



The Voice of Orpheus

The Newsletter of Sons of Orpheus – the Male Choir of Tucson
Grayson Hirst, Founder/ Artistic Director

VOLUME 14 ISSUE 1 - WINTER 2012



Ned Mackey, editor

Robert Couch, layout and design

Charles Dickson, copy editor

A Danceable Carol

A new Christmas piece for us is *Masters in This Hall*. We'll sing it with the Tucson Arizona Boys Chorus at Mission San Xavier del Bac and at the Desert Performing Arts Center in SaddleBrooke. (Please see the schedule below.) The tune, traditional in France from the late 16th century, began its formal life as a dance called *Marche pour les Matelots* (Sailors' March) composed by Marin Marais for his opera *Alcyone* which debuted in 1706. Later that year Raoul Auger Feuillet included the tune in a dance instruction manual. He called it *La Matelotte* (The Sailor Girl). The catchy tune remained mute until 1860 when William Morris found it in a collection of organ pieces called *Nine Antient and Goodly Carols for the*

Merry Tide of Christmas and gave it words:

*Masters in this hall, hear ye news today
brought from over sea
and ever I you pray:
Nowell! Nowell! Nowell!
Nowell sing we clear!
Holpen are all folk on earth,
born is God's son so dear.*



WILLIAM MORRIS, A SELF-PORTRAIT

Morris was the leader of the Arts and Crafts Movement, an anti-industrial reaction to the impoverished state of the decorative arts and the monstrous conditions in which they were produced in mid-19th century England. He stood for traditional craftsmanship and simple forms based on medieval, romantic, or folk styles; believing, perhaps naively, that craftsmen of earlier times were freer to take pleasure in their work and therefore more likely to produce masterpieces.

The masters Morris addresses in the carol were master craftsmen. Something of his anti-industrial philosophy can be heard in the final lines of the chorus:

*God today hath poor folk raised
And cast a-down the proud.*

INSIDE THIS ISSUE:

<i>Danceable Carol</i>	1
<i>Concert Schedule</i>	1
<i>22nd Saddle Up</i>	2
<i>Orpheus Gives...</i>	3
<i>TMY</i>	3
<i>Inside Vatican...</i>	4
<i>...And Out</i>	5
<i>Tour Impressions</i>	6
<i>An Unsung Song</i>	7
<i>Dick Wroldsen</i>	8
<i>The Envelope...</i>	9
<i>New Blood?</i>	9

Our Holiday Concert Schedule



Sunday, December 2, 3:00 P.M. Tucson Estates, 5900 Western Way Circle, Tucson AZ.

Wednesday, December 5, 7:00 P.M. Fifteenth Annual Holiday Benefit Concert for the Community Food Bank, with elementary students from the Arizona School for the Deaf and the Blind, Lindsey McHugh, soprano, and Mariachi Sonido de México. Berger Center for the Performing Arts, ASDB campus, 1200 W. Speedway.

Friday, December 7, 7:00 P.M. Green Valley Performing Arts Center, 1250 W. Continental Road, Green Valley AZ. Call 520 393-5822 for more information.

Sunday, December 9, 3:00 P.M. Holiday Concert with the Tucson Arizona Boys Chorus, and violinist Nicole Skaggs at Desert View Performing Arts Center, 39900 S. Clubhouse Drive, SaddleBrooke, AZ. Ticket Information 520-818-1000.

Tuesday, Wednesday, & Thursday, December 11-13, 6:00 P.M. and 8 P.M. Sixteenth annual "Christmas at San Xavier" in collaboration with the Tucson Arizona Boys Chorus at Mission San Xavier del Bac, 1950 W. San Xavier Road. The concert benefits the restoration and preservation of Mission San Xavier. Sponsored by Patronato San Xavier. Contact Vern Lamplot, 520-407-6130. For ticket information.



Orpheus Saddles Up for the 22nd Time

It was a small coincidence that on August 22nd Orpheus gathered for the first rehearsal of the choir's 22nd year. After the usual hand shaking, backslapping, and hullabaloo, our founder/director Grayson Hirst clapped us into relative attention and we got down to business. We found, among the new stuff in our folders, two poems set to music by one of the premier choral writers in the America, David C. Dickau, whose *If Music Be the Food of Love* we loved singing in the spring of 2005.

