, and, of course, anxiety over homework. Their songs give voice to their blues and move past it—a rainbow appears on a gloomy Monday morning; a game played to win is transformed into a game played for fun; a menacing dog turns into an affectionate friend; and a reader discovers a new book when a favorite one sadly comes to an end. As I listen to these young blues singers, I marvel at how well they really get the blues!

Like the blues songs they accompany, the collage self-portraits in this book are rich in color, texture, and emotion. Local artist Ekua Holmes mentored students through the collage process, which mirrors the improvisational nature of the blues. Students explored the implications of each artistic choice, considering which colors, shapes, and lines would best convey their desired mood. The result—strikingly unique collages, each expressing a singular mood, each telling a different story.

Conservatory Lab is a music-infused charter school in the heart of Boston. We believe in the power of music to transform the lives of children and adolescents. We use

Expeditionary Learning as a framework for our unique, interdisciplinary curriculum that integrates music and other creative processes into hands-on learning experiences where what we are doing matters to us and has consequences.

The Great Migration expedition exemplifies how our interdisciplinary academic curriculum deepens students' appreciation of the role of music in the world and promotes opportunities for students to create and perform music and to achieve scholastic benchmarks. The expedition also reveals how assistance from experts and fieldwork encourage deeper learning. Photographs at the end of this book show fourth graders working with the expert artist and the musicians who guided them in creating their collages and blues songs. As you can see from the children's faces, when you have a need to know, when you are driven to do something, a different level of energy kicks in. Photographs also feature students' fieldwork at the House of Blues, where, at the end of their expedition, students had the unforgettable experience of performing their blues songs for an audience of over two hundred local students and teachers.

Conservatory Lab is also the only school in the country to incorporate **El Sistema** Program and Methods into its core school day. **El Sistema** is a unique program designed to effect social change and nurture promising futures for underserved communities through intensive, ensemble-focused music education.

This book is a cure for the blues. Today, as I listen to fourth graders apply their instrument training to a new musical form and share with pride their learning, their artwork, and their poems, I have the goldens—the kind of goldens when you can see the future in our children.

Diana Lam, Head of School



My hands sing the blues when I paint and cut and paste.
I never know what I'll create when I paint and cut and paste.
I use paper, fabrics, photos, and nothing goes to waste.

From *My Hands Sing the Blues: Romare Bearden's Childhood Journey* by Jeanne Walker Harvey



Introduction

We created the collages, poems, and songs in this book during our learning expedition on the Great Migration.

To start our expedition, we went on a gallery walk and looked at a series of paintings by Jacob Lawrence called *The Migration Series*. When Lawrence was just 23 years old, he decided to paint the story of the Great Migration so other people could understand what African Americans went through during this time in history.

We really like the way Jacob Lawrence tells stories with paints. We especially like the beautiful colors, shapes, connected strokes, and recurring images that he used to paint the series. The series helped us understand the migration process step-by-step. It helped us understand the emotions of the migrants and why they left their homes in the South to look for better jobs, better housing, and better schools for their kids in the North.

We were shocked to learn how badly African Americans were treated in the South—that you could actually get arrested and even killed because of your skin color and that black and white people didn't share the same restaurants and bathrooms. We were also surprised to find out that even though things were better in the North, there was still segregation and racism.

Jacob Lawrence's paintings guided us during the whole expedition. "Remember this painting; remember that painting," we said as we read poems, analyzed firsthand and secondhand accounts, and wrote letters in the voice of the migrants to friends and family in the South to persuade them to join us up North—or to stay home.

**Everyone
can make
art!**

**Everyone
can make
music!**

We listened to lots of blues music. One of our favorite experiences was going to the House of Blues, where we listened to a musical performance about the blues and African American history. We learned that when slaves were working in the fields, they sang songs called spirituals that later developed into the blues. Singing helped them keep a sense of community during their hardest days, and the blues continues to allow musicians to express their emotions. We heard many different genres of music during the performance because many genres developed from the blues, such as jazz, R&B, and hip-hop.

