READING SESSION

Transgender Choral Composers:
Mari Ésabel Valverde and Michael Bussewitz-Quarm

Erik Peregrine, presenter  ~  April 13th, 2018  ~  www.onevoicemn.org
Transgender Choral Composers:
Mari Ésabel Valverde and Michael Bussewitz-Quarm

United in Song
Mari Ésabel Valverde........................................Unison or SATB (opt. divisi)

Border Lines
Mari Ésabel Valverde.......................................SATB and guitar or cello

Prayer of St. Francis
Mari Ésabel Valverde.................................SATB and piano

When Thunder Comes
Mari Ésabel Valverde.................................SATB divisi, piano, and opt. Percussion

My Name is Lamiya
Michael Bussewitz-Quarm.........................Unison, 2 part (opt. divisi), SAB, or SATB (opt. divisi) and piano

The Pasture
Michael Bussewitz-Quarm........................SATB and piano

I'll Fly Away
Michael Bussewitz-Quarm........................SATB divisi, a cappella

MARI ESABEL VALVERDE (b. 1987) has composed choral, vocal, symphonic, and chamber works. Her music has been featured at conventions and festivals such as Chorus America, the Oregon Bach Festival, the Association of British Choral Directors, and Texas Music Educators Association. Her works are published by earthsongs, Santa Barbara Music Publishing, and Walton Music and self-published. She holds degrees from St. Olaf College, the European American Musical Alliance in Paris, France, and San Francisco Conservatory of Music. Mari’s music can be purchased through her website at http://marivalverde.com/order.

Passionate about advocacy through choral music, MICHAEL BUSSEWITZ-QUARM (b. 1971) is a New York-based composer, conductor, and educator. Michael’s most recent works include “The Road That Has No End”, commissioned by the Huntington Choral Society, and the 3rd (and final) edition of Requiem Dies Magna, to be premiered in September by Long Island Voices and Sound Symphony under Michael’s direction. Michael is currently organizing the “Don’t Call Me ’Refugee’” Choral Consortium Project, to be premiered in the fall of 2017, and “The Great American Choral Reef” to be premiered on Earth Day, 2018. Michael can be reached through his website, www.MBQStudio.com.
United in Song: An Anthem for Our Time
for solo voice or SATB chorus a cappella

words and music by
Mari Esabel Valverde (ASCAP)
b. 1987

Comodo \( \frac{j}{4} = \text{ca. 69} \)
\( \text{mf} \) boldly

Solo or All Voices

\* The blue, the red, the white, the black, the brown, And all the colors in-between,
Women and men and everyone who breathes Can sing along with

mp poco a poco cresc.

We dream of a land of a world Brave enough, proud enough to be
United in song:

p poco a poco cresc.

We dream

mp poco a poco cresc.

* * We dream of a land of a world Brave enough, proud enough to be

\* The solo line, abbreviated as 'V,' may be sung by a soloist throughout or with a sub-choir or congregation or by multiple soloists "passing the baton" every five bars or with altos and basses singing the first verse, alternating phrases, and sopranos and tenors singing the second verse, alternating phrases, etc. The possibilities are limitless! If sung as a solo, disregard the choral parts.

** Add voices to the alto part (as necessary) in mm. 10-13 and 29-32.

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Your god, my god, our right to believe or not—We all eat from an earth that is green. The a-bled, dis-a-bled, the young and elderly, We all want to be heard and...
We dream of a land of a world Brave e-nough, proud e-nough to be U -

We dream of a land of a world Brave e-nough, proud e-nough to be U -

We dream of a land of a world Brave e-nough, proud e-nough to be U -

We dream of a land of a world Brave e-nough, proud e-nough to be U -

To fight for jus-tice and peace.

To fight for jus-tice and peace.

To fight for jus-tice and peace.

To fight for jus-tice and peace.

