

Orpheus Pagan Chamber Choir

The Glories of Spring: A Family Concert

Saturday, April 6th at 11:00 AM
Wash Park Center for Music and the Arts, Denver

**In time of silver rain
La Lluvia
Fresh and Fearless**

**April is in my mistress' face
In these delightful pleasant groves
Praised be Diana**

Beltane

**Skyborn Music
Orpheus with his lute
When Daffodils begin to peer**

**Spring Sings:
Gemini
Taurus
Admittedly Aries**

Mummers' Dance

In Time of Silver Rain..... Music: Z. Randall Stroope (b. 1953)
Lyrics: Langston Hughes (1902-1967)

In time of silver rain
The earth puts forth new life again,
Green grasses grow
And flowers lift their heads,
And over all the plain
The wonder spreads

Of Life,
Of Life,
Of life!

In time of silver rain
The butterflies lift silken wings
To catch a rainbow cry,
And trees put forth new leaves to sing
Of life!

In time of silver rain When spring
And life
Are new.

La Lluvia..... Music and Lyrics: Stephen Hatfield (b.1956)

An evocation of rain, based on a panpipe melody form Ecuador.

Fresh and Fearless..... Music: Daniel Elder (b. 1986)
Lyrics: Sara Teasdale (1884-1933)

The spring is fresh and fearless
And every leaf is new,
The world is brimmed with moonlight,
The lilac brimmed with dew.
Here in the moving shadows
I catch my breath and sing—
My heart is fresh and fearless
And over-brimmed with spring.

April is in my Mistress' Face Music and Lyrics: Thomas Morley (1557-1602)

April is in my mistress' face
And July in her eyes hath place
Within her bosom is September
But in her heart a cold December

In these delightful pleasant Groves (from The Libertine)..... Music and Lyrics: Henry Purcell
(1659-1695)

In these delightful pleasant Groves,
Let us Celebrate our happy Loves.
Let's Pipe and Dance, and Laugh and Sing,
Thus ev'ry happy living thing,
Revel in the cheerful Spring.

Praised be Diana Music: Sir Charles Villiers Stanford (1852-1924)
Poem: The Shepherd's Praise of his Sacred Diana by Sir Walter Raleigh (c. 1552–1618)

Prais'd be Diana's fair and harmless light;
Prais'd be the dewes wherewith she moistes the ground;
Prais'd be her beams, the glory of the night;
Prais'd be her power by which all powers abound.

Prais'd be her nymphs with whom she decks the woods,
Prais'd be her knights in whom true honour lives;
Prais'd be that force by which she moves the floods;
Let that Diana shine which all these gives.

In heaven queen she is among the spheres;
In aye she mistress-like makes all things pure;
Eternity in her oft change she bears;
She beauty is; by her the fair endure.

Time wears her not: she doth his chariot guide;
Mortality below her orb is plac'd;
By her the virtue of the stars down slide;
In her is virtue's perfect image cast.

A knowledge pure it is her worth to know:
With Circes let them dwell that think not so.

Beltane (a Branch of May) Music: Mark Sirett (b. 1952)
Featuring: Cyrisa Anderson (soprano), Michelle Kellogg (soprano)

This song is a collection of poems:

O Loosty May Anon, Scottish 15th Century

*Birdis on bewis of ev'ry birth,
Rejoicing notis makand their mirth
Richt pleasantly upon the spray,
With flourishingis o'er field and firth,
Through gladness of this May.*

*O loosty May, with Flora queen!
The balmy dropis from Phoebus sheen
Preluciand beans before the day:
By Diana growis green
Through gladness of this May.*

*Then Esperus that is so bricht,
Til woful hairtis castis his licht,
With bankis that bloomis on ev'ry brae;
And schouris are shed of their sicht
Through gladness of this May.*

Birds on boughs of every berth
Rejoicing notes make their mirth
Right pleasantly upon the spray,
With flourshings o'er field and firth,
Through gladness of this lusty May.

O lusty May, with Flora queen,
The balm drops from Phoebus' sheen,
Prelucent beams before the day,
By Diana grows all the green,
Through gladness of this lusty May.

Then Hesperus, that is so bright,
To woeful hearts he casts his light,
With banks that bloom on every brae,
And showers are shed of their sight,
Through gladness of this May.

Furry Day CarolAnon, English 17th Century

We've been a-rambling half the night,
And the rest part of the day.
An now we're returning back again,
We've brought you a branch of May.

Spring Carol William Cornysh (1430-1502)

Pleasure it is to hear iwis (certainly)
The birdes sing
The deer in the dale,
The sheep in the vale,
The corn springing.

The Gods' purveyance for sustenance,
It is for man,
Then we always, give them praise,
And thank them then.

Lenten is Come Anon, English c. 1300

*Lenten is come with louve to towne,
With blosmen and with brides rounne
That all this blisse bryngeth:
Dayeseyes in this dales,
Notes suete of nytegaies,
Ich foul song syngeth.*

Spring is come with love to town,
With blossoms and with birds' tunes,
That all this bliss brings.
Daisies in this dales,
Sweet notes of nightingales —
Each bird sings a song

*The threstelcoc him threteth oo.
Away is huere wynter woo
When woderouw springeth.
Fowles syngeth ferly fele,
Ant wlyteth on huere wynter wele
That all the wode ryngeth.*

The thrush tweets over and over;
Away is their winter woe,
When the woodruff springs up.
This birds sing in great numbers,
Ant warble about their winter wealth,
So that all the woods ring!