One of the two Dickau settings is Sara Teasdale's *Stars I Shall Find*. Teasdale, 1884–1933, suffered serious illnesses throughout her life, a circumstance that must have contributed to the intensely lonely quality of her work. She was greatly admired for her short, lyrical poems—like this one that we're going to sing:

*There will be rest, and sure stars shining
Over the roof-tops crowned with snow,
A reign of rest, serene forgetting,
The music of stillness holy and low.*

*I will make this world of my devising
Out of a dream in my lonely mind.
I shall find the crystal of peace, – above me
Stars I shall find.*

E.E. Cummings was born in 1894. At the time of his death in 1962 he was second only to Robert Frost as the most widely read American poet. If smartphone technology had been available in Cummings' time, his abhorrence of capital letters and normal spacing would not have seemed so odd. He would have been a great texter. We hope you'll come to hear us sing the following piece next spring, but we thought you might like to see what it looks like now:

i carry your heart with me

*i carry your heart with me(i carry it in
my heart)i am never without it(anywhere
i go you go,my dear;and whatever is done
by only me is your doing,my darling)
i fear
no fate(for you are my fate,my sweet)i want
no world(for beautiful you are my world,my true)
and it's you are whatever a moon has always meant
and whatever a sun will always sing is you*

*here is the deepest secret nobody knows
(here is the root of the root and the bud of the bud
and the sky of the sky of a tree called life;which grows
higher than soul can hope or mind can hide)
and this is the wonder that's keeping the stars apart*

i carry your heart with me(i carry it in my heart)

OUR CHORUS

First Tenors:

Brandon Dale
Eugene Friesen
David Hernandez
John Kamper
Tom McGorray
Bruce Mortensen
James Naughton
Bryce Rodriguez
Jim Tomlinson
Jerry Villano
Dick Wroldsen

Second Tenors:

Dave Burns
Darwin Hall
Jim Hogan
Van Honeman
Bob Kurtz
Luciano Marazzo
Richard Miller
Mike Negrete
Doug Nordell
Chris Richied
Ken Rosenblatt
Larry Ross
Larry Sayre

Baritones:

Mike Bradley
Bob Couch
Terry DeGrenier
Chuck Dickson
John Evans
Jim Filipek
Cameron Fordyce
Michael Fraser
Terry DeGrenier
Frank Hartline
Jim Kitchak
Ned Mackey
Rick Sack
Vern Williamsen
Jerome Wozniak

Basses:

Ronald Bailey
Matthew Boberg
Jeffrey Handt
Tom Kane
George Ledbetter
Gary Smyth
Eugene Stevick
Thomas Wentzel
Woon-Yin Wong

THE VOICE OF ORPHEUS

Orpheus Gives at Christmas

Orpheus sings to support two charitable causes during the Christmas season: The Community Food Bank at our December 5th concert at the Berger Auditorium on the campus of the Arizona School for the Deaf and the Blind, and Patronato San Xavier in our six concerts (two per evening, December 11, 12, and 13) at Mission San Xavier del Bac.

Orpheus has raised, in donations and ticket sales, more than \$34,000 and brought in countless tons of food during our previous fourteen years of performances at the ASDB venue.

This year, as last, we'll share the stage with the fabulous Mariachi Sonido de Mexico, recent winners of 1st Annual Rosarito Beach International Mariachi & Folkloric Festival, and with Lindsey McHugh, a soprano who was once an elementary student at

ASDB. We'll back her in a beautiful contemporary Christmas piece, *A Grown-up Christmas List*. Also, David Yetman will stop by to be the *narador* for our Spanglish version of *The Night Before Christmas*. And, as always, the ASDB kids will steal the show.

You can enjoy it all if you bring nonperishable food items to the door, but a check made out to the Community Food Bank works better — they can buy nearly \$10 worth of food for every dollar of cash they raise.

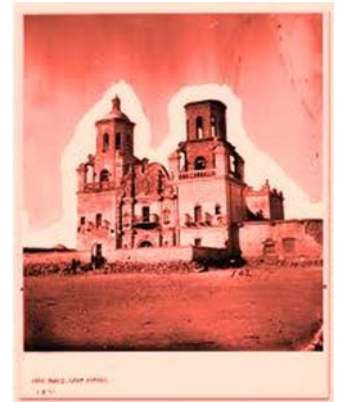
The charge of Patronato San Xavier is to fund the restoration of the "White Dove of the Desert" to its radiant best. It's a huge, ongoing task. To illustrate, the following is a January 2012 report from the Patronato website

www.patronatosanxavier.org :

WORK IN PROGRESS: Replacing fractured adobe at east wall bearing level; Danny uncovered a major pocket of deterioration at the inside corner of the south wall where a roof scupper (canal) has been leaking inside the wall for many years. The adobe was dissolved to powder and the mesquite beams rotted to the point of disintegration. The corner will have to be rebuilt. This condition underscores the importance of the work now being done on the arcade — for this roof was at the point of collapse, but the damage was unseen until the Morales crew removed the cement plaster coating. It also illustrates why it is impossible to fix the schedule or budget, as unforeseen conditions such as this emerge as the work progresses.

