Friday, February 8, 2019, 8pm
First Congregational Church

Cantus
Alone Together

TENORS
Jacob Christopher, Zachary Colby, Alberto de la Paz, Paul Scholtz

BARITONES
David Geist, Sam Kreidenweis

BASSES
Chris Foss, Samuel Green

PROGRAM

Laura Mvula  She
Libby Larsen  You – Movement 1, You, here… now
Ingrid Michaelson  Twitter Song
Arcade Fire  Deep Blue
Libby Larsen  You – Movement 2, You, now… know
Camille Saint-Saëns  Calme Des Nuits (Stillness of the Night)
Libby Larsen  You – Movement 3, You, know… are, who
Paul Simon, Art Garfunkel  A Most Peculiar Man
Ludwig van Beethoven  Gesang der Mönche (Monks’ Song)
Dave Matthews  Gravedigger
Benj Pasek, Justin Paul  You Will Be Found

INTERMISSION

John Lennon, Paul McCartney  She’s Leaving Home
Steven Sametz  We Two – Movements 1–3
Libby Larsen  You – Movement 4, You, here… need
David Lang  Manifesto
Libby Larsen  You – Movement 5, You, here… know, love
Steven Sametz  We Two – Movements 4 & 5

Cal Performances’ 2018–19 season is sponsored by Wells Fargo.
The “engaging” (The New Yorker) men’s vocal ensemble Cantus is widely known for its trademark warmth and blend, innovative programming, and appealing performances of music ranging from the Renaissance to the 21st century. The Washington Post has hailed the Cantus sound as having both “exalting finesse” and “expressive power,” and refers to the “spontaneous grace” of its music making. The Philadelphia Inquirer called the group nothing short of “exquisite.”

As one of the nation’s few full-time vocal ensembles, Cantus has grown in prominence with its distinctive approach to creating music. Working without a conductor, the members of Cantus rehearse and perform as chamber musicians, each contributing to the entirety of the artistic process.

Cantus performs more than 60 concerts each year, both in national and international touring, and in its home of Minneapolis—St. Paul, Minnesota. Cantus has performed at Lincoln Center, Kennedy Center, UCLA, San Francisco Performances, Atlanta’s Spivey Hall, and the Bravo! Vail Valley Music Festival.

In its 2018–19 touring program Alone Together, Cantus explores what it means to connect in a modern world where our ability to communicate has never been easier or more advanced, but where the rifts between nations, among communities, and in individual relationships only seem to widen. The program is anchored by three works written for Cantus by Steven Sametz, David Lang, and Libby Larsen (a new, multi-movement piece commissioned by Music Accord and written specifically around themes of technology and connection in our modern world). The program—also including music by Laura Mvula, Paul McCartney and John Lennon, Saint-Saëns, Beethoven, Dave Matthews, Arcade Fire, and Benj Pasek and Justin Paul—will be presented in 36 cities and 21 states and provinces including New York, Florida, Pennsylvania, California, Texas, New Mexico, Wisconsin, Michigan, Alberta, and British Columbia.

Committed to the expansion of the vocal music repertoire, Cantus actively commissions new music and seeks to unearth rarely performed repertoire for men’s voices. Cantus has received commissioning grants from New Music USA, the National Endowment for the Arts, Chorus America, American Composers Forum, and Chamber Music America. Additionally, Cantus has a rich history of collaborations with other performing arts organizations, including the Minnesota Orchestra, Saint Paul Chamber Orchestra, the Boston Pops, Chanticleer, Sweet Honey in the Rock, Theater Latté Da, and the James Sewell Ballet. The ensemble is heard frequently on both classical public radio nationwide and on SiriusXM Satellite Radio. Cantus has released 18 recordings on the group’s self-titled label.

Cantus is the recipient of three prestigious Chorus America awards, including the 2016 Dale Warland Singers Commission Award (presented in partnership with the American Composers Forum), the Margaret Hillis Award for Choral Excellence, and the Education Outreach Award. Cantus was also an artist in residence on Minnesota Public Radio and on American Public Media’s Performance Today.

Integral to the Cantus mission is its commitment to preserve and deepen music education in the schools. Cantus works with more than 5,000 students each year in master class and workshop settings across the country. Now in its eleventh year, the award-winning High School Residency program brings Cantus into Minnesota schools several times a year for mentoring and a culminating public concert in the spring.

