

Orpheus Pagan Chamber Choir

A Rite of Remembrance

Saturday, November 5 at 7:30 PM
Wash Park Center for Music and the Arts, Denver

Out of respect for our beloved dead, please maintain silence
in the sanctuary.

There are tea lights on the table with the cornucopias. You are welcome to take one for each loved one you are remembering tonight. After lighting it, take it to the graveyard and place on the appropriate gravesite.

There is a Book of Remembrance on the lectern. You may write whatever you wish concerning your loved one(s) in it. After the concert, the pages will be ritually burned and any tea lights that are still lit will be extinguished and re-lit later to finish burning down.

You may light a candle and/or write in the Book of Remembrance before the concert starts, or you may wait until afterwards as you are so moved.

NOTE: If you light a candle and place it on the main altar **PLEASE** place it on one of the saucers provided. Don't forget to retrieve your things once the rite is over.

Thank you
and
Blessed Be

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.

Hymn to the Eternal FlameMusic: Stephen Paulus (1949–2014)

Lyrics: Michael Dennis Browne (b. 1940)

Soloist: Michelle Kellogg

Every face is in you,
Every voice, every sorrow in you,
Every pity, every love,
Every memory, woven into fire.

Every breath is in you,
Every cry, every longing in you,

Every singing, every hope,
Every healing, woven into fire.

Every heart is in you,
Every tongue, every trembling in you,
Every blessing, every soul,
Every shining, woven into fire.

READING: *The Viking Prayer*

BreathsMusic: Ysaÿe M. Barnwell (b. 1946)

Lyrics: Birago Diop (1906–1989)

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.

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

Mother Music & Lyrics: Kiesza (b. 1989)

Woe to me, I know what I do.
The thorns I carry touch softer than the truth.
Sing for me, I know not where to go.
The road ahead of me is but the path I know.

Refrain

No more weepin' and a-wailin' early in the
mornin'.

Refrain:
Soon I will be done with the trouble of the world,
Goin' home to meet my mother.
I want to meet my mother early in the mornin'.

From the days I've won,
from the road I've come,
soon I will be done.
From the endless run
of the golden sun,
soon I will be done.

Pray for me, I know not what I've done.
And so I carry the stones of where I'm from.
Cry for me, I know not who I am.
The future only leads me back where I began.

Refrain

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

The Parting Glass Traditional Scots/Irish
arr. Andrew Adams (b. 1951)

Of all the money that e'er 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 mem'ry now I can't recall.
So fill to me the parting glass.
Good night and joy be to 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.

Refrain:
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.

Refrain

Kravitor Music & Lyrics: Gunter Scholler (2015)

A text without meaning created by the composer, which he set to his music.

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

After the War Paull Gross (b. 1959) & David Keeley (b. 1961)
arr. Mark Sirett (b. 1952)

After the guns are silent, after your wounds have
healed,
After those crosses been planted in all those fields,
After that long boatride all the way across the sea.
And after this train carries thee.

Refrain:
I will love you after the war.
I'll love you for always for evermore.
I will love you after the war,
Forever, for always, and more.

After your boots dried and the tobacco's all but
gone,

a long with the postcards you've carried under my
arm,
After I remember all the words I couldn't say,
And after this long night fades away.

Refrain

After this blackbird lifts up from off your chest,
And after your soul takes its final rest,
My love I'll forgive you, you never planned to
die,
I'll place two pennies o'er your eyes.

Refrain

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

Farlorn Alemen Music: Andrea Clearfield (b. 1960)
Lyrics: Sima Faitelson (c. 1998)

Soloists: Micayla Bellamy, Emma Day, Christopher Ellmann, Cyrissa Anderson

Tsi veyst ihr, vos batayt es zayn aleyn?
Tsi ken mayn harts, mayn veytik ver farshteyn?
Farlorn tate, mame, mhn un fraynd,
Tsu vemen zol mayn blik zikh vendn haynt?

Do you know what it means to be alone?
Can anyone understand my heart's pain?
Losing mother, father, husband, and friend,
To whom can I turn today?

*Fun veytik blutik itst mayn harts,
Nor fun di oygn kenen shoyt keyn trern mer nit
gen,
Vayl s'iz dokh alts in mir farshteynert fun dem
payn,
Mit zey tsuzamen vel ikh mer nit zayn*

*Un nit visn vel ikh mer shoyt fun dem glik,
Vos gefilt hop ikh, mit vokhn nor tsurik.
Ikh hob nit mer keyn tate, mame, man.
Tsi iz glik nokh oyf der velt far mir faran?*

*Tsi den vel ikh zen keyn mol shoyt nit zen?
Tsi iz dos lebn shoyt far mir farshpilt? Tsi den?
Vel ikh nit hern mer di verter: "kh'hob dikh lib?"
Tsi blaybt mayn lebn shoyt oyf eybik azoy trib.*

My heart is now bleeding from pain,
My eyes can shed no more tears,

Everything in me has turned into stone from
anguish,
I'll never be together with them again.

