No Mirrors In My Nana's House
(no. 2 from the song suite Crossings)

words & music by
Ysaye M. Barnwell
No Mirrors in My Nana's House
from Crossings
SATBB
Ysaye M. Barnwell

Lively $J = 78$

There were no mirrors in my Nana's house, no mirrors in my Nana's house.

Doom doom doom doom

There were no mirrors in my Nana's house, no mirrors in my Nana's house, and the

There were no mirrors in my Nana's house, no mirrors in my Nana's house, and the

No mirrors in my Nana's house, and the

doom doom doom doom doom doom doom doom doom

doom doom doom doom doom doom doom doom
doom doom
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doom
doom

Dat be dat doon dat be da ga doon Dat be dat doon dat be da ga doon

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YMB101-2
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beauty that I saw in everything, the beauty in everything was in her
beauty that I saw in everything, the beauty in everything yeah, was in her
beauty that I saw in everything, the beauty in everything was in her
doam doam doom doom doom doom doom doom doom doom doom
dat be dat doon dat be da ga doom dat be dat doon dat be da ga doom

eyes, eyes, eyes, was in her eyes.
edoom doom doom doon doom doon doon doon doon doon doon

dat be dat doon dat be da ga doom dat be dat doon dat be da ga doom
There were no mirrors in my Nana's house, no mirrors in my Nana's house.

There were no mirrors in my Nana's house, no mirrors in my Nana's house.

There were no mirrors in my Nana's house, no mirrors in my Nana's house.

doom doom doom doo doom doo doom doo doom doo doom doo doom
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Dat be dat doon dat be da gadoom Dat be dat doon dat be da gadoom
I never knew that my nose was too flat, and I never knew that my skin was too black, and
I never knew that my nose was too flat, and I never knew that my skin was too black, and
I never knew that my nose was too flat, and I never knew that my skin was too black, and
doom doom doom do doom doom doom doom doom doom doom doom doom doom doom

Dat be dat doon dat be da ga doom Dat be dat doon dat be da ga doom

I never knew that my clothes did’n’t fit, and I never knew there were things that I’d missed and the
I never knew that my clothes did’n’t fit, and I never knew there were things that I’d missed and the
I never knew that my clothes did’n’t fit, and I never knew there were things that I’d missed the
doom doom doom do doom doom doom doom doom doom doom doom doom doom

Dat be dat doon dat be da ga doom Dat be dat doon dat be da ga doom
beauty in ev-e-ry-thing was in her eyes,
beauty in ev-e-ry-thing, yeah, was in her eyes,
beauty in ev-e-ry-thing was in her eyes,
doom doom doom dooom doom doom doom doom doom doom doom doom
Dat be dat doon dat be da gadoom Dat be dat doon dat be da gadoom

eyes.
There were no mir-rors in my Na-na's house, no mir-
There were no mir-rors in my Na-na's house, no mir-
There were no mir-rors in my Na-na's house, no mir-
doom doom doom dooom doom doom doom doom doom doom doom doom
Dat be dat doon dat be da gadoom Dat be dat doon dat be da gadoom
rors in my Na-na's house.
 There were no mirrors in my Na-na's house, no mirrors in my Na-na's house.

Doom doom doom doom doom doom doom doom doom doom doom

Dat be dat doon dat be da ga doom Dat be dat doon dat be da ga doom

rors in my Na-na's house.
 And I was intrigued by the cracks in the walls. The
rors in my Na-na's house.
 And I was intrigued by the cracks in the walls. The
rors in my Na-na's house.
 And I was intrigued by the cracks in the walls. The

doom doom doom doon doon doon doon doon doon doon doon doon doon doon doon doon doon doon

Dat be dat doon dat be da ga doom Dat be dat doon dat be da ga doom

YMB101-7
dust in the sun _ looked like snow that would fall, the noise in the hall - way was musi - c to me, the

dust in the sun _ looked like snow that would fall, the noise in the hall - way was musi - c to me, the

dust in the sun _ looked like snow that would fall, the noise in the hall - way was musi - c to me, the

doom doom doom do doom doom doom doom do doom doom do doom doom doom
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Dat be dat doon dat be da ga doon
Dat be dat doon dat be da ga doon

trash and the rub - ish would cush - ion my feet and the beau - ty in ev - er - y thing _ was _ in her
trash and the rub - ish would cush - ion my feet and the beau - ty in ev - er - y thing _ was _ in her
trash and the rub - ish would cush - ion my feet and the beau - ty in ev - er - y thing _ was _ in her

doom doom doom do doom doom doom doom doo doom doo doom doom doo doom doom doom
doowm
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dat be dat doon dat be da ga doon
dat be dat doon dat be da ga doon
eyes, eyes, eyes.

Doom doom doom dooom doom doom doom doom doom doom doom doom
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There were no mirrors in my Nana's house, no mirrors in my Nana's house. The

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dat be dat doon dat be da ga doon
dat be dat doon dat be da ga doon

world outside was a magical place, I only knew love and I didn't know hate, the

doom doom doom doom
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dat be dat doon dat be da ga doon
dat be dat doon dat be da ga doon
beauty in ev'er thing was in her eyes.
beauty in ev'er thing, yeah, was in her eyes, was in her
doom doom doom doom doom doom doom doom doom doom doom
Dat be dat doon dat be da ga doom Dat be dat doon dat be da ga doom
eyes.
Child, look deep into my eyes.
Dat be dat doon dat be da ga doom Dat be dat doon dat be da ga doom
Child, look deep into my eyes. Child, look deep into my eyes.

Child, look deep into my eyes. Child, look deep into my eyes.

Child, look deep into my eyes. Child, look deep into my eyes.
Child, look deep into my eyes.

Child, look deep into my eyes.

Child, look deep into my eyes.

Child, look deep into my eyes.

Child, look deep into my eyes.

Child, look deep into my eyes.

Child, look deep into my eyes.

Child, look deep into my eyes.

Child, look deep into my eyes.

Child, look deep into my eyes.

Child, look deep into my eyes.

Child, look deep into my eyes.

Child, look deep into my eyes.

Child, look deep into my eyes.

Child, look deep into my eyes.

Child, look deep into my eyes.
The Choral Music of Ysaye M. Barnwell

Most known for her singing with and
musical compositions performed and
recorded by Sweet Honey In The Rock,
Dr. Barnwell has composed and arranged
music appearing on 10 recordings on the
Rounder, Flying Fish, Earthbeat/Warner
and Music For Little People labels. She
has been a commissioned composer on
numerous and varied dance, choral, film
and video projects including Plymouth
Music Series, Seaside Street, GALA
Festival Choruses V, Dance Alloy of
Pittsburgh, David Rousserv's Reality
Dance Company, Liz Lerman Dance Ex-
change, Women's Philharmonic of San
Francisco, Redwood Culture Work, all
outgrowths of her combined under-
standing of creative artists inextricably
bound to society.

Dr. Barnwell's first children's book,
NO MIRRORS IN MY NANA'S
HOUSE, illustrated by Synthia Saint
James, was published by Harcourt Brace
in August, 1998; Her choral arrange-
ments are currently being performed by
choral ensembles and organizations
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