For information, contact:
Cantus
612.435.0046
info@cantussings.org
cantussings.org

Cantus is managed by:
Alliance Artist Management
212.304.3538
allianceartistmanagement.com
She
Laura Mvula (b. 1986)
She walked towards you with her head down low
She wondered if there’s a way out of the blue
Who’s gonna take her home this time?
She knew that this time wouldn’t be the last time
There she waits looking for a savior
Someone to save her from her dying self
Always taking ten steps back
and one step forward
She’s tired, but she don’t stop
She don’t stop, she don’t stop, she don’t stop…

Every day she stood hoping for a new light
She closed her eyes
and she heard a small voice say
You don’t stop, no, you belong to me
She cried, maybe it’s too late
She don’t stop, she don’t stop, she don’t stop…
She walked towards you
with her head down low
She wondered if there’s a way out of the blue
Who’s gonna take her home this time?
She knew that this time wouldn’t be the last time.

You – Movement 1
Libby Larsen (b. 1950)
Commissioned by Music Accord for Cantus
Comprised of top classical music presenting organizations throughout the United States, Music Accord is a consortium that commissions new works in the chamber music, instrumental recital, and song genres. The consortium’s goal is to create a significant number of new works and to ensure presentation of these works in venues throughout this country and, if the occasion arises, internationally. For more information, please visit musicaccord.org.

I. You, here… now
You
You, here
You,
now
now You, hear
You hear now.
You
You, here.
You, now.
You

You cannot put a Fire out –
A Thing that can ignite
Can go, itself, without a Fan
Upon the slowest night –

You cannot fold a Flood –
And put it in a Drawer –
Because the Winds would find it out –
And tell your Cedar Floor –

—Emily Dickinson (1830–1886)
Twitter Song
Ingrid Michaelson (b. 1979)
Where do I go when I don't have a friend?
Where do I go at another day's end?
Nobody loves me, somebody loves me on…
Twitter!
I think I'm a real big loser
Then I go to my computer
Turn it on, and I feel grand
All because of…
Twitter!

Direct message me
Please, say you'll message me
Or at least please reply to my…
Twitter!
Tweet, tweet…
Twitter!

Deep Blue
Win Butler (b. 1980), Richard R. Perry
(b. 1977), William Butler (b.1982), Jeremy
Gara (b. 1978), Régine Chassagne (b. 1976)
Here in my place and time
And here in my own skin I can finally begin
Let the century pass me by,
standing under the night sky
Tomorrow means nothing.

We saw the signs in the suburbs
You could never have predicted
that it could see through you
Kasparov, Deep Blue, 1996
Your mind's playing tricks now
Show's over so take a bow
And leave it in the shadows…

Hey
put the cellphone down for a while
In the night there is something wild
Can you hear it breathing?
Hey
put the laptop down for a while
In the night there is something wild
I feel it, it's leaving me…
Can you hear it breathing?
TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

You – Movement 2
Libby Larsen

II. You, now…know
You, now
You, know
now, You know.
You Know now.
Now you know.
You

now you
now you know.
My Candle burns at both ends;
It will not last the night;
But ah, my foes, and oh, my friends –
It gives a lovely light!

— Edna St. Vincent Millay (1892–1950)

Calme Des Nuits (Stillness of the Night)
Camille Saint-Saëns (1835–1921)
Calme des nuits, fraîcheur des soirs,
Vaste scintillement des mondes,
Grand silence des antres noirs
Vous charmmez les âmes profondes.
Le bruit plaisent aux plus futiles;
Le poète seul est hanté
Par l’amour des choses tranquilles.

Stillness of the night, cool of the evening,
Vast shimmering of the spheres,
Great silence of black vaults
Deep thinkers delight in you.
The bright sun, merriment,
And noise amuse the more frivolous;
Only the poet is possessed
By the love of quiet things

You – Movement 3
Libby Larsen

III. You, know…are, who
You
You, know
where
You, are…
You, are… who
who are You
Who are you?

I’m Nobody! Who are you?
Are you — Nobody — Too?
Then there’s a pair of us!
Don’t tell! they’d advertise — you know!
How dreary — to be — Somebody!
How public — like a Frog —
To tell one’s name — the livelong June —
To an admiring Bog!

