



## SET ONE

### Let Me Be The Music

Music and lyrics by Portia Nelson and David Friedman, arr. by Anne Albritton

Seasons come and seasons go, and somehow they were meant to show  
That life and love are never really gone. So when my journey here is through,  
I'm certain there is just a new hello and so when I travel on . . .

Let me be the music, let me be the music of love I have known  
Let me be the melodies in the wind and the trees, that sing to the lost and alone  
Let me be the sweet refrain in the sound of the rain, or a rippling stream  
Let me be the lullabies that close the eyes of children when they dream

For music has no walls or bars, it bridges time and space;  
It only asks the senses to surrender – to surrender  
it sweeps us to the stars and makes us one in its embrace,  
It has no fences – it has no gender

So let me be the music, the beautiful music of love  
Let me be the voices of spring that rejoice in the things, that blossom and grow  
Oh let me be the music, to come again as music, the beautiful music of love,  
When I go – – oh, let me be the music when I go, when I go

### **Masculine Women, Feminine Men**

Music by James Monaco, lyrics by Edgar Leslie, arr. by Jane Ramseyer Miller

Hey Hey women are going made today  
Hey Hey fellers are just as bad I'll say  
Go anywhere, just stand and stare  
you'll say they're bugs when you look at the clothes they wear

Masculine women feminine men, which is the rooster – which is the hen  
It's hard to tell 'em apart today and say

Sister is busy learning to shave  
Brother just loves his permanent wave  
It's hard to tell 'em apart today Hey Hey

Girls were girls and boys were boys when I was a tot  
Now we don't know who is who or even what's what  
Knickers and trousers baggy and wide, nobody knows who's walking inside.  
Those masculine women and feminine men

Stop look listen and you'll agree with me  
Things are not what they used to be you'll see  
You say "hello" to Uncle Joe, then look again and you'll find it's your Auntie Flo

Masculine women feminine men, which is the rooster? which is the hen?  
It's hard to tell 'em apart today and say

Auntie is smoking, rolling her own, Uncle is busy buying cologne  
It's hard to tell 'em apart today Hey Hey  
You go in to give your girl a kiss in the hall – but instead you find you're kissing her brother Paul  
Ma's got a sweater up to her chin – Pa has a girdle holding him in  
Those masculine women and feminine men.

### **Schöne Fremde (Beauteous Foreign Land)**

Music by Fanny Mendelssohn Hensel, poem by Joseph von Eichendorff

The treetops rustle and shiver as if at this hour about the  
half-sunken walls the old gods are making their rounds

Here, behind the myrtle trees, in secretly darkening splendor,  
what do you say so murmuringly, as if in a dream, to me, fantastic night

The stars glitter down on me with glowing, loving gazes,  
and the distance speaks tipsily, it seems, of great future happiness

## **Finding Her Here**

Music by Joan Szymko, poem by Jayne Relaford, Brown  
arr. by John Quillin and Jane Ramseyer Miller

I am becoming the woman I've wanted,  
grey at the temples,  
soft body, delighted,  
cracked up by life  
with a laugh that's known bitter  
but, past it, got better,  
knows she's a survivor that  
whatever comes,  
she can outlast it.  
I am becoming a deep  
weathered basket.  
I am becoming the woman I've longed for,  
the motherly lover  
with arms strong and tender,  
the growing up daughter  
who blushes surprises.  
I am becoming full moons  
and sunrises.  
I find her becoming,  
this woman I've wanted,  
who knows she'll encompass,  
who knows she's sufficient,  
knows where she's going  
and travels with passion.  
Who remembers she's precious,  
but knows she's not scarce who  
knows she is plenty,  
plenty to share.

poem © Jayne Relaford Brown

### **A Small but Fateful Victory**

Music by Roger Bourland, poem by Francisco Alarcon, arr. by Jane Ramseyer Miller

That summer night my sister said no,  
Never again, never again,  
She wasn't doing the dishes anymore

My mother could only stare  
Maybe wishing she had said the same thing to her mother  
She too had hated her "wifely" chores of cooking, cleaning, cooking, cleaning,  
Always looking after six brothers and her father