I will never know anymore the happiness
that I felt only a few weeks ago.
I have no mother, father, husband anymore.
Is there still any happiness left for me in the world?

Will I never see them again, then?
Is my life, then, lost forever?
Will I ever hear the words "I love you" anymore?
Will my life story thus be empty forever?

Famine Song of the Sudanese Music & Lyrics: VIDA (c. 1995)
arr. Matthew Culloton (b. 1976)

Soloists: Emma Day, Lisa Steinman

Ease my spirit, ease my soul,
please free my hands from this barren soil.
Ease my mother, ease my child,
earth and sky be reconciled.

Rain, rain, rain.

Weave, my mother, weave, my child,
Weave your baskets of rushes wild.

Out of heat, under sun,
comes the hunger to everyone.
Famine's teeth, famine's claw
on the sands of Africa.

Rain, rain, rain.

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: *A Blessing of the Dead* by Starhawk

Rest Music: Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872–1958)
Lyrics: Christina Rossetti (1830–1894)

O Earth, lie heavily upon her eyes;
Seal her sweet eyes weary of watching, Earth;
Lie close around her; leave no room for mirth
With its harsh laughter, nor for sound of sighs.
She hath no questions, she hath no replies,
Hush'd in and curtain'd with a blessèd dearth
Of all that irk'd her from the hour of birth;
With stillness that is almost Paradise.
Darkness more clear than noonday holdeth her,
Silence more musical than any song;
Even her very heart has ceased to stir:
Until the morning of Eternity
Her rest shall not begin nor end, but be;
And when she wakes she will not think it long.

In Remembrance (from Requiem)..... Music: Eleanor Daley (b. 1955)
Lyrics: Anonymous

Do not stand at my grave and weep.
I am not there, I do not sleep.

I am a thousand winds that blow,
I am the diamond glint on snow,

I am the sunlight on ripened grain,
I am the gentle morning rain.

And when you wake in the morning's hush,
I am the sweet uplifting rush
of quiet birds in circled flight.
I am the soft stars that shine at night.

Do not stand at my grave and cry,
I am not there, I did not die.

Good night, dear heart..... Music: Dan Forrest (b. 1978)
Lyrics: Charles Anthony Silvestri (b. 1965)

Warm summer sun,
Shine kindly here,
Warm southern wind,
Blow softly here.
Green sod above, lie light.
Good night, dear heart, good night.

READING: Hymn for the Hurting by Amanda Gorman (b. 1998)

Like a Leaf..... Music: Elizabeth Alexander (b. 1962)
Lyrics: Wendell Berry

When I rise up, let me rise,
rise up joyful like a bird.
When I fall, let me fall
without regret.
Let me fall like a leaf.

Orison ... Music and Lyrics: adapted from the Roman Catholic antiphon for winter solstice by A. Adams

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

Allen Adair	David Carpenter	Jade Tiller	Micayla Bellamy
Andrea Davis	Devin McIntyre	Kathleen Mayberry	Michael Clarkson
Barbara Ludwig	Doug Warburton	Kimber Scott	Michelle Kellogg
Bonita Lahey	Emma Day	Lisa Steinman	Riah Cat Sumner
Catherine Mock	Gary Suto	Lori Sullivan Worthman	Richard Cornelius
Christopher Ellmann	Gena Meyer	Martha Richards	Sam Barger
Cyrissa Anderson	Grace VanNess	Matthew Kellogg	Sara Cummings
			Sonia Ellison

Please Join Us For More in 2022

12TH NIGHT WITH ORPHEUS: A YULE CONCERT & VIKING FEAST

*Join us for our annual 12th night celebration followed by
traditional viking feast!*

Saturday, January 7, 2022 at 6:00 PM

Under the Spire
First Baptist of Denver
1373 Grant Street
Denver, CO

A TIME TO HEAL: SONGS FOR A WOUNDED WORLD

*We honor the earth and its capacity both to heal and be healed, the purifying
nature of fire, and the healing ability of music, shaped by the poetry of
environmental activist Wendell Berry and Pulitzer Prize winner Sara Teasdale.*

THE FRIENDS AND FAMILY TIME TO HEAL CONCERT

Saturday, April 1, 2022 at 11:00 AM

THE FULL SPRING TIME TO HEAL CONCERT

Saturday, May 13, 2022 at 7:30 PM

Both Concerts will be held at the Wash Park Center for Music & the Arts
400 S. Williams St.
Denver, CO

Ample free parking available.

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