After looking at art, listening to blues, and reading poems about the migration by Langston Hughes and Eloise Greenfield, we couldn't wait to make our own art and write our own poems and blues songs. Our first poems were color poems—we had lots of fun writing metaphors comparing colors to feelings.

Next, we each wrote a blues poem to express a strong feeling, just like the musicians we listened to. Our poems followed the AAB pattern of the blues. The AAB pattern is when the first two lines are basically the same and the last line is different. Also, the end words need to rhyme. It was hard work! We edited with partners and added similes to make the words more vivid.

We really got the blues on when we worked with our music teachers to compose the music for our blues poems. We formed four groups with common themes—the big world issues blues, the down and out blues, the personal loss blues, and the school blues. Each student picked a favorite stanza to perform as a solo! To create a mood for our songs, we made choices about tone, pitch, and rhythm. We loved working together in our groups and with our instruments.

We also got the blues on when we made our collage self-portraits. An expert collage artist, Ekua Holmes, helped us. We loved working with Ekua and inventing moods for our collages. We painted paper with colors we chose to match the mood of our blues songs or to show how happy and calm we feel when we play our instruments. We chose complementary colors to express a mixture of moods—red for anger, green for hope, blue for sadness, orange for energetic. We ripped, cut, and tore the painted paper as well as photos, magazines, tissue paper, and fabric scraps. Some of us added photos of favorite people, animals, and things from our lives. Finally, we traced photographs of ourselves playing our instruments onto canvas and worked to make our collages our own.

Everyone can make art! Everyone can make music!

Ms. Rachel Cates' and Ms. Emily Picard's 4th-grade class



To learn more about the Great Migration expedition and curriculum, and to watch a video of students' performance at the House of Blues, visit our website at www.conservatorylab.org/teaching-learning/curriculum/4th/.

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Artists and Poets

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The Blues

Yesterday I had the blues,
the wait forever for the bus blues,
the little kids screaming in my ear blues.
The kind of blues that make you want to
get off at the next stop.

BY ALPHIE

Yesterday I had the blues,
the kind of blues that make me feel depressed.
The bad news blues.
Like someone went away
or left you all by yourself.
Not the get well soon blues,
but the ones hanging
all by yourself with no one around.

BY KATHLEEN

Today I've got the blues.
Not the kinda blues that make you wanna
sink into your own sadness,
or the kind that makes you wanna
lock yourself in your room for the rest of the day.
Not even the kind that makes you wanna
let your feelings seep into everyone else in the room.
No, I got the kinda blues that make you want
to find a quiet space,
and not talk to anybody for forever.
The kinda blues that make you wanna just be alone.

BY MAYA

Yesterday I had the blues,
the blues that make you sad.
The blues that make you
not want to talk to no one.
The blues that make you cry.

BY ANTWANA

Today I've got the blues,
the blues that make you sad.
The type of blues about shyness,
the type of blues that are just messed up.

BY KAREEM

Yesterday I had the blues,
the kind of blues that is really, really awake,
jumpy, happy, smiley
everything that goes with
happy, smiley, and jumpy mixed together.
I was so happy because it was my birthday,
turning 10 years old!

BY JELITZA

The Violets

Today I have the violets
that make me feel a little royal.
Today I have the violets
that make me feel like going to a
really, really fun place.
The kind of violets
that make me feel bright.

BY KYRA

The Lavenders

Today I have the lavenders,
the hug myself and think about how lucky I am lavenders.
Not the jump around and be hyperactive
or read 500 books in one minute lavenders.
The make me want to go to sleep but at the same time
walk around a pond to get fresh air lavenders.
The kind of lavenders that make me
want to hug everybody in the whole world.

