



Orpheus

Pagan Chamber Choir

Presents:

12th Night: A Yule Concert & Viking Feast

Saturday, January 5, 2019 at 6:00pm





ORPHEUS PAGAN CHAMBER CHOIR

exists to build community by sharing the power, beauty, and inspiration of vocal music from diverse historical and contemporary cultural traditions with our audiences. 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. Ravensong 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.

12TH NIGHT WITH ORPHEUS
A YULE CONCERT
AND VIKING FEAST
ORPHEUS PAGAN CHAMBER CHOIR

Valerie Erickson, *flute*

Loren Meaux, *oboe*

Dani Bash, *harp*

Kathleen Enea Moore, Doug Warburton, *percussion*

Andrew Adams, *Music Director and Conductor*

Cyrissa Anderson

Lena Arvidson

Sara Blackwelder

Sarah Burns

David Carpenter

Richard Cornelius

Andrea Davis

Alie Grubbs

Londell Jackson

Michelle Kellogg

Barbara Ludwig

Kathleen Mayberry

Devin McIntyre

Andrew Miller

Catherine Mock

Kasey Nahlovsky

Lisa Steinman

Jade Tiller

Doug Warburton



Gaudete Invictus Natus Est

tune from Piaae Cantiones, 1582

arr. Andrew Adams (b. 1955)

Refrain:

*Gaudete, gaudete invictus natus
nobis matre ex Nocte, gaudete.*

Refrain:

Rejoice! The unconquered is
born out of our mother: Night.

*Sol et Luna praesident super
firmamento,
Duo dunquam resident manent
permamento.*

Sun and moon presides over the
skies.

Therefore, these two remain
permanently in place.

Refrain

Refrain

*Deus Sol Invictus est Imperator
caeli
Sustentatus terrae est similiter
Nili.*

The unconquered sun god is the
emperor of the heavens.

He sustains the earth, as does
the River Nile.

Refrain

Refrain

*Lux fietur caritas Lux caelorum
Solis
Te agemus gratias multis
benedectis.*

Light is the bringer of love. The
heavenly light of the sun.

We give thanks for many
blessings.

Refrain

Refrain



Today is the Solstice

Music: J. Spillman (1812–1896), Lyrics: Rhiannon Asher (c.2011)

arr. A. Adams

Today is the Solstice, rise up
from your beds
and sing as the Sun God lifts up
his great head.

The stars in the heavens are
spinning away;
the light is returning on this
holy day.

His people have gathered to
help him awake;
We drum and we dance as the
morning light breaks.
There! On the horizon shine his
golden rays!
The light is returning on this
holy day.
Today is the Solstice; the
darkness has fled;

Rejoice as the Sun God lifts up
his great head.

The sweet Earth is stirring
beneath His warm gaze;
The light is returning on this
holy day.
The Wheel is a-turning on this
Solstice Day!



Cherokee Morning Song

arr. A. Adams

We n' de ya ho

My Spirit is strong



Under the Holly Bough

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

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!

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.

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.

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!

And let your heart grow fonder,
As memory shall ponder
Each past unbroken vow;

Let not the useless sorrow
Pursue you night & morrow,
If e'er you hoped, hope now.

Old loves and younger wooing
Are sweet in the renewing
Under the Holly-Bough.

Take heart, uncloud your faces,
And join in our embraces
Under the Holly-Bough.



Light is Returning

Music & Lyrics: Charlie Murphy (1953–2016)

Light is returning to the earth
Even though this is the darkest
hour.
No one can hold back the
dawn.

Our earth is turning,
Circle on her path around the
sun.
Earth mother is calling her
children home.



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!

As many as are in the feast:

The boar's head I bring.

Praising King Freyr!

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

garland

Let us *servire cantico*:

Caput apri defero...

Let us serve with a song

The boar's head I bring...

Our steward hath provided this

In honor of our lord of bliss

Which on this day to be served

is,

In populisensi atrio:

Caput apri defero...

