GALA Choruses Leadership Symposium Denver 2015

Men's Chorus Reading Session

Joe Nadeau (GMC of Los Angeles), Session Leader



Sampler (partial scores)

New Publications

YR2501v1	Hate Is Not a Family Value	TTB a cappella	Words and Music by Ginger Starling
YR3F11v1	No union is more profound	Solo and TBB a cappella	Words by Justice Anthony Kennedy Music by Joshua Fishbein
YR3509Pv1	Tribe	TTBB, 2-6 rappers, piano, bass guitar and drum set	Words and Music by Steve Milloy

Oldies but Goodies (selected by Joe Nadeau)

YR1101v1	Christmas Is Delicious	TTBB and piano	Words Debbie Greig Music by Scott Henderson
YR3110v1	The Holly and the Ivy	TTBB, harpsichord (or piano) and cello	Traditional carol Arranged by Larry Moore

For our complete catalog and sales information,

please visit www.yrmusic.com

and check out our blog at Choralicious.com for publication updates and special features.

Find us on Facebook! www.facebook.com/YeltonRhodesMusic

YR2501v1

Hate is Not a Family Value

TTB and piano

Music and words by Ginger Starling

Spoken Hate is not a, hate is not a...

Sung Hate is not a Fam'ly value. Think of all the lives your hate will destroy.

Of all the things our vam'lies value Hate is a luxury that none can afford to enjoy.

[Repeated]

What are you telling me? I am not worthy because I am not like you.
What are you selling me? A future as bleak as the lies you're clinging to!
Who said we couldn't be diff'rent? There is no peace if we can't stand diversity.
How can this hatred be God-sent? O, from this righteousness

Deliver me, deliver me, deliver me!

Hate is not a Fam'ly value. Think of all the lives your hate will destroy. Of all the things our vam'lies value Hate is a luxury that none can afford to enjoy.

Hear what we're telling you, We're out to make sure the world is a better place. Here's what we're gonna do, Fight for the freedoms of ev'ryone, even you! We're out to change the tomorrow. Never return to the secret and angry past.

Transforming all of our sorrows Into the dignity and pride

That are ours at last, at last, at last!

Spoken Hate is not a, hate is not a...

Sung Hate is not a Fam'ly value. Think of all the lives your hate will destroy.

Of all the things our vam'lies value Hate is a luxury that none can afford to enjoy.

Hate is Not a Family Value









YR3F11v1

No union is more profound

Solo and TBB a cappella

Words by Justice Anthony Kennedy

from the United States Supreme Court majority opinion on the case of Obergefell v. Hodges (June 26, 2015)

Music by Joshua Fishbein

No union is more profound than marriage, for it embodies the highest ideals of love, fidelity, devotion, sacrifice, and family. In forming a marital union, two people become something greater than once they were. As some of the petitioners in these cases demonstrate, marriage embodies a love that may endure even past death. It would misunderstand these men and women to say they disrespect the idea of marriage. Their *[our] plea is that they *[we] do respect it, respect it so deeply that they seek to find its fulfillment for themselves *[ourselves]. Their *[our] hope is not to be condemned to live in loneliness, excluded from one of civilization's oldest institutions. They *[we] ask for equal dignity in the eyes of the law. The Constitution grants them *[us] that right.

^{*} These words, not included in the original text, were inserted by the composer.

No union is more profound







No union is more profound





June 29 - July 14, 2015 Rockville, Maryland c. 7'30"

No union is more profound than marriage, for it embodies the highest ideals of love, fidelity, devotion, sacrifice, and family. In forming a marital union, two people become something greater than once they were. As some of the petitioners in these cases demonstrate, marriage embodies a love that may endure even past death. It would misunderstand these men and women to say they disrespect the idea of marriage. Their *[our] plea is that they *[we] do respect it, respect it so deeply that they seek to find its fulfillment for themselves *[ourselves]. Their *[our] hope is not to be condemned to live in loneliness, excluded from one of civilization's oldest institutions. They *[we] ask for equal dignity in the eyes of the law. The Constitution grants them *[us] that right.

From the United States Supreme Court majority opinion on the case of Obergefell v. Hodges (June 26, 2015), written by Justice Anthony Kennedy (b. 1936).

Note: This text is in the public domain.

^{*} These words, not included in the original text, were inserted by the composer.

YR3509Pv1

Tribe

TTBB, 2-6 rappers, piano, bass and drums

Words and Music by Steve Milloy

Chorus (Oh, oo-woh)

These are my roots. This is my hist'ry. Takes more than blood to make a fam'ly.

Don't mattuh what sex, don't mattuh what color.

This is my tribe, we love each other.