All this takes private money. State funding for the project was canceled by the legislature as of last year. Orpheus, in

conjunction with the Tucson Arizona Boys Chorus, organist Janet Tolman, the Sonoran Brass, young violinist Nicole Skaggs, sopranos Lindsey McHugh and Christy McClarty, as well as our own tenors, Brandon Dale and Bryce Rodriguez, take pride in providing a truly magical hour in the candlelit mission. These concerts sell out, so please reserve seating. See the front page schedule for contact information.



Tucson Meet Yourself

We cowboied up for this one: black Stetsons (faux, mostly), black string ties, black leather vests, black pants, and black boots. We may have looked like the bad guys, but we think Gene and Roy and Tex would have thought we were purty goldurned good. We sang *Home on the Range, Colorado*

Trail, Poor Lonesome Cowboy, Corrido de Macario Romero and Red River Valley.

Although it's fun to wander around TMY to catch the various acts, browse the tchotchke tables, and gorge yourself at the ethnic food booths, the cowboy garb can make you feel a little conspicuous, especially if you're pretty sure

people can tell you've never been on a horse.. The Arizona Rangers badge only makes matters worse.

But when you're strolling alone in the crowd, you feel eyes on you, and you sense a smirk on every face. If you should happen to catch a sympathetic glance, you find yourself fighting the urge to tip your hat and say "Howdy ma'm."

Inside The Vatican...

by Richard Miller

Through the good offices of the most Rev. Gerald F.

Kicanas, Bishop of Tucson, Sons of Orpheus received an invitation to sing a 4 P.M. mass in Rome's St. Peter's Basilica on June 17 as part of our 2012 concert tour of Italy.

When we arrived for our performance, we discovered that the main altar area had been cordoned off and that microphones had been set up for us. Our groupies were able to join worshippers in that enclosure to form a sizable congregation. This was both pleasing and surprising to us because we knew that the Tucson Arizona Boys Chorus had sung there in a side chapel while people just wandered through. The entrance hymn, *Laudate Dominum*, one verse in Latin, the other in Italian, went well. Shortly thereafter, a resident organist unceremoniously moved Brent aside in order to play an organ response. Then, during the priest's homily, some unexpected horse-trading began. The organist explained to Grayson that the Gounod *Sanctus* was too long. Grayson, having been warned the we could be asked to make some changes because of a Vespers service due to begin at 5:00 P.M. agreed to make some cuts here and there, but he insisted that our tenor soloist Brandon Dale, and our violinist Nicole Skaggs had not come 6,000 miles to be deprived of the opportunity to perform the Gounod *Sanctus* at St. Peter's! Grayson prevailed!

As the priest continued the homily, the ticking clock urged more changes. Next to go on the trading block was a selection from Rachmaninoff's *Bogorodyitse Dyevo* (Rejoice, O Virgin) for the offertory hymn. The organist wanted us to sing only part of the piece, but Grayson insisted that this was RACHMANINOFF(!) and gesturing to his copy of the program, indicated that the Vatican had approved these pieces. The organist's rejoinder, "But this is Italy," moved Grayson to another compromise. We would take the three-and-a-half-minute piece faster. We managed in just a tick over two minutes! With his eye ever on the clock as the homily drew to a close, the organist moved Brent aside and started reconfiguring the registrations for the Vespers service. Brent looked on in terror, wondering what would happen when he attempted to accompany the choir the rest of the way.

The homily at an end, we concluded the service with the Gounod *Sanctus* that Grayson had bargained so hard for, and two other verses of the *Laudate Dominum*. We were delighted when the priest thanked the choir, the soloist, and the violinist; and the congregation applauded.



