

Orpheus Pagan Chamber Choir

Fabled Journeys

Saturday, May 14 at 7:30 PM

Wash Park Center for Music and Art, Denver

In a Persian Garden

The Stars Are With the Voyager

I have got my leave

Innisfree

A Clear Midnight

Yemaya

The Isle Is Full of Noises

Magnificent Horses

My Very Own

Set Me As a Seal

My Song

Come Along

Jabberwocky

Puff the Magic Dragon

Welcome to Orpheus Pagan Chamber Choir's Fabled Journeys Concert!

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, he 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.

We could not have survived these past two years without your support! Special thanks to all who kept us alive by donating to our fundraisers. We still need assistance.

Our **Four Weeks in May** fundraising campaign is active.



In a Persian Garden: A Song Cycle.....Music: Liza Lehmann (1862-1918)

Texts: from the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam (1048-1131)

Translated by Edward Fitzgerald (1809-1883)

Soprano: Cyrisa Anderson

Contralto: Erin Hodgson

Tenor: Christopher Ellmann

Bass: Allen Adair

Chorus:

Wake! For the sun who scattered into flight
The stars before him from the field of night,
Drives night along with them from Heav'n, and
strikes
The Sultan's turret with a shaft of light.

Tenor:

Before the phantom of false morning died
Methought a voice within the Tavern cried:
"When all the Temple is prepared within
Why nods the drowsy Worshipper outside!"

Chorus:

Wake! For the sun who scattered into flight...

Bass:

Now the new year reviving old Desires,
The thoughtful Soul to Solitude retires,
Where the "White Hand of Moses" on the Bough
Puts out, and Jesus from the Ground suspires.

Tenor:

Iram indeed is gone and with all his Rose
And Jamshyd's seven-ringed Cup where no one
knows,
But still a Baby kindles in the Vine
And many a Garden by the Water blows.

Chorus:

Come fill the Cup, and in the fire of Spring
Your Winter garment of repentance fling.
The Bird of Time has but a little way
To fly—and lo, the Bird is on the wing!

Bass:

Whether in Naishapor or Babylon
Whether the Cup with sweet or bitter run,
The Wine of Life keeps oozing drop by drop,
The leaves of Life keep falling one by one.

Chorus:

Come fill the cup...

Contralto:

Ah! Not a drop that from our Cups we throw
For Earth to drink of, but may steal below,
To quench the fire of Anguish in some Eye
There hidden, far beneath, and long ago,

I sometimes think that never blows so red
The Rose as where some buried Caesar bled.
The every Hyacinth that in the Garden wears
Dropped in her lap from some once lovely head.

And this reviving Herb, whose tender green,
Fledges the river – lip on which we lean, -
Ah – lean upon it lightly – for who knows
From what once lovely Lip it springs unseen.

Duet: Soprano and Tenor

A book of Verses underneath the Bough,
A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread, – and Thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness –
Ah, Wilderness were Paradise now!

Bass:

Myself when young did eagerly frequent
Doctor and Saint and heard great argument,
But evermore came out by that same door
Wherein I went.

With them the Seed of Wisdom did I sow,
And with my own Hand labored it to grow,
Ad this was all the Harvest that I reaped,
"I came like Water, and like the Wind I go."

Why all the Saints and Sages who discussed
Of the two Worlds so learnedly are thrust
Like foolish Prophets forth: their words to scorn
Are scattered, and their mouths are stopped with
Dust.

Ah, make the most of what we yet may spend,
Before we too into the Dust descend!

Contralto:

When you and I behind the veil are past
Oh, but the long, long while the World shall last –

Soprano:

But if the soul can fling the Dust aside,
And naked on the air of Heaven ride,
Were it not a shame – were it not a shame for him
In this clay carcass crippled to abide?

I sent my soul through the Invisible,
Some secret of that after life to spell,
And by-and-by my Soul returned to me
And answered: I am both Heaven and Hell.

Heaven but the vision of fulfilled Desire,
And Hell the Shadow from a Soul on Fire,
Cast on the Darkness into which ourselves,
So late emerged from, shall so soon expire.

I sent my soul through the Invisible,
Some secret of that after life to spell,
And by-and-by my Soul returned to me
And answered: I am both Heaven and Hell.

Tenor:

Alas! That Spring should vanish with the Rose!
That youth's sweet-scented manuscript should close.
The Nightingale that in the Branches sang,
Ah, whence and wither flown again, who knows!

Contralto:

The worldly hope men set their eyes upon
Turns ashes or it prospers; and anon'
Like Snow upon the Desert's dusky face,
Lighting a little hour or two – is gone.

Think, in this battered Caravansarai,
Whose portals are alternate Night and Day,
How Sultan after Sultan with his Pomp,
Abode his destined hour and went away.
Waste not your hour!

