



CONCERT LYRICS – February 22, 2020

THE MAN BEHIND THE DREAM

All music composed/arranged by Steve Milloy unless otherwise indicated

Conceptual design by Steve Milloy and Jane Ramsey Miller

Story libretto by Vanessa German

Additional lyrics by Norman Welch, Bruce Preston and David Major

The Man Behind the Dream

Lyrics by Bruce Preston

One small boy, raised in faith at his grandma's hand.
Taught respect for life, sharing his love with his fellow man.
It's an old, old story, one you think you'd understand, but you don't know the man.

One young man, who refused to kill, locked away
Forced to work in chains because of who he loved
Think you heard his story? Think you heard it all before? Huh
There is so much more!

You think you know about talent? Think you know about skill?
What it takes to climb up to the top of the hill?
In a time before Twitter, using brav'ry and sight,
He moved a quarter million souls to fight for their rights.
You think you know about courage? Think you know about grace?
Do you know the name of the man who stepped from his rightful place?
So the March could go forward, glory wasn't his need.
Because the movement was bigger, bigger than he,
Bigger than he, bigger than he!

You think you know all about the Dream, Dr. King?
Hear the rest of the story in the song that we sing.

You haven't walked in the footsteps, don't know Freedom's true ring
Until you know the man behind the man
Behind the dream

I Have A Dream (Quartet)

Music & lyrics by Steve Milloy

I have a dream, I have a dream!

Black Boy Born

Lyrics by Vanessa German

Black boy born, breast bone to the breeze - black boy born, tar an' cotton beneath his feet.
Curl yo' spine an' turn yo' cheek. Bayard black boy, don't ya dare to leap.

Black boy born, yes, a black boy born, Yes a...
Black boy born on the sharp end of the knife. Black boy born, shadow to moonless night.
Oh, Black boy born empty hands to the dream.
Got a mind an' a song to sing, in a world where freedom
Don't really ring.

They tried to keep him down, they could've strung him up,
put a noose around his neck and drained his overflowing cup.

Black born born, wind to kick up the dust – yeah, black boy's fire, risin' 'gainst chains an' rust
Born to be more than just muscle an' hands, here come Ba-yard, black boy born.
He was born to fight and take a stand!

They tried to keep him down, they could've strung him up,
put a noose around his neck and drained his overflowing cup, No!
Black boy born, fruit of the overflowin' cup
Hoo, Black boy born his soul a standin' up!

Lift Every Voice and Sing

Music by J. Rosamond Johnson, lyrics by James Johnson

Arr. by Steve Milloy

Lift every voice and sing, till earth and Heaven ring,
Ring with the harmonies of Liberty;
Let our rejoicing ring high as the list'ning skies,
Let it resound loud as the rolling sea.

Sing a song full of the faith that the dark past has taught us,
Sing a song full of the hope that the present has brought us
Facing the rising sun, of our new day begun
Let us march on, till victory is won.

Beautiful Boy

Lyrics by Vanessa German

Beautiful boy, sing your beautiful song, always looking ahead, with your back so long.
With an open heart and a spirit strong, what can break you when you're where you belong?

Where you belong, in a place of love and grace, may no hand in hate come to erase
Where you belong in a place of peace and truth, may only love nourish your roots.

Beautiful boy, sing your beautiful song, always looking ahead with your back so long
Back so long with an open heart and a spirit strong, a spirit strong, nothing can break you
If you live your truth your song

Where you belong in a place set apart, may no chains of hate try an' shackle your heart,
Where you belong in a place still yet to come, make something new under the sun.

Beautiful boy, sing your beautiful song - beautiful boy, beautiful song
Always looking ahead with your back so long, back so long with an open heart and a spirit strong,
A spirit strong, nothing can break you, if you live your truth your song - nothing can break you, beautiful boy!

Blessed are the Ones of Peace

Aylesbury Hymn Tune, lyrics traditional

Adapted by Jane Ramseyer Miller

Blessed are the ones of peace,
Whose hearts and hopes are one;
Whose kind designs to serve and please
Through all their actions run.

God's goodness stands approved
Unchanged from day to day;
I'll drop my burden at God's feet, and bear a song away.

Thus on the heav'nly hills,
The saints are blessed above
Where joy like morning dew distills
And all the air is love.

God's goodness stands approved, u
Unchanged from day to day;
I'll drop my burden at God's feet and bear a song away

Tango

Lyrics by Bruce Preston & David Major

My love won't hide, it's never tucked away. It lives and breathes, it's always on display.
No need to pretend, I won't even try. Living my life means not living a lie.
It may not suit you to see me this way; sorry my dears, no such thing as "too gay".
Some say I flaunt, that I put on airs. I just brush them off with my own special flair.

