



Orpheus

Pagan Chamber Choir

Presents:

12th Night: A Yule Concert & Viking Feast

Saturday, January 7, 2023 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 Misegardis, *harp*

Kathleen Enea Moore, Doug Warburton, *percussion*

Andrew Adams, *Music Director and Conductor*

Allen Adair

Cyrissa Anderson

Sam Beck

Micayla Bellamy

David Carpenter

Michael Clarkson

Richard Cornelius

Sara Cummings

Andrea Davis

Emma Day

Sonia Ellison

Christopher Ellmann

Matthew Kellogg

Michelle Kellogg

Bonita Lahey

Barbara Ludwig

Kathleen Enea Moore

Gena Meyer

Catherine Mock

Martha Richards

Kimber Scott

Lisa Steinman

Gary Suto

Jade Tiller

Grace VanNess

Doug Warburton

Lori Worthman



Orpheus Pagan Chamber Choir is supported in part by a grant from Denver's SCFD.

Power of Star and Stone
Music: Joseph C. Nemeth (2012)
Lyrics: Joseph C. Nemeth & OBOD

By power of star and standing stone
By power of the land without and within
By all that is fair and free
Celebrate! Come together to celebrate!
As we gather from forest and mountain, river and plain,
Gather together to celebrate! Awen!

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.
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Fum, fum, fum

Catalonian Carol

Arranged: Mack Wilberg (b. 1955)

Adapted Lyrics: Andrew Adams (b. 1955)

On December twenty-one sing	a flame burn clear and bright,
fum, fum, fum.	sing fum, fum, fum.
For the sun is born again.	
By the light of its resplendence,	Thank the Gods for days of
let us revel in its presence.	feasting, fum, fum, fum.
Fum, fum, fum.	Summer feasting is the best, with
	all that mead and all the rest.
Little stars that shine above, sing	They, who all our needs
fum, fum, fum.	remember, bring us Yuletide in
Now that fear is put to flight,	December.
O let the night shine lightly, with	Fum, fum, fum.



Carol from an Irish Cabin

Music: Dale Wood

Lyrics: Anonymous

The cold wind blows over the heather,
The salt wind blows over the sea,
The harsh wind blows down from the mountains,
And blows a white winter to me.

The clean snow falls softly, falls softly,
The snow crystals cover the moor.
Let wanderers lost and grown weary
Find welcome at my cabin door.

So let there be no fear of darkness,
And let there be no fear of sea;
Let the star guide the lost and forsaken
Safe over the moorland to me.



On Midwinters Day

Music & Lyrics: Tim Hall

Arranged: A. Adams

Brothers and sisters now lend us your ear,
Why do we celebrate this time of year?
Some say those feet did in ancient times
Walk upon pastures in England's fair climes.

Refrain:

Hey and a hey, carol away!
Let's raise the rafters on Midwinter's Day.

Some brought him frankincense, myrrh and gold,
Some bought his effigy and know not what they sold;
Some bought the empire and paid for their sins;
Some brought in armies to do the heathens in.

Refrain

Abbots and monks of yestertime,
Lay down your books now and share out your wine.
Lay down your quarrels and sheath up your swords.
This is no way to worship your lord.
Put down your guilt and your unholy fears;
Love loves love and that's all there is!

Refrain

And let us remember on this winter's day
why we make merry and carol and play;
Some say a child in Bethlehem born,
some say we wait for the sun to be reborn,
Some say the sun was the son of the sun,
some say the Mabon; I've only begun.

Refrain



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.

Wishes and Candles

Music: Stephen Paulus (1949–2014)

Lyrics: Alan and Marilyn Bergman (1998)

We have a wish for each candle we light,
making the holidays shiny and bright.
A wish for the children, the young and the old,

to never go hungry, to never be cold.
Wishes and candles and love and laughter,
mem'ries we'll treasure for ever after.
Fam'lies are gathered with presents to share.
The best gift of all is that ev'ryone's there.

A wish for the people who walk all alone,
a roof overhead and a bed of their own.
A candle for those in the need of a friend,
a hand a smile by the holiday's end.
Wishes and candles they warm the season,
hope for a world filled with peace and reason.
Think of the love that is waiting for you,
when all of your holiday wishes come true.



Winter's Cold

Music: Michael John Trotta (b. 1978)

Lyrics: Samuel Longfellow (1819–1892) and Michael John Trotta

'Tis winter now; the fallen snow
has left the heav'ns all coldly
clear;
Through leafless boughs the
sharp winds blow,
And all the earth lies dead and
dear.

Refrain:

And yet life's love is not
withdrawn:
this life within the keen air
breathes,
its beauty paints the crimson
dawn
and clothes the boughs with
glitt'ring wreaths.

And though abroad the sharp
winds blow,
and skies are chill, and frosts are
keen,
home closer draws her circle
now
and warmer glows her light
within.

Refrain

O Life! who give the winter's
cold
as well as summer's joyous rays,
now warmly in thy love enfold,
and keep us through life's wintry
days.



Angel Breathing Out

Music: Alisa Bair (2007)

Lyrics: Dina Soraya Gregory (2007)

The horses they are restless,
the birds are ill at ease.
I watch them from my window
disputing with the breeze.
I see the branches swaying
beyond a sheet of glass,
a storm upon the ocean
is mirrored in the grass.

Refrain:

What wind is it that blows here?
What change is come about?
I pray it is a good wind,
an angel breathing out.

