







TODAY'S UNIT & LESSON





































THE BEST MUSIC... EVER!

Can you narrow an entire decade down to just 10 songs?







HOT 100

































There are certain songs that, over time, have come to represent entire decades.





Listening to their lyrics, beats, and messages sheds light on the feelings and cultural undertakings of that particular time in American History.





























THE BEST MUSIC... EVER!





Often, if these songs are from a decade in which you grew up, hearing them again can bring back memories of what you were doing and where you were.



































While the lyrics, beats, and messages have certainly changed over the years, it is still fascinating to see the road that music has taken from "then" to "now".



































As the class travels from the 1950s to the preset date, Dr. Hartnell will play the Top 10 songs of each decade, as determined by the Billboard Hot 100 rankings (1955-Present), MTV airtime (1981-Present), and sales/downloads.

































You will rate each song and record your thoughts on the spaces provided throughout a downloadable packet, indicating what you think the artist is trying to say, why they might be saying it, and your opinion on the song's beat, vocals, instruments, and length.















In the end, you will rank the 10 songs for each decade before compiling your own Top 10 list of the "Best Songs" since 1950.



The categories that will be included in your rankings are:































Beat: The first thing that jumps out at you in a song is the beat. Rate the beat on a scale of 1-10 (with 10 being the highest).



Length: Did the song need to be 6 minutes long? Some songs are better if we hear LESS of them.

Rate 1-10.





Vocals: An artist's voice can easily make or break a song. (Note: This is NOT a rating on the song's message.) Rate 1-10.



Message: What message did this song relay? Was it inspiring? Goofy? Did the lyrics help/hurt the message? Rate 1-10





Instruments: Were a variety of instruments used? Did the song need more (or fewer or better) instruments? Rate 1-10.



Opinion: Everything considered, what did you think about this song?
Add up all 5 categories for a final ranking (out of 50).













































Download
this Music
Packet to
your
Google
Drive.
Rename it
by adding
your name.

Open the document and type your name and class period.





Dr. Hartnell's "The Best Music... EVER!"

The Battle of the Top 10s



Every time
you type
something in
the packet,
before you
exit, you
MUST redownload it.

When you do this, make sure to save it to your Google Drive and override the previous version.







































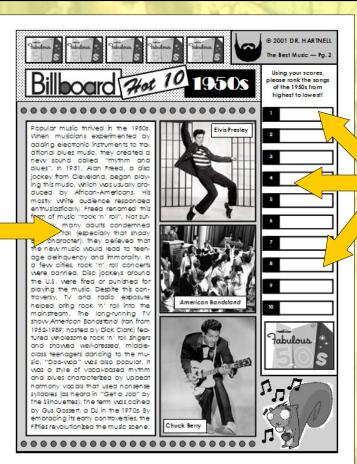






This page summarizes the decade of music that vou're about to listen to.

This info appears later in this lesson.



When you finish listening to the Top 10 songs of the decade, come back to this page and put the songs in order (1-10) based upon the total score each received.









































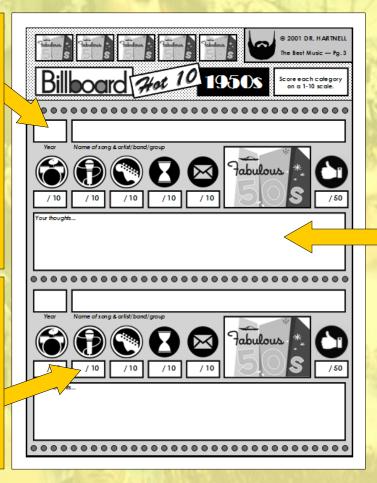






Make sure to fill in the year, the name of the song, and the name of the artist.

Provide 1-10 scores for each of the categories for all songs.



Provide your thoughts on each song.

These are opinions and should be more insightful than: "This song sucks." If it makes you think of something, someone, a movie, etc., mention it.







































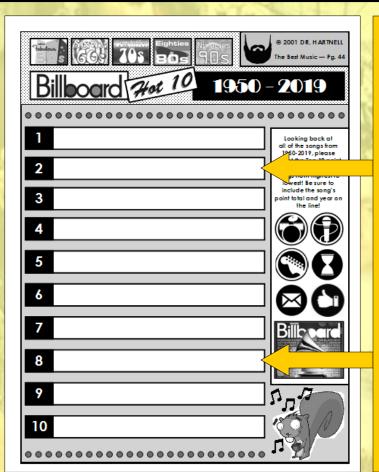








You won't complete this part of the packet until you've listened to all of the decades.



After listening to every song from every decade, list out the Top 10 songs based upon the total score each received. If there are ties, figure out a tiebreaker.









































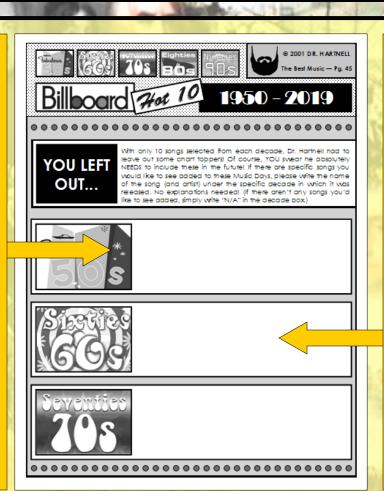








After
listening
to each
decade,
turn to
this part
of the
packet to
list out
what songs
you feel
should
have been
included.



