

# Stonewall: 1969

Poet (see poem sheet)

(Five Scenes from a Revolution)

Randall D. Standridge  
(ASCAP)

**Dance Party** ♩=128

Scene 1: Dancing at Stonewall (Violet)

5



13

14

15

16

17

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22

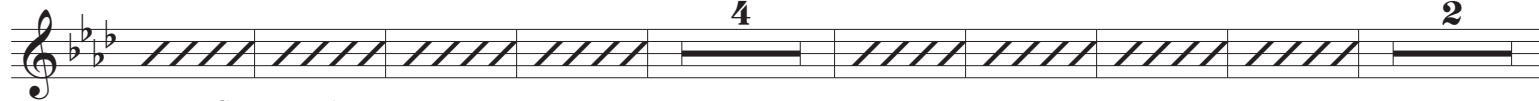
23

24

25

4

2



Read Segment A

Read Segment B

27

28

29

30

31

4



Read Segment C

35

45

54

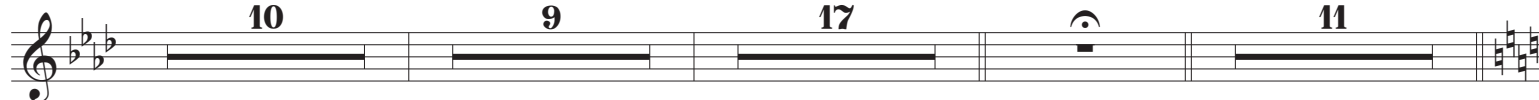
71

G.P.

72

**Dance Party!** ♩=128

11



**Slow and Dramatic** ♩=60

86

87

88

89

90

**Torch Song Blues, Swing** ♩=80

Scene 2: Blues for Judy (Indigo/Turquoise)

83

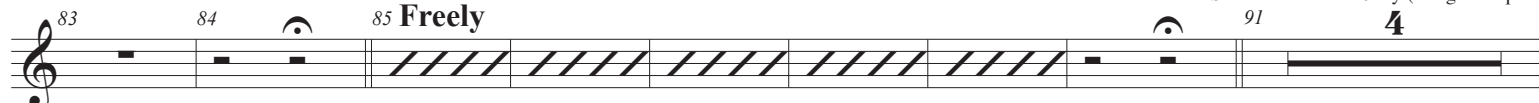
84

Freely

85

91

4



Read Segment D

95

107

115

125

129

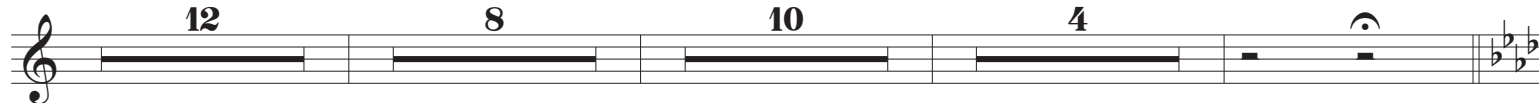
12

8

10

4

4



**Fearful and Mysterious, Straight 8ths,** ♩=60

132

Scene 3: Fear and Greed (Green/Yellow)

130

131

133

134



Read Segment E

**Sinister, Swing** ♩=84

135

136

137

138

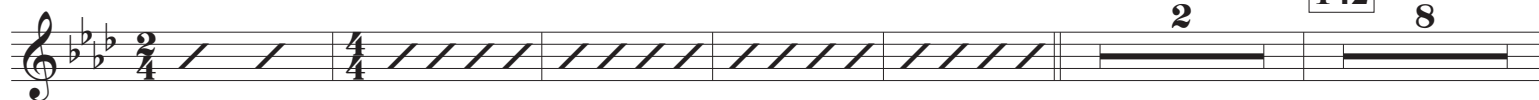
139 *rit.*

140

2

142

8



150

156

162

**Straight 8ths, Furious!** ♩=128

168

6

6

6

2



## Stonewall: 1969 - Timpani

170

Scene 4: Raid and Riot (Orange/Red)

171

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174



Read Segment F

175

176

177

178

179

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182

190

198

204

212



220

228

238

244

With Tension ♩=72

245



254

With Growing Hope and Determination ♩=72  
Scene 5: Sunrise of a Revolution (Pink)

255

256

257

258



Read Segment G

Read Segment H

259

260

261

262

263



Read Segment I

264

265

266

267

268

269

270



Read Segment J

271

276

284

285

290 Triumphant ♩=72



# Colors of a Revolution

## Poem 1: Violet

### Segment A

The night is purple,  
Her violet folds draw curtains closed on another day  
And smiling like the moon, she slips on her dress of sequins and starlight

### Segment B

And one by one, we step out of the shadows to take off our masks  
that hide our faces from the cruel, cruel sun.

### Segment C

And our hearts beat as one,  
And our bodies move as one,  
And as we lose ourselves to her pulsing darkness,  
We scream, scream, scream our joy to the night sky and dance

## Poem 2: Turquoise/Indigo

### Segment D

Purple fades to blue, indigo and turquoise, and a star falls from the sky.  
It burns bright, that star, but is used up long before its own true time.  
And its last lingering light is all that it leaves,  
Shining like a memory on a million tear-stained silver screens.

## Poem 3: Green/Yellow

### Segment E

You gotta have the green, man,  
and you gotta pay the man, man  
And then the light goes on,  
And in its yellow glow, so much like the sun,  
The masks go on and the masquerade begins all over again,  
Venus and Mars, man, reluctant dance partners.  
And the boys in blue, they take a few,  
But only a few in that yellow glow,  
'Cause yellow and blue makes all the green, man,  
And you gotta have the green...

## Poem 4: Orange/Red

### **Segment F**

No!

The word hangs bleeding in the orange glow of the streetlights.

No!

Marsha says this masquerade is OVER! Masks off! Masks off!

No!

And as the yellow drains from our veins

And the pain of a thousand generations ignite in our blood,

Our minds turn red, and we dance our dance of rage.

### **Poem 5: Hot Pink**

### **Segment G**

In the silence that follows

A new light paints itself across the sky

Not yellow

But pink

A majestic shade, warm and wonderful and glorious

### **Segment H**

And we drop our masks, breaking them,

And naked, we walk into that light, bathing in it,

and smiling, we greet the new morning, finally, blissfully unafraid.

### **Segment I**

And as hand finds hand,

We march forward, onward and onward

Into a new day dawning we that never thought would come

And we know that we will never go back into the cold safety of those shadows

For the world has turned its face into the light of a new sun.

### **Segment J**

And together, We scream, scream, scream our joy to the sky,

And defy those who would turn their faces from our light,

And we cry with the voices of a thousand generations gone and a thousand generations to come,

"We are Here! We are Here! We are Here!"