eVoco® Voice Collective is the realization of a longtime artistic and educational dream of David Fryling. Comprising ensemble singers of the highest musical, technical, and expressive abilities, the choir’s mission is to invite both singers and listeners into extraordinary choral experiences, summoning the power of the empathetic imagination to remind us of our shared human experiences.

eVoco firmly believes in the transformative power of music. As such, we aspire to be passionate advocates for excellence in the choral art by presenting inspirational performances of the highest caliber, inviting our audiences to join us in community singing events, and opening our rehearsal process to educational institutions throughout our community.

All of our rehearsals are open to the public, and we welcome visitors to observe our work together. Teachers and students of music, especially, are encouraged to join us throughout the process. Our hope is that our weekly work together will not only prepare us for each concert series, but also—and just as importantly—will serve as a continual learning space for students, educators, and music enthusiasts alike.

*From the Latin evocare [ex- ("out") vocare ("to call"): to lure, to summon; to evoke

David Fryling, Conductor
George Hemcher, Pianist

Soprano 1
Karen DiMartino
Mary Beth Finger
Doreen Fryling
Shoshana Hershkowitz
Vanessa Valentin

Soprano 2
Josephine Delledera
Jen DeStio
Natalie Fabian
Nichole Greene
Kristin Howell
Kaity Schneekloth

Alto 1
Devon Brady
Michelle Emeric
Katharine Jenks
Krista Masino
Meg Messina
Leah Thompson

Alto 2
Andrea Galeno
Deborah Jenks
Meggan Kent
Annie Pasqua
Elisa Trigg

Tenor 1
Garrett Fujarski
Chris Remkus
Eric Rubinstein
Tenor 2
Steven Altinel
Matt Georgetti
Timothy Jenks
Paul Jordan Talbot

Bass 1
Thomas Carroll
Andrew DiMartino
Malcolm Gilbert
Benjamin Pesenti
Brian Vollmer

Bass 2
Jared Berry
William Hammer
Kelby Khan
Jesse Tennyson

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The Passing of the Years

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Saturday March 1st @ 8pm
In Concert
Christ Church Oyster Bay
Program

Mid-Winter Songs
  I. Lament for Pasiphae
  II. Like Snow
  III. She Tells Her Love While Half Asleep
  IV. Mid-Winter Waking
  V. Intercession in Late October

Fern Hill
  I. Invocation
  II. The narrow bud opens her beauties to the sun
  III. Answer July
  IV. Hot sun, cool fire
  V. Ah, Sun-flower!
  VI. Adieu! Farewell earth’s bliss!
  VII. Ring out, wild bells

The Passing of the Year
  I. Invocation
  II. The narrow bud opens her beauties to the sun
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  VI. Adieu! Farewell earth’s bliss!
  VII. Ring out, wild bells

Morten Lauridsen (b. 1943)
  III. Answer July
  IV. Hot sun, cool fire
  V. Ah, Sun-flower!
  VI. Adieu! Farewell earth’s bliss!
  VII. Ring out, wild bells

John Corigliano (b. 1938)
  I. Invocation
  II. The narrow bud opens her beauties to the sun
  III. Answer July
  IV. Hot sun, cool fire
  V. Ah, Sun-flower!
  VI. Adieu! Farewell earth’s bliss!
  VII. Ring out, wild bells

Jonathan Dove (b. 1959)
  I. Lament for Pasiphae
  II. Like Snow
  III. She Tells Her Love While Half Asleep
  IV. Mid-Winter Waking
  V. Intercession in Late October

Tonight’s program ties together the themes of beauty, death, and rejuvenation. Morten Lauridsen’s Mid-Winter Songs draw their texts from the poet Robert Graves, whose poems are both a lament and celebration of the desolate beauty of winter. In each movement, the narrators of each poem live and love in spite of death, proving them all but toys. None from his darts can fly: I am sick, I must die—Lord, have mercy on us! Rich men, trust not in wealth; Gold cannot buy you health: Physic himself must fade; All things to end are made; The plague full swift goes by: All things to end are made; The plague full swift goes by:

John Corigliano’s Fern Hill draws its text from Dylan Thomas’ poem recalling his visits to his family farm in Wales. The poem chronicles his idyllic and carefree youth, where he was “prince of the apple towns”, through young adulthood, when “it was all shining, it was Adam and maiden”, and finally to the realization that even in his youth, “Time held me green and dying, though’ I sang in my chains like the sea”.

Jonathan Dove’s The Passing of the Year draws its texts from several poets spanning over three centuries. Dove wrote this piece in memory of his mother, and the texts reference love, lust, death, and redemption. Like the other works in this program, The Passing of the Year grapples with love, loss, and rebirth and the intensity of the complex emotions that are a part of the human experience.

-Notes by Shoshana Hershkowitz

Answer July
Where is the bee? Where is the seed? Where is the bud? Where is the May? Answer thee me.

Ah, said July – Show me the snow! Show me the bells! Show me the jay!

Nay – said the May! Where be the maize? Where be the haze? Where be the bur? Here – said the year!

