



Generation – Lyrics – SET ONE

My Generation

Music by Pete Townsend, Arr. by Abi Moore

People try to put us d-down (Talkin' 'bout my generation)
Just because we get around (Talkin' 'bout my generation)
Things they do look awful c-c-cold (Talkin' 'bout my generation)
I hope I die before I get old (Talkin' 'bout my generation)

This is my generation. This is my generation, baby

Why don't you all f-fade away (Talkin' 'bout my generation)
And don't try to dig what we all s-s-say (Talkin' 'bout my generation)
I'm not trying to cause a big s-s-sensation (Talkin' 'bout my generation)
I'm just talkin' 'bout my g-g-g-generation (Talkin' 'bout my generation)

This is my generation. This is my generation, baby

Why don't you all f-fade away (Talkin' 'bout my generation)
And don't try to d-dig what we all s-s-say (Talkin' 'bout my generation)
I'm not trying to cause a b-big s-s-sensation (Talkin' 'bout my generation)
I'm just talkin' 'bout my g-g-g-generation (Talkin' 'bout my generation)

This is my generation. This is my generation, baby

People try to put us d-down (Talkin' 'bout my generation)
Just because we g-g-get around (Talkin' 'bout my generation)
Things they do look awful c-c-cold (Talkin' 'bout my generation)
Yeah, I hope I die before I get old (Talkin' 'bout my generation)

This is my generation. This is my generation, baby

Hallowing Our Namings

Music by Linda Hirschhorn, Text by Marcia Falk

Nashir l'nishmat kol shem ul'shém kol n'shama

Nashir l'nishmat kol shém v'likdushat kol n'shama.

Let us sing the soul in ev'ry name and the name of ev'ry soul.

Let us sing the soul in ev'ry name the sacred name of ev'ry soul.

Boxes

Music and lyrics by Catherine Dalton

Boxes Boxes, boxes, boxes. Everywhere!

Boxes, boxes, boxes. Stacking us up!

Boxes, boxes, boxes. Check, check!

Why are we put into boxes?

Boys, girls, girls, boys. Why are there only two options?

Girls, boys boys, girls. And why are the things we buy categorized, gender-wise?

Boxes for pink, boxes for blue. Boxes for me, boxes for you.

All of these boxes to check. Boxes right up to our necks.

Boxing us in, kicking us out.

Where does it stop? We wanna shout, "Let us out. Let us out!" We want out!

Stacking us up against each other. Stacking us up against the norm.

And why does the norm inform so many decisions? We see a lot of division.

I spent my teens wanting a body I didn't have. The anxiety about what others thought about my appearance amped up my negative self-talk and I fell into a deep depressive episode.

Finally with therapy and maturity, I stopped hiding behind feminine clothing and make up. 'Find what feels good' was my mantra as I pursued clothing and shoes in the men's section. I'm still trying to manage life as a gender non-conforming person: the pronoun thing, the dysphoria, and forgiving my younger lost self.

I am who I am today, including a proud masculine presenting soprano, partly because of the safe space and support that the One Voice community has provided to me. And for that, I am so very grateful.

But what if being me means coloring outside of the lines? What if being me means breaking boxes open?

What if being me means living my dream to be who I'm meant to be?

True to myself, true to the world, true to me.

Stacking us up against each other. Stacking us up against the norm.

And why does the norm inform so many decisions?

We see a lot of division.

Dean: Last week my sister told me...

Darcy: I think youth are just too young to *know* that they are transgender. They shouldn't have treatment or support until they are adults.

Dean: So Darcy, how old was I when I figured out I was gay?

Darcy: mmm, I'd say you were 12.

Dean: and how old was I when I overdosed because I wasn't allowed to live as my true self.

Darcy: I remember it well, You were 17.

Dean: So, if one of your daughters told you she was transgender, and not living as her true self?

Darcy: I would want her to have all the support possible to live a healthy life. Thank you. Okay I get it now.

We want to live in a world where you can break boxes open.

We want to live in a world where you can color outside of the lines.

We want to live in a world where no one has to hide who they are inside.

