

Orpheus Pagan Chamber Choir

A Time to Heal: Songs for a Wounded World A Friends and Family Concert

Saturday, April 1st at 11:00 AM
Wash Park Center for Music and the Arts, Denver

One Household, High and Low Music: Andrew Maxfield (c. 2017) Lyrics: Wendell Berry (b. 1934)

The dark around us, come,
Let us meet here together,
Members one of another,
Here in our holy room,

Here on our little floor,
Here in the daylight sky,

Rejoicing mind and eye,
Rejoining known and knower,

Light, leaf, foot, hand, and wing,
Such order as we know,
One household, high and low,
And all the earth shall sing.

Great Trees..... Music: Malcolm Dalglish (b. 1952) Lyrics: Wendell Berry

Slowly, slowly, they return
To the small woodland let alone:
Great trees, outspreading and upright,
Apostles of the living light.

Patient as stars, they build in air
Tier after tier a timbered choir,
Stout beams upholding weightless grace
Of song, a blessing on this place.

They stand in waiting all around,
Uprisings of their native ground,

Downcomings of the distant light;
They are the advent they await.

Receiving sun and giving shade,
Their life's a benefaction made,
And is a benediction said
Over the living and the dead.

In fall their brightened leaves, released,
Fly down the wind, and we are pleased
To walk on radiance, amazed.
O light come down to earth, be praised!

The Peace of Wild Things..... Music: Jake Runestad (b. 1986) Lyrics: Wendell Berry

When despair for the world grows in me
and I wake in the night at the least sound
in fear of what my life and my children's lives may be,
I go and lie down where the wood drake
rests in his beauty on the water, and the great heron
feeds.

I come into the peace of wild things
who do not tax their lives with forethought of grief.
I come into the presence of still water.
And I feel above me the day-blind stars
waiting with their light. For a time
I rest in the grace of the world, and am free.

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 like a leaf.

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

And frogs in the pools singing at night,
And wild plum trees in tremulous white,
Not one would mind, neither bird nor tree
If mankind perished utterly;

Robins will wear their feathery fire
Whistling their whims on a low fence-wire;
And Spring herself, when she woke at dawn,
Would scarcely know that we were gone.

Stars Over Snow..... Music: Timothy Jon Tharaldson (b. 1975)
Lyrics: Sara Teasdale

Stars over snow
And in the west a planet
Swinging below a star —
Look for a lovely thing and you will find it,
It is not far —
It never will be far.

Stars I Shall Find..... Music: David C. Dickau (b.1953)
Lyrics: Sara Teasdale

There will be rest, and sure stars shining
Over the roof-tops 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.

Refuge..... Music: Elaine Hagenberg (c. 2016)
Lyrics: Sara Teasdale

From my spirit's gray defeat,
From my pulse's flagging beat,
From my hopes that turned to sand
Sifting through my close-clenched hand,
From my own fault's slavery,
If I can sing, I still am free.

For with my singing I can make
A refuge for my spirit's sake,
A house of shining words, to be
My fragile immortality.

Flight Song..... Music: Kim André Arnesen (b. 1980)
Lyrics: Euan Tait (b. 1968)

All we are, we have found in song:
you have drawn this song from us.
Songs of lives unfolding
fly overhead, cry overhead:
longing, rising from the song within.
Moving like the rise and fall of wings,
hands that shape our calling voice
on the edge of answers
you've heard our cry, you've known our cry:
music's fierce compassion flows from you.

The night is restless with the sounds we hear,
is broken, shaken by the cries of pain:
for this is music's inner voice,
saying, yes, we hear you,
all you who cry aloud,
and we will fly, answering you:
so our lives sing, sing,
wild we will fly,
wild in spirit we will fly.

Like a feather falling from the wing,
fragile as a human voice,
afraid, uncertain,
alive to love, we sing as love,
afraid, uncertain,
yet our flight begins as song.

Sing, my Child Music & Lyrics: Sarah Quartel (b. 1982)
Soloists: Michelle Kellogg, Sam Henderson

Sing for the promise in each new morning.
Sing for the hope in a new day dawning.
All around is beauty bright!
Wake in the morning and sing, my child.

Dance in the joy of the day unfolding.
Dance as you work and dance as you're learning.
All around is beauty bright!
Take in the day and dance, my child.

Refrain:
But when troubles come
and worry is all that can be found,
gather your strength and hear your voice.

Sing, my child.

Laugh in the cool and the fresh of the ev'ning.
Laugh in your triumph, laugh in succeeding.
All around is beauty bright!
Rest in the ev'ning and laugh, my child.

Peace in the stillness and dark of the night.
Peace in the dreams of your silent delights.
All around is beauty bright!
Sleep in the night and peace, my child.

Refrain

How Can I Keep from Singing Music: Gwyneth Walker (b. 1947)
Lyrics: Quaker Hymn (c. 1800)

My life flows on in endless song
above earth's lamentation.
I hear the real though distant song
that hails a new creation.

Through all the tumult and the strife
I hear the music ringing.
It sounds an echo in my soul,
how can I keep from singing?

What though the tempest loudly roars,
I hear the truth, it's living!
What though the darkness round me close,
songs in the night it's giving!

No storm can shake my inmost calm
while to that rock I'm clinging.
Since I believe that love abides,
how can I keep from singing?

When tyrants tremble when they hear
the bells of freedom ringing.
When friends rejoice both far and near,
How can I keep from singing?

In prison cell, in dungeon dark,
our thoughts to them are winging.
When friends hold courage in their heart,
how can I keep from singing?

Hymn to the Eternal Flame Music: 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.

FireMusic: Katerina Gimon (b. 1993)

*fire
heat, light
strength, fuel, drive
burning, melting, evaporating, and transforming
fire*

Orpheus Pagan Chamber Choir

ANDREW ADAMS, Music Director

MOLLY MORAN, Piano

Doug Warburton and Kathleen Enea Moore, Percussion

Cyrisa Anderson
Heather Austin
Sam Barger
Micayla Bellamy
Brian Bickham
Tofer Breuer
David Carpenter
Michael Clarkson
Richard Cornelius

Sara Cummings
Andrea Davis
Emma Day
Sonia Ellison
Maria Forlenza
Sam Henderson
EC Jarecke
Michelle Kellogg
Matthew Kellogg

Mara Koerner
Bonita Lahey
Barbara Ludwig
Gena Meyer
Catherine Mock
Kathleen Enea Moore
Brooke Nicholson
Justin Nickerson
Angela Onduto

Kimber Scott
Lisa Steinman
Gary Suto
Jade Tiller
Meghan Wakely
Doug Warburton
Marti Wederer
Cameron Yanoscik

Join Us For More

A TIME TO HEAL: SONGS FOR A WOUNDED WORLD (FULL CONCERT)

Saturday, May 13, 2019 at 7:30 PM

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

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

