

Orpheus Pagan Chamber Choir

A Rite of Remembrance

Saturday, November 16th 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.

**Lumen
Ancient Mother
Eli, Eli**

READING: *A Prayer to Annubis*

Toward the Unknown Region

READING: *Epitaph* by Merritt Malloy

**Loveliest of Trees
A Boy and a Girl
when i've let my body be**

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

**I have got my leave
Johnny, I Hardly Knew Ye
Danny Boy**

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

**Himenami
Earth Song
Look Out**

READING: *Bulletproof Teen* by Katie Houde, a junior at Rockland High School, MA

Shine

READING: *A Blessing of the Dead* by Starhawk

**Stars I Shall Find
Sahasraman
Orison**

Lumen (Light).....Music: Abbie Bettinis (2012)

Lyrics: Anonymous Latin aphorisms

*Lumen accipe et imperti
Do ut des.*

Receive the light and pass it on
I give that you may give.

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.

Eli, Eli*Music: David Zahavi (1910–1977)

Lyrics: Hannah Senesh (1921–1944)

*Eli Eli
Shelo yigameir l'olam,
Hachol v'hayam
rishrush shel hamayim,
B'rak hashamyim
t'filat ha-adam.*

My God, My Goddess
I pray that these things never end:
The sand and the sea,
the rush of the waters,
the crash of the heavens,
the prayers of the heart.

*an ancient Jewish deity who has no gender

READING: *A Prayer to Annubis*

Toward the Unknown Region.....Music: A. Adams

Lyrics: from *Leaves of Grass* by Walt Whitman (1819–1892)

Darest thou now, O Soul,
Walk out with me toward the Unknown Region,
Where neither ground is for the feet, nor any path to follow?

No map, there, nor guide,
Nor voice sounding, nor touch of human hand,
Nor face with blooming flesh, nor lips, nor eyes, are in that land.

I know it not, O Soul;
Nor dost thou—all is a blank before us;
All waits, undream'd of, in that region—that inaccessible land.
Till, when the ties loosen,
All but the ties eternal, Time and Space,
Nor darkness, gravitation, sense, nor any bounds, bound us.
Then we burst forth—we float,
In Time and Space, O Soul—prepared for them;
Equal, equipt at last—(O joy! O fruit of all!) them to fulfil, O Soul.

READING: *Epitaph* by Merritt Malloy

Loveliest of Trees.....Music: A. Adams (2018)

Lyrics: from *A Shropshire Lad* by A.E Housman (1859-1936)

Loveliest of trees, the cherry now
Is hung with bloom along the bough,
And stands about the woodland ride
Wearing white for Eastertide.

Now, of my threescore years and ten,
Twenty will not come again,
And take from seventy springs a score,
It only leaves me fifty more.

And since to look at things in bloom
Fifty springs are little room,
About the woodlands I will go
To see the cherry hung with snow.

A Boy and a Girl Music: Eric Whitacre (b. 1970)
Lyrics: Octavio Paz (1914–1998)

Stretched out on the grass,
a boy and a girl.
Savoring their oranges,
giving their kisses like waves exchanging foam.

Stretched out on the beach,
a boy and a girl.
Savoring their limes,
giving their kisses like clouds exchanging foam.

Stretched out underground,
a boy and a girl.
Saying nothing, never kissing,
giving silence for silence.

when i've let my body be Music: Brian Holmes (b. 1946)
Lyrics (alt): e.e. cummings (1894–1962)

when i've let my body be

from each brave eye shall sprout a tree
fruit that dangles therefrom

the purpled world will dance upon
between my lips which did sing

a rose shall beget the spring
that maidens whom passion wastes

will lay between their little breasts
my strong fingers beneath the snow

into strenuous birds shall go
my love walking in the grass
their wings will touch with her face
and all the while shall my heart be
with the bulge and nuzzle of the sea

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

I have got my leave Music: A. Adams (2015)
Lyrics: Rabindranath Tagore (1861–1941)

I have got my leave. Bid me farewell, my brothers!
I bow to you all and take my departure.

Here I give back the keys of my door
---and I give up all claims to my house.
I only ask for last kind words from you.

We were neighbors for long,
but I received more than I could give.
Now the day has dawned
and the lamp that lit my dark corner is out.

Johnny I Hardly Knew Ye Music: Traditional Irish, arr. Alice Parker (b. 1925)
Lyrics: Joseph B. Geoghegan (1867)

While goin' the road to sweet Athy
Hurroo hurroo
While goin' the road to sweet Athy
A stick in me hand, a drop in me eye
A doleful damsel I heard cry
Johnny, I hardly knew ye

With your drums and guns and drums and guns
Hurroo hurroo
With drums and guns and drums and guns
The enemy nearly slew ye
My darling dear, you look so queer
Johnny, I hardly knew ye

Where are your eyes that were so mild?
Hurroo hurroo
Where are your eyes that were so mild
When my heart you so beguiled?
Why did ye skedaddle from me and the child?
Johnny, I hardly knew ye

Where are your legs that used to run?
Hurroo hurroo
Where are your legs that used to run
When you went for to carry the gun?
Indeed, your dancing days are done
Johnny, I hardly knew ye

I'm happy for to see you home
Hurroo hurroo
I'm happy for to see you home

All from the island of Ceylon
So low in flesh, so high in bone
Faith, Johnny, I hardly knew ye

With your drums and guns and drums and guns
Hurroo hurroo
With your drums and guns and drums and guns
The enemy nearly slew ye
My darling dear, you look so queer
Johnny, I hardly knew ye

Danny Boy..... Music: *Londonderry Air*, arr. Joseph Flummerfelt (1937-2019)
Lyrics: Frederic Weatherly (1848-1929)

*Oh Danny boy, the pipes, the pipes are calling
From glen to glen, and down the mountain side
The summer's gone, and all the roses falling
It's you, it's you must go and I must bide.*

*But come ye back when summer's in the meadow
Or when the valley's hushed and white with snow
It's I'll be here in sunshine or in shadow
Oh Danny boy, oh Danny boy, I love you so.
But when ye come, and all the flow'rs are dying
If I am dead, as dead I well may be
You'll come and find the place where I am lying
And kneel and say an Ave there for me.*

*And I shall hear, though soft you tread above me
And all my grave will warmer, sweeter be
For you will bend and tell me that you love me
And I shall sleep in peace until you come to me.*

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

Himenami 姫波Music: Dan Forrest (b. 1978)

Text: Charles Anthony Silvestri (b. 1965)

Japanese translation: Takako Helbig (2013)

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.

