



SET ONE

Time Pieces: Clocks

by Stephen Chatman

Celebrating the time that has passed over our 30 years as a chorus!

Wanting Memories

by Ysaye Barnwell

I am sitting here wanting memories to teach me to see the beauty in the world through my own eyes.
 Yes I am sitting here wanting memories to teach me to see the beauty in the world through my own eyes

You used to rock me in the cradle of our arms, You said you'd hold me till the pains of life were gone.
 You said you'd comfort me in times like these and now I need you, and now I need you and you are gone.

I am sitting here wanting memories to teach me to see the beauty in the world through my own eyes.
 Since you've gone and left me, there's been so little beauty, But I know I saw it clearly through your eyes.

Now the world outside is such a cold and bitter place, here inside I have few things that will console,
 and when I try to hear your voice above the storms of life then I remember that I was told.

I am sitting here wanting memories to teach me to see the beauty in the world through my own eyes.
 I am sitting here wanting memories to teach me to see the beauty in the world through my own eyes.

I think on the things that made me feel so wonderful when I was young, I think on the things that made me laugh, made me dance, made me sing. I think on the things that made me grow into a being full of pride;
 think on these things, for they are truth.

I am sitting here wanting memories to teach me to see the beauty in the world through my own eyes.
 I thought that you were gone, but now I know you're with me; you are the voice that whispers all I need to hear.

I know a "please", a "thank-you" and a smile will take me far, I know that I am you and you are me and we are one, I know that who I am is numbered in each grain of sand, I know that I've been blessed again and over again.

I am sitting here wanting memories to teach me to see the beauty in the world with my own eyes.
I am sitting here wanting memories to teach me to see the beauty in the world through my own eyes.

One Voice

by Ann Reed

I have one voice, one voice to be heard, and I struggle with each and every word.
One voice, found within my heart, one heart

I have one voice, to sing, argue, explain. A voice to comfort, a voice to give to pain.
I have a heart that I must answer to. It belongs to me. Oh, one voice, one heart.

Other voices, I hear them like they came from inside of me, our voices sound the same.
Speak together, one by one we are, strong together, singing from One voice, oh one heart.
One voice, Oh one heart.

When we speak our hearts one voice can be heard, with passion and fire beyond the words.
Tear down the walls that keep us apart, by finding the voice within our hearts.
By finding the voice within our hearts. Within our hearts, within our Hearts ... Ah Ah-ah

I have a heart, a heart to know the truth, and with my heart I can reach to you.
Touch one, take the risk to touch. Touch one, take the risk
With one voice, with one heart. With one voice, with one heart.

When we speak our hearts one voice can be heard, With passion and fire beyond the words.
Tear down the walls that keep us apart. By finding the voice within ...

When we speak our hearts one voice can be heard, with passion and fire beyond the words.
Tear down the walls that keep us apart by finding the voice within our hearts

When we find the voice within. When we find the voice within our hearts.

Bright Morning Stars Are Rising

by Paul Siskind

Bright morning stars are rising. Day is a-breakin' in my soul

Oh where are our dear mothers? Day is a-breakin' in my soul
Some are here together praying . Day is a-breaking' in my soul

Oh where are our dear brothers? Oh where are our dear sisters? Day is, is a-breakin' in my soul
Some have gone to heaven shouting. Day is, day is a-breakin', breakin' in my soul!

Oh where is our future? Day is a-breakin' in my soul.
We are here together singing . Day is, is a-breakin' in my soul.

Glenda & Lauree: Certain Kinds of Love Never Die

by Gerald Gurrss [spoken text]

There are certain kinds of love that never die . . . that never die.

[Lauree knew how to tease me without my being offended. And there was something about the way she would smile that, you know, I can still see very vividly. She was the first person I really, truly loved. But I grew up in the 40's – in a small, rural community. There were certainly no role models of what it means to love someone of the same sex. So, I didn't know how to understand that. My high school sweetheart, he proposed to me and I thought, at that time, that's what a woman did – she got married. And it didn't take me long to realize that I'd made a mistake. So he and I decided to get a divorce].

During all this time Lauree and I stayed in touch. I knew that I loved her deeply.

Well, I have very strong feelings for you too, but most of all I want to have children.

She met a man who had asked her to marry him. And then she got pregnant, and she said ...

If it's a little girl, I'm going to name her after you. Glenda – Glenda

[Well, it turned out it was a little boy] And I was relieved.