To fight for jus-tice and peace.
Some maps have blue borders like the blue of your name or the tributary lacing of veins running through your father’s hands. & how the last time I saw you, you held me for so long I saw whole lifetimes flooding by me small tentacles reaching for both our faces. I wish maps would be without borders & that we belonged to no one & to everyone at once, what a world that would be. Or not a world maybe we would call it something more intrinsic like forgiving or something simplistic like river or dirt. & if I were to see you tomorrow & everyone you came from had disappeared I would weep with you & drown out any black lines that this earth allowed us to give it—because what is a map but a useless prison? We are all so lost & no naming of blank spaces can save us. & what is a map but the delusion of safety? The line drawn is always in the sand & folds on itself before we’re done making it. & that line, there, south of el río, how it dares to cover up the bodies, as though we would forget who died there & for what? As if we could forget that if you spin a globe & stop it with your finger you’ll land it on top of someone living, someone who was not expecting to be crushed by thirst—“Maps” for Marcelo

Maps

for SATB chorus (div.) and guitar or cello

Yessenia Montilla
b. 1974

Mari Esabel Valverde (ASCAP)
b. 1987

Dur. = ca. 5’

Commissioned by Adams State University Chamber Choir, Beth Robison, Director of Choral Activities

Some maps have blue borders like the blue of your name or the tributary lacing of veins running through your father’s hands. & how the last time I saw you, you held me for so long I saw whole lifetimes flooding by me small tentacles reaching for both our faces. I wish maps would be without borders & that we belonged to no one & to everyone at once, what a world that would be. Or not a world maybe we would call it something more intrinsic like forgiving or something simplistic like river or dirt. & if I were to see you tomorrow & everyone you came from had disappeared I would weep with you & drown out any black lines that this earth allowed us to give it—because what is a map but a useless prison? We are all so lost & no naming of blank spaces can save us. & what is a map but the delusion of safety? The line drawn is always in the sand & folds on itself before we’re done making it. & that line, there, south of el río, how it dares to cover up the bodies, as though we would forget who died there & for what? As if we could forget that if you spin a globe & stop it with your finger you’ll land it on top of someone living, someone who was not expecting to be crushed by thirst—“Maps” for Marcelo

Please credit Ms. Montilla in programs and album liner notes as follows:


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V

A

T

B

Gtr.

important: This original Work is NOT authorized for performance! The Composer has licensed Erik Peregrine and One Voice Mixed Chorus to reproduce this Work by downloading, printing, and/or copying exclusively for the Transgender Voices Festival. Effective 29 April 2018.

trib-ut-a-ry lac-cing of veins run-ning through your fa-ther’s hands.

mp solemnly

& how the

p

mp

last time I saw you, you held me for so long I saw whole

sol-mon-ly

& how the
I wish maps would be without borders &

life-times flooding by me small tentacles reaching for both our faces.

I wish maps would be without borders &

life-times flooding by me small tentacles reaching for both our faces.

I wish maps would be without borders &

I wish maps would be without borders &

I wish maps would be without borders &
that we belonged to no one & to everyone at

that we belonged to no one & to everyone at

that we belonged to no one & to everyone at

that we belonged to no one & to everyone at

that we belonged to no one & to everyone at

that we belonged to no one & to everyone at

that we belonged to no one & to everyone at

that we belonged to no one & to everyone at

that we belonged to no one & to everyone at

that we belonged to no one & to everyone at

that we belonged to no one & to everyone at

once, what a world that would be.

once, what a world that would be.

once, what a world that would be.

once, what a world that would be.

once, what a world that would be.

once, what a world that would be.

once, what a world that would be.

once, what a world that would be.
*This is either a tenor solo or a soprano solo, but not both. The desired affect is a feeling of isolation or separation.
morrow & everyone you came from had

disappeared I would weep with you

disappeared

I would weep with
I would weep with you & drown you & drown

any black lines that this earth allowed us to

out

out

out

out

mf poco a poco cresc.
poco rit.    \( \textit{mp with passion} \)

self before we're done making it.

& that

\( \textit{mp with passion} \)

self before we're done making it.

& that

\( \textit{mf} \)

**Tempo primo**

line, there, south of el **río**, how it dares to cover up the bodies, as

**Sing with a strongly trilled [r]. "El río" translates from Spanish to English as "the river."**
though we would forget who died there & for what?

though we would forget who died there & for what?

mp with passion

As

As

p

mp

if we could forget that if you spin a globe & stop it with your finger you'll

if we could forget that if you spin a globe & stop it with your finger you'll

p

Gtr.
land it on top of someone living who was not expecting to be crushed by

\[\text{some one living who was not expecting to be crushed by}\]

I wish maps would be without borders &

thirst– I wish maps would be without borders &

Effective 2 April 2018.

