

Orpheus Pagan Chamber Choir

Welcome to **A RITE OF REMEMBRANCE**

**Out of respect for our beloved dead,
please observe reverent 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.

If you have any photos or other memorabilia that you wish to place on the main altar, you may do so.

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

*Special thanks to Michael Davida for creating and providing
the Visual Design of tonight's Altar Space and Graveyard.*



<http://www.orpheuspcc.org>

Orpheus Pagan Chamber Choir

A RITE OF REMEMBRANCE

Saturday, November 2nd at 7:30 PM

Wash Park Center for Music and the Arts, Denver, CO

Please observe sacred silence when you enter the hall and throughout the Rite.

Ancient Mother

Faith

Reading: "If Death is Kind" | Sara Teasdale (1884-1933)

There Was a Time

Reading: A Litany for Sitting with the Unjustly Killed | Melissa Hill (2017)

La Llorona

Himenami (The Divine Wave)

After the Storm

Reading: A Blessing for One who has Died to Save Others | Starhawk (b. 1951)

Siuil a Run

Prayer of the Children

Freya Cried

After the War

Reading: A Prayer

Music, When Soft Voices Die

Reading: A Litany of Remembrance

Good Night, Dear Heart

Reading: Hymn For The Hurting | Amanda Gorman (b. 1998)

You Do Not Walk Alone

Ancient Mother

African chant, arr. Andrew Adams (b. 1955)

Chant: Ishtar, Cerridwen, Inanna, Hekate, Frigga, Kali, Mielikki, Artemis, Lilith, Astarte, Gaia, Pasowe, Aphrodite, Shekinah, Morgana, Maya, Isis, Freya, Parvati, Athena, Holda, Nidaba, Sophia, Izanami, Chicomecoatli, 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.

Faith (from "Vedic Hymns")

Music: Gustav Holst (1874–1934); Lyrics: from the Rig Veda, trans. G. Holst

By Thee the fire doth shine
Upon the sacred altar:
To Thee we raise our song of joy and homage,
Most Holy Faith!

By thee all generous hearts
Are blessed with wealth and wisdom.
To thee they giveth all in humble gladness
Most Holy Faith!

By Thee the prayers are heard
That rise in silent worship:
To thee all souls and gods are drawing nearer.
Most Holy Faith!

By Thee inspired, our song
Ascendeth ever higher
To Thee at early morn, at noon, at even,
Most Holy Faith!

READING: "IF DEATH IS KIND" | SARA TEASDALE (1884–1933)

There Was a Time

Music: Elaine Hagenberg (2021) ; Lyrics: William Wordsworth (1770–1850)

There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
The earth, and every common sight,
To me did seem
Apparell'd in celestial light,
The glory of a dream.

The rainbow comes and goes,
And lovely is the rose;
The moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare;
Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair;

The sunshine is a glorious birth;
But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there hath pass'd away a glory from the earth.

Though nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower;
We will grieve not, rather find
Strength in what remains behind.



READING: A CELTIC PRAYER TO THE ANCESTORS

Wayfaring Stranger

Music and Lyrics: Trad. American, arr. Craig Courtney (2023); Lyrics adapted by A. Adams

I'm just a poor wayfaring stranger,
I'm trav'ling through this world below;
Yet there's no sickness, toil, nor danger,
In that bright world to which I go.
I'm going there to see my father,
I'm going there no more to roam;
I'm just a going over Jordan, I'm just a going over home.

I know dark clouds will gather o'er me,
I know my way is rough and steep;
Yet golden fields lie out before me,
Where weary eyes no more shall weep.
I'm going there to meet my mother,
She said she'd meet me when I come;
I'm just a going over Jordan, I'm just a going over home.

I want to I want to see them in their glory,
When I get home to that good land.
I want to shout my kindred's story,
In concert with my ancestral band;
I'm going there to meet my loved ones,
To sing their praise for evermore;

I'm just a poor wayfaring stranger,
I'm trav'ling through this world below;
I'm just a going over Jordan,
I'm just a going over home.
I'm going over home.

