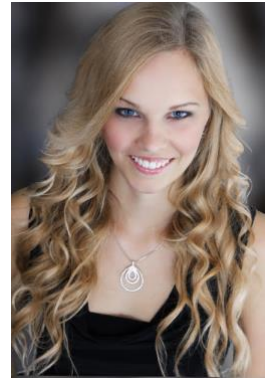


My Home Among the Hills

*featuring Janine Ernsting, soprano
and Carson Schneider, piano*



Op. 13

Samuel Barber

A Nun Takes the Veil
The Secrets of the Old
Sure on this shining night

American Lullaby
Simple Gifts

Gladys Rich
Elder Joseph Brackett

From the Mountains
She'll Be Coming Around the Mountain
O Shenandoah
Go Tell It on the Mountain

Dan Locklair

My Home Among the Hills

Anonymous

Janine Ernsting, soprano, earned her Master of Music in Voice Performance from the University of Minnesota (UMN) in 2018. Currently, Janine is a featured section leader with Hamline United Methodist Church and Chorus Polaris; she also sings with Minnesota Chorale. Miss Ernsting has sung solos in many major choral works, most notably as the soprano soloist in *Dona Nobis Pacem* (Vaughn Williams). She also has been featured in *Oratorio de Noël* (Saint-Saëns,) *Petite Messe Solennelle* (Rossini,) *Gloria* (Vivaldi,) and *Regina Coeli, K. 276* (Mozart.) With the UMN Opera Theatre, Miss Ernsting sang Grecian woman in *Idomeneo* (Nov 2017) and Diana in *Orfée aux enfers* (April 2018.) In summer 2018, Miss Ernsting sang with the Mill City Opera chorus in their production of *Carmen*. Other notable roles include Laretta (*Gianni Schicchi*,) Monica (*The Medium*,) Hansel (*Hansel and Gretel*,) and Jennie Hildebrand (*Street Scene*.) In 2016, she graduated from West Virginia University with her Bachelor of Music in Voice Performance. Today, she and Carson Schneider are excited to present to you a program that hits very close to home.

Op. 13, No. 1 *A Nun Takes the Veil*

I have desired to go Where springs not fail,
To fields where flies no sharp and sided hail
And a few lilies blow.

And I have asked to be Where no storms come,
Where the green swell is in the havens dumb,
And out of the swing of the sea.

Op. 13, No. 2 *The Secrets of the Old*

I have old women's secrets now
That had those of the young;
Madge tells me what I dared not think
When my blood was strong,
And what had drowned a lover once
Sounds like an old song.

Though Marg'ry is stricken dumb
If thrown in Madge's way,
We three make up a solitude;
For none alive today
Can know the stories that we know
Or say the things we say:

How such a man pleased women most
Of all that are gone,
How such a pair loved many years
And such a pair but one,
Stories of the bed of straw Or the bed of down.

Op. 13, No. 3, *Sure on this shining night*

Sure on this shining night Of starmade shadows round,
Kindness must watch for me This side the ground.
The late year lies down the north.
All is healed, all is health.
High summer holds the earth. Hearts all whole.
Sure on this shining night I weep for wonder
Wandering far alone Of shadows on the stars.

American Lullaby

Hush-a-bye you sweet little baby and don't you cry any more.
Daddy has gone to his stockbroker's office a keepin' the wolf from the door.
Nursie will raise the window shade high,
So you can see the cars whizzing by.
Home in a hurry each daddy must fly
To a baby like you.

Hush-a-bye you sweet little baby and close those pretty blue eyes.
Mother has gone to her weekly bridge party to get her wee baby the prize.
Nursie will turn the radio on
So you can hear a sleepy-time song,
Sung by a lady whose poor heart must long
For a baby like you.

Simple Gifts

'Tis the gift to be simple, 'tis the gift to be free,
'Tis the gift to come down where we ought to be,
And when we find ourselves in the place just right,
'Twill be in the valley of love and delight.
When true simplicity is gain'd,
To bow and to bend we will not be asham'd,
To turn, turn will be our delight,
Till by turning, turning we come round right.

From the Mountains, *She'll Be Coming Around the Mountain*

She'll be coming around the mountain when she comes.
She'll be drivin' six white horses when she comes.
We will all go out to meet her when she comes.
We will have chicken and dumplings when she comes.
She'll be reelin' and arockin' when she comes.
We'll shout glory hallelujah when she comes!

From the Mountains, *O Shenandoah*

Oh, Shenandoah, I long to see you,
Away, you rolling river
Oh, Shenandoah, I long to see you
Away, we're bound away, cross the wide Missouri.

Oh, Shenandoah, I love your daughter,
Away, you rolling river
Oh, Shenandoah, I love your daughter
Away, we're bound away, cross the wide Missouri.

The trader loved an Indian maiden,
Away, you rolling river.
With presents his canoe was laden,
Away, we're bound away, across the wide Missouri.

Oh, Shenandoah, I'm bound to leave you,
Away, you rolling river
Oh, Shenandoah, I'll not deceive you,
Away, we're bound away, cross the wide Missouri.

Oh, Shenandoah, I long to hear you,
Away, you rolling river

Oh, Shenandoah, I long to hear you
Away, we're bound away, cross the wide Missouri.

From the Mountains, *Go Tell It on the Mountain*

Oh, when I was a seeker, I sought both night and day,
I asked the Lord to help me, And He showed me the way.
Go tell it on the mountain, Over the hills and ev'rywhere;
Go tell it on the mountain, that Jesus Christ is born.

While shepherds kept their watching, O'er wand'ring flock by night;
Behold! From out the Heavens, There shone a holy light.
Go tell it on the mountain, Over the hills and ev'rywhere;
Go tell it on the mountain, that Jesus Christ is born.

He made me a watchman Upon the city wall,
And if I am a Christian, I am the least of all.
Go tell it on the mountain, Over the hills and ev'rywhere;
Go tell it on the mountain, that Jesus Christ is born.

And lo, when they had seen it, They all bowed down and prayed;
They travelled on together To where the Babe was laid.
Go tell it on the mountain, Over the hills and ev'rywhere;
Go tell it on the mountain, that Jesus Christ is born.

Home Among the Hills

There's a land of rolling mountains. Where the sky is blue above;
And though I may roam I hurry home to the friendly hills I love.
Where the moonlit meadows ring with the call of whipporwills,
Always you will find me in my home among the hills.

And where the sun draws rainbows in the mist of waterfalls and mountain rills,
my heart will be always in the West Virginia hills.
There autumn hillsides are bright with scarlet trees;
and in the Spring the robins sing, while apple blossoms whisper in the breeze.

And there is music in the flashing streams, and joy in fields of daffodils,
laughter through the happy valleys of my home among the hills.