



## SET ONE

### **One Foot/Lead With Love**

Justice Choir Songbook

Music and lyrics by Melanie DeMore

*Refrain* (after each verse)

You gotta put one foot in front of the other and lead with love

Put one foot in front of the other and lead with love

1. Don't give up hope (Don't give up hope)  
You're not alone (You're not alone)  
Don't you give up (Don't you give up)  
Keep movin' on (Keep movin' on)
2. Lift up your eyes (Lift up your eyes)  
Don't you despair (Don't you despair)  
Look up ahead (Look up ahead)  
The path is there (The path is there)
3. I know you're scared (I know you're scared)  
And I'm scared, too (and I'm scared, too)  
But here I am (but here I am)  
Right next to you (right next to you)

### **Liberty and Justice For All**

Justice Choir Songbook

Music and lyrics by Brandon Williams

We are frightened (we are frightened)

We are angry (we are angry)

We are rising (we are rising)

We are hopeful (we are hopeful)

We are peaceful (we are peaceful)

We are striving (we are striving)

Won't stop fighting (won't stop fighting)

Won't stop marching (won't stop marching)

Won't stop dreaming (won't stop dreaming)

Won't stop loving (won't stop loving)

and proclaiming (and proclaiming)

and believing (and believing)

*Refrain*

Our voices are united louder than hate,  
We have gathered here,  
We've had all we can take.  
The time has come, you will hear our call  
We're fighting for liberty and justice for all.

### **I've Been In De Storm So Long**

African-American Spiritual, Arranged by Tesfa Wondemagegnehu

Give me little time to pray  
I've been in the storm so long,  
I've been in the storm so long children  
I've been in the storm so long,  
Please give me little time to pray

[CHORUS]

I've been in the storm so long,  
I've been in the storm so long children  
I've been in the storm so long,  
Please give me little time to pray

Please, let me tell my mother how I come along  
Please give me little time to pray  
With a hung down head an' a aching heart  
Please give me little time to pray

[CHORUS]

Oh, when I get to heaven, I'll walk all about  
Please give me little time to pray  
They'll be nobody there to turn me out  
Please give me little time to pray

I've been in the storm so long,  
I've been in the storm so long children  
I've been in the storm so long,  
Please give me little time to pray

Please give me little time (4x)  
To pray

### **Steal Away**

Traditional Spiritual, Arranged by Brazeal Dennard

Steal away, steal away, steal away to Jesus  
Steal away, steal away home  
I ain't got long to stay here

My Lord, He calls me  
He calls me by the thunder  
The trumpet sounds within-a my soul

I ain't got long to stay here

Green trees a bending,  
Poor sinner stands a-tremblin'  
The trumpet sounds within-a my soul  
I ain't got long to stay here

My Lord, He calls me  
He calls me by the lightnin'  
The trumpet sounds within-a my soul  
I ain't got long to stay here  
Steal away, steal away, steal away to Jesus  
Steal away, steal away home  
I ain't got long to stay here  
Steal away, steal away,  
Steal away home

### **His Light Still Shines**

Original Music and lyrics by Moses Hogan

His light still shines all around us  
Yes it's true, it's true he walked beside us  
His light still shines all around us  
Dream to guide us

[NARRATOR]

Armed with faith in God, and a belief in the moral power of righteousness, Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. lit a candle whose flame grew, little by little, demonstration by demonstration, and march by march, into an illuminating fire of Olympian proportions. His fire was a fire by which America came to see both the sins of its racial past and the promise of a future big enough to encompass the dreams and gifts of all. Dr. King would have been the first to acknowledge that he was only holding up a torch lit long before, a fire faith passed on in the words of spirituals that were first sung in the time of enslavement. His ringing oratorical eloquence frequently employed phrases and images from songs that had buoyed and bolstered the spirits of those who came before him. The spirituals had a home in his heart, so it is no accident that Dr. King made his vow unto the Lord and never turned back.

