



One Voice Mixed Chorus • March 18, 2017 • Ordway Concert Hall

FIGHT SONG (Platten)

Like a small boat on the ocean
 Sending big waves into motion
 Like how a single word can make a heart open
 I might only have one match but I can make an explosion

And all those things I didn't say
 Were wrecking balls inside my brain
 And I will scream out loud tonight
 Can you hear my voice this time?

This is my fight song, take back my life song
 Prove I'm alright song
 My powers turned on
 Starting right now I'll be strong
 I'll play my fight song
 And I don't really care if nobody else believes
 Cause I've still got, a lot of fight left in me

Losing friends and I'm chasin' sleep
 Everyone's worried bought me
 In too deep, say I'm in too deep
 And It's been two years I miss my home
 But there's a fire burnin' in my bones
 I still believe, yeah I still believe.

And all those things I didn't say
 Were wrecking balls inside my brain
 And I will scream out loud tonight
 Can you hear my voice this time?
 This is my fight song, take back my life song
 Prove I'm alright song
 My powers turned on
 Starting right now I'll be strong
 I'll play my fight song
 And I don't really care if nobody else believes
 Cause I've still got, a lot of fight left in me
 A lot of fight left in me

Like a small boat on the ocean
 Sending big waves into motion
 Like how a single word can make a heart open
 I might only have one match, but I can make an explosion

This is my fight song, take back my life song
 Prove I'm alright song
 My powers turned on
 Starting right now I'll be strong
 I'll play my fight song
 And I don't really care if nobody else believes
 Cause I've still got, a lot of fight left in me
 No I've still got a lot of fight left in me.

BRIDGES (Staines)

There are bridge in the sky
And they are shining in the sun.
They are stone and steel and wood and wire
And they can change two things to one

They are languages and letters
They are poetry and all
They are love and understanding
And they're better than a wall.

They are languages and letters
They are poetry and all.
They are love and understanding
And they're better than a wall.

There are canyons, there are canyons
They are yawning in the night
They are rank and better anger
Oooooo ... they are devoid of light
They are fear and blind suspicion
they are apathy and pride
They are dark and so forboding
and they're oh, so very wide
They are fear and blind suspicion
They are apathy and pride

They are dark and so foreboding
And they're oh, so very wide.
Let us build a bridge of music
And let us cross it with a song.
Let us span another canyon
Let us right another wrong
And if someone should ask us
where we're off and bound today
We will tell them "building bridges"
and be off and on our way
And if someone should ask us
Where we're off and bound today
We will tell them building bridges
And be off and on our way
We will tell them building bridges
And be off and on our way

REFUGE (Walker)

From my spirits gray defeat
From my pulse's flagging beat
From my hopes that turned to sand
Sifting through my close clenched hand
From my own fault's slavery
I can sing I still am free I still am free
For with my singing
I can make a refugee for my spirit's sake

A house of shining words
To be my fragile immortality
If I can sing
And when I sing, I sing, and I am free

For in my singing I can hear
The words of healing soft and clear
The melding of the parts to whole
The house of shining words
The very language of the soul

[Sop/Alto solo]

A house of shining words
A refuge for my spirit
A refuge for my soul

If I can sing, and when I sing
And then I sing, I sing, and I am free

WORDS (Edenroth)

Words – a letter and a letter on a string
Will hold forever humanity spellbound
Words – possession of the beggar and the king
Everybody, everyday – you and I, we all can
say

Words – regarded as a complicated tool
Created by man, implicated by mankind
Words – obsession of the genius and the fool
Everybody, everyday – everywhere and
everyway

Oh__woh oh Words
Find them, you can use them
Say them, you can hear them
Write them, you can read them
Love them, fear them

Words – transmitted as we're fitted from the
start
Received by all and we're sentenced to a life
with
Words – impression of the stupid and the smart
Everybody, everyday – you and I, we all can
say

Words – inside your head
can come alive as they're said
Softly, loudly, modestly and proudly

Words – expression by the living and the dead
Everybody, everyday – everywhere and
everyway

Oh__woh oh Words
Find them, you can use them
Say them, you can hear them
Write them, you can read them
Love them, fear them

Find them, use them, say them, hear them
Write them, read them, love them, fear them

Find them, you can use them
Say them, you can hear them
Write them, you can read them
Love them, fear them
Words – a letter and a letter on a string

STILL STANDING – World Premiere

#1: FIFTY CANDLES BURNING (Maurer)

Somewhere, there is a child
Sweaty palmed and nervous
Sitting at the kitchen table
Mom, mom there's something I need you to
know

Somewhere, there are two girls
Walking side by side
Their wrists brushing, brushing
The space between their bodies humming
electric, electric.
They want to touch but are afraid of the shock
They want to touch but are afraid of the stare

Somewhere, there is a gender without a box to
check
somewhere, there is a rainbow pin hidden
Somewhere, there are sharp words and soft
bodies
Sharp words and soft bodies
Slammed against lockers
Somewhere, somewhere, somewhere

Somewhere, there are fifty candles burning
Somewhere, there are fifty candles burning
Somewhere, there are fifty candles burning in a
night club, in a night club
And down the street
A child is afraid that their love glows too brightly

How many of us prayed to be different?
How many of us didn't welcome our truth?
Instead, demanded we return to silence or
contort back to normal.
How many of us played that part perfectly,
memorized the script
Until we forgot our own voice?

