

We are ONE Voice - 25th Anniversary Concert
Program Lyrics in Concert Order
Draft 12/12/12

SET ONE

A Pentatonic Alleluia
Music by Ross Whitney

Alleluia

Sawubona
Zulu greeting
Arranged by Jane Ramseyer Miller

Sawubona, Sawubona
Ngikhona, Ngikhona
Yebo! Yebo!
Sawubona, ngikhona.

Translation:
Sawubona = I see you
Ngikhona = I am here
Yebo = yes

I Ain't Afraid
Music and lyrics by Holly Near, arr. Steven Milloy

I ain't afraid.

I ain't afraid of your Yahweh
I ain't afraid of your Allah
I ain't afraid of your Jesus
I'm afraid of what you do in the name of your God.

I ain't afraid of your churches
I ain't afraid of your temples
I ain't afraid of your praying
I'm afraid of what you do in the name of your God.

Rise up to your higher power
Free up from fear, it will devour you
Watch out for the ego of the hour
The ones who say they know it



Are the ones who will impose it on you.

I ain't afraid of your Yahweh
I ain't afraid of your Allah
I ain't afraid of your Jesus
I'm afraid of what you do in the name of your God.

I ain't afraid of your churches
I ain't afraid of your temples
I ain't afraid of your praying
I'm afraid of what you do in the name of your God.

Rise up and see a higher story
Free up from the gods of war and glory
Watch out for threats of purgatory
The spirit of the wind won't make a killing off of sin and satan.

I ain't afraid of your Bible
I ain't afraid of your Torah
I ain't afraid of your Koran
Don't let the letter of the law obscure the spirit of your love, it's killing us!

I ain't afraid of your money
I ain't afraid of your culture
I ain't afraid of your choices
I'm afraid of what you do in the name of your God.

I ain't afraid of your Sunday
I ain't afraid of your spirit
I ain't afraid of your teachers
I'm afraid of what you do in the name of your God.

Oh, I ain't afraid of your Sabbath
I ain't afraid of your borders
I ain't afraid of your dances
I'm afraid of what you do in the name of your God.

Oh, I ain't afraid of your children
I ain't afraid of your music
I ain't afraid of your stories
I'm afraid of what you do in the name of your God

Rise up to your higher power, Free up
Rise up to your higher power, Free up

I ain't afraid.

Miss Celie's Blues

(from "The Color Purple")

Music by Quincy Jones and Rod Temperton, arranged by J. David Moore

Words by Quincy Jones, Rod Temperton, and Lionel Richie

Sister, you've been on my mind
Sister, we're two of a kind
So, sister, I'm keepin' my eye on you.

I betcha think I don't know nothin'
But singin' the blues, oh, sister,
Have I got news for you, I'm something,
I hope you think that you're something too

Scufflin', I been up that lonesome road
And I seen a lot of suns going down
Oh, but trust me,
No low life's gonna run me around.

So let me tell you something Sister,
Remember your name, No twister
Gonna steal your stuff away, my sister,
We sho' ain't got a whole lot of time,
So-o-o shake your shimmy Sister,
'Cause honey the 'shug' is feelin' fine.

Lacrimosa

Music by Calixto Alvarez

Text: Cuban composer, Alvarez, has woven a traditional text from the Requiem Mass and with a song of mourning to Oddua, one of the main orishas (gods) of the Yoruba religion of Africa.

Tenor / Bass:

Lacrimosa Dies illa
Qua resurget ex favella
Judicandus homo reus.
Huic ergo parce, Deus:
Huic ergo parce, Deus.
Pie Jesu Domine,
Dona eis requiem.

Literal Translation:

Tearful will be that day,

on which from the ash arises
the guilty man who is to be judged.
Spare him therefore, God.
Merciful Lord Jesus, grant them rest. Amen.

Rhyming Translation:

Ah! that day of tears and mourning!
From the dust of earth returning
man for judgment must prepare him;
Spare, O God, in mercy spare him!
Lord, all pitying, Jesus blest, grant them eternal rest.

