

But Beautiful

Jimmy Van Heusen
arr. Paul John Rudoï

Lux Aurumque*

Eric Whitacre

Little Potato

Malcolm Dalglish

23rd Psalm (dedicated to my mother)*

Bobby McFerrin

Tango With God

(Premiere)
Ysaye Barnwell

Sim Shalom

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(from *Southern Harmony*)
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Those Clouds Are Heavy, You Dig?

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Zikr*

A. R. Rahman
arr. Ethan Sperry

To My Brother

(Premiere)
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A. R. Rahman
arr. Ethan Sperry

BUT BEAUTIFUL

Jimmy Van Heusen (1913-1990)

arr. Paul John Rudoi

MANUSCRIPT

Love is funny, or it's sad
Or it's quiet, or it's mad
It's a good thing or it's bad
But beautiful.

Beautiful to take a chance
And if you fall you fall
And I'm thinking I wouldn't mind at all.

– *Johnny Burke (1908-1964)*

Love is tearful, or it's gay
It's a problem or it's play
It's a heartache either way
But beautiful.

And I'm thinking if you were mine
I'd never let you go
And that would be but beautiful I know.

LUX AURUMQUE

Eric Whitacre (b. 1970)

WALTON MUSIC

*Lux,
Calida gravisque pura velut aurum
Et canunt angeli molliter
Modo natum.*

– *Translated into Latin by Charles Anthony Silvestri*

Light,
Warm and heavy as pure gold
And the angels sing softly
To the new-born babe.

– *Edward Esch*

LITTLE POTATO

Malcolm Dalglish (b. 1952)

OOLITIC MUSIC

You're my little potato.
They dug you up.
You come from underground.

The world is big, so big, it's very big
To you, it's new, it's new to you.

Let's talk about root crops (they dug you up),
and lamb chops (they chew on you),
and things to eat, like apples
and cheese and 'nanas and cream,
jellies and butter.

It's late at night, I hope this little bottle helps
you go to sleep.

They must have grown you wild.
You make a grown man a child.
I'll go and play in the mud
to be with you my spud.
Potato, when you came out looking red as a beet,
You had wrinkles on the bottoms of your feet.

Oh, now you are so sweet, potato.
You're my sweet potato.
Dug you up.
You come from underground.

You smile, a smile, a little smile.
The world is small, so small, it's very small.

– *Malcolm Dalglish (b. 1952)*

23RD PSALM (DEDICATED TO MY MOTHER)

Bobby McFerrin (b. 1950)

PROB NOBLEM MUSIC

The Lord is my Shepherd
I have all I need,
She makes me lie down in green meadows,
Beside the still waters,
She will lead.

She restores my soul,
She rights my wrongs,
She leads me in a path of good things,
And fills my heart with songs.

Even though I walk through a
dark and dreary land,
There is nothing that can shake me,
She has said, She won't forsake me,
I'm in Her hand.

She sets a table before me,
in the presence of my foes,
She anoints my head with oil,
And my cup overflows.

Surely, surely goodness and kindness
will follow me,
All the days of my life,
And I will live in Her house,
Forever, forever and ever.

Glory be to our Mother, and Daughter,
And to the Holy of Holies,
As it was in the beginning,
is now and ever shall be,
World, without end. Amen.

– Bobby McFerrin, *after Psalm 23*

TANGO WITH GOD

Ysaye Barnwell (b. 1946)

MANUSCRIPT

Commissioned by Cantus

My Lord God,
I have no idea where I am going,
I do not see the road ahead of me.
I cannot know for certain where it will end,
Nor do I really know myself.

And the fact that I think that I am following
your will
Does not mean that I am actually doing so.

I believe that my desire to please you does in
fact please you,
And I hope that I have this desire in all that I
am doing.

And I know that if I do this,
You will lead me by the right road
And I will trust you always,
Though I may seem to be lost and in the
shadow of death

I will not fear,
For you are ever with me,
And never will you leave me
To face my perils alone.

