

▶▶▶ CO-PRESENTED BY THE LINCOLN CENTER AND COLORADO STATE UNIVERSITY ◀◀◀

C L A S S I C A L CONVERGENCE

THIRD COAST PERCUSSION

Hailed by *The New Yorker* as "superb," this group explores and expands the sonic possibilities of the percussion repertoire.

MARCH 1, 7:30 P.M. ORGAN RECITAL HALL,
UNIVERSITY CENTER FOR THE ARTS

LCTIX.COM



CLASSICAL CONVERGENCE SERIES SPONSORS



GRIFFIN CONCERT HALL / UNIVERSITY CENTER FOR THE ARTS

▶▶▶ CO-PRESENTED BY THE LINCOLN CENTER AND COLORADO STATE UNIVERSITY ◀◀◀

C L A S S I C A L CONVERGENCE

CANTUS

NO GREATER LOVE THAN THIS

FEBRUARY 2, 7:30 P.M.



the LINCOLN center

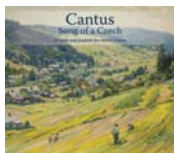
Colorado State University
SCHOOL OF MUSIC, THEATRE AND DANCE

FEATURED RECORDINGS



A HARVEST HOME

For years, public radio listeners around the country have celebrated “Thanksgiving with Cantus” with American Public Media. The latest Cantus recording features beloved songs celebrating the joy of the holiday. *A Harvest Home* includes original arrangements of favorite hymns, American folk tunes as well as pieces by Ysaye Barnwell, Byron Adams, Edvard Grieg and Randall Thompson.



SONG OF A CZECH: DVOŘÁK AND JANÁČEK FOR MEN'S VOICES

Song of a Czech, focuses on the works of Antonín Dvořák and Leoš Janáček, who were two giants of Czech musical history, as well as great personal friends. Both wrote music for male chorus, taking similar inspiration from folksongs of their native lands of Bohemia and Moravia. In this new recording, Cantus uncovers these fascinating and rarely recorded treasures of the choral canon.



ON THE SHOULDERS OF GIANTS

There are artists who have left an indelible mark in music with works that are both timeless and instantly recognizable. Including repertoire that spans nearly a thousand years from “Sederunt”—one of the first known works of polyphony—to U2’s “MLK,” along with works by Sibelius, Mendelssohn, Schubert and Randall Thompson, Cantus delivers performances with its trademark warmth and blend.



CHRISTMAS WITH CANTUS

In their newest holiday recording, the men of Cantus bring the sounds of the holidays to you and your family. Including audience favorites “Do You Hear What I Hear,” “Carol of the Bells,” “Noël Nouvellet,” “Have Yourself a Merry Little Christmas” and, of course, the Franz Biebl “Ave Maria,” this collection of songs old and new is full of light and life.



THAT ETERNAL DAY

This recording is a wonderful collection of American sacred music. Including audience favorites “There’s a Meetin’ Here Tonight,” “Wanting Memories” and Bobby McFerrin’s “The 23rd Psalm (dedicated to my mother),” this program of music is emotionally invigorating and musically fulfilling. New arrangements of “Keep Your Lamps” and “Simple Gifts” alongside pieces by William Billings, Moses Hogan, and Paul Manz are a comfort to the soul.



WHILE YOU ARE ALIVE

Featuring works by Eric Whitacre, Steven Sametz and four world premiere recordings, *While You Are Alive* celebrates living composers through a gorgeous marriage of poetry and music. *The American Record Guide* comments on the recording, “Cantus sounds terrific in this program of contemporary fare where several of the works have been chosen to capture the sumptuous lyricism these singers summon up so routinely. There’s a lot here you’re not going to want to miss.”

THESE AND OTHER CANTUS RECORDINGS ARE AVAILABLE AT CANTUSSINGS.ORG



No Greater Love Than This

In Flanders Fields

Christine Donkin

We're In the Army Now

Isham Jones

Over There

George M. Cohan

Goodbye-ee

R.P. Weston and Bert Lee

Ach, Vojna! (Ah, the Army!)*

Leoš Janáček

In the Army Now

Bolland & Bolland

Songs of War and Protest

Medley arranged by Chris Foss

When I Would Muse in Boyhood

Richard Peaslee

Five Ways to Kill a Man

Bob Chilcott

Luceat Eis

Timothy C. Takach

Goin' Home*

Antonín Dvořák

— INTERMISSION —

Army Life

Medley arranged by Chris Foss

Last Letter Home*

Lee Hoiby

Eternal Father, Strong to Save

William Whiting

Beneath Thin Blanket

Jeff Beal

What do you think I fought for at Omaha Beach?

