



VocalEssence Ensemble Singers

Tuesday, August 12, 2014 at 7:30 PM

Hae Hall at the National Theatre

Philip Brunelle, *conductor*

Sigrid Johnson, *associate conductor*

The Program

In That Great Getting' Up Mornin'

arr. Jester Hairston

Michael Fairbairn, *tenor*

Zuni Sunrise Song

Brent Michael Davids

"The Coolin'" from Reincarnations

Samuel Barber

Come with me, under my coat,
And we will drink our fill
Of the milk of the white goat,
Or wine, if it be thy will.
And we will talk until
Talk is a trouble, too,
Out on the side of the hill;
And nothing is left to do,
But an eye to look into an eye
And a hand in a hand to slip,
And a sigh to answer a sigh;
And a lip to find out a lip:
What if the night be black
And the air on the mountain chill,
Where all but the fern is still!
Stay with me under my coat,
And we will drink our fill
Of the milk of the white goat,
Out on the side of the hill!

—James Stephens

A Farewell to Arms

Sir Richard Rodney Bennett

I
The helmet now an hive for bees becomes,
And hilts of swords may serve for spiders' looms;
Sharp pikes may make
Teeth for a rake;
And the keen blade, th' arch enemy of life,
Shall be degraded to a pruning knife.
The rustic spade
Which first was made
For honest agriculture, shall retake
Its primitive employment, and forsake
The rampires steep
And trenches deep.
Tame conies in our brazen guns shall breed,
Or gentle doves their young ones there shall feed.
In musket barrels

Mice shall raise quarrels
For their quarters. The ventriloquious drum
Like lawyers in vacations, shall be dumb.
Now all recruits
But those of fruits
Shall be forgot; and th' unarmed soldier
Shall only boast of what he did whilere,
In chimneys' ends
Among his friends.

—Ralph Knevet

Cello Interlude

(continued)

II

His golden locks time hath to silver turned.
O time too swift, o swiftness never ceasing!
His youth 'gainst time and age hath ever spurned,
But spurned in vain, youth waneth by increasing.

Beauty, strength, youth are flow'rs but fading seen;
Duty, faith, love are roots and ever green.

His helmet now shall make a hive for bees,
And lovers' sonnets turn to holy psalms.
A man-at-arms must now serve on his knees,
And feed on prayers which are age's alms.

But though from Court to cottage he depart,
His Saint is sure of his unspotted heart.

And when he saddest sits in homely cell,
He'll teach his swains this carol for a song,
Blest be the hearts that wish my Sovereign well,
Curst be the soul that thinks her any wrong.

Goddess, allow this aged man his right,
To be your beadsman now that was your knight.
—George Peele

“and now the last cloud drains away” from *Meditations of Li-Po*

Stephen Paulus

The birds have vanished into the sky,
And now the last cloud drains away.

We sit together, the mountain and me,
Until only the mountain remains.
—Li Po

Beautiful Dreamer

Jennifer Bevington, *soprano*

Stephen Foster/arr. Norman Luboff

Beautiful Dreamer, wake unto me,
Starlight and dewdrops are waiting for thee;
Sounds of the rude world heard in the day,
Lull'd by the moonlight have all passed away!

My Soul's Been Anchored in the Lord

Moses Hogan

Biography

Jee-Youn Hong, Cellist

A native of South Korea, Jee-Youn Hong received her Bachelor's Degree from Ewha Women's University in Seoul. She continued her studies with legendary cellist Aldo Parisot at Yale University School of Music where she completed her Master's Degree and Artist Diploma. Miss Hong received a Doctor of Musical Arts Degree from Rutgers University with Jonathan Spitz.

She has won multiple prizes and awards including the Special Presentation award and Alumni winner at the Artist International Competition, first prize at Kuk Min News Times Music Competition and first prize at Kyungwon University Music Competition. Ms. Hong received the 2012 Best Performer Award from the prestigious music magazine *Music Journal*.

Since 2010, Miss Hong has been a lecturer at Mokwon University, Chungnam University, Yongin University, Kangnam University, and Kyewon Arts High School in Korea.