A small thunder shook the kitchen as we quietly exchanged  
Looks around the table, of five brothers

The impasse broke when my father put on an apron  
And started to run the hot water in the sink

I could almost hear the sweet music of  
Victory ringing in my sister's ears, in my mother's smile

I could almost hear the sweet music of  
Victory ringing in my sister's ears, in my mother's smile  
My mother's smile – that summer night my sister said NO

### **The Stove**

Music and lyrics by Zae Munn

One day my mother took up a sledge hammer and pounded her kitchen stove into bits  
She served cold cuts to my father for lunch

In that age, and in that place, Such a challenge to my father's authority and right  
Was mysterious, outrageous, outrageous, outrageous, even apocalyptic

The demise of the stove, its piecemeal destruction – poked at the heart of the country,  
At the quality of life in the town

And one day, without warning,  
My mother took it apart, and laughing beat the old stove to death

And one day, without warning,  
My mother took up a sledge hammer, and pounded her kitchen stove into bits.

### **A Far Better Man**

Music by Steven Landau, lyrics by Kristin Grace, Kathy Lefferts, Brian Watson and John Kelleher

In high school I was a soprano, played Gooch in the musical Mame. Sought after by church choirs for solos, my voice was my pride, my acclaim. By the time I began my transition my family had left me alone. I threw out their image of manhood, and became a new man of my own. A better man, a far better man I've become.

Now there's hair on my face, and my breasts are replaced by the scars the doctors left behind.

**CHORUS:** A better man, a far better man, I've become  
My voice is much rougher, my hands are much tougher  
I'm free from a life once confined

It really wasn't much of a struggle. The decision was waiting within. I said farewell to an old life, and counted on a new one to begin. I wondered how smooth would the change be, how quickly my voice would descend. Excited and scared I imagined, who I would be in the end. A better man, a far better man, I've become

Now there's hair on my face, and my breasts are replaced by the scars the doctors left behind.

**CHORUS:** A better man, a far better man, I've become  
My voice is much rougher, my hands are much tougher  
I'm free from a life once confined

It's still me you hear, though a new me. I haven't been male very long. A man of youth with no boyhood and no one can tell me it's wrong. A better man, a far better man I've become

Now there's hair on my face, and my breasts are replaced by the scars the doctors left behind.

**CHORUS:** A better man, a far better man, I've become  
My voice is much rougher, my hands are much tougher  
I'm free from a life once confined

### **I Hide Myself**

Music by Eric Whitacre, poem by Emily Dickinson

*I hide myself within my flower,  
That wearing on your breast,  
You, unsuspecting, wear me too—  
And angels know the rest.*

*I hide myself within my flower,  
That, fading from your vase,  
You, unsuspecting, feel for me  
Almost a loneliness...*

### **William's Doll**

Music by Mary Rogers, lyrics by Sheldon Harnick, arr. by Jane Ramseyer Miller

When my friend William was five years old, he wanted a doll to hug and hold  
"A doll" said William "is what I need to wash and clean and dress and feed  
A doll to give a bottle to, and put to bed when day is through;  
And any time my doll gets ill, I'll take good care of it" said my friend Bill

A doll, a doll, William wants a doll – "Don't be a sissy," said his best friend Ed  
"Why should a boy want to play with a doll?" – Dolls, dolls, duh!  
"Don't be a jerk" said his older brother – "I know what to do" said his father to his mother  
So his father bought him a basketball, a badminton set, and that's not all  
A bag of marbles, a baseball glove, and all the things a boy would love

And Bill was good at every game, enjoyed them all but all the same  
When Billy's father praised his skill, "Can I PLEASE have a doll now" said my friend Bill

A doll, a doll, William wants a doll – a doll, a doll, William wants a doll  
Then William's grandma arrived one day and wanted to know what he liked to play  
And Bill said, "Baseball's my favorite game. I like to play, but all the same  
I'd give my bat and ball and glove, to have a doll that I could love"  
"How very wise", his grandma said. Said Bill, "but everyone says this instead"

A doll, a doll, William wants a doll – a doll, a doll, William wants a doll

Then William's grandma, as I've been told, bought William a doll to hug and hold.  
And William's father began to frown, but grandma smiled and calmed his down  
Explaining "William wants a doll so if he has a baby someday, he'll know how to dress it,  
put diapers on double and gently caress it to bring up a bubble.  
And care for his baby as any good father should learn to do".