Soprano / Alto:

Babbare buo Oddua aguo marele aguolona
Aremua guricha aguo marele
Babbare buo Oddua aguo marele aguolona
Aremua guricha aguo marele
Ocuo aguolona, Ocuo aguolona.

English description: Cuban composer, Alvarez, has woven a traditional text from the Requiem Mass and with a song of mourning to Obatala, one of the main orishas (gods) of the Yoruba religion of Africa. The upper-voice lament is adapted from Cuban Santeria or Regla de Ocha religious practices, which have their roots in the Yoruba peoples of Africa. The language sung is Yoruban, or a Cuban dialect of it also called Lucumi.

Left Behind

Music by Roger Bourland

Text by John Hall

One man, solitary, a hard weight to carry;
Doors are closed, tears are cried,
There's no feeling left inside.
With no map and no guide you're just
left behind.

Shadows of former selves beckon and call,
Dusty and shaky they try not to fall.
Like books on the shelves of a spare bedroom wall
Unloved and unread, not living not dead, they're just
left behind.

Left behind, left behind
It's hard to consider
Without sounding bitter,
Feelin' lonely, cast aside and

left behind.

And what of those people we don't even know
Who give of themselves and try not to show
How short the time is when it's your time to go and they're just
left behind.

And here's to the women who remember to care
Our lesbian sisters who nurtured us where
Damn few would follow the pain that we share and be
left behind.

So let's give a toast to the ones left behind,
They're often forgotten, dismissed from our mind.
The tears that they've cried have left them half blind
'Cause the pain that they feel is the very worst kind. They're just
left behind.

Abide with Me

Music by William Monk, arranged by Lucy A. Hirt

Text by Henry Lyte

Abide with me; fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide;
When other helpers fail and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me.

I need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's pow'r?
Who, like Thyself, my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.

I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

Singing in the Choir (from "Watershed Stories")

Words and Music by David L. McIntyre

TB: We met, singing in the choir, seems like not so long ago
Was it luck? I daresay "no"
You sat down in a chair beside me
And when I turned around and saw your smile,

I felt a song begin, and all at once, I –

(spoken somewhat frantically by one male voice)

realized the director had begun and I had no music and I was lost and I...didn't see you again for another two weeks.

SA: We met, at a potluck supper,
You brought bread and garden greens,
I brought vegetarian, beans.
You sat down in a chair beside me
And when I turned around and saw your smile,
I felt a song begin, and all at once I –

(spoken somewhat frantically by one female voice)

Gee, it was warm in there, I felt a bit woozy and had to leave early and I...
Didn't see you again for a month.

ALL: So we met
Singing in the choir
At the potluck supper
Watching fragile dreams unfold
Watching dreams unfold

Time has told, we've made ourselves a home,
Seems like not so long ago.
Were we right? I dare say so.
You sit down, in your favorite arm chair
And turn to me with that enchanting smile
I feel so good, so happy
To be sitting here beside you,
Sharing my life with you.
We're still singing in the choir,
Going to potluck suppers,
You and I.

Walk a Mile

Music and lyrics by Pepper Choplin, arr. Mark Hayes

Text:

Intro: oh, doo doo

Verse 1: Walk, walk a mile, walk a mile in your neighbor's shoes. (3x)
You'll understand them better if you do. (doo doo doo...)

Verse 2: Walk, walk a mile, walk a mile in your neighbor's shoes. (3x)

You'll understand them better if you do.

Verse 3: Walk a mile and see the world, see, see the world through your neighbor's eyes.
See the world, see, see the world through your neighbor's eyes. (2x)
So many things you'll come to realize.

Verse 4: Walk a mile and live, live, live a day, in their neighborhood. (3x)
You'll understand them better if you could.

Closing: You will understand them better, you'll understand them better.
You'll come away with a different point of view,
If you walk a mile, see the world, live a day, walk a mile in your neighbor's shoes, their shoes.
Walk a mile.

