

*Music in celebration of nature.  
Let's leave our children a livable planet!*

# Our Children, Our World



## The music of Daniel Kallman

assisted by Elizabeth Shepley and Steve Jennings



**Thursday, June 20, 7:00 p.m.  
Northfield Middle School Auditorium**

Sponsored by the Northfield Arts Guild. This activity is made possible through a grant from the Southeastern Minnesota Arts Council in cooperation with a private foundation.

Please turn off cell phones. This concert is being professionally audio recorded. Please do not take photographs or make recordings of any kind during the performance. The concert will be performed without intermission. Please save your applause until after "Won't You Sing Along?" when you may applaud enthusiastically . . . for yourselves! Then you may applaud as indicated in the program.

# OUR CHILDREN, OUR WORLD

## Part One: A World in Harmony

**Elizabeth Shepley, conductor**

**Catherine Rodland, piano**

### STAY GREEN

Silas Leer, Kyra Reverman, & Anna Pitsavas Wakely, vocalists

*Cora Scholz (my first piano teacher in 1961!) co-founded the Northfield Youth Choirs with Judy Bond in 1986. In 2004, Cora asked Christine and I to compose a song addressing children and the environment, for possible use by the choir as a sixty-second radio spot.*

There will always be children.  
But will there always be wide green spaces to run?  
Will rain and sun fall down in equal measure?  
Can we preserve earth's treasure?  
Stay green, living planet, stay green.  
All creatures seen and those too small to see,  
We need you all.  
Each thing we use to grow  
Is nestled in your arms.  
Sweet earth, stay green.

Be gentle with the earth.  
It contains everything you love.

—Christine Kallman

## COME CLOSER

*I was sitting by the Cannon River one summer afternoon when I heard a bird close by in the woods. It seemed very near, but, try as I might, I could not see it. The opening phrase of text and music came to me and I wrote it down, then biked home and asked my poet spouse (lucky me!) for assistance with the rest of the lyrics.*

Come closer, little singing bird;  
I want to see what I have heard.  
Come closer, little singing bird.

Stay longer, warming rays of sun;  
Reach down and touch me as I run.  
Stay longer, warming rays of sun.

Flow freely, water clear and sweet;  
Splashing and tickling my feet.  
Flow freely, flow freely, water clear and sweet.

Grow taller, tiny budding tree,  
'Til you're ten times as big as me.  
Grow taller, grow taller, tiny budding tree.

You are the cool of the lake in the summer,  
You are the shower that makes the grass green.  
Shiny and cold, you're the ice that I skate on  
When the snow's falling soft and clean.

Will you remember me when I am older  
And I come back to this place I once played?  
Maybe the bird will call out from your branches  
Songs so sweet I will wish I had stayed.

—Daniel and Christine Kallman

## LIFE HAS LOVELINESS TO SELL

Jill Mahr, Flute

*This setting of Sara Teasdale's moving poem was written on commission from the Mankato Children's Chorus and premiered at the Minnesota Music Educators Association Annual Convention in Minneapolis in 1998.*

Life has loveliness to sell,  
All beautiful and splendid things,  
Blue waves whitened on a cliff,  
Soaring bird that sways and sings,  
And children's faces looking up  
Holding wonder like a cup.

Life has loveliness to sell,  
Music like a curve of gold,  
Scent of pine trees in the rain,

Eyes that love you, arms that hold,  
And for your spirit's still delight,  
Holy thoughts that star the night.

Spend all you have for loveliness,  
Buy it and never count the cost;  
For one white singing hour of peace  
Count many a year of strife well lost,  
And for a breath of ecstasy  
Give all you have been, or could be.

—Sara Teasdale

## A FARM CHILD'S LULLABY

Brittany Kallman Arneson, soprano

*The harvest is in, you're a child tucked in bed, and all is right at the end of the day. This was a gift to my oldest daughter, Brittany, on her 17th birthday. She premiered it on a full recital in early June 2001 and sings it again for you tonight!*

Oh, the little bird is rocking  
in the cradle of the wind,  
And it's bye, my little wee one, bye;  
The harvest is all gathered  
and the pippins are all binned;  
Bye my little wee one, bye;  
The little rabbit's hiding  
in the golden shock of corn,  
The thrifty squirrel's laughing  
bunny's idleness to scorn;  
You are smiling with the angels  
in your slumber, smile till morn;  
So it's bye my little wee one, bye.

