

A large bonfire is the central focus, burning brightly in a snowy forest. Sparks and embers are being carried high into the air, creating a shower of light against a dark, starry night sky. The trees are dark and silhouetted, and a patch of snow is visible in the foreground.

12th Night with Orpheus

Pagan Chamber Choir

Saturday, January 4th, 2025

First Baptist Church of Denver

Orpheus Pagan Chamber Choir exists to broaden the greater community's understanding of Pagan beliefs and influences through innovative choral experiences. The singers in Orpheus follow Earth-based spiritual traditions or are Pagan-friendly. We explore the Pagan presence in traditional choral music, the emerging new Pagan choral repertoire, and more.



Andrew Adams, *Founder & Music Director*, has been music director of numerous churches and temples in the New York and Los Angeles metropolitan areas. As a professional singer, has appeared with the New York Philharmonic, Opera Ensemble of New York, the St. Thomas Choir, Los Angeles Master Chorale, Spoleto Festival USA, Festival dei Due Mondi, Italy; and in concert and recital in the US and Germany. As a soloist with the Westminster Choir, he performed frequently with the Philadelphia Orchestra, Vienna Philharmonic, and others under Zubin Mehta, Riccardo Muti, Kurt Masur, and Robert Shaw.

Mr. Adams holds two graduate degrees from Westminster Choir College, is a published composer/arranger, and maintains a private voice studio in Denver.



Molly Moran, *pianist*, has received praise as “a musician and pianist of uncommon insight and versatility” with an “intuitive grasp of the intentions of her colleagues.” Molly Moran is one of the Front Range’s most sought-after collaborative pianists. Since graduating with honors from the University of Denver’s Lamont School of Music, Molly has performed with several of Colorado’s orchestras, chamber groups, and choirs. She is the preferred partner of some of the finest singers in Colorado.



Orpheus Pagan Chamber Choir is supported in part by a grant from Denver's SCFD.

12th Night with Orpheus

Pagan Chamber Choir

Andrew Adams, *Founding Artistic Director and Conductor*
Molly Moran, *Pianist*

Catherine Flinchum, *flute*
Loren Meaux, *oboe*
Dani Misegadis, *harp*

Kathleen Enea Moore, *percussion*
Doug Warburton, *percussion*
Tofer Breüer, *ASL interpretation*

Choir

Soprano

Cyrisa Anderson*
Sara Blackwelder
Sara Cummings
Amelia Davis
Gretchen Ela
Maria Forlenza
Amethyst Kellogg
Michelle Kellogg
Kathleen Enea Moore
Angela Shelley
Jade Tiller

Alto

Andrea Davis
Sarah Davis
Sonia Ellison
Laura Grant
Barbara Ludwig
Brooke Sassi
Lisa Steinman
Ashley Troester*
Marti Wedewer

Tenor

Heather Austin
Brian Bickham
David Carpenter

Christopher Ellmann*

Bonita Lahey
Catherine Mock

Bass

Alex Breed
Richard Cornelius
Matthew Kellogg
Xavier Martinez
Justin Nickerson*
Aaron Shelley
Rory Taylor
Doug Warburton
Cameron Yanoscik

**Denotes Section Leaders*



Ambe

Music & Lyrics: Andrew Balfour (b. 1967)

Composer's Note: "A song of welcome based on an original piece given to me by my colleague, Cory Campbell."

Ambe
Ambe Anishinaabeg
biindigeg Anishinaabeg
Mino-bimaadiziwin omaa
Ambe

Come in
Come in, two-legged beings
Come in all people
There is good life here
Come in!

Under the Holly Bough

Music: Scott Henderson (b. 1954)
Lyrics: Charles Mackay (1814–1889)

Ye who have scorned each other,
Or injured friend or brother,
In this fast-fading year,
Ye who, by word or deed,
Have made a kind heart bleed,
Come gather here!

Ye who have loved each other,
Sister and friend and brother,
In this fast-fading year,
Ye with o'erburdened mind,
Made aliens from your kind,
Come gather here!

Let sinned against and sinning
Forget their strife's beginning,
And join in friendship now.
Be links no longer broken,
Be sweet forgiveness spoken
Under the Holly-Bough.

And let your heart grow fonder,
As memory shall ponder
Each past unbroken vow;
Old loves and younger wooing
Are sweet in the renewing
Under the Holly-Bough.

Ye who have nourished sadness,
Estranged from hope & gladness
If e'er you hoped, hope now.
Take heart, uncloud your faces,
And join in our embraces
Under the Holly-Bough.

Let not the useless sorrow
Pursue you night & morrow,
If e'er you hoped, hope now.
Take heart, uncloud your faces,
And join in our embraces
Under the Holly-Bough.

