

THE HELEN MCMASTER ENDOWED PROFESSORSHIP IN
VOCAL AND CHORAL STUDIES

PRESENTS

CANTUS



FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 2021 | 8 P.M.

KOBACKER HALL, MOORE MUSICAL ARTS CENTER

BGSU | COLLEGE OF
Musical Arts
BOWLING GREEN STATE UNIVERSITY

Face coverings for everyone, regardless of vaccination status, are required in all indoor public spaces on the Bowling Green State University campus

HELEN MCMASTER ENDOWED PROFESSORSHIP IN VOCAL AND CHORAL STUDIES



The Helen McMaster Endowed Professorship in Vocal and Choral Studies was established in 2000 by Harold and Helen McMaster as a companion gift to the Harold McMaster Endowed Fund for Visiting Scientists in the College of Arts and Sciences. For over 20 years, the Helen McMaster Professorship has engaged operatic and choral directors, vocal coaches, and composers of national stature in multi-day residencies that have expanded opportunities, created connections and inspired both music students and public audiences.

McMaster, a long-time Perrysburg, Ohio resident, supported the arts at Bowling Green State University for many years. In 1992, she served as honorary chair of Bowling Green's Campaign of the Arts, to which the McMasters donated \$150,000. The College of Musical Arts also enjoys a vocal scholarship in

McMaster's name. McMaster passed away on June 14, 2020 at the age of 103. She lived a full and rich life. There were many reasons for McMaster's longevity, including a positive outlook on life, a naturally good disposition, many interests, visiting with old friends and meeting new ones and the love of her family. McMaster travelled the world with her husband, Harold, and visited every continent except Antarctica. She described herself as a 'foodie' and loved to sample the local cuisine across the United States and around the world. Most of all, McMaster loved to spend time with her family.

The College of Musical Arts has benefitted greatly from the generosity, vision and energy that McMaster exhibited throughout her life. McMaster's legacy and love for the arts will live on forever through the Helen McMaster Endowed Professorship in Vocal and Choral Studies. We are grateful for her contributions and dedicate this evening's performance to her.

Helen McMaster Endowed Professorship in Vocal and Choral Studies past guests:

Ann Baltz
Christopher Cock
Conspirare
Margo Garrett
Vance Y. George
Marilyn Horne
Libby Larsen

Jay Lesenger
Alice Parker
Samuel Ramey
The Thirteen
Dawn Upshaw
Jon Frederic West

MY JOURNEY YOURS

Finlandia

Jean Sibelius

Hope is the thing with feathers

Alberto de la Paz

My Journey Yours

Elise Witt

N-400 Erasure Songs*

Melissa Dunphy

1. Form N-400 Erasures

First Nations Lament

Cairril Adaire

N'ap Debat (We're Hangin' On)

Sydney Guillaume

Afka Hooyo (Mother Tongue)

Timothy C. Takach

N-400 Erasure Songs*

Melissa Dunphy

2. N-400 (an erasure)

INTERMISSION (15 MIN)

5 Ways to Kill a Man

Bob Chilcott

Lullaby

Shawn Crouch

El Manisero (The Peanut Vendor)

Moisés Simons

Píseň Čecha (Song of a Czech)

Antonín Dvořák

Movimiento (Movement)

Jorge Drexler

N-400 Erasure Songs*

Melissa Dunphy

3. change [y]our Country

*World Premiere — Commissioned by Cantus

FINLANDIA

Jean Sibelius (1865-1957)

Text by Lloyd Stone (1912-1993)

This is my song, O God of all the nations,
a song of peace for lands afar and mine;
this is my home, the country where my heart is;
here are my hopes, my dreams, my holy shrine:
but other hearts in other lands are beating
with hopes and dreams as true and high as mine.

My country's skies are bluer than the ocean,
and sunlight beams on cloverleaf and pine;
but other lands have sunlight too, and clover,
and skies are everywhere as blue as mine:
This is my song, O God of all the nations,
a song of peace for their land and for mine.

HOPE IS THE THING WITH FEATHERS

Alberto de la Paz (b. 1992)

Text by Emily Dickinson (1830-1886)

"Hope" is the thing with feathers -
That perches in the soul -
And sings the tune without the words -
And never stops - at all -

And sweetest - in the Gale - is heard -
And sore must be the storm -
That could abash the little Bird
That kept so many warm -

I've heard it in the chilliest land -
And on the strangest Sea -
Yet - never - in Extremity,
It asked a crumb - of me.