Why, the Bob White thinks the snowflake  
is a brother to his song;  
Bye, my little wee one, bye;  
And the chimney sings the sweeter  
when the wind is blowing strong;  
Bye my little wee one, bye;  
The snow may be a-flying  
o'er the meadow and the hill,  
The ice has checked the chatter  
of the little laughing rill,  
But in your cosey cradle  
you are warm and happy still;  
Bye my little wee one, bye.

— Paul Laurence Dunbar

## THE PASTURE

*My first commissioned pieces for the Northfield Youth Choirs were performed at a conference in Marshfield, Wisconsin focusing on farm related injuries and safety. Rural texts seemed most appropriate, so for one of the pieces I chose to set to music one of American poet Robert Frost's most simple and beloved poems.*

I'm going out to clean the pasture spring;  
I'll only stop to rake the leaves away  
(And wait to watch the water clear, I may):  
I sha'n't be gone long.—You come too.

I'm going out to fetch the little calf  
That's standing by the mother. It's so young,  
It totters when she licks it with her tongue.  
I sha'n't be gone long.—You come too.

— Robert Frost

## FIVE LITTLE CHICKENS

*This was first performed by the Northfield Youth Choirs in 1990.*

Said the first little chicken, with a queer little squirm,  
"I wish I could find a fat little worm."  
Said the next little chicken, with an odd little sigh,  
"I wish I could find a fat little fly."  
Said the third little chicken, with a sharp little squeal,  
"I wish I could find some nice yellow meal."  
Said the fourth little chicken with a small sigh of grief,  
"I wish I could find a green little leaf."  
Said the fifth little chicken, with a faint little moan,  
"I wish I could find a wee gravel stone."  
"Now, see here," said the mother, from the old garden patch,  
"If you want any breakfast, just come out here and scratch."

—Anonymous

## LULLABY Catherine Rodland

*Composed for my sister, Deanna, for her 13th birthday.*

## I LOVE IT WHEN

Silas Leer, Kyra Reverman, & Anna Pitsavas Wakely, vocalists

*An innocent child's love for nature and a plea to cherish and preserve the diversity of creation.*

I love it when the robin awakes me,  
singing her song to welcome the day;  
I love it when the breezes blow gently,  
making the trees and green meadow sway.  
Oh, cherish the earth so the bees  
still dance on the flowers in spring;  
oh, leave me a world where all creation  
in harmony sings.  
  
I love it when the river runs freely,  
down from the mountains and out to the sea;

I love it when the snows fall softly,  
covering all the world that I see.  
Oh, cherish the earth so the spiders  
still spin in the morning dew;  
oh, leave me a world so my children  
and their children can love it too.  
  
I love it when the sun sets slowly,  
bathing the sky in wonderful light;  
And when the moon shines in through my window,  
I love it when you kiss me goodnight.

—Daniel Kallman

## WHY CAN'T WE ALL BE THREE?

*Dedicated to my grandson, Leif, for his third birthday in 2018.*

There's a glass on the table with an inch or two of milk left in it;  
There's a mountain of books next to the bed upstairs;  
There's a wonderful smell of the pancakes that we made this morning,  
and a few extra crumbs under the kitchen chair.

Grandma fixes your flashlight so that you can go and look for spiders,  
while the music of Raffi says to rise and shine.  
Then we dance to the Beatles (but we wish you were a little lighter),  
and we can't help but think that this ol' world will be just fine.

On our way to the park bumblebees are dancing on the flowers,  
and you run to chase a monarch flying in the air,  
Then you swing and you swing and you swing for one or seven hours,  
but the time goes so fast that we were hardly there.

Soon your toys and your tricycle are stored away for life's next chapter,  
but it's not hard to know how we can anything but grateful be  
For these days when our lives have been made richer by your love and laughter;  
And you helped us remember when our hearts were free.