— Emily Dickinson (1830–1886)
A Most Peculiar Man
Paul Simon (b. 1941), Art Garfunkel (b. 1941)
“He was a most peculiar man.”
That’s what Mrs. Riordan said
and she should know;
She lived upstairs from him
She said he was a most peculiar man.

He was a most peculiar man.
He lived all alone within a house,
Within a room, within himself,
A most peculiar man.
He had no friends, he seldom spoke
And no one in turn ever spoke to him,
‘Cause he wasn’t friendly and he didn’t care
And he wasn’t like them.
Oh, no! He was a most peculiar man.

He died last Saturday.
He turned on the gas and he went to sleep
With the windows closed so he’d never wake up
To his silent world and his tiny room;
And Mrs. Riordon says
he has a brother somewhere
Who should be notified soon.
And all the people said,
“What a shame that he’s dead,
But wasn’t he a most peculiar man?”

Gesang der Mönche (Monks’ Song)
Ludwig van Beethoven (1770–1827)
Rasch tritt der Tod den Menschen an,
Es ist ihm keine Frist gegeben;
Es stürzt ihn mitten in der Bahn,
Es reißt ihn fort vom vollen Leben.
Bereitet oder nicht zu gehen!
Er muß vor seinem Richter stehen!

Quickly comes Man’s death,
He is given no reprieve;
It strikes him mid-course,
It rips him from the prime of life.
Whether ready to go or not!
He must stand before his judge!
Gravedigger
Dave Matthews (b. 1967)
Cyrus Jones 1810 to 1913
Made his great grandchildren believe
You could live to a hundred and three
A hundred and three is forever
when you’re just a little kid
So, Cyrus Jones lived forever

Gravedigger
When you dig my grave
Could you make it shallow
So that I can feel the rain
Gravedigger

Gravedigger
Muriel Stonewall
1903 to 1954
She lost both of her babies
in the second great war
Now you should never have to watch
As your only children lowered in the ground
I mean you should never have to
bury your own babies

Ring around the rosy
Pocket full of posy
Ashes to ashes
We all fall down

Little Mikey Carson 67 to 75
He rode his
Bike like the devil until the day he died
When he grows up he wants to be
Mr. Vertigo on the flying trapeze
Oh, 1940 to 1992

You Will Be Found (from Dear Evan Hansen)
Benj Pasek (b. 1985), Justin Paul (b. 1985)
No one deserves to be forgotten.
No one deserves to fade away.
No one should come and go
And have no one know
They were ever even here.
No one deserves to disappear.
To disappear…

Have you ever felt like nobody was there?
Have you ever felt forgotten
in the middle of nowhere?
Have you ever felt like you could disappear?
Like you could fall, and no one would hear?
Well, let that lonely feeling wash away
Maybe there’s a reason to
believe you’ll be okay
‘Cause when you don’t feel
strong enough to stand
You can reach, reach out your hand
And oh, someone will come running
And oh, they’ll take you home

Even when the dark comes crashing through
When you need a friend to carry you
And when you’re broken on the ground
You will be found
So let the sun come streaming in
‘Cause you’ll reach up and you’ll rise again
Lift your head and look around
You will be found

There’s a place where
we don’t have to feel unknown
And every time that you call out
You’re a little less alone
If you only say the word
From across the silence
Your voice is heard
And oh, someone will come running
To take you home

Even when the dark comes crashing through
When you need a friend to carry you
When you’re broken on the ground
You will be found
So let the sun come streaming in
‘Cause you’ll reach up and you’ll rise again
If you only look around
You will be found
Out of the shadows
The morning is breaking
And all is new, all is new
It’s filling up the empty
And suddenly I see that
All is new, all is new

You are not alone.