MY JOURNEY YOURS

Elise Witt (b. 1953) with the staff of the Refugee Family Services
arr. Michael Holmes

My journey,
Your journey,
My journey, yours.

KURDISH

Gashtimin
Gashtakat

My journey
Your journey

MANO (LIBERIA)

Lupia
Tapia

My journey
Your journey

ARABIC

Rechlati hiya
Rechlatak

My journey
Your journey

AMHARIC (ETHIOPIA)

Yene gozo
Nayanka

My journey
Your journey

BOSNIAN

Moje puto vanje
Tvoje

My journey
Your journey

VIETNAMESE

Hang djing gua toi
Hang djing gua angh

My journey
Your journey

SOMALI

Sodal keyga
lo kaga

My journey
Your journey

N-400 ERASURE SONGS*

Melissa Dunphy (b. 1980)

1. *Form N-400 Erasures*

Do you
Have
awful
association s

Have you been in
total
terror

Yes/No

If you
EVER claim in writing or any other way
to
have no
country
are you
confined

— Niina Pollari

FIRST NATIONS LAMENT

Melody based on a Zuni lullaby

Text and arr. by Cairril Adaire (1967-2020)

<i>Doo k'e nizin da</i>	One who does not think according to kinship.
<i>Ch'ééna</i>	Sadness for something that was lost and will never come back.
<i>Manaba</i>	War returned with her coming.

ARTISTIC INTENTION OF THE TEXT FROM THE COMPOSER:

Kinship is not just with other humans; it is with the entire world. Ritual is necessary to integrate the 'ill' individual back into the collective whole.

In this context, "Ch'ééna" expresses the deep lament of those who were forced to migrate over what had been lost in their move across continents and oceans and never regained.

In the wars and forced migrations across this land, her first peoples were decimated in soul as well as body.

N'AP DEBAT (WE'RE HANGIN' ON)

Sydney Guillaume (b.1982)

Text by Gabriel T. Guillaume (b. 1939)

*Woy! Alon doulè rèd'o!
Alon doulè rèd'o!
Mezanmi, woy!*

*Twazièm son fenk sonnen
nan Legliz Katedral;
Solèy kouche lontan
dèyè Mòn Lopital...*

*Lanati dechennen
met tout moun anba kòd.*

*Gro kolòn, ti poto
tounen pousiè ak sann.*

*Jezi, Mari, Josèf...
Gras' a Mizerikòd...*

*Lanati dechennen
met tout moun anba kòd.*

*Nou wè, nou pa konprann,
Sa rive sanzantann.
Latè tranble!
Latè tranble pi rèd pase fèy nan savann.*

*Anmwe! Anmwe! Sekou souple!
Nan pwen bouch pou pale...*

*Dies irae, dies illa;
Requiem aeternam dona eis, Domine.*

*Ayiti! Ayiti!
Alon doulè rèd'o,
Mare senti'w sere.*

*Ayiti! Ayiti!
Ou se yon fanm vanyan,
Kenbe la, pa lage...*

*Legetè toupatou mande:
"Kouman ou ye?"*

*N'ap debat, n'ap debat,
N'ap debat gras' a Die.
Mwen se rozo banbou
nan chimen chwal malen;
Ou mèt wè'm plat atè,
Yon lòt moman, m'an lè.
Rete tann zanmi mwen,
M'ap vin pi bèl demen.*

*Atansyon Legetè!
Pa pran chans Magouyè!*

*An verite twa fwa,
Ayiti pap peri!*

Oh! What an unbearable pain!
Oh, gracious God!
What an unbearable sorrow!

The third bell of
the Cathedral just rang.
The sun set long ago
behind Mount Lopital...

Mother Nature derailed,
straining everyone to misery.

Large structures and small rafts
have turned to dust and ashes.

Jesus, Marie, and Joseph...
Grace and Mercy...

Mother Nature derailed,
straining everyone to misery.

We see, but we don't understand,
It happened so suddenly.
The earth trembled!
The earth shook harder than a desert's leaf.

Help! Help! Rescue me, I beg you!
I'm at a loss for words...

Day of wrath, day of anger.
Grant them eternal rest, Lord.

