

Orpheus Pagan Chamber Choir

A Rite of Remembrance

Saturday, November 10th at 7:30 PM
Wash Park Center for Music and the Arts, Denver



**Please observe sacred silence when you enter the hall and
throughout the rite.**



**Mojuba
Ancient Mother
O do not fear the darkness**

READING: *Ecclesiastes (Sirach) 44*

**Montaña
We Are**



READING: *Any Woman* by Katharine Tynan (1861–1931)

**Music in My Mother's House
Wanting Memories
Think on Me**

READING: *A Blessing for One who has Died to Save Others* by Starhawk (b. 1951)

**The Parting Glass
Kravitor
Mo Ghile Mear**

READING: *A Litany for Sitting with the Unjustly Killed* by Melissa Hill (2017)

Himenami

READING: *In Remembrance* by Mary Elizabeth Frye (1905–2004)

**There is another sky
There are stars
Breaths**

READING: *A Blessing of the Dead* by Starhawk



Mojuba.....Nigerian Yoruban Folk Song
arr. Brian Tate (b. 1954)

Mojuba eff' fe ik i kuo ayentila ti joba egungun.

I have overcome the fear of death. O death, take me to meet the ancestors.

Ancient Mother..... African Chant
arr. Andrew Adams (b. 1955)

Ishtar, Cerridwen, Inanna, Hekate, Frigga, Kali, Mielikki, Artemis, Lilith, Astarte, Gaia, Pasowe, Aphrodite, Shekinah, Morgana, Maya, Isis, Freya, Parvati, Athena, Holda, Nidaba, Sophia, Izanami, Chicomecoatl, Diana, Pele, Kybele, Saraswati, Shakti...

Ancient Mother, I hear you calling.
Ancient Mother, I hear your song.
Ancient Mother, I hear your laughter,
Ancient Mother, I taste your tears.

Ancient Mother, I see you smiling
In the radiance of this Samhain night.
Ancient Mother, I feel you touch me;
High Samhain holds me in your healing hands.

O do not fear the darknessFredrik Sixten (b. 1962)

Oh do not fear the darkness, for in it rests the light.
We see not stars nor planets without the dark of night.
Within our light-ringed iris our pupil dark's the core.
With awe, light finds in darkness those things that it longs for.
O, do not fear the darkness, it is the home of light.
O do not fear the darkness, it bears the heart of light.

We Are..... Ysaye M. Barnwell (b. 1946)

For each child that's born, a morning star rises and sings to the universe who we are.
We are our grandmothers' prayers, we are our grandfathers' dreamings,
We are the breath of our ancestors, we are the spirit of life.
(We are one) We are mothers of courage and fathers of time,
We are daughters of dust and the sons of great visions,
We're sisters of mercy and brothers of love, we are lovers of life and the builders of nations,
We're seekers of truth and keepers of faith, we are makers of peace and the wisdom of ages.
We are our grandmothers' prayers, and we are our grandfathers' dreamings,
We are the breath of our ancestors, we are the spirit of life.
For each child that's born, a morning star rises and sings to the universe who we are. (We are one.)

Montaña Andres Diaz (2015)

*Yo voy a la montaña
Cuando el sol
Cae en Santander
Todos mis hermanos
Duermen bajo tierra
Todas mis hermanas
No los puedo ver
Hasta amanecer
Yo vengo desarmado
Solo mi voz,
y mi guitarra para recordar
Todos mis abuelos,
ya se fueron lejos
Todos mis abuelos,
ya no pueden responder
Hasta amanecer
Casas de luz puedo ver en el campo
Lejos de aqui no escuchan mi llanto
Yo llegue a la montaña
Y el sol ha caido en Santander
Todas nuestras lenguas
Ya no puedo entenderlas
Todo el pasado
No lo puedo ver
Hasta amanecer*

I go to the mountain
When the sun
falls in Santander
All my brothers
They sleep underground
All my sisters
I cannot see them
Until dawn
Me, I've come unarmed
With only my voice
And my guitar to remember
All my ancestors
They have already gone away
All my ancestors
They can no longer respond
Until dawn
I can see houses of light in the countryside
Far from me here, they do not hear my crying
I reached the mountain
And the sun has fallen in Santander
All our languages
I cannot understand them anymore
All the past
I cannot see it
Until dawn

Music in My Mother's House Stuart Stotts (1996)

There were windchimes in the window, bells inside the clock
An organ in the corner, tunes in the music box
We sang while we were cooking, or working in the yard
We sang although our lives were really hard

Refrain:

*There was music in my mother's house
There was music all around
There was music in my mother's house
And my heart still feels full with the sound*

She taught us all piano, but my sister had the ear
She could play the harmony to any tune she'd hear
Now I don't claim much talent, but I've always loved to play
And I guess I will until my dying day
Refrain

Those days come back so clearly, although I'm far away
She gave me the kind of gift I love to give away
And when my mother died, and she'd sung her last song

