

Ella Fitzgerald

"The Buzzard Song"

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PORGY

Boss, dat bird mean trouble.
Once de buzzard fold his wing an' light over yo' house,
all yo' happiness done dead.
Buzzard keep on flyin' over, take along yo' shadow.
Ain' nobody dead dis mornin'
Livin's jus' begun.
Two is strong where one is feeble;
man an' woman livin', workin',
Sharin' grief an' sharin' laughter,
An' love like August' sun.
Trouble, is dat you over yonder
lookin' lean an' hungry?
Don' you let dat buzzard keep you
hangin' round my do'.
Ain' you heard de news this mornin'?
Step out, brudder, hit de gravel;
Porgy who you used to feed on,
Don' live here no mo'
Ha, ha, ha, ha! Buzzard, on yo' way!
Ole age, what is you anyhow,
nuttin' but bein' lonely.
Pack yo' things an' fly from here,
Carry grief an' pain.
Dere's two folks livin' in dis shelter
Eatin', sleepin', singin', prayin'.
Ain' no such thing as loneliness.
An' Porgy's young again.

PORGY AND CHORUS

Buzzard, keep on flyin',
Porgy's young again.

(All move off to their various rooms, leaving Bess
alone.

Sporting Life enters, sneaks up to Bess)

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