

In a World Gone Mad

Hali Hammer

Calypso

The musical score is written in treble clef with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and a common time signature (C). The melody is simple and rhythmic, typical of calypso music. Chords are indicated by letters D, A, and E above the staff. The lyrics are written below the staff, with some words hyphenated across lines. There are first, second, and third endings marked with '1.', '2.', and '3.' respectively. The piece ends with a double bar line.

D A E A D A

Chorus: In a world gone mad, in a world gone mad, In a world gone mad, I'm glad, I'm

E A D A

glad that there are people like you. you. There is global warming, mass pol-lu-tion

E A D A E

Governmental pros-ti-tution De-filement of our Con-stiti-tion Soul and body des-

E D A E

- ti-tution But there are those who will aid an - y - one Who undo ills that have

A D A E

been done Who make the time for helping oneon-one Who can change the world and

A D A E

still have fun! Who feel empathy is an at - tri-bution And love should be shared with-

A D A E A

out di-lution Those who make a con - tri-bution And are not the problem, but the solution.

*In a world gone mad, in a world gone mad,
In a world gone mad, I'm glad,
I'm glad that there are people like you.*

There is global warming, mass pollution
Governmental prostitution
Defilement of our constitution
Soul and body destitution
But there are those who will aid anyone
Who undo ills that have been done
Who make the time for helping one-on-one
Who can change the world and still have fun!
Who feel empathy is an attribution
And love should be shared without dilution
Those who make a contribution
And are not the problem, but the solution.

There are homophobics and racism,
Unjust laws and crowded prisons,
Fundamentalist religions,
Selfishness and egotism,
But there's the humble genius, the honest seeker,
The ones that cheer you when life gets bleaker,
The demonstrator, the peacekeeper,
The optimist and the thought-leaper,
And there are those who will share anything
Whose winters look a lot like spring,
Who take the needy beneath their wing
And those who sit with friends and sing.