IMPORTANT: This original Work is NOT authorized for performance! The Composer has licensed Erik Peregrine and One Voice Mixed Chorus to reproduce this Work by downloading, printing, and/or copying exclusively for the Transgender Voices Festival.
that we belonged to no one & to everyone at

that we belonged to no one & to everyone at

that we belonged to no one & to everyone at

that we belonged to no one & to everyone at

that would be.

that would be.

that would be.

that would be.

what a world that would be.

what a world that would be.

what a world that would be.

what a world that would be.

once, what a world that would be.

once, what a world that would be.

once, what a world that would be.

once, what a world that would be.

2 November 2017 • Euless, Texas
Prayer of St. Francis
for SATB chorus and piano

Mari Esabel Valverde (ASCAP)
b. 1987

Lord, make me an *instrument of your peace;

Lord, make me an *instrument of your peace;

Lord, make me an *instrument of your peace;

Lord make me an *instrument of your peace;

where there is hatred,

where there is hatred,

where there is hatred,

where there is hatred,

* close immediately to the [n] on ‘instrument’

Bass

Soprano

Alto

Tenor

Piano

Effective 2 April 2018.

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let me sow love; where there is injury,

let me sow love; where there is injury,

let me sow love; where there is injury,

let me sow love; where there is injury,

par - don; where there is doubt,____

par - don; where there is doubt,____

par - don; where there is doubt,____

par - don; where there is doubt,____
IMPORTANT: This original Work is NOT authorized for performance! The Composer has licensed Erik Peregrine and One Voice Mixed Chorus to reproduce this Work by downloading, printing, and/or copying exclusively for the Transgender Voices Festival. Effective 2 April 2018.
joy. sadness... joy. 0 Divine Master,

joy. sadness... joy. 0 Divine Master,

joy. sadness... joy. 0 Divine Master,

joy. sadness... joy. 0 Divine Master,

joy. sadness... joy. 0 Divine Master,

joy. sadness... joy. 0 Divine Master,

joy. sadness... joy. 0 Divine Master,

joy. sadness... joy. 0 Divine Master,

joy. sadness... joy. 0 Divine Master,

joy. sadness... joy. 0 Divine Master,

joy. sadness... joy. 0 Divine Master,

joy. sadness... joy. 0 Divine Master,

joy. sadness... joy. 0 Divine Master,

joy. sadness... joy. 0 Divine Master,

joy. sadness... joy. 0 Divine Master,

joy. sadness... joy. 0 Divine Master,

joy. sadness... joy. 0 Divine Master,

joy. sadness... joy. 0 Divine Master,

joy. sadness... joy. 0 Divine Master,

joy. sadness... joy. 0 Divine Master,

joy. sadness... joy. 0 Divine Master,

joy. sadness... joy. 0 Divine Master,

joy. sadness... joy. 0 Divine Master,

joy. sadness... joy. 0 Divine Master,

joy. sadness... joy. 0 Divine Master,
for it is in giving that we receive,

for it is in giving that we receive,

for it is in giving that we receive,

for it is in giving that we receive,

poco cresc.

it is in pardoning that we are pardoned, and

it is in pardoning that we are pardoned, and

it is in pardoning that we are pardoned, and

it is in pardoning that we are pardoned,
**When Thunder Comes**

for SATB chorus (div.), piano, and opt. taiko or percussion

[bass drums, snare drum, and Glockenspiel or triangle]

---

**J. Patrick Lewis**
b. 1942

**Mari Esabel Valverde** (ASCAP)
b. 1987

---

**Moderato, righteously indignant** \( \text{= ca. 80} \)

---

The poem on which this piece was set, was set, published, and copied with generous permission in writing from J. Patrick Lewis for the sole purpose of this commission and collaboration. It appears in his book of the same title.
poco marcato

poor and dispossessed take up the drums

like rain

poor and dispossessed take up the drums

For civil rights-

The poor

The poor
for civil rights—

and dispossessed

for civil rights—

*It may be advisable to split the sopranos and altos in three equal parts in mm. 16-22.
Drums