Melissa Dunphy

Waitin' for the Dawn of Peace

Arranged by Ron Jeffers

Imagine

John Lennon

*This work can be found on a Cantus recording.

IN FLANDERS FIELDS

Christine Donkin (b. 1976)

GRAPHITE PUBLISHING

In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place, and in the sky,
The larks, still bravely singing, fly,
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the dead; short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe!
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high!
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.

– Lt.-Col. John McCrae (1872–1918)

WE'RE IN THE ARMY NOW

Isham Jones (1894–1956)

MANUSCRIPT

From the looks of things we've got to
join the army
Uncle Sammy means to do just what he says.
It won't be long before we're in the trenches,
a-fighting for the dear old USA.

We're in the army now.
We're not behind the plow.
We'll never get rich by diggin' a ditch,
We're in the army now.

We're in the army now.
Suppose you wonder how.

Now don't you fear, you'll soon be here,
We're in the army now.

We're in the army now.
We're not behind the plow.
We'll do our share, no matter where
We're in the army now.

We're in the army now.
Suppose you wonder how.
Our USA needs us today,
We're in the army now.

– Tell Taylor (1876–1937) and Ole Olsen
(1892–1963)

It won't be long before
we're in the trenches,
a-fighting for the dear old USA.

in a live webcast for WQXR, with Carnegie Hall Neighborhood Concerts and for Music Mondays, as well as in Denver, Tucson, Detroit, Washington DC, and during the ensemble's first visit to Colombia (South America).

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. In addition to *The Four Loves* composers Lang, Treece, Barnwell and Gregorio, Cantus has commissioned Sarah Kirkland Snider, Nico Muhly and Byron Adams. Cantus has received commissioning grants from the National Endowment for the Arts, Chorus America, American Composers Forum and Chamber Music America.

In the fall of 2016, Cantus will launch their 2016-17 touring program *No Greater Love Than This* with appearances in 30 cities nationwide including New York, Dallas, Phoenix and Southern California. The program addresses the camaraderie, bravery, honor, elation, loss and longing common to all soldiers in times of both peace and war; and emotions shared between loved-ones at home and across entire nations. Cantus delves into the bonds that have defined those willing to lay down their lives for others with repertoire by Lee Hoiby, Bob Chilcott, William Billings, Irving Berlin, rarely performed songs for men's voices by Dvořák and Janáček and a new commission by Byron Adams.

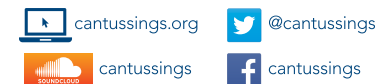
Cantus has a rich history of collaborations with other performing arts organizations, including the Minnesota Orchestra, Saint Paul Chamber Orchestra, the Boston Pops, the Guthrie Theater, Theater Latté Da and the James Sewell Ballet. The ensemble is heard frequently on classical and public radio nationwide as regular guests on *A Prairie Home Companion* with Garrison Keillor and on *Performance Today*.

Cantus has released 17 full-length recordings as well as the recent EP *Anthem* on the group's self-titled label. They also maintain a rich collection of live recordings on both their Soundcloud and YouTube pages.

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 (2009) and the Education Outreach Award (2011). Cantus was also the 2010-2011 Artist in Residence on Minnesota Public Radio and 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 eighth year, the award-winning High School Residency program brings Cantus into Minnesota schools several times a year for mentoring, with a culminating public concert in the spring.

CONNECT WITH US!



FOR INFORMATION CONTACT:

Cantus
612.435.0046
info@cantussings.org
cantussings.org

CANTUS IS MANAGED BY:

Alliance Artist Management
212.304.3538
allianceartistmanagement.com



CANTUS: INSPIRING THROUGH SONG

The “intellectually, emotionally and musically rich” (*Star Tribune*) men’s vocal ensemble Cantus is widely known for its trademark warmth and blend, innovative programming and its engaging 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.

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. This collaborative work style allows Cantus to be flexible, adaptive and ready to embrace

new ideas. The performance—whether in a recording or in a live concert—is one that would be entirely impossible without the artistic involvement of the entire ensemble.