Even when the dark comes crashin’ through
When you need someone to carry you
When you’re broken on the ground
You will be found!
So when the sun comes streaming in
‘Cause you’ll reach up and you’ll rise again
If you only look around
You will be found
Even when the dark comes crashin’ through
You will be found
When you need someone to carry you
You will be found

She’s Leaving Home
John Lennon (1940–1980),
Paul McCartney (b. 1942)
Wednesday morning at five o’clock
As the day begins
Silently closing her bedroom door
Leaving the note that
she hoped would say more
She goes downstairs to the kitchen
Clutching her handkerchief
Quietly turning the backdoor key
Stepping outside, she is free
She (we gave her most of our lives)
Is leaving (sacrificed most of our lives)
Home
(we gave her everything money could buy)
She's leaving home after living alone
for so many years (bye bye)

Father snores as
his wife gets into her dressing gown
Picks up the letter that's lying there
Standing alone at the top of the stairs
She breaks down and cries to her husband
“Daddy, our baby's gone.
Why would she treat us so thoughtlessly?
How could she do this to me?”
She (we never thought of ourselves)
Is leaving (never a thought for ourselves)
Home
(we struggled hard all our lives to get by)
She’s leaving home after living alone
for so many years
Friday morning, at nine o’clock
She is far away
Waiting to keep the appointment she made
Meeting a man from the Motortrade
She (what did we do that was wrong?)
Is having (we didn't know it was wrong)
Fun
(fun is the one thing that money can't buy)
Something inside
that was always denied for so many years
She’s leaving home
Bye, bye.
TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

We Two, Movements 1–3
Steven Sametz (b. 1954)

I. Earth, my likeness
Earth, my likeness,
Though you look so impassive,
ample and spheric there,
I now suspect that is not all;
I now suspect there is something fierce in you
eligible to burst forth,
For an athlete is enamour’d of me,
and I of him,
But toward him there is something fierce and
terrible in me eligible to burst forth,
I dare not tell it in words,
not even in these songs.

II. I am he that aches with amorous love
Stranger, if you passing meet me
and desire to speak to me,
why should you not speak to me?
I am he that aches with amorous love.
As Adam early in the morning,
Walking forth from the bower
refresh’d with sleep,
Behold me where I pass,
hear my voice, approach,
Touch me, touch the palm of your hand
to my body as I pass,
Be not afraid of my body.

III. Here the frailest leaves of me
Here the frailest leaves of me,
and yet my strongest-lasting:
Here I shade and hide my thoughts—
I myself do not expose them,
And yet they expose me
more than all my other poems.

—Walt Whitman (1819–1892)

You – Movement 4
Libby Larsen

IV. You, here...need
Wild Nights — Wild Nights!
You
Were I with thee
You are...
Wild Nights should be
here
Our luxury!

You need love
here
You, need
need You,
love
You need love.

—Emily Dickinson (1830–1886)

And if I loved you Wednesday,
Well, what is that to you?
I do not love you Thursday —
So much is true.
And why you come complaining
Is more than I can see.
I loved you Wednesday — yes — but what
Is that to me?

—Edna St. Vincent Millay (1892–1950)
Manifesto
David Lang (b. 1957)
I want to be with someone
who won’t get tired of me
who wants to be with me for who I am
who will never leave me

I want to be with someone
who is actually afraid to lose me
who values open communication
who really knows me

I want to be with someone
who cares about me, supports me,
encourages me
who makes my heart jump when I hear their key in the door
who wants to be with me

who is exactly what I’ve said I always wanted
who accepts me for who I am

who I find so interesting and exciting and understands my thinking
who’s going to be healthy for the long haul

You – Movement 5
Libby Larsen

V. You, here…know, love
You
You, here,
You,
now
You,
know
You, know
love.
You, love,
here.

You, are…
here
You, love
here
are…You,
love
Are…You, love?
You, are…love.
IV. Not heat flames up and consumes
Not heat flames up and consumes,
Not sea-waves hurry in and out,
Not the air, delicious and dry,
the air of the ripe summer, bears lightly
along white down-balls of myriads of seeds,
Wafted, sailing gracefully,
to drop where they may;
Not these—
O none of these, more than the flames of me,
consuming, burning for his love whom I love!
O none, more than I, hurrying in and out:
Does the tide hurry, seeking something,
and never give up? O I the same;
O nor down-balls, nor perfumes,
nor the high, rain-emitting clouds,
are borne through the open air,
Any more than my Soul
is borne through the open air,
Wafted in all directions,
O love, for friendship, for you.

V. We two, how long we were fool'd
We two, how long we were fool'd,
Now transmuted,
we swiftly escape as Nature escapes,
We are Nature, long have we been absent,
but now we return,
We become plants, trunks, foliage, roots, bark,
We are bedded in the ground, we are rocks,
We are oaks,