Now will someone tell me why, why can't we all be three?

*—Daniel Kallman*

## AT SKINNER'S HILL

*When I was nine years old, my parents had the good sense to move only a block and a half away from one of the favorite sledding hills in my hometown of Austin, Minnesota. This song attempts to capture the memories of one night of my life as a child, and I am hoping that any children who sing this will also come to know the magic of a crisp January evening under a star-filled sky, screaming and laughing down a hill of fresh snow with their friends.*

After the storm, though the house is nice and warm,  
with my brother after supper I get bundled up  
and soon we're running through the snow,  
to the place we know, laughing at two below!  
Soon at the top (where we barely wait to stop),  
with a running start we fall onto our flyers  
just in time to steer them 'round a tree.  
Heaven for you and me!  
We're as happy as two kids can be!

Somebody has a toboggan so a hundred of us  
all pile on and go screaming to the bottom,  
but we're losing our grip, and we're heading for a dip.  
Someone yells, "Abandon ship!"  
And they all go rolling and laughing  
and scatter all over the hill.  
So when it fin'ly glides to a gentle stop  
in the dark by the tall elm tree,  
The only one left on the sled is me.

And looking up, I see a thousand stars;  
no, I see a million, billion, zillion stars!  
And it makes me wonder, wonder who I am,  
and where we are.

Back up the hill, just a few more runs until  
we are happily exhausted, but we know  
that it is time to pull our sleds back home,  
back through the drifted snow,  
so sorry that we have to go.

We come inside, our mother waiting there,  
the smell of sweet hot choc'late and popcorn  
fills the air.  
We drink the comfort, we know the peace,  
we live in a home where love is shared.

And when I'm in bed and close my eyes:  
a million stars!

—Daniel Kallman

## WON'T YOU SING ALONG?

*It's such a precious thing when humans — young, middle-aged, old — sing together.  
Be prepared to echo each phrase when it's your turn to sing!*

When the sky is cold and gray, and my friend just moved away;  
When the day is long, then I need a song.  
When I lie awake in bed, sorry for the words I said,  
It helps to sing a song. Won't you sing along?

Refrain:

Lah lah lah (lah lah lah), lah lah lee (lah lah lee).  
Dah dah dah (dah dah dah), dah dah dee (dah dah dee).  
Sing it out (sing it out), sing it free (sing it free).  
That was nice (that was nice).

When the dark clouds bring a storm, in your arms I'm safe and warm,  
Love is like a song, making right from wrong.  
When I'm sick at home all day, you can hum the hurt away.  
With a melody, you can set me free. Sing it after me:

(Refrain 2 times)

Now a wonder comes to me: without love, could music be?

Thank you for the song.

—Daniel Kallman

*[You may applaud.]*

# THE EINSTEIN-ROSEN BRIDGE STRUT (LOOKIN' FOR A WORMHOLE)

Danny Allin, lead vocal

*The Cambridge Family Opera has commissioned Christine and me to write numerous songs for their intergenerational Science Festival Chorus, in order to teach science concepts through music, including this song and "Earth's Sweet Song." In 1935, Albert Einstein and Nathan Rosen proposed the existence of "shortcuts" through space-time. While popular in science fiction, wormholes are still unproven.*

Well I'm struttin' up the west end, and I'm feelin' mighty cool.  
I'm callin' to my best friend, when I look at the time— I'm late for school!  
Teacher told me if I'm late once more, he's gonna have to show me the detention door.  
Uh-huh, I'm looking for a worm-hole. Uh-huh, Gimme gimme dat wormhole.

An Einstein-Rosen Bridge will do the trick when you need a way to get there quick!  
Space-time folds like a paper sheet and brings those distant points to meet.  
When a black hole and a white hole say hello and connect for one-way traffic flow,  
You can hop into the tunnel and— one, two, three— suddenly you've moved across the galaxy.

