



Paul Winter Consort & Friends  
**EVERYBODY UNDER THE SUN**  
Voices of Solstice  
Volume I: The Singers

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Notes by Paul Winter

Since 1980, the Consort and I have been artists-in-residence at New York's Cathedral of St. John the Divine, where we have presented annual Winter Solstice and Summer Solstice Celebrations in the extraordinary acoustics of this largest cathedral in the world. In keeping with the inclusivist embrace of the solstices, and the intercultural, ecumenical, welcoming tradition of the Cathedral, these concerts have always featured special guest performers from different cultures of the world. *Everybody Under the Sun* is an anthology from the recordings of the first four decades of these events, featuring 22 singers from 13 cultures of five continents around the world. (Volume II: The Players, including the diversity of instrumentalists who have performed, will be its sequel.)

We have programmed the anthology like a concert, even though these performances took place over 39 years. The 150-minute album is structured in two halves, and I would encourage listeners to take an intermission between them.

We have been hugely blessed to have met all these amazing singers during our international travels over the years, and that each of them has been willing to come to New York to grace one of our solstice celebrations.

This album, to me, is a resounding manifestation of the multiculturalism that is one of the great hallmarks of our country. America has long been a sanctuary that has welcomed and embraced peoples from everywhere, and we are committed to doing everything we can to ensure that it will continue to be.

These celebrations have come to be the most memorable events of the year for us, summing up the music adventures of our journeys, and bringing “home” new friends we’ve met along the way. It is a blessing, I feel, that the marking of the Winter Solstice which was so integral to the lives of Northern peoples for millennia, has now re-emerged in our times.

*Central to all the traditions of Solstice is the renewal of spirit,  
symbolized by the rebirth of the sun.*

*Winter Solstice is a time for healing, and for hope;  
it is a time to celebrate community and relatedness;  
and a time to honor the diversity and the unity of this  
great cornucopia of life on Earth.*

*in remembering the Solstice, we resonate once again  
with the rhythm of the cosmos,  
and allow our hearts to embrace the optimism of our ancient knowledge  
that the light will overcome the darkness.*



## THE WORD “SOLSTICE”

comes from the latin sol (sun) and stitium (stand still).

the winter solstice is when the sun, on its apparent path across the sky,  
reaches its southernmost point from the celestial equator  
and seems to pause before reversing its course.

peoples of the northern latitudes once met this critical  
turning point of the year with mingled expectancy and foreboding,  
for the longest night of the year was also the uncertain threshold  
of return towards the year's fullness, and required  
the enactment of special regenerative rituals to ensure  
the sun would wax again.

## The Cathedral of St. John the Divine

Ever since St. John's Day,  
December 27, 1892, when the  
cornerstone was thrice stuck  
into the living rock of Manhattan's  
Morningside Heights, St. John has aimed  
to be 'a House of Prayer for all People.'  
To its great bronze doors have come all the  
faithful – Christian, Jew, Buddhist, existentialist,  
best-dressed, lesser-blessed, socially distressed –  
seeking joy and triumph over the universal demons.  
In the arboreal stillness of its towering columns and  
arches, they have listened to the Archbishop of Canterbury,  
Buckminster Fuller, the Dalai Lama, Rene Dubos, the Mayor  
of Jerusalem, Jesse Jackson, Secretaries General of the United  
Nations, Vaclav Havel, Cesar Chavez, Margaret Mead, Thomas Berry,  
Nelson Mandela, the Paul Winter Consort, and poet Gary Snyder. Under  
the jewel light of its 10,000 pane Great Rose Window, they have prayed  
together for war's end. Though its keynote is distinctly American, as is that  
of the Episcopal Church, the Cathedral – affectionately known as 'Big John' –  
peals a message around the globe: 'Peace on earth, goodwill to all.'"

–Wendy Insinger  
(from "Hosanna for St. John the Divine," in *Town and Country* magazine)

## Disc I

- 1. Kurski Funk ☀ Dmitri Pokrovsky Ensemble (Russia)**  
Traditional Russian song, with new music by Paul Halley,  
Oscar Castro-Neves, and Paul Winter  
(*Living Earth Music, BMI; Umpawaug Music, ASCAP*)

### Winter Solstice 1991

Dmitri Pokrovsky became interested in folk music when he was studying the balalaika and conducting at the Gnessin Pedagogical Institute in Moscow in the early 1970s. Intent on finding fresh musical influences, he began visiting small villages and listening to their oldest songs. What he discovered was a vast literature of structurally and harmonically complex songs, performed in a rough-hewn but compelling vocal style. He knew then he had been deprived of a great art form and separated from his heritage. Thus began his musical odyssey. When Dmitri returned to Moscow to form an ensemble to perform this music, he avoided conventionally trained singers, choosing scholars in various fields and musicians who could play folk instruments. He took the ensemble to the countryside, where they learned the ancient songs and rituals from the villagers who had preserved them.

After years in the underground of Soviet culture, the Pokrovsky Ensemble emerged as one of the most popular vocal groups in Russia. Dmitri Pokrovsky's research into the traditional folk songs of his native Russia won him the Gorbachev Award, the former Soviet government's highest artistic accolade.



The Ensemble also performs modern works by contemporary Russian composers who draw on folk traditions, such as Stravinsky and Berynsky.

Dmitri Pokrovsky passed away in 1996 at the age of 52. His Ensemble is dedicated to continuing his musical mission in the world.

We met the Pokrovsky Ensemble when our two groups shared the stage in a concert at Moscow University in 1986, at the end of our first tour in the then Soviet Union. We were so enthralled by their sound and spirit, that we began exploring possibilities to collaborate. This led to our returning to Moscow in the spring of 1987, to record with them our joint album *Earthbeat*, the first album of original music created by Russians and Americans together. The Ensemble has since become our “sister group,” touring with us throughout the U.S. as well as in Japan, Spain, Israel, and Russia. They have been featured in several of our solstice events.

“Kurski Funk” is based on a traditional song from the Kursk region in southern Russia. The recording of this song from our *Earthbeat* album was heard by millions as the theme of the TV show *Survivor*. Masha Nefedova, of the Dmitri Pokrovsky Ensemble, translates the meaning of the lyrics:

*“At my darling’s house the gates  
are chiseled,  
and the crossbars are gilded.  
My sweetheart stands at the gate  
and doesn’t let me go for a walk.*

*But I’m not afraid of him.  
I’m not ashamed, good people.  
I’ll go out and will play a  
round dance.”*

"The 'Lioly-Lialy' chorus words don't make sense now," she explains, "but many ethnomusicologists believe that this chorus, widely distributed in round dance songs, belonged in ancient times to the cult of worship of the spring sun, life, love, and fertility."

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**Dmitri Pokrovsky Ensemble**

Dmitri Pokrovsky  
Alexander Danilov  
Tamara Smyslova  
Maria Nefedova  
Elena Sidoreno  
Olga Yukecheva  
Irina Shishkina  
Evgeny Vedernikov  
Dmitri Fokin  
Sergei Zhirkov

Paul Winter/soprano sax  
Eugene Friesen/cello  
Rhonda Larson/flute  
Paul Halley/piano  
Russ Landau/bass  
Glen Velez/percussion  
Sammy Figueroa/percussion  
Gordon Gottlieb/drums

**2. In My Life ☀ Susan Osborn (U.S.)**

John Lennon, Paul McCartney  
(Sony/ATV Music, ASCAP)

**Winter Solstice 1980**

Susan Osborn was the first vocalist the Consort ever had. We heard her in Vermillion, South Dakota, during a concert tour in 1975. We felt such a kinship with Susan and her singing that we invited her to the "village" of musicians that I gathered at my farm in Connecticut in the summer of 1977, out of which came our album *Common Ground*. Soon thereafter, Susan joined the band.