BY STELLA

The Reds

Today I've got the reds.
Reds that make you want to scream.
The kind of reds that you get when
your brother jumps on your bed and messes it up reds.
The ones you get when you can't go to the mall kind of reds.

BY CHELSEA

Today, I've got the reds,
not the reds that make you want to scream,
but the kind of reds when you forget your homework pass,
the kind of reds when your favorite toy gets stolen,
the kind of reds that make you RED!

BY NAHSHON

The Oranges

Today
I've got the oranges,
not the ones where you are calm or sad,
but the ones that make you just want to do a front flip
on your bed.
The ones where you want to be able to fly,
but then when the sun starts to set you start getting sleepy.
Maybe I can have some more fun tomorrow.

BY CHRISTOPHER [REDACTED]

The Goldens

Today I've got the goldens.
Not the goldens where you can buy anything you want.
The goldens that make you become somebody.
The kind of goldens that make you happy.
The goldens where you can have
a spectacular day!

BY GIUSEPPE [REDACTED]

Today I've got the goldens,
the kind of goldens that make you
feel like your family is together,
the hello sun and goodbye moon,
the goldens that want the rain to go away,
not the do whatever you want goldens,
or the joyful bouncy, energetic goldens,
the goldens that make you feel whole.

BY KAM'RAHN [REDACTED]

The Yellows

Today I've got the yellows,
the look at the sun, run around the park yellows.
The go and do something yellows.
The kind of yellows that make you want to
be the sky.

BY BEN [REDACTED]

The Greens

Today I've got the greens.
The kind of greens where
you want to go home.
The kind of greens where
you just want to lay down and cry.
The kind of greens where
you feel blue.

BY JOYDANZE [REDACTED]

Today I've got the greens.
The I'm in the air greens,
not the ugh I'm sick greens.
But the kind of greens that make me want
to do whatever I want greens.
The greens that make me want to just
stay home in my room pettin' my cat greens.

BY BEATRICE [REDACTED]

Today I've got the greens,
the greens where you are
snippy, happy, nice, cool, relaxed.
The greens where you get a new haircut.

BY ANTHONY [REDACTED]

The Browns

Today I've got the browns.
The dull school hours browns.
The extremely dry eyes browns.
The browns that make you
want to go to bed and sleep for 24 hours.

BY COLBY [REDACTED]

Today I have the browns.
The kind that makes you cozy and warm.
The kind that makes you feel safe and special.
The kind that makes you want some warm cocoa.
The kind that makes you want to snuggle
with a big brown bear.
The kind that makes you you.

BY NORA [REDACTED]

Today I've got the browns.
Not the run through the woods,
slap a band-aid on the earth browns.
The browns that make you wanna
sit in a tight blanket reading *The Thief Lord*.
Sit near a warm blazing fire browns.
The kind of browns that make you wanna just fall asleep.

BY SOFYA [REDACTED]

The Blacks

Today I've got the blacks,
the kind of blacks that make you want to
run away and find something you have lost,
like a pet or a watch.
The kind of blacks that make your
heart sink to your feet blacks.

BY ARIANNA [REDACTED]

Today I've got the blacks,
the kind that makes you want to
sit in your room and think,
the kind that makes you
quiet all day.

BY TRAYVON [REDACTED]

The Whites

Today I've got the whites.
Not the cry in your room whites,
or the sulk away whites either.
I've got the be quiet whites,
not the be loud whites.
The snuggle up in a warm blanket and read whites,
the calm, happy whites.
The kind of whites that make you
just wanna be you and stay you—the happy you.
I've got the whites that make you all the colors in the world
whites, not the blank dull sit-down whites,
the whites that make you love friends, family, pets,
the whites that make you love life.

BY NIYA [REDACTED]

According to Veeck, Landis said "The most famous story of opposition to migration was to the maverick owner Bill Veeck. He said, 'Let them play in their own league.'"

to it. "The colored ballplayers Homestead Grays. Landis put a



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Why War Blues

by Sofya

I see the pale people sitting like walls by a veteran's grave,
Oh I see the pale mourning people sitting like walls by a veteran's grave,
To save the country, his life he gave.