I'm jammin' at a party, with some friends who roll and rock.  
We're strumming a guitar beat, when I jump to my feet and see the clock!  
If I miss my curfew one more time, my mom is gonna hang me on the line to dry.  
Uh-huh, I'm looking for a worm-hole. Uh-huh, Gimme gimme dat wormhole . . .

Maybe someday when we're smarter, we will reach the nearest star,  
Go to Proxima Centauri, and it won't seem very far!  
Maybe even time travel, just think of the fun—  
I'll be back in my bed before the party's begun!

—Christine Kallman

*[You may applaud.]*

## Part Two: A World Out of Balance

### EARTH'S SWEET SONG

Sam Nelson, solo

When Earth is in balance, it's like a sweet song  
with millions of creatures all singing along.  
The sun without fail sends its bright warming light;  
our air holds enough heat to keep it just right.  
So Earth is in balance from morning till night,  
and all of us join in the song.

For too many years now we've burned fossil fuels,  
upsetting the balance and changing the rules.  
The heat that is trapped by too much CO<sub>2</sub>  
is warming the planet much more than we knew.  
Now there's so much to do.

Someday in the future our children will cry:  
"Why didn't you listen? Why didn't you try  
to take care of the atmosphere? Why?  
Tell me why didn't you try  
back when Earth was in balance,  
just like a sweet song,  
when millions of creatures  
were singing along?"

—Christine Kallman

### HOW TO CRY FOR YOU

Sam Ryden, solo; Kristin Tjornehoj, soprano sax

*This is a song I wish I hadn't had to write.*

Once you filled the darkening skies with mystery;  
always found you there.  
Now you're hangin' off the edge of history,  
only empty air.  
Yesterday they found another body  
on a distant shore;  
One more choked and disregarded victim  
of our need for more.  
Time was we had it all to learn, to love,  
to find the secret meaning of your place;  
Couldn't share this sacred place with you.  
Now I lie awake alone and wonder,  
what it is we'll do

In a world where every spring's more silent  
than the last we knew?  
Say it isn't true. How to cry for you?  
Yesterday you danced a million meadows  
under skies of blue;  
And our eyes would open wide in wonder  
just before you flew.  
Now we even pave a pathway for you,  
hoping you'll pull through;  
So we don't have to teach our children  
how to say goodbye to you.  
What else can we do? Say it isn't true.  
How to cry for you?

—Daniel Kallman

# PAVANE FOR THE LAST MONARCH

Catherine Rodland

## HEY!

Danny Allin & Sam Ryden, vocals

*Anger and angst are other human emotions that may also be appropriately expressed through music, sometimes requiring just a little more volume . . .*

Hey, B.K. Justice! You finally got your chair.  
Act like a frat boy, well that's what put you there.  
You lied a yellow streak,  
But you and Bud you have a true thing.  
You made our stomachs weak,  
Mind if we join you when we feel like boofing?

Hey, I.T. Heiress! We'd learn to work like you  
If you could spare us a golden brick or two.  
They get two bucks a day  
To make the clothes you put your name on.  
But that's all you can pay  
To make a million more to hang your fame on.

Leave your hate at home, leave your fear at home,  
leave your doubt at home.  
(Get out on the street, man.)  
Bring your love along, bring your trust along,  
bring your hope along.  
(Get out on the street, man.)  
Leave your grief at home, leave your guilt at home,  
leave your hurt at home.  
(Get out on the street, man.)

Bring your peace along, bring your joy along,  
bring your grace along.  
(Get out on the street, man.)  
Bring your voice along, bring your smile along,  
bring your kids along.  
(Get out on the street, man.) Yeah,  
(Get out on the street, man.) Yeah,  
(Get out on the street, man.) Yeah, yeah.

Hey, M.P. Hoosier! Though Jesus lives in you,  
Run with a loser, you play the righteous fool.  
He asked you on the nines,  
You thought your ticket was a winner.  
Again we see your kind:  
One more example of the Christian sinner.

Hey D.T. POTUS! It all tweets into view;  
Daily you show us the darkest side of you.  
This took us by surprise,  
Nobody could have seen it coming.  
Now we all realize  
Just what a nasty race this is we're running.