[Song]

Done made my vow unto the lord  
Done made my vow unto the lord  
Done made my vow to the lord  
And I never will turn back  
I will go, I shall go  
To see what the end will be (repeat 1x)

When I was a moaner just like you  
To see what the end will be  
I moaned and I moaned 'til a I came through  
To see what the end will be  
When ev'ry star refused to shine  
To see what the end will be  
I know King Jesus will be mine

To see what the end will be

Done made my vow to the lord  
And I never will turn back  
I will go, I shall go  
To see what the end will be

[NARRATOR]

Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. appeared on the world's stage at an hour when the darkness was deep. A people who nearly a century earlier had been freed from the shackles of slavery found themselves still bound by a myriad of unjust laws and entrenched social customs. When the most affluent society on earth sat down at the table of plenty, the sons and daughters of Africa assisted with preparing the feast and with cleaning up afterward, but they were denied seats at the banquet table. The darkness of despair rolled in like a thick fog, obscuring the path to freedom, justice, and equality of opportunity. In this climate of near-hopelessness, when the incendiary mixture of fear and frustration needed only the slightest spark to ignite it into violence, a new light appeared. A young Baptist minister who had studied the nonviolent philosophy of Mohandas Gandhi and taken it to heart saw in nonviolent resistance the tool needed to move a nation out of the perplexing maze of racial injustice and onto the simple pathway of peace.

[Song]

Nobody knows the trouble I've seen,  
Nobody knows but Jesus  
Nobody knows the trouble I've seen,  
Glory, Hal-le-lu-jah

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 but Jesus  
Nobody knows the trouble I've seen,  
Glory, Hal-le-lu-jah

[NARRATOR]

Much has changed in the decades since Dr. King's death, although it seems at times that too much has stayed the same. It has been said that as long as he is seen chiefly as a hero for African-Americans, the breadth and magnitude of his contribution will have been missed, for he came to set us all free from the suffocating effects of bigotry and intolerance. America would have little basis for exerting moral leadership in the world if it had not come so far toward the eradication of its own brand of apartheid at home. Still many battles are yet unknown in the war Dr. King died fighting. Wherever the struggle for justice, equality, and dignity continues to be waged without recourse to bullets and bombs, his light still shines. And those today who take up the challenge of overcoming hatred with love are responding, as Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. did, to the clarion call of the old spiritual that said, "Hold out your light, you Heav'n bound soldiers, Hold out your light and let your light shine around the world."

[Song]

Hold out your light you Heav'n bound soldier (3x)  
Let your light shine around the world  
Hear the children sing-in'  
Hold out your light you Heav'n bound soldier (3x)

O, preacher can't you hold out your light  
O, deacon can't you hold out your light  
O, leader can't you hold out your light  
Let your light shine around the world (repeat 1x)

Hold out your light you Heav'n bound soldier  
Hold out your light you Heav'n bound soldier  
Hold out your light you Heav'n bound soldier  
Let your light shine around the world

His light still shines all around us  
Yes it's true, it's true he walked beside us  
His light still shines all around us  
Dream to guide us

[NARRATOR]

“With this faith we shall be able to transform the jangling discords of our nation into a beautiful symphony of brotherhood...from every mountainside, LET FREEDOM RING, LET FREEDOM RING, LET FREEDOM RING!”

His light still shines!

## **I Ain't Afraid**

Music & lyrics by Holly Near, arr. by Steve Milloy

I ain't afraid (x3)

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 find a higher story, Free up from the gods of war and glory  
Watch out for the 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, Dont let the letter of the law  
Obsure the spirit of your love – it's killing us

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

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  
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  
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

### **Hold On (Eyes On The Prize)**

African-American Spiritual

1. Oh, the one thing we did right  
was the day we started to fight  
Keep your eyes on the prize, Hold on!  
Hold on! Hold on! Keep your eyes on the prize, Hold on!
2. Got on our hands on the freedom plough  
Wouldn't take nothin' for our journey now,  
Keep your eyes on the prize, Hold on!  
Hold on! Hold on! Keep your eyes on the prize, Hold on!