Though Grayson and Brent experienced significant stress during our forty-five minutes of Vatican fame (at the end, Brent asked, "Can I have my heart attack now?"), the experience turned out to be the highlight of the trip. Sons of Orpheus, not relegated to a side chapel, was heard throughout the Basilica that day. As we were leaving, a man approached Brandon and told him that our choir, "sounding like a multitude of angels," had filled that glorious building.

...And Out by Charles Dickson

The Sons of Orpheus and their spouses and friends left Phoenix on June 14th and arrived at Rome's main airport the next evening. The flight was unremarkable except for that sprint through London's Heathrow. It was later that we found that our box of western hats were nowhere to be found. Our tour bus brought us to a narrow street near the Hotel Medici in central Rome and then, because of the size of our bus, we had to walk with our luggage for several blocks to the hotel, a recently renovated 19th-century building with a small, slow elevator. The stairs worked fine. We spent Saturday resting and sightseeing.

After the concert at St. Peter's on Sunday we made our way to a restaurant near the Trevi fountain for dinner, where we had to negotiate vigorously with our bus driver to come back and pick us up in 3 hours. All was forgiven when some of our groupies found inexpensive leather goods to purchase in an open-air shop.

Monday morning we traveled to central Florence where we spent three days. Our bus had to park several blocks away from the hotel. As we dragged our bags across the Piazza Due Fontane (Two Fountains), we were oblivious to the Santissima Anunziata, one of the finest examples of High Baroque church architecture in Florence or of the orphanage next to our hotel that had been in business continuously since the 14th century. Some of us discovered these treasures later.

Tuesday morning we traveled to Pisa. We discovered that no provision had been made to bring us into town. Pat Dickson, the wife of one of our baritones, was able to speak French with the driver to arrange a small tram. After sightseeing, we again boarded the tram to the Giardino Scotto, where we sang to our friends and a small number of Italian park-goers.

Wednesday we explored Florence, and that evening made three trips on a small bus to the Chiesa di Santo Stefano, an impressive deconsecrated church dating back to 1116. Here, in our white dinner jackets, we sang to our friends and a small crowd of Italians and tourists. We then walked back to our hotel, stopping along the way for drinks or dinner.

On Thursday, we traveled to La Spezia where we stayed for two nights in a hotel only a five-minute walk from the main community pier. La Spezia is the gateway to the Cinque Terra, a region similar to our national parks, with terraced vineyards, five fishing villages, and rocky beaches.

On Friday evening we were to sing in Santa Margherita d'Antiochia church in Vernazza, one of the five villages. Those adventures are chronicled in another article within this newsletter.

Our final day brought us to Milan. That afternoon members of our party explored the bustling city. In the evening we dined together for a "Farewell to Italy" dinner.

On Sunday, June 24th, most of our party departed for Phoenix at about 8 a.m. and arrived in Tucson later the same long travel day, ready for bed.



Giardino Scotto



Chiesa di Santo Stefano



Vernazza, Cinque Terra

Orpheans' Impressions of the 2012 Tour

After our concert we collected ourselves for a group photo in front of St. Peter's. A number of tourists gathered around and commented on how terrific we sounded. To thank them, we sang *Happy Trails*. They seemed as pleased to hear it as we were to sing it.

Dick Wroldsen

When Rick Sack invited me to visit a rehearsal, I was delighted; and when I learned that the choir was planning to tour Italy and sing in the Vatican, it was like the Universe opening a door and inviting me in. It had always been my fondest desire, both personally and as an entertainer, to visit Europe and especially Rome. Life circumstances had kept this dream out of reach, but I declared there and then that I was going to Rome to tour with Sons of Orpheus.

Darwin Hall

Editor's note: to make the trip, Darwin created, with several of his friends from the entertainment and arts community, a fundraiser he called LA VITA BELLA. He donated twenty percent of the proceeds to a fund for travel expenses for our scholarship students.

To sing at the main altar of St. Peter's Basilica was truly a moving experience. It was a dream come true to be performing in this magnificent church where for centuries so many had shown their love and respect for God by their painting, by their architecture, and by their craftsmanship. It was an honor to join our voices with the voices of others who have sung in praise of our Creator.

Jim Naughton

My favorite moment of the Italy trip occurred during one of many exquisite meals in Rome. While we were eating, an elderly gentleman stopped in the street in front of the restaurant patio and began his own very loud and very embellished rendition of *O Sole Mio*. At first I was academically critiquing his technique and his cheesy Pavarotti-esque ornamentations in imitation of the *Three Tenors* concert. Then I realized what I was witnessing. My eyes opened to the fact that there is more to singing than just technique and precision. This man sang just because he loved it. The crowd around him responded to his joy. Would this ever happen in America? I certainly haven't seen it. The Macaroni Grill doesn't count—they pay the singers. This man helped show me what the Italian style of singing is all about and set the tone for the remainder of the trip for me.