Why did we choose war instead of peace?
Oh why did we choose war instead of peace?
With so many dead and dying, this war needs to cease.

When the veterans come back, they have no home or "thank you,"
Oh when the poor veterans come back, they have no home or "thank you,"
Well, they saved the world, don't they deserve a home, too?

Rotten Smell Blues

by Nahshon

I'm sitting in the house smelling this rotten smoky smell.
Just rotten, I'm seeing my sis coughing because of that rotten smell.
I'm looking around seeing Ma close the window because we don't feel so well.

Sell that rotten smell, just sell.

I'm sick and tired of that rotten smell, got nothing to do.
I'm sick and tired of that rotten smell, got nothing to do.
Just hoping that the rotten smell doesn't give me the flu.

I'm sitting in my new house, yes it went away, it went away.
I'm sitting in my new house, yes it went away, it went away.
That rotten smell is gone, now I can play.



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changes (which might offer clues to
means for employment) and research
surgical remedies for acid reflux

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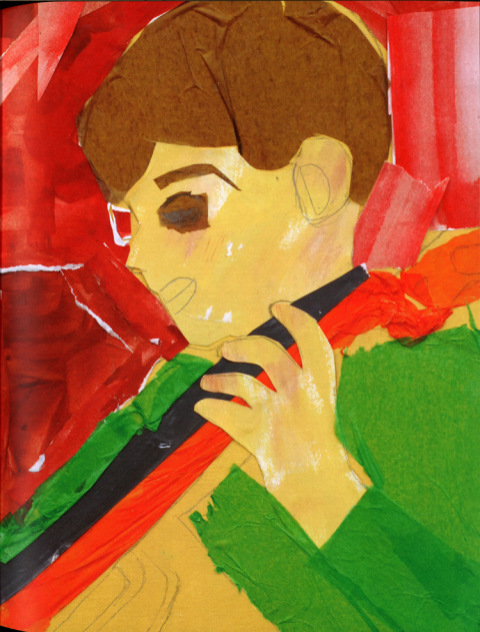
Bully Blues

by Giuseppe

Sometimes bullies are bad, I wish they didn't exist.
Sometimes bullies are mean, oh I wish they didn't exist.
You know bullies wouldn't be on Santa's nice list.

Bullies have a small heart.
Oh bullies really have a small, small heart.
Sometimes when you're not looking, they hit you like a dart.

Bullies hide and scare people all the time.
They really like to hide and scare people all the time.
When they hurt people, they commit a big crime.





Key to the World Blues

by Kyra

I'm looking out the window, seeing cars fly past me,
I'm looking out the window, seeing cars zoom past me,
My head swirls from all the smoke and filthy trash I see.

I wish I could find a key to keep the world clean,
Oh, I wish I could find a key to keep the world clean,
Why can't we work together to keep the world green?

The world is a little bit of a mess,
Oh, the world is a bit of a mess,
Why can't the world be like one big beautiful shiny pearl?
Why can't the mess be less?

Wish I Could Change the World Blues

by Stella

Wish I could change the way people treat their world
Oh yes, I wish I could change the way they treat this world
I feel so sick at the sight of it, my anger unfurled

Burying their world in trash
Oh burying the world in trash
If this keeps going on, the world might crash

The world has such a stinky smell
Oh the world has such a stinky smell
It stinks so bad I want to yell

It looks like the world is put under a curse
Oh yes, it looks like the world is put under a curse
I don't think the world could look much worse

Ohhh, the world is covered by a blanket of trash
Ohhh yes, it's covered in a blanket of trash
If we could work together, we could clean it up in a flash



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Harry Potter

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Gloomy Monday Blues

by Chelsea

I'm looking out the window, I can see that it rained last night
It's very gloomy outside my window, it rained last night
No sun or birds in sight, nothing in sight

I can see the puddles outside, the rain and the clouds had a big fight
It's a gloomy day, the rain and the clouds had a big fight
I feel like a lazy turtle crawling through the night

Looking out my window, what a gloomy sight
Looking out my window, what a rainy and gloomy sight
Suddenly I see a rainbow, I'm glad it rained last night!