### **Fences**

Music by Andre' J. Thomas, Lyrics by Niel Lorenz

The day the universe was born,  
Mountains rose and stars were torn  
From the woven cloth of time,  
And there were no fences.  
Boundaries were not in the plan  
For sky and ocean, earth and man,  
Freedom's only ours to share  
When there are no fences.

In photographs from far in space,  
Earth and oceans have their place,  
A graceful blanket, blue and green,  
And there are no fences.

But man forgot somewhere in time,  
The earth's not yours, or theirs, or mine,  
And for children yet to be,  
There must be no fences.

Borders, Boundries, Walls and Wire,  
Burn a soul, Burn a soul, Burn a soul  
With freedoms fire hope is born  
When we decide there shall be no fences.

Today's the day we can decide  
To mend the fabric we divide,  
A seamless cloth of you and me,  
Without any fences fences, fences

Borders, Boundries, Walls and Wire

Burn a soul with freedom's fire,  
Hope is born when we decide  
There shall be no fences!

### **Ain't Gonna Let Nobody**

African-American Spiritual, Arranged by J. David Moore

1. Ain't gon na let no body turn me 'round,  
turn me 'round, turn me 'round,  
Ain't gon na let no body turn me 'round,  
I'm gonna keep on a walk in', keep on a talk in'  
marching up to free-dom land.
2. Ain't gonna let segregation turn me 'round...
3. Ain't gonna let racism turn me 'round...
4. Ain't gonna let no hatred turn me 'round...
5. Ain't gonna let nobody turn me 'round...

### **Still I Rise**

Music and lyrics by Rosephanye Powell

Though I have been wounded, aching heart full of pain  
Still I rise, yes still I rise  
Jus' like a budding rose, my bloom is nourished by rain  
Still I rise, yes still I rise  
Haven't time to wonder why, though fear-ful I strive  
Still I rise, yes still I rise  
My pray'r and faith uphold 'til my courage arrives  
Still I rise, yes still I rise

Still I rise as an eagle, Soaring above ev'ry fear  
With each day I succeed I grow strong an' believe  
That it's all within my reach, I'm reaching for the skies,  
Bolstered by courage  
Yes, still I rise

Yes, it's all within my reach, I'm reaching for the skies  
Yes, still I rise – still I rise  
Gentle as a woman, tender sweet are my sighs,  
Still I rise – yes still I rise  
Strength is in my tears and healing rains in my cries  
Still I rise – yes still I rise  
Plunging the depths of anguish, determine to strive  
Still I rise – yes still I rise  
My pray'r and faith uphold 'til my courage arrives  
Still I rise, yes still I rise

Though you see me slump with heartache,  
Heart so heavy that it breaks

Be not deceived I fly on birds' wings  
Rising sun, it's healing rays  
Look at me, you see a woman  
Gentle as a butterfly  
But don't you think, not for one moment  
That I'm not strong because I cry  
Yes, still I rise as an eagle,  
Soaring above ev'ry fear  
With each day I succeed  
I grow strong an' believe  
That it's all within my reach  
I'm reaching for the skies,  
Bolstered by courage  
Yes, still I rise

Yes, it's all within my reach, I'm reaching for the skies  
Higher and higher, yes still I rise  
Yes, it's all within my reach, I'm reaching for the skies  
Yes, still I rise – still I rise, still I rise – still I rise  
Still I rise– still I rise – still I rise – still I rise

By pray'r and faith, still I rise (repeat 7x)

Yes, it's all within my reach, I'm reaching for the skies  
Bolstered by courage - yes, still I rise  
Yes, it's all within my reach, I'm reaching for the skies  
Higher and higher, yes still I rise  
Yes, it's all within my reach, I'm reaching for the skies  
Yes, still I rise!

## **Yonder Come Day**

Traditional George Sea Islands music & text, Arranged by Paul John Rudoi

Oh day, Yonder come day – Oh day, Yonder come day – Oh day, Yonder come day  
Day done broke inna my soul, Yonder come day

Good mornin' day, Yonder come day – Mornin' day, Yonder come day – Mornin' day, Yonder come day  
Day done broke inna my soul, Yonder come day

Brand new day, Yonder come day – Brand new day, Yonder come day  
Day done broke inna my soul, Yonder come day

Oh come on child,  
Hush, hush, somebody's callin' my name – Hush, somebody's callin' my name  
Hush, hush, somebody's callin' my name – Oh my Lord, oh my Lord what shall I do?  
What shall I do?