For civil rights

Drums

For civil rights

take up the drums

For civil rights

take up the drums

For civil rights

Free doms

Free doms

When thun-[n]der

To think and speak, pray, and vote. When thun-[n]der

Petition, pray, and vote. When thun-[n]der

To think and speak, pray, and vote. When thun-[n]der
Why Sylvia Mén-dez bet against long odds,

Why Sylvia Mén-dez bet against long odds,

Why Helen Ziarella railed against Harvey Milk turned hatred on its head,

Why Helen Ziarella railed against Harvey Milk turned hatred on its head,
gainst tin gods,

How freedom summer's soldiers faced the

Are tales of thunder that I hope to tell

Are tales of thunder that I hope to tell

dread thunder thunder

(Stomp) thunder thunder

dread thunder thunder
From my thin bag of verse, for you to hear
In miniature, like

From my thin bag of verse, for you to hear
In miniature, like

From my thin bag of verse, for you to hear

Ring-ing a small bell,

Ring-ing a small bell,

Ring-ing a small bell,

Ring-ing a small bell,

And know a million bells can drown out

Like winds
And know a million bells can drown out fear.

And know a million bells can drown out fear.

And know a million bells can drown out fear.

And know a million bells can drown out fear.

And know a million bells can drown out fear.

And know a million bells can drown out fear.

And know a million bells can drown out fear.

A million bells can drown out fear.

And know a million bells can drown out fear.

And know a million bells can drown out fear.

And know a million bells can drown out fear.

And know a million bells can drown out fear.
comes, The civil right-eous are fin-ished

comes, The civil right-eous are fin-ished

comes, The civil right-eous are fin-ished

comes, The civil right-eous are fin-ished

be - ing meek.

be - ing meek.

be - ing meek.

be - ing meek.
My Name is Lamiya
Don't Call Me "Refugee"
for 2-part Mixed Voices and Piano

Permission enthusiastically granted for use in the Trans Voices Festival reading session

Based on a poem by
Lamiya Safarova

Music by
Michael Bussewitz-Quarn (ASCAP)

\[ \text{\(\text{d} = c. 126\)} \]

PART I \(p\)

Don't call me "re-fu-gee".  
Don't call me "re-fu-gee".

PART II \(p\)

Don't call me "re-fu-gee".  
Don't call me "re-fu-gee".

PART III \(p\)

Don't call me "re-fu-gee".  
Don't call me "re-fu-gee".

PART IV \(p\)

Don't call me "re-fu-gee".  
Don't call me "re-fu-gee".

My life, my destiny has been so

*Indicates doubled part

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© Words Azerbaijan International
SAMPLE

It don't call me "re-fu-gee". Don't call me "re-fu-gee". It feels like I don't even exist in the world.

Don't call me "re-fu-gee". Don't call me "re-fu-gee".

Don't call me "re-fu-gee". Don't call me "re-fu-gee".

Don't call me "re-fu-gee". Don't call me "re-fu-gee".
As if I'm a migrant bird far away from my
"refugee".

As if I'm a migrant bird far away from my
"refugee".

Don't call me "refugee".

Don't call me "refugee".

I beg of you,

I beg of you,

I beg of you,
Don't call me "refugee"! Oh, the things I've seen during these painful years, the most beautiful days I've seen in my land,
Lam - iya, my name is Lam - iya,
Lam - iya, my name is Lam - iya,
Lam - iya, my name is Lam -

My name is Lam - iya, my name is Lam - iya,
My name is Lam - iya, my name is Lam - iya!
My name is Lam - iya, my name is Lam -
My name is Lam - iya, my name is Lam -
My name is Lam - iya, my name is Lam -
My name is Lam - iya, my name is Lam -

* for each beat, repeat the "ah" in "Lamiya".
(I, III) $f$

Don't call me _ "re-fu-gee"!

(ii, IV) $f$

iya! Don't call me _ "re-fu-gee"!

$f$ (Optional III)

iya! Don't call me _ "re-fu-gee"!

$f$ (Optional IV)

iya! Don't call me _ "re-fu-gee"!

Don't call me _ _ Lam

Don't call me _ _ Lam

Don't call me _ _ Lam

(iii, ii) $f$

Don't call me _ "re-fu-gee"!