Quand ce beau printans Pierre Ronsard (1524-1585)

*Quand ce beau printans je voys,
J'appercoy,
Rajeunir la terre et l'onde,
Et me semble que le jour,
Et l'amour,
Comme enfans naissent au monde.*

When I see the beautiful spring,
I perceive
The renewal of the earth and the sea
And it seems to me that the day,
And love,
Like children are born into the world.

O Loosty MayAnon, Scottish 15th Century

*Of ev'rie mohneth in the yeir
To meerthful May there is no peir,
Hir glistrine garments are so gay,
All lovaris mak merrie cheir,
Through glaidness of this May.*

Of every month of the year,
To mirthful May there is no peer,
Her glistening garments are so gay
All lovers make merry cheer
Through gladness of the May

Sky-born Music Music: Andrew Adams (b. 1955)
Lyrics: Ralph Waldo Emerson (1803-1882)

Let me go where'er I will,
I hear a sky-born music still:
It sounds from all things old,
It sounds from all things young,
From all that's fair, from all that's foul,
Peals out a cheerful song.

It is not only in the rose,
It is not only in the bird,
Not only where the rainbow glows,
Nor in the song of woman heard,
But in the darkest, meanest things
There alway, alway something sings.

'Tis not in the high stars alone,
Nor in the cup of budding flowers,
Nor in the redbreast's mellow tone,
Nor in the bow that smiles in showers,
But in the mud and scum of things
There alway, alway something sings.

Orpheus with His Lute (from Henry V111) Music: Ralph Vaughan Williams
Lyrics: William Shakespeare (1564-1614)
arr. A. Adams

Orpheus with his lute made trees,
And the mountain tops that freeze,
Bow themselves, when he did sing:
To his music plants and flowers
Ever sprung; as sun and showers
There had made a lasting spring.
Everything that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea
Hung their heads, and then lay by.
In sweet music is such art,
Killing care and grief of heart
Fall asleep, or hearing, die.

When Daffodils Begin to Peer Music: Matthew Harris (b. 1956)
Lyrics: William Shakespeare

When daffodils begin to peer,
With heigh! The doxy* over the dale,
Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year;
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,
With heigh! the sweet birds, O, how they sing!

Doth set my pugging tooth on edge;
For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.

The lark, that tirra-lyra chants,
With heigh! with heigh! the thrush and the jay,
Are summer songs for me and for my aunts.*
While we lie tumbling in the hay.

**Euphenisms for "prostitute"*

Three Spring Signs Music: A. Adams

Poems about the three Spring Astrological signs: Gemini, Taurus, and Aries

Gemini Music: A. Adams
Lyrics: Unknown

You are nothing but a taste in my mouth
A reflection of myself
Mirrored versions of me, me, me
Mirrored split personality
Mysterious I, Gemini.
Keep talking to myself
Through the shining in your eyes,
Amber, it's no surprise
We are drawn to each other,
Child twin brother,
Floating through space
We are kids, chameleons
Fickle in our ways
We can't be blamed
It's our nature
To see I in You,
And You in I.

Taurus Music: A. Adams
Lyrics: Lindsey Durbin, 2011

Maybe if I wasn't so self-indulgent,
Then I'd be able to see that the
World doesn't revolve around me.
Maybe if I wasn't so stubborn,
Then I'd be able to appreciate the
Art of taking things slow and
Keeping my options open
Instead of always closing
Myself off to the
world.

Maybe if I wasn't so lazy,

Then I'd be motivated to
Get better and to keep going
Instead of just giving up and
Going back to how I used to be.
Maybe if I wasn't so materialistic,
Then I'd be able to appreciate what
I have right in front of me instead of
Always wanting what more and more
Constantly

Admittedly Aries.....Music: A. Adams
Lyrics: Donna Golden, 2013

If we have butted heads and you're feeling run over
If the words that I speak send you running for cover
If my swift, wicked comebacks can sting like none other
Know, as much as I fight, deep inside I'm a lover

I'll embrace the strengths and fight the weakness
But I'm not sure I'll ever be the type for meekness
Born the year of the sheep under the sign of the ram
You can hate me or love me, but I am who I am.

Mummers DanceMusic and Lyrics: Loreena McKennitt (b. 1957)
arr. A. Adams

When in the springtime of the year
When the trees are crowned with leaves,
When the ash and oak, and the birch and yew
Are dressed in ribbons fair.

When owls call the breathless moon
In the blue veil of the night,
The shadows of the trees appear,
Amidst the lantern light.

Refrain:
We've been rambling all the night
And some time of this day.
Now returning back again
We bring a garland gay.

Who will go down to those shady groves
and summon the shadows there?
And tie a ribbon on those shelt'ring arms
in the springtime of the year?

The songs of birds seem to fill the wood
That when the fiddler plays
All their voices can be heard,
Long past their woodland days.

Refrain

And so they linked their hands and danced,
Round in circles and in rows.
And so the journey of the night descends
When all the shades are gone.

"A garland gay we bring you here
And at your door we stand.
It is a sprout well-budded out,
the work of our Lord's hand. "

Refrain

Orpheus Pagan Chamber Choir

ANDREW ADAMS, Music Director
MOLLY MORAN, Piano

Cyrisa Anderson
Sara Blackwelder
Sarah Burns
David Carpenter

Richard Cornelius
Michelle Kellogg
Barbara Ludwig
Kathleen Mayberry

Devin McIntyre
Andrew Miller
Catherine Mock
Lisa Steinman

Join Us For More

THE GLORIES OF SPRING (FULL CONCERT)

*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

Wash Park Center for Music and the Arts
400 S. Williams St.
Denver, CO 80209

Saturday, May 18, 2019 at 7:00 PM

Jefferson Unitarian Church
14350 W. 32nd Ave.
Golden, CO 80401

FIND US ONLINE AT <http://www.orpheuspcc.org>