My love won't hide, gaze in-to my eyes. Try not to confuse my truth with your lies.
Living my life "In the life" sex and romance get blurred.
Passion that explodes but the love dream deferred.

My love won't hide, locked up in a cage. Confined from all movement, I dance center stage.
Long arms extended, legs intertwined, swirling, a turn to the left then the right.
In close embrace as we're holding on tight, out of the shadows, into my sight,

Some lovers dance in the dark, 'neath the cover of night,
I won't hide from my truth, I tango in light!

Stick in the Wheel

Lyrics by Norman Welch

If the seats on the bus can't hold your mother, be a stick in the wheel.
And if the seats on the bus can't be used by your father, be a stick in the wheel.
'Cause if the seats on the bus aren't meant for all of us, go on, be a stick in the wheel.
Hear what I'm sayin'?

If the lathe in the fact'ry cain't be used by my auntie, I'll be a stick in the wheel.
And if the lathe in the fact'ry cain't be turned by my uncle, I'll be a stick in the wheel.
'Cause if the fact'ry in town gonna turn us all down, well, I'll be a, I'll be a, I'll be a stick in the wheel.
Oh, brotha, take a stand by sittin' down. Oh oo-who, my sista, sista, stick yourself right to the ground!
Oh, brotha, let's go walkin' up Capitol Hill. Oh oo-who, my sista, sista – and make that place stand still.
Yeah! 'cause to make ourselves heard, we don't have to say a word - we just got to shut it all down!

Hear the sticks hit the drums, they're beatin' out a rhythm, beatin' out a march-in' sound – Shut it all down!
Hear the sticks hit the drums, they're tellin' all the children, tellin' how strength can be found!

Sticks and stones can break people's bones, If that's what you wanna do.
But I know a better way of using a stick – so, let me explain it to you!
Hear the sticks hit the drums, they're beatin' out a rhythm, beatin' out a marchin' sound. Shut it down!
Hear the sticks hit the drums, they're tellin' all the children, tellin' how strength can be found!
'Cause we won't be ignored if we act in one accord, and stop the wheels from turnin' round - Shut it down!

Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder

African-American work song, arr. by Steve Milloy

I got a rainbow (huh!) Tied all around my shoulder (huh!)
I got a rainbow (huh!) Tied all around my shoulder (huh!)
I'm goin' home (huh!) Lord, I'm goin' home (huh!).
Ev'rywhere (huh!), where I look 'dis mornin' (huh!)
Looks like rain (huh!) My Lord, looks like rain. (huh!) Don' need no rain, lord.

Ev'ry mail day, I getta letter. Ev'ry mail day, yes sir I getta letter.
Lover say "Come home, please come on home now".
Sometimes I feel like you're almost gone, my love - Sometimes I feel like you're almost gone, well
A long ways from home, yes, yes

I cain't read that, (huh!) read that letter for cryin', for crying (huh!)
My tears run down. Lord, my tears run down.
Just you wait until, I've done my sentence.
Just you wait until, I've done my sentence.
Im' gonna stop this. Stop this unjust labor.

Sometimes I feel like you ain't comin' home, my love.
Sometimes I feel like you ain't comin' home, well - a long ways from home.
I'm gonna fight this, till this treatment's outlawed!
I'm gonna fight this, till this treatment's outlawed!
I am human, treat me as a brother – treat me as a brother
Treat me as a brother, (huh!)

You Don't Have to Ride Jim Crow

Traditional Spiritual, arr. by Steve Milloy
Lyrics by Bayard Rustin (and others)

You don't have to ride Jim Crow – No! You don't have to ride Jim Crow.
On June the third, the high court said ... "When you ride in the state, Jim Crow is dead"
You don't have to ride Jim Crow.

And when you get on the bus, and when you get on the bus
Get on the bus, sit any place, 'cause Irene Morgan won her case.
You don't have to ride Jim Crow.

Now you can sit anywhere, now you can sit anywhere.
Sit anywhere. Don't make no fuss, keep cool, brother, your cause is just.
You don't have to ride Jim Crow.

And if the driver man says "Move!" And if the driver man says "Move!"
If the driver say "Move", speak up polite, but sit there tight, 'cause you're in the right,
You don't have to ride Jim Crow.

You don't have to ride Jim Crow – no, you don't have to ride Jim Crow.
Go quiet like if you face arrest, N.A.A.C.P. will make that test!
You don't have to ride Jim Crow.