Bryce Rodriguez



St. Peter's Basilica, Vatican

I never thought that I would stand within touching distance of Bernini's baldachino, the bronze canopy over the main altar in St. Peter's Basilica — the spot where several levels down lay the Father of Christendom. Then to have the true privilege of singing the Gounod *Sanctus* in that space while hearing Brandon's pure, bell-like tenor solo was a once in a lifetime experience. I gazed out over the congregation we were singing for and realized that others were experiencing their version of the same emotions. The time-standing-still moment was over far too soon. As a Benedictine priest once told me, "Even after the mountaintop experience, we still have to come down, chop wood, and haul water." So out we went (after photos, of course) to sing *Happy Trails* to the friendly Japanese tourists who begged for more music, then off to rehearse all too soon for the next engagement.

Bob Couch



Swiss Guard Sentry, Vatican

The Unsung Song

by Thomas Wentzel

The day had felt disjointed. A threatened train strike had derailed our evening benefit concert in Vernazza's Church of St. Margaret of Antioch. Though the trains continued to run along the Cinque Terre coast, or rather, through tunnels bored behind the slopes that plummet to the sea, they could stop running at any time, and so we took a day trip to Vernazza by boat just for spite. From the sea we had stunning views of terraced mountainsides, grape arbors, tall cliffs of banded strata, and houses perched on pitches and promontories.

We knew something of Vernazza because we had viewed videos of its devastating floods on the Internet. A waiter at one of the restaurants on the Piazza Marconi explained that some of the terraces had been allowed to fall into disrepair above the town, and when the heavy rains had hit last fall, weakened walls collapsed, slid down into others, and cascaded in a deluge of mud into the village. The high-water mark 15 feet up the sides of buildings just up the street had been mostly scrubbed away, and repairs continued all around.

In this almost surreal land, we slipped into the medieval St. Margaret's, tucked between Piazza Marconi and the town's harbor. The tall, narrow windows facing the sea barely allowed sound of surf and muted light of afternoon sky to penetrate. The small church's columns were dark and banded, behind the altar its curved walls resembled an upended street of black cobblestones fixed in gray sand. Dim electric lamps on iron hoops hung from charcoal-colored timbers that arched over the centuries. Had we performed here, seeing our sheet music could have posed a problem, but the acoustics were grand.

Sitting in a pew and listening to the taut reverberation of visitors' whispers and the shuffle of shoes on the slate-gray stone floor, I wondered whether the music we'd prepared for our Italy tour was too modern for this space, too anachronistic, except perhaps for Ola Gjeilo's *Ubi Caritas*, whose melody was rooted in Gregorian chant.

A week before, we'd sung a mass at St. Peter's Basilica, whose cleansed stateliness seemed more accepting of music of ages old and new. This place felt different, intimate, personal.

Who were the people who came to settle in such a rugged land, construct terraces across the mountain slopes, raise this small and dark church by the sea? What music echoed here as they celebrated and worshiped and mourned under these dark-beamed ceilings through the centuries?

An hour later, I'd turned at random up a narrow village alley, passed through a short tunnel and up another alley, up a flight of stairs to a twisty road, then up steep steps along a fence of vines with exotic purple and white starburst blooms the likes of which I'd never seen, and finally through the gates of a cemetery high on a ridge over Vernazza. The pathway was lined with white marble crypts stacked six high. Bright flowers, some artificial and some living, startled me with their color against the

marble. From a garden of graves I looked out at the torn, terraced hillsides, down to the church tower and bright town and small harbor, out to the boats near shore and beyond to the pale blue Mediterranean Sea fading to paler blue sky.

Ubi caritas et amor, Deus ibi est. Where charity and love are, God is there.



Sanctuary, Vernazza's Church of St. Margaret of Antioch



Curved Alter Wall, Church of St. Margaret of Antioch

Profiling Dick Wroldsen



WROLDSEN GOES NATIVE

Dick is a first tenor who has sung with us since the spring of 2008 after his wife, Kay, spotted a notice that Orpheus would be singing in Europe the following summer. The notice was posted by choir member Rick Sack, a coworker with Dick and Kay at the Foothills office of Long Realty where Dick is a manager and Kay a real estate agent.