Chances are there won't be many songs left off the Top 10 of the earlier decades that fire you up, but the closer we get to "your" decade, the more passionate you'll be!







































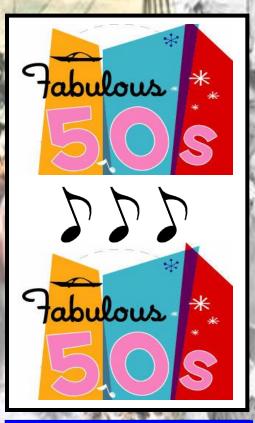
THE BEST MUSIC... EVER!

Welcome to the 1950s...





































Popular music thrived during the 1950s.





When musicians experimented by adding electronic instruments to traditional blues music, they created a new sound called "rhythm and blues".





























In 1951, Alan Freed, a Disc Jockey (DJ) from Cleveland, began playing this music, which was usually produced by **African-Americans.**



His mostly white audience responded enthusiastically. Freed renamed this form of music "rock 'n' roll".

























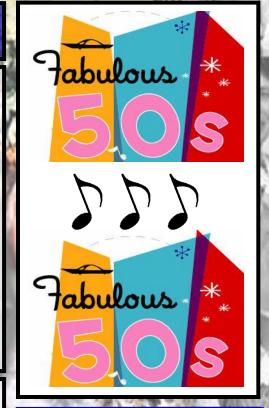






Not surprisingly, many adults condemned rock 'n' roll (especially that shady Elvis character). They believed that the new music would lead to teenage delinquency and immorality.



































DJs around the U.S. were fired or punished for playing this "sinful" music.

Despite this controversy, TV and radio exposure helped bring rock 'n' roll into the mainstream.





























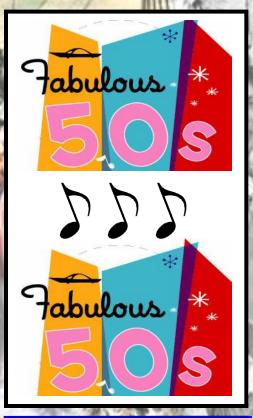






The long-running TV show

American Bandstand (ran from
1952-1989; hosted by Dick
Clark) featured wholesome
rock 'n' roll singers and
showed well-dressed, middleclass teenagers dancing to the
music.





























"Doo-wop" was also popular.





Doo-wop was a style of vocalbased rhythm and blues characterized by upbeat harmony vocals that used nonsense syllables (dip, dip, dip, sha na na na, bah-do), as heard in the song "Get a Job" by The Silhouettes.



























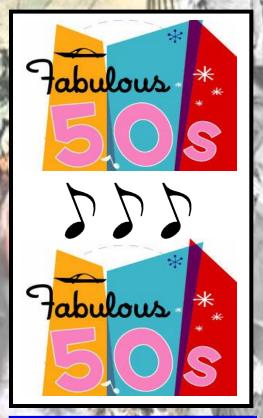


The term was coined by Gus Gossert, a DJ in the 1970s.





By embracing its early controversies, the "Fabulous" Fifties revolutionized the music scene.



























"Hello Westerville!





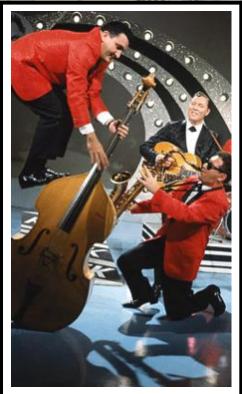


Bill Haley & His Comets





































Bill Haley & His Comets

1954





One, two, three o'clock,
four o'clock, rock,
Five, six, seven o'clock,
eight o'clock, rock,
Nine, ten, eleven o'clock,
twelve o'clock, rock,
We're gonna rock around
the clock tonight.































Bill Haley & His Comets





Put your glad rags on and join me, hon, We'll have some fun when the clock strikes one, We're gonna rock around the clock tonight, We're gonna rock, rock, rock, 'til broad daylight. We're gonna rock, gonna rock, around the clock tonight.

























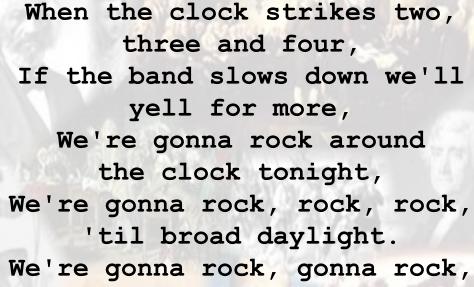






Bill Haley & His Comets





































Bill Haley & His Comets



[Instrumental Solo]

Can you name what's being played?































Bill Haley & His Comets





When the chimes ring five, six and seven,
We'll be right in seventh Heaven.

We're gonna rock around the clock tonight, We're gonna rock, rock, rock, 'til broad daylight.

We're gonna rock, gonna rock, around the clock tonight.