William has a doll, William has a doll – and someday he may want to be a father too!

### **Turn the World Around**

Music and lyrics by Harry Belafonte and Robert Freedman, arr. Larry Farrow

We come from the fire, living in the fire – Go back to the fire, turn the world around  
We come from the mountain, living in the mountain – Go back to the mountain, turn the world around.  
Do you know who I am – Do I know who you are  
See we one another clearly – Do we know who we are  
, oh, so is life ab-a-tee – Wah, ah\_hah So is life

Water make the river, river wash the mountain – Fire make the sunlight, turn the world around  
Heart is of the river, body is of the mountain – Spirit is the sunlight, turn the world around  
We come from the mountain, living in the mountain – Go back to the mountain, turn the world around  
Oh, oh, so is life ab-a-tee – Wah, ah\_hah So is life

## SET TWO

### Daughters of Feminists

Music by Nancy White and Bob Johnston, lyrics by Nancy White, arr. by Jane Ramsey Miller

Daughters of feminists love to wear pink and white  
Short frilly dresses they speak of successes with boys,  
It annoys their mom.

Daughters of feminists won't put on jeans  
Or that precious construction boot Mama found cute,  
Ugly shoes they refuse. How come?

Daughters of feminists think they'll get married  
To some wealthy guy who'll support them forever  
Daughters of feminists don't bother voting at all.

Daughters of feminists beg to wear lipstick  
Each day from the age of three.  
Daughters of feminists think that a princess is  
What they are destined to be (*grimace*)

How do they get so girlie? – How come they want a Barbie?  
Why does it start so early? – Why, when we bring her up just like a fella,  
Who does she idolize? CINDERELLA!

Daughters of feminists bruise so easily – Daughters of feminists hurt.  
Daughters of feminists curtsy and skip – Daughters of feminists flirt.

They say, "Please mommy can I do the dishes?  
And let's make a pie for my brother!"  
Are they sincere? Are they crazy or  
Are they just trying to stick it to mother?

How do they get so girlie? – How come they want,  
They want a Malibu Barbie? Why does it start so early?

Daughters of feminists just want to play with their toys!

## **Manly Men**

Music and lyrics by Kurt Knecht

We are men and we like to sing, in big block chords and close harmony  
Our songs all sound the same, and most of them are really lame  
But though we may not always inspire, at least we're not a women's choir

First tenors have the highest voice, for most of us it's not by choice  
Singing still at twenty three, like we missed our puberty  
When our pitch turns sour, we just sing a little louder,  
Tight underwear's the key to singing a high "C" – to singing a high "C" – "C" – "C"

Second tenors are not geeks we're just first tenors with poor techniques  
But should you love us any less, just because we crack when we try to sing an "F"  
We don't sing too high and we don't sing too low, and we're not as arrogant as the first tenors we know  
We just want you to love us like the rest, of the Pips and Garfunkels who are second best

Baritones are by far the sexiest, feast your eyes upon – our vocal studliness  
We will sing when we're just forty five with vibratos five miles wide  
If God came down and took our brains away – then they would sing

We are tired of root progressions, walking bass lines record sessions  
Where all we sing is that stupid "dip di di dip di dah"  
sham – a – lam – a – lam – a – a ding dang

We try so hard with all our mights to sing so low we shake the lights  
We wish we had voices like James Earl Jones and Barry White ..... you sexy thing!  
But we're just human our throats are hurting and our low singing sounds more like burping  
But we're the basses we keep singing 'cause- - - -

We are men and we like to sing, in big block chords and close harmony  
Our songs all sound the same, like bad rewrites of – "there is nothin' like a dame"  
And though our repertoire consists of drinking songs and sailor songs and barbershop quartets  
We thank God every day, from our head down to our toes – that we are not sopranos or altos  
A – men .... or tenors



## When I Was a Boy

by Dar Williams

I wont forget when Peter Pan  
Came to my house, took my hand  
I said, "I was a boy"  
Im glad he didnt check