The 23rd Psalm (dedicated to my mother)

By Bobby McFerrin

Transcribed by Dan Stolper

The Lord is my Shepherd, I have all I need,
She makes me lie down in green meadows,
Beside the still waters, She will lead.
She restores my soul, She rights my wrongs,
She leads me in a path of good things,
And fills my heart with songs.
Even though I walk, through a dark and dreary land,
There is nothing that can shake me,
She has said, She won't forsake me I'm in Her hand.
She sets a table before me,
in the presence of my foes,
She anoints my head with oil,
And my cup overflows.
Surely, surely goodness and kindness will follow me,
All the days of my life,
And I will live in Her house, Forever,
forever and ever,
Glory be to our Mother, and Daughter,
And to the Holy of Holies
As it was in the beginning,
is now and ever shall be,
World, without end. Amen.

Summer Nights

Music and Lyrics by Warren Casey and Jim Jacobs

Arranged by Jane Ramseyer Miller

TB: Summer lovin' had me a blast
SA: Summer lovin' happened so fast
SA: Met a girl crazy for me
TB: Met a guy, hot as can be

SATB: Summer days drifting away to uh-oh those summer nights
Well-a well-a well-a uh
SA: Tell me more tell me more
Did you have any luck
TB: Tell me more tell me more
Like does she have a truck
SA: Uh-huh, uh-huh, uh-huh, uh-huh
TB: Du du du du...

SA: She swam by me she got a cramp
TB: He ran by me got my suit damp
SA: Saved her life she nearly drowned
TB: He showed off splashing around

SATB: Summer sun, something's begun then uh-oh those summer nights
Well-a well-a well-a uh
SA: Tell me more tell me more
Was it love at first sight?
TB: Tell me more tell me more
Will she move in tonight?
SA: Down-du-bi, down-du-bi, down-du-bi, du-bi-du
TB: Huh, uh-huh, huh, uh-huh

SA: Took her bowling in the arcade
TB: We went strolling, drank lemonade
SA: We made out under the dock,
TB: We stayed out til ten o'clock
SATB: Summer fling don't mean a thing but uh-oh the summer nights

TB: Talk to me
Tell me more tell me more
Like you don't have to brag
SA: Tell me more tell me more
'cause he sounds like a drag

SATB: Shooda bop bop , Shooda bop bop, Shooda bop bop, Shooda bop bop

TB: He got friendly holding my hand
SA: She got friendly down in the sand

TB: He was sweet just turned eighteen
SA: She was good you know what I mean
SATB: Summer meet, queers are in heat
But uh-oh those summer nights
Woah woah woah

SATB: Tell me more, tell me more
Alto: How much dough did she spend
SATB: Tell me more, tell me more
Bass: Could she get me a friend?

TB: It turned colder, that's where it ends
SA: So I told her we'd still be friends
TB: Then we made our true love vow
SA: Wonder what she's doin' now
SATB: Summer dreams ripped at the seams, but oh,
Those summer nights.
Tell me more, tell me more.

SET TWO

Gay vs. Straight Composers

Music and text by Eric Lane Barnes

SATB:

This is a theme written by Tchaikovsky
He was a guy they say was gay.
Well okay, he wasn't "Gay", not gay per se
This was all long ago, in Moscow
He tried to hide his insides
Though he married still he tarried with some very merry men.
And then, of course, he wrote this lovely theme.

Totally straight, totally straight,
Ludwig van Beethoven was total-la-ly straight
His hair was wild, he never smiled
And that is So. Not. Gay.

Mozart was a pretty fancy guy
Wowing crowds from Salzburg to Versailles.

Tenor: Silk hose and velvet dancing pants
His dainty hand enchants
Those he invites to dance
And they say

SAT: "Oh that Amadeus, oh that Amadeus,

Oh that Amadeus, oh!
But that didn't mean he was a queen
He was just the metrosexual of his day.

John Phillip Sousa, a hetrosexual male

Tenor / Bass: Wagner was macho, a manly muchacho
Lots of percussion, basses, and brass

[Soprano/Alto underneath: Wagner liked percussion and basses and brass]

Battles and clashes, lightening flashes,
Even the chicks kick serious ass
No, Richard Wagner wasn't gay, he was a lesbian!