Shivering Chorus

Music: Henry Purcell (1659–1695)

Lyrics: John Dryden (1631–1700)

See we assemble thy revels to hold:
Tho' quiv-ring with cold
We chatter and tremble

Lady of Winter

Music: Andrew Adams (b. 1955)

Lyrics: Ivo Dominguez, Jr. (2024)

O Lady of the winter night
fill our souls with dreams of light

O Lady of the sleeping land
call the sun from summerland

O Lady of the falling snows
beauty tells us all she knows

We stand between the light and dark
Singing for the newborn spark

Carol for a New Year

Music: Howard Helvey (b. 1968)

Lyrics: Alfred Tennyson (1809–1892)

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the light that is to be.
Ring in the light.



Procession of the Boar's Head

Please stand as you are able

Boar's Head Carol

English Carol, arr. A. Adams

The boar's head in hand bear I,
Bedecked with bay and rosemary.
And I bid you my masters, merry be,
Quot estis in convivio:
Caput apri defero,
Reddens laudes Rex Fricco!

Let us *servire cantico:*
Caput apri defero...

Our steward hath provided this
In honor of our lord of bliss
Which on this day to be served is,

The boar's head, I understand,
Is the rarest dish in all this land.
Which thus bedecked with a gay
garland

In populisensi atrio:
Caput apri defero...



A Toast to Freyr & the Boar

Please stand as you are able

Gloucestershire Wassail

Please join in the singing!

Wassail, Wassail, all over the town,
Our toast it is white and our ale it
is brown,
Our bowl it is made of the white
maple tree;
With the Wassailing bowl we'll drink
to thee.

And here's to the boar and to his
left ear,
May Frey send our master a happy
new year;

And a happy new year as e'er he
did see;
With the Wassailing bowl we'll drink
to thee.

Then here's to the maid in the lily
white smock,
Who tripp'd to the door and slipp'd
back the lock;
Who tripp'd to the door and pull'd
back the pin,
For to let these jolly Wassailers in.

Wassail, Wassail, all over the town,
Our toast it is white and our ale it
is brown,

Our bowl it is made of the white
maple tree;
With the Wassailing bowl we'll drink
to thee.

Will There Really Be a Morning? *Music: Ricky Ian Gordon (b. 1956)*
Lyrics: Emily Dickenson (1830–1856)

Solo: Cyrissa Anderson

Will there really be a “Morning”?
Is there such a thing as “Day”?
Could I see it from the mountains
If I were as tall as they?

Has it feet like Water lilies?
Has it feathers like a Bird?

Is it brought from famous places
Of which I have never heard?

Oh some Scholar! Oh some Sailor!
Oh some Wise Men from the skies!
Please to tell a little Pilgrim
Where the place called “Morning” lies!

The Shortest Day

Music: Brian Holmes (b. 1946))
Poem: Susan Cooper (b. 1935)

Nights grew long and snow came
falling,
Deep and bitter cold it lay;
Till the year was dark and dying,
Frozen on the shortest day.

Sudden fires leapt on the hillsides
Flaring in the starless night;
High above them voices singing,
Singing, calling back the light.

All night long we sang, beseeching
Time to turn its wheel around

Wakening the green abundance
Buried in the sleeping ground.

When the daybreak came next
morning
Heralding the turning year,
Joy came flooding bright as sunlight,
Freeing every heart from fear.

So we sing that in this season
Hope may drive despair away,
New life springing out of darkness
Born again this shortest day.

Orison to the Unconquered Sun

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

*O Oriens splendor lucis aeternae et sol
justitiae*

O dawn of the east, brightness of
light eternal, and sun of justice:

*Veni et illumina sedentes in tenebris et in
umbra mortis.*

Come, shine on those who sit in
darkness and in the shadow
of death.

*Veni et illuminare, veni splendor lucis
aeternae: Sol invictus natus est.*

Come, shine, brightness of light
eternal: The unconquered sun is born.



A Toast to the Guests

Please stand as you are able

Yorkshire Wassail

Here we come a-wassailing
Among the leaves so green,
Here we come a-wandering
So fair to be seen.

Refrain:

Love and joy come to you,
And to you your wassail too,
And we wish you,
we wish you a happy New Year.
And we wish you
A happy New Year!

Please join in the singing!

Our wassail cup is made
Of the rosemary tree,
And so is your beer
Of the best barley.

Refrain

Call up the butler of this house,
Put on his golden ring,
Let him bring us a glass of beer
And better we will sing:

Refrain



Vision Chant

Music & Lyrics: A. Balfour

Composer's Note: "This was inspired by a ceremonial bonfire, with its flashes of sparks, the dancing, and then the meditative nature the embers."

Solos: Cyrissa Anderson, Michelle Kellogg

He-hya!

Babamadizin

Windigo

Mishomis

Nokomis

He-hya!

Hey!

Journey

Ice monster, cannibal

Grandfather

Grandmother

Hey!

