



Orpheus

Pagan Chamber Choir

Presents:

12th Night: A Yule Concert & Viking Feast

Saturday, January 8, 2022 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

ORPHEUS PAGAN CHAMBER CHOIR

Valerie Erickson, *flute*

Loren Meaux, *oboe*

Dani Bash, *harp*

Kathleen Mayberry, Doug Warburton, *percussion*

Andrew Adams, *Music Director and Conductor*

Allen Adair

Cyrissa Anderson

Samantha Barger

Micayla Bellamy

David Carpenter

Michael Clarkson

Richard Cornelius

Emma Day

Christopher Ellmann

Michelle Kellogg

Barbara Ludwig

Kathleen Mayberry

Devin McIntyre

Catherine Mock

Brooke Nicholson

Martha Richards

Lisa Steinman

Abby Stratton

Jade Tiller

Doug Warburton

Lori Worthman

Violet Zoelle



Lumen

Music: Abbie Bettinis (2012)

Lyrics: Anonymous Latin aphorisms

*Lumen accipe et imperti
Do ut des.*

Receive the light and pass it on
I give that you may give.



Gaudete

tune from Piaie 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



Under the Holly Bough

Music: Scott Henderson

Lyrics: Charles Mackay (1814–1889)

Ye who have scorned each other, Or injured friend or brother, In this fast-fading year,	Ye who have loved each other, Sister and friend and brother, In this fast-fading year,
---	--

Ye who, by word or deed, Have made a kind heart bleed, Come gather here!	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.	And let your heart grow fonder, As memory shall ponder Each past unbroken vow;
---	--

Be links no longer broken, Be sweet forgiveness spoken Under the Holly-Bough.	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.	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.	Take heart, uncloud your faces, And join in our embraces Under the Holly-Bough.
---	---



Today Is the Solstice

Tune: Flow Gently, Sweet Afton, 1837

Lyrics: Rhiannon Asher

arr. Andrew Adams (b. 1955)

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.

Refrain:

The 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.

Refrain

The wheel is aturning
on this holy day.



Solstice Carole

Music and Lyrics: Kim Baryluk (b. 1959)

Transcribed: Larry Nickel (b. 1952)

A fire is burning,
the long night draws near.
All who need comfort
are welcome by here.
We'll dance 'neath the stars
and toast the past year
for the spirit of solstice
is still living here.

We'll count all our blessings
while the Mother lays down
with snow as her blanket
covering the ground.
Thanks to the Mother
for the life that she brings.
She'll waken to warm us
again in the spring.

The poor and the hungry,

the sick and the lost;
these are our children,
no matter the cost.
Come by the fire
the Harvest to share
for the spirit of solstice
is still living here.

A fire is burning,
the long night draws near.
All who need comfort
are welcome by here.
We'll dance 'neath the stars
and toast the past year
for the spirit of solstice
is still living here.

The spirit of solstice
is still living here.



Patapan

Traditional French/Burgundian Carol

Lyrics: Bernard de La Monnoye (1641 – 1728)

Arranged: Howard Helvey (2019)

Willie, take your little drum;
with your whistle, Robin, come!
When we hear the fife and
drum,

turelurelu, patapatapan,
when we hear the music play,
we will dance on Solstice day.

Now we keep the olden ways
as we make the bonfire blaze,
when they hear the fife and
drum,
turelurelu, patapatapan,
when they hear the fife and

drum,
all the children with joy shall
come.

Earth and Sun are now become
more at one than fife and drum.
When you hear the fife and
drum,

turelurelu, patapatapan,
when the music has begun,
all the people sing as one.
Turelurelu, patapatapan.
When the music has begun,
all the people sing as one.



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.

Jul, Jul, Strålande Jul

Music and Lyrics: Gustaf Nordqvist (1886 – 1949)

Yule, yule, shining yule,
lustrous o'er snow white forests.
Heaven is crowneed with sparkling stars,
on ev'ry house are glimmering arcs,

song that is sung from time to time,
longing for light and peace sublime.
Yule, yule, shining yule,
lustrous o'er snow white forests.

Come, come, blessed yule,
fold your white wings o'er us.
Over the battles' blood and alarm,
over all sighing within our hearts.
Over these fam'lies now at rest,
over the young one's morning nest.
Come, come blessed yule,
fold your white wings o'er us.



Blow, blow thou winter wind

Music: John Rutter (b. 1945)

Lyrics from: As You Like It by William Shakespeare (1564 – 1616)

Blow, blow, thou winter winde,
Thou art not so unkinde, as mans ingratitude
Thy tooth is not so keene, because thou art not seene,
although thy breath be rude.

Heigh ho, sing heigh ho, unto the greene holly,
Most friendship is fayning; most Loving, meere folly:
The heigh ho, the holly,
This Life is most jolly.

Freize, freize, thou bitter skie that dost not bight so nigh
as benefitts forgot:
Though thou the water warpe, thy sting is not so sharpe,
as friend remembred not.
Heigh ho, sing, &c.

To Shorten Winter's Sadness
Music and Lyrics: Thomas Weelkes (c. 1576 – 1623)

To shorten winter's sadness,
See where the nymphs with gladness:
Fa la la la la, fa la la la la.
Disguised, all are coming,
Right wantonly amumming:
Fa la la la la, fa la la la la.

Though masks encloud their beauty,
Yet give the eye her duty,
Fa la la la la, fa la la la la.
When Heav'n is dark it shineth,
And unto love inclineth:
Fa la la la la, fa la la la la.

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.

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!