Before Freddie Mercury, before Elton John
Before Little Richard put eyeliner on

The sound of America was boldly defined
By a guy with cowboys on his mind

Yes, Aaron Copland was a fan
Of a healthy romp with The Common Man
If asked, hold your head up and proudly say,
“The sound of America is Jewish and gay.”

Then there’s Handel, George F. Handel
His hist’ry was a myst’ry
Which way did Handel sway?
There’s no scandal to which Handel
was suspected or connected
So it’s difficult to say.

Soprano: Some have said
ATB: Just look at this cantata, what a lotta homoerata
Soprano: And some reply
ATB: Objection! We are weary of all this Queer Theory.

Tenor: Others say,
SAB: We keep on forgetting the truth is so upsetting.
Tenor: Some reply,
SAB: You’re gaily conflating, this is not worth debating.

Alto: Back and forth,
STB: blah blah blah blah blah blah, yadda yadda yadda yadda
Alto: Handel said
STB: Handel said
SATB: Nothing, Handel’s dead!

But they’ll debate forever and ever
Hetrosexual, homosexual, bisexual,
Asexual, omnisexual, antisexual
We’ll never know.

Hymne au Soleil

Music by Lili Boulanger
Text by C. Delavigne

Let us bless the rebirth of the sun and its power.
Let us celebrate now as our gaze looks above.
Like a glorious crown let its radiance tower.
The awak’ning of nature is a hymn of our love.

Seven steeds ride across the sky in fiery splendor,
Inflaming all the sky with every breath they render.
O most gracious sun, now appear!

Solo: With all its fields in bloom, its woods and mountains green,
And the wide ocean reflecting irradiance.
All the world is young once again,
In the mist of the morn iridescent and rose.

(SAT underneath solo): The rebirth of the sun is a marvelous power.

Let us bless the rebirth of the sun and its power.
Let us celebrate now as our gaze looks above.
Like a glorious crown let its radiance tower.
The awak'ning of nature is a hymn of our love.

Dirait-on

Lyrics by Rainer Maria Rilke

Music by Morten Johannes Lauridson

Abandon entouré d'abandon,
tendresse touchant aux tendresses...
C'est ton intérieur qui sans cesse
se caresse, dirait-on

CHORUS: Dirait-on, dirait-on...

se caresse en soi-même,
par son propre reflet éclairé.
Ainsi tu inventes le thème
du Narcisse exaucé.

CHORUS: Dirait-on, dirait-on...

Abandon entouré d'abandon,
tendresse touchant aux tendresses...
C'est ton intérieur qui sans cesse
se caresse,

se caresse en soi-même,
par son propre reflet éclairé.
Ainsi tu inventes le thème
du Narcisse exaucé.

CHORUS: Dirait-on, dirait-on...

English Translation (by Barbara and Erica Muhl):

v.1: Abandon surrounding abandon,
tenderness touching tenderness...
Your oneness endlessly
Caresses itself, so they say;

v. 2: self-caressing
through its own clear reflection.
Thus you invent the theme
Of Narcissus fulfilled.

Chorus: So they say

Big Sky

Words and music by Seth Houston

[v.1: sung in sol-fa syllables—each voice part is different]

v. 2: When the way is clear, and sunlight shines we pursue our way.
With nary a fear we follow straight lines day after blinding day
But the path get blocked and the sky turns black, forcing us to pause,
And leave with shock, our narrow track for one with fewer flaws.

v. 3: When the sky is blue and grass is green, we seldom check to see
if our pathway through this verdant scene leads toward harmony.
Then danger shakes our selfish minds, we look to the sky,
New lives to make, new paths to find; Listen to her reply.

v. 4. “Live your lives,” says she, “with keen respect for your brothers of the earth.
To be truly free, you must protect them with majesty and mirth.
The ocean and air, forest, hill, and plain, animals in flight,
Are in your care, rejoice in the rain and walk the way of light!”

Bambelela (sing-along)

Traditional South African

Transcribed by Mairi Munro and Martine Stemerick

Adapted by Mairi Munro and Philip Jakob

Bambelela

Translation: Never give up

Chameleon Wedding

Music by Libby Larsen, poem by Keith Gunderson

Lizard married lizard on a leaf yesterday and the bridesmaids all wore red, lovely red.