– Thomas Merton (1915-1968)

SIM SHALOM, OP. 159, NO. 1

Joseph Willcox Jenkins (1928-2014)

MANUSCRIPT

*Sim shalom tova v'racha
Chein vachessed v'rachamim
Aleinu v'al kol Yisrael, amecha*

–Traditional Hebrew Blessing

Grant peace, goodness, and blessing,
Grace, loving kindness, and compassion
To us and all your people, Israel.

FOUR SMALL PRAYERS OF ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI III. LORD, I PRAY YOU

Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)

SALABERT EDITIONS

*Seigneur, je vous en prie,
que la force brûlante et douce
de votre amour absorbe mon âme
et la retire de tout
ce qui est sous le ciel,
afin que je meure
par amour de votre amour;
puisque vous avez daigné mourir
par amour de mon amour.*

– St. Francis of Assisi (1181-1226)

– Sung in French

Lord, I pray you
That the burning and gentle force
of your love consume my soul
and remove it from all
that is less than heavenly,
so that I may die
for the sake of your love,
since you have deigned to die
for the sake of my love.

WONDROUS LOVE

William Walker (1809-1875)

from *Southern Harmony*, 1840

What wondrous love is this, O my soul!
What wondrous love is this
That caused the Lord of bliss
To bear the dreadful curse, for my soul.

When I was sinking down, sinking down.
When I was sinking down
Beneath God's righteous frown,
Christ laid aside his crown for my soul.

Ye winged seraphs, fly! Bear the news!
Ye winged seraphs fly,
Like comets through the sky,
Fill vast eternity with the news!

And when from death we're free, we'll sing on.
And when from death we're free,
We'll sing and joyful be.
Through vast eternity we'll sing on.

– attributed to Alexander Means
(from *The Hesperian Harp*)

THOSE CLOUDS ARE HEAVY, YOU DIG?**Kurt Elling (b. 1967)**

Based on the Dave Brubeck and Paul Desmond song "Audrey"

MANUSCRIPT

Once upon a time a cloud, a little cloud,
 Gathered her friends together and began to
 say aloud,
 "Friends, we can't find God. Isn't it odd?"

And they all agreed it was very odd indeed,
 To blow about the sky like a brainless seed.
 "Something's really gone awry when older
 clouds oversimplify
 when they say that it's just another day.

It's imperative we be somewhat more truly
 demonstrative in becoming provocative.
 Our parents neglect God, it's true – all their
 world is askew.

They go about bickering and scheme of
 possessing things
 As though they own us, too, and own all that
 we do.
 Yet they can't understand just how foolish it
 is to build a house on sinking sand.

And when we cry
 they say, 'Oh my!
 You'll grow out of it soon
 and start singing a grown-up tune."

So the clouds made a vow,
 Since the grown-ups had lost God, somehow.
 They would pick something out that would
 keep them aware
 That they could take with them anywhere
 Like a lock of hair, or a pear; not an animal,
 or too big.

So the little ones looked around and up and
 down and in and out and came up with a list:
 They had a feather, erasers and string
 pebbles and pen knives and pieces of things
 that they found in their pockets to spare
 and which they began to compare.

But the shiniest object, when looking them
 over, the thimble was brightest
 and so they decided the thimble was rightest
 for taking along and for knowing God was
 staying long and in their every day.

They knew where to find
 their peace of mind
 playing a game of tag or "fame"
 they simply had to call out the thimble's name.

Then, one day, the smallest
 cloud took a big fall and
 dropped the thimble from her hand.
 And God turned to sand.

Just then, a wise old evening cloud
 happened along
 And he asked the little cloud, "What's wrong?"
 And the little cloud replied, "God's gone."

But the older cloud knew right away,
 So he said to the little one,
 "Here's your thimble. I found it today."

– *Kurt Elling, based on the short story, How
 the Thimble Came to be God, by R.M. Rilke*

ZIKR

A. R. Rahman (b. 1967)

arr. Ethan Sperry

MANUSCRIPT

Light of Muhammad, may peace be upon him. There is no other truth except Allah.