Our first Winter Solstice Celebration in New York was set for December 19, 1980. Eleven days earlier, John Lennon had been murdered, not far from the Cathedral. We wanted to play something as an elegy for John, but we had never played a Beatles' song before. However, Jim Scott, our guitarist, knew "In My Life," and Susan learned the words. The Consort ran through it together once, just before the concert. (We asked a few friends to ring our set of Bedouin camel bells at the end of the song.)

### **In My Life**

*There are places I'll remember  
All my life, though some  
    have changed  
Some forever, not for better  
Some have gone and some remain  
All these places had their moments  
With lovers and friends I still  
    can recall  
Some are dead and some are living  
In my life I've loved them all  
But of all these friends and lovers  
There is no one compares with you  
And these memories lose  
    their meaning  
When I think of love as  
    something new*

*Though I know I'll never  
    lose affection  
For people and things that  
    went before  
I know I'll often stop and think  
    about them  
In my life I love you more  
Though I know I'll never  
    lose affection  
For people and things that  
    went before  
I know I'll often stop and think  
    about them  
In my life I love you more  
In my life I love you more*

Susan Osborn/voice  
Paul Winter/soprano sax  
Eugene Friesen/cello  
Nancy Rumbel/English horn  
Jim Scott/guitar  
Paul Halley/organ  
Ted Moore/percussion

**3. The Sparrow ☀ Kecia Lewis-Evans (U.S.)**  
Trad. American; arr. by Lewis-Evans, Halley  
(Living Earth Music, BMI; Back Alley Music, ASCAP)

**Winter Solstice 1988**

Our keyboardist, Paul Halley, heard Kecia sing somewhere in New York, and then suggested that we invite her to be part of our Winter Solstice Celebration in 1986. This was my first experience with gospel singing, and we were so thrilled by Kecia that we felt this tradition should have a place in our future solstice events.

**The Sparrow**

*Why should I feel discouraged, why  
should the shadows come,  
Why should my heart be lonely, and  
long for heaven and home,  
When Jesus is my portion?  
My constant friend is He:  
His eye is on the sparrow, and  
I know He watches me;*

*His eye is on the sparrow, and  
I know He watches me.  
I sing because I'm happy,  
I sing because I'm free,  
For His eye is on the sparrow,  
And I know He watches me.  
"Let not your heart be troubled,"*

*His tender words I hear,  
And resting on His goodness,  
I lose my doubts and fears;  
Though by the path He leadeth,  
but one step I may see;  
His eye is on the sparrow, and  
I know He watches me;  
His eye is on the sparrow, and  
I know He watches me.*

*I sing because I'm happy,  
I sing because I'm free,  
For His eye is on the sparrow,  
And I know He watches me.*

*Whenever I am tempted,  
whenever clouds arise,  
When songs give place to sighing,  
when hope within me dies,  
I draw the closer to Him,  
from care He sets me free;  
His eye is on the sparrow, and  
I know He watches me;  
His eye is on the sparrow, and  
I know He watches me.*

*I sing because I'm happy,  
I sing because I'm free  
For His eye is on the sparrow,  
And I know He watches me.*

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Kecia Lewis-Evans/voice  
Paul Halley/piano  
Paul Winter/soprano sax  
Eugene Friesen/cello  
Russ Landau/bass  
Ted Moore/drums  
Café/percussion



#### 4. How Can I Keep From Singing ☀ Pete Seeger (U.S.)

Original music by Rev. R. Lowry

Original words by Anne Warner, c.1850

Third verse by Doris Plenn; arr. by Pete Seeger

*(Sanga Music, Inc.)*

#### Winter Solstice 1987

NEWPORT FOLK FESTIVAL, July, 1966: I was there to take part in an afternoon presentation on ethnic instruments, to play on a Ugandan log xylophone along with Andrew and Paul Tracey, two musicians from South Africa whom I'd met in New York where they were in the cast of a Broadway show called "Wait a Minim," a satire against apartheid. As we were rehearsing on stage, early in the afternoon, the three of us sitting cross-legged on the floor around this "amadinda," I was concentrating hard on my part, to keep in hocket-rhythm with the others, when I suddenly became aware of a body lying on the floor next to me, with its head trying to get underneath the log bars of this xylophone. It was Pete Seeger! He wanted to see how the instrument was constructed, and then to know how our three-part polyphony worked.

This led to a backstage conversation with Pete about the magic of traditional instruments, and he said: "I just got a bunch of Trinidadian steel-drums that I'm learning to play," and I said: "Well I just brought back a bunch of Carnival drums from Brazil." Pete said: "Why don't you bring them up to my place sometime?"

My visit to Pete's mountaintop log cabin in Beacon, New York, overlooking the Hudson River, opened the door to a friendship of a lifetime. I had found the mentor for my life's work. Over the years, we had numerous

collaborations, culminating in his 1996 album *pete*, which I produced in my barn, and won Pete his first Grammy®.

Pete was our great American troubadour, our Abe Lincoln of music, who embraced the Earth with a grand heart. He was a true warrior for the Earth, and our community of life. If I had to sum-up the message of his life journey in one simple word, it would be the two-letter word “us.” Pete was all about us: everybody under the sun.

### How Can I Keep From Singing

*My life flows on in endless song;  
Above earth's lamentations,  
I hear the real, tho' far-off hymn  
That hails a new creation;  
Through all the tumult and the strife  
I hear its music ringing;  
It sounds an echo in my soul—  
How can I keep from singing?  
Although the tempest round  
me roars,  
I hear the truth, it liveth.  
What though the darkness 'round  
me close,  
Songs in the night it giveth.*

*No storm can shake my inmost calm  
While to that rock I'm clinging;  
Since love is lord of heaven  
and earth,  
How can I keep from singing?  
When tyrants tremble, sick with fear,  
And hear their death-knell ringing,  
When friends rejoice both far  
and near,  
How can I keep from singing?  
In prison cell and dungeon vile,  
Our thoughts to them are winging;  
When friends by shame are undefiled,  
How can I keep from singing?*

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Pete Seeger/voice, 12-string guitar  
Café/percussion

## 5. Luiza ☀ Luciana Souza (Brazil)

Antonio Carlos Jobim

(Jobim Music, ASCAP)

### Winter Solstice 2000

My “Brazilian brother,” Oscar Castro-Neves, introduced me to Luciana, who comes from São Paulo. She and her parents have long been part of the lineage of bossa nova music in Brazil. Luciana sang in our 2000 Winter Solstice Celebration, and also then in our concert with the Boston Pops in 2001.

“Luiza” is a rare bird in Jobim’s treasury of songs. It is perhaps his most chromatic melody, and demonstrates what a melodic master he was. And it is also one of the only songs for which he wrote both the words and the music.

### Luiza

*Street,  
A naked sword  
In the sky a huge yellow moon,  
So round, is drifting,  
As if floating,  
Sailing the blue of the firmament  
And in the slow silence  
A troubadour, full of stars  
Is now listening to the song I made  
To forget you Luiza  
I’m just a poor amateur  
Passionate  
An apprentice of your love  
Wake up my love*

*For I know that underneath that  
snow lives a heart  
Come here, Luiza  
Give me your hand  
Your desire is always my desire  
Come, exorcise me  
Give me your mouth  
And the lunatic rose  
Come give me a kiss  
And a ray of sunshine  
In your hair  
Like that of a diamond that,  
splitting the light,*



*Explodes in seven colors  
Thus revealing the seven  
thousand loves*

*That I've kept only to give them  
to you Luiza  
Luiza  
Luiza*

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Luciana Souza/voice  
Paul Meyers/guitar  
Nilson Matta/bass  
Eugene Friesen/cello  
Paul Sullivan/piano  
Paul Winter/soprano sax

## **6. Lua Soberama (Sovereign Moon) ☉ Ivan Lins (Brazil)**

Ivan Lins, Vitor Martins

### **Winter Solstice 2013**

Ivan Lins is one of Brazil's most beloved musical superstars, and its best-known living songwriter. He has recorded 37 albums and won multiple Grammy® and Latin Grammy Awards, and his songs have been recorded by many renowned artists.