Yonder come day  
Oh day, Yonder come day – Oh day, Yonder come day  
Day done broke inna my soul, Yonder come day

I was on my knees, Yonder come day – On my knees, Yonder come day  
Day done broke inna my soul, Yonder come day



When I heard him say, Yonder come day – Heard him say, Yonder come day  
Day done broke inna my soul, Yonder come day

Oh come on child,  
Steal away, steal away, steal away to Jesus  
Steal away, steal away, I ain't got long to stay here  
Steal away, steal away, steal away to Jesus (Repeat 1x)  
Steal away, steal away, I ain't got long to stay here

Oh day, Yonder come day – Oh day, Yonder come day – Oh day, Yonder come day  
Day done broke inna my soul, Yonder come day  
Good mornin' day, Yonder come day – Mornin' day, Yonder come day – Mornin' day, Yonder come day  
Day done broke inna my soul, Yonder come day

Brand new day, Yonder come day – Brand new day, Yonder come day – Day done broke inna my soul,  
Yonder come day  
Oh come on child, yonder come day – Come on child, yonder come day  
Come on child, yonder come day  
Day done broke inna my soul, Yonder come day

## SET TWO

### **Change The World**

Music and lyrics by Terry Esau

If I wanted to change the world  
I would start by loving you.  
And if loving was all we knew  
Oh, babe, we could change the world.

If I wanted to change the world  
I would start by loving you.  
And if loving was all we knew  
Oh, babe, we could change the world. (repeat 1x)

We need to change – we need to change  
We need to change – we need to change  
We need to change the... (repeat 4x)

If I wanted to change the world  
I would start by loving you.  
And if loving was all we knew  
Oh, babe, we could change the world. (repeat 2x)

We need to change – we need to change  
We need to change – we need to change  
We need to change the...

Gotta start by lovin' you (repeat 8x)

**QUIET NO MORE: A Choral celebration of Stonewall**

Midwest Premiere performance co-commissioned by One Voice Mixed Chorus, commemorating the 50<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the Stonewall uprising in NYC.

## 1. Prologue: It Was the Day

Music and lyrics by Michael Shaieb

Stonewall? What do you know about it? Well...It was the day...

Where are you going? Where are you going?

Where have you been? Where have you been?

Who will you be? What will you do?

Ooo – Ooo Ooo – Ooo

Where have you been? Where have you been?

Who will you be? What will you do?

## 2. The Only Place That You Can Dance

Music and lyrics by Michael Shaieb

The age of the patrons at the Stonewall Inn ranged from upper teens to early thirties and the racial mix was evenly distributed among white, black, and Hispanic patrons. Stonewall was one of just two bars where "queens" could expect to get in. Police raids on gay bars were frequent—occurring on average once a month for each bar. Alternatives were limited so if you wanted any sort of social life, the bars were it. Raids were part of the risk, and part of the routine.

Shower. Cologne. Call a friend on the phone.

Meet me at ten forty five. Be ready to dance!

Tie-dye. Black shirts. Butch pants. Short skirts. It all works.

Anything to feel you're alive.

If you're scared of being recognized improvise a small disguise.

Tank top. Ball cap. Black Shades. Gettin' ready for Downtown!

Got-ta get down. Gonna get down to Downtown.

To the only place that you can dance!

Short shorts. Tight pants. High heels. Romance. Take a chance

At the only place that you can dance!

I'm gonna jump right in to the middle of the floor at the only place that you can dance.

I'm gonna fit right in like I never did before. Making new friends, baby, while I'm looking for romance.

The lights are low. The beat is fast. I'm gonna drink my drink and get right back

So I can lose myself in my fav'rite track. So dance and steal the spark.

There is a freedom in the dark. (7x)

There is a freedom. Ev'rything is gonna be al...