Stuck in Bed Blues

by Antwanai

It's raining and I feel so stuck in my bed
It's raining and I feel so stuck in my bed
Wanting to go outside but I just can't, I feel so dead.

I just want to go somewhere, but this rain makes me feel like I can't move
I just want to go somewhere, but this rain makes me feel like I can't move
I feel like I can't even put on my shoes.

I feel so stiff, just like a pole
I feel so stiff, just like a pole
I feel like I'm stuck, like I'm in a deep hole.



Jumpy Cat Blues

by Christopher

When my cat stares at me, I think he's going to pounce
My cat is staring at me, I hope he doesn't pounce
Uh-oh, I think I might have to bounce.

I think I lost him, I think I'm free
I think I lost him, I think I'm free
Until I see he's right in front of me!

I see my laces, they're not tied
Yikes my laces aren't tied
Oh man, like a shocked mouse I wish I could run and hide.





Big Fat Purple Toe Blues

by Arianna

Oh big fat purple toe, oh, I feel so low,
Oh big fat purple toe, oh, oh, I feel so low,
Big fat purple toe, oh oh oh you are a foe.

Oh stubbed that toe on a fat metal door, oh oh it hurts right to the core,
Stubbed that toe on a fat metal door, oh it hurts right to the core,
My heart stops like a timer, I can't take it anymore.

Ow, ow, my toe throbs and drips with blood,
Ow my toe throbs and throbs and drips with blood,
I scream at the top of my lungs, oh as my big toe bleeds like a FLOOD!

Poor Boy Blues

by Anthony

Got no money, wish I could get rich,
Got no money, oh how I wish I could get rich,
If I could get rich, I'd get out of this ditch.

I wish I could live in a mansion,
Oh, I wish I could live in a mansion,
Not having any money just gives me frustration.

Got no money, oh I wish I had a limousine,
Got no money, how I wish had a limousine,
But I need gasoline.





Crazy Dog Blues

by Kam'Rahn

Running for my life, screaming loud
Just running for my life, screaming loud
Running to my mom, there's a giant crowd

Falling in the grass, dog starts chasing
Just falling in the grass, dog starts chasing
Falling on my knees and elbows, thinking, is the dog racing?

I get back up and I be a man
I just get back up and I be a man
I say in my head "that dog treats me like a tin can"

I go in the house, wash off all the blood
Just walk in the house, wash off all the blood
I feel like I've been rolling in the mud

I get back out there, sit by a tree
Just walk back out there, sit by a tree
Next thing I know, the dog jumps on me

The dog lays on me, it's hard to comprehend
He just lays on me, it's hard to comprehend
I say "I think I figured it out, this dog's my new friend"



Aching Heart Blues

by Nora

I know it's right, but there's a slight ache in my heart,
It's for the best, but there's still a slight ache in my heart,
Lovin' something else, I know I've got to start.

I start thinking, is it really right?
I start thinking, is it really right?
I wonder and wonder about this all night.

Putting a dog down, a man's hardest thing to do,
We have to put our dog down, a man's hardest thing to do.
But the dog doesn't even have a clue.

Riley, I LOVE, LOVE YOU!!!

Basketball Blues

by Kareem

Nervous if I'm going to win or lose
Nervous if I'm going to win or lose
I wish I could just choose

Dribbling up and down
Dribbling up and down
Like rain falling on the ground, I go up and I fall to the ground

I've lost the ball
Now I've gone and lost the ball
It feels like I slammed against a brick wall

Ref calls foul
Ref calls foul
Ow, ow, ow, I howl



Blues About a Cat Named Taz

by Beatrice

Weepy, so weepy 'bout Tazzy,
Weeping, still weeping 'bout Tazzy,
Remembering how he was so jazzy.