There Are Stars

Music: Jeffrey Klepper & Dan Freeland (2009)

Lyrics: Hannah Szenesh (1921–1944)

arr. A. Adams

There are stars up above,
So far away we only see their light
Long after the star itself is gone.
And so it is with people that
we loved;

Their memories keep shining
Ever brightly though their time
with us is done.

And the stars that light up the
darkest night,
These are the stars that guide us:
As we live our days,
These are the ways

We remember.



A Toast to the Ancestors

Please stand as you are able

Anang

Music & Lyrics: Music & Lyrics: A. Balfour
in the Ojibwe and English languages

*Composer's Note: "In a conversation with my wife, I was reminded
of a long-held Cree Nation belief that the stars are our grandmothers,
forming a protective shield over the earth."*

Anang, Anang.
A star fell through the sky towards me

A star, a star.

Anang giipiidagoojin
Baga kaasigewag anangoog
Baga kaasigeway anangoog

A star fell through the sky towards me
Stars shine brightly
Stars shine brightly

Sleigh a la Russe

Music & Lyrics: Richard Kountz (b. 1896–1950)
Arr: W. Riegger

Lightly flying over snow
Ah hey yap yap yap yap yap yap
With sleighbells ringing, gaily
singing
Merrily we go

Aye, ah, oh, ah!
Aye, ah, oh, ah!

All the world's a blanket white
Of snow so cold and crisp and light
With sharp winds blowing, we
are going
Onward through the night

Lightly flying over snow
Ah hey yap yap yap yap yap yap
Ochi chornyye, ochi strastnyye
Merrily we go

Oh ah oh, merrily on we go
Oh ah oh, merrily on we go
Ha ha ha ha ha ha, higher
Ha ha ha, higher, higher, higher,
higher!



Nurse's Song

Music: Latvian folksong,
Lyrics: John Phillip (c. 1512)
arr. A. Adams

Lully, lully, lully baby.
Lully, lully, lullabye,
Thy nurse will tend thee
As duly as may be:
Lully baby, lully baby.

They give thee good fortune and well
for to speed,
And this to desire I will not delay
thee,
Lully baby, Lully baby.

Lully baby, lully baby.
The Gods will be thy shield and
comforting need,
Lully baby, lully baby.

Lully, lully, lully baby.
Lully, lully, lullabye,
Thy nurse will tend thee
As duly as may be:
Lully baby, lully baby.

Tomtarnas Julnatt (The Gnomes' Yule Night)

Music: Alfred Smedberg (b. 1850–1925), Lyrics: Villhelm Sefve, arr. Stig Holm

*Midnatt råder, tyst det är i
husen, tyst i husen.
Alla sova, släckta äro ljusen, äro ljusen.
Tipp tapp, tipp tapp, tippe, tippe
tipp tapp, tipp, tipp, tapp.*

*Snälla folket låtit maten rara,
maten rara
stå på bordet åt en tomteskara,
Tipp tapp, tipp tap...*

*Hur de mysa, hoppa upp bland
faten, upp bland faten,
tissla, tassla: "God är julematen,
julematen!"
Tipp tapp, tipp tap...*

*Gröt och skinka, lilla äppelbiten,
äppelbiten.
Tänk så rart det smakar, Nisse
liten, Nisse liten!
Tipp tapp, tipp tap...*

Midnight reigns, it's quiet in all the
houses,
Everyone sleeps, the candles are
put out,
Tipp tapp, tipp tap....

The nice people have left sweet
food on the table
For the band of gnomes,
Tipp tapp, tipp tap...

How they frolic, skipping
between dishes,
Whispering, murmuring "It's
good, this Yule food!"
Tipp tapp, tipp tapp...

Porridge, ham, the little piece
of apple,
Ah, how sweet it tastes to little
Gnomes,
Tipp tapp, tipp tapp...

*Nu till lekar! Glada skrattet
klingar, skrattet klingar,
runt om granen skaran muntert
svingar, muntert svingar.
Tipp tapp, tipp tapp...*

*Natten lider. Snart de tomtar
snälla, tomtar snälla
kvickt och näpet allt i ordning
ställa, ordning ställa.
Tipp tapp, tipp tap...*

*Sedan åter in i tysta vrårna, tysta
vrårna,
tomteskaran tassar nätt på, tårna, nätt
på tårna.
Tipp tapp, tipp tap...*

Now the games!
Happylaughter sounds,
'Round the tree the band
merrily swings,
Tipp tapp, tipp tapp,...

Night is ending. Now the friendly
gnomes
Quickly, neatly, put everything
in order,
Tipp tapp, tipp tapp

Then, back into the quiet
corners,
The band of gnomes sneak on
their toes,
Tipp tapp, tipp tapp,...