[It really would have been excruciatingly painful if she had had a little girl and had named her after me. Somewhere along the way she said...]

If I outlive my husband, and you don't have a partner, perhaps we can grow old together.

And somehow that made it okay

[But then, Lauree got cancer. And she didn't live very long, And I didn't get see her again. It didn't hit me so much until I turned 60...]

And I began to really think about old age. And this was the time, that Lauree and I were gonna have.

[And it didn't happen]

There are certain kinds of love that never die, There are certain kinds of love that never die

But I don't regret at all – all the time we shared. It's where I learned that I could love,

and be loved and be loved, and be loved

That I could love, and be loved, and be loved!

I could love – and be loved!

The Turing Test

by Val Regan

One – zero one – zero one – zero zero one

Enigmatic man, formulating deconstructing,

Dangerous plans, coded signals in the air, Building the machinery,

bit by bit revealing secret messages and meanings, stolen glances do you dare

Agents of the state, prejudice and paranoia

turning into hatred of the enemy within. Chemical solution poisoning a reputation, lovers' dreams in ruins there's a policeman at the door

And the world keeps turning on those zeroes and ones The machine still telling us who's right and who's wrong National hero ... Zero

Final calculation to end a life of service to a cold ungrateful nation, leaving fifty thousand more

And the world keeps turning on those zeroes and ones, the machine still telling us who's right and who's wrong. National hero ... Zero

Flight Song

by Kim Andre Arnesen

All we are we have found in song: you have drawn this song from us. Songs of lives unfolding fly overhead, cry overhead; longing, rising from the song within.

Moving like the rise and fall of wings,

Hands that shape our calling voice

On the edge of answers you've heard our cry,

You've known our cry: Music's fierce compassion flows from you.

The night is restless with the sounds we hear

Is broken, shaken by the cries of pain:

For this is music's inner voice, saying

Yes we hear you, all you who cry aloud, and we

will fly, answering you so our lives sing, sing, sing

wild we fly, wild in spirit we will fly: Like a feather falling from the wing, fragile as a human voice

Afraid, uncertain, alive to love, we sing as love,

Afraid, uncertain, yet our flight begins,

begins as song.

Lesbian Second Date Moving Service

by David Maddux

You fell in love, the night you met. Her eyes shot sparks, you can't forget.

And though you've been in love a million times before, this time you've hit the height,
the feeling's right, and your heart says more, more, more!

Date number two: you've got it planned. Soft candlelight, you take her hand and gaze into her eyes,
those limpid pools of blue and pop the question flat that you're hoping Will make her say, "Yes, I do!"

(Refrain)

We're the company to set you free when you've found the perfect wife.

If you need us quick, we're just the trick to begin your brand new life.

You've cut through all the frills and the flap, friend! So what? It's not the first time it's happened!

Together forever you're planning to live and maybe it's hasty,

but why don't you give the Lesbian Second Date Moving Service a call?

We'll haul you, bags and all. Give the Lesbian Second Date Moving Service a call!

Though we can move, your stuff with ease, Be sure to read, the fine print please.

We don't do breakup calls or secret background checks, no wiretaps or plants,

and no we can't serve papers on your ex!

(Refrain)

We're the company to set you free when you've found the perfect wife.

If you need us quick, we're just the trick to begin your brand new life.

You've cut through all the frills and the flap, friend! So what? It's not the first time it's happened!

Together forever you're planning to live and maybe it's hasty,

but why don't you give the Lesbian Second Date Moving Service a call?

We'll haul you, bags and all. Give the Lesbian Second Date Moving Service a call!

So remember: it's never too early to pickup the phone and dial 1-800-MOVE-NOW

Give the Lesbian Second Date Moving Service a call!

This Morning's Paper

by Catherine Dalton

I opened this morning's paper. Sixty degrees and sunny.
But wait, it says a child died... three years old... shot in his own home... a stray bullet.
And the drought in Africa continues to take lives.

Everything is as it should be, everything is as it should be

If everything is as it should be, then why do I feel I'm hanging on by a thread? There is no need for self pity. How does it help to feel I've been wronged? And so I stand, on the ground, the earth that bore me, reaching my hands up to the sun.

I ask my eyes be open, to see things as they truly are
For when a heart goes on a journey, sometimes it's hard to find the way home.

Then the wild geese fly overhead, and the bubbling stream flows to the sea.
The blue sky slips through the branches of the branches of the oak.
The blue sky slips through the branches of the oak.