I learned to fly, I learned to fight  
I lived a whole life in one night  
We saved each others lives  
Out on the pirates deck

And I remember that night  
When Im leaving a late night with some friends  
And I hear somebody tell me  
Its not safe, someone should help me

I need to find a nice man to walk me home  
When I was a boy  
I scared the pants off of my mom  
Climbed what I could climb upon

And I dont know how I survived  
I guess I knew the tricks that all boys knew  
And you can walk me home  
But I was a boy, too

I was a kid that you would like  
Just a small boy on her bike  
Riding topless, yeah  
I never cared who saw

My neighbor come outside  
To say, "Get your shirt,"  
I said "No way, it's the last time  
I'm not breaking any law"

And now I'm in this clothing store  
And the signs say less is more  
More that's tight means more to see

More for them, not more for me  
That can't help me climb a tree in ten seconds flat

When I was a boy, see that picture? That was me  
Grass-stained shirt and dusty knees  
And I know things have gotta change  
They got pills to sell, they've got implants to put in

They've got implants to remove  
But I am not forgetting  
That I was a boy too

And like the woods where I would creep  
It's a secret I can keep  
Except when I'm tired  
'Cept when I'm being caught off guard

And I've had a lonesome awful day  
The conversation finds its way  
To catching fire-flies  
Out in the backyard

And I so tell the man I'm with  
About the other life I lived  
And I say now you're top gun  
I have lost and you have won  
And he says, "Oh no, no, can't you see

When I was a girl, my mom  
And I we always talked  
And I picked flowers  
Everywhere that I walked

And I could always cry  
Now even when I'm alone I seldom do  
And I have lost some kindness  
But I was a girl too  
And you were just like me  
And I was just like you

**Reflection** (from Disney's Mulan)

Music by Matthew Wilder, lyrics by David Zippel, arr. by Mac Huff

Look at me, you may think you see who I really am,  
but you'll never know me.  
Ev'ry day it's as if I play a part.  
Now I see if I wear a mask I can fool the world, but I cannot fool my heart

Who is that girl I see staring straight back at me  
When will my reflection show who I am inside

I am now in a world where I have to hide my heart and what I believe in  
But somehow I will show the world what's inside my heart and be loved for who I am

Who is that girl I see staring straight back at me – why is my reflection someone I don't know  
Must I pretend that I'm someone else for all time – when will my reflection show who I am

Inside, there's a heart that must be free to fly – that burns with a need to know the reason why,  
Why must we all conceal what we think, how we feel – must there be a secret me I'm forced to hide  
I won't pretend that I'm someone else for all time – when will my reflection show who I am inside  
When will my reflection show who I am inside – Ooo

**Wounded I Am**

Music and lyrics by William Byrd

Wounded I am, and dare not seek relief,  
For this new stroke, unseen but not unfelt;  
No blood nor bruise is witness to my grief.  
But sighs, but sighs and tears,  
wherewith I mourn and melt.

If I complain my witness is suspect.  
If I contain with cares I am undone,  
sit still and die, tell truth and be reject,  
tell truth and be reject,  
O hateful choice that sorrow cannot shun,

## **Vive la difference!**

Words and music by David McIntyre

Saw a little girl, seems like yesterday  
Wore a frilly dress, not a hair astray  
Then I saw her boots kickin' up the hay  
Vive la difference!

### **CHORUS:**

Vive, vive la difference!  
Vive, vive la difference!  
God save the King and God save the Queen  
And vive la difference!

The little boy livin' down the street  
Had a Barbie doll, dressed her up so sweet.  
But Ken's the one he really wants to meet.  
Vive la difference!

### **CHORUS**

I knew a gal who was mighty fine  
She couldn't bake, but she'd haul a line  
She drove a truck always right on time  
Vive la difference!

### **CHORUS**

There was a guy, he was kinda shy,  
And when he talked *woo! way to high!*  
But when he played he could make you cry  
Vive la difference!

### **CHORUS**

This other lass, she moved in next door,  
She built a deck and she stripped the floor,  
Jacked up the value, who could ask for more?  
Vive la difference!