I first became aware of his music in 1977, when I was gathering a “village” of diverse musicians at my farm, to explore ways we could collaborate in creating an album. I wanted the album to have the dynamic energy of Brazilian and African music, and also incorporate the voices from the greater family of life, such as the whale, wolf, and eagle. Oscar Castro-Neves was co-producing the album with me, and he played for me a recording that

ignited my soul. It was Ivan, singing his song “*Velho Sermão*” (*Old Sermon*), based on a rhythm from the Northeast of Brazil, where the African tradition is strongest. This song had the bright spirit I wanted for this album. Over the summer we worked collectively on English lyrics, and it became the title song for our album *Common Ground*.

“Common Ground” has now been part of the Consort’s repertoire all these years, but Ivan and I never met until the afternoon he walked into the Cathedral for the first rehearsal of our 2013 Winter Solstice Celebration.

### **Lua Soberama/Sovereign Moon**

*Aiá Aiá Cariá  
Ilê Iê Ilá Aiá  
Came from Madagascar  
ilê ilê ilá  
this sovereign moon  
Over the waters of Iemanjá  
ilê ilá ilá  
in this sea of white rose  
It came from Madagascar  
ilê ilá ilá*

*this sovereign moon  
Over the waters of Iemanjá  
ilê ilá ilá  
in this sea of white rose  
This moon came to Salvador  
Dragged by a fisherman  
Tidal island  
Master of Afoxé  
Son of Olodum  
Son of Olodum*

---

Ivan Lins/keyboard, voice  
Paul Winter/soprano sax  
Eugene Friesen/cello  
Paul McCandless/oboe  
Paul Sullivan/keyboard

Eliot Wadopian/bass  
Jamey Haddad/drums  
Renato Braz/conga

**Chorus:** Alice Passos, Leala Cyr,  
Sara Serpa

## 7. Golden Apples of the Sun ☀️ Karan Casey (Ireland)

Words by W. B. Yeats

Music trad.; arr. by Karan Casey, Paul Halley, and Paul Winter  
(*Living Earth Music, BMI; Back Alley Music, ASCAP*)

### Summer Solstice 1997

I've found word-of-mouth to be the most fertile path for finding new musicians. When I think of how we met Karan Casey, I have to go way back to my wedding in 1991, for which I had asked Uilleann piper Jerry O'Sullivan to lead the bridal procession through the woods to our marriage site by the river. In 1996, when I was looking for a penny-whistle player to play on an album I was producing with Pete Seeger, Jerry referred me to Joanie Madden. Meeting Joanie was like finding the gate-keeper. She unlocked the door for us to the whole community of Irish musicians. As Oscar Castro-Neves was Brazil's ambassador of music to North America, so has Joanie been for the music and musicians of Ireland. On Joanie's recommendation, we invited Karan to come from Dublin to be part of our Summer Solstice Celebration.

The words to "Golden Apples of the Sun" are by William Butler Yeats, from his poem "The Song of Wandering Aengus." The allusions to "the golden apples of the sun" and "the silver apples of the moon" most likely refer to the musical branch, a traditional accessory of the Celtic poet. Representing part of the mythical world tree, made from the wood of one of the sacred trees, such as hazel or apple, and decorated with bells that were symbolic of the apples of the otherworld, the branch was said to produce sounds of enchantment and healing, and to affect a change of consciousness in all who heard it. Master poets bore a branch with golden bells; lesser poets,



one with silver. Entering a gathering, the poet waved the branch for the purpose of engaging attention and casting a spell over the listeners.

### Golden Apples of the Sun

*I went out to the hazel wood,  
because a fire was in my head,  
and cut and peeled a hazel wand,  
and hooked a berry to a thread;  
and when white moths were on  
the wing,  
and moth-like stars were  
flickering out,  
I dropped the berry in a stream  
and caught a little silver trout.  
When I had laid it on the floor  
I went to blow the fire a-flame,  
but something rustled on the floor,  
and someone called me by  
my name:*

*It had become a glimmering girl  
with apple blossom in her hair  
who called me by my name and ran  
and faded through the brightening air.  
Though I am old with wandering  
through hollow lands and  
hilly lands,  
I will find out where she has gone,  
and kiss her lips and take  
her hand;  
and walk among long  
dappled grass,  
and pluck till time and times  
are done,  
the silver apples of the moon,  
the golden apples of the sun.*

---

Karan Casey/voice  
Paul Halley/organ  
Paul Winter/soprano sax

## 8. Witchi Tai To ☀ John-Carlos Perea

Jim Pepper

(Jobete Music, Inc., ASCAP)

### Summer Solstice 2006

John-Carlos Perea was born on the Jicarilla Apache Reservation in Dulce, New Mexico. He learned the Northern-style Indian singing tradition while studying with Barney Hoehner-Peji (Lakota) and singing with the Blue Horse Singers, a pow-wow drum group.

In 2005, I was working towards an album entitled *Crestone*, celebrating the Sangre de Cristo Mountains and San Luis Valley of southern Colorado. I very much wanted to have a strong Native American voice to represent the heritage of the first peoples who had passed through this valley for thousands of years. At the home of a friend in northern California that summer I heard John-Carlos' riveting voice on an anthology of contemporary Native American music, and wanted to ask if he would consider being part of the album. I wanted to learn more about his music, and also ask if he would be open to singing a Native American song that has fascinated me for years, entitled "Witchi Tai To."

"Witchi Tai To" is a traditional healing song in the Native American Church. In the early 1970s, Indian jazz saxophonist Jim Pepper adapted this old Comanche chant he had learned from his grandfather, and added the English words: "Water spirit feeling springin' round my head/Makes me feel glad that I'm not dead."

Jim Pepper's recording of it with his band became famous, and it was one of those rare, timeless songs that just seem to travel on, making its way around the world. A succession of jazz musicians took up the song, among

them Don Cherry, who taught it to Norwegian saxophonist Jan Gabarek, whose recording of it was heard by the members of the quartet Oregon, in whose repertoire it has lived for many years, featuring the oboe of Paul McCandless.

My first and only experience of playing “Witchi Tai To” had been in a grand jam session in Albuquerque, New Mexico, in 2000, in the finale of the Native American Music Awards (the “NAMMYS”). Jim Pepper was being honored posthumously, with the NAMMY Hall of Fame Award, and I had been invited to come to present the award to Jim’s mother, Floy Pepper. Bassist Ed Schuller, who had been in Jim’s band when they made their famous recording of “Witchi Tai To,” was there, and he taught the song to the eclectic group of presenters who were to perform it together at the end of the night, including singer Rita Coolidge, drummer Mickey Hart, and myself. We played “Witchi Tai To” for a very long time, with a myriad of solos and repetitions of the chant, and I remember being so swept up in it that I felt we could have gone on all night. After that, I wondered if I might some day play it with the Consort.