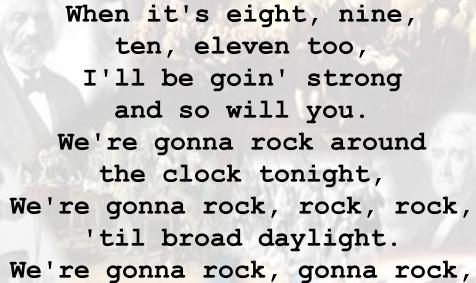






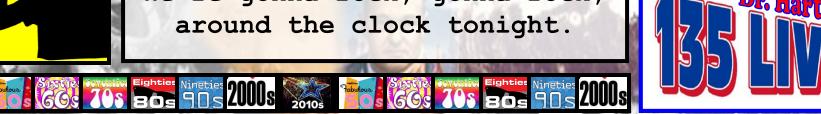
Bill Haley & His Comets

















Bill Haley & His Comets



[Instrumental Solo]

Can you name what's being played?



























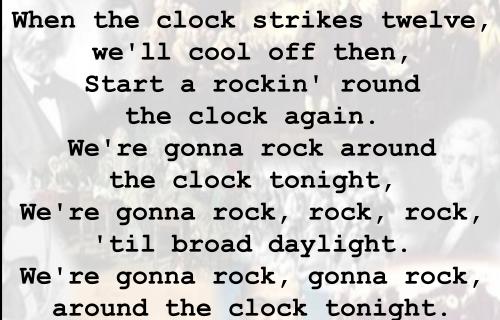






Bill Haley & His Comets





















"Tutti Frutti"

Little Richard





































1955

"Tutti Frutti"

Little Richard



A whop bop a-loo ma blomp bop bom









































"Tutti Frutti"

Little Richard





Tutti frutti, oh, rootie Tutti frutti, oh, rootie Tutti frutti, oh, rootie Tutti frutti, oh, rootie Tutti frutti, oh, rootie































Little Richard



A whop bop a-loo ma blomp bop bom































Little Richard



I gotta girl Named Sue She knows just what to do I gotta girl Named Sue She knows just what to do She rocks to the east She rocks to the west But she's the gal That I love best





























Little Richard



Tutti frutti, oh, rootie Tutti frutti, oh, rootie woooh! Tutti frutti, oh, rootie

Tutti frutti, oh, rootie Tutti frutti, oh, rootie

































Little Richard



A whop bop a-loo ma blomp bop bom

































Little Richard



I got a girl Named Daisy She almost drive me crazy I gotta a girl Named Daisy She almost drive me crazy She knows how to love me Yes, indeed Boy, you don't know What she's doin' to me































Little Richard



Tutti frutti, oh, rootie Tutti frutti, oh, rootie woooh! Tutti frutti, oh, rootie

Tutti frutti, oh, rootie Tutti frutti, oh, rootie





























Little Richard



Bop a-loo ma

Ahhhhh!





























Little Richard



[Instrumental Solo]

Can you name what's being played?































Little Richard



Ahhh!

Tutti frutti, oh, rootie
Tutti frutti, oh, rootie
woooh!



Tutti frutti, oh, rootie Tutti frutti, oh, rootie Tutti frutti, oh, rootie



























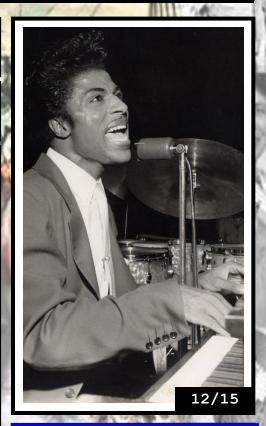




Little Richard



A whop bop a-loo ma blomp bop bom































Little Richard



I got a girl
Named Daisy
She almost drive me crazy
Gotta a girl
Named Daisy
She almost drive me crazy
She knows how to love me
Yes, indeed
Boy, you don't know
What she's doin' to me































Little Richard



Tutti frutti, oh, rootie Tutti frutti, oh, rootie woooh! Tutti frutti, oh, rootie

Tutti frutti, oh, rootie Tutti frutti, oh, rootie

































Little Richard



A whop bop a-loo ma blomp bam boom!





























Fats Domino







































Fats Domino



found my thrill On Blueberry Hill On Blueberry Hill When I found you





























Fats Domino



The moon stood still
On Blueberry Hill
And lingered until
My dreams came true



































Fats Domino





The wind in the willow played Love's sweet melody But all of those vows you made Were never to be































Fats Domino



Though we're apart You're part of me still For you were my thrill On Blueberry Hill



































Fats Domino





The wind in the willow played Love's sweet melody But all of those vows you made Were only to be































Fats Domino



Though we're apart
You're part of me still
For you were my thrill
On Blueberry Hill

































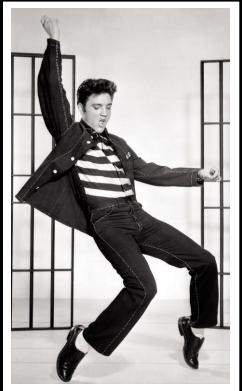


Elvis Presley







































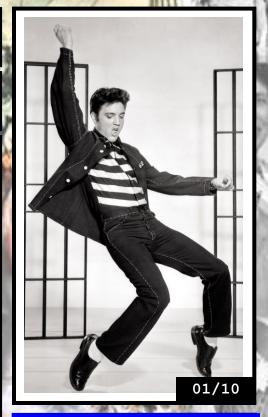
Elvis Presley

1956





You know I can be found, sitting home all alone, If you can't come around, at least please telephone.



























