



eVoco
Women's Ensemble

DARK MYSTERIES

Saturday January 12, 2019 @ 8PM

Christ Church · 61 East Main St., Oyster Bay, NY

Sunday January 13, 2019 @ 4pm

St. Peter's by-the-Sea · 500 South Country Rd., Bay Shore, NY

David Fryling, *conductor*

Miles Massicotte, *piano*

David Wozniak, *saxophone*

Dark Mysteries

Hexenlied.....Felix Mendelssohn



Suite de Lorca.....Einojuhani Rautavaara

1. Canción de Jinete

*Deanna Grunenberg & Melissa Wozniak, sopranos;
Maria Rueda, mezzo*

2. El Grito

3. La Luna Asoma

Deanna Grunenberg, soprano

4. Malagueña



Witches Chorus (Macbeth).....Giuseppe Verdi

The Ride-by-nights.....Benjamin Britten

Meg Merrilies.....Michael A. Gray



Three Nightsongs.....Joshua Shank

1. Evening

2. Moon Song

3. Water



Tundra.....Ola Gjeilo

Andrea Galeno, soprano

Song of the Stars.....Bob Chilcott

West Wind.....Matthew Van Brink



She Weeps over Ragoon.....Eric Whitacre

David Wozniak, alto saxophone

Valkyrie.....Kristopher Fulton

Elena Blyskal and Jennifer DeStio, sopranos;

David Wozniak, soprano saxophone

Seal lullaby.....Eric Whitacre

Women's Ensemble, joined by our invited high school voices

As I sit down to write these notes, the winter solstice is just a few (very short) days away. We'll receive only about nine hours of daylight on that day, leaving us in relative states of darkness for the remaining 15 hours.

This program is inspired by this darkness. The slow retreat of the sun through the fall into deep mid-winter has always stoked our superstitions. It has blurred the line we hold between awe and terror in the presence of mother nature. It has tempted us to find meaning in the movement and alignment of the stars. It is, rationally, a completely benign phenomenon: the simple lack of light. But this encroaching darkness seems always to invite us to envision for ourselves what lies just beyond our visual perception. Darkness is absence, and our mind's eye abhors a vacuum. We are tempted to fill the void with our worst thoughts, our most irrational fears, and our deepest prejudices.

But we don't always fall for this temptation. After all, darkness has also inspired us to search for truth, create our own light, and seek comfort and empathy from each other in its shadow. Our ability to pierce the darkness, literally and metaphorically, allows us to see each other clearly and to console each other when the darkness is impenetrable. The mysteries of the dark are, ultimately, what we make of them.

-Dave Fryling

HEXENLIED

The swallow soars,
The spring outpours
Her flowers for garlands entrancing;
Soon shall we glide
Away and ride,
Hey-day, to the spirited dancing!

A buck that's black,
A broomstick o' back,
The prongs of a poker will pitch us;
We'll ride a steed
With lightning speed
Direct to the mountain of witches.

The dancing bands
All kiss the hands
Like claws that belong to the devil,
While other swarms
Have grabbed our arms
And brandish their torches in revel!

Old Satan swears
To make repairs
With promise of marvellous pleasure;
All spirits glad
In silk are clad,
Unearthing great chestfuls of treasure.

A dragon flies
Now down from the skies
With presents of food for the table.
The neighbors sigh
The sparks in flight
And cross themselves as fast as they're able.

The swallow soars,
The spring outpours
Her flowers for garlands entrancing;
Soon shall we glide
Away and ride,
Hey-day, to the spirited dancing!

-Ludwig Heinrich Christoph Hölty (1748–1776)

SUITE DE LORCA

1. Canción de jinete (Song of the horseman)

Córdoba. Distant and alone.

A black nag, the giant moon,
and olives in my saddlebag.
Even if I know the way,
I never will reach Cordoba.

Over the plain, through the wind,
A black nag, the bloody moon.
The Reaper is watching me
From the tall towers of Cordoba.

Oh, such a long road!
Oh, my valiant nag!
Oh, the Reaper awaits me
before I ever reach Cordoba!