Krampus Carols

*Music: A. Adams
Lyrics: Johnny DePalma
Krampus: A Holiday Message, (2017)*

From briar patch and cold and rot,
he gathers twigs and spindle knots.
A whipping stick and chains of steel
he readies for his winter meal.
He's made his list and checked it
thrice
to sort out children neat and nice.
Baskets slung across his back,
he steps out from his frozen shack.

"I much prefer," old Krampus said,
"To snatch them from their sleeping
beds.

"It really isn't very fun
when naughty children start to run.
Yes, naughty children, girls and boys,
they have no business getting toys.

"What nonsense this whole
Christmas thing,
they give and get and eat and sing."

But the rotten ones are rather grand,
unlike that goody two shoes clan.
They seem to come with extra spice.
As flavor goes they're awfully nice.

So children, lovelies, listen here.
Perhaps this has not been your year.
You shriek and run amok
and now it seems you're out of luck.
But have no fear, for Uncle Kramp
has kept for you, both cold and damp,
A playground for the naughty crumbs
I keep just past my bleeding gums.
So hit your brother, kick the dog

and call your aunt a smelly hog,
Then yell, scream and punch
the walls,
it's almost time to deck the halls.

Now pull out all your sister's hair
and shout about how life's not fair.
Tell a lie, in fact tell ten,
then steal and hit and lie again.
Ev'ry little wicked bite
will be to me a sheer delight.
It's pretty fun, I have to say;

perhaps we'll meet again some day.
"Well, fingers crossed," old Krampus
said,
"Now close your eyes, get into bed."
And think of what your deeds shall
bring
while dreaming dirty, rotten things.
And then the Krampus said, "Sleep
tight.
I'll see you soon, my dears, good
night!"

Jingle Bells

Music: G. F. Handel (1685–1759)
Lyrics: J. L. Pierpont (1822–1893)
arr. Jonathan Miller

Jingle bells, jingle bells,
jingle all the way,
Oh what fun it is to ride
in a one-horse open sleigh.
Dashing through the snow
in a one-horse open sleigh,
O'er the fields we go,

laughing all the way.
Bells on bobtail ring,
making spirits bright,
Oh, what fun it is to ride
and sing
a sleighing song tonight!



A Toast to the New Year

Please stand as you are able

Auld Lang Syne

Should auld acquaintance be forgot
and never brought to mind? Should
auld 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.

Please join in the singing!

And there's a hand my trusty friend!
Give us a hand o' thine!
We'll take a right good-will draught,
for 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.

Santa Claus is Pagan Too

*Music & Lyrics: Emerald Rose
arr. A. Adams*

Refrain:

Santa Claus is pagan, too, just like all
the rest

And if you are a merry witch, he'll
bring you all the best,
So get that star upon the roof, and
bake those cookies too,
For Christmas time is really Yule, and
Santa's Pagan, too.

He's got that Buddha belly and his
top's the Holly King
You dressed him in that British coat,
the cap's a Nordic thing.
You took the horns right off his head
and put them on his deer,
But he still flies like Jupiter with
a belly full of beer—Hey!

Refrain

History says Christ was likely not
Capricorn
but if you want to share our Yule, we
don't care when he's born.
Come celebrate the dawning of the
Sun King's bright rebirth,
And if you practice what you preach
we'll all have peace on earth.

Refrain

Santa's way more jolly than most
Christians might require
and if he weren't so busy he'd be
dancin' 'round this fire.
Yeah, you can call it Christmas:
you've got us way out-gunned,
But just you wait 'till Beltaine and
we'll see who's having fun.

Refrain



12th Night Hosts

Belinda Baldwin

Ian Buchanan

Andrea Davis & Andrew

Dashiell

Daniel Deggs

Gretchen Ela

Laura Grant

Kitty Hindman

Jordan Allen

Bonita Lahey

Cynthia LeFevre

Barbara Ludwig

Angela Onduto

Table Public House/

Craig Broek

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* as of 12/16/24)

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Orpheus Pagan Chamber Choir

Singing the Music of the Spheres

Join Us For More in 2025

THE ORPHEUS MEADFEST PUBLIC MEAD TASTING

Saturday, July 22, 2025
14350 W 32nd Ave | Golden, CO 80401

INTERESTED IN JOINING US? AUDITION INFORMATION:

<https://orpheuspc.org/new-auditions/>



HAIL MUSIC! THE SPLENDORS OF SONG — *Orpheuspcc.org*

Friends & Family Concert:
Saturday, April 5, 2025 @11:00 A.M.

Location TBD

Orpheus sings Vaughan Williams' rhapsodic "Serenade to Music" and many more magical tunes in praise of music and its place in the universe and in our lives.

Full Concert:
Saturday, May 10, 2025 @7:30 P.M.



Orpheus is going to Carnegie Hall in 2026 to perform Brahms' "Nanie" and Mark Sirett's "Beltane: A Branch of May." You can help! Stay tuned for details!