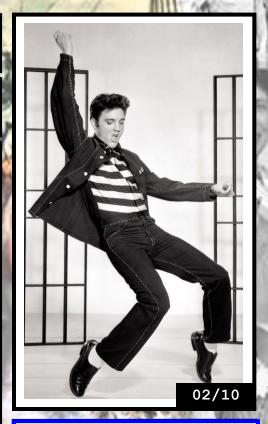




Elvis Presley



A don't be cruel to a heart that's true.





























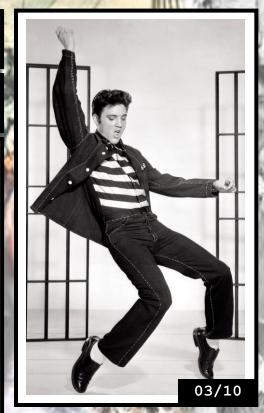




Elvis Presley



Baby, if I made you mad for something I might have said, Please, let's forget my past, the future looks bright ahead.































Elvis Presley



A don't be cruel to a heart that's true.

I don't want no other love, A baby it's just you I'm thinking of.



























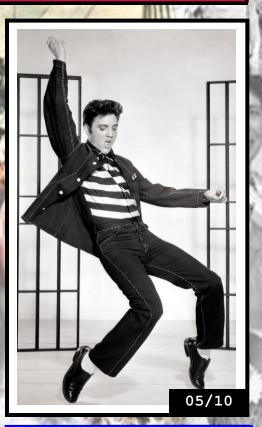




Elvis Presley



Mmmmmmmmm.































Elvis Presley





A don't stop thinking of me, don't make me feel this way, Come on over here and love me, you know what I want you to say.





























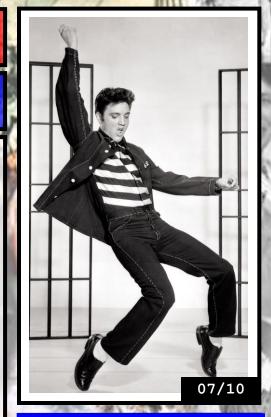


Elvis Presley





A don't be cruel to a heart that's true. Why should we be apart? I really love you baby, cross my heart.































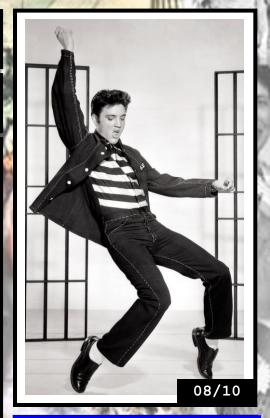


Elvis Presley





Let's walk up to the preacher and let us say I do, Then you'll know you'll have me, and I'll know that I'll have you.































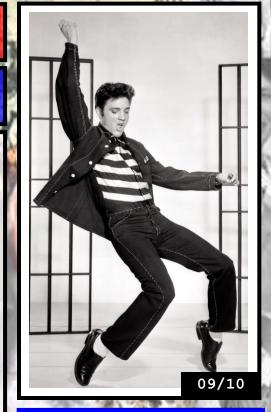
Elvis Presley





A don't be cruel to a heart that's true.

I don't want no other love, A baby it's just you I'm thinking of.































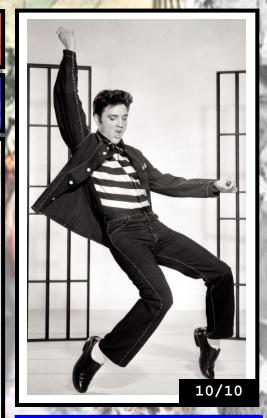


Elvis Presley





Don't be cruel (oooooh) to a heart that's true. Don't be cruel (oooooh) to a heart that's true. I don't want no other love, A baby it's just you I'm thinking of.































The Silhouettes







































The Silhouettes

1957



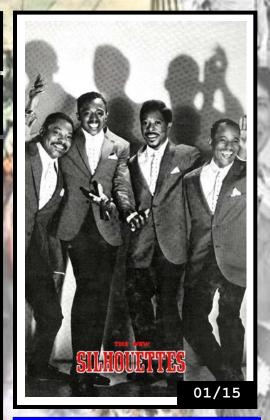


Dip dip dip dip dip dip dip Sha na na na, sha na na na, Bah-doo

Sha na na na na na na na na, Bah-doo

Sha na na na, sha na na na, Bah-doo

Sha na na na na na na na na



























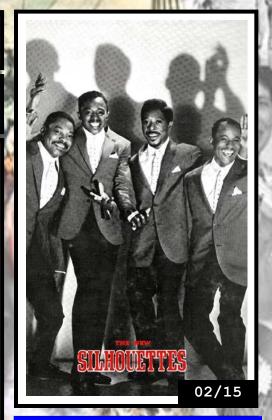




The Silhouettes



Yip yip yip yip yip yip yip Mum mum mum mum mum mum mum Get a job
Sha na na na, sha na na na































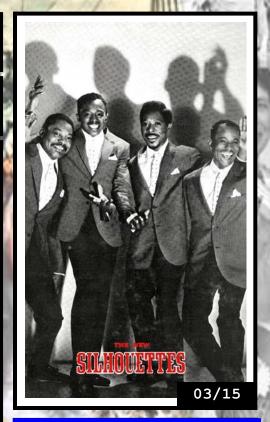


The Silhouettes





Every morning about this time she get me out of my bed a-crying get a job. After breakfast, everyday, she throws the want ads right my way And never fails to say, Get a job