Lights up! Hide the cash! Ev'rybody throw your stash in the trash!

It's just another night. Just another night. Just another night at the only place that you can dance.

(SPOKEN)

NYPD. Everybody line up, get your IDs out, keep them in your hand until I say so, and keep your mouths shut.

They come in with their badges, billy clubs, attitudes, struttin' in their tight blue... pants.

(SPOKEN)

You, you, and you – leave the premises immediately.

You two "ladies" head over to that officer back there. MOVE!

If you're clean looking, trouble-free, not a candy-ass, they'll prob'ly let you go. I don't know.  
But if your clothes don't jive with what 'cha got inside, they'll take you to the john, turn the lights on.

(SPOKEN)

Turn around, put your hands against the wall and spread your legs.

They're reaching up above the knees, they give your junk a squeeze, actin' like you got a disease!  
You'll prob'ly end up in jail. They'll humiliate the hell out-ta you.

Ev'rybody's watchin'. They load you into a van... Ev'rybody's just takin' it from "the Man!"  
Don't put up a a fight. It's just another night. Ev'rybody GO HOME!

### 3. Glorious Beauties

Music and lyrics by Our Lady J

The Cooper Do-Nuts Riot of 1959: Queens fighting back. The Dewey's Lunch Counter Sit-In of 1965: Queens fighting back. The Compton's Cafeteria Riot of 1966: Queens. Fighting. Back. Stonewall Inn Riots, 1969 the pattern is clear ... in the 60s homophile organizations were marching for the right to a normal existence, but the Queens? They had to fight just for the right to exist at all.

(SPOKEN)

According to New York Penal Law section two-forty thirty-five, a person is guilty of loitering when he: being masked or in any manner disguised by unusual or unnatural attire or facial alteration, loiters, remains or congregates in a public place with other persons so masked or disguised, or knowingly permits or aids persons so masked or disguised to congregate in a public place; except that such conduct is not unlawful when it occurs in connection with a masquerade party or like entertainment if, when such entertainment is held in a city which has promulgated regulations in connection with such affairs, permission is first obtained from the police or other appropriate authorities.

In other words, Betty Blue does not like my summer ensemble. [\* sung to tune of *Howdy Doody Show* theme song]

\* We are the village girls

(Spoken) Runaways Hustlers Street trash Gutter rats Scare queens Flame queens  
Swish queens Commando queens Miss Things Sisters

\* We wear our hair in curls

(Spoken) Our lips in pink Our cheeks in blush Our shoes from the house of Five and Dime  
Our dress from the window of the Hotel Albert

\* We wear our dungarees, Above our scabby knees

(Spoken) We live here – we live there – we live anywhere to hide from the world until morning  
A bench, a doorway, a sofa, a floor, a hotel bed, paid for by whatever we can take, paid for  
by whomever we can take

We are... Fab-u-lous We are... Ambiguous We are... Scarred We are... Scared

We are... Dressed up, decked out, low down, wound up, worn out  
All in, shut down, turned out, made up, put out, face down, shut up

We are... tuned in – We are... taken in – We are... Tossed out Through a door that was never open

Our home is... where the heart is free – Our home is... Where the soul can move  
Our home is... Where the body can dance

We are... unsafe – We are... Unsound – We are... Untethered – We are... Unbothered  
These are... Our streets This is... Our city This is... Our home We are the village girls  
Hey Lily Law, if you show me your night stick, I'll show you mine.

### **(Music starts)**

Taken back, moving forward, nothing to lose.  
Some say we're freaks, we're monsters, we say we're nothing new.  
Queens, butches and effeminates: sure, we hold these truths to be self-evident.  
Taken back, moving forward, you'll see what we can do.

No, we won't back down! Glorious beauty, exalt us on high.  
We bring our voices to the battle front cry.  
Glorious beauty, exalt us on high. We laid our bodies down, don't let us slip by.  
Hospitals, institutions, jails we have gone. Picking back up the pieces, never the broken ones.  
Who hasn't gone to paradise without making some sort of sacrifices? Self, laid down. Soul, reclaimed.  
The choice wasn't ever ours.