In the People's Hall:

The boar's head I bring...



A TOAST TO FREYR & THE BOAR





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.



Fanfare to Winter

Lyrics: Robert Bode (2005)

Music: John David Earnest (2013)

Throw off the summer!
Quicken!

Now silver and icy blue,
Now swirling, whistling white!

Bring winter's fiery touch and
blazing cold!

Erase the chatter of crickets
And the slow autumn music:
Sing the song of cracking ice and
tightening frost,
Of glistening, shimmering,
shivering snow!

Let Nature remake her
garments—
No green and hazy yellow:



Winter, Fire, and Snow

Words based on the poem "Fire and Snow and Carnevale" by
Mcdara Woods

Adaptation and Music by Brendan Graham
arr. Roger Emerson

In winter fire is beautiful,
beautiful like a song;
In winter snow is beautiful, all
of the winter long.

The day gets dark, uneasily...
darker and darker still;
And you are gone to Carnival,
and I feel the winter chill.

Refrain:

And you, little one, come safely
home,
riding the tail of the wind;
May you always come this
safely home,
in winter, fire and snow.

Refrain

In winter fire is beautiful,
beautiful like a song;
In winter snow is beautiful, all
of the winter long.



White Winter Hymnal

Music & Lyrics: Robin Pechnold (b. 1986)

arr. Pentatonix

I was following the pack, all
swallowed in their coats
with scarves of red tied 'round
their throats
to keep their little heads from
fallin' in the snow

and I turned 'round and there
you go.
And Michael you would fall,
and turn the white snow red as
strawberries in the summertime.



Let it be forgotten

Lyrics: Sara Teasdale (1884–1933)

Music: Kirke Mechem (b. 1925)

Let it be forgotten, as a flower is
forgotten,
Forgotten as a fire that once was
singing gold,
Let it be forgotten for ever and
ever,
Time is a kind friend, he will
make us old.

If anyone asks, say it was
forgotten
Long and long ago,
As a flower, as a fire, as a
hushed footfall
In a long forgotten snow.



Streets of Snow

Lyrics: Sara Teasdale

Music: Franklin Gallo (b.1977)

My window-pane is starred with frost,
The world is bitter cold tonight,
The moon is cruel and the wind
Is like a two-edged sword to smite.

Oh, pity all the homeless ones,
The beggars pacing to and fro,
Oh, pity all the poor tonight

Who walk the lamp-lit streets of snow.
The room is like a bit of June,
Warm and close-curtained fold on fold,
But somewhere, like a homeless child,
My heart is crying in the cold.

Ubi caritas et amor,

Dei ibi sunt.

Awen.

Where there is charity and love,
the Gods are there.

Awen.



We Are

Ysaye M. Barnwell (b. 1946)

For each child that's born,
A morning star rises and sings to
the universe who we are.

We are our grandmothers'
prayers,

We are our grandfathers'
dreamings,

We are the breath of our
ancestors,

We are the spirit of life.
(We are one)

We are mothers of courage and
fathers of time,

We are daughters of dust and
the sons of great visions,

We're sisters of mercy and
brothers of love,

We are lovers of life and the
builders of nations,

We're seekers of truth and
keepers of faith,

We are makers of peace and the
wisdom of ages.

We are our grandmothers'
prayers,

And we are our grandfathers'
dreamings,

We are the breath of our
ancestors,

We are the spirit of life.

For each child that's born,
A morning star rises and sings to
the universe who we are.

(We are one.)

A TOAST TO THE DISIR AND ALL OUR ANCESTORS

Please stand as you are able



There are Stars

Music: Jerffrey Klepper & Dan Freeland

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.

Shchedryk

Ukrainian New Year's Carol

Music: Mykola Leontovich (1877–1921)

Lyrics: trans. from the Ukrainian by Paul Nystrom

Shchedryk: song of good cheer!
Swallows are here, singing so
clear
One New's Year Eve, one
swallow flew
In from the eaves: bountiful
news!