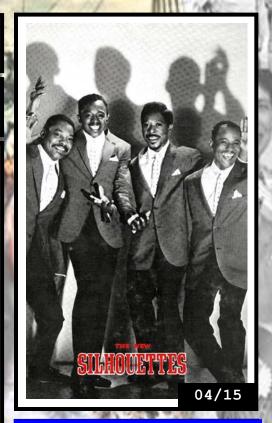


The Silhouettes





Sha na na na, sha na na na na,
Bah-doo
Sha na na na, sha na na na na,
Bah-doo
Sha na na na, sha na na na na,
Bah-doo
Sha na na na, sha na na na na



























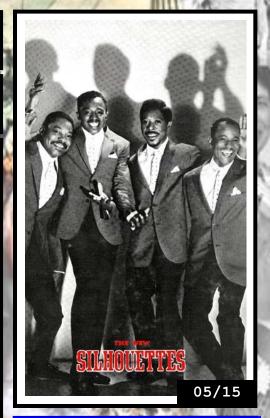




The Silhouettes



Yip yip yip yip yip yip yip yip Mum mum mum mum mum mum mum Get a job
Sha na na na, sha na na na





























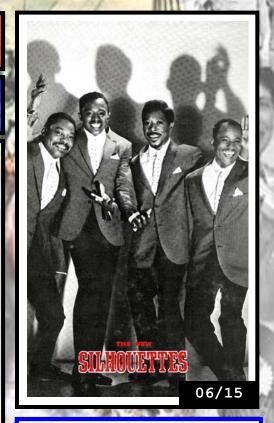




The Silhouettes



And when I get the paper
I read it through and through
And my girl never fails to say
If there is any work for me.































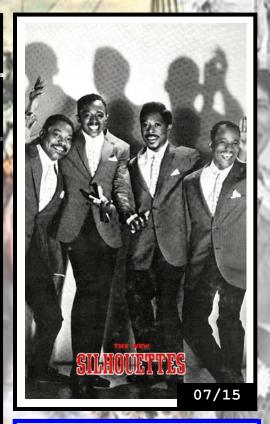


The Silhouettes





And then I go back to the house I hear the woman's mouth Preaching and a crying, Tell me that I'm lying 'bout a job That I never could find.































The Silhouettes



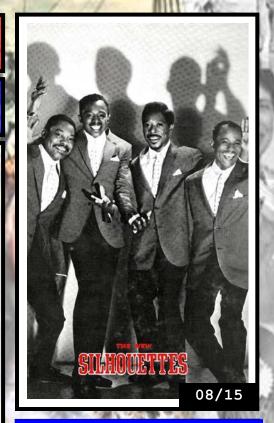


Sha na na na, sha na na na na,
Bah-doo

Sha na na na, sha na na na na,
Bah-doo

Sha na na na, sha na na na na,
Bah-doo

Sha na na na, sha na na na na





























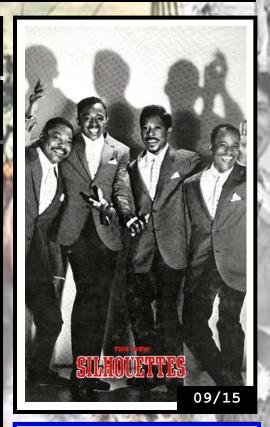




The Silhouettes



Yip yip yip yip yip yip yip yip Mum mum mum mum mum mum mum mum Set a job
Sha na na na, sha na na na na

































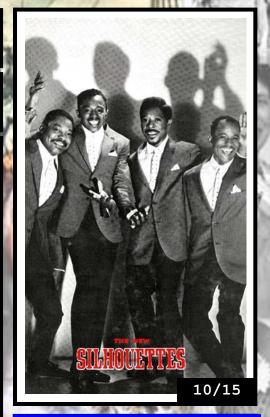


The Silhouettes



[Instrumental Solo]

Can you name what's being played?





























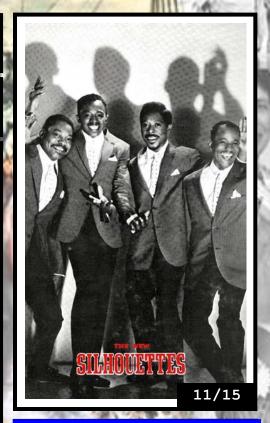


The Silhouettes





And when I get the paper
I read it through and through
And my girl never fails to say
If there is any work for me.





























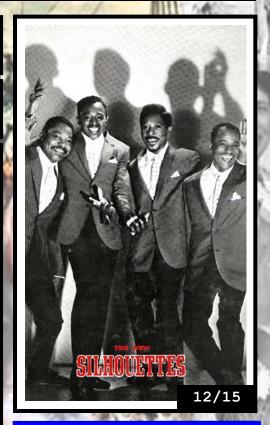


The Silhouettes





And then I go back to the house I hear the woman's mouth Preaching and a crying, Tell me that I'm lying 'bout a job That I never could find.



