O, those of you who are thirsting, come, the Oneness of Allah calls you!

There is no action superior to Zikr. This is the saying of the prophet of Allah!

Zikr is Peace, Zikr is Victory, Zikr is Healing, Zikr is the Cure.

Allah is the only Eternal and Immortal – all else perishes and is returned to Him.

Light of Muhammad, may peace be upon him. There is no other truth except Allah.

In every flower, in every soul, in every creation is the Light of Allah.

May Allah's Zikr stay in every single heart and every single moment.

Zikr is better than hatred. Zikr is better than ignorance.

Zikr is better than desires. Zikr is better than back biting.

Light of Muhammad, may peace be upon him. There is no other truth except Allah.

O you the Amazing, O you the Eternal, O you the Beginning, O you the End.

O you the Forebearing, O you the Gracious, O you the Greatest, O you the Merciful.

O you the Benificent, O you the Great.

O you who teaches us to read.

Light of Muhammad, may peace be upon him. There is no other truth except Allah.

– *Sufi Prayer*

In every flower,
 in every soul,
 in every creation
 is the Light of Allah.

TO MY BROTHER

Joseph Gregorio (b. 1979)

ARETÉ MUSIC IMPRINTS

Commissioned by Cantus

I was browsing at the newsstand and I saw you.
I always do a brief glimpse at a life with none
of the detail.

I'm not sure when I first realized the rainbow
colored elephant;

It was just something we left dangling in the air,
Unsaid, an unbreakable barrier.

I never really told you how much I admired you.
I always thought that, between us, you were
the stronger one.

When I was biking a mile, you were unicycling two.

Where I was shy, you were fearless

When I imagined your future, I saw the world
at your feet.

You were one noisy kid.

I remember walking inside

And the most beautiful sounds of

Tchaikovsky and Mozart

Would waft through every room.

It is so quiet now.

You were youth, potential just beginning to unfold.

You were beauty, fleeting and marvelous.

I know there was pain, and I'm sorry for that,

But you were joy, too.

You were so easy to love, with your kind eyes
and gentle heart.

You will always be my sweet tender little brother.

Your voice, your smile, tiny hands clinging to mine.

I will never let go.

—James Clementi

I always thought that, between us,
you were the stronger one. . .

Where I was shy,
you were fearless.

When I imagined your future,
I saw the world at your feet.

THE TURNING**III. IF I COULD SAY****Maura Bosch (b. 1958)**

MANUSCRIPT

Commissioned by Cantus

It was her twenty-ninth birthday in three days.
 I was outside playing, she was inside, in her room.
 She had a heart attack.
 The last thing I said before I went out, it was just lucky I guess,
 I know I said, I love you, I love you very much.

If I could see her now,
 I would start up right where I left off.
 I would say to her, if I could say
 I love you, I love you very much.

And then, I would say: look I've grown.
 Look, you have two grandsons now.
 And then I would say: look at the tree
 You planted so long ago, it shades the whole house now.

– *Text compiled by Maura Bosch (b. 1958)*

The last thing I said
 before I went out,
 it was just lucky I guess,
 I know I said, I love you,
 I love you very much.

WANTING MEMORIES**Ysaye Barnwell (b. 1946)**

THE MUSICAL SOURCE

I am sitting here wanting memories to teach me,
 to see the beauty in the world through my own eyes.
 You used to rock me in the cradle of your arms,
 You said you'd hold me 'til the pains of life were gone.
 You said you'd comfort me in times like these and now I need you,
 Now I need you, and you are gone.

Since you've gone and left me, there's been so little beauty,
 But I know I saw it clearly through your eyes.
 Now the world outside is such a cold and bitter place.
 Here inside I have few things that will console.
 And when I try to hear your voice above the storms of life,
 Then I remember that I was told.