2. El grito (The Cry)

The arc of a cry
curves from hill
to hill.

From the olive trees,
a black rainbow
over the blue night.

Ay! Like a viola's bow.
the cry has made the long
strings of the wind vibrate.

Ay! (The people
of the caves
put their oil lamps out.)

3. La luna asoma (The moon appears)

When the moon is out
The bells die away
And impenetrable
Paths come to the fore.

When the moon is out
Water covers land
And the heart feels itself
An island in infinity.

No one eats oranges
Under the full moon.
It is right to eat
Green, chilled fruit.

When the moon is out
With a hundred faces all the same,
Coins of silver
Start sobbing in the pocket.

4. Malagueña

Death
enters and leaves,
the tavern.

Black horses
and sinister people
travel the deep roads
of the guitar.

And there's a smell of salt
and of female blood
in the fevered tuberoses
of the shore.

Death enters and leaves,
and leaves and enters
the death
of the tavern.

-Frederico García Lorca (1898–1936)

WITCHES CHORUS (FROM MACBETH)

- I. What have you been doing? Tell us!
- II. I have slit a boar's throat. What have you done?
- III. I'm thinking of a
steersman's wife
who chased me to the devil,
but her husband has set sail
and I'll drown him with his ship.

- I. I shall give you the north wind.
II. I shall raise the waves.
III. I shall drag it across the shallows.
(*Drumming is heard*)

All:

A drum! What can it be?
Macbeth is coming. He is here.
(*They group together and dance in a ring.*)

The wandering sisters
Fly through the air, sail over the waves,
they bind a circle
through land and sea.

-*Francesco Maria Piave (1810–1876)*

THE RIDE-BY-NIGHTS

Up on their brooms the Witches stream,
Crooked and black in the crescent's gleam,
One foot high, and one foot low,
Bearded, cloaked, and cowled, they go.
'Neath Charlie's Wane they twitter and tweet,
And away they swarm 'neath the Dragon's feet,
With a whoop and a flutter they swing and sway,
And surge pell-mell down the Milky Way.
Between the legs of the glittering Chair
They hover and squeak in the empty air.
Then round they swoop past the glimmering Lion
To where Sirius barks behind huge Orion;
Up, then, and over to wheel amain
Under the silver, and home again.

-*Walter de la Mare (1873–1958)*

MEG MERRILIES

Old Meg she was a Gipsy,
And liv'd upon the Moors:
Her bed it was the brown heath turf,
And her house was out of doors.

Her apples were swart blackberries,
Her currants pods o' broom;
Her wine was dew of the wild white rose,
Her book a churchyard tomb.

Her Brothers were the craggy hills,
Her Sisters larchen trees—
Alone with her great family
She liv'd as she did please.

No breakfast had she many a morn,
No dinner many a noon,
And 'stead of supper she would stare
Full hard against the Moon.

But every morn of woodbine fresh
She made her garlanding,
And every night the dark glen Yew
She wove, and she would sing.

And with her fingers old and brown
She plaited Mats o' Rushes,
And gave them to the Cottagers
She met among the Bushes.

Old Meg was brave as Margaret Queen
And tall as Amazon:
An old red blanket cloak she wore;
A chip hat had she on.
God rest her aged bones somewhere—
She died full long ago!

-John Keats (1795–1821)

THREE NIGHTSONGS

1. Evening

Now it is dusky,
And the hermit thrush and the black and white warbler
Are singing and answering together.
There is sweetness in the tree,
And fireflies are counting the leaves.
I like this country,
I like the way it has,
But I cannot forget my dream I had of the sea,
The gulls swinging and calling,
And the foamy towers of the waves.

2. Moon Song

There is a star that runs very fast,
That goes pulling the moon
Through the tops of the poplars.
It is all in silver,
The tall star:
The moon rolls goldenly along
Out of breath.
Mr. Moon, does he make you hurry?

3. Water

The world turns softly
Not to spill its lakes and rivers.
The water is held in its arms
And the sky is held in the water.
What is water,
That pours silver,
And can hold the sky?