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 on the stages of Lincoln Center, Kennedy Center, UCLA, San Francisco Performances, Atlanta’s Spivey Hall and Bravo! Vail Valley Music Festival. During the 2015-16 season Cantus presented their “cogent and well-executed” (*Pioneer Press*) touring program *The Four Loves* – featuring four Cantus commissions for each of the four different loves by Pulitzer Prize winner David Lang, Roger Treece, Joseph Gregorio and Ysaye Barnwell – in New York at The Jerome L. Greene Performance Space

OVER THERE

George M. Cohan (1878–1942)

MANUSCRIPT

Johnny get your gun, get your gun, get your gun.
Take it on the run, on the run, on the run.
Hear them callin’ you and me,
Every son of liberty.
Hurry right away, no delay, go today.
Make your daddy glad to have had such a lad.
Tell your sweetheart not to pine,
To be proud her boy’s in line.

Over there, over there,
Send the word, send the word over there.
That the Yanks are coming,
the Yanks are coming,
The drums rum-tumming everywhere.
So prepare, say a prayer,
Send the word, send the word to beware.
We’ll be over, we’re coming over,
And we won’t come back ‘til it’s over, over there.

Johnny, get your gun, get your gun,
get your gun.
Johnny, show the Hun you’re a son-of-a-gun.
Hoist the flag and let her fly
Yankee Doodle do or die.
Pack your little kit, show your grit,
do your bit.
Yankees to the ranks from the towns
and the tanks.
Make your Mother proud of you
And the old red, white, and blue.

– George M. Cohan (1878–1942)

Make your Mother proud of you
And the old red, white, and blue.

GOODBYE-EE

R.P. Weston (1878–1936) and Bert Lee (1880–1946)

MANUSCRIPT

Brother Bertie went away
To do his bit the other day
With a smile on his lips
And his Lieutenant’s pips
Upon his shoulder bright and gay.
As the train moved out he said,
“Remember me to all the birds!”
Then he wagg’d his paw
And went away to war
Shouting out these pathetic words:

“Goodbye-ee, goodbye-ee,
Wipe the tear, baby dear, from your eye-ee!
Tho’ it’s hard to part I know,
I’ll be tickled to death to go.
Don’t cry-ee, don’t sigh-ee,
There’s a silver lining in the sky-ee,
Bonsoir, old thing, cheer-i-o, chin, chin,
Nap-poo, too-dle-oo,
Goodbye-ee.”

– R.P. Weston (1878–1936) and
Bert Lee (1880–1946)

ACH, VOJNA! (AH, THE ARMY!)

Leoš Janáček (1854–1928)

EDITIO SUPRAPHON

*Ach vojna, nečasná vojna,
dyž na ňu jít musím.*

*Sama královna a císařovna do Moravy psala,
aby Janoška do vojny dostala.*

*U bílej vody Janošek stojí,
hlavěnka ho bolí.*

*Janičku, nestoj, koníčky nastroj,
pojedeš do vojny.*

Já nepojedu, hlavěnka mě bolí.

*Moja hlavěnka všecka porubaná;
moja galánka všecka uplakaná.*

*Ach vojna, nečasná vojna,
dyž na ňu jít musím.*

Mám hezké děvče, opustit je musím

– Folk Poetry

Oh army, army
That wretched army
Into which they draft me.
Our empress summoned me,
Wrote with her own hand
Into her army she has ordered Johnny

By foaming waters, Johnny stands waiting,
His poor head is aching.
Don't stand there Johnny,
Saddle the horses,
You must join the army.

No, I shall not ride,
How my head is aching;
Painful the feeling
Under which I'm reeling,
My lass is weeping,
And her heart is breaking.

My girl's a beauty,
How I hate my duty.

IN THE ARMY NOW

Bolland & Bolland

MANUSCRIPT

A vacation in the foreign land
Uncle Sam does the best he can
You're in the army now,
You're in the army...now
Now you remember what the draftman said:
"Nothin' to do all day but stay in bed"
You're in the army now
You're in the army...now

You'll be the hero of the neighborhood,
Nobody knows that you've left for good
You're in the army now
You're in the army...now.
Smiling faces as you wait to land,
But once you get there no one gives a damn
You're in the army now
You're in the army...now

Hand grenades flying over your head...
Missiles flying over your head
if you want to survive
get out of bed
You're in the army now
You're in the army...now.
Shots ring out in the dead of night,
The sergeant calls, "Stand up and fight!"
You're in the army now
You're in the army...now.

