

## 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.

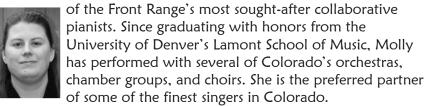
**Andrew Adams**, Founder & Music Director, has been music director of numerous churches and temples in the New York and Los Angeles metropolitan areas. As a professional singer, has

appeared with the New York Philharmonic, Opera Ensemble of New York, the St. Thomas Choir, Los Angeles Master Chorale, Spoleto Festival USA, Festivale 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



# 12<sup>TH</sup> NIGHT WITH ORPHEUS A YULE CONCERT AND GALA RECEPTION ORPHEUS PAGAN CHAMBER CHOIR

Valerie Erickson, flute
Loren Meaux, oboe
Dani Bash, harp
Kathleen Mayberry, Doug Warburton, percussion

Andrew Adams, Music Director and Conductor

Cyrissa Anderson Heather Austin Micayla Bellamy Sarah Burns David Carpenter Richard Cornelius Andrea Davis Rebecca Heberlein Michelle Kellogg Barbara Ludwig Everette Marshall Devin McIntyre Andrew Miller Kathleen Mayberry Brooke Nicholson Lisa Steinman Jade Tiller Doug Warburton Lori Worthman Mark Yeo





### Hey Ho! Nobody Home

Traditional British Carol arr. Donald Patriquin (b. 1938)

Hey ho, nobody home, Meat nor drin nor money have I none, Yet shall we be merry

#### Refrain:

Soal, a soal, a soal cake,
Please good missus a soal cake,
An apple, a pear, a plum, a
cherry,
Any good thing to make us all
merry
One for the maiden,
Two for the crone,
Three for the mother who calls us
home.

Oh bless the master of this house Likewise the mistress too, And all the little children that 'round your table grow; The cattle in your stable, the dog by your front door, And all that dwell within your gates, we wish you ten times more.

#### Refrain

Go down into the cellar
And see what you can find.
If the barrels are not empty
We hope you will be kind;
We hope you will be kind
With your apple and your pear,
For we'll come no more a' soalin'
till this time next year.

#### Refrain

The streets are very dirty,
My shoes are very thin;
I have a little pocket
To put a penny in.
If you haven't got a penny
a ha' penny will do;
If you haven't got a ha' penny
Then Blessed Be you!

#### Refrain

Now to the Lord and Lady
Sing praises in this place
And with true love and gratitude
Each other now embrace
This holy tide of Yuletide,
Of beauty and of grace,
Oh tidings of comfort and joy!



## 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;

Old loves and younger wooing Are sweet in the renewing 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.



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.

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

Refrain

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

# The Shortest Day

Poem: Susan Cooper (2011) Music: Brian Holmes (2011)

Nights grew long and snow came falling, Deep and bitter cold it lay; Till the year was dark and

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.



#### The Voice

Words and Music: Brendan Graham ()
Arr: Roger Emerson ()

I hear your voice on the wind And I hear you call out my name.

Listen, my child, you say to me, I am the voice of your history. Be not afraid, come follow me. Answer my call and I'll set you free.

I am the voice in the wind and the pouring rain, I am the voice of your hunger and pain, I am the voice that always is calling you, I am the voice, I will remain.

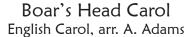
I am the voice in the fields when the summer's gone, The dance of the leaves when the autumn winds blow. Ne'er do I sleep throughout all the cold winter long, I am the force that in springtime will grow. I am the voice of the past, that will always be, filled with my sorrows and blood in my fields.
I am the voice of the future, bring me your peace.
Bring me your peace and my wounds they will heal.

I am the voice in the wind and the pouring rain, I am the voice of your hunger and pain, I am the voice that always is calling you, I am the voice.

I am the voice of the past that will always be,
I am the voice of your hunger and pain.
I am the voice of the future,
I am the voice.

# Procession of the Boar's Head

Please stand as you are able



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,

As many as are in the feast: The boar's head I bring.

