

12th Night with Orpheus

Pagan Chamber Choir

A Yule Concert & Viking Feast



Saturday, January 3rd, 2026

First Baptist Church of Denver

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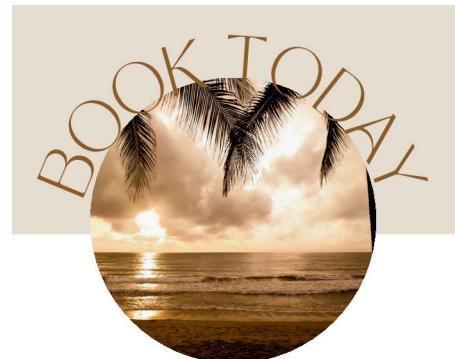
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12th Night with Orpheus Pagan Chamber Choir

Andrew Adams, *Founding Artistic Director and Conductor*
Molly Moran, *Pianist*

Kassandra Lopez, *flute*

Kathleen Enea Moore, *percussion*

Loren Meaux, *oboe*

Doug Warburton, *percussion*

Dani Misegadis, *harp*

Sean McGuire as *Krampus*,

Tofer Breüer, *ASL interpretation*

Program

Masters in this hall

(A Carol for the Wanderer)

Masters in this hall,
Sing we all i-o-i, i-o-i,
Masters in this hall,
Sing we all I-o.

Masters in this hall,
Open wide the door.
Hear the footsteps now approaching,
Bid him enter, we implore.

Masters in this hall,
Heed our news today.

Music: Marin Marais (1656 - 1728)

Lyrics & Arr: Andrew Adams (1955)

The All-Father has come
And he has much to say.

Masters in this hall,
Heed his words today.
Hear the wisdom he has for you
As he speaks to us, we pray.

Masters in this hall,
Open wide your eyes:
See the Wanderer before you.
Masters of this hall, arise!



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

Under the Holly Bough

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 sining
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.

Dies Natalis Invictus Solis (Birthday of the Undefeated Sun)

Holly and mistletoe, ivy, and yew,
a wreath for the old year,
a flame for the new,
votive offerings glitter and shine,
golden libations, whisky, and wine.

Nutmeg and ginger,
cinnamon, cloves,
promise of sunshine
baked into loaves,

*Music: Scott Henderson (b. 1954)
Lyrics: Charles Mackay (1814–1889)*

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.

Music: Sheena Phillips (b. 1958) Lyrics: Peter Hill (1997)

fruits of the old year wither and die,
put to rest finally, gluttony pie

Chase out the spirits, wassailing go,
line up the old gods all in a row,
grey-bearded shaman,
lord of misrule,
challenge the order,
send for more fuel.

Settle the old scores,
seek out the blame,
disease and corruption
perish in flame,
purification fire aglow, old grey
man's garments, red blood on snow.

Mistletoe, ivy, holly, and yew,
male and female bring life anew
a flame for the new year,
a wreath for the old,
fresh hope and mystery
keep out the cold!

Wishes and Candles

We have a wish for each candle
we light,
Making this Christmas time 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,
Memories we'll treasure forever after.
Families are gathered with presents
to share.
The best gift of all is that everyone's
there.

*Music: Stephen Paulus (1949 - 2014)
Lyrics: Alan Bergman (1925 - 2025)
and Marilyn Bergman (1928 - 2022)*

A wish for the people who walk
all alone,
A roof over head and a bed of
their own.
A candle for those in the need of
a friend,
A hand and 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 our holiday wishes
come true.

Patapan

*Music: Bernard de La Monnoye (1641 - 1728)
Lyrics: Traditional French/Burgundian Carol (Adapted text)
Arr: Howard Helvey (b. 1968)*

Willie, take your little drum.
With your whistle, Robin, come,
When you hear the fife and drum.
Tu-re-lu-re-lu, patapan
When we hear the music play
We will dance on Solstice day.

Now we keep the olden days
As we make the bonfire blaze.
When they hear the fife and drum.
Tu-re-lu-re-lu, patapan
When we 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.
Tu-re-lu-re-lu, patapan

When the music has begun.
All the people sing as one.

Procession of the Boar's Head

Please stand as you are able

The Boar's Head Carol

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,
Reddens laudes Rex Fricco!

English Carol, Arr.: A. Adams

Let us *servire cantico:*
Caput apri defero...
Our steward hath provided this,
In honor of our lord of bliss,
Which on this day to be served is,

The boar's head, I understand,
Is the rarest dish in all this land,
which thus bedecked with a gay
garland,

In populisensi atrio:
Caput apri defero...



A Toast to Freyr & the Boar

Please stand and join the singing as you are able.

Gloucestershire Wassail

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.

