For this response paper, you will be analyzing how different media represent the Great Depression Era. Choose one image from the Great Depression from the following website: <http://www.loc.gov/pictures/collection/fsa/requests.html>

 and one song from the Great Depression at the bottom of this document.

Closely examine both the photograph and the song, then discuss how both can be used to understand the Great Depression. You do not have to include an introduction or conclusion, but you should have a minimum of three well written paragraphs. Paragraph 1 should analyze the photograph, paragraph 2 should analyze the song, and paragraph 3 should compare the two media forms and discuss how both add to your understanding of the Depression Era.

**Songs (Choose One):**

[**"Brother, Can You Spare a Dime,"**](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=eih67rlGNhU) **lyrics by Yip Harburg, music by Jay Gorney (1931)**

They used to tell me I was building a dream, and so I followed the mob,

When there was earth to plow, or guns to bear, I was always there right on the job.

They used to tell me I was building a dream, with peace and glory ahead,

Why should I be standing in line, just waiting for bread?

Once I built a railroad, I made it run, made it race against time.

Once I built a railroad; now it's done. Brother, can you spare a dime?

Once I built a tower, up to the sun, brick, and rivet, and lime;

Once I built a tower, now it's done. Brother, can you spare a dime?

Once in khaki suits, gee we looked swell,

Full of that Yankee Doodly Dum,

Half a million boots went slogging through Hell,

And I was the kid with the drum!

Say, don't you remember, they called me Al; it was Al all the time.

Why don't you remember, I'm your pal? Buddy, can you spare a dime?

Once in khaki suits, gee we looked swell,

Full of that Yankee Doodly Dum,

Half a million boots went slogging through Hell,

And I was the kid with the drum!

Say, don't you remember, they called me Al; it was Al all the time.

Say, don't you remember, I'm your pal? Buddy, can you spare a dime?

[**"Life is Just a Bowl of Cherries,"**](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=0x4U1NiJ7PI) **lyrics by Lew Brown, music by Ray Henderson (1931)**

People are queer, they're always crowing, scrambling and rushing about;

Why don't they stop someday, address themselves this way?

Why are we here? Where are we going? It's time that we found out.

We're not here to stay; we're on a short holiday.

Life is just a bowl of cherries.

Don't take it serious; it's too mysterious.

You work, you save, you worry so,

But you can't take your dough when you go, go, go.

So keep repeating it's the berries,

The strongest oak must fall,

The sweet things in life, to you were just loaned

So how can you lose what you've never owned?

Life is just a bowl of cherries,

So live and laugh at it all.

Life is just a bowl of cherries.

Don't take it serious; it's too mysterious.

At eight each morning I have got a date,

To take my plunge 'round the Empire State.

You'll admit it's not the berries,

In a building that's so tall;

There's a guy in the show, the girls love to kiss;

Get thousands a week just for crooning like this:

Life is just a bowl of . . . aw, nuts!

So live and laugh at it all!

[**"We're in the Money,"**](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=UJOjTNuuEVw) **lyrics by Al Dubin, music by Harry Warren**

We're in the money, we're in the money;

We've got a lot of what it takes to get along!

We're in the money, that sky is sunny,

Old Man Depression you are through, you done us wrong.

We never see a headline about breadlines today.

And when we see the landlord we can look that guy right in the eye

We're in the money, come on, my honey,

Let's lend it, spend it, send it rolling along!

Oh, yes we're in the money, you bet we're in the money,

We've got a lot of what it takes to get along!

Let's go we're in the money, Look up the skies are sunny,

Old Man Depression you are through, you done us wrong.

We never see a headline about breadlines today.

And when we see the landlord we can look that guy right in the eye

We're in the money, come on, my honey,

Let's lend it, spend it, send it rolling along!

[**Sarah Vaughan, “I Can’t Give You Anything But Love, baby**](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=45NnewvLvFw)**,” music Jimmy McHugh, lyrics Dorothy Fields**

I can't give you anything but love, baby
That's the one thing I've got plenty of, baby
Dreaming awhile, scheming a while, you're sure to find
Happiness and I guess all those things you always pine for

Gee it's nice to see you looking swell, baby
Diamond bracelets Woolworth's doesn't sell, baby
Till the lucky day you know darn well, well baby
I can't give you anything but love

I can't give you anything but love, baby
That's the one thing I've got plenty of, baby
Dreaming awhile, scheming a while, you're sure to find
Happiness and I guess all those things you always pine for

Gee it's nice to see you looking swell, baby
Diamond bracelets Woolworth's doesn't sell, baby
Till the lucky day you know darn well, well baby
I can't give you anything, I can't give you anything
I can't give you anything but love

**Lee Wiley, “The Street of Dreams”** [**(Video clip of Bing Crosby cover)**](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=94jFdSjDVPU)

Midnight, you heavy laden, it's midnight
Come on and trade in your old dreams for new
Your new dreams for old
I know where they're bought
I know where they're sold
Midnight, you've got to get there at midnight
And you'll be met there by others like you
Brothers as blue
Smiling on the street of dreams

Love laughs at a king
Kings don't mean a thing
On the street of dreams
Dreams broken in two can be made like new
On the street of dreams
Gold, sliver and gold
All you can hold is in the moonbeams
Poor, no one is poor
Long as love is sure
On the street of dreams

Midnight, look at the steeple, it's midnight
Unhappy people, it's ringing with joy
It's ringing with cheer
'Cause yesterday's gone
Tomorrow is near
Midnight, the heart is lighter at midnight
Things will be brighter the moment you find
More of your kind
Smiling on the street of dreams

Love laughs at a king
Kings don't mean a thing
On the street of dreams
Dreams broken in two can be made like new
On the street of dreams
Gold, sliver and gold
All you can hold is in the moonbeams
Poor, no one is poor
Long as love is sure
On the street of dreams