We sat in the living room, singing all night long:
Singing la la la, la la
Singing the front porch songs
Singing the old torch songs
Singing the hymns to send her home
Refrain

Wanting Memories Ysaye M. Barnwell

Refrain:
I am sitting here wanting memories to teach me
To see the beauty in the world through my own eyes.
Refrain

You used to rock me in the cradle of your arms,
You said you'd hold me till the pains of life were gone.
You said you'd comfort me in times like these
And now I need you, and you are gone.
Refrain

Since you've gone and left me, there's been so little beauty
But I know I saw it clearly through your eyes.
Now the world outside is such a cold and bitter place,
Here inside I have few things that will console,
And when I try to hear your voice above
The storms of life then I remember that I was told.
Refrain

I think on the things that made me feel so wonderful when I was young,
I think on the things that made me laugh, made me dance, made me sing.
I think on the things that made me grow into a being full of pride;
Think on these things, for they are truth. And
Refrain

I thought that you were gone, but now I know you're with me;
You are the voice that whispers all I need to hear.
I know a "please", a "thank you", and a smile will take me far,
I know that I am you and you are me and we are one,
I know that who I am is numbered in each grain of sand,
I know that I've been blessed again and over again.
Refrain

Think on Me Music: Lady John Scott (1810–1900)
Lyrics attributed to Mary, Queen of Scots (1542–1587)

When I no more behold thee, think on me.
By all thine eyes have told me, think on me.
When hearts are lightest, when eyes are brightest,
When griefs are slightest,
Think on me.

In all thine hours of gladness, think on me.
If e'er I soothed thy sadness, think on me.
When foes are by thee, when woes are nigh thee,
When friends all fly thee,
Think on me.

When thou hast none to cheer thee, think on me.
When no fond heart is near thee, think on me.
When lonely sighing o'er pleasure flying,
When hope is dying,
Think on me.

Parting Glass Traditional Scots/Irish
arr. Andrew Adams

Of all the money that e're I had,
I spent it in good company.
And all the harm I've ever done,
Alas, it was to none but me.
And all I've done for want of wit
To memory now I can't recall.
So fill to me the parting glass;
Good night and joy be to you all.
So fill to me the parting glass,
And drink to health, what e'er befall.
Then gently rise and softly call,
Good night and joy be with you all.

Of all the comrades that e'er I had,
They're sorry for my going away.
And all the sweethearts that e'er I had,
They'd wish me one more day to stay.
But since it fell into my lot,
That I should rise and you should not.
So fill to me the parting glass;
Good night and joy be with you all.
Fill to me the parting glass,
And drink to health, what e'er befall.
Then gently rise and softly call,
Good night and joy be to you all.

Kravitor Gunter Schuller (2016)

Kravitor is a phonetic language without any meaning.

Mo Ghile Mear Clárach Mac Domhnaill (1691–1754)
arr. Andrew Adams
Soloist: Catherine Mock, contralto

*'Sé mo laoch mo ghille mear
'Sé mo Shaesar, ghille mear,
Ní fhuaras féin aon tsuan ná séan,
Ó chuaigh i gcéin mo ghille mear.
Bímse buan ar buairt gach ló,
Ag caoi go crua is ag tuar na ndeor
Mar scaoileadh uaim an buachaill beo
Is ná ríomhtar tuairisc uaidh, mo bhrón.
'Sé mo laoch mo ghille mear
Ní haoibhinn cuach ba suairc ar neoin,
Táid fíorchoin uaisle ar uatha spóirt,*

*Táid saoithe 's suadha i mbuairt 's i mbrón
Ó scaoileadh uaim an buachaill beo
'Sé mo laoch mo ghille mear*

My dashing darling is my hero
My dashing darling is my Caesar
I have had neither sleep nor good fortune
Since my dashing darling went far away
I am perpetually worried every day
Wailing heavily and shedding tears
Since my lively boy was released from me
And there is no word of him, alas
My dashing darling is my hero
The pleasure of the cheerful cuckoo at noon is gone
The affable nobility are no longer bothered with sport
The learned and the cultured are worried and sad
Since the lively lad was taken from me
My dashing darling is my hero

*Is cosúil é le hAonghus Óg,
 Le Lughaidh Mac Chéin na mbéimeann mór,
 Le Cú Raoi, ardmhac Dáire an óir,
 Taoiseach Éireann tréan ar tóir.
 'Sé mo laoch mo ghille mear
 Le Conall Cearnach bhearnadh poirt,
 Le Fearghas fiúntach fionn Mac Róigh
 Le Conchubhar cáidhmhac Náis na nós,*

*Taoiseach aoibhinn Chraoibhe an cheoil.
 'Sé mo laoch mo ghille mear*

He is like Young Aonghus
 Like Lughaidh Mac Chéin of the great blows
 Like Cú Raoi, great son of Dáire of the gold
 Leader of Éire, strong in pursuit
 My dashing darling is my hero
 Like Conall Cearnach, who breached defenses
 Like worthy fair-haired Feargas Mac Róigh
 Like Conchubhar, son of Nás of the Assembly of Kings
 Leader of the mighty Fenian Band [of warriors]
 My dashing darling is my hero

Himenami 姫波 Music: Dan Forrest (b. 1978)
 Text: Charles Anthony Silvestri (b. 1965)
 Japanese translation: Takako Helbig (2013)

愛と日に
 浜を染めゆく
 暁の
 静かに眠る
 山も小石も

Rose and indigo
 Mingle as the rising sun
 Heralds a new day.
 All is silence—from pebble
 To heart of ancient mountain.