Reading: A Litany for Sitting with the Unjustly Killed | Melissa Hill (2017)

La Llorona

Todos me dicen el negro, llorona,
negro pero carifoso.
Yo soy como el chile verde, llorona,
picante pero sabroso.
¡Ay de mí! llorona,
llorona de ayer y hoy.

Ayer era maravilla, llorona,
y ahora ni sombra soy.
Dicen que no tengo duelo, llorona,
porque no me ven llorar.
Hay muertos que no hacen ruido, llorona,
y es más grande su penar.

¡Ay de mí! llorona,
llorona de azul celeste.
Y aunque la vida me cueste, llorona,
no dejaré de quererte.
Ya con ésta se despiden, llorona,
tu negrito soñador.

Music and Lyrics: Trad. Mexican, arr. Jon Washburn (b.1942)

*Everyone calls me the black one, weeping woman,
black yet loving.
I am like the green chili,
spicy yet tasty.
Woe is me!
weeping woman of yesterday and today.

Yesterday I was a marvel,
and today I am but a shadow.
They say I am not mourning,
because they do not hear me weeping.
There are deaths which do not make a sound. and whose
suffering is much greater.

Woe is me!
weeping woman of the blue of the sky.
And even if it costs me my life,
it will not cease my longing.
And with that I am leaving,
your dreaming black one.*



Himenami (The Divine Wave)

Rose and indigo
Mingle as the rising sun
Heralds a new day.

All is silence—from pebble
To heart of ancient mountain.
Ocean waves whisper
Secrets to the silent shore,
Sand and foam embrace.

The sea has many secrets
Beneath her veil of Billows.

Music: Dan Forrest (b. 1978); Lyrics: Charles Anthony Silvestri (b.1965)

Without warning
The mountains tremble
And the sea rises up;
A wall of water
Sweeps away our future
In an instant.
All things fade away—
We are only wanderers
Upon this moment;
And yet we sing together,
In love against all shadow.

After the Storm

What happened to the life we built together?
Where did it go? The twisted tree trunks point the way.
Was I so bad that all we had was taken from us?
Did the beginning of the end begin today?

I wonder who will find your state fair ribbons.
Or our vacation money in the Mason jar.
Will they know that was your mother's china tea set?
Are we covered for the house that crushed our car?

Everything we worked and scratched and saved for
Took a heartbeat and a thunderstorm to lose.
Those little bands that play on Beale Street know
their music,

Music: Susan La Barr (b.1981); Lyrics: Bill Cairns (2012)

But if they're not here, they'll never know the blues.

Where will we go to get out of the weather?
Are we supposed to crawl back under the debris?
The only things we have left are what we're wearing.
Our life will never be the way it used to be.

Then you tell me life is more than state fair ribbons.
And you fold your muddy fingers over mine.
And like the barn dance when you led me to the
dance floor,
You smile and whisper, "We'll take one step at a time."

READING: A BLESSING FOR ONE WHO HAS DIED TO SAVE OTHERS | STARHAWK (B. 1951)

Siuil a Run (Go, My Love)

I would I were on yonder hill
'Tis there I'd sit and cry my fill
'Till every tear would turn a mill
Is go de ti tu mo mhuirnin slán
(May you go safely, my darling)

I'll sell my rock, I'll sell my reel
And then I'll sell my spinning wheel
To buy my love a sword of steel
Is go de ti tu mo mhuirnin slán

I'll dye my petticoat, I'll dye it red
And round the world, I'll beg my bread

Music and Lyrics: Trad. Irish, arr. Herbert Hughes (1882–1937), arr. A. Adams

Until my parents would wish me dead
Is go de ti tu mo mhuirnin slán

But now my love has gone to France
To try his fortune to advance
If he ever comes back, 'tis but a chance
Is go de ti tu mo mhuirnin slán

O my baby, o my love
Gone the rainbow, gone the dove
Your father was my own true love
Is go de ti tu mo mhuirnin slán