#2: I'M STILL STANDING (Maurer)

When dysphoria rumbles too loud
Or thunder rolls too close
When the hounds of your body aren't peaceful.
Know that I am a gentle voice

When bigots pick up their picket signs
And ignorance licks at our feet, at our feet
Take my hand, keep your eyes on the horizon
There is much more to see
Know that I am a gentle voice, a gentle voice
These bodies weren't made to be silent
This love wasn't built to hide
Pride doesn't grow in a garden
It's birthed from the storm
It lifts itself out of the mud
Of shame and compromise
To say look, look at how I'm still standing
Look, look at all the love I have left to give
Look, look at how I'm still standing
Look, look at all the love, I have left to give!

#3: A Hundred Roses (Mauer)

On nights I can't sleep
I count her breaths
Blooming again and again
Until a hundred roses fill our bedroom

There is a front door above her lip
A window below her sternum.
A balcony on her belly, on her belly.

The day I met her, I came home.
The day I met her, I came home.

And a hundred roses fill our bedroom
How did you know?
How did you know?
They chirp around us like hungry birds, hungry
birds.
It doesn't matter what path we took to get here
To find out selves
It only matters, only matters that we found
ourselves

And a hundred roses fill our bedroom.

#4: HERE (Maurer)

Here, at the kitchen table,
A mother tells her son she accepts all of him
Her love a pebble thrown in the lake
Watch it ripple watch it ripple throughout his life

Here, here, here a father finally sees his child
For who they really are.
He cries as he says
Once my daughter, now my son.
Always my baby

Here, a rainbow pinned proudly to a backpack
Here a rainbow at the doorway to a classroom.

Here at the steps of the capitol
Here, here, here,
Oh here, the sidewalk marches in solidarity
and glitter filled streets wave

And fifty candles burn brighter.
And fifty candles burn brighter.
And fifty candles burn brighter
Here, Here, Here
And fifty candles burn brighter.
And fifty candles burn brighter.
Oh oh and fifty candles burn brighter. Burn
bright
Brighter than violence.
Because fear has no place here.

Here there are two women walking hand in
hand.
Here there is love
It cries because it's been waiting so long.
It is old and it is wrinkled
And it looks just like home.

LET MY LOVE BE HEARD (Runestad)

Angels where you soar up to God's own light
Take my own lost bird, on your hearts tonight.
And as grief once more mounts to heaven and
sing. Let my love be heard .

Angels where you soar up to god's own light
Take my own lost bird on your hearts tonight
And as grief once more mounts to heaven and
sings.

Let my love be heard. Let my love be heard.
Whispering in your wings.

Let my love be heard____ Let my love be
heard
Let my love be heard____ Let my love be
heard
Let my love be heard____ Let my love be
heard

Angels where you soar up to God
Let my love be heard.

GABRIEL'S OBOE (Morricone)

[no lyrics – chorus hums while instruments play]

BLACKBIRD (Lennon / McCartney)

Blackbird singing in the dead of night
Take these broken wings and learn to fly
Take these sunken eyes and learn to see
All your life you were only waiting for this
moment to arise.

Blackbird fly, blackbird fly
Into the light of a dark, black night.

Blackbird singing in the dead of night
Take these broken wings and learn to fly
Take these sunken eyes and learn to see
All your life you were only waiting for this
moment to be free.

Blackbird fly, blackbird fly
Into the light of a dark, black night.

Blackbird singing in the dead of night
Take these broken wings and learn to fly
All your life
You were only waiting for this moment to arise

PAGES (Alexander)

On the pages of the morning paper
People rebuild shattered schools
People restore lifeless lakes

On the pages of the morning paper
People knit reconciliation out of promise and
pain.
And sing to the deathly ill and the newly born

Constitutions are still being written
Slaves are still being freed
Truces are still being forged
On the pages of the morning paper

We finish our breakfasts and roll up our own
sleeves
and roll up our own sleeves (3x)

WHAT THE WORLD NEEDS NOW
(Bacharach)

What the world needs now, is love sweet love
It's the only thing, that there's just too little of
What the world needs now, is love, sweet love
No, not just for some, but for every one

Lord we don't need another mountain
There are mountains and hillsides enough to
climb
There are oceans and rivers enough to cross,
enough to last
Till the end of time

What the world needs now is love, sweet love
It's the only thing, that there's just too little of
What the world needs now, is love sweet love
No, not just for some, but for every one

Lord we don't need another thunder-storm
There are raindrops and tear drops enough to
flow
There are tornadoes and winds of fear enough
to blow
Oh listen lord, if you want to know, want to
know!

What the world needs now, is love sweet love
It's the only thing, that there's just too little of
What the world needs now, is love, sweet love
No, not just for some, but for everyone.