Come, master, look: there in the
hay
See all the lambs born on this
day.
And if the lambs healthy will
stay
Then lots of gold people will

pay.
Then will your pot soon
overflow
Money you'll have, more than
you know.
And, if like chaff, some windy

day,
All that you have blows far
away,
Still your wife will be a dark-
eyed beauty.



O do not fear the darkness

Fredrik Sixten (b. 1962)

*Var inte rädd för mörkret, ty
ljuset vilar där.
Vi ser ju inga stjärnor där inte
mörker är.
I ljusa iriseringen du bär en mörk
pupill.
Ty mörkr är allt som ljuset me
bävan längtar till.
Var inte rädd för mörkret, ty
ljuset vilar där.
Var inte rädd för mörkret, som
ljuset hjärta bär.*

Oh do not fear the darkness, for
in it rests the light.
We see not stars nor planets
without the dark of night.
Within our light-ringed iris our
pupil dark's the core.
With awe, light finds in darkness
those things that it longs for.
O, do not fear the darkness, it is
the home of light.
O do not fear the darkness, it
bears the heart of light.



Uisutamas (Skating)

Estonian Song

arr. Ken Berg (b. 1955)

*Tali valjas tore jaa.
Uisutdad ulihaa,
Rataskaari enne nii
ja siis jalle teisiti.
Jaa on libe nagu liass,*

*uisud aina undamas,
Rataskaari enne nii
ja siis jalle teisiti.*

Winter's here with lovely ice.
Skating feels so very nice.
Skating circles first one way,
turning then the other way.
When the ice is smooth and
clear,
whirring skates are all we hear.
Skating circles first one way,
turning then the other way.

*Uisumehed uhamas,
trisumehed triblamas,*

*Rataskaari enne nii
ja siis jalle teisiti.*

Skaters speeding on their way,
with each stroke they gently
sway.

Skating circles first one way,
turning then the other way.



The Nurse's Song

Latvian folkson, John Phillip c. 1512

arr. A. Adams

Refrain:

Lully, lully, lully, baby,
Lully, lully, lullabye.

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

The Gods will be thy shield, and
comfort in need,

Lully baby, lully baby.

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

delay me,
Lully baby, Lully baby.

Refrain

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



Tomtarnas Jullnatt (The Gnomes' Yule Night)

Music and Lyrics: Alfred Smedberg & Villhelm Sefve (1898)

From an arrangement by 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...*

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...

*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...*

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

*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...*

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...

Now the games! Happy
laughter 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,...



A TOAST TO THE GUESTS

Please stand as you are able





Yorkshire Wassail

Please join in the singing!

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

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

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!

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:
Love and joy...



Krampus Carols

Music by 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 by 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 & sing
a sleighing song tonight.



A TOAST TO THE NEW YEAR

Please stand as you are able



Auld Lang Syne

Please join in the singing!

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.

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 ca'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.



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* as of January 1, 2019



Join Us For More in 2019

SPRING MYSTERIES: A FAMILY CONCERT

A one-hour concert with music and storytelling.

Saturday, April 6, 2019 at 11:00 AM

SPRING MYSTERIES: FULL CONCERT

*From English Madrigals to some of your favorite Pagan tunes,
we celebrate the glories and rites of Beltane and Spring!*

Saturday, May 11, 2019 at 7:30 PM

9th Annual Orpheus MeadFest

*Enjoy samplings of mead from Colorado's finest meaderies while
winners from the annual competition are announced.*

Saturday, September 28, 2019 at 4:00 PM

INTERESTED IN JOINING US?

COME TO ONE OF OUR OPEN REHEARSALS:

Sunday, January 27, 2019 from 3:00 PM to 6:00 PM

Monday, January 28, 2019 from 7:30 PM to 9:30 PM

FOR MORE INFORMATION, FIND US ONLINE AT

<http://www.orpheuspcc.org>