

Orpheus Pagan Chamber Choir

A Time to Heal: Music for a Wounded World

Saturday, May 13th at 7:00 PM
Wash Park Center for Music and the Arts, Denver

**One Household, High and Low
Great Trees
The Peace of Wild Things
More Than Enough
Like a Leaf**

Look Out

**Fresh and Fearless
Let It Be Forgotten
There will come soft rains
Stars Over Snow
Stars I shall Find**

Brief Intermission

Hide and Seek

Refuge

**Flight Song
Sing, my Child
How Can I Keep From Singing?**

**Hymn to the Eternal Flame
Caritas Abundat
Fire**

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.

More Than Enough Music: Susan LaBarr (b. 1981)

Lyrics: Wendell Berry

Soloist: EC Jarecke

Growing weather; enough rain;
the peach tree bent with its yield;
the pastures deep in clover and grass,
enough, and more than enough.

The work of feeding and clothing and housing
done with more than enough love,
the talk of friends, lightened and cleared
by all that can be assumed.

Honey golden in the white comb;
the ground moist underfoot,
the feet yielding in it as roots,
enough, and more than enough.

Sleep after love, dreaming,
white lilies blooming;
after sleep,
morning a clear gift.

The great beech, its leaves gold-lit,
branches blown down in the fall,

a footbridge over the stream;
enough, and more than enough.

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.

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

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.

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.

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.

There will come soft rains.....Music: Andrew Adams (b. 1955)

Lyrics: Sara Teasdale

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.

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

Lyrics: Sara Teasdale

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

Stars I Shall FindMusic: David 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.

Brief Intermission

Hide and Seek..... Music & Lyrics: Imogen Heap (b.1977)

Where are we?
What the hell is going on?
The dust has only just begun to form
Crop circles in the carpet
Sinking, feeling

Spin me around again
And rub my eyes
This can't be happening
When busy streets
A mess with people
Would stop to hold their heads heavy

Hide and seek
Trains and sewing machines
All those years
They were here first

Oily marks appear on walls
Where pleasure moments hung before
The takeover
The sweeping insensitivity of this
Still life

Hide and seek
Trains and sewing machines
Blood and tears
They were here first

Mm, what'd you say?
Mm, that you only meant well
Well of course you did
Mm, what'd you say?
Mm, that it's all for the best
Of course it is
Mm, what'd you say?
Mm, that it's just what we need
You decided this
Mm, what'd you say?
Mm, what did she say?

Ransom notes keep falling out your mouth
Mid-sweet talk, newspaper word cutouts
Speak no feeling, no, I don't believe you
You don't care a bit, you don't care a bit
Oh, no, you don't care a bit
Uh-uh, you don't care a bit
You don't care a bit

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: Sam Henderson & Michelle Kellogg

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.

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.

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.

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

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?

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?

When tyrants tremble when they hear
the bells of freedom ringing.
When friends rejoice both far and near,
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!

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

Every breath is in you,
Every cry, every longing in you,
Every singing, every hope,
Every healing, woven into fire.

Caritas Abundat Music: Michael John Trotta (b.1978)

Lyrics: Hildegard von Bingen (1098–1179), trans. M. J. Trotta

I am the great and fiery force
That breathes life into all things.
I am what awakens and supports life
and enkindles all living things.
Everything in the cosmos is encircled with my wisdom.
I am the beauty in the fields,
The force, that moves like a graceful wind
I shine in the waters, and burn in the sun,
Glimmering in the stars.

Caritas abundat in omnia.

Love abounds in everything.

Fire Music: Katerina Gimon (b. 1993)

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



ASL Interpretation provided by:
Tofer Breüer

Thank you for joining us this season!

**Look for more great things to come in our
2023–2024 season!**

Orpheus Pagan Chamber Choir

ANDREW ADAMS, Music Director

MOLLY MORAN, Piano

KATHLEEN ENEA MOORE, Piano & Percussion

DOUG WARBURTON, Percussion

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

Andrea Davis
Emma Day
Sonia Ellison
Christopher Ellmann
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

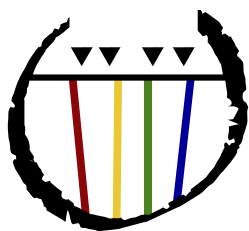
Martha Richards
Kimber Scott
Lisa Steinman
Gary Suto
Jade Tiller
Meghan Wakely
Doug Warburton
Marti Wederer
Cameron Yanoscik

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Taste, savor, and buy from Colorado's finest meaderies!

Saturday, July 22, 2023 4–7 PM
The Grounds of Jefferson Unitarian Church
14350 W 32nd Ave
Golden, CO

Purchase tickets:



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Pagan Chamber Choir

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