Rapper 1 Yeah. So, when I was a kid in school, I made a fam'ly tree

With my two moms, my dog, my little sister and me.

When I was finished I was so proud, I showed it to me teacher.

He had a look of fright like he saw a horror feature. I asked him, "What's wrong? I drew it just as you said." He gave me a look that made me wish I were dead.

Told my moms about it, they said he was sick in the head.

And then they said...

Chorus These are your roots. This is your hist'ry.

Takes more than blood to make a fam'ly.

Don't mattuh what sex, don't mattuh what color.

This is your tribe, we love each other.

Rapper 2 Yeah, when I was ten my mom died of cancer.

Why she had to go like that, huh? Nobody has an answer.

But I know this, her pain is gone.

No longer suff'rin' and her spirit moves on.

'Cause my dad and me, we carry her with us.
In ev'ryday life, through the funn and the serious,
We cling to the words she said to us in her brief life.

There ain't no shame in this.

Tribe (cont.)

Chorus These are my roots. This is my hist'ry. Takes more than blood to make a fam'ly. Don't mattuh what sex, don't mattuh what color. This is my tribe, we love each other. Rapper 3 You might have a father, Rapper 4 You might have a mother. Rapper 3 You might have both Rapper 4 Or one or two of the other. Rapper 3 It don't have to make sense, Life wasn't meant to be logical. Rapper 4 Rapper 3 Who ever your tribe is, they're here to help you through whatever is possible. Chorus (Oh, oo-woh...) Rapper 4 Be proud, rejoice in how you came to be you, Rapper 3 Through all the crap and love and disagreements, too. Rapper 4 No matter how they or you came to be, Both It's a tribe, +Chorus It's a fam'ly. Rapper 5 I only have mom. Rapper 6 Me too. Rapper 5 My dad was killed in the war. Who's my dad? I don't know. (She wanted me Rapper 6 and so she went to a sperm store.) Rapper 5 She's raising me alone, but that's O.K. Rapper 6 We have each other. Both It'll always be that way. Chorus These are my roots. This is my hist'ry. Takes more than blood to make a fam'ly.

Don't mattuh what sex, don't mattuh what color.

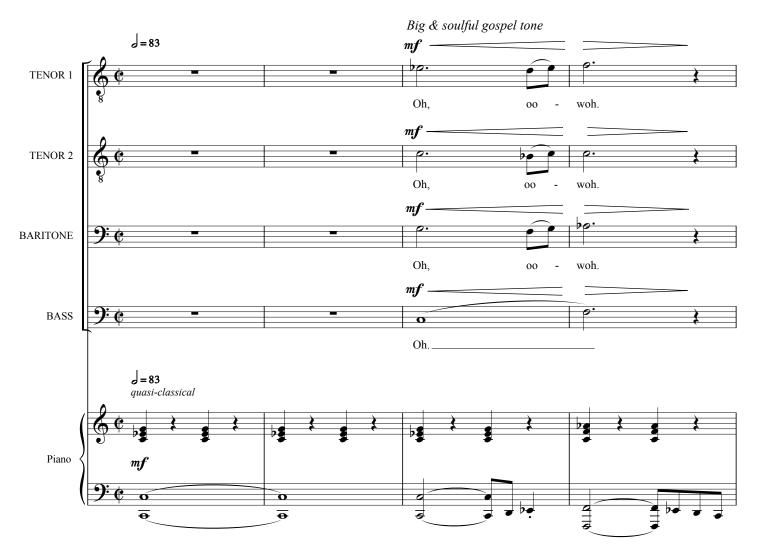
This is my tribe, we love each other.

for the World House Choir, Dr. Catherine Roma - founder and director

Tribe

TTBB, 2-6 rappers, piano, bass and drums

Music and words by Steve Milloy











YR1101v1

Christmas Is Delicious

TTBB and piano

Words by Debbie Greig

Music by Scott Henderson

Bass 2 solo

Dear Santa, it's December and time to let you know
The little dreams that I've been dreaming of.
I wouldn't mind receiving a brand new this or that
And anything bright red I'd really love.
But most of all, Dear Santa, I'm hoping you might share
A copy of your Christmas recipe,
So when the mood has melted the flavor will remain
To savor like a vintage memory.

Chorus

Candles shimmering, cider simmering, snowflakes waltzing in a wisp of wind. Ribbons ruffling, choc'late truffling, cards with sentimental rhymes to send. Choirs caroling, bobsleds barreling, Christmas cookies frosted green and red. Sleighbells jingling, neighbors mingling, "Have some gingerbread."