Haiti! Haiti!
What an unbearable pain,
Tighten your belt.

Haiti! Haiti!
You are a valiant woman,
Hang in there, don't give up...

Rubbernecks from everywhere ask:
"How's it going?"

"We're hangin'on, we're hangin'on,
We're hangin'on by the grace of God.
I am a bent reed
that does not break.
Things may be awful today,
But tomorrow I will shine.
Wait and see, my friend,
Tomorrow I will shine."

Beware, Rubbernecks!
Don't even try, schemers!

I swear to you,
Haiti will not perish!

AFKA HOOYO (MOTHER TONGUE)

Timothy C. Takach (b. 1978)

Text by Mohamed Ibrahim Warsame (b. 1943)

*Dhalashada afkaygiyo
Dhigashada fartaydaan
Kaga baxay dhibaatoon
Hawlihii ku dhaafee,
Iyadaa dhaqaalaha
Dhidibbada u aastoo
Dheelliga u diidaye,
Dhulka wadajirkiisaana
Iyadaa dhammeysae.*

*Waa inaan ku dhaataa afkayga,
Waa inaan ku dhistaa afkayga,
Waa inaan ku dhaqdaa afkayga,
Waa inaan ku dhergaa afkayga,
Waa inaan ku dhintaa afkayga.*

*Shalay dhabannahayskii
Dhoolla-qosol maanta ah
Xalay bow dhexeysee,
Dadka dhooban meesha
Laysku soo dhawaadee,
Dhanka qudha u jeedoow!
Ma hesheen dhambaalkii?
Hadalkii ma dhuuxdeen?
Ma idiin dhadhamaya?*

*Qofka dhoohanow, arag!
Kii dhegala ow, maqa!
Haddaan dheri dab lagu shidin
Dhuuniga ma kariyoo
Waxba lagama dheefee,
Dheehdoo danteennii
Halka dhaawac kaga yaal
Lafta dhabarka weeyee,
Boogaha ma dhaynaa!*

Through the fixing of its spelling
my language is delivered:
my difficulties done with,
I'm freed from every hindrance.
Settling the orthography's
our economy's foundation;
it defends against all defects
in the oneness of our nation -
it underwrites and it defines.

I must give to Somali
develop through Somali
create within Somali
I must be rid of poverty
and give myself for my own mother tongue.

Only a single night divides
old yesterday's despair
from today's delighted laughter -
you people gathered here
how close you've grown together:
you face in one direction.
Do you hear deliverance call?
Have you divined its meaning?
Does it taste good in the mouth?

You who are still unaware, look!
You who are deliberately deaf: listen!
if the pot isn't placed on the fire
the dish cannot be cooked
so how will it ever satisfy?
Consider this in light of our goal:
where does deep hurt lie
but in our backbone -
time to treat that injury!

N-400 ERASURE SONGS*

Melissa Dunphy (b. 1980)

1. N-400 (an erasure)

i.
notice: any immigration
notice: hearing
notice: see
notice: you

ii.
to the immigrant :
 homeland is
 a process
 delayed.

iii.
 fingerprints disposable
 a number unpermitted
 immigrants: are
 all of the above

iv.
 about the United States:
do not

 support
 the criminal history

v.
 you are what
 you have
 abandoned

vi.
identify: alien
copy: self

vii.
 separate your
 open wounds in the
 process

viii.
 verify:
all has
 been destroyed

ix.
naturalization can not capture
 your free
 can not level
 your personal
 for political

x.
this application simplified
is persecution of
 your own safety
 to ensure social security

xi.
reschedule
 reschedule
 reschedule
reschedule
 a time
 time
 time
 again time
 time
 date and

xii.
 resubmit
 resubmit
 resubmit

xiii.
 please

xiv.
you will
 never
belong

— Laurel Chen

5 WAYS TO KILL A MAN

Bob Chilcott (b. 1955)

Text by Edwin Brock (1927-1997)

There are many cumbersome ways
to kill a man.

You can make him carry a plank of wood
to the top of a hill and nail him to it.

To do this properly you require
a crowd of people wearing sandals,
a cock that crows, a cloak to dissect,
a sponge, some vinegar
and one man to hammer the nails home.

Or you can take a length of steel,
shaped and chased in a traditional way,
and attempt to pierce
the metal cage he wears.