I lay my head against her rough skin, I lay my head against her rough skin and cry.

I opened this morning's paper. Sixty degrees and sunny.

Black Boy Born

by Steve Milloy

Black boy born, breast bone to the breeze
Black boy born, tar an' cotton beneath his feet
Black boy born, don't dare to reach to dream
Curl your spine an' turn yo' cheek – Black boy, don't ya dare to leap

Black boy born, yes, a black boy born – 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 could have held him, they tried to keep him down, they could've strung him up
Put a noose around his neck and drained his overflowing cup.

Black boy born – Black boy born wind to kick up the dust,
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 could have held him down, they tried to keep him down, they could've strung him up
Put a noose around his neck and drained him ...
They tried to keep him ... they couldn't hold him, didn't hang him
Didn't ... drained his overflowing cup -- No!

Black boy born, fruit of the overflowin' cup – Black boy born, his soul a standin' up.

The Shape of Change

by Marisa Geisler & Kate Lynn Hibbard

Darker night draws twilight on, and both are part of the same night
And the trees that deepen the green wood, their thousand needles and leaves
A forest of particular trees, particular trees
Our twinned singular bodies rounded as moons,
lie side by side, each unique–unique–unique–unique
distinct as the cup of my own two hands.
The lines of the right telling what will be__ will be

And this is the shape of change

Not a line__ not a line but a circle, apple of light, apple of light ... of light, of light that turns through time.

To fill us with hunger, for all we can love – for all we can love. All we can love – we can love.

Siksik Si Batu Manikkam (2010-06)

by Pontas Purba

Translation:

The more you look you can see that my face has blemishes
Beauty is worthless if you don't have a beautiful character

SET TWO

Lacrimosa

by Calixto Alvarez

Descriptive Translation:

Mournful that day that when from the ashes shall rise
Spare, O God, in mercy spare them.
Gentle Jesus, grant them eternal rest.

Little Potato

by Carol Barnett

You're my little potato. You're my little potato.
You're my little potato they dug you up.
You come from underground. The world is big, so big – it's very big
To you, it's new – it's new to you!

You're my little potato. You're my little potato.
You're my little potato they dug you up. You come from underground

Let's talk about root crops and lamb chops, and things to eat, like app-ples
'n cheese 'n 'na-nas 'n cream, jellies 'n butter.
It's late at night. I hope this little bottle helps you go to sleep.
They must a' grown you wild, you make a grown man a child

I'll go 'n play in the mud __ to be with you, my spud.

Potato, when you came out looking red as a beet, You had wrinkles on the bottom of your feet

Oh, now you are so sweet, potato – You're my sweet potato, you're my sweet potato.
Dug you up. You come from underground. You smile a smile, a little smile
The world is small, so small. It's very small.

You're my little potato. You're my little potato.
You're my little potato. Dug you up. You come from underground
You're my little potato. You're my little potato. You're my little potato.

The Seal Lullaby

by Eric Whitacre, poem by Rudyard Kipling

Oh! Hush thee, my baby, the night is behind us
And black are the waters that sparkled so green
The moon, o'er the combers, looks downward to find us
At rest in the hollows that rustle between

Where billow meets billow, there soft be thy pillow
Ah weary wee flipperling, curl at thy ease
The storm shall not wake thee, nor shark overtake thee
Asleep in the arms of the slow swinging seas!
Asleep in the arms of the slow swinging seas!

Stars

by Eriks Esenvalds

Alone, alone in the night on a dark hill, with pines around me spicy and still, and still,
And heaven, a heaven full of stars over my head. Oh misty red / myriads with beating
hearts of fire eons cannot vex or tire; the dome of heaven like a great hill
And myriads with beating hearts of fire, Heaven full of stars, heaven full of stars,
I know, I am honored to be witness of so much majesty.

Gay vs. Straight Composers

by Eric Lane Barnes

This is a theme written by Tchaikovsky he was a guy – they say was gay, Well, OK, he wasn't "Gay",
not gay per se. This was all long ago, in Moscow. He tried to hide his inside, and though he married,
still he tarried with some very merry men And then of course, he wrote this lovely theme.

Totally straight. Totally straight. Ludwig van Beethoven was totally straight.
His hair was wild. He never smiled.
And that is So – Not – Gay!