Hot sun, cool fire
Black shade, fair nurse, shadow my white hair:
Shine, sun; burn, fire; breathe, air, and ease me:
Shadow, my sweet nurse, keep me from burning,
Make not my glad cause, cause of [my] mourning.
Let not my beauty’s fire
Enflame unsaid desire,
Nor pierce any bright eye
That wand’r’th lightly.

Ah, Sun-flower!
Ah, Sun-flower weary of time,
Who countest the steps of the Sun,
Seeking after that sweet golden clime
Where the traveller’s journey is done:

The year is going, let him go;
The year is dying in the night;
The flying cloud, the frosty light:
Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Adieu! farewell earth’s bliss!
Where is the May?
Where is the seed?
Where is the bud?
Where is the Hay?
Answer thee me.

Where is the hay?
Where is the blush?
Where is the sun?
where is the May?
Answer thee me.

Show me the snow!
Show me the bells!
Show me the jay!

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light:
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the time;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the thousand wars of old;
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Quibbled the Jay, Where be the maize?
Where be the haze? Where be the bur?
Here – said the year!

7. Ring out, wild bells / Alfred Lord Tennyson, 1809-1892

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light;
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the time;
Ring out, ring out my mournful thymes;
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old;
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Quibbled the Jay, Where be the maize?
Where be the haze? Where be the bur?
Here – said the year!
Fern Hill / Dylan Thomas, 1914-1953
Now as I was young and easy under the apple boughs
About the lilting house and happy as the grass was green,
The night above the dingle starry,
Time let me hail and climb
Golden in the heydays of his eyes.

And honoured among wagons I was prince of the apple towns
And once below a time I hardly had the trees and leaves
Trail with daisies and barley down the rivers of the windfall light.

And as I was green and carefree, famous among the barns
About the happy yard and singing as the farm was home,
In the sun that is young once only,
Time let me play and be
Golden in the mercy of his means.

And green and golden, I was huntsman and herdsman,
the calves sang to my horn, the foxes on the hills barked clear and cold,
And the sabbath rang slowly in the pebbles of the holy streams.

All the sun long it was running, it was lovely, the hay
Fields high as the house, the tunes from the chimneys, it was air
And playing, lovely and watery and fire green as grass.

And nightly under the simple stars
As I rode to sleep the owls were bearing the farm away,
All the moon long I heard, blessed among stables, the nightjars
Flying with the ricks, and the horses
Flash into the dark.

And then to awake, and the farm, like a wanderer white
With the dew, come back, the cock on his shoulder: it was all
Shining, it was Adam and maiden,
The sky gathered again and the sun grew round that very day.

So it must have been after the birth of the simple light
In the first, spinning place, the spellbound horses walking warm
Out of the winnying green stable on to the fields of praise.

And honoured among foxes and pheasants by the gay house
Under the new made clouds and happy as the grass was green,
In the sun born over and over, I ran my heedless ways.

My wishes raced through the house high hay
And nothing I cared, at my sky blue trades, that time allows
In all his tuneful turning so few and such morning songs
Before the children green and golden
Follow him out of grace.

Nothing I cared, in the lamb white days, that time would take me
Up to the swallow thronged loft by the shadow of my hand,
In the moon that is always rising,
Nor that riding to sleep
I should hear him fly with the high fields
And wake to the farm forever fled from the childless land.

Oh as I was young and easy in the mercy of his means,
Time held me green and dying
Though I sang in my chains like the sea.

Mid-Winter Songs / Robert Graves, 1895-1985

I. Lament for Pasiphaé
Dying sun, shine warm a little longer!
My eye, dazzled with tears, shall dazzle yours,
Conjuring you to shine and not to move.
You, sun, and I all afternoon have laboured
Beneath a dewless and oppressive cloud—
a fleece now gilded with our common grief
That this must be a night without a moon.
Dying sun, shine warm a little longer!

II. Like Snow
She, then, like snow in a dark night,
Fell secretly. And the world waked
With dazzling of the drowsy eye,
So that some muttered 'Too much light,'
And drew the curtains close.
Like snow, warmer than fingers feared,
And to soil friendly;
Holding the histories of the night
In yet unmelded tracks.

IV. Mid-Winter Waking
Stirring suddenly from long hibernation
I knew myself once more a poet
Guarded by timeless principalities
Against the worm of death, this hillside haunting;
And presently dared open both my eyes.
O gracious, lofty, shone against from under,
Smiling with dire impartiality,
Faithless she was not: she was very woman,
And this must be a night without a moon.

V. Intercession in Late October
How hard the year dies: no frost yet.
On drifts of yellow sand Midas reclines,
Firm and fragrant still the brambleberries.

The Passing of the Year / Various Poets

1. Invocation / William Blake, 1757-1827
O Earth, O Earth, return!
We stared in silence all around us
Who shall watch out the Spring with me.
But found no winter anywhere to see.

2. The narrow bud opens her beauties to the sun / William Blake
The narrow bud opens her beauties to the sun,
And love runs in her thrilling veins;
Blossoms hang round the brows of morning, and
Flourish down the bright cheek of modest eve,
Till clust’ring Summer breaks forth into singing,
And feather’d clouds strew flowers round her head.

The spirits of the air live on the smells
Of fruit; and joy, with pinions light, roves round
The gardens, or sits singing in the trees.