Looking, I'm looking for his spirit,
Looking, still looking for his spirit,
Why did he run away, why did he quit?

On October 31, I'll wilt like a flower,
On October 31, I'll wilt like a flower,
On his birthday I can still hear his spirit purring in the shower.

I'm hopin' he went to Kitty Heaven if he died,
Hopin' he's having the time of his life in Kitty Heaven if he died,
I'm hopin' he doesn't know how much I've cried and cried.





Sad Stolen Bike Blues

by Jelitza

I'm feeling really, really angry and oh so mad
I'm feeling really, really angry and oh so mad
Someone stole my bike and I'm so, so sad

I feel like yelling, I want my bike back!
I feel like yelling, I want my bike back!
Why, oh why did you steal my bike? Go hit the road Jack!

Listen now, don't you ever think of stealing
Listen to me now, don't you ever think of stealing
Before you steal, think about other people's feelings

Cell Phone Blues

by Trayvon

Sitting on a bus, waiting for a call
I'm sitting on the bus, waiting for a call
I forgot she could not call at all

At first I was sad, so really, really sad
I was still sad, so really, really sad
Then sitting all alone, I just got mad

Unlike how a slow turtle moves, I hope it gets fixed fast
Unlike how a slow turtle moves, oh I hope it gets fixed real fast
Then I can talk to my mom at last



Ratty Rat Passing Blues

by Niya

My rat has passed
My dear, dear rat has passed
Like a bad joke, no one laughs

Ohh, one rat's dead, but one rat's still alive
One rat's dead, but one rat's still alive
That hungry rat's gonna try some nice green chive

All creatures pass
I know that all creatures must pass
I'm so sad, but my tears won't last





Horrible Homework Blues

by Colby

Homework, too much homework, makes me MAD!
Homework, too much homework, makes me MAD!
Every time I do homework, I get more sad!

I'm working so hard, it hurts my skull,
Oh, I'm working so hard, there's an ache in my skull,
The more I work, the more my brain feels dull.

I just heard the midnight chime,
So sleepy and I just heard the midnight chime,
Homework's not done and it's way past my bedtime.

Playing for Fun Blues

by Joydanze

They won, they won the game,
They won, they won my favorite game,
They brag and I feel so much pain—so lame!

They won, they won, it's such a surprise,
They brag, they brag, it's such a surprise,
I hope when I win, I get a big prize.

You play the game just for fun,
Playing the game is just for fun,
It doesn't matter which side has won.

I win! I win! Now my friend is sad,
I win! I win! Now my friend is sad,
I cheer my friend up, now we're both glad.



Wet Homework Blues

by Kathleen

Doing my homework, water drips,
Right on my homework it drips and drips,
Gonna get in trouble, then it rips.

I don't know what to do, gonna be mad,
Just don't know what to do, gonna be mad,
Just sitting there not knowing what to do, I turn sad.

Then accidentally from a cup, more water pours,
Then accidentally from a cup, more water pours,
If the water keeps coming like a river, I might need some oars.





Boring Bus Blues

by Alphonse

Get up early—still tired,
Wake up early—still tired,
I think I need to be rewired.

Get on the bus, and hear the kids scream,
I board the bus, and hear the little kids scream,
I wish it was just a dream.

Working—like a worker bee, all day,
Working hard—like a worker bee, all day,
Work all my energy away.

Getting home, it's oh so late,
Getting home, it's oh so late,
I think I'm stuck in a tired state.