Don't call me _ _ Lam

Don't call me _ _ Lam

Don't call me _ _ Lam

Don't call me _ _ Lam

mb2800-2ptb
www.mbbqstudio.com
* This section (m.46+) may be sung by soloists, each assigned a name, or by sections, or by a mix of soloists and sections. Make it your own!
Lam - iya,

\[ \text{name is Guled, my name is Lam - iya, my name is A - le - jan - dro, my name is Mi - guel, my} \]

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Lam - iya,</th>
<th>Lam - iya,</th>
<th>Lam - iya,</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>

\[ \text{(as if seeing a mirage in the desert)} \]

\[ \text{Wy - cef, my name is An - ge - la, my name is Ni - sho, my name is Pro - fes - sor White Eyes, my name is} \]

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Wy - cef, my name is</th>
<th>Wy - cef, my name is</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>

\[ \text{name is Guled, my name is Lam - iya, my name is A - le - jan - dro, my name is Mi - guel, my} \]

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Lam - iya,</th>
<th>Lam - iya,</th>
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</table>

\[ \text{(as if seeing a mirage in the desert)} \]

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Lam - iya,</th>
<th>Lam - iya,</th>
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</table>
Wy-clef, my name is An-ge-la, my name is Ni-sho, my name is Pro-fes-sor White Eyes, my name is Gu-led, my name is Lam-ya, my name is A-le-jan-dro, my name is Mi-guel, my

(As if struggling from heat and dying from thirst)

"Re-fu-gee"! "Re-fu-gee"! "Re-fu-gee"! "Re-fu-gee"!

Lam-ya,

Wy-clef, my name is An-ge-la, my name is Ni-sho, my name is Pro-fes-sor White Eyes, my name is Gu-led, my name is Lam-ya, my name is A-le-jan-dro, my name is Mi-guel, my

"Re-fu-gee"! "Re-fu-gee"! "Re-fu-gee"! "Re-fu-gee"!

Lam-ya,

TUTTI cresc.

"Re-fu-gee"! "Re-fu-gee"! "Re-fu-gee"! "Re-fu-gee"!

"Re-fu-gee"! "Re-fu-gee"! "Re-fu-gee"! "Re-fu-gee"!

"Re-fu-gee"! "Re-fu-gee"! "Re-fu-gee"! "Re-fu-gee"!

"Re-fu-gee"! "Re-fu-gee"! "Re-fu-gee"! "Re-fu-gee"!
Lam - iya, my name is Lam - iya, my name is Lam - iya!
Lam-lya, Lam-lya, Lam-lya!
Don't call me "re-fu-gee".

Lam-lya, Lam-lya, Lam-lya!
Don't call me "re-fu-gee".

"re-fu-gee" Lam-lya, Lam-lya, Lam-lya!
Don't call me "re-fu-gee".

Don't call me "re-fu-gee"!
"Don't call me "re-fu-gee".

Don't call me "re-fu-gee"!
"Don't call me "re-fu-gee".

Don't call me "re-fu-gee"!
"Don't call me "re-fu-gee".

Don't call me "re-fu-gee"!
"Don't call me "re-fu-gee".

Don't call me "re-fu-gee"!
"Don't call me "re-fu-gee".

Don't call me "re-fu-gee"!
"Don't call me "re-fu-gee".

Don't call me "re-fu-gee"!
"Don't call me "re-fu-gee".

Don't call me "re-fu-gee"!
"Don't call me "re-fu-gee".

Don't call me "re-fu-gee"!
Don't call me "re-fu-gee". Please, I beg of you.

Don't call me "re-fu-gee". Don't call me "re-fu-gee".

Don't call me "re-fu-gee". Please, I beg of you.

Don't call me "re-fu-gee"! Don't call me "re-fu-gee"!

Don't call me "re-fu-gee"! Don't call me "re-fu-gee"!

Don't, don't call me "re-fu-gee". Don't call me "re-fu-gee"!

Don't, don't call me "re-fu-gee". Don't call me "re-fu-gee"!

Don't, don't call me "re-fu-gee". Don't call me "re-fu-gee"!

Don't, don't call me "re-fu-gee". Don't call me "re-fu-gee"!

