



Reflection of a year. Hope for the future.

March 21, 2021

LIVE-STREAM on TWITCH

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Reflection of a year

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| <i>Vocalise, Op. 34</i> | Sergei Rachmaninoff (1873-1943) |
| <i>Après un rêve</i> | Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924) arr. J. Bill |
| <i>Billie</i> | Jacob Ter Veldhuis (b. 1951) |
| <i>You Don't Own Me</i> | John Madara and Dave White arranged by J. Bill |
| <i>La lune in paradis</i> II. | Jun Nagao (b. 1964) |

Hope for the future

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| <i>Suite No. 2 in D Minor, BWV 1008</i> Prelude <i>Performed to Amanda Gorman reading her poem "The hill we climb"</i> | Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750) |
| <i>Girl on Fire</i> | Alicia Keys, Salaam Remi, Jeff Bhasker, and Billy Squier arranged by J. Bill |
| <i>Hummingbrdd</i> | Steven Bryant (b. 1972) |
| <i>Portals</i> 1 2 | Nathan Hall (b.1982) |
| <i>New World</i> | Björk and Sjón arranged by J. Bill |



Après un rêve – Romain Bussine

In sleep made sweet by a vision of you
 I dreamed of happiness, fervent illusion,
 Your eyes were softer, your voice pure and ringing,
 You shone like a sky that was lit by the dawn;

You called me and I departed the earth
 To flee with you toward the light,
 The heavens parted their clouds for us,
 We glimpsed unknown splendours, celestial fires.

Alas, alas, sad awakening from dreams!
 I summon you, O night, give me back your delusions;
 Return, return in radiance,
 Return, O mysterious night!

Billie – taken from various interviews of Billie Holiday throughout her career

i was scared to death at that time you know
 i was in the wings haha and i couldn't control my knees
 i'm always scared - You are? Well, you can call it that...
 I waited until the last minute and said i wasn't gonna go
 on...
 i had every chance i got and still gettin'...
 dare to sing !? - i'm always scared
 but anyway, i went back and i did 16 songs
 and i like to do a little tune
 they make me cry, they make me happy
 i walked out you know and then
 bend this note, bend that note - boot
 two kinds of blues:
 there's happy blues and there's sad blues i've been very
 happy,
 the blues to me is like being very sad, very sick, going to
 the church.
 they was talkin' jazz, hihi, at that time you know - cook!
 dare to sing - i'm always scared
 bend this note bend that note - boot
 dare to sing, dare to sing hahaha, when i got through it
 can you sing and i said sure i sing all the time
 i always knew i could sing 'cause i always did sing, but uh
 so i sang, and everybody loved me and
 i made about 40 dollars in tips and i got the job!
 a little, a little a little too much so i walk so i talk

so that people are apt to stare
 i can't hear the band at all! uh h h
 know know know do they know - do they care?
 that it's only that i'm lonely and low as can be
 and the tunes i request are not always the best
 - and my voice is too loud - i can't hear the band at all!
 but what else can you do, at the end of a love affair?
 so i smoke and i joke uh a little too much
 and i laugh, and the smile on my face isn't really a smile
 at all!
 and the smile on my face, on my face
 face face face - adadadada - for the trees
 face face face - for the sun into the rock

 and now a little tune specially written for me: strange
 fruit, strange fruit
 i never had brothers or sisters, cousins or uncles,
 all i had was my mom
 my mom and i had a pretty rough time when we were in
 Baltimore
 all we had was one preacher, he used to come every
 Sunday.
 Jesus Christ no! like Jesus no!
 Jesus Christ, they want me out of Chicago or Foxton,
 he said oh man it took me 10 years!
 and i said: i can't go out there, there's too many people...




You Don't Own Me

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| <p>You don't own me I'm not just one of your many toys You don't own me Don't say I can't go with other boys</p> <p>And don't tell me what to do Don't tell me what to say And please, when I go out with you Don't put me on display 'cause</p> <p>You don't own me Don't try to change me in any way You don't own me Don't tie me down 'cause I'd never stay</p> <p>I don't tell you what to say I don't tell you what to do So just let me be myself That's all I ask of you</p> | <p>I'm young and I love to be young I'm free and I love to be free To live my life the way I want To say and do whatever I please</p> <p>And don't tell me what to do Oh, don't tell me what to say And please, when I go out with you Don't put me on display</p> <p>I don't tell you what to say Oh, don't tell you what to do So just let me be myself That's all I ask of you</p> <p>I'm young and I love to be young I'm free and I love to be free</p> |
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Amanda Gorman – the hill we climb