In this new world we are all free.

In this new world to be who we're meant to be, whoever that may be.

On Children

Music by Ysaye M. Barnwell, Poetry by Kahlil Ginbran

Your children are not your children;

They are the sons and daughters of

Life's longing for itself.

They come through you

But they are not from you

And though they are with you

They belong not to you.

You may give them your love

But not your thoughts,

They have their own thoughts.

They have their own thoughts.

You can house their bodies but not their souls,

For their souls dwell in a place of tomorrow,

Which you cannot visit,

Not even in your dreams.

You can strive to be like them,

But you cannot make them just like you.

Strive to be like them

But you cannot make them just like you

Ring of Keys (from “**Fun Home**” the musical)

Music by Jeanine Tesori, lyrics by Lisa Kron

Arr. by Steve Milloy

Someone just came in the door.
Like no one I ever saw before.
I feel... I feel...
I don't know where you came from.
I wish I did, I feel so dumb. I feel...
Your swagger and your bearing
and the just right clothes you're wearing.
Your short hair and your dungarees and your lace up boots.
And your keys, oh,
Your ring of keys...!
I thought it was s'posed to be wrong
But you seem okay with being strong.
I want... You're so...
It's prob'l'y conceited to say
but I think we're alike in a certain way.
I... um...
Your swagger and your bearing
and the just right clothes you're wearing
Your short hair and your dungarees and your lace up boots.
And your keys, oh,
Your ring of keys...!
Do you feel my heart saying hi?
In this whole luncheonette
why am I the only one who sees you're beautiful.
No, I mean...
Handsome.
Your swagger and your bearing
and the just right clothes you're wearing
Your short hair and your dungarees and your lace up boots.
And your keys, oh,
Your ring of keys...!
I know you.

Anything You Can Do (I Can Do Better)

Music by Irving Berlin, adapted by JRM

Duet: Lynne Larsen and Irene Weinhausen (ages 85 and 16)

L: Anything you can do, I can do better.
I can do anything better than you.

I: No, you can't.

L: Yes, I can.

I: No, you can't.

L: Yes, I can.

I: No, you can't.

L: Yes, I can, Yes, I can!

L: Just so you beware, I've got medicare!

I: Yay for your endurance; on my folks'
insurance!

BOTH: I can do most anything.

I: Can you make a Mei Tai?

L: No

I: Neither can I.

I: Anything you can sing I can sing louder.

L: I can sing anything louder than you.

I: No, you can't.

L: Yes, I can.

I: No, you can't.

L: Yes, I can.

I: No, you can't.

L: Yes, I can.

I: No, you can't.

L: I tell you

BOTH: yes, yes, yes, I can! Yes. Yes. yes. I can!

I: Anything you can Tweet, I can Tweet
faster. I can tweet any thing faster than you.

L: No, you can't

I: Yes, I can

L: No, you can't

I: Yes, I can

L: What's a tweet...?

I: Are you real? Yes, I can!

L: I have got a life, beloved by my wife.

I: My game's just beginning, you're in your
8th inning!

L: I can sing a thousand tunes.

I: You can really let fly?

L: Yes.

I: So can I!

BOTH: Any note you can reach I can go higher. I
can sing any note higher than you.

L: No, you can't.

I: Yes, I can.

L: No, you can't.

I: Yes, I can.

L: No, you can't.

I: Yes, I can.

L: No, you can't.

I: Yes, I can.

BOTH: Yes, I can!

BOTH: Any song I can sing, WE can sing better.
We can sing anything better as two.

BOTH: Yes, we can!

CHORUS: yes you can!

BOTH: Yes, we can!

CHORUS: yes you can!

ALL: Yes, we can! Yes, we can! Yes, we can!

And We Walked

(from Quiet No More: A Choral celebration of Stonewall)

Music and lyrics by Julian Hornik, Arr. by Charles Beale

And the very next day,
And the very next day, I picked up the Times
flipped to page thirty-three
And I walked (3x)
Down Astor past Washington Square
I got to the bar and I thought there we are in
the glass,
in the plaster, my people are there.