And someday we'll all be free! (Free at last!)
Yes, someday we'll all be free! (Thank God Almighty we're free at last!)
When united action turns the tide and black and white sit side by side,
Yes, someday we'll all be free . . . we'll be free!

Spiritual Medley

Traditional spirituals, arr. by Steve Milloy

Bayard Rustin recording is played:

Nobody knows the trouble I've seen. Nobody knows, my sorrow.
Nobody knows the trouble I've seen. Glory, hallelujah
Sometimes I'm up, sometimes I'm down – oh yes, Lord.

Sometimes I'm almost to the ground – oh yes, Lord.

Nobody knows the trouble I've seen. Nobody knows my sorrow.
Nobody knows the trouble I've seen. oh, glory, hallelujah - Glory, hallelujah.

I met my bro-tha the other day and I gave him my right hand.
As soon as ever my back a'was turned, he scandalized my name!
Do you call that a bro-tha? – No, No! Do you call that a bro-tha? – No, No!
Do you call that a bro-tha? – oh, no! He scandalized my name!

I met my sis-tah the other day and I gave her my right hand.
As soon as ever my back a'was turned, she scandalized my name!
Do you call that a sis-tah? Do you call that a sis-tah?
Do you call that a sis-tah? Oh, no! She scandalized my name!

I met with Martin the other day and I gave him my right hand
As soon as ever my back a'was turned - he shunned me, he denied me
He took my work and shut me out! Do you call that a Preacha?
Do you call that a Preacha? Do you call that a Preacha?
Oh, no! Don't scandalize my name - my name - my name!

We Shall Not Be Moved

Traditional protest song, arr. by Steve Milloy

We shall not, we shall not be moved. We shall not, we shall not be moved.
Jus' like a tree that's planted by the water, we shall not be moved.

We're black and white together, we shall not be moved.
We're black and white together, we shall not be moved.
Jus' like a tree that's planted by the water, We shall not be moved. No, no, no!

Hand in hand, we're singin', we shall not be moved. Hand in hand, we're singin', we shall not be moved.
Jus' like a tree that's planted by the water, We shall not be moved. No, no, no!

We're fightin' 'ganist injustice, we shall not be moved. We're fightin' 'ganist injustice, we shall not be moved.
Jus' like a tree that's planted by the water, We shall not be moved. No, no, no!

We'll march till we see vict'ry, we shall not be moved. We'll march till we see vict'ry, we shall not be moved.
Jus' like a tree that's planted by the water, We shall not be moved.

Just like a tree that's planted by the water, we shall not be moved.
Just like a tree that's planted by the water, we shall not be moved.
We shall not be moved!

March On

Lyrics by Bruce Preston, Vanessa German & David Major

The arc of the moral universe is so long, it takes a flight of angelic troublemakers to push it along.
When you face opposition, you don't bend you don't kneel. Just seek out the place to be a stick in the wheel.
We march on, step by step together - we march on, advancing every day.
It's a movement, not a moment, one human family - when black lives truly matter, we will all be free.

To be afraid is to behave like the truth weren't true.
Fighting unjust laws, bombs and hatred, your only weapon is you.
From Birmingham to Selma! What is your dream? What do you stand for?
We march on, step by step together - we march on, advancing every day.
It's a movement, not a moment, one human family - when black lives truly matter, we will all be free.

Black boys die, and nobody sings their song. Black boys die, and the world goes right along
Black girls disappear, they go missing every day. Black girls disappear, no one even says their name

We are all one. If we don't know that today, we will learn that lesson the hard way, hard way.
Hate wounds a loving heart, what will it take to move you to march?
We march on, step by step together. We march on, advancing every day.
It's a movement, not a moment, one human family - when all people stand together
We will know equality

We march on, step by step together. We march on, advancing every day.
It's a movement, not a moment, one human family - when all people stand together
We will know equality - We march on!



One Voice Mixed Chorus is Minnesota's only - and one of the nation's largest - lesbian, gay, bisexual, transgender, and straight allies (LGBTQ+) chorus. Founded in 1988, One Voice has been "**building community and creating social change by raising our voices in song**" for 32 years. With 125 singing members ranging in age from 15 to 81, and 50 non-singing "Fifth Section" volunteers, One Voice inspires passionate, vibrant, and creative performances for thousands of audience members each year at concerts, during community engagement tours, through their pioneering OUT in Our Schools program now in its 20th year, and innovative collaborations. Under the direction of Artistic Director Jane Ramseyer Miller, the award-winning chorus is known for its musical excellence, diverse programming, and a deep commitment to community.

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