I think on the things that made me feel so wonderful when I was young.
 I think on the things that made me laugh, made me dance, made me sing.
 I think on the things that made me grow into a being full of pride.
 Think on these things, for they are true.

I thought that you were gone, but now I know you're with me,
 You are the voice that whispers all I need to hear.
 I know a please, a thank you, and a smile will take me far.
 I know that I am you and you are me, and we are one.
 I know that who I am is numbered in each grain of sand.
 I know that I've been blessed again, and over again.

– *Ysaye Barnwell (b. 1946)*

You are the voice that whispers
 all I need to hear.

PHILIA

Roger Treece

MANUSCRIPT

Commissioned by Cantus

To share, two share,
two souls one mission,
a common quest.
Two hearts, one passion,
two men, one test:
we're friends.

Two souls, one passion,
two men, one mission,
one vision to share.

Never a treasure or a query unworthy to share,
ever challenging answers ever bringing
a moment of truth to bear.
Our sacred beliefs uniting,
every facet of thought igniting,
like the iron on iron striking,
ever sharpening and refining,
ever friends.

Now one world to discover,
one truth with you to uncover,
one query now to pursue,
one sacred journey for two.

One road, to come along beside,
a world - discover, truth - uncover,
like iron striking iron,
a friend refines a friend.

A tandem quest, a journey for two,
one yoke, one test, one dream to pursue,
two men, one mission,
two minds, one vision,
a journey for two into a shared fascination!

– Roger Treece

(Latin text sung in tandem with English text)

*Vobis et quod amamus
Privatas Trinitas rumpitur
Amici sumus*

*Qui amicus est?
Ferrum ferro acuitur
homo exacuit faciem amici*

Translation:
You, Me and the thing we love
Our private trinity, not easily broken
We're friends

Who is a friend?
As iron sharpens iron
so a friend sharpens a friend

ABSCHIEDSGESANG, WoO 102 (FAREWELL SONG)**Ludwig van Beethoven (1770-1827)**

CHORAL PUBLIC DOMAIN LIBRARY

*Die Stunde schlägt, wir müssen scheiden,
bald sucht vergebens dich mein Blick;
am Busen ländlich stiller Freuden
erringst du dir ein neues Glück.
Geliebter Freund! du bleibst uns theuer,
ging auch die Reise nach dem Belt;
doch ist zum guten Glück Stadt Steyer,
noch nicht am Ende dieser Welt.*

*Und kommen die Freunde um dich zu besuchen,
so sei nur hübsch freundlich und back' ihnen Kuchen,
auch werden, so wie sich's für Deutsche gehört,
auf's Wohlsein der Gäste die Humpen geleert.
Dann bringen wir froh im gezuckerten Weine
ein Gläschen dem ewigen
Freundschaftsvereine,
dein Töchterlein mache den Ganymed,
ich weiss, dass sie gerne dazu sich versteht,*

*Die Stunde schlägt, wir müssen scheiden,
bald sucht vergebens dich mein Blick;
am Busen ländlich stiller Freuden
erringst du dir ein neues Glück.
Geliebter Bruder! Lebe wohl!*

– Ignaz von Seyfried (1776-1841)

– Sung in German

The hour strikes, we must part,
soon you will leave my sight;
but you will find a new happiness
in the bosom of rural, quiet pleasures.
Beloved friend! You remain dear to us,
despite the journey to the Belt;
For good luck, the city of Steyer
is not yet at the end of the world.

And your friends will come visit you,
if only mostly friendly, and after cake,
also they, as Germans should,
because of the well-being of guests,
empty the tankards!
Then we will gladly return the sugared wine,
a glass of the eternal friendship,
your daughter doing the Ganymede,
I know they would like to be understood.

The hour strikes, we must part,
soon you will leave my sight;
but you will find a new happiness
in the bosom of rural, quiet pleasures.
Beloved brother! Farewell!

