

 Orpheus Pagan Chamber Choir

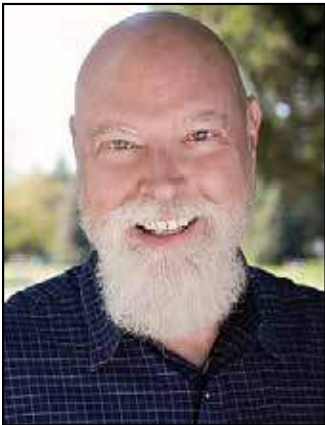
Hail Music! *The Splendors of Song*

Saturday, May 10th, 2025





Orpheus Pagan Chamber Choir exists to broaden the greater community's understanding of Pagan beliefs and influences through innovative choral experiences. 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.

We believe that the innovative choral experience that is Orpheus builds a diverse community and enriches lives. Your support makes this possible.

Donate here:





HAIL MUSIC! THE *SPLENDORS OF SONG*

From “**Come, Ye Sons of Art**” (The Queen Mary Birthday Ode) Music: Henry Purcell (1659-1695)
Lyrics: Nahum Tate (1652)-1715)

Come, come ye sons of art

Come, ye Sons of Art, come away,
Tune all your voices and instruments play
To celebrate this triumphant day.

Sound the trumpet

Duet: Cyrisa Anderson, Chris Ellman

Sound the trumpet till around
You make the listening shores rebound.
On the sprightly hautboy play.
All the instruments of joy
That skillful numbers can employ
To celebrate the glory of this day.

Thus nature rejoicing

See Nature, rejoicing, has shown
us the way,
With innocent revels to welcome
the day.
The tuneful grove, and talking rill,
The laughing vale, the replying hill,
With charming harmony unite,
The happy season to invite.
What the graces require
And the muses inspire
Is at once our delight and our duty
to pay.

Orpheus with his lute Music: Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)
Lyrics: William Shakespeare (1564-1616)
arr. Andrew Adams (b. 1955)

Orpheus with his lute made trees,
And the mountain-tops that freeze,
Bow themselves, when he did sing:

Everything that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads, and then lay by.

To his music, plants and flowers
Ever sprung; as sun and showers
There had made a lasting spring.

In sweet music is such art:
Killing care and grief of heart
Fall asleep, or, hearing, die.

Sing, sing ye muses Music: John Blow (1649-1708)
Lyrics: Anon.

Sing, sing ye muses, and revere
The constellation of this sphere;
You have not seen a brighter sky.
Music may satisfy the ear,

But beauty’s charms regales the eye.
lo, triumphe! Sing, muses, and sound.
Do you but please the fair,
And your banquet is crowned.

The Song of Amergin Music: A. Adams
Lyrics: 11th C. Irish
trans. Gabriel Byrne (b. 1941) et al.

I am the wave of the ocean,
I am the roar of the treach'rous tide.
I am the stag of the seven wild woods,
I am the boar on the rampage.
I am the hawk on the cliff where my nest hides,
I am the salmon in a pool.
I am the hill where poets tread,
I am the most radiant flower in the field.
I am the lake on a plain, the tear falling from the sky.
I am lightning, I am thunder.
I am the spear charging into battle;
I am the shield of ev'ry soldier's head.
I am the grave of ev'ry vain hope.
I am the blaze on ev'ry hill.

I am the God who sets your head afire,
who carved the hidden path through the mountain,
who knows the secrets of the tree runes,
who knows where the sun rests,
who knows the ages of the moon.
I am the Lord of all the trees,
I am the Queen of ev'ry hive.
I am the womb of the ev'ry hold.
My spell is the pow'rful spell of the sea and of the mountains.
My spell is the cutting word, my word is the cold word.
My spell is the pow'rful spell of the sea.
I am the wind upon the sea,
I am the wave of the ocean.
My spell is the pow'rful spell of the sea.

Serenade to Music Music: R. Vaughan Williams
Lyrics: Wm. Shakespeare

*Soloists: Cyrisa Anderson, Michelle Kellogg, sopranos | EC Jarecke, Ashley Troester, mezzo-sopranos
Christopher Ellmann, tenor | Justin D. Nickerson, baritone | Brad Davis, bass-baritone*

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears: soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.

Look, how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold:
There's not the smallest orb that thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins;
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

Come, ho! and wake Diana with a hymn:
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,
And draw her home with music.
I am never merry when I hear sweet music.
The reason is, your spirits are attentive:

The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no such man be trusted...
Music! hark! It is your music of the house.
Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by day.
Silence bestows that virtue on it.

How many things by season season'd are.
To their right praise and true perfection!
Peace, ho! the moon sleeps with Endymion,
And would not be awak'd.

Soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.

INTERMISSION

There is sweet music here (from "Song of the Lotus Eaters") Music: Zachary Moore (b. 1992)
Lyrics: Alfred, Lord Tennyson (1809-1892)

There is sweet music here that softer falls
Than petals from blown roses on the grass,
Or night-dews on still waters between walls
Of shadowy granite, in a gleaming pass;
Music that gentler on the spirit lies,
Than tir'd eyelids upon tirèd eyes;

Music that brings sweet sleep down from the
blissful skies.
Here are cool mosses deep,
And thro' the moss the ivies creep,
And in the stream the long-leaved flowers weep,
And from the craggy ledge the poppy hangs in sleep.