Prayer of the Children

Can you hear the prayer of the children?
On bended knee, in the shadow of an unknown room
Empty eyes with no more tears to cry
Turning heavenward toward the light

Cryin' who will, help me
To see the morning light of one more day
But if I should die before I wake,
I pray my soul to take

Can you feel the hearts of the children?
Aching for home, for something of their very own
Reaching hands, with nothing to hold on to,
But hope for a better day a better day

Cryin' who will, help me
To feel the love again in my own land

Music and Lyrics: Kurt Bestor (b. 1958), arr. Andrea S. Klouse

But if unknown roads lead away from home,
Give me loving arms, away from harm
Can you hear the voice of the children?
Softly pleading for silence in a shattered world?
Angry guns preach a gospel full of hate,
Blood of the innocent on their hands

Cryin' who will, help me
To feel the sun again upon my face,
For when darkness clears I know you're near,
Bringing peace again

Dali cujete sve dječje molitive?
(Croatian translation:
'Can you hear all the children's prayers?')
Can you hear the prayer of the children?

Freya Cried

Freyja cried.
She cried tears of red and gold.
She cried for those who die in war.
This is her sacrifice.

Time passes.
Does Freyja still cry?
I know she cries for those who die in war.
This is her sacrifice.

I walked in the mountains,
I walked in the forest,
and I saw her flattened tears
held up in the arms of the aspen.

Music and Lyrics: Beth Billington (2012), arr. A. Adams

Tears of red and gold
lifted back to the sky for a blessing,
before falling softly and feeding green to come.
This is her sacrifice.

Freyja cried.
She cried tears of red and gold.
She cried for those who die in war.
This is her sacrifice.

Time passes.
Does Freyja still cry?
I know she cries for those who die in war.
This is her sacrifice.

Freyja cried.



After the War

Paul 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 boat ride 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,
Along 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, please forgive me. I did not mean to die.
And Love, place two pennies on my eyes."

Refrain

READING: A PRAYER

Music, When Soft Voices Die

Music: Eric Nelson (b.1959), Lyrics: Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792–1822)

Music, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory—
Odours, when sweet violets sicken,
Live within the sense they quicken.

Rose leaves, when the rose is dead,
Are heaped for the beloved's bed;
And so thy thoughts, when thou art gone,
Love itself shall slumber on.

READING: A LITANY OF REMEMBRANCE

Good Night, Dear Heart

Music: D. Forrest; Lyrics: Mark Twain (1835–1910),
after Robert Richardson (1850–1901)

Warm summer sun, shine kindly here
Warm southern wind, blow softly here

Green sod above lie light, lie light
Good night, good night

READING: HYMN FOR THE HURTING | AMANDA GORMAN (B. 1998)

You Do Not Walk Alone

Music: E. Hagenberg (2019); Lyrics: Trad. Irish

May you see the light on the path ahead
when the road you walk is dark.
May you always hear even in your hour of sorrow,
the gentle singing of the lark.

When times are hard
may hardness never turn your heart to stone.
May you always remember when the shadows fall—
You do not walk alone.



Orpheus Pagan Chamber Choir

Singing the Music of the Spheres

PLEASE JOIN US FOR MORE!

SAGE SINGERS COLLABORATION

Saturday, November 24, 2024 at 3 PM

First Universalist Church of Denver
4101 E Hampden Ave, Denver, CO

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

Saturday, January 4, 2025 at 6 PM

First Baptist Church of Denver
1373 Grant Street, Denver, CO

HAIL MUSIC! THE SPLENDORS OF SONG

We salute "music" with Ralph Vaughan Williams' rhapsodic *Serenade to Music* and delightful music by English Baroque composers Henry Purcell and John Blow. Classic contemporary settings of famous texts about music complete the program, with music by Dan Forrest, Kim Andre Arneson, Mark Sirett, and many more.

FRIENDS & FAMILY PREVIEW CONCERT

Saturday, April 5, 2025 at 11 AM
Location: TBD

FULL CONCERT

Saturday, May 10, 2025 at 7:30 PM
Location: TBD

Find us online at <http://www.orpheuspcc.org>