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| <p>When day comes we ask ourselves, where can we find light in this never-ending shade? The loss we carry, a sea we must wade. We've braved the belly of the beast, We've learned that quiet isn't always peace, and the norms and notions of what just is isn't always just-ice.</p> <p>And yet the dawn is ours before we knew it. Somehow we do it. Somehow we've weathered and witnessed a nation that isn't broken, but simply unfinished. We the successors of a country and a time where a skinny Black girl descended from slaves and raised by a single mother can dream of becoming president only to find herself reciting for one.</p> | <p>We've seen a force that would shatter our nation rather than share it. Would destroy our country if it meant delaying democracy. And this effort very nearly succeeded. But while democracy can be periodically delayed, it can never be permanently defeated.</p> <p>In this truth, in this faith we trust. For while we have our eyes on the future, history has its eyes on us. This is the era of just redemption we feared at its inception. We did not feel prepared to be the heirs of such a terrifying hour but within it we found the power to author a new chapter. To offer hope and laughter to ourselves.</p> |
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BRUSH REED



And yes we are far from polished.
Far from pristine.
But that doesn't mean we are
striving to form a union that is perfect.
We are striving to forge a union with purpose,
to compose a country committed to all cultures, colors,
characters and
conditions of man.
And so we lift our gazes not to what stands between us,
but what stands before us.

We close the divide because we know, to put our future
first,
we must first put our differences aside.
We lay down our arms
so we can reach out our arms
to one another.
We seek harm to none and harmony for all.
Let the globe, if nothing else, say this is true,

that even as we grieved, we grew,
that even as we hurt, we hoped,
that even as we tired, we tried,
that we'll forever be tied together, victorious.
Not because we will never again know defeat,
but because we will never again sow division.

Scripture tells us to envision
that everyone shall sit under their own vine and fig tree
and no one shall make them afraid.
If we're to live up to our own time,
then victory won't lie in the blade.
But in all the bridges we've made,
that is the promise to glade,
the hill we climb.
If only we dare.
It's because being American is more than a pride we
inherit,
it's the past we step into
and how we repair it.

So while once we asked,
how could we possibly prevail over catastrophe?
Now we assert,
How could catastrophe possibly prevail over us?
We will not march back to what was,
but move to what shall be.
A country that is bruised but whole,
benevolent but bold,
fierce and free.
We will not be turned around
or interrupted by intimidation,
because we know our inaction and inertia
will be the inheritance of the next generation.
Our blunders become their burdens.

But one thing is certain,
If we merge mercy with might,
and might with right,
then love becomes our legacy,
and change our children's birthright.

So let us leave behind a country
better than the one we were left with.
Every breath from my bronze-pounded chest,
we will raise this wounded world into a wondrous one.
We will rise from the gold-limbed hills of the west.
We will rise from the windswept northeast,
where our forefathers first realized revolution.
We will rise from the lake-rimmed cities of the
midwestern states.
We will rise from the sunbaked south.
We will rebuild, reconcile and recover.
And every known nook of our nation and
every corner called our country,
our people diverse and beautiful will emerge,
battered and beautiful.
When day comes we step out of the shade,
aflame and unafraid,
the new dawn blooms as we free it.
For there is always light,
if only we're brave enough to see it.
If only we're brave enough to be it.



Girl on Fire – Alicia Keys

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| <p>She's just a girl and she's on fire Hotter than a fantasy, lonely like a highway She's living in a world and it's on fire Filled with catastrophe, but she knows she can fly away</p> <p>Oh, oh oh oh oh She got both feet on the ground And she's burning it down Oh oh oh oh oh, oh oh oh oh She got her head in the clouds And she's not backing down</p> <p>This girl is on fire This girl is on fire She's walking on fire This girl is on fire</p> <p>Looks like a girl but she's a flame So bright she can burn your eyes Better look the other way You can try but you'll never forget her name She's on top of the world Hottest of the hottest girls, say</p> | <p>Oh, oh oh oh oh We got our feet on the ground And we're burning it down Oh oh oh oh oh, oh oh oh oh Got our head in the clouds And we're not coming down</p> <p>This girl is on fire This girl is on fire She's walking on fire This girl is on fire</p> <p>Everybody stares as she goes by Cause they can see the flame that's in her eyes Watch her as she's lighting up the night Nobody knows that she's a lonely girl And it's a lonely world But she gon' let it burn, baby, burn, baby</p> <p>This girl is on fire This girl is on fire She's walking on fire This girl is on fire</p> |
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New World – Bjork

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| <p>Train-whistles, a sweet clementine Blueberries, dancers in line Cobwebs, a bakery sign</p> <p>Ooooh - a sweet clementine Ooooh - dancers in line Ooooh ...</p> <p>If living is seeing I'm holding my breath In wonder - I wonder What happens next? A new world, a new day to see</p> | <p>I'm softly walking on air Halfway to heaven from here Sunlight unfolds in my hair</p> <p>Ooooh - I'm walking on air Ooooh - to heaven from here Ooooh ...</p> <p>If living is seeing I'm holding my breath In wonder - I wonder What happens next? A new world, a new day to see</p> |
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