No, we won't back down! Glorious beauty, exalt us on high. We bring our voices to the battle front cry.  
Glorious beauty, don't let us slip by. We give our bodies. We give our voices.  
We give our spirits, don't let us slip by.

[Spoken – Voice of the Mattachine Society]

We must show the public that gays and lesbians are productive members of society.  
When we fight for employment rights, we must look employable. Men should wear slacks and white shirts with ties. Women should wear skirts and dresses. Protests should be courteous and peaceful. If someone tries to initiate a fight, do not fight back.

## **4. Gotta Get Down to Downtown**

Music and lyrics by Michael Shaieb

Michael Fader: *It was ... the last straw. It was time to reclaim something that had always been taken from us... All kinds of people, all different reasons, but mostly it was total outrage, anger, sorrow, everything combined, and everything just kind of ran its course.*

Where are you going? Where are you going? Where are you going tonight?  
Don't tell a soul No one must know. Steal away into the dark of the night.  
What are you thinking? What are you dreaming? What are you feeling tonight?  
Is it exhilaration Anticipation Excitement Passion Joy Delight  
Or maybe Hesitation Trepidation Embarrassment Uncertainty Doubt or Fright  
There's an urgency to get there, an urgency to get there. A want. A need. Desire.  
Nothin's gonna stop you. Nothing's gonna stop you. Nothin's gonna stop you 'cause you

Gotta get down. Gonna get down to Downtown. To the only place that you can dance.  
Gotta get down. Gonna get down to Downtown. To the only place that you can dance.  
I feel alive! I'm gonna jump right in to the middle of the floor at the only place that you can dance.  
I'm gonna fit right in like I never did before, making new friends baby, while I'm looking for romance.

The lights are low, the beat is fast. I'm gonna drink my drink and get right back.  
So I can lose myself in my fav'rite track. So dance and steal the spark.  
There is a freedom in the dark. Ev'rything is gonna be al...

Lights up! Hide the cash! Ev'rybody throw your stash in the trash!  
It's just another night, just another night, I don't know why, but somethin' doesn't feel right.  
On a hot steamy night, and a full moon, with a very crowded bar, when the cops started busting in.  
With their badges, billy clubs, attitudes... breakin' shit up and makin' shit up about us.  
Why don't you leave us alone? Just go, just go. (4x)

One by one, we're forced outside. Except for the ones who were "unclassified".  
They're the girls dressed like boys dressed like girls, and the ones dressed like ev'rything under the sun!  
But no one went home, they gathered on the street.  
When the cops forced a woman into the back seat!

[Spoken] Why don't you do something?!!

Ev'ryone watched, but somehow it clicked - When somebody fought back and threw a brick!  
The crowd went wild! They pushed the police back into the bar! It was a full on riot!  
But the riot squad wasn't far!

(riotous language, repeating all together)

But we're fighting back! Getting hurt! Throwing things! We're not going anywhere  
Glorious beauty, exalted on high. We bring our voices to the battle front cry.

Soaring, Floating, Watching, Slowing... Soaring, Floating, Watching, Slowing...  
How strange. So quiet. Looking down at myself. The air. The silence. The calm.  
I am watching the violence. The storm of defiance. Could this be me?

Hands off me, man! Get your hands off me, man!  
Get your goddamn hands off me you ain't got no right!  
I won't keep my mouth shut this time! I'm not gonna line up, I'm ready to fight!  
You pushed me too far! You're the one who's committing the crime!

Throw down the gauntlet! Stand up and fight! We won't be pushed around!  
Link up your arms! Make a chain that is tight! I dare you to try it!  
You think you can knock us down!

Gotta get down to downtown. Gotta get down to downtown. Gotta get down.

What are you thinking? (Day one!)	What are you dreaming? (Day two!)
What are you feeling? (Day three!)	Where are you going? (Day four!)
We're not going anywhere! (Day five!!)	We're not going anywhere! (DAY SIX!!)
We're not going any, we're not going any, we're not going anywhere!!!	