Celestial Trilogy

Soloist: Justin D. Nickerson, baritone

Music: Robert S. Cohen (b.1959)

Lyrics: Ronald W. Cadmus (b. 1934)

Silent Stars

Silent Stars.
Dark blue velvet skies.
Cosmic dreams are born.
Hypnotic!
Silent stars.

Gossamer angel wings,
Let the stars take flight.
Together in wonder.
Silent stars.

Silent stars.
Dazzling firmaments.
Diamonds in the night.
Glittering, wondrous bright stars,
Like crystal chandeliers,
The Pillars of Creation.

Silent stars.
Mariner's guiding lights
Help to bring us home.
Sparkling,
Winking,

Dusty clouds,
Nurs'ry of stars,
Sixty-five hundred light years from
Earth.
Clusters of stars,
Shimmering lights,
Shine upon our world in peace.
Silent stars.

Twinkling, wondrous bright stars
Born from afar in
Pillars of Creation.

Just listen!
Each one holds a promise!
Look up to the skies and hear
The Peaceful Sounds of Silent Stars.



The Moon

The Moon,
Mystery of a fantasy
The Moon
Shades and colors and many shapes
The Moon,
Dazzling sequins of other worldly
light
In its voyage across the night sky.

The Moon,
Sliver, quarter, half-moon and full
Reflecting light that shines from
a distant sun
That travels 'cross the landscapes
of our hearts.
So our celestial friend
Can guide us through the night.

Super Moon:
Close and caressing.
Blood Moon:

Sunburst!

With energizing speed
The sun turns the darkness light,
Throwing its rays
Across the universe
In explosive lifegiving splendor.

From its solar ball of plasma,
Aurora flares
To light our day
Providing warmth,
For all the world to feel,
Providing warmth,
So ev'rything can live.

Seasons in autumn red.
Blue Moon:
Gift of an extra bonus.
Pink Moon:
Reveals the ground phlox of Spring.
Evening thoughts,
Filling the silence.
Magic
Filling the Nighttime sky
Singing a moonlight intermezzo
As the clouds go drifting by.

The Moon,
Mystery of a Fantasy
The Moon,
Surrounding the world in a
warm embrace.
The Moon,
So our celestial friend
Can guide us through the night.

As birds take wing in their morning
song,
Hearts take flight and new dreams
are born.
With the rhythm of life.

Orbiting the Sun,
Asteroids dart,
Comets ignite
Planets trav'ling
In elliptical paths
Are surrounded by moons
And opalescent rings.

As the Sun, the moon and its
planets play
In their journey 'round the
Milky Way
Its surface explodes in firestorm
displays
From ninety three million
miles away.

With energizing speed
Sunburst!
The Sun turns the darkness light.
Sunburst!
With energizing speed
The Sun breaks through the clouds
with...
Sunburst!

From its solar ball of plasma
Asteroids dart,
Comets ignite.
Bedazzling Jewel will set the sky
ablaze
Sustaining life,
With light to guide our way.
As the Sun, the moon and the
planets play
In their Journey 'round the
Milky Way.
As the Sun's warm rays burst
upon our face,
Each day flows on winds whose
patterns beat
With the rhythm of life
Sunburst!

Breaths

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,

Music: Ysaye M. Barnwell (b. 1946)
Lyrics: Birago Diop (1906–1989)

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



A Toast to the Ancestors

Please stand as you are able

Music in my Mother's House

There were wind chimes in the window. Bells inside the clock. An organ in the corner and tunes on a music box. We sang while we were cooking or working in the yard. We sang because our lives were really hard.

Refrain:

There was music in my mother's house. There was music all around. There was music in my mother's house. And my heart's still full with the sound.

She taught us all piano but my sister had the ear.

Music and Lyrics: Stuart Stotts (1957)

She could play the melody for any song she'd hear. I don't claim much talent but I've always loved to play and I guess I will until my dying day...
Refrain

Those days come back so clearly although I'm far away. She gave me the kind of gift I love to give away. And when my mother died and she'd sung her last song. We sat in the living room singing all night long.

Singing la la la la la
Singing the front porch songs.
Singing the old torch songs.
La la la la la
Singing the hymns to send her home.

Padayon

Music: Illy Matthew Maniano (1988)

Lyrics: Joey Vargas

From the composer:

"This is a song of encouragement, to keep moving on during difficult times. 'Padayon' means 'continue.' The other four words relate to the four elements: Walk: earth, Sail: water, Fly: air, Blaze: fire."

Lakad
Layág
Lipád
Liyáb
Padáyon

Walk
Sail
Fly
Blaze
Continue



A Toast to the Guests

Please stand and join the singing as you are able.