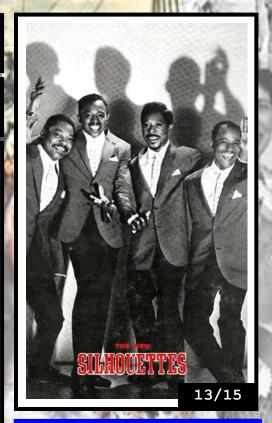


The Silhouettes





Sha na na na, sha na na na na,
Bah-doo
Sha na na na, sha na na na na,
Bah-doo
Sha na na na, sha na na na na,
Bah-doo
Sha na na na, sha na na na na





























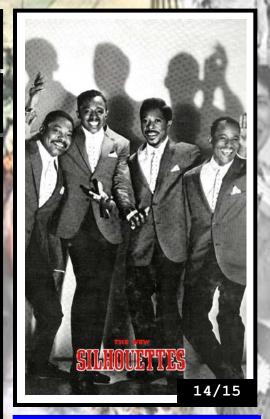




The Silhouettes



Yip yip yip yip yip yip yip Mum mum mum mum mum mum mum mum Set a job
Sha na na na, sha na na na na



























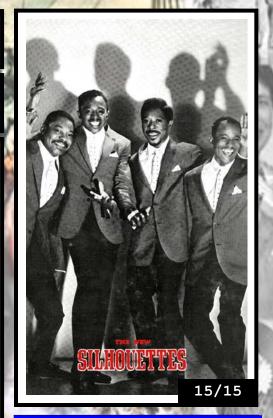


The Silhouettes





Bah-baaaaaah Sha na na na na na na na na Bah-doo Sha na na na na na na na Bah-baaaaaah Sha na na na na na na na na Bah-doo Sha na na na na na na na na Bah-baaaaaah































Buddy Holly & The Crickets





































Buddy Holly & The Crickets

1957





Well, that'll be the day when
you say goodbye
Yes, that'll be the day when
you make me cry
You say you're gonna leave,
you know it's a lie
'Cause that'll be the day when
I die































Buddy Holly & The Crickets





Well, you give me all your loving and your turtle doving All your hugs and kisses and your money too Well, you know you love me baby, still you tell me, maybe, That some day, well I'll be blue





























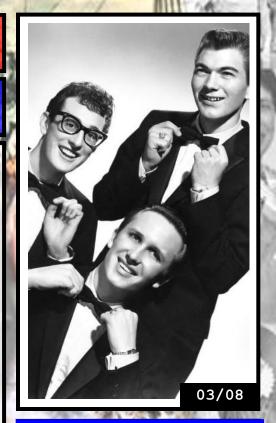


Buddy Holly & The Crickets





Well, that'll be the day when you say goodbye Yes, that'll be the day when you make me cry You say you're gonna leave, you know it's a lie 'Cause that'll be the day when I die





























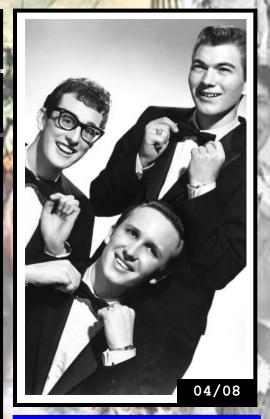


Buddy Holly & The Crickets



[Instrumental Solo]

Can you name what's being played?

































Buddy Holly & The Crickets





Well, that'll be the day when you say goodbye Yes, that'll be the day when you make me cry You say you're gonna leave, you know it's a lie 'Cause that'll be the day when I die































Buddy Holly & The Crickets





Well, when Cupid shot his dart he shot it at your heart So if we ever part then I'll leave you You sit and hold me and you tell me boldly That some day, well I'll be blue































Buddy Holly & The Crickets





Well, that'll be the day when you say goodbye Yes, that'll be the day when you make me cry You say you're gonna leave, you know it's a lie 'Cause that'll be the day when I die































Buddy Holly & The Crickets





Well, that'll be the day (Oooh oooh) That'll be the day (Oooh oooh) That'll be the day (Oooh oooh) That'll be the day

































"Great Balls of Fire"

Jerry Lee Lewis





































Jerry Lee Lewis

1957





You shake my nerves, and you rattle my brain Too much love drives a man insane You broke my will, but what a thrill Goodness gracious, great balls of fire!

































"Great Balls of Fire"

Jerry Lee Lewis



I laughed at love 'cause I thought it was funny You came along and moved me honey I changed my mind, this love is fine Goodness gracious, great balls of fire!

































Jerry Lee Lewis





Kiss me, baby Mmmmmmm, feels good Hold me, baby Well, I want to love you like a lover should. You're fine, so kind I'm gonna tell the world that you're mine, mine, mine, mine































"Great Balls of Fire"

Jerry Lee Lewis



I chew my nails and I twiddle my thumbs I'm real nervous but it sure is fun! Come on, baby, you drivin' me crazy Goodness gracious, great balls of fire!

































"Great Balls of Fire"

Jerry Lee Lewis



[Instrumental Solo]





























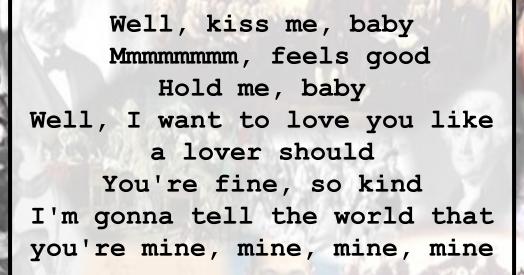






Jerry Lee Lewis





































"Great Balls of Fire"

Jerry Lee Lewis





I chew my nails and I twiddle my thumbs I'm real nervous but it sure is fun! Come on, baby, you're drivin' me crazy. Goodness gracious, great balls of fire!