—Daniel Kallman

*[You may applaud.]*

## Part Three: Singing in Hope

### A LITTLE JUSTICE SONG

*I composed this last year for the newly formed Northfield Justice Choir, one of several such non-auditioned ensembles which have formed throughout the country.*

So we have a little song, a little song to sing;  
A song about love and justice, because it's time to let that freedom ring.  
And so we'll sing this song, because we just don't fear anymore,  
And our love will light the way in a world that cries for justice now!

So we have a little song, a little song to sing;  
A song about love and justice, because it's time to let that freedom ring.  
And so we'll sing this song, because we just don't fear anymore.  
Until every mouth is fed (we will work together);  
Until kinder words are said (we will sing together);  
And our love will light the way in a world that cries for justice now!

So we hope you'll join the song, there's more to do than sing,  
As we work to build a world of justice where we can finally hear that freedom ring.  
And so we'll sing this song, because we just can't wait anymore.  
Until every mouth is fed (we will work together);  
Until kinder words are said (we will sing together);  
Until hate is finally dead (we will hope together),  
And we learn to love instead (live in peace together),  
And we all come out ahead in a world that cries for justice now!

—Daniel Kallman

## MARTIN LUTHER KING/WE SHALL OVERCOME

*I composed this for the first annual Arts for Martin celebration at the Northfield Arcadia Charter School. The premiere was in 2005, and it has been sung to end the program every one of its fifteen years. If able, please stand when directed and sing together.*

Doctor Martin Luther King,  
You make us joyful, you make us sing;  
And still you call us to let freedom ring,  
Doctor Martin Luther King.  
You showed us passion, you showed us grace,  
You cried for justice for the human race.  
But still we struggle, and still we sing,  
And now we thank you, Martin King.

You taught us that peace and love will one day rule the land,  
You said on that day we'll all be walking hand in hand.  
You taught us that love can overcome the darkest night,  
You said that we all can walk as children of the light.

Doctor Martin Luther King,  
Wish you were here more than anything,  
But still your voice is calling us to let freedom ring,  
And we still hear you, Doctor King.

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

We shall live in peace . . .  
We'll walk hand in hand . . .  
We shall overcome . . .

—Daniel Kallman/Traditional

## DOWN BY THE RIVERSIDE

Paul Friesen-Carper, tenor solo

Kristin Tjornehoj, soprano sax

*Two years ago, I arranged a set of three spirituals for a consortium of sixteen youth choirs around the country, choosing this vibrant, hopeful text and melody to end the set. When I rearranged it for SATB voices last year, I added a “coda,” and before I knew it, it had gone somewhere I didn’t expect, with added original text and instrumentation.*

I’m gonna lay down my sword and shield,  
Down by the riverside,  
And I ain’t gonna study war no more.

I’m gonna shake hands and make a friend . . .  
I’m gonna lay down my hate and fear . . .  
Until that day we don’t have war anymore.  
We won’t have time for war no more.

Then true justice will comfort all people,  
every nation will sing one song;  
Love and kindness will reign forever  
and all nature will sing along.  
Hope will grow so that fear is forgotten,  
and all children will join their hands;  
War and hate will consume us no longer,  
While compassion and peace grow stronger,  
and together we build that promised land!

Lay them all down!

—Traditional/Daniel Kallman

*[You may applaud.]*

# Personnel

Co-producers: Liz Shepley, Steve Jennings  
Sound: Christopher Blood  
Stage Manager: Rachel Miessler  
Drumming Ensemble: Bob Gregory-Bjorklund  
Program: Christine Kallman

## Musicians

Acoustic Piano: Catherine Rodland  
Electronic piano: Doug Rohde  
Lead guitar: Karl Koopman  
Rhythm Guitar: Sam Ryden  
Bass: Max Kirkeide  
Drums: Steve Jennings  
Soprano sax: Kristin Tjornehoj  
Flute: Jill Mahr  
Drummers: Bob Gregory-Bjorklund, Brody Haugan, Willow Jo, Kathy Kanazawa, Vassar Price,  
Haakon Rustad, Nathan Wolff, Rachel Wolff.

