

# Malcolm's Theme

## Kamasi Washington

Here in this final hour  
We come to bid farewell  
To one of our brightest hopes  
Extinguished now and gone. Harlem has memory of a champion  
More brave and gallant than he  
Who lies before us unconquered still  
Honor Pride and Love Afro-American was Malcolm  
A master of words was he  
To We we grew so long ago  
'Negro' no more it's through I say again Afro-American  
As he would want me to  
To those who tell us  
To flee his memory  
We smile and say to you:  
Tenor Saxophone Solo--Kamasi Washington I say again Afro-American  
As he would want me to  
To those who tell us  
To flee his memory  
We smile and say to you: Have you ever talked to Brother Malcolm  
Or had him smile at you  
Did you ever really miss him  
If so you'd know it's true Malcolm was our manhood  
Our living Black manhood  
For this we honor him  
And so we honor the best in ourselves  
The gift he gave us all We leave you now with words from  
El Hajj Malik El Shabazz:

. . . before I get involved in anything nowadays, I have to straighten out my own position, and, which is clear. I am not a racist in any form whatsoever. I don't believe in any form of racism. I don't believe in any form of discrimination or segregation. I believe in Islam. I am a Muslim. And there's nothing wrong with being a Muslim, nothing wrong with the religion of Islam. It just teaches us to believe in Allah as the God. And those of you who are Christians probably believe in the same God, because I think you believe in the God who created the universe. And that's the One we believe in, the one who created the universe, the only difference being you call Him God and I--we call Him Allah. The Jews call him Jehovah. If you could understand Hebrew, you'd probably call him Jehovah too. If you could understand Arabic, you'd probably call him Allah. But since the white man, your "friend," took your language away from you during slavery, the only language you know is his language. You know, your friend's language. So you call Him, you call for the same God he calls for. When he's putting a rope around your neck, you call for God and he calls for God. . . . But the real religion of Islam doesn't teach anyone to judge another human being by the color of his skin. The yardstick that is used by the Muslim to measure another man is not the man's color but the man's deeds, the man's conscious

behavior, the man's intentions. And when you use that as a standard of measurement or  
judgment, you never go wrong. Know more a man by the seed  
Which will come forth again  
We'll know him as a prince  
Our own black shining prince who died  
Because he loved us so. Composed by Terence Blanchard  
Lyrics adapted from Ossie Davis's eulogy, delivered at Faith Temple Church Of God, Harlem,  
on 27 February 1965  
Lyrics set to music by Kamasi Washington and Patrice Quinn  
Malcolm X words from his speech "After the Bombing," delivered at Ford Auditorium, Detroit,  
on 14 February 1965

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>