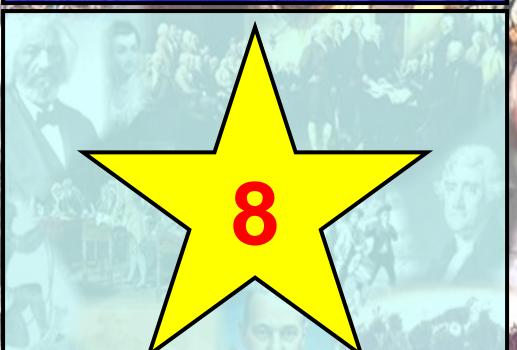








Chuck Berry









Billloogram
HOT 100

Tabulous



























Chuck Berry

1958



[Instrumental Solo]

Can you name what's being played?































Chuck Berry





Deep down in Louisiana, close to New Orleans Way back up in the woods among the evergreens There stood a log cabin made of earth and wood Where lived a country boy named Johnny B. Goode































Chuck Berry



Who never ever learned to read or write so well But he could play a guitar just like a ringin' a bell































Chuck Berry





Go! Go!
Go, Johnny, go!
Go!
Go, Johnny, go!
Go!
Go, Johnny, go!
Go!
Go, Johnny, go!
Go!
Johnny B. Goode

































Chuck Berry





He used to carry his guitar in a gunny sack Go sit beneath the tree by the railroad track Old engineers would see him sittin' in the shade Strummin' with the rhythm that the drivers made































Chuck Berry



When people passed him by they would stop and say Oh, my but that little country boy can play

































Chuck Berry





Go! Go! Go, Johnny, go! Go! Go, Johnny, go! Go! Go, Johnny, go! Go! Go, Johnny, go! Go! Johnny B. Goode

































Chuck Berry



[Instrumental Solo]



































Chuck Berry





His mother told him, someday you will be a man And you will be the leader of a big ol' band Many people comin' from miles around































Chuck Berry





Will hear you play your music when the sun go down Maybe someday your name will be in lights Sayin' "Johnny B. Goode tonight"

































Chuck Berry





Go! Go! Go, Johnny, go! Go! Johnny B. Goode

































The Coasters





































The Coasters





Take out the papers
and the trash
Or you don't get
no spendin' cash
If you don't scrub that
kitchen floor
You ain't gonna rock and roll
no more
Yakety yak
(Don't talk back)

























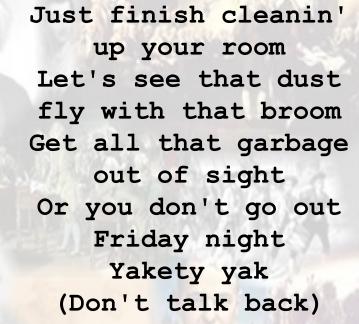






The Coasters





































The Coasters



You just put on your coat and hat And walk yourself to the Laundromat And when you finish doin' that Bring in the dog and put out the cat Yakety yak (Don't talk back)

































The Coasters



[Instrumental Solo]

Can you name what's being played?































The Coasters



Don't you give me no dirty looks Your father's hip; he knows what cooks Just tell your hoodlum friends outside You ain't got time to take a ride Yakety yak (Don't talk back)































The Coasters



Yakety yak, yakety yak Yakety yak, yakety yak Yakety yak, yakety yak

































Sheb Wooley



































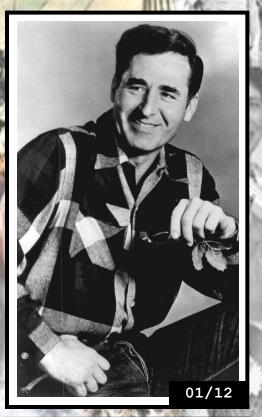




Sheb Wooley



Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!!!





























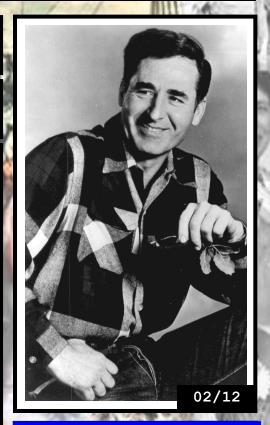


Sheb Wooley





Well, I saw the thing comin' out of the sky It had the one long horn and one big eye I commenced to shakin' and I said, "Ooh-eee!" It looks like a purple people eater to me





























Sheb Wooley





It was a one-eyed, one-horned, flyin' purple people eater (One-eyed, one-horned, flyin' purple people eater) A one-eyed, one-horned, flyin' purple people eater Sure looks strange to me (One eye?)

