"Four policemen hurt in a village raid."
That's all the Times wrote.
But still, I still I have my
Come and join my victory parade!

I am not as lonely as I thought that I might be.
A broken wall, a wake up call, and now I see,
we're there on page thirty-three.

I cast my vote for the girl with the auburn hair.
The one with the suit and the smile and the
wave and the girlfriend who's always there by
her side.
Hands entwined, she reminds me of someone.

And I walk where she walks and I talk like she
talks and I know a few people she knows.

And I've never met her, but I'll suffragette her,
I'll follow her tracks and cheer as she goes.

I am not as quiet as I thought that I might be.
If she can, well I'll try it, then we'll see.
Maybe someday she'll vote for me.

I lay myself down in the aisle on the cold chapel
floor.
I stay there awhile, while the rest take their
places,
and I think of the faces I never see anymore.
I think of the faces I never see anymore.

And then there is silence,
and then someone shouting.
All it takes is the one voice to rattle the rafters.
And after this chaos mingling with prayer
and through it all I'm looking up just lying there
and I never move. I don't say a word.
I have so much to prove. and I'll never be
heard,
So I lay my claim to the aisle on the cold chapel
floor
and the men and the women and the children
must walk over me to leave.
The men and the women and children walk
over me.
And try as they might they can't help but look
into my eyes and see
the boys who were children.
and then the men they barely got to be. I walk.
I wake the kids and I make their lunches,
(s)he gets them dressed while time quickly
crunches
and school's just a block away,
so ev'ry single day we walk with them. I walk, I
walk.
I look at myself in the bathroom mirror,
I touch up my eyes, I'm proud just to be her.
My girlfriends smile as they pass out the door
back to class.
And I walk with them.
I make my way down the aisle, down the old
chapel floor
And the very next year, and the very next year
we gathered on Christopher Street. We were
hundreds
strong and unabashed.
And we walked.

Left Behind

Music by Roger Bourland, lyrics 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.

Amo

Music by Nico Gutierrez, lyrics by Mariano Melendro Serna

Todo, todos, se han ido
Solo me acompañan mis recuerdos
Con los cuales unos ratos yo lloro
Y en ocasiones logro a sonreír
Los amo
– *Mariano Melendro Serna*

Translation:
Everything, everyone, has left
I am accompanied only by my memories
With which sometimes I cry
And on occasion I manage to smile
I love them

Teenagers Kick Our Butts

Music and lyrics by Dar Williams, arr. by Jane Ramseyer Miller

When I grew up, well it felt great,
I watched how others took their fate.
Some felt afraid and undefended,
so they got mean.
And they pretended what they knew
made them belong more than you.
I'm sure you know there's lots to learn,
but that's not your fault, that's just your turn.
Yeah, yeah.
Teenagers kick our butts,
tell us what the future will bring.
Teenagers look at us
We have not solved everything.
We drink and smoke to numb our pain.
We read junk novels on the plane.
We use authority for show
So we can be a little smarter
We still can grow and many do,
it's when we stop we can't reach you.
We feel the loss,
you feel the blame.
We're scared to lose
don't be the same.
Whoa, whoa!

Teenagers kick our butts
tell us what the future will bring.
Teenagers look at us
We have not solved everything.
And when the media try to act your age,
don't be seduced, they're full of rage.
Find your voice, do what it takes.
Make sure you make lots of mistakes.
And find the future that redeems.
Give us hell! Give us dreams. And grow!
And someday when some teenagers come to
kick your butts
well then, like I do try to love (i-ov).
Oh, I love (i-ov) Kick our butts.

Teenagers kick our butts
tell us what the future will bring.
Teenagers look at us
We have not solved everything.
I love (i-ov) kick our butts!

