

When Malindy Sings

Abbey Lincoln

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.
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.
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 malojous music, Dat jes' strikes yo' hea't and clings, Jes' you stan' an' listen wif
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 whut you los'.
Y' ought to hyeah dat gal a-wa'blin', Robins, la'ks, an' all dem things, Heish dey moufs an' hides dey face.
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.
She jes' spreads huh mouf and hollaahs, "
Come to Jesus," twell you hyeah Sinnaahs' 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.
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!
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.
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 angel's wings, Sof' an' sweet, "
Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," Ez Malindy sings.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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