You've got your orders
better shoot on sight,
Your finger's on the trigger
But it don't seem right
You're in the army now
You're in the army...now.
Night is falling and you just can't see,
is this illusion or reality?
You're in the army now
You're in the army...now.

– Rob Bolland (b. 1955) and
Ferdinand Bolland (b. 1956)

CANTUS

TENORS



Jacob Christopher

MEMBER SINCE: 2016

HOMETOWN: Chippewa Falls, WI

EDUCATION: BA Music,

Luther College



Zachary Colby

MEMBER SINCE: 2014

HOMETOWN: Crown Point, IN

EDUCATION: DMA and MM Vocal
Performance, University of Minnesota;

BM Music Education, Butler University



Adam Fieldson

MEMBER SINCE: 2015

HOMETOWN: Lincoln, NE

EDUCATION: MM and BM

Vocal Performance, University of

Nebraska – Lincoln



Nick Karageorgiou

MEMBER SINCE: 2017

HOMETOWN: Burnsville, MN

EDUCATION: BM Vocal

Performance, Indiana University

BARITONES



David Geist

MEMBER SINCE: 2016

HOMETOWN: Burnsville, MN

EDUCATION: MM Vocal Performance,

University of Oklahoma;

BA Vocal Performance, Luther College



Matthew Goinz

MEMBER SINCE: 2014

HOMETOWN: Bemidji, MN

EDUCATION: MM Choral

Conducting, University of

Arizona; BA Vocal Performance,

Bemidji State University

BASSES



Chris Foss

MEMBER SINCE: 2008

HOMETOWN: Council Bluffs, IA

EDUCATION: MM Choral

Conducting, University of Nebraska;

BM Commercial Music, Millikin University



Samuel Green

MEMBER SINCE: 2013

HOMETOWN: Webb City, MO

EDUCATION: BM Music Education,

University of Missouri – Kansas City

ARTISTIC COUNCIL

Zachary Colby
Production

Chris Foss
Programming

Paul Scholtz
Communications

ADMINISTRATIVE STAFF

Jocelyn Hale
Interim Executive Director

Carly Thornberry
Development and
Marketing Manager

Jeff Bina
Operations and
Finance Manager

Joey Hillesheim
Engagement Associate

Matthew Goinz
Tour Manager

Samuel Green
Education Outreach
Coordinator

For more information contact: Cantus | 612.435.0046 | info@cantussings.org | cantussings.org
Cantus is managed by: Alliance Artist Management | 212.304.3538 | allianceartistmanagement.com

WAITIN' FOR THE DAWN OF PEACE

arr. Ron Jeffers

EARTHSONGS

An adaptation of two famous Civil War songs, *Two Brothers* and *Tenting Tonight*.

Two brothers on their way,
One wore blue and one wore gray.

One wore blue and one wore gray,
as they marched along their way,
the fife and drum began to play,
all on a beautiful mornin'.

One was gentle, one was kind,
One came home, one stayed behind.

Mournin', mournin'...

Many are the hearts that are weary tonight,
waitin' for the war to cease,
many are the hopes,
the hopes once high and bright
that sleep with those at peace.

Waitin' tonight, workin' tonight,
workin' that the war might cease!
O many are the hearts that are
working for the right,
Waitin' for the dawn of peace.

– *Two Brothers* words and music
by Irving Gordon (1915–1996)

– *Tenting Tonight* words and music
by Walter Kittredge (1834–1950)

IMAGINE

John Lennon (1940–1980)

arr. Deke Sharon

MANUSCRIPT

Imagine there's no heaven
It's easy if you try.
No hell below us
Above us only sky.
Imagine all the people
Living for today.

Imagine there's no countries
It isn't hard to do.
Nothing to kill or die for
And no religion, too.
Imagine all the people
Living life in peace.

You may say I'm a dreamer,
But I'm not the only one.
I hope someday you'll join us,
And the world will be as one.

Imagine no possessions
I wonder if you can.
No need for greed or hunger
A brotherhood of man.
Imagine all the people
Sharing all the world.