The hour strikes, we must part,
soon you will leave my sight

WHEN I WOULD MUSE IN BOYHOOD

Richard Peaslee (b. 1930)

E.C. SCHIRMER

When I would muse in boyhood
 The wild green woods among,
 And nurse resolves and fancies
 Because the world was young,
 It was not foes to conquer,
 Nor sweethearts to be kind,
 But it was friends to die for
 That I would seek and find.

I sought them and I found them,
 The sure, the straight, the brave,
 The hearts I lost my own to,
 The souls I could not save.
 They braced their belts around them,
 They crossed in ships the sea,
 They sought and found six feet of ground,
 And there they died for me.

– *Alfred Edward Housman (1859-1936)*

BROTHERS, SING ON!

Edvard Grieg (1843-1907)

arr. Howard McKinney

BELWIN MILLS

Come and let our swelling song
 Mount like the whirling wind,
 As it meets our singing throng,
 So blithe of heart and mind.
 Care and sorrow now be gone,
 Brothers in song, sing on! Brothers, sing on!

Errant minstrels, thus we greet you,
 List to our voices strong,
 With glad and open hearts we meet you
 In our festival of song.
 Care and sorrow now be gone,
 Brothers in song sing on! Brothers, sing on!

– *Herbert Dalmas (1902-1989)*

Youth is a wandering troubadour,
 Sailing the singing breeze,
 Wooing a maid on a distant shore,
 Over the tossing seas;
 Steering by the stars above,
 His vessel a song of love. Brothers, sing on!

Care and sorrow now be gone,
 Brothers in song, sing on!

SIX PIECES FOR MALE CHORUS, OP. 35, NO. 6 VERBUNDENHEIT (OBLIGATION)

Arnold Schoenberg (1874-1951)

BOOSEY & HAWKES

*Man hilft zur Welt dir kommen,—Sei gesegnet!
man gräbt ein Grab für dich,—Ruhe sanft!
man flickt die Wunden di rim Spital,—Gute Bessrung!
löscht dein Haus, zieht dich aus dem Wasser—Fürchte nichts,
du hast selbst doch auch mit andern Mitleid!—Hilfe naht, du bist nicht allein!*

*Du läßt den Greis nicht liegen,—fällst einst selbst so,
du hebst die Last des Schwachen,—ohne Lohn,
du hemmst im Laufe das scheue Pferd,—schonst dich selbst nicht,
wehrst dem Dieb, schütztst des Nachbarn Leben—ohne Zögern brings du Hilfe:
leugne doch, daß du auch dazu gehörst!—bleibst nicht allein.*

– Arnold Schoenberg (1874-1951)

– Sung in German

Translation:

Your birth with care is tended,—Blessings on thee!
A grave is dug for you,—Rest in peace!
Your wounds are nursed in the hospital,—Quick recovery!
Quenched thy fires, thyself saved from drowning,—Have no fear.
You, yourself, have compassion for others,—Help is near, you are not alone!

You do not lie low in old age,—though you may fall,
You bear the load of helpless—asking nothing,
You stand the rush of the frightened horse,—sparing yourself not,
You stop thieves and guard your neighbor's welfare,—undeterred, you lend your assistance.
Can you deny, that you, too, belong here?—you are not alone!

– Translation by D. Millar Craig and Adolph Weiss

LAST LETTER HOME

Lee Hoiby (1926-2011)

ROCK VALLEY MUSIC Co.

Commissioned by Cantus

My Family,

I searched all my life for a dream and I found it in you. I would like to think that I made a positive difference in your lives. I will never be able to make up for the bad. I am so sorry. The happiest moments in my life all deal with my little family. I will always have with me the small moments we all shared. The moments when you quit taking life so serious and smiled. The sound of a beautiful boys laughter or the simple nudge of a baby unborn. You will never know how complete you have made me. You opened my eyes to a world I never dreamed existed.

Dakota you are more son than I could ever ask for. You have a big, beautiful heart. I will always be there in our park when you dream so we can still play. I hope someday you will have a son like mine. I love you, Toad. I will always be there with you. I'll be in the sun, shadows, dreams, and joys of your life.

