

Jazz Fantasia \*

Drum on your drums, batter on your banjos,  
sob on the long cool winding saxophones.  
Go to it, O jazzmen.

Sling your knuckles on the bottoms of the happy  
tin pans, let your trombones ooze, and go husha-  
husha-hush with the slippery sand-paper.

Moan like an autumn wind high in the lonesome treetops,  
moan soft like you wanted somebody terrible, cry like a  
racing car slipping away from a motorcycle cop, bang-bang!  
you jazzmen, bang altogether drums, traps, banjos, horns,  
tin cans — make two people fight on the top of a stairway  
and scratch each other's eyes in a clinch tumbling down  
the stairs.

Can the rough stuff . . . now a Mississippi steamboat pushes  
up the night river with a hoo-hoo-hoo-oo . . . and the green  
lanterns calling to the high soft stars . . . a red moon rides  
on the humps of the low river hills . . . go to it, O jazzmen.

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\*poem by Carl Sandburg  
music and vocal arrangement by Ed Cionek

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