Homework Blues

by Maya

Been sittin' here with this homework for hours and hours
I've been sittin' here with my homework for hours an' hours
An' suddenly de' answer just blooms like a flower

I say, "Ma, I gonna use a pass"
I says, "Ma, I gonna use a pass"
I wonder if she eva gonna let me use it for class

Dear, dear, my homework's due tomorrow
Oh, dear, my homework's due tomorrow
Yes, it fills me with such sorrow, my homework's due tomorrow





A LANGUAGE TODAY

cottage style

Back Cover Blues

by Ben

I see the back cover coming, it's coming to an end,
I see the back cover coming fast, it's coming to an end,
But this book is so good, I feel like I'm losing my best friend.

I read the whole story, every single drop,
I've completed the whole story, every single drop,
I'm like a train that can't stop, stop, stop.

But then I found a new one, a super, super one,
But then I uncovered a new one, a super, super one,
And this one's great too, I hope it's never done!

Traffic Blues

by Ms. Rachel Cates and Ms. Emily Picard

Sitting here in traffic and I'm stuck like I'm in muck.
Just waiting in traffic, stuck like I'm in muck.
Gonna be late for work, just my luck.

Why is there traffic? Why, why, why?
I wonder why there's traffic. Why, why, why?
I am getting so anxious I just want to cry!

Flipping through the channels looking for a song.
Just flipping through the channels, searching for a song.
Hoping it will make the drive move along.

Finally found a song, a perfect song to sing.
Just found that perfect song, the perfect song to sing.
Now this ride doesn't seem so long, the song has a perfect ring!

MS. EMILY PICARD



MS. RACHEL GATES













Ms. Rachel Cates and Ms. Emily Picard, our teachers, for teaching us about our history. And thanks for giving us the chance to be creative. That's what the blues is all about!

Ekua Holmes, collage artist, for sharing her beautiful collages with us and for helping us create our own collages.

Levi Comstock, resident artist, for plucking the blues on his viola and leading the School Blues group.

Chris Schroeder, resident artist, for blowing the blues on his trumpet and leading the Down and Out Blues group.

Josue Gonzalez, resident artist, for singing the blues on his cello and leading the Big World Issues Blues group.

Michael Moore, resident artist, for banging out the blues on his drums and leading the Personal Loss Blues group.

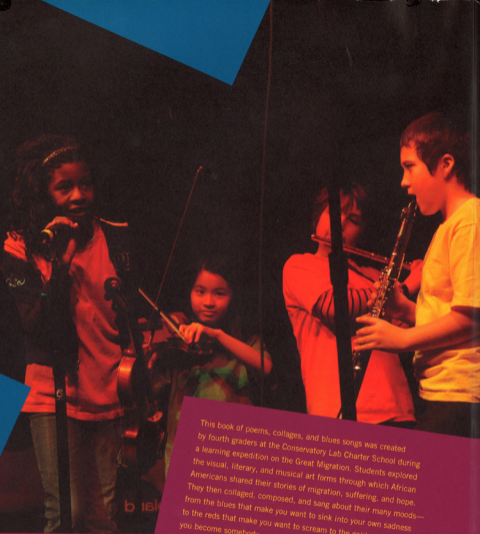
Jenny Nardone and the Blues SchoolHouse Band, for showing us how it's done and for inviting us to perform at the House of Blues. You rock!

Toni Jackson, for capturing our many moods with her photos.

Rhonda Berkower, for helping us edit our work and for all the great books.

And thanks to the African American artists, poets, and blues musicians of the Great Migration who painted, wrote, and sang about their lives and taught us the true meaning of the blues.

Thank you!



This book of poems, collages, and blues songs was created by fourth graders at the Conservatory Lab Charter School during a learning expedition on the Great Migration. Students explored the visual, literary, and musical art forms through which African Americans shared their stories of migration, suffering, and hope. They then collaged, composed, and sang about their many moods—from the blues that make you want to sink into your own sadness to the reds that make you want to scream to the goldens that make you become somebody.

Join us on the web at www.conservatorylab.org

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