Soprano:

Each morn a thousand Roses brings, you say;
Yes, but where leaves the Rose of yesterday?

And this first Summer month that brings the Rose,
Shall take Jamshyd and Kaikobad away.

Quartet and Chorus:

They say the Lion and the Lizard keep
The Courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank deep,
And Bahram, that wild Hunter, - the wild Ass
Stamps o'er his Head, but cannot break his sleep.

Lo, some we loved, the loveliest and best,
Strange, is it not, that of the myriads who
Before us passed the Door of Darkness through,
Not one returns to tell us of the Road
Which to discover we must travel too.

Tenor:

Ah, fill the Cup! What boots it to repeat
How time is slipping underneath our feet.

Better be jocund with the fruitful Grape
Than sadden after none, or bitter Fruit.

Ah! Love, could you and I with Fate conspire
To grasp the sorry Scheme of things entire,
Would we not shatter it to bits – and then
Remold it nearer to the Heart's desire!

Ah, Moon of my Delight, that knows no wane,
The Moon of Heaven is rising once again.
How oft hereafter rising shall she look
Through this same Garden after me – in vain.

And when thyself with shining Foot shall pass
Among the Guests Star-scattered on the Grass,
And in thy joyous Errand reach the Spot
Where I made one – turn down the empty Glass!

Ah, Moon of my Delight, that knows no wane..,

Bass:

As then the Tulip for her morning sup
Of Heavenly Vintage from the Soil looks up,
Do you devoutly do the like, till Heaven
To Earth invert you – like an empty Cup.

So when that Angel of the darker Drink
At last shall find you by the river-brink,
And offering his Cup, invite your Soul
Forth to your Lips to quaff – you shall not shrink.

Chorus:

Alas! That Spring should vanish with the Rose!
That youth's sweet-scented manuscript should

close.

The Nightingale that in the Branches sang,
Ah, whence and wither flown again, who knows?

The Stars Are With the Voyager Music: Eleanor Daley (b. 1955)
Lyrics: Thomas Hood (1799–1845)

The stars are with the voyager
Wherever he may sail;
The moon is constant to her time;
The sun will never fail;

Wherever he may be, the stars
Must daily lose their light;
The moon will veil her in the shade;
The sun will set at night.

But follow, follow round the world,
The green earth and the sea,
So love is with the lover's heart,
Wherever he may be.

The sun may set, but constant love
Will shine when he's away;
So that dull night is never night,
And day is brighter day.

I have got my leave Music: Andrew Adams (b. 1955)
Lyrics: Rabindranath Tagore (1861–1941)

I have got my leave.
Bid me farewell, my brothers!
I bow to you all and take my departure.

We were neighbours for long,
but I received more than I could give.
Now the day has dawned and
the lamp that lit my dark corner is out.

Here I give back the keys of my door—
and I give up all claims to my house.
I only ask for last kind words from you.

A summons has come and I am ready for my
journey.

Innisfree Music: Gerald Custer (2006)
Lyrics: William Butler Yeats (1865–1939)

I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,
And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made;
Nine bean-rows will I have there, a hive for the honey-bee,
And live alone in the bee-loud glade.

And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes dropping slow,
Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the cricket sings;
There midnight's all a glimmer, and noon a purple glow,
And evening full of the linnet's wings.

I will arise and go now, for always night and day
I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore;
While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavements grey,
I hear it in the deep heart's core.

A Clear Midnight..... Music: Rich Campbell (2016)
Lyrics: Walt Whitman (1819–1892)

This is thy hour O Soul, thy free flight into the wordless,
Away from books, away from art, the day erased, the lesson
done,
Thee fully forth emerging, silent, gazing, pondering the
themes thou lovest best,
Night, sleep, death and the stars.

Yemaya..... Traditional Cuban
arr. Brian Tate (2008)

*Yemaya asesu,
asesu Yemaya.
Yemaya olodo
olodo Yemaya.*

Traditional sacred chant from the Santeria religion
of Cuba, an adaptation of the Yoruba religion of
West Africa.

The Isle Is Full of Noises Music: Paul Ayres (2016)
Lyrics: William Shakespeare (1564–1616) and Bai Juyt

The isle is full of noises...
Sounds and sweet airs,
that give delight, and hurt not.

Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
will hum about mine ears,
and sometime voices that if I then had wak'd after long sleep
will make me sleep again.

*Hua fei hua,
Wu fei wu,
Ye ban lai,
Tian ming qu.
Lai ru chun meng,
ji duo shi?
Qu si zhao yun,
wu mi chu.*

The bloom is not a bloom
The mist is not a mist
At midnight she comes
And goes again at dawn
She comes like a spring dream
She goes like morning cloud,
without a trace

And then, in dreaming,
The clouds methought would open and show riches,
Ready to drop upon me,
that, when I wak'd, I cried to dream,
I cried to dream again.