But for this you need white horses,
English trees, men with bows and
arrows,
at least two flags, a prince and a castle
to hold your banquet in.

Dispensing with nobility, you may,
if the wind allows, blow gas at him.
But then you need a mile of mud
sliced through with ditches,
not to mention black boots,
bomb craters, more mud,
a plague of rats, a dozen songs
and some round hats made of steel.

In an age of aeroplanes, you may fly
miles above your victim
and dispose of him by
pressing one small switch.

All you then require is an ocean
to separate you,
two systems of government,
a nation's scientists,
several factories, a psychopath
and land that no-one needs
for several years.

These are, as I began,
cumbersome ways to kill a man.

Simpler, direct, and much more neat
is to see that he is living somewhere in
the middle of the twentieth century,
and leave him there.

LULLABY (from Paradise)

Shawn Crouch (b. 1977)

Text by Brian Turner (b. 1967)

Akbar stirs the chai,
then carries his sleeping four-year-old,
Habib, to bed under glow-in-the-dark
stars arranged on the ceiling.

Late at night when gunfire
frighten them both,
Habib cries for his father, who tells him
It's just the drums, a new music,
and the tracery of lights (in the sky)

He retraces on the ceiling, showing the boy
how each bright star travels
from his dark place, to the other.



EL MANISERO (THE PEANUT VENDOR)

Moisés Simons (1885-1945)

arr. Yosvany Estepe Diaz

*Caserita no te acuestes ya llegué
El manisero llegó*

*Si te quieres por el pico divertir
Cómprame un cucuruchito de maní*

*Que calentito, y rico esta (traigo mani)
Ya no se puede pedir más*

*Ay, caserita no me dejes ir
Cómprame mi maní
Porque después te vas a arrepentir
Y va a ser muy tarde ya*

*El manisero ven que ya llegó
Ya está aquí*

*Cuando la calle, sola esta
Acera de mi corazón
El manisero, entona su pregón
Y si la niña escucha su cantar
Llama desde su balcón
Esta noche no voy a poder dormir
Sin comerme un cucurucho de maní*

*El manisero, entona su pregón
El manisero se va
Ya se fué*

Homemaker don't lie down, I'm here!
The peanut vendor has arrived.

If you want to have a treat for your mouth
Buy a cone of peanuts!

How warm, and delicious (I bring peanuts)
One can hardly ask for more!
Ah, little homemaker, don't let me go
Buy my peanuts
Because, later, you will regret it
And it will already be too late...

The peanut vendor has arrived
They are here.

When the street is empty,
On the sidewalk of my heart
The peanut vendor makes his announce-
ment
And, if the girl hears his song,
She calls him from her balcony.
I won't be able to sleep tonight
Without having eaten a cone of peanuts!

The peanut vendor makes his announce-
ment and then the peanut vendor leaves.
He's gone!

PÍSEŇ ČECHA (SONG OF A CZECH)

Antonín Dvořák (1841-1904)

Text by František Jaroslav Vacek Kamenický (1806-1869)

*Kde můj je kraj, kde má je vlast?
To jméno má největší slast!
Není to blud, není to klam,
zemi českou za vlast že mám.*

*Není země jako země,
hlas přírody mluví to ke mně,
a srdce mé volá s plesem,
v Čechách že já jen doma jsem.*

*Zde jsem zrozen a pěstován,
od matky české odchován;
ta pod srdcem mě nosila,
slzami lásky zrosila.*

*Zde léta jsem prožil mladosti,
Zde rajské jsem zažil blahosti;
Protož volám polem lesem:
V Čechách tu já jen doma jsem.*

*Zde jsem se učil Boha znát,
co dítě otcem svým ho zvát;
Zde můj vzděláván byl rozum
a zde je můj otcovský dům.*

*Na něj oko mé rádo patří,
zde sestry mé, moji tu bratři;
Mně touha lásky táhne sem:
U nich tu já jen doma jsem.*

Where is my land, where is my country?
That name has the greatest bliss!
It is not that falsehood, it is not that illusion,
that I have the Czech land as my country.

It is not a land like any land,
The voice of nature speaks to me,
and calls my heart with rejoicing—
that I, in the Czech lands am only at home.

Here I was born and raised,
brought up by a Czech mother;
she carried me next to her heart,
she bedewed me with tears of love.