Mozart was a pretty fancy guy, wowing crowds from Salzburg to Versailles. Silk hose and velvet
dancing pants, his dainty hand enchants, those he invites to dance – and they say Oh, that Amadeus
Oh, that Amadeus – Oh, that Amadeus, Oh! But that didn't mean he was a queen, he was just the
metrosexual of his day.

John Philip Sousa: a het'rosexual male

Vagner was macho, a manly muchacho Lots of percussion, basses and brass.
Battles and clashes, Lightning flashes,

even the chicks kick serious ass.
No Richard Wagner wasn't gay – He was a lesbian!

Before Freddie Mercury, before Elton John,
Before Little Richard put eyeliner on,
The sound of America was boldly defined
By a guy with cowboys on his mind.
Yes, Aaron Copland was a fan of a healthy
romp with The Common Man. If asked, hold
your head up proudly and say, "The Sound of
America is Jewish – and gay."

Then there's Handel – George F. Handel, his hist'ry
was a myst'ry, which way did Handel sway?
There's no scandal to which Handel was suspected,
or connected, so it's difficult to say. Some have said:
Just look at this cantata, what a lotta homoerata.
And some reply: Objection we weary of all this queer theory.
Others say: we keep on forgetting the truth is so upsetting.
Some reply: You're gaily conflating, this is not worth debating.
Back and forth: Blah–Blah–Blah Ya-da Ya-da Ya-da Yah-dah
Handel said: nothing! Handel's dead!
But they'll debate forever and ever.
Het'rosexual, Homosexual, Bisexual, Asexual, Omnisexual, Antisexual –
We'll never know!

Still Standing

by George 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.
Take my hand, 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.

Al Shlosa

by Allan Naplan / Featuring the TransVoices Chorus

Al shlosa d'varim ha-olam kayam: al ha-emet, v'al ha-din, v'al ha-shalom.

Translation: *The world is sustained by three things – by truth, by justice, and by peace.*

Courage To Be Who We Are

by Ruth Huber / Featuring the TransVoices Chorus

We are here in the memory of those who have fallen
Those who have fallen, Those who have fallen
We are here in the memory of those who have fallen
Here for the courage to be who we are, courage to be who we are.

We are standing in the memory of those who have fallen
We are singing in the memory of those who have fallen
We are singing in the memory of those who have fallen

Our Phoenix

by Mari Valverde

My dear beautiful people, each time you are broken,
I break, I break, I break a little more, then unbreak

I am piecing myself back together with the care of a potter's hands – I clay phoenix

I feel the heat of our resurrections burning, to glaze our skin into glow.
My fire and my kiln, are these words, this space, the intimate threads of our connection.
I envision us going on to eclipse. Building bigger, bigger, big-ger, more luminous. So bright!

My beautiful people, our breaking is our making
Let us dream towards what we want beyond survival,
Let us dream towards loving ourselves, over and over again.

My beautiful people, I can taste our honeyed victory
My beautiful people, our dangerous sweetness is our rebellion.

We Won't Stop Dreaming

by PinkZebra

Here we are, living in the moment. Here we are, dreaming in the open. Look around, isn't this a new day? Make a move. Doing things a new way.

'Cause this is our world. And this is our time. These are our plans, we're gonna let 'em shine. And this is our place in the human race. And we won't stop dreaming.

Look ahead, we can see forever. You and me, doing it together. Light it up, we can be a million stars. Look at us, don't you see we've come so far, yeah we've come so far.

'Cause this is our world. And this is our time. These are our plans, we're gonna let 'em shine. And this is our place in the human race. And we won't stop dreaming.

Standing at the crossroads, feeling how the wind blows. We can soar above the clouds. Every moment is a heartbeat, every breath feeling so sweet. Who can say what happens now.

'Cause this is our world. And this is our time. These are our plans, we're gonna let 'em shine. And this is our place in the human race. And we won't stop dreaming.

This is our world, and this is our time. These are our plans, we're gonna let 'em shine. And this is our place in the human race. And we won't stop dreaming, no we won't stop dreaming.

We won't stop dreaming.

Everyone Sang

by Linda Kachelmeier

Everyone suddenly burst out singing, and I was filled with such delight.
As prisoned birds must find in freedom, winging wildly across the white orchards,
And dark green fields; On, on, and out of sight

Everyone's voice was suddenly lifted;
And beauty came like the setting sun
My heart was shaken with tears and horror
Drifted away ... O, but everyone was a bird;
And the song was wordless
The singing will never be done.