



Orpheus

Pagan Chamber Choir

Presents:

12th Night: A Yule Concert & Gala Reception

Saturday, January 4, 2020 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. 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.



12TH 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
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



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,

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

Reddens laudes Rex Fricco!

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.



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.

I Am a Cloud (The Cloud)
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.



Solar Waltz

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
nigh

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

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 *Refrain*

and then get to where the two
ends meet



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,
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, 2020*



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>