(Don't, don't, don't)

Don't, don't call me "re-fu-gee". Don't call me "re-fu-gee"!

Don't, don't call me "re-fu-gee". Don't call me "re-fu-gee"!

Don't, don't call me "re-fu-gee". Don't call me "re-fu-gee"!

Don't, don't call me "re-fu-gee". Don't call me "re-fu-gee"!

(Errata: D octave)
The Pasture
for SAATB Voices, a cappella, with Piano introduction

Permission enthusiastically granted for use in the Trans Voices Festival reading session

Words from poem by
Robert Frost (1874-1963)

Music by
Michael Bussewitz-Quarm (ASCAP)

I'm going out to clean the pasture spring, I'll only stop to rake the leaves away (and wait to watch the water clear I may): I sha'n't be gone long, You come too.
You come too, you come too, you come too.

You come too, you come too, you come too.

You come too, you come too, you come too.

sha'n't be gone long, you come too. You come too.

sha'n't be gone long, you come too. You come too.

sha'n't be gone long, you come too. You come too.
I'm going out to fetch the little calf—
that's standing by the mother.

It's so young—
It totters when she licks it with her tongue. — 1
Ah

mf  mf  mf

pp  pp  pp

I

I

I

I

pp

pp

pp

pp

pp

pp

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I'll Fly Away
SSAATTBB Voices, a cappella

Permission enthusiastically granted for use in the Trans Voices Festival reading session

Additional Words by
Kim Rich

Words and Music by
Michael Bussewitz-Quarm

Allegro $q=144$

Soprano

Alto

Tenor

Bass

Piano (for rehearsal only)

I'll fly a-way, I'll fly a-way, I'll fly a-way, I'll fly a-way, I'll fly a-way, I'll fly a-way,

I'll fly a-way, I'll fly a-way,

I'll fly a-way, I'll fly a-way, past the trees,

I'll fly a-way, I'll fly a-way,

I'll fly a-way, I'll fly a-way,

I'll fly a-way, I'll fly a-way,

I'll fly a-way, I'll fly a-way,

I'll fly a-way, I'll fly a-way,

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past the sea, past the sky, I'll see a light shine, beck-on bright
I'll fly a-way, I'll fly a-way, I'll fly a-way, I'll fly a-way, I'll fly a-way, I'll fly a-way,
I'll fly a-way, I'll fly a-way, I'll fly a-way, I'll fly a-way, I'll fly a-way, I'll fly a-way,
as the moon in the night, and I can feel you no more,
I'll fly a-way, I'll fly a-way, I'll fly a-way, I'll fly a-way, I'll fly a-way, I'll fly a-way,
and I can touch you no more, and I can

I'll fly, I'll fly a-way, I'll fly a-way, I'll fly a-way, I'll fly a-way,

I'll fly, I'll fly a-way, I'll fly a-way, I'll fly a-way, I'll fly a-way,

feel you no more, and I can touch you no

I'll fly a-way, I'll fly a-way, I'll fly a-way, I'll fly a-way, I'll fly a-way,

I'll fly a-way, I'll fly a-way, I'll fly a-way, I'll fly a-way, I'll fly a-way,

I'll fly a-way, I'll fly a-way, I'll fly a-way, I'll fly a-way, I'll fly a-way,

I'll fly a-way, I'll fly a-way, I'll fly a-way, I'll fly a-way, I'll fly a-way,
I'll fly a-way, I'll fly a-way, I'll fly a-way, I'll fly a-way,
I'll fly a-way, I'll fly a-way, I'll fly a-way, I'll fly a-way,
I'll fly a-way, I'll fly a-way, I'll fly a-way, I'll fly a-way,
I'll fly a-way, I'll fly a-way, I'll fly a-way, I'll fly a-way,

past the stars, past my life,
past the moon, past the stars, past my life.