Here I spent the years of my youth,
here I experienced the blessedness of Paradise;
so I call through the field, through the forest:
"I am only at home here in the Czech lands."

Here I learned to know God,
as a child is invited by its father;
here my education was reason,
and here is my paternal house.

My eye gladly gazes on it,
here are my sisters, here are my brothers;
the desire of love draws me here:
here with it, I am only at home.

MOVIMIENTO (MOVEMENT)

Jorge Drexler (b. 1964)

*Apenas nos pusimos en dos pies
Comenzamos a migrar por la sabana
Siguiendo la manada de bisontes
Más allá del horizonte
A nuevas tierras, lejanas
Los niños a la espalda y expectantes
Los ojos en alerta, todo oídos
Olfateando aquel desconcertante
paisaje nuevo, desconocido*

*Somos una especie en viaje
No tenemos pertenencias
sino equipaje
Vamos con el polen en el viento
Estamos vivos porque estamos en movimiento
Nunca estamos quietos, somos trashumantes
Somos padres, hijos, nietos
y bisnietos de inmigrantes
Es más mío le que sueño
que lo que toco*

*Yo no soy de aquí
Pero tú tampoco
De ningún lado del todo
De todos lados un poco*

As soon as we stand on our feet
We started to migrate towards the savanna
Following the herd of bison
Beyond the horizon
To new, distant lands
The children expectant on our backs
Eyes are alert, all ears
Sniffing that new unknown
baffling landscape

We're a traveling species
We don't have belongings
although we have luggage
We travel with the pollen in the wind
We're alive because we're moving
We're never still, we're nomadic
We're parents, children, grandchildren
and great-grandchildren of immigrants
What I dream belongs more to me
than what I touch

I'm not from here
But you're not either
From nowhere at all
From everywhere a little

***We crossed deserts, glaciers, continents
The entire world from one end to the other.
Stubborn, survivors.
Our sight on the wind and the currents,
Our hand firmly on the oar.
We carry our wars, our lullabies...
Our path made of verses,
Of migrations, of hunger.
And that's how it's always been,
Since the beginning.
We were the drop of water traveling
on the meteorite
We crossed galaxies, vacuums, millennia...
We were looking for oxygen,
Instead, we found dreams***

*Apenas nos pusimos en dos pies
Y nos vimos en la
sombra de la hoguera
Escuchamos la voz del desafío
Siempre miramos el río
Pensando en la otra rivera*

*Somos una especie en viaje
No tenemos pertenencias sino equipaje*

*Nunca estamos quietos, somos trashumantes
Somos padres, hijos, nietos y bisnietos de
inmigrantes*

Es más mío lo que sueño que lo que toco

*Yo no soy de aquí
Pero tú tampoco*

*De ningún lado del todo y
De todos lados un poco*

As soon as we stand on our feet
And we saw ourselves at the
shadow of the bonfire
We heard the voice of defiance
We always look at the river
Thinking about the other stream

We're a traveling species
We have no belongings but luggage

We are never still, we are nomadic
We are parents, children, grandchildren and
great-grandchildren of immigrants

What I dream is more mine than what I touch

I'm not from here
But neither do you

Nowhere at all and
From everywhere a little



N-400 ERASURE SONGS*

Melissa Dunphy (b. 1980)

3. *Change [y]our Country*

you Are Home
 this IS where you live now
 Home
 your space
 Your Time
 Your History

How many have been
 persecuted
 occupied
 arrested
 detained charged
 Have Been
 Failed
 lied to
 removed, excluded
 deported

but you did not
 f a l t e r
 you
 are willing
 you
 are true
 release
 re form
 prepare
 S t a n d Firm
 you
 are the best of u s
 you will b r e a the
 free

— Melissa Dunphy

MEET CANTUS

TENORS



JACOB CHRISTOPHER

Member Since: 2016
Hometown: Chippewa Falls, WI
Education: B.A. Vocal Performance,
Luther College



ALBERTO DE LA PAZ

Member Since: 2018
Hometown: Guadalajara, Mexico
Education: B.M.E. Choral Music
Education, University of Illinois
Urbana-Champaign



ALEXANDER NISHIBUN

Member Since: 2019
Hometown: Flaherty, KY
Education: M.M. Vocal Performance,
New England Conservatory of Music;
B.A. Music, Huntingdon College