When I met John-Carlos, I asked him if he was familiar with “Witchi Tai To,” and he laughed and said: “Yes, I am. It happens that I’m doing my doctorate in ethnomusicology at U.C. Berkeley on the music of Jim Pepper.” But he expressed his wish that if we were to record this song, that we do it in some new way, different from Jim Pepper’s original version.

I suggested we try it with a rhythm from the Northeast of Brazil called “baião,” and when I was in São Paulo I made a demo with a Brazilian rhythm section. John-Carlos was enthusiastic when he heard this, so this is how we performed it.



John-Carlos Perea/voice  
Paul Winter/soprano sax  
Paul McCandless/oboe  
Eugene Friesen/cello

Oscar Castro-Neves/guitar  
Webster Santos/guitars  
Sizão Machado/bass  
Renato Braz/percussion

### 9. Seoladh ("Shola") ☀ Nóirín Ní Riain (Ireland)

Trad. Irish; arr. by Ní Riain  
(*Living Earth Music, BMI*)

#### Summer Solstice 1993

Nóirín Ní Riain comes from County Limerick in Ireland. She sings in the "sean nos" (old style) Gaelic tradition. Her repertoire reflects the music from women of other times and cultures where song was an integral part of women's daily life. The Consort met Nóirín when we were all part of an event at a cathedral in Rotterdam in 1987.

#### SEOLADH NA nGAMHNA FÉ'N bhFÁSACH – Driving the Cows to Pasture

*One day while I was in the glen, driving the calves to pasture,  
I met a beautiful noble woman, quiet, gentle, feminine, modest.  
I asked this fair-white lady:*

*"Will you join me for a while and at the dawning of the day,  
both of us will be up and driving the calves to pasture.  
I was driving the calves when I left home and I won't find one of them  
until morning. My father is demented at home and my mother is worried  
and distraught.  
We will get permission easily from the caretaker of the wood to give them  
grass until morning, and with the dawning of the day, we will be up and  
driving the calves to pasture.*

*There's a sweet-smelling little haven at the edge of the wood and we'll  
both go up there 'til morning.*

*The song of the birds will lull us to sleep and there's an abundance of  
fruit growing there for us.*

*And, O, Love of my Heart, don't have the slightest fear because there's  
nobody at all to interrupt us.*

*Here's a little kiss for you on the tip of my fingers, and,  
O, My Dearly Loved One,  
My five hundred blessings be with you always."*

---

Nóirín Ní Riain/voice

Eugene Friesen/cello

Jordan Rudess/synthesizer

#### **10. Nhemumusassa ☀ Chris Berry (U.S./Zimbabwe)**

Trad. Shona; arr. by Chris Berry

(Umpawaug Music, ASCAP)

#### **Winter Solstice 2002**

Chris Berry was born in California and began his apprenticeship with master drummer Titos Sompá while in his early teens. At 18 he went to the Congo and then to Zimbabwe, where he lived for much of the next 9 years, studying and playing mbira extensively with master players of the Shona tradition.

In 2000, the Consort played at Williams College, and during intermission our ensemble of students played a set of unique large marimbas from

Zimbabwe. Some months later, I returned to Williams to learn more about these instruments, and Chris Berry happened to be there giving a workshop on Shona music. We brought Chris and these marimabas to our next solstice celebration, and Chris has since then been my partner in our long-growing project *Flyways*, for which he has done research and recording in a dozen countries in Africa.

I feel a kinship with “Nhemumusassa,” as it was the opening song of our 1977 album *Common Ground* with the title “Ancient Voices,” in which Paul Berliner, another American who had deep experience in the Shona tradition, played mbira and sang.

### Nhemumusassa

*Don't just look while I'm lost  
in the forest,  
Do you have ears?*

*Day after day I cry,  
Who will dance with me?*

---

Chris Berry/mbira, voice  
Paul Winter/soprano sax  
Eugene Friesen/cello  
Valerie Dee Naranjo/marimba, voice  
Barry Olsen/percussion, voice  
Michael Wimberly/percussion  
Jamey Haddad/drums



## 11. Hey, Mara ☼ Maria Koleva (Bulgaria)

### Summer Solstice 2012

Maria Koleva was born in Karlovo, in the Rose Valley of Bulgaria. I have long loved Bulgarian music, since hearing, in the early 1960s, the legendary album *Music of Bulgaria*, by the Koutev Ensemble. Having finally had the opportunity to visit Bulgaria in 2012 for our *Flyways* project, I wanted then to feature Bulgarian music in our next Summer Solstice Celebration. We were privileged to also have Maria's father, Nikolay Kolev, who is a renowned player of the gadulka (Bulgarian mandolin), and virtuoso kaval (flute) player Nikola Gaydarov.

Maria says: "This song is about the time when Bulgaria was under the Ottoman Empire. It is basically historical and a bit sad."

### Hey, Mara

*Hey, Mara, pretty Mara,  
Get up and open the door,  
We are good guests.*

*Pretty Mara got up,  
She opened the door.  
It wasn't good guests.  
Mara got captured.*

---

Maria Koleva/voice  
Nikolay Kolev/gadulka  
Nikola Gaydarov/kaval  
Steve Gorn/bansuri

Glen Velez/percussion  
Tim Brumfield/organ  
Paul Winter/soprano sax

## 12. Singing to the Mountain ☀ Arto Tunçboyacıyan (Armenia)

Arto Tunçboyacıyan  
(*Svota Music, BMI*)

### Summer Solstice 2000

Arto Tunçboyacıyan is of Armenian descent, and grew up in the Anatolian region of Turkey. We first invited Arto to join us as a percussionist for our 1998 Summer Solstice Celebration, on the recommendation of Joanie Madden. Arto's reputation as a percussionist preceded him, but we had no knowledge of his vocal abilities. During a break in rehearsal I overheard Arto quietly singing to himself, and I asked him what the song was. He sang it then for all of us and we were deeply moved, and insisted that he sing it in the concert. Arto toured with us during the following year, and we soon learned of the deep fountain of music he has within him. He has been featured in many of our subsequent solstice events, and his voice has become part of the fabric of our musical community.

Arto's songs do not incorporate any traditional language, but rather use vocables from his own personal dialect, which he calls "Arto-stan." He accompanies himself on an instrument he calls "sazabo;" his own re-working of the traditional six-string Anatolian saz.

On January 14, 1996, Arto's beloved brother Onno was killed in a plane that crashed into a mountain in Turkey. The mountain, named Papa Herman (Father Herman) happens to be near Bursa, which historically was the main center of the Armenian Church before it was moved to Istanbul. Arto says: "The mountain was kind of like a god for me. Since this tragedy happened, I have been angry at the mountain—but not in a negative way.

The mountain took the love from me. I needed it, but he took it. I guess he needed it more than me. When I say mountain, I mean nature, the power of nature. No matter how much I love my brother, if nature needs us, it takes. But I still miss my brother.”

---

Arto Tunçboyacıyan/sazabo, voice  
Paul Halley/piano

Eugene Friesen/cello  
Davy Spillane/low whistle

### **13. Zebra Song ☀ Lucky Moyo (Zimbabwe)**

Trad. Zimbabwe; arr. by Lucky Moyo

#### **Winter Solstice 2002**

Lucky Moyo comes from Bulawayo, Zimbabwe, and was a co-founder of the acclaimed vocal ensemble, Black Umfolosi, with whom he toured the world for 12 years, performing in 28 countries. Chris Berry told us of Lucky, and urged us to bring him to New York for our 2002 Winter Solstice Celebration.

“Zebra Song” is from a folk story of the BaKalanga people who live in southwestern Zimbabwe and Botswana. These people take animals and birds as their totems, and take their surname from the creature. It is taboo then for any family members to eat the meat of that animal or bird.