#### Reddens laudes Rex Fricco!

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...

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...

#### Praising King Freyr!

Let us serve with a song The boar's head I bring...

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.



#### Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star Lyrics: Jane Taylor (1783–1824) Arr: Daniel Elder (2013)

Twinkle, twinkle, little star, how I wonder what you are! Up above the world so high, like a diamond in the sky.

In the dark blue sky you keep, often through my curtains peep,

for you never shut your eye till the sun is in the sky:

Though I know not what you are, twinkle, twinkle, little star.



## We Are the Stars (from Stargazing)

Lyrics: Algonquin (Native American) Translation: Charles G. Leland (1882) Music: James Eakin III (b. 1973)

We are the stars which sing, we sing with our light; we are the birds of fire, we fly over the sky.

Our light is a voice.

We make a road, for the spirits to pass over.



## Stars Over Snow (Night)

Lyrics: Sara Teasdale (1884–1933) Music: Timothy Jon Tharaldson (b. 1975)

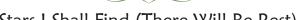
Stars over snow,
And in the west a planet
Swinging below a star—
Look for a lovely thing and you will find it,
It is not far—
It never will be far.



Lyrics: Sara Teasdale (1884–1933) Music: Neil Ginsberg (b. 1969)

I am a cloud in the heaven's height,
The stars are lit for my delight,
Tireless and changeful, swift and free,
I cast my shadow on hill and sea-But why do the pines on the mountain's crest
Call to me always, "Rest, rest?"

I throw my mantle over the moon And I blind the sun on his throne at noon, Nothing can tame me, nothing can bind, I am a child of the heartless wind--But oh the pines on the mountain's crest Whispering always, "Rest, rest."



Stars I Shall Find (There Will Be Rest)

Lyrics: Sara Teasdale

Music: David Dickau (b. 1953)

There will be rest, and sure stars shining Over the rooftops crowned with snow, A reign of rest, serene forgetting, The music of stillness holy and low.

I will make this world of my devising Out of a dream in my lonely mind. I shall find the crystal of peace, above me Stars I shall find.



# A Toast to the Disir and all our Ancestors

Please stand as you are able



#### Into the West

Words and Music: Fran Walsh, Howard Shore, Annie Lennox (2003)

Arr: Alan Billingsley (2014)

Lay down your sweet and weary head.

Night is falling. You have come to journey's end.

Sleep now.

Dream of the ones who came before.

They are calling from across the distant shore.

Why do you weep?
What are those tears upon your face?
Soon you will see all of your

fears will pass away. Safe in my arms, you're only sleeping.

Refrain: What can you see on the horizon?

Why do the white gulls call? Across the sea, a pale moon rises.

The ships have come to carry you home.

And all will turn to silver glass.

A light on the water, all souls pass.

Hope fades into the world of night

through shadows falling out of memory and time.

Don't say that we have come now to the end.
White shores are calling.

You and I will meet again.

And you'll be here in my arms just sleeping.

#### Refrain

A light on the water, grey ships pass into the West.



Words and Music: Cosmo Sheldrake (2018) arr. A. Adams

Well, time she did as time she does

She passed along her way And dawn, she crept like a frightened girl

Out from the nighttime's sway But in the merry month of May Her solemn fast does learn For spring, it sprung as spring it does

And put the bees to work And work they must and work they shall

For all the things to grow For if they don't, as time she knows

They'd wither on the bough And what a shame such things would be No wondrous wine for you and me

No cider too, nor mead nor soup

For us to all make merry So rot, ferment, and decompose So all the things can grow Oh wallow in the drinkless world

And wither on the bough
Oh what a dusty burden
That nectar and the pollen
Like Atlas with the heavens
On the back of his head
And what if they should falter
And shrug their little shoulders
Well, time, she'd pass all the
same



#### The Bee Carol

Words: Carol Ann Duffy (2011) Music: John Merrick (2018)

Silently on Christmas Eve, the turn of midnight's key; all the garden locked in ice a silver frieze except the winter cluster of the bees.