PAUL SCHOLTZ

Member Since: 2015
Hometown: Waverly, IA
Education: B.A. English,
Luther College

BARITONES



ROD KELLY HINES

Member Since: 2021
Hometown: Detroit, MI
Education: M.M. Vocal Performance,
Georgia State University; B.A. Vocal
Performance, Claflin University



JEREMY WONG

Member Since: 2021
Hometown: Honolulu, HI
Education: M.M., Vocal Performance,
University of Hawai'i at Mano;
B.M.A., Music, DePauw University

BASSES



CHRIS FOSS

Member Since: 2008
Hometown: Council Bluffs, IA
Education: M.M. Choral Conducting,
University of Nebraska;
B.M Commercial Music, Millikin



SAMUEL GREEN

Member Since: 2013
Hometown: Webb City, MO
Education: B.M. Music Education,
University of Missouri– Kansas City

ARTISTIC COUNCIL

Alberto de la Paz

Programming

Alexander Nishibun

Production

Paul Scholtz

Communications

ADMINISTRATIVE STAFF

Joseph Heitz

Executive Director

Jacob Christopher

Tour Manager

Samuel Green

Education Outreach Coordinator

For more information contact:

Cantus | (612) 435-0046 | info@cantussings.org | cantussings.org

Cantus is managed by:

IMG Artists | (212) 994-3521 | IMGArtists.com



ABOUT CANTUS

Now in its 27th season, the “engaging” (New Yorker) low-voice ensemble Cantus is widely known for its trademark warmth and blend, innovative programming and riveting 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 come to prominence with its distinctive approach to creating music. Working without a conductor, the members of Cantus rehearse and perform *à la* chamber musicians, each contributing to the entirety of the artistic process.

Cantus enjoys a vigorous schedule of national and international touring, in addition to home concerts in Minneapolis-St. Paul, Minnesota. Cantus has performed at Lincoln Center, Kennedy Center, UCLA, San Francisco Performances, Atlanta’s Spivey Hall and Bravo! Vail Valley Music Festival.

In the 2020-21 season, Cantus stayed true to its artistic vision and commitment to innovation in the midst of the coronavirus pandemic, producing seven all-new online programs that reached audiences spanning 50 states and seven countries, and garnering praise for how “the sheer quality of singing somehow melted the barriers of online communication” (Star Tribune). The ensemble adapted its award-winning education programs to the pandemic, working virtually with high schools and universities both locally and nationally. Cantus also released its popular COVID-19 Sessions on the Signum Classics label, followed by *Manifesto*, an album of world premiere recordings of works by Ysaÿe Barnwell, David Lang, Sydney Guillaume, Libby Larsen, Sarah Kirkland Snider, and others.

Committed to the expansion of the vocal music repertoire, Cantus actively commissions new music and seeks to unearth rarely performed repertoire for low 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. In line with Cantus’ ongoing commitment to fostering new works and expanding the repertoire for tenors, baritones, and basses, the ensemble has partnered with composer and former Cantus bass Timothy C. Takach and Graphite Publishing on the Cantus Choral Series, distributing Cantus’ signature arrangements and compositions for ensembles everywhere to perform and enjoy.

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, Lorelei Ensemble, 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 20 recordings with Signum Classics as well as on the group’s self-titled label.

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 masterclass and workshop settings across the country and has visited 31 Minnesota high schools throughout the 13-year history of its award-winning High School Residency program. Cantus also presents a Young and Emerging Composers’ Competition, to encourage the creation of new repertoire through cash prizes, a performance, recording and publication of winning compositions.

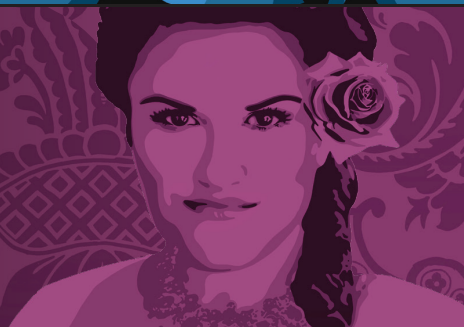
BLUE

BY JEANINE TESORI &
TAZEWEILL THOMPSON
FEBRUARY 11 & 13, 2022



LA TRAVIATA

BY GIUSEPPE VERDI
APRIL 22 & 24, 2022



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