Skyborn Music Music: A. Adams
Lyrics: Ralph Waldo Emerson (1803-1882)

Let me go where'er I will
I hear a sky-born music still;
It sounds from all things old,
It sounds from all things young,
From all that's fair, from all that's foul,
Peals out a cheerful song.

It is not only in the rose,
It is not only in the bird,
Not only when the rainbow glows,

Nor in the song of woman heard,
But in the darkest, meanest things
There alway, alway, something sings.

'Tis not in the high stars alone,
Nor in the cup of budding flowers,
Nor in the redbreast's mellow tones,
Nor in the bow that smiles in showers,
But in the mud and scum of things
There alway, alway, something sings.

Bring me all your dreams Music: Christopher Harris: (b. 1985)
Lyrics: Langston Hughes (1901-1967)

Bring me all of your dreams,
You dreamer,
Bring me all your
Heart melodies

That I may wrap them
In a blue cloud-cloth
Away from the too-rough fingers
Of the world.



If I Can Sing, Then I Am Free Music: Rich Campbell (b. 1991)
Lyrics: Sara Teasdale (1884-1933)

From my spirit's gray defeat,
From my pulse's flagging beat,
From my hopes that turned to sand
Sifting through my close-clenched hand,
From my own fault's slavery,

If I can sing, I still am free.
For with my singing I can make
A refuge for my spirit's sake,
A house of shining words, to be
My fragile immortality.

The Gift to Sing Music: Mark Sirett (b. 1952)
Lyrics: James Weldon Johnson (1861-1938)

Sometimes the mist overhangs my path,
And blackening clouds about me cling;
But, oh, I have a magic way
To turn the gloom to cheerful day—
I softly sing.

And if the way grows darker still,
Shadowed by Sorrow's somber wing,
With glad defiance in my throat,

I pierce the darkness with a note,
And sing, and sing.

I brood not over the broken past,
Nor dread whatever time may bring;
No nights are dark, no days are long,
While in my heart there swells a song,
And I can sing.

Puisque tout passe Music: Paul Hindemith (1895-1963)
Lyrics: Rainer Maria Rilke (1875-1826)

Puisque tout passe,
faisons, la mélodie passagère,
celle qui nous désaltère
aura de nous raison.

Chantons ce qui nous quitte
avec amour et art.
soyons plus vite
que le rapide départ

Since everything passes,
Let's make a fleeting melody,
The one that quenches our thirst
will be for us the right one.

Let's sing the one that leaves us
with love and art.
Let us be faster
than the rapid departure (death).



Flight Song Music: Kim Andre Andresen (b. 1980)
Lyrics: Euan Tait (b. 1968)

All we are, we have found in song:
You have drawn this song from us.
Songs of lives unfolding
Fly overhead, cry overhead;
Longing, rising from the song within.

Moving like the rise and fall of wings,
Hands that shape our calling voice
On the edge of answers
You've heard our cry, you've known our cry:
Music's fierce compassion flows from you.

The night is restless with the sounds we hear,
Is broken, shaken by the cries of pain:
For this is music's inner voice

Saying, yes, we hear you,
All you who cry aloud.
And we will fly, answering you,
So our lives sing, sing
Wild we will fly,
Wild in spirit we will fly.

Like a feather falling from the wing,
Fragile as a human voice,
Afraid, uncertain
Alive to love, we sing as love,
Afraid, uncertain,
Yet our flight begins as song.

Without a song Music and Lyrics: Vincent Youmans (1888-1946)

Without a song, the day would never end.
Without a song, the road would never bend.
When things go wrong, a man ain't got a friend
Without a song.

That field of corn, would never see a plow.
That field of corn, would be deserted now.
A man is born, but he's no good no how
Without a song.

I've got my trouble and woe, but sure as I know
The Jordan will roll,
I'll get along, as long as a song
Strong in my soul.

I'll never know, what makes the rain to fall;
I'll never know, what makes the grass so tall.
I only know, there ain't no love at all
Without a song.



Orpheus Pagan Chamber Choir

ANDREW ADAMS, Music Director

MOLLY MORAN, Piano

DOUG WARBURTON, Percussion

TOFER BREÜER, ASL Interpretation

Cyrisa Anderson*
Jeannette Auman
Heather Austin
Brian Bickham
John Bickham
Alex Breed
David Carpenter
Richard Cornelius
Sara Cummings
Amelia Davis

Andrea Davis
Bradley Davis
Gretchen Ela
Sonia Ellison
Christopher Ellmann*
Maria Forlenza
Laura Grant
EC Jarecke
Amethyst Kellogg
Michelle Kellogg

Matthew Kellogg
Bonita Lahey
Barbara Ludwig
Xavier Martinez
Kathleen Mayberry
Catherine Mock
Justin Nickerson*
Christie Rewey
Aaron Shelley
Angela Shelley

Cori Siekert
Lisa Steinman
Jade Tiller
Ashley Troester*
Doug Warburton
Marti Wedewer
Jen Winters
Cameron Yanoscik

*Section Leaders



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ORPHEUS MEADFEST TASTING: Saturday, July 26th, 2025

FIND US ONLINE AT <http://www.orpheusppcc.org>

