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

Face coverings for everyone, regardless of vaccination status, are required in all indoor public spaces on the Bowling Green State University campus.
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
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 chillest 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 My journey
Gashtakat Your journey

Mano (Liberia)
Lupia My journey
Tapia Your journey

Arabic
Rechlati hiya My journey
Rechlatak Your journey

Amharic (Ethiopia)
Yene gozo My journey
Nayanka Your journey

Bosnian
Moje puto vanje My journey
Tvoje Your journey

Vietnamese
Hang djing gua toi My journey
Hang djing gua angh Your journey

Somali
Sodal keyga My journey
Io kaga 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)

Doo k’e nizin da One who does not think according to kinship.
Ch’ééna Sadness for something that was lost and will never come back.
Manaba 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)

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**Woy! Alon doulè réd’o!**
Alon doulè réd’o!
Mezanmi, woy!

Twazièm son fenk sonnen
nan Legliz Katedral;
Solèy kouche lontan
dèyè Mon Lopital…

Lanati dechennen
met tout moun anba kòd.

Gro kolòn, ti poto
tounen pouisiè ak sann.

Jezi, Mari, Josèf…
Gras’ a Mizerikôd…

Lanati dechennen
met tout moun anba kòd.

Nou wè, nou pa konprann,
Sa rive sanzantann.
Latè tranble!
Latè tranble pi réd 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 réd’o,
Mare senti’w sere.

Ayiti! Ayiti!
Ou se yon famn 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’mi 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!

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**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…

Rubberneckers 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, Rubberneckers!
Don’t even try, schemers!
I swear to you,
Haiti will not perish!
Dhalashada afkaygiyo
Dhigashada fartaydaan
Kaga baxay dhibaatoon
Hawlihii ku dhaafee,
Iyadaa dhaqaalaha
Dhidibbada u aastoo
Dheelliga u diidaye,
Dhulka wadajirkiisaana
Iyadaa dhammeysee.

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, maqal!
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!
1. **N-400 (an erasure)**

i. notice: any immigration notice: hearing notice: see 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 a time time again time time date and time

xii. resubmit resubmit resubmit

xiii. please

xiv. you will never belong

--- Laurel Chen
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.
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*

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

*Que calentito, y rico esta (traigo maní)*
*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*
*Acerca 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 cucuricho 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!
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 srdeč mě 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 zvá;
Zde můj vzděláván byl rozum
a zde je můj otcovský dům.

Na něj oko mé rádo patří,
zdě 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.
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
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
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

but you did not
fail
eyou
are willing
you
are true
release
re form
prepare
Stand Firm
you
are the best of us
you will be a the free

– Melissa Dunphy
MEET CANTUS

**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
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 as 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 Ysaïe 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.
Bowling Green State University would like to thank our media sponsor