---

Lucky Moyo/voice  
Paul Winter/soprano sax  
Eugene Friesen/cello  
Paul Sullivan/Hammond B-3 organ  
Valerie Dee Naranjo/  
percussion, voice

Barry Olsen/percussion, voice  
Chris Berry/voice, mbira  
Jamey Haddad/drums



#### 14. Sound Over All Waters ☀ Theresa Thomason (U.S)

Words by John Greenleaf Whittier; music by Paul Halley  
(Back Alley Music, ASCAP)

##### Winter Solstice 2011

In 1995, we lost gospel singer Kecia Lewis-Evans to Broadway. But we then had the great good fortune to meet Theresa Thomason, through our recording engineer, Tom Bates. Theresa has been part of our Consort family ever since. 2019 marks her 25th consecutive Winter Solstice performance.

John Greenleaf Whittier wrote this poem of reconciliation in 1873, during the period following the Civil War. Over a century later, Paul Halley set these words to music.

##### Sound Over All Waters

*Sound over all waters,  
reach out from all lands,  
the chorus of voices,  
the clasping of hands;  
sing hymns that were sung  
by the stars of the morn.  
Sing songs of the angels  
when Jesus was born.  
With glad jubilations,  
bring hope to the nations.  
The dark night is ending,  
and dawn has begun!  
Rise, hope of the ages,  
arise like the sun!*

*All speech flows to music,  
all hearts beat as one!  
The dark night is ending,  
and dawn has begun.  
Blow, bugles of battle,  
the marches of peace;  
east, west, north, and south,  
let the long quarrel cease;  
sing the song of great joy  
that the angels began.  
Sing of glory to God  
and goodwill to man!  
All join in the chorus,  
the heavens bend o'er us.*

*The dark night is ending,  
and dawn has begun!  
Rise, hope of the ages,  
arise like the sun!*

Theresa Thomason/voice  
Paul Winter/soprano sax  
Eugene Friesen/cello

*All speech flows to music,  
all hearts beat as one!  
The dark night is ending,  
and dawn has begun.*

Paul Sullivan/piano  
Eliot Wadopian/bass  
Jamey Haddad/drums

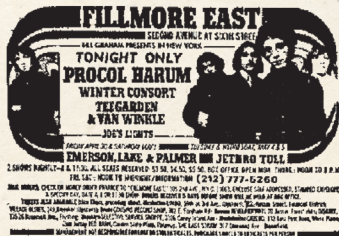
### 15.A Whiter Shade of Pale ☀ Gary Brooker (England)

Lyrics by Keith Reid; music by Gary Brooker, Matthew Fisher  
(Onward Music, Ltd., ASCAP)

#### Winter Solstice 2016

Gary Brooker was the co-founder, lead singer, and principal composer for the English band Procol Harum. In the spring of 1971, the Consort was booked to open for Procol Harum at New York's Fillmore East, our first performance in a rock emporium. I was enthusiastic about being on a bill with Procol Harum, as they were the only rock band I liked besides the Beatles. I felt an immediate kinship with Gary, not least because of our mutual appreciation for Bach.

I visited Gary in England that summer, and travelled with the band to a few of their gigs. We reconnected in 2016 at the memorial service in London



for George Martin, who had produced albums for Gary and as well for the Consort. At lunch after the service we said, "Well, it's only been 45 years. Maybe it's time we did something together again." The Winter Solstice Celebration that December seemed the perfect opportunity.

"A Whiter Shade of Pale" propelled Procol Harum to international fame. It was the #1 single of 1967 (an amazing feat at the height of the Beatle years), and sold more than 10 million copies worldwide. "A Whiter Shade of Pale" is the most played recording in the history of British radio broadcasting.

### **A Whiter Shade of Pale**

*We skipped the light fandango  
Turned cartwheels 'cross the floor  
I was feeling kinda seasick  
But the crowd called out for more  
The room was humming harder  
As the ceiling flew away  
When we called out for  
    another drink  
And the waiter brought a tray  
And so it was that later  
As the miller told his tale  
That her face, at first just ghostly,  
Turned a whiter shade of pale  
She said, "There is no reason  
And the truth is plain to see."  
But I wandered through my  
    playing cards*

*And they would not let her be  
One of sixteen vestal virgins  
Who were leaving for the coast  
And although my eyes were open  
They might just as well have  
    been closed  
And so it was that later  
As the miller told his tale  
That her face, at first just ghostly  
Turned a whiter shade of pale  
And so it was that later  
As the miller told his tale  
That her face, at first just ghostly  
Turned a whiter shade of pale*



Gary Brooker/voice, piano  
Paul Winter/soprano sax  
Eugene Friesen/cello  
Paul McCandless/oboe

Paul Sullivan/Hammond B-3 organ  
Eliot Wadopian/bass  
Jamey Haddad/drums  
Tim Brumfield/organ

## Disc II

**1. You Are My Sunshine ☼ Theresa Thomason (U.S.)**  
with Lucky Moyo (Zimbabwe)  
Words and music by Oliver Hood  
(Peer Music)

### Summer Solstice 2002

This was an impromptu encore during our 2002 Summer Solstice Celebration. We were looking quickly for something Theresa and Lucky could sing together. I don't think any of us had ever performed "You Are My Sunshine" before, but it's the kind of chestnut that everyone has heard over the years.

### You Are My Sunshine

*You are my sunshine,  
my only sunshine  
You make me happy  
when skies are grey  
You'll never know, dear,  
how much I love you  
Please don't take my sunshine away*

*You are my love  
You are my love  
We shall stay together  
In longevity  
We shall stay together  
In longevity*

---

Theresa Thomason/voice  
Lucky Moyo/voice  
Paul Winter/soprano sax

Eugene Friesen/cello  
Paul Sullivan/piano

## **2. El Belén ☼ Danny Rivera (Puerto Rico)**

Trad. Puerto Rican; arr. by Danny Rivera

### **Winter Solstice 2014**

Danny Rivera is known as “the national voice of Puerto Rico,” and is beloved throughout the Spanish-speaking world. Over the course of his long career, he has recorded more than seventy albums. The only Puerto Rican artist to star at Carnegie Hall in four different decades (1979, 1989, 1999, 2010), Danny has also become well-known for his activism, lending his voice and energy to many social, educational, and peace initiatives.

“El Belén” is a song from the bomba tradition, “Bomba Puertorriqueña,” developed from ritual slave celebrations in the 17th century. The name came from the drum called the “bomba,” which was an empty codfish barrel covered with goatskin. The African heritage in bomba music includes call and response, dialogues between dancers and drummers, and collective participation in which there is no distinct line between musicians and audience. Abdel Salaam, choreographer of the Forces of Nature Dance Theatre, says of his company’s collaboration with the bomba performers in this event: “In the spirit of bomba, we are paying homage, through rhythm and dance, to the survival of the African heritage in the traditional culture of Puerto Rico.”

The word “belén” has a double meaning. It refers to Bethlehem but also to a Christmas carol. This “belén” is a song of love for two revered Puerto Rican masters of music, Rafael Cortijo and Ismael Rivera.