Generation – Lyrics – SET TWO

Naked in the Leaves

Music by Robert Seeley, lyrics by Robert Espindola

My hair is gray now..
Well, my hair is gone.
I'm not as pretty.
Is anyone?
My face is wrinkled ravaged by time.
You only mirror what I see in mine.
My hands have grown weaker,
my memory is poor.
What are you saying?
I'm not quite sure.
I guess what I'm saying,
what I need to know...
Was it worth growing old with me,
now that I'm old?
Do you remember the place
where our love first began?
The two of us, young at heart,
building castles in the sand.
Like flowers, newly blossomed,
dancing wildly in the breeze.
We laughed just like children
playing hide and seek between the trees.
Do you remember making love where anyone could see?
Impassioned lovers, unafraid, lying naked in the leaves.
Where have all the seasons gone?
Summer sunsets.
Autumn's dawn.
Time so quickly slipped away...
Our tomorrows melting into yesterdays.
What are you saying?
I'm not quite sure.
That I am so grateful you've been the one
that I could lay my love upon.
So, if you're wond'ring and need to know...
it was worth growing old with you,
now that we're old.

Love, Death, What Else?!

Music and Lyrics by Nathan Hall

Premier performance Commissioned by One Voice Mixed Chorus, as part of the McKnight Visiting Composer Fellowship. *Dedicated to the residents of Spirit on Lake and our Twin Cities Elders*

1 It Started with Spirit / Barbara Satin

It started with spirit
Spirit of the lakes
[Church in a Barrel --what we dubbed ourselves.](#)
We didn't know what we were doing
To build a home for us all
What are you looking for as you age?
you want your independence.
Not isolated hidden away

If you are queer can you express it? Or trans?
Whether they're muslim or queer, we gather
here
My wife and I are back together, now for 63
years -
we're working toward the end of our lives
together.

2: Russ

I never thought I'd see this century.
it looked like I had reached the end.
'82 I was infected, I was in a dying mode for
years
But then they did some tests, found out where
we were at. And I survived all that.

I'm 69, what a gay day, 69 and I'm doing well
What is life without some fun?
This was my dream.

We had the bubble. The rent went up. We had
the riots. But the dawn is brightening.
[You'd have to get a crowbar to get me out of
here.](#)

I'm 69, what a gay day, 69 and I'm doing fine

[I celebrate my neighbors and they celebrate
me.](#)

It's always: Hello and It's good to see you
I hope you're doing fine
Oh my gosh it's cold out there, be careful
That's what we do here.
I'm 69, what a gay day, 69 and I'm—

I'm walking down the stairway of energy.
every year, another step
Your friends could be dying off left alone
A constant loss.
Death doesn't frighten me.
I saw horrendous death
Death that should never be seen
So death doesn't frighten me.
when I'm ready I'll go any way I dang well want.
I'm 69, what a gay day, 69 and I'm doing well.

3 Lester

I've lived here 5 years
We used to catch sunfish in Buffalo
walleye's the best. You gotta try it.
With spaghetti.
Now things are all boarded up.
I've eaten over there--they busted the window last week.
Always something happening on the street.

4 Morgan and Christopher

M: I work in the library
C: I volunteer
M: We knew each other 20 years ago, but we didn't connect
 Spoken: he was just too crazy. And we thought he was straight.
M: One day he messaged me and said, wanna get a drink?
Chorus: His profile has one picture, it's kind of him but blurry - girl, were you catfished?
C: I was blown away, swept off my feet, punch-drunk.

M: I always wanted to have kids and felt bad when I transitioned
 That I couldn't provide that for my partner.
C: But I have a daughter.
M: Here, it's instant family.
C: It's more about the person for me. I've always been open like that.
I walk into the leather bar. I'm a young twink getting my beer.
I look at this guy wearing nothing but a cockring and boots.
this is freakin' awesome, I'm freakin' home.
Spoken: I live my life like there's an asshole in every crowd.

We've been wanting to get out. To move to the country.
Spoken: I googled 'how to get hookers off your lawn' but it doesn't bring up anything.

6 Gracie

Why don't I move? Crime is everywhere.
I'm afraid of bullets coming through the window.
This scar is from fighting a man with a gun;
He hit me before he ran away.
My son was murdered, murdered. I've gotten used to it.
I don't want to waste my last months starting over.
I don't have much time left.
I was just in Denver, first week of September,
it was lovely weather.