Bean, I never got to see you but I know in my heart you are beautiful.

I have never been so blessed as the day I met Melissa Dawn Benfield. You are my angel, soul mate, wife, lover, and best friend. I am so sorry. I did not want to have to write this letter. There is so much more I need to say, so much more I need to share. A lifetime's worth. I married you for a million lifetimes. That's how long I will be with you. Please find it in your heart to forgive me for leaving you alone.

Do me one favor, after you tuck the children in, give them hugs and kisses from me. Go outside and look at the stars and count them. Don't forget to smile.

Love Always,
Your husband,
Jess

– *U.S. Army Private First-Class Jesse Givens (1969-2003)*

CEANN DUBH DÍLIS (SWEET DARK HEAD)

Michael McGlynn (b. 1964)

WARNER CHAPPELL MUSIC

*A chinn duibh dhílis dhílis dhílis cuir do lámh
mbín gheal tharam anall*

*A bhéilín meala, 'bhfuil boladh na tíme air, is
duine gan chroí nach dtabharfadh duit grá
Tá cailín' ar an mbaile se'ar buile 's ar buaireamb
ag tarraingt a ngruaige 'sá lígean le gaoith,
Ar mo shonsa, an scafaire is fearr ins na tuatha, ach
do thréigfinn an méid sin ar rún dil mo chroí
Is cuir do cheann dilis dilis dilis cuir do cheann
dilís tharam anall*

*A bhéilín meala, 'bhfuil boladh na tíme air, is
duine gan chroí nach dtabharfadh duit grá*

– Traditional, Irish

– Sung in Gaelic

MANIFESTO

David Lang (b. 1957)

G. SCHIRMER, INC.

Commissioned by Cantus

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

My sweet dark haired love put your pale, soft
hand around me now

Mouth of honey, that has the smell of thyme,
it is a man without heart that would not love you.
The girls of this town that are furious pulling
their hair and letting it blow in the wind for me,
The best man in the countryside, but I would
ditch them all for my heart's love.

Lay your sweet head, lay your sweet
head on me.

Mouth of honey, that has the smell of thyme,
it is a man without heart that would not love you.

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

– Text compiled by David Lang (b. 1957)

THEIR HEARTS WERE FULL OF SPRING

Bobby Troup (1918-1999)

MANUSCRIPT

There's a story told of a very gentle boy
and the girl who wore his ring.
Through the wintry snow, the world they knew was warm,
for their hearts were full of spring.

As the days grew old and the nights passed into time,
and the weeks and years took wing,
gentle boy, tender girl, their love remained still young,
for their hearts were full of spring.

Then one day they died, and their graves were side by side,
on a hill where robins sing.
And they say violets grow there the whole year 'round,
for their hearts were full of spring.

– Bobby Troup (1918-1999)

WEDDING QAWWALI

A. R. Rahman (b. 1967)

arr. **Ethan Sperry**

EARTHSONGS

Mubaraqa!

Sohna mera sohnā, maahi sohnā

*Mera rang de lalaariya
Rang de dupatta mera, rang de lalaariya
Mere hathon me laga de rang mehendi lalaariya*

*Mil gaya, mujhe mil gaya
Rahmaton ka rang khil gaya
Sab gale mile shagun manye e
Sajna ke geet sunaye e
Paraji Pera Liya*

– Sukhwinder Singh (b. 1971)

– Sung in Punjabi

Congratulations!

My darling is like gold

Color me red
Color my veil in red
Apply red henna to my palms

I have found
All my prayers are blooming in color
Let's all embrace and follow the rituals
Let's sing songs for my beloved
With our scarves flowing under our legs

Commissions:

Ysaye Barnwell's "Tango with God," Joseph Gregorio's "To My Brother" and Roger Treece's "Philia" were commissioned by Cantus with funding from 143 supporters through a Kickstarter campaign and a gift from special friends of Cantus.

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