### El Belén

*A belén for Cortijo*  
*A belén for Ismael*

*A belén of bomba and plena*  
*As they used to like*

---

Danny Rivera/voice  
Ricki Martinez/accordion, keyboard  
Pachito Vega/cuatro, guitar  
Nicky Laboy/bomba drum, voice  
Nina Rodriguez/voice  
Hector “Papote” Jimenez/voice  
Rye Rodriguez/bomba drum, voice

Eugene Friesen/cello  
Eliot Wadopian/bass  
Jamey Haddad/drums  
Abdel Salaam/dun-dun  
Frank Malloy IV/djembe  
Kofi Ose/djembe

**3. Desenredo (Denouement) ☀ Renato Braz (Brazil)**  
**with Dmitri Pokrovsky Ensemble (Russia)**  
Dori Caymmi, Paulo César Pinheiro  
(*Som Livre*)

### Winter Solstice 2005

Renato Braz has roots in all three of Brazil's cultures: Indian, African, and European. His parents are Guarani Indians from Mato Grosso. His mother remarried, to a *Baiano* from Bahia in the northeast of Brazil, where the African tradition is still deep; and he has lived many years in São Paulo,



where the Portuguese tradition predominates. He is the most complete Brazilian I know.

Early in 2004, I happened to pick up a CD anthology called *Rough Guide to Brazilian Music*. It was mostly pop tracks, but there was one beautiful acoustic ballad sung by a voice I found stunning. The song was “Anabela” and the singer was Renato Braz, whom I’d never heard of. He had a clear, gentle, high tenor that reminded me of early Milton Nascimento, and the song seemed very kindred to the bossa nova tradition of the early 1960s. I couldn’t imagine how I’d never known about this singer.

Oscar Castro-Neves tracked him down for me in São Paulo, through Dori Caymmi, and rang him up. Renato was thrilled that Oscar called him, and although he didn’t know much about me, the connection with Oscar was enough. He agreed to come to New York to sing in our Summer Solstice Celebration that June, and from that time on, he has been a member of our Consort family. Renato has been part of several of our solstice events since then, and in 2017 we produced his first album for the U.S. entitled *Saudade*. Respected Brazilian journalist Luis Nassif hails Renato as “the João Gilberto of the 21st century.”

“Desenredo” reproduces the bells of the churches in the state of Minas Gerais, evoking poignant memories of Minas, and the Mantiqueira Mountains. Renato says, “I planned to begin and end this song with the famous theme of ‘O Trenzinho do Caipira’ (The Little Train of the Brazilian Countryman) by Villa-Lobos, and asked Dori to take care of the arrangement. Before giving their approval, the Villa-Lobos family wanted to listen to this interweave of Villa’s ‘Trenzinho’ and Dori’s ‘Desenredo.’ They were delighted with the result.”

### Desenredo (Denouement)

*In every land I pass through  
Everything I see shocks me  
Death weaves its thread  
Of life turned inside out  
The look that arrests  
Has been freed  
The look that frees  
Has been arrested  
But when I come back  
I get tangled  
In the braids of your desire  
The whole world branded*

*With iron, fire and contempt  
Life is the thread of time  
Death is the end of the skein  
The scarring look has been dead  
The warning look  
Has been aware  
But when I come back  
I get lost  
In the plot of your secret  
Oh, Minas, oh, Minas  
It's time to leave, I'm going  
I'm going very far away*

---

Renato Braz/voice  
Paul Winter/soprano sax  
Eugene Friesen/cello  
Paul Sullivan/piano  
Sizão Machado/bass  
Gordon Gottlieb/drums  
Bré/percussion

**Dmitri Pokrovsky Ensemble**  
Svetlana Dorokhova  
Marina Cherkashina  
Evgeni Kharlamov  
Vladimir Korolev  
Mikhail Korzin  
Maria Nefedova  
Andrei Samsonov  
Irina Shishkina  
Svetlana Sorokina-Subbotina  
Olga Yukecheva

#### 4. Green Grass, It Grows Bonny ☀ Niamh Parsons (Ireland)

Trad. Irish, adapted by Niamh Parsons; arr. by Paul Halley  
(Living Earth Music, BMI; Back Alley Music, ASCAP)

#### Summer Solstice 1999

Niamh Parsons has long been the keeper of the flame in Irish traditional song. Joanie Madden told us about Niamh, and we invited her to come from Dublin to be our guest in the 1999 Summer Solstice Celebration. She sings the Irish version of this song, which has been part of the oral tradition of the British Isles for perhaps 150 years.

#### Green Grass, It Grows Bonny

*I wonder what is keeping  
my true love tonight  
I wonder what is keeping her  
out of my sight  
It is little she knows of  
the pain I endure  
Or she would not stay from me  
this night I am sure  
Oh, Love, are you coming  
your cause to advance  
Or, Love, are you waiting  
for a far better chance  
Or have you a sweetheart  
laid by you in store  
And are you coming to tell me  
that you love me no more?*

*Oh, Love, I'm not coming  
my cause to advance  
Nor, Love, am I waiting  
for a far better chance  
But I have a sweetheart  
laid by me in store  
And I'm coming for to tell you  
that I love you no more  
For I can love lightly  
and I can love long  
And I can keep the old love  
till the new comes along  
I just said that I loved you  
for to set your mind at ease  
And when you're far from me,  
I will love whom I please*



*I have gold in my pocket  
and love in my heart  
But I can't love a maiden  
who has got two sweethearts  
Your love lies just lightly  
like the dew upon the thorn  
That comes down in the evening,  
goes away in the morn  
Green grass it grows bonny,  
still waters run clear  
I am weary and lonesome  
for the loss of my dear*

---

Niamh Parsons/voice

*You were my first and only fond love  
and lately I knew  
That the fonder I loved you,  
the falser you grew  
So come all of you young men,  
take a warning by me  
And never build your nest  
on the top of a high tree  
For the leaves they will wither  
and the branches decay  
And like a false-hearted young maid,  
they will soon fade away*

Paul Halley/piano

**5. Prayer (from "Suite Port-au-Prince") ☀ Abdoulaye Diabate (Mali)**

**Warren Bernhardt**

*(Between the Sheets Music, BMI)*

**Winter Solstice 2012**

Abdoulaye was born in Kela, Mali, to a family of *griot* singers who date their lineage back to the founding of the Empire of Mali in the 13th Century. *Griot* means herald, or praise singer, whose songs of celebration, advice and narratives of history are a fundamental part of the oral culture. Abdoulaye learned to sing from his parents and grandparents, and to play guitar from his brother. He became a master musician and praise singer in the traditions known as *jaliya*. In 1992 he joined Ballet Koteba as a singer and guitarist, and went on to tour the world with the popular band Les Go de Koteba.

I learned of Abdoulaye from Sylvain Leroux, a French-Canadian musician who has spent much time in Guinea, and he put us in touch.

This 2012 Winter Solstice Celebration also featured the reunion of my first band, The Paul Winter Sextet, on the 50th anniversary of our heyday. In the early '60s, we toured Latin America for the State Department and after our visit to Haiti, our pianist, Warren Bernhardt composed "Suite Port-au-Prince," based on Haitian folk themes, in three movements. The first movement is called "Prayer," and it felt appropriate to play this as accompaniment for Abdoulaye's improvised song of praise.

---

Abdoulaye Diabate/voice

**The Paul Winter Sextet**

Paul Winter/alto sax

Marvin Stamm/trumpet

Howard Johnson/baritone sax

Warren Bernhardt/piano

Cecil McBee/bass

Jamey Haddad/drums

**6. Sweet Memories (Doces Recordações) 🌻 Fabiana Cozza (Brazil)**

Dona Ivone Lara, Delcio Carvalho

(*Warner Chappell*)

**Winter Solstice 2015**

Fabiana Cozza is considered one of the most important interpreters of contemporary Brazilian music, and one of the reigning queens of samba. Renato Braz raved to us about her, and we were grateful that she came to New York, for her first visit ever, to be part of our solstice celebration.