– *John Lennon* (1940–1980)

SONGS OF WAR AND PROTEST

Medley arranged by Chris Foss

MANUSCRIPT

Medley includes words and music taken from the following songs: *We Shall Overcome*; *I Didn't Raise My Boy to Be a Soldier*; *Don't Take My Darling Boy Away*; *Unknown Graves*; *The Caisson Song*; *Anchors Aweigh*; *The Marines' Hymn*; *The Vacant Chair*

We shall overcome someday.
Oh deep in my heart, I do believe,
we shall overcome someday.

I didn't raise my boy to be a soldier,
I brought him up to be my pride and joy.
Who dares to place a musket on his shoulder
to shoot some other mother's darling boy?

Let nations arbitrate their future troubles,
It's time to lay the sword and gun away,
There'd be no war today if mothers all would say
I didn't raise my boy to be a soldier.

Don't take my darling boy away from me,
don't send him off to war.
You took his father and brothers three,
now you come back for more.

Who are the heroes that fight your wars?
Mothers, who have no say,
but my duty's done, so for God's sake leave one,
and don't take my darling boy away.

Ten million soldiers to the war have gone,
who may never return again,
ten million mothers' hearts must break
for the ones who died in vain,
Head bowed down in sorrow in her lonely years,
I heard a mother murmur through her tears:
We shall overcome.

Many silent hearthstones o'er our glorious land
miss the happy voices of the household hand.
Young lives full of promise, proud hearts,
true and brave, gone from home and country
to fill an unknown grave.

We shall meet, but we shall miss him,
there will be one vacant chair,
we shall linger to caress him,
while we breathe our evening prayer.

We shall overcome someday.
Oh deep in my heart, I do believe,
we shall overcome someday.

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)

FIVE WAYS TO KILL A MAN**Bob Chilcott (b. 1955)**

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

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.

– *Edwin Brock (1927–1997)*

There are many cumbersome
ways to kill a man.

LUCEAT EIS**Timothy C. Takach (b. 1978)**

TIMOTHYCTAKACH.COM

*Libera me, Domine, de morte aeterna, in die
illa tremenda:*

Quando caeli movendi sunt et terra.

Dum veneris iudicare saeculum per ignem.

*Tremens factus sum ego, et timeo, Quando caeli
movendi sunt et terra.*

Deliver me, O Lord, from eternal death on
that fearful day,

when the heavens and the earth are moved,
when you come to judge the world with fire.

I am made to tremble and I fear, when the
heavens and the earth are moved.

WHAT DO YOU THINK I FOUGHT FOR AT OMAHA BEACH?**Melissa Dunphy (b. 1980)**

MORMOLYKE PRESS

Good morning, committee. My name is
Phillip Spooner and I live at 5 Graham Street
in Biddeford. I am 86 years old and a lifetime
Republican and an active VFW chaplain... I
was born on a potato farm north of Caribou
and Perham, where I was raised to believe
that all men are created equal and I've never
forgotten that.

I served in the U.S. Army, 1942-1945...
I worked with every outfit over there,
including Patton's Third Army. I saw action
in all five major battles in Europe... I was in
the liberation of Paris.

(I have seen much, so much blood and guts,
so much suffering, much sacrifice.)

I am here today because of a conversation I
had last June when I was voting. A woman...
asked me, "Do you believe in equality for gay
and lesbian people?" I was pretty surprised
to be asked a question like that. It made no
sense to me. Finally I asked her, "What do
you think I fought for at Omaha Beach?"

For freedom and equality. These are the
values that make America a great nation, one
worth dying for.

My wife and I did not raise four sons with the
idea that our gay child would be left out. We
raised them all to be hard-working, proud,
and loyal Americans and they all did good.

– *Public testimony given before the Maine
Senate by Phillip Spooner in a hearing to
discuss the Marriage Equality Bill on
April 22, 2009.*

For freedom and equality.

These are the values that make
America a great nation,
one worth dying for.

ETERNAL FATHER, STRONG TO SAVE**William Whiting (1825–1878)**

MANUSCRIPT

God, who dost still the restless foam,
Protect the one we have at home.
Provide that they should always be
By thine own grace both safe and free.
O Father, hear us when we pray
For those we love so far away.

Most Holy Spirit! Who didst brood
Upon the chaos dark and rude,
And bid its angry tumult cease,
And give, for wild confusion, peace;
Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee,
Where'er we be on land or sea.

O Father, hear us
when we pray
For those we love
so far away.