砂浜に
 寄せては返す
 姫波は
 千度焼く
 その秘め事を

Ocean waves whisper
 Secrets to the silent shore,
 Sand and foam embrace.
 The sea has many secrets
 Beneath her veil of billows.

庭力に
 山震え
 海は膨れ
 水壁が
 未来の日を
 押し流す

Without warning
 The mountains tremble
 And the sea rises up;
 A wall of water
 Sweeps away our future
 In an instant.

牛いて
 今このときは
 ま差えど
 我ら歌おう
 愛をちからに

All things fade away—
 We are only wanderers
 Upon this moment;
 And yet we sing together,
 In love against all shadow.

Himenami was commissioned in memory of the 2011 tsunami in Japan. It was translated into Japanese by Takako Helbig, who maintained the Japanese poetic *tanka* structure of the texts in her translation.

There is another sky..... Music: Seth Burk (2015)
 Lyrics: Emily Dickinson (1830–1886)

There is another sky,
 Ever serene and fair,
 And there is another sunshine,
 Though it be darkness there;
 Never mind faded forests, brother
 Never mind silent fields –
 Here is a little forest,
 Whose leaf is ever green;
 Here is a brighter garden,
 Where not a frost has been;
 In its unfading flowers
 I hear the bright bee hum:
 Prithee, my brother,
 Into my garden, come!

There Are Stars (Yesh Kochavim).....Music: Jeffrey Klepper & Dan Freeland
Lyrics: Hannah Szenesh (1921–1944)
arr. A. Adams

There are stars up above,
So far away we only see their light
Long after the star itself is gone.
And so it is with people that we loved;
Their memories keep shining
Ever brightly though their time with us is done.
And the stars that light up the darkest night,
These are the stars that guide us:
As we live our days,
These are the ways
We remember..

BreathsYsaye M. Barnwell

Refrain:
Listen more often to things than to beings.
'Tis the ancestors' breath when the fire's voice is heard.
'Tis the ancestors' breath in the voice of the waters.



Those who have died, have never, never left.
The dead are not under the earth.
They are in the rustling trees,
They are in the groaning woods.
They are in the crying grass.
They are in the moaning rocks.
The dead are not under the earth. So,

Refrain

Those who have died, have never, never left.
The dead have a pact with the living.
They are in the woman's breast,
They are in the wailing child.
They are with us in the home.
They are with us in the crowd.
The dead have a pact with the living.

Refrain x 2

Sahasraman.....Stefan Andre Waligur (2008)
arr. Andrew Ravensong

Sahasraman. Namaste.

Sahasraman: A Sanskrit word for a chant comprised of the “thousand names” of a particular deity, such as Shiva.

Namaste: The divine in me honors the divine in you.

OrisonMusic: Andrew Ravensong

Lyrics: adapted from the Roman Catholic antiphon for the winter solstice

*O Oriens splendor lucis aeternae et sol
justitiae*

*Veni et illumina sedentes in tenebris et in
umbra mortis.*

*Veni et illuminare, veni splendor lucis aeternae
luceant super nos.*

O dawn of the east, brightness of light eternal,
and sun of justice:

Come, shine on those who sit in darkness
and in the shadow of death.

Come, shine, brightness of light eternal:
shine on us.

Orpheus Pagan Chamber Choir

ANDREW ADAMS, Music Director

MOLLY MORAN, Piano

Cyrisa Anderson
Sara Blackwelder
Sarah Burns
David Carpenter
Richard Cornelius

Andrea Davis
Alie Grubbs
Michelle Kellogg
Barbara Ludwig
Kathleen Mayberry

Devin McIntyre
Andrew Miller
Rebecca Miller
Catherine Mock
Kasey Nahlovsky

Lisa Steinman
Jade Tiller
Dennis Vogel
Doug Warburton

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Join us onstage after the concert for a gala reception featuring
a smorgasbord of traditional Scandinavian delights!

Saturday, January 5, 2019 at 6:00 PM

SPRING MYSTERIES: A FAMILY CONCERT

A one-hour concert with music and storytelling.

Saturday, April 6, 2019 at 11:00 AM

SPRING MYSTERIES

*From English Madrigals to some of your favorite Pagan tunes,
we celebrate the glories and rites of Beltane and Spring!*

Saturday, May 11, 2019 at 7:30 PM

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