## Sweet Memories (Doces Recordações)

*I know you will say  
that you will never come  
to take away my peace  
and even condemn me  
to have on my days  
Sweet memories  
and many afflictions  
clouding my eyes  
I know that in my dreams  
you will appear  
Such a cloud made color  
in the sky of my suffering  
in return you will hear  
a thousand verses of a song  
that deceives a heart*

---

Fabiana Cozza/voice  
Paul Meyers/guitar  
Ronaldo "China" Andrade/  
cavaquinho  
Café/percussion  
Gil Olivereira/surdo  
Eugene Friesen/cello

*I just wanted to love you  
but nothing is to be lost  
The pain itself will be worth it  
The world is a good teacher  
to teach you that remorse is like a thorn  
that will hurt in the dosages  
of affection  
Loneliness will not let  
who has the gift of hating  
hurt who knows how to love  
The nails of longing  
really score  
scratching nonstop*

Paul Sullivan/piano  
Eliot Wadopian/bass  
Jamey Haddad/drums

**Chorus:** Leala Cyr, Sara Serpa,  
Aubrey Johnson



## 7. Before It's Too Late ☼ Arto Tunçboyacıyan (Armenia)

Arto Tunçboyacıyan  
(*Svota Music; BMG, BMI*)

### Winter Solstice 2009

"Before It's Too Late" is Arto's plea for the Earth. He asks: "Why is everybody fighting and not paying attention for what we need... air, water, and food?"

---

Arto Tunçboyacıyan/sazabo, voice  
Paul Sullivan/keyboard

## 8. Words of Wish Fulfillment ☼ Yangjin Lamu (Tibet)

Words and music by Yangjin Lamu  
(*Chinese Overseas Tibetan Association*)

### Summer Solstice 2008

Yangjin Lamu grew up in the nomadic and farming region in the far north of Tibet. This was her first performance in America. The words of this song are intended as a blessing to bring harmony, peace, and energy to the world.

---

Yangjin Lamu/voice  
Paul Winter/soprano sax  
Eugene Friesen/cello  
Steve Gorn/bansuri  
Tim Brumfield/organ

**9. Mystery ☼ Susan Osborn (U.S.)**  
Words and Music by Jeremy Geffen  
(Kabir Music, ASCAP)

**Winter Solstice 1981**

"Mystery" was written by Jeremy Geffen for our ecological mass, *Missa Gaia/Earth Mass*, which the Consort premiered at the Cathedral in 1981.

**Mystery**

*It lives in the seed of a tree as  
it grows.*

*You can hear it if you listen to  
the wind as it blows*

*It's there, in the river, as it flows  
into the sea.*

*It's the sound in the soul of a man  
becoming free.*

*And it lives in the laughter of  
children at play,*

*And in the blazing sun, that gives  
light to the day.*

*It moves the planets and the stars  
in the sky.*

*It's been the mover of mountains,  
since the beginning of time.*

*Oh Mystery, you are alive,  
I feel you all around.*

*You are the fire in my heart,  
you are the holy sound.*

*You are all of life, and it is to you  
that I sing.*

*Oh grant that I may feel you,  
always in everything.*

*And it lives in the waves as they  
crash upon the beach.*

*And in the gods that men have  
tried to reach.*

*I feel it in the love that I know  
we need so much,*

*And I know it in your smile, my love,  
when our hearts do touch.*

*And when I listen deep inside,  
I love you best of all,*

*Like a moon that's glowing white,  
and I listen to your call.*

*And I know you will guide me,  
I feel you like the tide,  
Rushing through the ocean of my  
heart that's open wide.  
Oh Mystery, you are alive,  
I feel you all around.*

*You are the fire in my heart.  
You are the holy sound.  
You are all of life.  
It is to you I sing.  
Oh, grant that I may feel you,  
always in everything.*

---

Susan Osborn/12-string guitar, voice  
Paul Winter/soprano sax  
Nancy Rumbel/English horn  
Gordon Johnson/bass  
Eugene Friesen/cello

**10. Angola ☼ Renato Braz (Brazil)**  
**with Dmitri Pokrovsky Ensemble (Russia)**  
Theo de Barros, Paulo César Pinheiro  
(Direct, BMI)

**Winter Solstice 2005**

Note by Renato Braz:

The lyrics to “Angola” are about the capoeira tradition, a mix of dance and fighting that was brought from Africa by slaves, and passed from father to son. It is hard to believe that a group of Russian singers could sing a refrain of a song in Yoruba, the African language also brought by slaves to Brazil. Only Paul Winter could make this possible, and show the world that music is a universal language and that, even if some people try to trace limits, the earth has, in fact, no borders.



## Angola

Who was your master, brother?

*My master was Salustiano who taught me the skills  
to use feet as hands*

*and hands as feet*

What's your name, capoeira player?

*Master Salu called me Vert because I can handstand  
My soles become hands  
And my palms, dangerous feet*

*Aruandê! Aruandê!*

*I'm a son of Sindorerê Aruandá!*

*He's the one who lights the lamp*

*Ganga Zumba is coming down to dance and fight maculelê\*  
Mr., now you'll see me play*

Kid, which was your school?

*It was capoeira from Angola its beat gave me faith  
Its singing brought me Axé\*\**

Where do you play, capoeira player?

*in Largo da Sé, in the ramps*

*in Carmo, in Conceição*

*in Maciel, Taboão*

*in Tororó, in Ribeira\*\*\**

*Aruandê! Aruandê!*

*I'm a son of Sindorerê Aruandá!*

*He's the one who lights the lamp*

*Ganga Zumba is coming down to dance and fight maculelê  
Mr., now you'll see me play*

*Mr., when I start to spin  
the rooster cock-a-doodle-doo's Angola, hey Angola, Angola  
Mr., when the wild wind blows  
the light of my lamp doesn't even shake  
Angola, hey Angola, Angola*

*Aruandê! Aruandê!  
I'm a son of Sindorerê Aruandê!  
He's the one who lights the lamp  
Ganga Zumba is coming down to dance and fight maculelê  
Mr., now you'll see me play*

\* **"Aruandá"** and **"Aruandê"** are words derived from "Luanda," a city on Angola's coast from where the majority of enslaved Africans were sent to Brazil. These words evoke Africa as a land where freedom reigns.

**"Sindorerê"** is the name of a divinity in Afro-Brazilian religions.

**"Ganga Zumba"** is the name of a leader of the "Quilombo dos Palmares," a big fugitive community of escaped slaves in Brazil. He is associated in the Afro-Brazilian religions with "Oludumarê" (the God of creation).

**"Maculelê"** is a Brazilian traditional folk dance with African, Indian, and European roots, which simulates a battle with batons or swords.

\*\* **"Axé"** is the magical energy that supports every Afro-Brazilian ritual. In capoeira, it represents "force" and "courage."

\*\*\* Different locations in Salvador, Bahia.

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Renato Braz/conga, voice  
Paul Winter/soprano sax  
Paul McCandless/oboe  
Eugene Friesen/cello  
Paul Sullivan/piano  
Sergio Brandão/bass  
Gordon Gottlieb/drums  
Bré/percussion

**Dmitri Pokrovsky Ensemble**  
Svetlana Dorokhova  
Marina Cherkashina  
Evgeni Kharlamov  
Vladimir Korolev  
Mikhail Korzin  
Maria Nefedova  
Andrei Samsonov  
Irina Shishkina  
Svetlana Sorokina-Subbotina  
Olga Yukecheva

**11. Christmas Day is Come ☀ Nóirín Ní Riain (Ireland)**

Trad. Irish; arr. by Nóirín Ní Riain and Paul Halley  
(*Living Earth Music, BMI; Back Alley Music, ASCAP*)

**Winter Solstice 1997**

This is a traditional 17th century carol from Wexford, Ireland. The text was written by Bishop Luke Waddings, and set to an ancient traditional tune popular at the time.