Yorkshire Wassail

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

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

Solar Waltz

*Words and Music: Cosmo Sheldrake (b. 1989)
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
Or wallow in this drink-less 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 Crowded Table

Music and Lyrics: Natalie Hemby (b. 1977),
Lori McKenna (b. 1968), Brandi Carlile (b. 1981)
Arr: Andrea Ramsey (1977)

You can hold my hand
When you need to let go
I can be your mountain
When you're feeling valley-low
I can be your streetlight
Showing you the way home
You can hold my hand
When you need to let go

Refrain:

I want a house with a crowded table
And a place by the fire for everyone
Let us take on the world while we're
strong and able
And bring us back together when the
day is done

If we want a garden
We're gonna have to sow the seed
Plant a little happiness
Let the roots run deep

If it's love that we give
Then it's love that we reap
If we want a garden
We're gonna have to sow the seed

Yeah I want a house with a crowded
table
And a place by the fire for everyone
Let us take on the world while we're
strong and able
And bring us back together when
the day is done

The door is always open
Your picture's on my wall
Everyone's a little broken
And everyone belongs
Yeah, everyone belongs

Refrain

Barbeque

(from the musical, *Suburb*)

Fire the grill.
Fetch the tongs.
Pour the wine.
Sing the songs.
Living it up.
Dining under the sun.

Gather around.
Bring the chips.
This is the life.

Music: R. Cohen

Lyrics: David Javerbaum (b. 1971)

How would you like it done?
(First the fuel:
Use only the finest briquets.
(We just turn on the jets.)
Pour out a mound
And spread them around
'Til they're even and neat.

Now for the fire.
Nothing compares

To the musky aroma
Of burning mesquite.
What are you, a druid?
And what's with the fluid?
It flavors the meat!

Fire the grill...

Open the lid.
Feel the heat.
Time to cook.
Soon we'll eat.
This is the life.
How would you like it done?

Meat. A blessed feast

Of bird and beast...

Burgers and weiners and burgers
and weiners and burgers and—

Meat. A festive meal

Of beef and veal...

Burgers and weiners and burgers
and weiners and burgers and—
And eggplant!

Watching,

Savoring the sizzle.

Hear the pitter-pat

Of the drops of fat

Starting to drizzle.

Waiting,

Savoring the scent

Rising from the vent,

Busily spewing

Particles of barbecuing.

Fire the grill...

Flip 'em around.

Sneak a taste.

Warm enough.

Time to baste.

Now for the sauce.
Here's how you make it:

Tenors:

Half a cup of balsamic
vinegar.

Two or three teaspoons
of olive oil.

Worcestershire sauce,
turmeric and garlic.

Stir to a simmer but
don't let it boil.

Cloves.

That is the secret ingredient.
Cloves.

The secret is cloves.

Where are the cloves?

Send in the cloves.

There ought to be just
a pinch of regular granular cloves.

Here's the trick:

The cloves make it stick,
So not too thick.

Gently

Spread it around.

Over under

Altos:

Half a cup of homemade
tomato sauce.

Squeeze in the juice of
a half a lime.

Celery seed, Tabasco
and mustard.

Drop in a dash of paprika
and thyme.

Beer.

Give it an ounce or
two of beer.

A premium beer.
Full-bodied beer.
Give it an ounce or two of
Hops and barley

Sopranos:
Half a cup of strawberry marmalade.
Just enough water to loosen it up.
Coconut milk, papaya and mango.
Pineapple honey-glaze

Basses:
Half a cup of
Vodka and lemonade

Cooking.
Stick your finger in it.
Tell me what you think.
Still a little pink.
Give it a minute.
Waiting.
Swat away a moth.

Spread the tablecloth.
Happily set it.
Ev'rybody come and get it!
Fire the grill...

Swallow 'em down.
Gulp some more.
Have a third.
Go for four.

Come adore the Iron Shrine!
Bow to His Succulent Highness!
Kneel before your smoky god!

This is the life,
Just how we like it.
This is our life.
How do you like it?
This is the life.
Wouldn't you like it
This well done?

Jingle Bells

Refrain:
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,

Music: G. F. Handel (1685–1759)
Lyrics: J. L. Pierpont (1822–1893)
Arr. Jonathan Miller

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!

Refrain



Krampus Carols

Music: 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!"





A Toast to the New Year

Please stand and join the singing as you are able.

Auld Lang Syne

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

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

*Music & Lyrics: Emerald Rose
Arr: A. Adams*

History says Christ was likely not
a 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.

Refrain

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, Festivale 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.



Orpheus Pagan Chamber Choir

Cyrissa Anderson	Laura Grant	Brooke Sassi
Jeannette Auman	Traci Hartley	Aaron Shelley
Heather Austin	Matthew Kellogg	Angela Shelley
Brian Bickham	Michelle Kellogg	Lisa Steinman
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		Cameron Yanosick

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OrpheusPCC.org.



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