## Elementary Choir

Juniper Aitken	Amaan Chakladar	Silas Leer	Addison Perkins
Willie Baragary	Quinn Flannery	Sydney Livingston	Kyra Reverman
Mae Berglund	Lucy Gorden Mercer	Greta Marohl	Theo Rustad
Dylan Besch	Allison Karl	Autumn Mastin	Ian Schleif
Seth Buschard	Kasie Larsen	Makenna Mollenhauer	Isaac Schleif
Adam Chakladar	Annalisa Larson	Wyatt Norrie	Anna Pitsavas Wakely

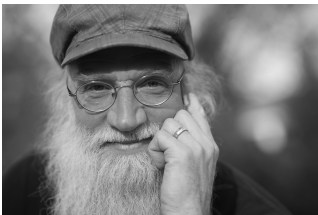
## Intermediate Choir

Jane Amunrud	Catriona Chapman	Sam Nelson	Ingrid Rustad
Eloise Arnold	Braiden Dietz	Emmett Norrie	Solveig Sartor
Emma Baragary	Will Flannery	Gretchen Radtke	Carsten Walter
Ben Berglund	Elliot Fox-Deel	Maddie Radtke	Nathan Wolff
Claire Casson	James Martig	Jillian Ros	Rachel Wolff
Max Casson			

## Mixed Choir

Amy Allin	Larry Fowler	Gretchen Radtke
Danny Allin	Paul Friesen-Carper	Madeline Radtke
Kevin Allin	Johanna Hanssen	Paul Rasmussen
Jane Amundson	Nicky Hosterman	Haakon Rustad
Steven Amundson	Christine Kallman	Sam Ryden
Bjorn Arneson	Kathy Kanazawa	Ian Sawdey
Brittany Kallman Arneson	Rolf Kragseth	Peter Schleif
Theo Ash	Peder Lindell	Sarah Schuurman
Berit Aylin	Lullo Lindstrom	Philip Spensley
Carson Babbini	Susan Lohmann	Lois Stratmoen
John Backstrom	Jane Ludwig	Noel Stratmoen
Emma Baragary	Clare Mather	Gigi Tisdale
Dylan Bindman	Madeline McDermott	Giselle Tisdale
Judy Bond	Joanna McLees	Rose Turnacliff
Sandra Bremer	Donna McMillan	Mija Van Der Wege
Lydia Buckmeier	Carrie Melby	Kristi Wermager
Doug Casson	Rachel Miessler	Sonja Wermager
Grace Casson	Kyah Olson-Sola	Katerina Winkelman
Annika Fisher	Rita Planten	Laurie Botes Zaepfel

**Many thanks to:** The Southeastern Minnesota Arts Council for making this production possible through an Individual Artist Grant; the Northfield Arts Guild, and especially Executive Director Tim Peterson and Performing Arts Manager Rachel Haider for sponsorship and for organizational and production support; Kyle Eastman, Northfield High School; Bonnie Johnson, Community Services of Northfield Public Schools; Ron Oeltjenbruns, Mike Martinez, and John Kromschroeder, Northfield Middle School custodians; Matthew Laudenbach, Northfield Middle School Choir; Melodi van Roekel, St. Dominic's School Music; Angela Eliason, Greenvale Elementary Music; Mary Kate Maney, Sibley Elementary Music; Kristin Hummel, Bridgewater Elementary Music; Michael Jeffrey, Northfield Youth Choirs; Ann Kay, Northfield Youth Choirs; Wayne Kivell; Cathy Penning; Todd Lippert, First UCC; Tom Wallace, photographer; Joanna McLees, and anyone who has been inadvertently omitted from this list.



**Daniel Kallman's compositions** for orchestra, winds, and choir are widely published and have been performed across North America, Europe and East Asia. His steady stream of commissions also includes music for worship, theater, and the young musician. Kallman has composed for the National Symphony Orchestra, the Air Force Academy Band, the National Lutheran Choir, the Minnesota Orchestra, and A Prairie Home Companion. Learn more at [www.kallmancreates.com](http://www.kallmancreates.com). (Photo at left by Tom Roster)