Because Dick had missed the early rehearsals that first year, his initial appearance, a concert with the Arizona Balalaika Orchestra, was a stressful one. Half a dozen sessions and a Slavic peasant shirt later, we pushed him onto the risers to sing in Russian! He survived because he is an excellent reader of the treble clef, having been a trumpet and cornet player from a young age.

Dick has lived in Tucson for nineteen years, settling here after some major zigs and zags. He grew up in New York, then spent his high school years at Fork Union Military Academy in Fork Union, Virginia where he was the bugler, a key position at the school because all the events of the day were announced via bugle. He tells a story about sounding "Retreat," a long bugle call at the end of the day, with the entire corps and faculty at

attention. Out of nowhere a beagle appeared, sat down at Dick's feet, and howled till the last note died away. The duet at an end, the beagle lost interest and walked off while Fork Union Military tried to regain its composure.

Following military school, Dick went on to Morris Harvey College (now the University of Charleston, in West Virginia) where he received a degree in business management in 1968.

After a stint at the Naval Air Station in Pensacola, Florida, Dick and a Navy buddy headed west to San Francisco and jobs in the banking business. That's where Dick found Kay. They met at a popular singles bar called, unromantically, Harpoon Louie's. But it was romantic enough, and they married not long after. They have celebrated their forty-second anniversary and are proud of their two children

and four grandchildren.

The banking business was not quite right for Dick. He blames listening to too many John Denver songs for the urge to find a job that would get him outdoors. In 1972 he and Kay moved cross country to Sag Harbor, New York where Dick went to work as a finish carpenter, a trade he had learned at the knee of his grandfather, a Norwegian emigre and journeyman carpenter.

1974-1975 found the couple back west in the San Francisco Bay area, where Dick, still swinging a mean hammer, "reingerbreaded" Victorian homes that had been spoiled by careless modernity in the form of asbestos shingling.

Dick and Kay are veterans of the real estate business. During their wanderings they acquired, through a combination of adroitness and good fortune, properties that have led them finally to their dream home here in a city Kay knew well from her student days at the University of Arizona.

The couple also sing in the Catalina Foothills Presbyterian Church choir and perform with Arts Express.

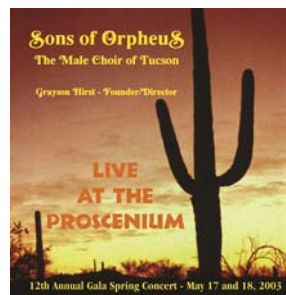
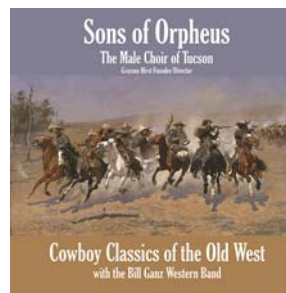
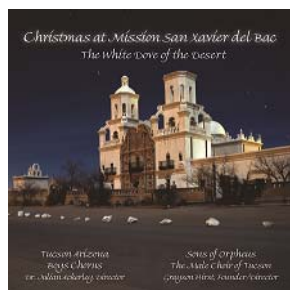
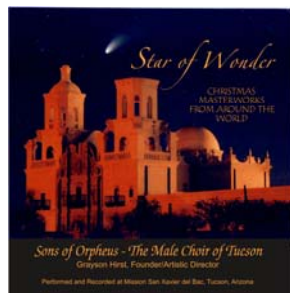
Dick's favorite concerts are at Mission San Xavier del Bac and the other Christmas venues.

Dick got a personalized license plate for his wife that says OH KAY. We say OK to that! We figure that must be what she replies with an exclamation mark when he says, "Honey, I'm off to sing with Orpheus."

Sons of Orpheus CDs For Sale

We proudly present our most current line-up of CDs, which features our newest album, *Star of Wonder*, Christmas Masterpieces from Around the World, performed and recorded live at Mission San Xavier del Bac, as guests of the Tohono O'odham Nation.

Our CD repertoire includes sacred music from around the world (sung in English, Latin, Italian, French, Ladino, Church Slavonic and even Nigerian), classical choral favorites, popular passages from many operas, and of course the best cowboy songs from the Western music genre.



The Envelope, Please

Before we thrust our alms bowl at you, we want to thank those who responded to the fall appeal from Richard Miller, chairman of our Executive Committee.