---

Nóirín Ní Riain/voice  
Paul Halley/organ  
Paul Winter/soprano sax



## 12. In My Life ☼ Gary Brooker (England)

John Lennon, Paul McCartney  
(Sony/ATV Music, ASCAP)

### Winter Solstice 2016

Gary Brooker, of Procol Harum, was a friend of John Lennon. 37 years after Susan Osborn sang “In My Life,” in tribute to John, during our first Winter Solstice Celebration in 1980, Gary sings it again. He adds a special salute at the end of the song, quoting the first chords of “Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds.”

---

Gary Brooker/voice, piano  
Paul Winter/soprano sax  
Paul McCandless/oboe  
Eugene Friesen/cello  
Paul Sullivan/Hammond B-3 organ  
Eliot Wadopian/bass  
Jamey Haddad/drums

## 13. The Good Wish ☼ Gordon Bok (U.S.)

Words from the *Carmina Gaedelica*; music by Jan Harmon  
(Harmon Publishing)

### Winter Solstice 1993

I’ve come to regard Gordon Bok as “the Bard of Maine.” I was introduced to his music in the late 1960s by Noel Stookey, who produced Gordon’s first album. I was beguiled by his soulful low voice, and by his repertoire as well. Gordon grew up around the boatyards of Camden, Maine, and worked

on a variety of vessels, from passenger schooners to yachts. He learned many tunes, sea songs, stories, legends, and ballads from the people he worked with. About "The Good Wish," Gordon says: "Alexander Carmichael collected these words more than a century ago, in Gaelic, from the people of the Scottish Hebrides. This is his translation, which Kate Barnes (poet laureate of the High Ridges of Maine) sent to Jan Harmon, who set it to this tune and these chords."

Gordon led our solstice audience in the only singalong we've ever had. There's a powerful magic in the sound of a throng of people singing together. "The Good Wish," to me, is like a benediction.

### The Good Wish

*Power of raven be thine,  
power of eagle be thine  
Power of storm be thine,  
power of moon be thine  
Power of sea be thine,  
power of land be thine  
Goodness of sea by thine,  
goodness of earth be thine*

*Each day be joyous to thee,  
no day be grievous to thee  
Love of each face be thine,  
death on pillow be thine  
Goodness of sea be thine,  
goodness of earth be thine.*

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Gordon Bok/12-string guitar, voice  
Paul Winter/soprano sax  
Eugene Friesen/cello  
Dorothy Papadakos/organ  
Glen Velez/percussion

#### 14. The Rain is Over and Gone ☼ Theresa Thomason (U.S.)

Words from Song of Solomon; music by Paul Halley  
(Back Alley Music, ASCAP)

##### Winter Solstice 2014

Paul Halley wrote this gospel song, with words from The Song of Solomon, as part of a concert work called *City Without Walls*, which the Consort premiered at Symphony Hall in Boston in 1991.

##### The Rain Is Over And Gone

*The rain is over and gone,  
and the winter is passing by,  
the time for singing has come,  
and the clouds have parted  
from the sky.*

*Arise, my love, and come away,  
for lo! the winter is past,  
the rain is over and gone,  
over and gone, my love,  
come away, my fair one, come away.*

*We will rise and go to the city,  
the city without any walls,  
where we can live in freedom,  
to the new Jerusalem we're called.*

*Arise, my love, my fair one,  
for lo! the winter is gone,  
the flowers appear on the  
earth again,  
and the time for singing has come.  
Sing of life and love and laughter,  
sing of freedom to live in peace,  
and there shall be no more crying,  
only joy that will never cease.*

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Theresa Thomason/voice  
Paul Sullivan/piano  
Paul Winter/soprano sax

Eugene Friesen/cello  
Eliot Wadopian/bass  
Jamey Haddad/drums



**15. Minuit/Auld Lang Syne ☀ Paul Winter Consort (U.S.),  
Dmitri Pokrovsky Ensemble (Russia)**

*Minuit:* Guinean words and music by Keita Fodeba;

English words by Susan Osborn and John Guth

*Auld Lang Syne:* words adapted by Robert Burns; music trad. Scots

“Minuit” is a village song from Guinea in West Africa. I first heard it in the *Ballets Africaines* in 1966, and it’s been part of my life ever since. I have a special affection for “Minuit,” not just for its exquisite simple beauty, but because it taught me that it was ok for me to sing. For in village music, just as in a wolf pack, *everybody* sings. This song has been the finale of our Winter Solstice Celebration every year since we began in 1980.

The original words are from the French: “Minuit, s’amuse” (Midnight amuses herself).

*Minuit, sa-mu-say, minuit*

*Minuit, sa-mu-say-ya, minuit*

**Chorus:**

*Midnight has come*

*I hear music*

*And I’ll keep on singing*

The return of the sun heralds the beginning of the new year, so solstice night is the true new year’s eve. We close with “Auld Lang Syne.”

Our seven-foot sun gong, suspended 100 feet-high in the vault of the Cathedral, makes a final salute to the sun, to end the album.

## **Auld Lang Syne ("For Old Times' Sake")**

*Should old acquaintance be forgot  
and never brought to mind  
Should old acquaintance be forgot  
and auld lang syne*

*For auld lang syne, my dear  
For auld lang syne  
We'll take a cup o' kindness yet  
For auld lang syne*

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Paul Winter/voice, soprano sax  
Paul Halley/voice, piano  
Theresa Thomason/voice  
Kecia Lewis-Evans/voice  
Eugene Friesen/cello  
Eliot Wadopian/bass  
Glen Velez/percussion  
Satoshi Takeishi/percussion  
Bill Cahn/percussion  
Scott Sloan/sun gong

**Dimitri Pokrovsky Ensemble**  
Maria Nefedova  
Olga Yukecheva  
Marina Cherkashina  
Svetlana Sorokina-Subbotina  
Evgeni Kharlamov  
Mikhail Korzin  
Andrei Samsonov

## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Produced by Paul Winter and Dixon Van Winkle  
Recorded at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, New York,  
by Dixon Van Winkle, Chris Brown, Les Kahn and Jody Elff

Edited by Dixon Van Winkle and Tommy Skarupa  
Mixed by Dixon Van Winkle at Living Music Studio

Solstice Production Manager: Steve Shelley

Consort Road Manager: Jim Butler

Booklet Editing: Chez Liley, Christina Andersen

Album Production Manager: Kay Winter

Design: Louise Johnson/KatArt Graphics

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### A Song of Thanks from Paul Winter

On behalf of all the performers, I want to express gratitude to the builders of the Cathedral; the successive Bishops of New York during these years (Bishop Paul Moore, Bishop Mark Sisk, and Bishop Andrew Dietsche); and the Deans of the Cathedral (the Very Rev. James Parks Morton, the Very Rev. Harry H. Pritchett, the Very Rev. Dr. James A. Kowalski, and the Very Rev. Clifton Daniel III) for their encouragement and support of our ongoing solstice journey.

We offer a special salute to our esteemed collaborators in our annual NPR broadcasts (since 1987) of the Winter Solstice Celebrations: Steve Rathe, of Murray Street Productions; and John Schaefer, of WNYC's "New Sounds," who has long been our eloquent moderator.

We dedicate *Everybody Under the Sun* to our great friend and mentor, the Very Rev. James Parks Morton, the "Green Dean," who invited us to play at the Cathedral in 1980.