### **CHORUS**

The gorgeous hunk in the Gucci shoes  
Sittin' on a bench, readin' Sunday's news  
Turns around to wink drives away my blues  
Vive la difference!

Whoa! Vive, vive la difference!  
Vive, vive la difference!  
God save the King and *God save the Queens!*  
vive la difference!

## **Labour of Love**

Celtic Folk Tune, lyrics and arr. by Stephen Hatfield

**CHORUS:** Take me, somewhere – Take me somewhere  
Take me somewhere, carry me on  
Carry me to somewhere, wherever  
Carry me on to where there are people like me

They brought me to the doctor  
She said “It’s the clearest cast I’ve ever seen  
This kid needs a ransom, she needs a genie  
she needs a ship sailing where she was always meant to be

### **CHORUS**

They brought me next to the altar  
I know how you feel said the voice behind the screen  
This world needs a ransom, we need a genie  
We need a ship sailing where we were always meant to be

### **CHORUS**

We’re standing here in our order  
The chords in our voice hoist the sails into the breeze  
We’ll give you our heart, give you our breathing,  
Give you the ship that could sail Abelard to Eloise

And you know I’ll – be – looking for someone  
and I’ll be looking for someone  
and I’ll be looking out for you there  
Somewhere there are people like me.

## **Ella's Song**

Music and lyrics by Bernice Johnson Reagon

Refrain:

We who believe in freedom cannot rest  
We who believe in freedom cannot rest until it comes

Verses:

Until the killing of Black men, Black mothers' sons  
Is as important as the killing of White men, White mothers' sons

And that which touches we most is that I had a chance to work with people  
Passing on to others that which was passed on to me

To me young people come first, they have the courage where we fail  
And if I can shed some light as they carry us through the gale

The older I get the better I know that the secret of my going on  
Is when the reins are in the hand of the young who dare to run against the storm

Not needing to clutch for power, not needing the light just to shine on me  
I need to be just one in the number as we stand against tyranny

Struggling myself don't mean a whole lot I come to realize  
That teaching others to stand up and fight is the only way my struggle survive

I'm a woman who speaks in a voice and I must be heard  
At time I can be quite difficult, I'll bow to no man's word

## **Butterfly**

Words and music by Mia Makaroff, arr. Mia Makaroff and Anna-Mari Kähärä

Sweet is the sound of my newborn wings;  
I stretch them open and let them dry.  
I haven't seen this world before,  
but I'm excused, I'm a butterfly.

Sweet is the touch of your newborn wings.  
We fly in circles and play with the sun.  
We haven't seen this world before;  
So fair, so bright, so blue the sky.

Love me, love me on the leaves  
before we say goodbye – before we say good . . .  
Love me, kiss me with the breeze, you will be my lullaby;  
Tomorrow I'll die – Tomorrow I'll die – Tomorrow I'll die  
You'll be my lullaby – lullaby

Love me, kiss me with the breeze, kiss me with the breeze.  
Love me, love me on the leaves – love me – love me – love me  
Love me on the leaves before we say goodbye.  
Love me, kiss me with the breeze, you'll be my lullaby.  
Tomorrow I'll . . .

Sweet is the wind as it gently blows  
the day away and the night time comes.  
Great are the wonders that silence shows.  
I fall asleep and I dream of the sun and my butterfly.

## **I Am What I Am**

Music and lyrics by Jerry Herman

I am what I am, I am my own special creation  
So come take a look, give me the hook or the ovation  
It's my world that I want to have a little pride in  
My world and it's not a place I have to hide in  
Life's not worth a damn 'til you can say – Hey world, I am what I am

I am what I am, I don't want praise, I don't want pity  
I bang my own drum, Some think it's noise, I think it's pretty  
It's my song and if you don't like the style I bring it  
My song, so at least respect my right to sing it  
Your life is a sham 'til you can shout out loud – I am what I am

I am what I am and what I am needs no excuses  
I deal my own deck, sometimes the ace, sometimes the deuces  
It's one life and there's no return and no deposit  
One life, so it's time to open up your closet  
Life's not worth a damn 'til you can say – Hey world, I am what I am