BENEATH THIN BLANKET**Jeff Beal (b. 1963)**

MANUSCRIPT

Commissioned by Cantus

From huddled sleep, from humbled sleep,
My sickened shape awakes.
Still lost in darkness,
Beneath thin blanket.

Sick lungs suck deep, asthmatic deep,
It's cold, controlless shakes
Across the chamber,
Beneath thin blanket.

I struggle steep against the steep
Of loathsome life that breaks
The sure and sureless,
Beneath thin blanket.

I'll fight till sleep, till tired sleep
My sickened shape retakes.
Still lost in darkness,
Beneath thin blanket.

– John L. Borling, Major General,
USAF, Ret. (b. 1940)

*Lux aeterna luceat eis, Domine.
(Requiem aeternam)
No man hath greater love than this, to lay
down his life for his friends.
In paradisum deducant te Angeli:
et perducant te in civitatem sanctam
Jerusalem.
Chorus Angelorum te suscipiat,
aeternam habeas requiem.
Requiem aeternam dona eis Domine,*

Et lux perpetua luceat eis.

– Latin Requiem Mass
– adapted by Timothy C. Takach

Let perpetual light shine upon them, O Lord.
(Grant them eternal rest)
No man hath greater love than this,
to lay down his life for his friends.
May angels lead you into paradise;
and lead you to the holy city of Jerusalem.
May a choir of angels receive you,
may you have eternal rest.
Grant them eternal rest, O Lord,

And let perpetual light shine upon them.

GOIN' HOME**Antonín Dvořák (1841–1904)**

arr. Diane Loomer

(CYPRESS PUBLISHING)

Goin' home. Goin' home.
I'm a-goin' home.
Quiet-like some still day,
I'm just goin' home.

It's not far, just close by,
through an open door.
Work all done, cares laid by,
goin' to fear no more;

Mother's there 'specting me,
father's waiting, too,
Lots o' folks gathered there,
all the friends I knew.

Morning star lights the way,
restless dream all done.
Shadows gone, break of day,
real life just begun.

There's no break, ain't no end,
just a-living on;
Wide awake, with a smile,
goin' on and on.

Going home. Going home,
I'm just going home.
It's not far, just close by,
through an open door.
I'm just goin' home.

– William Arms Fisher (1861–1948)

Shadows gone, break of day,
real life just begun.

ARMY LIFE**Medley arranged by Chris Foss**

MANUSCRIPT

Adapted from *I Wish I Was Back In the Army* by Irving Berlin (1888–1989), the traditional armed forces song, *Gee, Mom, I Want to Go Home*, and a collection of Army marching cadences.

When I mustered out
I thought without a doubt
That I was through with all my care and strife
I thought that I was then,
the happiest of men,
but after months of tough civilian life, Oh

Gee, I wish I was back in the army.
The army really wasn't bad at all.
Three meals a day, for which you didn't pay,
Uniforms for winter, spring, and fall
(and that's not all), Oh
There's a lot to be said for the army.
A life without responsibility,
A soldier out of luck, was really never stuck,
There's always someone higher up where you
can pass the buck, Oh
Gee, I wish I was back in the army.

They say that in the army, the coffee's mighty fine,
It's good for cuts and bruises,
but tastes like turpentine.
I don't want no more of army life,
Gee, mom, I wanna go home.

They told me in the army the girls are mighty fine,
I asked for Betty Grable,
they gave me Frankenstein.
I don't want no more of army life,
Gee, mom, I wanna go home.

The clothing in the army they say is mighty fine,
You ask for size eleven, they give you number nine.

I don't want no more of army life,
Gee, mom, I wanna go, but they won't let me go
Gee, mom, I wanna go home.

Got a letter in the mail,
Go to war or go to jail.

Sat me in a barber's chair,
Spun me 'round, I got no hair.

Took away my favorite jeans,
Now I'm wearin' army greens.

Ain't no use in lookin' down,
Ain't no discharge on the ground.

Used to date a beauty queen,
Now I date my M16.

Long, long time ago,
Heard it on the radio
Mama, Mama, can't you see,
What the army's done to me.
Sound off, 1 2 3 4, Cadence count, 1 2 3 4!

Ain't no sense in lookin' back,
Jody's got your Cadillac.

Ain't no sense in goin' home,
Jody's got your girl and gone.

Hey, that Jody boy
Left – Right, Left – Right, Right – Left...

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)

I searched all my life for a dream
and I have found it in you.