Christmas is delicious, seasoned through and through with all that's good in you. Blend in a little bit of magic, top with a miracle or two, And here's the best part, just pour in your heart, And you'll have the makings of Christmas. Isn't it delicious? Don't you long for more? Try though you will, you won't get your fill, and that's what next year's for.

Angels fluttering, chestnuts sputtering, toys and teeter totters from the Pole. Children capering, toddies vaporing, tender memories to warm the soul. Kindness to the brim, six-foot trees to trim, swirls of cinnamon in buttered rums. Sprigs of mistletoe, stockings in a row, stuffed with sugar plums.

Christmas is delicious, seasoned through and through with friends far and near, With wonder and cheer, with all that's good in you.
Blend in a little bit of magic, top with a miracle or two,
And here's the best part, just pour in your heart,
And you'll have the makings of Christmas.

Candles shimmering, cider simmering, choirs caroling, bobsleds barreling, Sleighbells jingling, angels fluttering, chestnuts sputtering, Snowflakes, sleighbells, children choc'late, cookies, kindness,

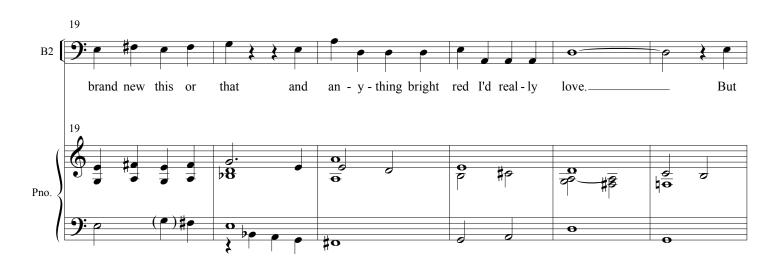
Christmas is delicious, seasoned through and through with friends far and near, With wonder and cheer, with all that's good in you. Come taste it...
Blend in a little bit of magic, top with a miracle or two
And here's the best part, just pour in your heart
And you'll have the makings of Christmas.

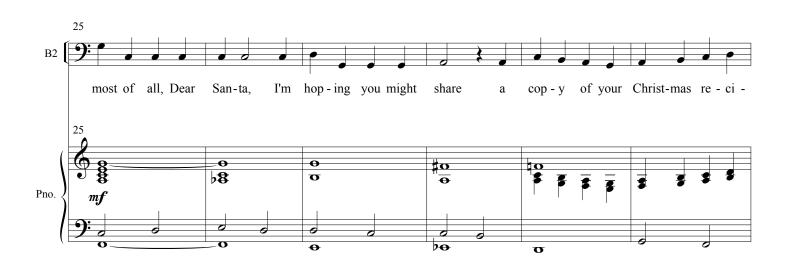
Isn't it delicious? Doesn't it taste sweet? A heavenly fare, too nice not to share; Merry Christmas and "Bon appetit."

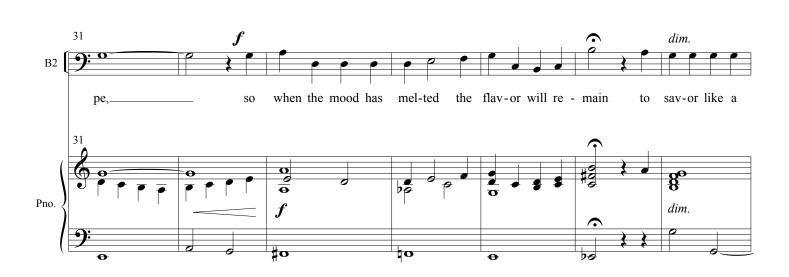
16 pages, \$2.00

Christmas Is Delicious















YR3110v1

The Holly and the Ivy

TTBB, harpsichord (or piano) and cello

Traditional carol arranged by Larry Moore

Originally available in manuscript form, this score has recently been digitally engraved.

The holly and the ivy when they were both fully grown; Of all the trees that are in the wood the holly bears

[Chorus] Oh, the rising of the sun, and the running of the deer, The playing of the merry organ, sweet singing in the choir.

The holly bears a blossom as white as any flow'r; And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ to be our sweet Savior.

[Chorus]

The holly bears berry as red as any blood, And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ to do poor sinners good.

[Chorus]

The holly bears a prickle as sharp as any thorn; And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ on Christmas Day in the morn.

[Chorus]

The holly bears a bark as bitter as the gall, And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ for to redeem us all.

[Chorus]

The holly and the ivy when they are both full grown; Of all the trees that are in the wood the holly bears the crown.

[Chorus]

The Holly and the Ivy

TTBB, harpsichord* and cello

Arranged by Larry Moore



^{* -} piano may be used if harpsichord (or synth) is not available.



The Holly and the Ivy 13