And if the fall of water
could form a fleeting word,
I'd run and ask the river

what news she may have heard.
In fairytales they caution
that weather is a force.
It's laden with intention;
no one may shift its course.

Refrain

I'm gone into the garden
to calm the horses down.
My eyes, they fill with water,
I waver like a clown.
My spirit is excited,
I'm nervous as the trees
aware my soul is lifting;
I turn and face the breeze.

Refrain



Invierno Porteño

Music: Astor Piazzola (1921–1992)

Arranged: Oscar Escalada (1969)

*A musical depiction of a winter's day in Buenos Aires by Argentina's
renowned composer of tangos, Astor Piazzola.*



Hazy Shade of Winter

Music & Lyrics: Paul Simon (b. 1941) and Art Garfunkel (b. 1941)

Time, time time, see what's
become of me

when I look around at my
possibilities,

I was so hard to please.
Look around, leaves are brown
and the sky is a hazy shade of
winter.

Hear the salvation army band.
Down by the riverside
it's bound to be a better ride
than what you've got planned,
carry your cup in your hand
and look around, leaves are
brown now,
and the sky is a hazy shade of
winter.

Hang on to your hopes, my
friend.
That's an easy thing to say,
but if your hopes should pass
away
its simply pretend
that you can build them again.

Look around, the grass is high,
the fields are ripe, it's the
springtime of my life.

Seasons change with the scenery,
weaving time in a tapestry,
won't you stop and remember
me?

At any convenient time
funny how my mem'ry slips
while looking over manuscripts
of unpublish'd rhyme
drinking my vodka and lime
I look around, leaves are brown
now,
and the sky is a hazy shade of
winter.

Look around, leaves are brown,
there's a patch of snow on the
ground.



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.

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

Refrain

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:

Refrain



Night Ride of the Wild Hunt

Music: A. Adams

An evocation of the mythical “Wild Hunt” of Northern Europe when Odin and his immortal heroes and the Valkyries sweep out of Valhalla and ride wildly across the wintry skies.

Witnessing the Wild Hunt was thought to forebode some catastrophe such as war or plague or, at best, the death of the one who say it. People encountering the Hunt might also be abducted to the underworld. It was also believed that people’s souls could be pulled away during their sleep to join the night ride.



Breaths

Music: Ysaÿe M. Barnwell (b. 1946)

Lyrics: Birago Diop (1906–1989)

Refrain:

Listen more often to things than to beings.

‘Tis the ancestors’ breath when the fire’s voice is heard.

‘Tis the ancestors’ breath in the voice of the waters.

Those who have died, have never, never left.

The dead are not under the earth.

They are in the rustling trees, they are in the groaning woods.

They are in the crying grass, they are in the moaning rocks. The dead are not under the earth.

Refrain

Those who have died have never, never left.
The dead have a pact with the living.
They are in the woman's breast, they are in the wailing child.
They are with us in the home. They are with us in the crowd. The
dead have a pact with the living.

Refrain

Refrain



A TOAST TO THE ANCESTORS

Please stand as you are able





IPharadisi

Music & Lyrics: Traditional South African

Arranged: Brad Richmond (b. 1955)

Ipharadisi, ikhaya labafile
Kulapho sophumla khona.

Paradise, the home of the dead,
is where we rest.



This little light o' mine

Arranged: John W. Work (1901–1967)

Soloists: Cyrissa Anderson

This little light o' mine,
I'm goin' to let it shine.

All through the night
I'm goin' to let it shine.

Ev'rywhere I go
I'm goin' to let it shine.



Sing, my Child

Music and Lyrics: Sarah Quartel (b. 1982)

Soloists: Michelle Kellogg, Christopher Ellmann

Sing for the promise in each new morning.
Sing for the hope in a new day dawning.

All around is beauty bright!
Wake in the morning and sing, my child.

Dance in the joy of the day unfolding.

Dance as you work and dance as you're learning.

All around is beauty bright!

Take in the day and dance, my child.

Refrain:

But when troubles come
and worry is all that can be
found,

gather your strength and hear

your voice.

Sing, my child.

Laugh in the cool and the fresh
of the ev'ning.

Laugh in your triumph, laugh in
succeeding.

All around is beauty bright!

Rest in the ev'ning and laugh,
my child.

Peace in the stillness and dark of
the night.

Peace in the dreams of your
silent delights.

All around is beauty bright!

Sleep in the night and peace, my
child.

Refrain



Caritas Abundat

Music by Michael John Trotta (b. 1978)

Lyrics: Hildegard von Bingen (1098–1179), trans. M. J. Trotta

I am the great and fiery force

That breathes life into all things.

I am what awakens and supports life

and enkindles all living things.

Everything in the cosmos is encircled with my wisdom.

I am the beauty in the fields,

The force, that moves like a graceful wind
I shine in the waters, and burn in the sun,
Glimmering in the stars.

Caritas abundat in omnia.

Love abounds in everything.



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 and 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.



12TH NIGHT HOSTS

Beth Bogdewiecz
Belinda Baldwin
Tanya Zaffuto
Isaac Oxom-Montenegro
Wellyssa Spellson
Dawnetta Winters
Karen Miller

Christopher Merrell
Michelle Kellogg
Lori Worthman
Ian Buchanan
Barbara Ludwig
Brandon Goodell
Sara Cummings

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Join Us For More in 2023

THE FRIENDS AND FAMILY CONCERT

Saturday, April 1, 2023 at 11:00 AM

OUR SPRING CONCERT

Saturday, May 13, 2023 at 7:30 PM

Both 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 22, 2023

The Grounds of 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/>