Lizard married lizard on a leaf yesterday and the bridesmaids all wore brown, brown.

Lizard married lizard on a leaf yesterday and the bridesmaids all wore green, green,
green.

Lizard married lizard on a leaf yesterday and the bridesmaids all wore red/brown/green.

Oh, well, anyway, nonetheless, what the hell, on a leaf yesterday

Lizard married lizard married lizard

And it looked ok.

One Voice

By Ruth Moody

Arranged by Randi Grundahl Rexroth (as performed by the Wailin' Jennys)

Text:

This is the sound of one voice

One spirit, one voice

The sound of one who makes a choice

This is the sound of one voice

This is the sound of voices two

The sound of me singing with you

Helping each other to make it through

This is the sound of voices two

This is the sound of voices three

Singing together in harmony

Surrendering to the mystery

This is the sound of voices three

This is the sound of all of us

Singing with love and the will to trust

Leave the rest behind it will turn to dust

This is the sound of all of us

This is the sound of one voice

One people, one voice

A song for every one of us

This is the sound of one voice

This is the sound of one voice

Sigalagala

Luo Spiritual, arranged by S. A. Otieno

[Sigalagala = let there be ululation]

Text Translation:

The Shepherd, the High Priest is passing by
Come and see my Lord
Yes, Jesus is passing by.
Come and see him.

He is calling:

Come, we all go to heaven.
Jesus has brought salvation.
Let there be ululation.

He has brought forgiveness.

Let there be ululation.
Only through him can there be salvation.
Let there be ululation.

Shed a Little Light

Music and lyrics by James Taylor, arr. J. David Moore

O let us turn our thoughts today
To Martin Luther King
And recognize that there are ties between us
All men and women living on the earth
Ties of hope and love, sister and brotherhood.

We are bound together
In our desire to see the world become
A place in which our children
Can grow free and strong
We are bound together
By the task that stands before us
And the road that lies ahead
We are bound and we are bound

There is a feeling like the clenching of a fist
There is a hunger in the center of the chest
There is a passage through the darkness and the mist
And though the body sleeps the heart will never rest

CHORUS: Shed a little light, oh lord, so that we can see
Just a little light, oh lord.

Wanna stand it on up, stand it on up, oh lord
Wanna walk it on down, shed a little light, oh lord

Can't get no light from the dollar bill
Don't give me no light from a tv screen
When I open my eyes
I wanna drink my fill
From the well on the hill
(Don't you know what I mean?)

CHORUS

There is a feeling like the clenching of a fist
There is a hunger in the center of the chest
There is a passage through the darkness and the mist
And though the body sleeps the heart will never rest

Oh, let us turn our thoughts today
To Martin Luther King
And recognize that there are ties between us
All men and women
Living on the earth
Ties of hope and love
Sister and brotherhood

It Gets Better

Music by Jay Kuo and Blair Shephard
Arranged by Steve Milloy

Text:

You won't always feel alone. Someday you will feel at home.
Hey friend, when you feel like you're alone and the world throws out a lot of hate,
Just hold on. It's not the end.
You're not out there on your own.
There's still so much in life to celebrate.
Just look up, 'cause those skies are gonna clear.
There's so much more than just the here and now.
Just look up, 'cause a better day is near.
Tomorrow feel the sunlight shining down.

CHORUS: It gets better, better, better.
The pain will let up, let up, let up.
If you fall, just get up, get up, get up, Oh!
'Cause there's another way
It gets better, better, better.

The world gets lighter, lighter, lighter,
So be a fighter, fighter, fighter, Oh!
Just live to see that day, ee, yeah!

Hey friend, we used to feel like you, no end in sight, fearing ev'ryday.
Just defend the part of you that's true. Find yourself and you will find the way.
Don't give up, just take another look.
You can shine, it's time you took the stage.
Don't give up, 'cause your life is like a book.
All you gotta do is turn the page!
There are friends yet to meet, there are songs to be sung.
There are beautiful sunsets and battles unwon.
There is love to be found if you just look around.
Don't give you, your life has just begun!

CHORUS (x3)

Reprise: Sigalagala