I'm letting go now of the pain,
I'm letting go now.
of the fear, of the night. And I can feel you no more.

of the pain, of the fear, of the night. And I can feel you

I'll fly a-way, I'll fly a-way, I'll fly a-way, I'll fly a-way, I'll fly a-way, I'll fly a-way,

I'll fly a-way, I'll fly a-way, I'll fly a-way, I'll fly a-way, I'll fly a-way, I'll fly a-way,

and I can touch you no more. And I can

and I can touch you no more. And

I'll fly, I'll fly a-way, I'll fly a-way, I'll fly a-way, I'll fly a-way, I'll fly a-way,

I'll fly, I'll fly a-way, I'll fly a-way, I'll fly a-way, I'll fly a-way, I'll fly a-way,

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feel you no more. And I can touch you no

I can feel you no more. And I can touch no

I'll fly a-way, I'll fly a-way, I'll fly a-way, I'll fly a-way, I'll fly a-way, no

I'll fly a-way, I'll fly a-way, I'll fly a-way, I'll fly a-way, I'll fly a-way, no

more. In hea-ven, as up-on earth, my heart cries_
molto rit.
molto rit.
molto rit.

more. In hea-ven, as up-on earth, my heart cries

more I'll fly a-way, In hea-ven, as up-on earth, my heart cries

more I'll fly a-way, I'll fly a-way, In, in hea-v-en, cries! my heart cries

molto rit.
molto rit.
to you, Love,

"Take this pain away from me!"

Set me free!

Lift up my soul within your heart.
Lift up my soul within your heart.
Hold my soul deep in your heart.

Lift up my soul within your heart.
Hold me forever.

Your memory of me
Your memory.

Your memory of me memory of me.

Your memory of me

rit.
I will find everlasting life with -
in your mind, in your heart,
in your mind, in your heart,
in your soul. Ah! I hear birds

sing. I see trees sway, I feel the breeze.

58

sing. Sway! I see trees sway, feel the gentle breeze. Feel the gentle

Lightly \( \frac{q=126}{4} \)

Ah! I hear birds

Ah! Sing! I hear birds

Ah! Sing! I hear birds

Ah! Sing! I hear birds

Ah! Sing! I hear birds
Ah! Life dies away, the life we shared it flies away!

breeze! Ah! Life dies away Ah! the life we shared Flies! it flies away!

way! Life, it passed this way!

way! Life it flies away! Life it passed this way! Life it passed this way!
Will Love fly away? Why must night and

Will Love fly away? Why must night and

way! Will Love fly away? Will Love fly away? Why must night and

way! Will Love fly away? Will Love fly away? Why must night and

sorrow end our Love's long day?

sorrow end our Love's long day? Love's long

sorrow end our Love's long day? Love's long
Love... Bend and touch my face with your sweet lips before I fly away.

If we never loved no sorrow, 'fore I fly away.
comes no grief to bear nor loss.

Yet, Love came to

sorrow comes no grief to bear nor loss.

Yet, Love came to

sorrow comes no grief to bear no grief to bear nor loss.

Yet, Love came to

sorrow comes no grief to bear no grief to bear no grief to bear nor loss.

Yet, Love came to

be, Love, it set us free.

It set us free.

be, love it came to be, love it set us free, love it set us

be, love it came to be, love it set us free, love it set us.

be, love it came to be, love it set us free, love it set us.
And now, we must pay...
Love's cost in full we must pay...
And now, we must pay...
Love's cost in full we must pay...

Our love is free, And now we must pay...
pay... Love's cost in full we must...
free, And now we must pay...
pay... Love's cost in full we must...

I'm gone away now, past the trees,
I'm gone away now, past the trees,
al-le-lu-ia, al-le-lu-ia, al-le-lu-ia, al-le-lu-ia, al-le-lu-ia,
past the sea, past the sky,____ I'll see a light shine, beck-on bright

past the sea, past the sky,____ I'll see a light shine, beck-on bright


as the moon in the night,____ and I can feel you no more,____

as the moon in the night,____ and I can feel you no more,____


and I can touch you no more, and I can

al - le - lu, al - le - lu, al - le - lu, al - le - lu, al - le - lu, al - le - lu,

al - le - lu, al - le - lu, al - le - lu, al - le - lu, al - le - lu, al - le - lu,

feel you no more, and I can touch you no

al - le - lu, al - le - lu, al - le - lu, al - le - lu, al - le - lu, al - le - lu,

al - le - lu, al - le - lu, al - le - lu, al - le - lu, al - le - lu, al - le - lu,
more. Al-le-lu-ia, al-le-
more. Al-le-lu-ia, al-le-
al-le-lu-ia, al-le-lu-ia, al-le-lu-ia, al-le-lu-ia, al-le-lu-ia, al-le-
al-le-lu-ia, al-le-lu-ia, al-le-lu-ia, al-le-lu-ia, al-le-lu-ia, al-le-