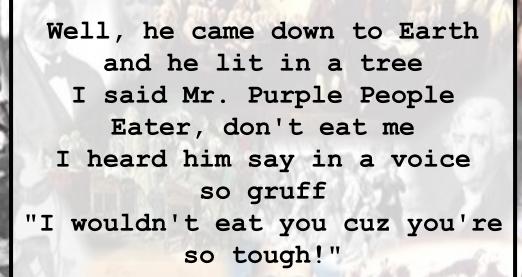


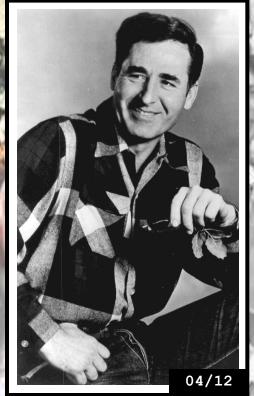




Sheb Wooley

































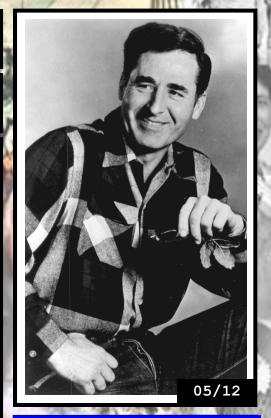


Sheb Wooley





It was a one-eyed, one-horned, flyin' purple people eater One-eyed, one-horned flyin' purple people eater One-eyed, one-horned, flyin' purple people eater Sure looks strange to me (One horn?)





























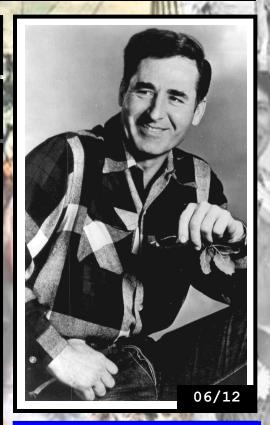


Sheb Wooley





I said Mr. Purple People Eater, what's your line He said eatin' purple people and it sure is fine But that's not the reason that I came to land "I wanna get a job in a rock and roll band!"































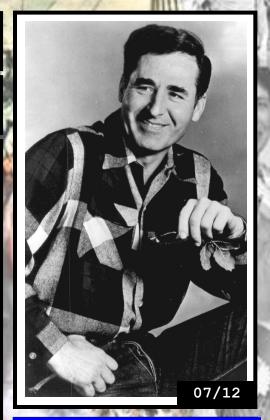


Sheb Wooley





Well, bless my soul, rock and roll, flyin' purple people eater Pigeon-toed, undergrowed, flyin' purple people eater (We wear short shorts) Friendly little people eater What a sight to see Ahhhh!





























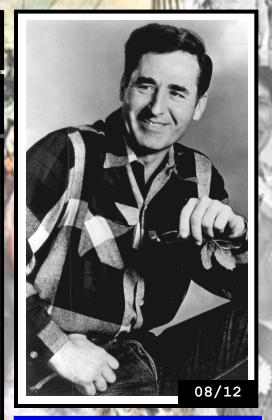


Sheb Wooley





And then he swung from the tree and he lit on the ground And he started to rock, really rockin' around It was a crazy ditty with a swingin' tune "Sing a bop boop aboopa lopa lum bam boom!"































Sheb Wooley





Well, bless my soul, rock and roll, flyin' purple people eater Pigeon-toed, undergrowed, flyin' purple people eater (I like short shorts) Flyin' purple people eater What a sight to see (Purple People?)





























Sheb Wooley





And then he went on his way,
and what do ya know
I saw him last night
on a TV show
He was blowing it out,
a'really knockin' 'em dead
Playin' rock and roll music
through the horn in his head!





























Sheb Wooley



[Instrumental Solo by the little purple pervert]



























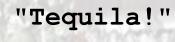


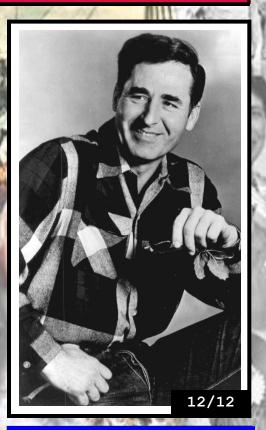




Sheb Wooley





























"G'night Westerville!





MISSING SONGS OF 1950s:



Every two years, Dr. Hartnell revisits the final scores that you give to each song. Lowerscoring songs are rotated out in favor of different songs.



Here are the songs that have been "voted off" by previous classes.





























 \boxtimes The Doggie in the Window (1953) by Patti Page



X Mister Sandman (1954) by The Chordettes

 \boxtimes Why Do Fools Fall in Love? (1956) by Frankie Lymon

 \boxtimes Hound Dog (1956) by Elvis Presley

 \boxtimes Party Doll (1956) by Buddy Knox

The Great Pretender (1956) by The Platters

 \boxtimes My Blue Heaven (1957) by Fats Domino

 \boxtimes Jailhouse Rock (1957) by Elvis Presley

 \boxtimes Lollipop (1958) by The Chordettes

 \boxtimes Summertime Blues (1958) by Eddie Cochran

 \boxtimes Sixteen Candles (1958) by The Crests

 \boxtimes Rockin' Robin (1958) by Bobby Day

At the Hop (1958) by Danny & The Juniors

 \boxtimes Chantilly Lace (1958) by The Big Bopper

 \boxtimes Splish Splash (1958) by Bobby Darin

 \boxtimes La Bamba (1958) by Ritchie Valens

Tequila (1958) by The Champs

Love Potion No. 9 (1958) by The Clovers













































FAST 5: UNIT 4, LESSON 19 (AH 4.19)

QUESTION



Woo hoo! No Fast Five for this lesson!

However, before you exit, don't forget to re-download your Music Packet. Make sure to save it to your Google Drive and override the previous version.