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.

庭カに
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.

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.

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.

Earth Song.....Music & Lyrics: Frank Ticheli (b. 1958)

Sing, Be, Live, See...
This dark stormy hour,
The wind, it stirs.
The scorched earth cries out in vain:
O war and power, You blind and blur.
The torn heart cries out in pain.

But music and singing
Have been my refuge,
And music and singing
Shall be my light
A light of song shining strong: Awen!
Through darkness, pain and strife, I'll Sing, Be, Live, See...
Peace.

Look Out.....Music: Joan Szymko (b. 1957)
Lyrics: Wendell Berry (b. 1934)

Come to the window, look out, and see
the valley turning green in remembrance
of all springs past and to come, the woods
perfecting with immortal patience
the leaves that are the work of all of time,
the sycamore whose white limbs shed
the history of a man's life with their old bark,
the river quivering under the morning's breath
like the touched skin of a horse, and you will see
also the shadow cast upon it by fire, the war
that lights its way by burning the earth.

Come to your windows, people of the world,
look out at whatever you see wherever you are,
and you will see dancing upon it that shadow.
You will see that your place, wherever it is,
your house, your garden, your shop, your forest, your farm,
bears the shadow of its destruction by war
which is the economy of greed which is plunder
which is the economy of wrath which is fire.
The Lords of War sell the earth to buy fire,
they sell the water and air of life to buy fire.
They are little men grown great by willingness
to drive whatever exists into its perfect absence.
Their intention to destroy any place is solidly founded
upon their willingness to destroy every place.

Every household of the world is at their mercy,
the households of the farmer and the otter and the owl
are at their mercy. They have no mercy.
Having hate, they can have no mercy.
Their greed is the hatred of mercy.
Their pockets jingle with the small change of the poor.
Their power is the willingness to destroy
everything for knowledge which is money
which is power which is victory
which is ashes sown by the wind.

Leave your windows and go out, people of the world,
go into the streets, go into the fields, go into the woods
and along the streams. Go together, go alone.
Say no to the Lords of War which is Money
which is Fire. Say no by saying yes
to the air, to the earth, to the trees,
yes to the grasses, to the rivers, to the birds
and the animals and every living thing, yes
to the small houses, yes to the children. Yes.

READING: *Bulletproof Teen* by Katie Houde, a junior at Rockland High School, MA

Shine..... Music & Lyrics (alt.): Sawyer Garrity and Andrea Pena 2018)
arr. A. Adams

One week after the mass shooting at Douglas High School in Parkland, FL, survivors Sawyer Garrity and Andrea Peña wrote this powerful tribute to the victims, highlighting the student survivors' strength and resilience, at a CNN Town Hall.

Yes, we threw your city away
We tore down the walls
And opened up all the gates
Yes, we ruined this town
We burned all of the bridges
And slowly let you drown, but

Refrain:

We're not gonna knock you down
You'll get back up again
They may have hurt you
But together we'll be stronger and
We're not gonna let them in
We're putting up a fight
They may have brought the dark
But together we will shine the light and
Woah woah
You will be something special
Woah woah
You're gonna shine

Yes, we're gonna stand tall
Gonna raise up our voices
So you'll never ever fall
You're done, with all your little games
You're tired of hearing that you're too young
To ever make a change 'cause,
Refrain

We can hug a little tighter
We can love a little more
Laugh a little harder
We can stand up and run
If we all come together
We will be alright
Stand up for one another
And we'll never give up the fight
Refrain

READING: *A Blessing of the Dead* by Starhawk

Stars I Shall Find (There Will Be Rest).....Music: David C. Dickau (b. 1953)
Lyrics: Sara Teasdale (1874-1933)

There will be rest, and sure stars shining
Over the rooftops crowned with snow,
A reign of rest, serene forgetting,
The music of stillness holy and low.

I will make this world of my devising
Out of a dream in my lonely mind.
I shall find the crystal of peace, above me
Stars I shall find.

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
Heather Austin
Micalea Bellamy
Sarah Burns
David Carpenter

Richard Cornelius
Andrea Davis
Maria Forlenza
Rebecca Heberlein
Michelle Kellogg

Barbara Ludwig
Kathleen Mayberry
Devin McIntyre
Andrew Miller
Brooke Nicholson

Lisa Steinman
Doug Warburton
Lori Worthman
Mark Yeo

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12TH NIGHT WITH ORPHEUS: A YULE CONCERT & GALA ONSTAGE SMORGASBORD

Join us onstage after the concert for a gala reception featuring
a smorgasbord of traditional Scandinavian delights!
Saturday, January 4, 2020 at 6:00 PM

SPRING FAMILY CONCERT

A one-hour concert with music and storytelling.
Saturday, April 4, 2020 at 11:00 AM

SPRING CONCERT

We celebrate the glories and rites of Beltane and Spring!
Saturday, May 9, 2020 at 7:30 PM

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