



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	<i>You</i> – Movement 1, <i>You, here... now</i>
Ingrid Michaelson	Twitter Song
Arcade Fire	Deep Blue
Libby Larsen	<i>You</i> – Movement 2, <i>You, now...know</i>
Camille Saint-Saëns	Calme Des Nuits (Stillness of the Night)
Libby Larsen	<i>You</i> – Movement 3, <i>You, know...are, who</i>
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	<i>We Two</i> – Movements 1–3
Libby Larsen	<i>You</i> – Movement 4, <i>You, here...need</i>
David Lang	Manifesto
Libby Larsen	<i>You</i> – Movement 5, <i>You, here...know, love</i>
Steven Sametz	<i>We Two</i> – Movements 4 & 5

*Cal Performances' 2018–19 season is sponsored by Wells Fargo.*



## ABOUT THE ARTISTS

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  
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cantussings.org

Cantus is managed by:  
Alliance Artist Management  
212.304.3538  
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## TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

**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](http://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.

I was only a child then  
 Feeling barely alive when  
 I heard a song from a speaker of a passing car  
 Praying to a dying star, the memories fading  
 I can almost remember singing...

We watched the end of the century  
 Compressed on a tiny screen  
 A dead star collapsing in and we could see  
 Something was ending  
 Are you through pretending?

We saw the signs in the suburbs  
 You could never have predicted  
     that it could see through you  
 Kasparove, 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

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*You – Movement 2*  
Libby Larsen

*II. You, now...know*  
You  
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 charmez les âmes profondes.  
L'éclat du soleil, la gaité,  
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 s  
o 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!

## TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

**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****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



## TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

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*

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

*Wild Nights — Wild Nights!*

Were I with thee  
 Wild Nights should be  
 Our luxury!

—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

who is smarter than that, with more depth  
 and more soul  
 who feels the same way  
 who won't clip my wings

who laughs at my jokes  
 who won't leave  
 who likes to have fun  
 who will want to be with me  
 who is very comfortable  
 who respects all the other aspects of me  
 who gets me  
 who can see a future with me  
 who is comfortable  
 who wants to work

I want to be with someone  
 who matches me  
 who teaches me  
 who wants to be

who accepts me for who I am

**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.

## TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

**We Two, Movements 4 & 5**  
**Steven Sametz (b. 1954)***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,

we grow in the openings side by side,  
 We browse, we are two among  
 the wild herds spontaneous as any,  
 We are two fishes swimming  
 in the sea together,  
 We are what locust blossoms are,  
 we drop scent  
 around lanes mornings and evenings,  
 We are also the coarse smut of beasts,  
 vegetables, minerals,  
 We are two predatory hawks,  
 we soar above and look down,  
 We are two resplendent suns,  
 we it is who balance ourselves orbit and  
 stellar, we are as two comets,  
 We prowl fang'd and four-footed  
 in the woods,  
 we spring on prey,  
 We are two clouds forenoons and  
 afternoons driving overhead,  
 We are seas mingling, we are two of those  
 cheerful waves rolling over each other and  
 interwetting each other,  
 We are what the atmosphere is, transparent,  
 receptive, pervious, impervious,  
 We are snow, rain, cold, darkness,  
 we are each  
 product and influence of the globe,  
 We have circled and circled  
 till we have arrived home again, we two,  
 We have voided all but freedom  
 and all but our own joy.

—Walt Whitman (1819–1892)

## CANTUS ARTISTIC COUNCIL

Chris Foss, *programming*; David Geist, *production*; Paul Scholtz, *communications*

## CANTUS ADMINISTRATIVE STAFF

Joseph Heitz, *executive director*; Joseph Hillesheim, *development and marketing manager*;  
 Kelsey Sieverding, *engagement associate*; Jacob Christopher, *tour manager*;  
 Samuel Green, *education outreach coordinator*