## 5. And We Walked

Music and lyrics by Julian Hornik

During the year after Stonewall, organizations like the Gay Liberation Front, the Gay Activists Alliance and the Christopher Street Liberation Day Umbrella Committee rose from the ashes. During the 1970s this mobilization turned into political clout. Then came the 1980s when the AIDS crisis nearly broke us, but we had learned – ACT-UP held die-ins and even invaded St. Patrick's Cathedral. So much visibility that it all seems nearly normal now – families with same sex parents, trans\* kids in schools, gay marriage...we keep walking and marching forward.

And the very next day, I picked up the Times, Flipped to page thirty-three.  
And I walked and I walked and I walked and I walked 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 wakeup 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 a while, while the rest take their places  
And I think of the faces that I never see anymore.  
I think of the faces that 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 children must walk over me to leave.  
The men and the women and children all walk over me.  
And try as they might they can't help but look in my eyes and see  
The boys who were children and then, The men they barely got to be.

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 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 we gathered on Christopher Street  
We were hundreds strong and unabashed And we walked.

## 6. We Are A Celebration

Music by Michael McElroy

Lyrics by Jason Cannon & Michael McElroy

Frank Kameny: *At the time of the Stonewall uprising there were 50 to 60 LGBT groups in the country. One year later there were at least 1,500. Two years after that, to the extent that a count could be made, it was 2,500.* Today, Pride events occur throughout the year and around the world. Parades range in size from 100+ participants in tiny Sligo, Ireland to over 3.5 million participants in São Paulo, Brazil.

Take a look around and make note of what you see.  
The simple acts of living with visibility.  
So many things are possible, since that summer night.  
The lives we lived in darkness have come into the light.  
So let's sing to honor people, and their actions large and small.

For when one of us steps forward, it benefits us all.

We are a celebration each and ev'ryday, when we live our lives in truth, then our love can find its way.  
We found a new foundation no one can take away.  
And we build our lives upon it step by step and day by day. Someday can be today!

Celebrate the writers who make our stories known  
Celebrate the forward thinkers with a vision all their own.  
Celebrate the couples holding hands out on the street.  
Celebrate the ones still searching and the ones who feel complete.  
And celebrate our elders, they've seen more than us by far.  
Celebrate the kids whose parents let them be just who they are.  
We are a celebration each and ev'ryday,

When we live our lives in truth, then our love can find its way.  
Yes we found a new foundation no one can take away.  
And we build our lives upon it step by step and day by day.  
Someday can be today!

Celebrate the outrageous, who always make us smile.  
Celebrate the terrible dancers and the out but out of style!  
Celebrate the shouters, The won't-back-downers  
Those whose voices fill the air, ev'rywhere.  
The friends who stand by your side.

Let's celebrate . . . The secret crush you no longer hide . . . Let's celebrate  
So be who you are! Love who you love! Go where you want!  
And celebrate the many diff'rent voices.

C'mon, clap your hands! We're a celebration. (2x)  
C'mon, stamp your feet! We're a celebration.  
C'mon, lift your voice! We're a celebration.  
Join in our celebration.

C'mon, clap your hands! C'mon, stamp your feet!  
C'mon, lift your voice! We're a celebration.

On a hot summer night our lives took flight.  
Now the future's ours to create.  
So we'll take this moment now to celebrate.  
C'mon, c'mon, c'mon, let's celebrate!

## 7. What If Truth Is All We Have

Music and lyrics by Ann Hampton Callaway

*Barbara Gittings: If you don't make those changes in people's hearts and minds, where it really counts, you're going to have to go to the courts each time you want it. And then go back to the courts and go back to the courts, because they will not grant you these rights in their hearts.*

Now I lay me down to sleeplessness. A parade of questions fills my mind  
As no answers come on how to leave the hate behind.

Headlines flatline my faith in mankind. What world are we in?

Two steps forward, two steps back, please tell me, where do we begin?

Why is this nation that I cherish, "My country, 'tis of thee"  
A not sweet but bitter land besieged by bigotry?  
How many more marches to march, phone calls to make,  
Hearts and minds to wake?