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

Refrain

Let him bring us a glass of beer
And better we will sing:

Call up the butler of this house,
Put on his golden ring,

Refrain



○ Tannenbaum

Music and Lyrics: Ernst Anschütz (1780 – 1861)

Arranged: A. Adams

O Tannenbaum, o Tannenbaum,
wie treu sind deine blaetter.
Du gruenst nicht nur zur Sommer zeit,
Nein auch im Winter wenn es schneit.
O Tannenbaum, o Tannenbaum,
wie treu sind denie blaetter.

O Tannenbaum, o Tannenbaum,
how loyal are your branches.
Not only green in summer's light,
but in the snows of winter's night.
O Tannenbaum, o Tannenbaum,
how loyal are your branches.

O Tannenbaum, o Tannenbaum,
you have so much to teach me.
Your steadfast hope in winter drear
gives strength and comfort through the year.
O Tannenbaum, o Tannenbaum,
you have so much to teach me.



December

Music: A. Adams

Lyrics: Dollie Radford (1858 – 1920)

No gardener need go far to find
The Christmas rose,
The fairest of the flowers that mark
The sweet Year's close:
Nor be in quest of places where
The hollies grow,
Nor seek for sacred trees that hold
The mistletoe.
All kindly tended gardens love
December days,
And spread their latest riches out
In winter's praise.
But every gardener's work this month
Must surely be
To choose a very beautiful
Big Christmas tree,
And see it through the open door
In triumph ride,
To reign a glorious reign within
At Yuletide.



Blessed Be

Music and Lyrics: Melanie DeMore (2019)

Blessed Be!
Blest, Be, Blessed Be the Living
Tree.

Blessed Be the Tree of Life
that grows within you and me.

Steady and true,
Rooted in love.
Shelter and peace

Below and above.

Sing to the sky,
Rise from the earth.

Seasons come round again,
Death to rebirth

Blessed Be the Tree of Life
that grows within you and me.



Sweeter Still

Music and Lyrics: Eric William Barnum (b. 1979)

The lights shine brightly all over the town
As Christmas bells toll for miles around;
 the wind blowing gently,
 snow falling softly,
The stars brightly shining for you and for me.

Silently children dream, hearts full of love
Until they hear footsteps from up above.
 They rush down the stairs
 hoping to see
The bright smile of Santa before he disappears.

And sweet is the sound of a
 carol sung by a choir,
And sweet in the warmth and the
 soft glow from a fire.
But sweeter still is the joy,
 when I see the fam'ly round the Yule tree.
Oh what joy it brings
 to me.

Praise Wet Snow Falling Early

Music: Elizabeth Alexander (b. 1962)

Lyrics: Denise Levertov (1923 – 1997)

Praise wet snow

falling early,

Praise the shadow

my neighbor's chimney casts on the tile roof
even this gray October day that should, they say,
have been golden.

Praise

the invisible sun burning beyond

the white cold sky, giving us
light and the chimney's shadow.

Praise

god or the gods, the unknown,
that which imagined us, which stays
our hand,
our murderous hand,
and gives us

still,

in the shadow of death,

our daily life,

and the dream still

of goodwill, of peace on earth.

Praise

flow and change, night and
the pulse of day.

A TOAST TO THE ANCESTORS

Please stand as you are able





We Rise Again

Music and Lyrics: Leon Dubinsky (1985)

Arranged: Stephen Smith (b. 1966)

Soloist: Michelle Kellogg

When the waves roll on, over the waters,
and the ocean cries.

We look to our sons and daughters
to explain our lives.

As if a child could tell us why,
That as sure as the sunrise, sure as the sea,
sure as the wind in the trees.

Refrain:

We rise again in the faces of our children,
We rise again in the voices of our song,
We rise again in the waves out on the ocean,
and then we rise again.

When the light goes dark with the forces of creation,
across a stormy sky.

We look to reincarnation
to explain our lives.

As if a child could tell us why,
That as sure as the sunrise, sure as the sea,
sure as the wind in the trees.

Refrain

Refrain



The Twelve Days After Christmas

Music and Lyrics: Frederick Silver (c. 1968)

The first day after Christmas,
my true love and I had a fight.
And so I chopped the pear tree down
and burned it just for spite.
Then with a single cartridge,
I shot that blasted partridge,
my true love gave to me.

The second day after Christmas,
I pulled on the old rubber gloves,
and very gently wrung the necks
of both the turtle doves,
my true love gave to me.

The third day after Christmas,
my mother caught the croup.
I had to use the three French hens
to make some chicken soup.
The four calling birds were a big mistake,
for their language was obscene.
The five gold rings were completely fake,
and they turned my fingers green.

The sixth day after Christmas,
the six laying geese wouldn't lay.
I gave the whole damned gaggle
to the ASPCA.
On the seventh day,
what a mess I found:
all seven of the swimming
swans had drowned,
my true love gave to me.

The eighth day after Christmas,
before they could suspect.
I bundled up the eight maids amilking,

nine pipers piping,
ten ladies dancing,
'leven lords aleaping,
twelve drummers drumming,
and sent them back collect.
I wrote my true love,
“We are through, love.”
And I said in so many words:
“Furthermore, your Christmas gifts
were for the birds.”



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 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.



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Join Us For More in 2022

THE FRIENDS AND FAMILY CONCERT

Saturday, April 2, 2022 at 11:00 AM

OUR SPRING CONCERT

Saturday, May 14, 2022 at 7:30 PM

Both of our Spring Concerts will be held at the

Wash Park Center for Music & the Arts

400 S. Williams St.

Denver, CO

Ample free parking available.

THE ORPHEUS MEADFEST PUBLIC MEAD TASTING

Saturday, July 23, 2022

Jefferson Unitarian Church

14350 W 32nd Ave

Golden, CO 80401

INTERESTED IN JOINING US?

AUDITION INFORMATION CAN BE FOUND ON OUR WEBSITE:

<https://orpheuspc.org/site/join-us/>