106 poco rit. lu-ia, al-le-lu-ia! poco rit. lu-ia, al-le-lu-ia!


al-le-lu-ia, al-le-lu-ia, al-le-lu-ia, al-le-lu-ia, al-le-lu-ia, al-le-

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The 2018 Commission Consortiums and Projects
Composer, Michael Bussewitz Quarm

The Great American Choral Reef

Member choirs will:
• **Sing** their interpretations of hyperbolic paraboloids (the shape naturally found in coral)
• **Create** your ensemble unique “Choral Reef” message, which will be sung in the song.
• **Improvise** entrances, phrasing, utilizing predetermined section leaders.
• **Collaborate** with partner choirs from around the country (or right next door) with unifying messages, creating an even greater, more powerful Choral Reef.


Mass for the Unarmed Child

Date of Launch | Spring, 2018
Poet | Mass Settings + original poetry by Shantel Sellers
About | A cry against gun violence, and all the elements in society that perpetuate this devastating cycle.

performance options: Premieres in Each State from Commissioning Choirs
Accompaniment | Orchestra
Ages and Voicings | College and Adult SATB divisi


Additional Consortium and Projects

Project Name | Child Refugee Awareness Choral Project, Season Three
Date of Original Launch | 2017
Featured Songs | "My Name is Lamiya: Don’t Call Me 'Refugee'" and "Lamiya’s Song"
Poet | Lamiya Safarova (at age 9)
Accompaniment | Piano (additional Flute with Unison Voicing)
Ages and Voicings | SATB divisi; SATB; SSAA; 5-Part Mixed; 2-Part Mixed; 2-Part Treble; Unison-All Ages (Lamiya’s poem adapted in 2-part Treble and Unison Voicings for age appropriateness)


Commissioning Consortium | Radium Girl Commissioning Consortium
Date of Launch | March 7, 2018
Featured Song | "Radium Girl"
About | Based on the tragic story of the Radium Girls, and both women’s and worker’s rights.
Poet | Shantel Sellers
Accompaniment | Unaccompanied
Ages and Voicings | SSAA, Treble Choirs, Women’s Choruses (High School and Adult Choirs)

visit: [http://mbqstudio.com/radium-girl](http://mbqstudio.com/radium-girl)
Commissioning Consortium | The Rainbow of Choirs Commissioning Consortium
Date of Launch | March 7, 2018
Featured Song | “How Did You Feel?”
About | A song of support for transgender and LGB youth who “come out”
Accompaniment | Piano (Possibly String Trio/Quartet)
Ages and Voicings | SATB; SSAA; TTBB; 3-Part Mixed; 2-Part Mixed; 2-Part Treble; Unison (Middle School, High School and Adult Choirs)

Commissioning Consortium | Hope for Recovery Commissioning Consortium
Date of Launch | March 7, 2018
Featured Song | “Pay the Ferryman for David Aaron" including the Honor Page
About | For all those who are struggling with drug addiction and to honor those we have lost.
Poet | Ira Costell (David Aaron’s Uncle)
Accompaniment | Piano
Ages and Voicings | SATB; SSAA; TTBB; 3-Part Mixed; 2-Part Mixed; (High School and Adult Choirs)
visit: [http://mbqstudio.com/hope-for-recovery-about/](http://mbqstudio.com/hope-for-recovery-about/)

Major Commission | “Windshear"
Date of Launch | Spring, 2018
Language | Western Abenaki (American Indian, unseated from western New England)
Poet | Shantel Sellers
About | There is a destructive energy that ravages the senses, leaving us with an impassive heart. If we are open-eyed to our own apathy, we can begin to grieve. And from the recognition of great iniquity, we begin to heal. Our hearts convalesce. Our senses are revived. Our minds are rejuvenated. Our society is rehabilitated.
Accompaniment | Piano
Ages and Voicings | Advanced SATB divisi

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