7 Craig

I live at Spirit on Lake. I didn't know I could leave, so I stayed.
I met a lady in the hospital, when I had COVID,
That's what I have too—and I'm terrified.
Would you like me to pray with you?
Would you? I held her hand.

Now she and I go out for coffee
"When you gonna take me to a gay bar?"
Spoken: she's eighty seven!

Since my divorce I've had two relationships,
One that ended on the eve of his wedding – to a woman.
There's really no relationship now
I'm at that point—those little blue pills
I might need a bottle of them!

I'm sorry I talk so much
The only person I talk to is my plant
You know the one you cut the sprigs off
And it re-grows

8 Judith

I have a view of the city.
I'm probably the oldest here.
My best friend died in April,
I'm still dealing with the grief of that.
I lost my job and my best friend, now I need help.
Swallow the pride. Get help.
Spoken: My greatest fear in rehab—
they were gonna find out I was a lesbian and throw me out.
When I finally came out, they were like, "so?"
I was addicted to pills--but I got sober.

There's a cat, a yellow tabby she's been the best medicine.
Cats are great teachers, if all else fails eat or take a nap.

It's an okay world. It's not what I want it to be,
I'm trying to live in the moment, it is what it is.
I'm so glad you came - I needed you to be here
and to be just us.

9 Local Elders

Go ahead - you want to know about death. Love, death, what else?
With my niece I should be imparting wisdom her way
then I see her— and we just have fun.

There's younger people who don't have the regular pronouns.
I can't seem to remember just how important that is.
But what do I know about English?
I don't think my daughter is really *happy*
to say that her mom is gay but I don't care.
I'm still not used to calling her my wife.

Some people think that Covid is worst thing they've known
And some are the folks who ignored all of AIDS.
How can you turn a blind eye to a huge population that's...?
But things aren't always as they seem,
sometimes they surprise you in the end.
It's been said before, but It gets better
It really does.

Spoken: I've got both my hearing aids in - speak up!

#9: Words of Wisdom

Have a mission. Be involved.
How would you like to be treated? Be that person.
Spoken: Do I have aches and pains? Sure, but I don't dwell on it.
Spoken: The regrets I had, I believe they made me stronger.
Spoken: Don't think you know everything.
Spoken: Read up on what life was like "way back when".
Spoken: Have compassion for yourself and get out of your own way.

Have people in your life, people of all ages,
you're gonna want folks on Earth who are here with you.

Nobody should die alone – nobody...
We want to be seen, we want to be heard.
Be witness to me here on earth.

Hold my hand and sing – call me, call me
I don't want you to be alone, call me.
I'll come and sit with you. Call me.

When Thunder Comes

Music by Mari Esabel Valverde

Lyrics by J. Patrick Louis

Commissioned by One Voice Mixed Chorus and premiered in 2016

The poor and dispossessed take up the drums for civil rights
Freedoms to think and speak, petition, pray and vote.
When thunder comes, the civil righteous are finished being meek.

Why Sylvia Mendez bet against long odds,
How Harvey Milk turned hatred on its head,
Why Helen Zia railed against tin gods,
How Freedom Summer's soldiers faced the dread
Are tales of thunder that I hope to tell.
From my thin bag of verse for you to hear
In miniature, like ringing a small bell

And know a million bells can drown out fear.
A million bells can drown out fear

For history was mute witness when such crimes
Discolored and discredited our times.
Take up the drums – think and speak
When thunder comes, the civil righteous are finished being meek.

Mrs. Galo (Xhosa Folk Song)

This praise song describes a leader's lineage, worthy deeds, and victories in battle. It was performed at Siyabulela Primary School outside of Cape Town in honor of their beloved principal, Mrs. Galo.

Transalation:

Mrs. Galo

ulufezil' udumo lwakho	You have earned your praise
Sithi halala	We say, "hooray

Mrs. Galo

Barbara Satin

Andrea Jenkins

Jane Ramseier Miller

Paul Petrella