

# Orpheus Pagan Chamber Choir

## **The Glories of Spring**

Saturday, May 11<sup>th</sup> at 7:00 PM  
Wash Park Center for Music and the Arts, Denver

and

**WEST SIDE LIVE PRESENTS:**  
Saturday, May 18<sup>th</sup> at 7:00 PM  
Jefferson Unitarian Church, Golden

**In time of silver rain  
La Lluvia  
There will come soft rains  
Fresh and Fearless**

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

**Beltane**

*Brief Intermission*

**Music  
Loveliest of Trees  
Orpheus with his lute  
Let it be forgotten  
When daffodils begin to peer**

**Spring Signs:  
Gemini  
Taurus  
Admittedly Aries**

**Spring Strathspey  
A Hymn to Herne  
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 from Ecuador.*

**There will come soft rains**..... Music: Andrew Adams (b. 1955)  
Lyrics: Sara Teasdale (1884-1933)

There will come soft rains and the smell of the ground,  
And swallows circling with their shimmering sound;

And frogs in the pools singing at night,  
And wild plum trees in tremulous white,

Robins will wear their feathery fire  
Whistling their whims on a low fence-wire;

And not one will know of the war, not one  
Will care at last when it is done.

Not one would mind, neither bird nor tree  
If mankind perished utterly;

And Spring herself, when she woke at dawn,  
Would scarcely know that we were gone.

**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.

**The Blue Bird** ..... Music: Charles Villiers Stanford (1852-1924)  
Lyrics: Mary E. Coleridge (1861-1907)  
Cyrissa Anderson, soprano

The lake lay blue below the hill.  
O'er it, as I looked, there flew  
Across the waters, cold and still,  
A bird whose wings were palest blue.

The sky above was blue at last,  
The sky beneath me blue in blue.  
A moment, ere the bird had passed,  
It caught his image as he flew.

**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)  
Cyrissa Anderson, Sara Blackwelder (May 11), Michelle Kellogg (May 18), sopranos

### *A medley of Medieval and Renaissance songs and 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.*

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

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

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 Carol* ..... Anon, 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 nytegales,  
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.  
Birds sing in great numbers,  
And 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 May* ..... Anon, 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

### *Brief Intermission*

**Music**.....Music: A. Adams  
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.

**Loveliest of Trees (from A Shropshire Lad)**.....Music: A. Adams  
Lyrics: 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.

**Orpheus with His Lute (from Henry VIII)** ..... 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.

**Let it be forgotten**.....Music: Kirke Mechem (b. 1925)

Lyrics: S. Teasdale

Let it be forgotten, as a flower is forgotten,  
Forgotten as a fire that once was singing gold,  
Let it be forgotten for ever and ever,  
Time is a kind friend, he will make us old.

If anyone asks, say it was forgotten  
Long and long ago,  
As a flower, as a fire, as a hushed footfall  
In a long-forgotten snow.

**When daffodils begin to peer** ..... Music: Matthew Harris (b. 1956)

Lyrics: William Shakespeare

Lisa Steinman, mezzo-soprano

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"*

**Spring Signs**.....Music: A. Adams

*Gemini*.....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*..... 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*..... 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.

**Spring Strathspey** ..... Music & Lyrics: Gwydion Pendderwen (1946–1982)  
arr. A. Adams

Myrddyn was playing his pipes in the wood,  
And it sounded sae good to my feeling.  
Hiree, hiroo stirred the dance in the blood,  
And my fresh maidenhood started reeling.

*Refrain:*

*Sweetly it drew me, the song that went through me,  
As if sure it knew me, a maiden-song, laughing long.  
I'm sure that I hear it, Oh, let me draw near it,  
I want to be merrily courted in spring.*

Round us the trees formed a wheel in my mind,  
As if all womankind were careering.  
Softly he touched me, our hands intertwined,  
And we gently reclined in the clearing.

*Refrain*

Dew-fall to star-fall he made love to me,  
In a manner so free and revealing.  
Swift-footed, light-footed, goat-footed, he  
Played a sweet melody with such feeling.

*Refrain*

Daylight and I wake to spring's sweet bouquet  
And a glorious day of beginning.  
Myrddyn has gone on his magical way,  
But the equinox day leaves me spinning.

*Refrain*

**A Hymn to Herne** ..... Music & Lyrics: S. J. Tucker (b. 1980)  
arr. A. Adams

You can say your prayers, work your rites  
Burn your little candles day and night  
You can shimmy 'til dawn to the pounding drums  
But you best be ready when the Horned One comes.

If you wake to the sound of a hunting horn  
Dance a ring in the gathering storm  
If the Solstice time gets your panties in a wad  
It's just the coming of the Horned God

*Refrain:*

*He will call you out, make you sweat  
Give you a blessing that you'll never forget  
So revel in the chase and let your heartbeat run:  
Blessed are the children of the Horned One!*

Hunter who tracks outside of time  
Guardian lord of ancient rhyme  
Brother stag in the musky glen  
And consort of the Goddess in her woodland den

We call you forth as we make our way  
Walking in your power every day  
Guide us true in our hunt this night  
And maybe even later in the Great Rite!

*Refrain*

If you wake to the sound of a hunting horn  
Dance a ring in the gathering storm  
Revel in the chase and let your heartbeat run  
But you'd best be ready when the Horned One comes!

*Refrain*

**Mummers Dance** .....Music 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

**KATHLEEN MAYBERRY**, Piano & Percussion

**DOUG WARBURTON**, Percussion

Cyrisa Anderson  
Heather Austin  
Sara Blackwelder  
Sarah Burns  
David Carpenter

Richard Cornelius  
Christopher Ellman  
Maria Forlenza  
Nathan Jensen  
Michelle Kellogg

Barbara Ludwig  
Kathleen Mayberry  
Devin McIntyre  
Andrew Miller  
Catherine Mock

Brooke Nicholson  
Lisa Steinman  
Lori Worthman

**Thank you for joining us!**

**Look for more great things coming in our  
2019–2020 season!**

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