Our singers are amateurs—good ones, but nothing goes into our pockets except our handkerchiefs, and on those rare occasions where we need them, our kazoos. We raise funds to pay for rehearsal and concert venues, our music, our director, accompanist, and special soloists. We pay annual dues of \$120 and provide dues assistance for our student singers.

We raise money through ticket and CD sales, ads in our spring concert program booklet, and through payments by various organizations for our services, but our newsletter donors are vital to our existence. The envelope you find herein is a multiple-use mailer.

1. If you'd like to support us by donating to our general fund, please write "general fund" on the memo line. We are a 501(c)(3) charitable organization, so your gift is tax deductible. You will receive a formal note of thanks on our letterhead for your records.

2. You may wish to write a check to the Community Food Bank, an organization that Orpheus has supported for nearly the whole of our existence. We have raised several thousand dollars for them from our own pockets, through the readers of our newsletter, and especially by means of our annual Christmas concert at the Berger Auditorium, to be held this year at 7:00 P.M. Wednesday, December 5th. Please make your check out to the Community Food Bank. A can of food will get you into the concert, but money works better because the Community Food bank has enormous purchasing power. Tell the ushers at the door that you have given through the newsletter appeal and you're in!

3. Order CDs (See page 8)

4. Drop us a line if you'd like to find out more about singing with us. You are welcome to sit in on a rehearsal whenever you like: seven o'clock Wednesday evenings at the Tucson Arizona Boys Chorus building, 5770 E. Pima. Just walk in. You'll be welcome.

New Blood?

So far all the poets we have sung are famous. Preceding Teasdale and Cummings (see page 1), we have had Shakespeare, Robert Frost, W.B. Yeats, Edward Lear, Rudyard Kipling, and Lewis Carroll. But maybe there's hope for an unknown. Jim Gates, formerly a second tenor with Orpheus, has set the following poem to music that would fit beautifully into our cowboy set.

Cowboy's Lament (plaintively)

*When you're used to outdoor livin'
Cuz your home is on the range,
A night spent at the Motel 6
Is somethin' wondrous strange.*

*Oh, there's cold beer in the icebox,
And pictures on the wall,
But you can hear your neighbors snore
All up and down the hall.*

*Cowboys practice sleepin' light
Should somethin' spook the herd,
But it weren't no coyote woke me,
No coon, nor nighttime bird;*

*What got me was the 'larm clock
On the table by the bed
a shinin' through my eyelids,
Flashin' sunrise red.*

*The sky turned light nigh on to six;
For me 'twas none too soon.*

*I'll spend the rest of my restless nights
Beneath the constant moon.*

—Ned Mackey



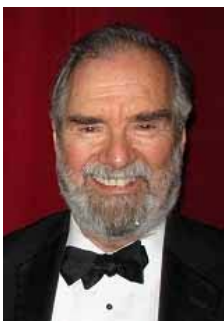
Robert Swaim

Sons of Orpheus
The Male Choir of Tucson
PO Box 31552
Tucson AZ 85751
RETURN SERVICE REQUESTED

Nonprofit Organization
U. S. POSTAGE
PAID
TUCSON, ARIZONA
PERMIT NO. 26



TUCSON'S AMBASSADORS OF SONG



GRAYSON HIRST,
DIRECTOR

Sons of Orpheus
PO Box 31552
Tucson AZ 85751
Phone: Grayson Hirst
520 621-1649
E-mail:
contact1@SonsOfOrpheus.org

Our Sponsors

Sons of Orpheus is supported in part by grants from the Tucson Pima Arts Council and the Arizona Commission on the Arts, with funding from the State of Arizona and the National Endowment for the Arts.



We're on the web at
www.SonsOfOrpheus.org

Want More Information?

We invite you to go to our web site <www.sonsoforpheus.org> and look through the repertoire Grayson Hirst has chosen for our first 21 years. While you're at it, please consider sending us your email address so we can add you to our electronic list. Please write us at:

contact1@SonsOfOrpheus.org

We'll send you a heads-up whenever the newsletter or other information is online. You can see our newsletters in color and save us some postage for snail mail.

WE HOPE YOU LIKE THE NEW "LOOK AND FEEL" OF *THE VOICE OF ORPHEUS*.
IF YOU HAVE ANY SUGGESTIONS, QUESTIONS OR CONCERNS, PLEASE EMAIL US.