When the road's this rough and enough is enough,  
How can we unhate the hate?  
How can we cope, when it's not enough to hope?

What if truth is all we have? What if truth is all we can hold on to?  
What if truth is all we have? As we fight for rights some try to undo.  
What if truth is all we have? If we stand in our light can we get through?  
What if truth is all we have? In this sea of lies, can we stay true?

And is equality a destination? Or is it small wins day by day?  
Have we been searching for somewheres over the rainbows,  
When it's ev'ry step of the way?

What if truth is all we have? What if truth is all we can hold on to?  
What if truth is all we have? As we fight for rights some try to undo.  
What if truth is all we have? If we stand in our light can we get through?  
What if truth is all we have? In this sea of lies, can our dreams come true?

What if truth is all we have? If we stand in our light can we get through?  
We gotta hold on, hold on, hold on, hold on!  
What if truth is all we have? What if truth is all we can hold on to?

## 8. Speak Out!

Music and lyrics by Jane Ramseyer Miller

*Delores Huerta: Every moment is an organizing opportunity, every person a potential activist, every minute a chance to change the world.*

(Spoken)

On the first night of the Stonewall uprising, the tactical police force tried to disperse the crowd by forming a human wall on Christopher Street and pushing the crowd west towards 7th Avenue. Instead of dispersing, the crowd ran around through the Greenwich Village side streets and re-gathered on Christopher Street, behind the police. The police turned around and marched the newly formed crowd east, only to have the crowd circle around again and re-gather on Christopher Street, behind the police. This happened several times. This will *always* happen. We will *always* re-gather.

We will *always* find a way to be together. To speak out. To fight. To sing. To love.  
There is so much we can do. Today is *always* the day we can change the world.

We can stand, We can sing – yes Yes, we can march – we can march  
Yes, we can march, march, march – Yes, we can shout!

Never again! We're not going back. One step forward, we're not going back!  
Never again! We're not going back. Speak out and be heard!  
Speak out and be heard! Speak out and be heard!

Start at home, change what you can. Never again be silent



Start at home, change what you can. Never again alone.  
Start at home, change what you can. Never again in darkness.  
Start at home, change what you can. Speak out and be heard!

(Spoken)

*I am no longer accepting the things I cannot change. I'm changing the things I cannot accept.*  
— Angela Davis

*Every moment is an organizing opportunity, every person a potential activist, every minute a chance to change the world.* — Dolores Huerta

I don't believe you can stand for freedom for one group of people and deny it to others.  
— Coretta Scott King

*If you find yourself lost, go back to the last place where you knew who you were and start from there.*  
— Bernice Johnson Reagon

*Freedom is never really won, you earn it and win it in every generation.* — Coretta Scott King

*We need, in every community, a group of angelic troublemakers.* — Bayard Rustin

*We must build dikes of courage to hold back the flood of fear.* — Martin Luther King Jr

*If we laugh and sing a little as we fight the good fight of freedom, it makes it all go easier.*  
— Sojourner Truth

*Take care how you place your moccasins upon the Earth for the faces of future generations are looking up from the Earth waiting their turn for life.* — Wilma Mankiller

Never again! We're not going back.  
One step forward, we're not going back!  
Never again! We're not going back."  
Speak out and be heard! Speak out and be heard! Speak out and be heard!

Hold hands. Speak your truth. Know our history. Trust our youth.  
Honor elders. Share food. Demand respect. Soon and soon...  
Show kindness. Love your neighbor. Run for office. Write a letter.  
Pray. March. Sing. Vote. Speak out and be heard.

Hold hands. Speak your truth. Know our history. Trust our youth.  
Honor elders. Share food. Demand respect. Soon and soon...  
Listen more. Unplug. Kiss in public. Share a hug.  
Pray. March. Sing. Vote. Speak out and be heard.

Start at home, change what you can. Never again be silent  
Start at home, change what you can. Never again alone.  
Start at home, change what you can. Never again in darkness.  
Start at home, change what you can. Speak out and be heard!  
Speak out and be heard! Speak out and be heard!  
Speak out and be heard! Speak out and be heard!  
Speak out and be heard!