The isle is full of noises...

Magnificent Horses (Fantasy on a Mongolian Folk Tune)..... arr. Yang Hong Nien (1998)
Adapted & arr. Jing Ling-Tam

The folksong on which this is based tells the fable of Emperor Wang Mu. Desiring immortality, he gathered eight magnificent horses, each of whom had a super-power, and sped off to find and taste the peaches of immortality. The music depicts his race across the Mongolian steppes in search of the heavenly paradise.

My Very Own..... Music: Susan LaBarr (b. 1981)
Lyrics: The Song of Solomon 4:7, 9–10; Ruth 1:16–17
Adapted by Susan LaBarr

My love, my very own,
you have stolen my heart.
With one glance you have captured me.

My love, my very own,
you have captured my heart.
You looked at me, and I fell in love.

You are altogether beautiful,
beautiful beyond compare.
How beautiful, better than wine.

I will go where you will go,
I will live where you will live,
I'll die with you.

My love, my very own,
you have stolen my heart.

Set Me As a Seal (from A New Creation)..... Music & Lyrics: René Clausen (b. 1953)

Set me as a seal upon your heart,
as a seal upon your arm,
for love is strong as death.

Many waters cannot quench love;
neither can the floods drown it.

Set me as a seal upon your heart,
as a seal upon your arm,
for love is strong as death.

My Song..... Music: Eriks Ešenvalds (b. 1977)
Lyrics: R. Tagore

This song of mine will wind its music
around you like the fond arms of love.
This song of mine will carry your sight

into the heart of things like a faithful star
in the dark night over your road!

My song will be like a pair of wide wings to your dreams,
like the fond arms of love it will its music around you.
My song will take you to the verge of the unknown.

When you are in a crowd, it will surround you with its strength.
When you are alone it will stay by your side
like a faithful star in the dark night over your road!

My song will be like a pair of wide wings to your dreams,
like the fond arms of love it will wind its music around you.
My song of love!

And when my voice is silent, my song will live in you.

Come Along.....Music & Lyrics: 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
and then get to where the two ends meet.

Jabberwocky Music: A. Adams

Lyrics: Lewis Carroll (1832–1898)

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe:
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.

“Beware the Jabberwock, my son!
The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!
Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun
The frumious Bandersnatch!”

He took his vorpal sword in hand;
Long time the manxome foe he sought—
So rested he by the Tumtum tree
And stood awhile in thought.

And, as in uffish thought he stood,
The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,

Came whiffing through the tulgey wood,
And burbled as it came!

One, two! One, two! And through and through
The vorpal blade went snicker-snack!
He left it dead, and with its head
He went galumphing back.

“And hast thou slain the Jabberwock?
Come to my arms, my beamish boy!
O frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!”
He chortled in his joy.

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe:
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.

Puff, the Magic Dragon..... Music and Lyrics: Peter Yarrow (b. 1938) and Leonard Lipton (b. 1940)

Refrain: Puff, the magic dragon lived by the sea
and frolicked in the autumn mist in a land called Honah Lee.
Little Jackie Paper loved that rascal Puff
and brought him strings and sealing wax and other fancy stuff.

Refrain

Together they would travel on a boath with billowed sail.
Jackie kept a lookout perched on Puff's gigantic tail.
Noble kings and princes would bow whene'er he came.
Pirate kings would low'r their sails when Puff roared out his name.

Refrain

A dragon lives forever, but not so girls and boys.
Painted wings and giant's rings make way for other toys.
One grey night it happened, Jackie Paper came no more.
And Puff, the mighty dragon, he ceased his fearless roar.

His head was bowed in sorrow, green scales fell like rain.
Puff no longer went to play along the cherry lane.
Without his lifelong friend, Puff could not be brave,
so Puff the mighty dragon sadly slipped into his cave.

Refrain

Puff the magic dragon lives by the sea
and frolicks in the autumn mist in a land called Honah Lee. Puff!

Orpheus Pagan Chamber Choir

ANDREW ADAMS, Music Director

MOLLY MORAN, Piano

Allen Adair	Richard Cornelius	Barbara Ludwig	Gary Suto
Cyrisa Anderson	Sara Cummings	Kathleen Mayberry	Jade Tiller
Samantha Barger	Emma Day	Devin McIntyre	Charles Turley
Micayla Bellamy	Sonia Ellison	Catherine Mock	Doug Warburton
David Carpenter	Christopher Ellman	Martha Richards	Lori Worthman
Michael Clarkson	Michelle Kellogg	Lisa Steinman	Violet Zoelle

Join Us for Our Annual MeadFest Competition & Tasting Event!

Saturday, July 23, 2022
The Grounds of Jefferson Unitarian Church
14350 W 32nd Ave
Golden, CO

Please Join Us For More in 2022

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