Flightless now and shivering, around their Queen they cling; every bee a gift of heat; she will not freeze within the winter cluster of the bees.

Bring me for my Christmas gift a single golden jar; let me taste the sweetness there, but honey leave to feed the winter cluster of the bees.

Come with me on Christmas Eve to see the silent hive — trembling stars cloistered above — and then believe, bless the winter cluster of the bees.



# Winter Born Words and Music: Unto Ashes (2005)

Behold this night, the northern light is all I see Bestows the gift of purity Upon my memory For I am winter born Beneath the icy trees
Beyond the frozen sea
I shall embrace the cold
On winter's darkest wasteland

And on the barren ground Winter comes again Behold the winter snow Scourge upon this land This frozen night is offering All of me To stars & moon & winter night A mystery



#### Come Along

Words and Music: Cosmo Sheldrake (2017)

Come along, catch a Heffalump Sit with me on a muddy clump We'll sing a song of days gone by

Run along now, don't be glum Get you gone, now, have some fun Don't be long, for the end is

Don't let moments pass along And waste before your eyes

nigh

March with me and the borogoves
Come with me and the slithy toves
And never ask us why

Refrain: Come, come, come, come, come along now
Run away from the hum-drum
We'll go to a place that is safe from
Greed, anger and boredom
We'll dance and sing 'til sundown

And feast with abandon
We'll sleep when the morning
comes

And we'll rise by the sound of the birdsongs

We'll be here when the world slows down
And the sunbeams fade away
Keeping time by a pendulum
As the fabric starts to fray

There's no such thing as time to kill Nor time to throw away So, once for the bright sky, twice for the pig sty Thrice for another day

Refrain

Come with me, catch a rare type specimen Cuddle up with a hesitant skeleton We'll break our fast with friends

Once we're fed, we shall disappear rapidly Many moons to the west of here and happily Our journey never ends

Shut your ears when sirens sing

Tie armbands to your feet

Listen up and you won't go wrong again

Float along on a verse-less song

and then get to where the two ends meet

Refrain



## 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.

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

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,

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.

# Silent Auction Donors\*

Ancient Fire Andrea Davis Andrew Adams Barbara Ludwig BeeCraft Mead Co Catherine Mock Charles Vigil Christopher N. Merrell Don Herman Doug Warburton Dragon Meadery Dragon Meadery Festina Lente Folklore Meadery Honnibrook Hunters Moon Judith Johnson Kari Tarnow

Katherine Standifer Lisa Steinman Lori Worthman Maeve Wild Meridian Hive Michelle Kellogg Phantom Ales Oueen Bee Brews Randy Buzz Redstone Meadery Rushford Meadery Sarah Burns Tara Nagarai W A Meadwerks Wes Side Live! Presents Western Reserve Meadery

## 12TH NIGHT HOSTS\*

Barbara Ludwig
Belinda Baldwin & David Lassus
Charles Vigil
Cynthia LeFevre
Doug Warburton
Jared Bryan Geurts

Laura Atkinson-Mackey Lori Worthman Michael Denman Michelle Kellogg Nichola Gilbertson Trufylgja Kindred



## Join Us For More in 2020

#### THE EARTH SONG CONCERTS:

With climate change creating a world crisis, we offer songs and prayers for our beloved Mother Earth

THE FRIENDS AND FAMILY EARTH SONG CONCERT Saturday, April 4, 2020 at 11:00 AM

THE FULL EARTH SONG CONCERT Saturday, May 9, 2020 at 7:30 PM

Both of the Earth Song Concerts will be held at the Wash Park Center for Music & the Arts
400 S. Williams St.
Denver. CO

Ample free parking available.

# Interested in joining us? Come to one of our open rehearsals:

Sunday, January 26, 2019 from 3:00 PM to 6:00 PM Monday, January 27, 2019 from 7:30 PM to 9:30 PM

For more information, find us online at http://www.orpheuspcc.org