-Hilda Conkling (1910–1986)

TUNDRA

Wide, worn and weathered,
Sacred expanse
Of green and white and granite grey;
Snowy patches strewn,
Anchored to the craggy earth,
Unmoving;
While clouds dance
Across the vast, eternal sky.

-Charles Anthony Silvestri (b.1965)

SONG OF THE STARS

We are the stars which sing,
We sing with our light;
We are the birds of fire,
We fly over the sky.
Our light is a voice.
We make a road for spirits,
For the spirits to pass over.
Among us are three hunters Who chase a bear;
There never was a time
When they were not hunting.
We look down on the mountains.
This is the Song of the Stars.

*-Algonquin text, collected by Charles G. Leland
(1824-1903)*

WEST WIND (*Inspired by a poem of Arnold Caplan titled The Aeolian Harp*)

West wind, tell, from whence do you blow
From what great ocean meeting ground
Of whispered exhortations to the winds
do you return their sighs for me to know?

For these are no unguided, vagrant sights
That fall, amorphous, from the misted sheath,
No errant strangers thought or planet's hum
Nor whining of a falling star which dies.

These are not sounds for all the orb to hear.
Not even he of quick and learned art
Could sense these vowels of pluck them from the air
Save I offered grace to see into my heart.

For these are Mine! Sent from a lonely lute
Like the one – attuned – pulsing low within me,
Dormant – stretched across the frame of longing,
And always till the calm is lifted – mute.

Play on my strings, sweet hands, this blushing evening
Some vague, forgotten lyrics of the homelands,
My cords are taut and sing (though hushed) for easing
And only winds from home will sound those bands.

-Arnold Caplan (1917–2003)

SHE WEEPS OVER RAHOON

Rain on Ragoon falls softly, softly falling,
Where my dark lover lies.
Sad is his voice that calls me, sadly calling,
At grey moonrise.

Love, hear thou how soft,
How sad his voice is ever calling,
Ever unanswered, and the dark rain falling,
Then as now.

Dark too our hearts, O love, shall lie and cold
As his sad heart has lain
Under the moongrey nettles, the black mould
And muttering rain.

-James Joyce (1882–1942)

VALKYRIE

Then light shone
from Logafell,
and from that radiance
there came bolts of lightning; wearing helmets
at Himingvani
(came the valkyries).
Their byrnies (chainmail tunics) were drenched in blood;
and rays shone
from their spears.

Three times nine maidens;
though one maide foremost rode,
bright, with helmed head.
Their horses shook themselves,
and from their manes there sprang

(continued...)

dew into the deep dales,
hail on the lofty trees,
whence comes fruitfulness to man.
To me all that I saw was hateful.

-Poetic Edda (13th century)

SEAL LULLABY

Oh! Hush thee, my baby, the night is behind us,
And black are the waters that sparkled so green.
The moon, o'er the combers, looks downward to find us,
At rest in the hollows that rustle between.

Where billow meets billow, then soft be thy pillow,
Oh weary wee flipperling, curl at thy ease!
The storm shall not wake thee, nor shark overtake thee,
Asleep in the arms of the slow swinging seas!

-Rudyard Kipling, (1865-1936)



UPCOMING EVENTS

Mixed Ensemble *Bernstein at 100*

Saturday, March 16, 2019

St. Peter's by-the-Sea, Bay Shore @ 8:00 pm

Sunday, March 17, 2019

Cathedral of the Incarnation, Garden City @ 4:00 pm

Women's Ensemble *Summer Collection*

Saturday, June 1, 2019

Christ Church, Oyster Bay @ 8:00 pm

Sunday, June 2, 2019

St. Peter's by-the-Sea, Bay Shore @ 4:00 pm

Young Artist Awards:

2019 Auditions to be announced soon.

*Join our mailing list at www.evoco.vc to be
the first to hear about this and all upcoming events!*

For tickets and concert information visit www.evoco.vc

ABOUT THE ARTISTS



eVoco* Voice Collective is an award winning collection of singers of the highest musical, technical, and expressive abilities whose shared mission is to invite listeners into the extraordinary experience of singing, together. We are passionate advocates for excellence in the choral & vocal art, presenting evocative concerts and recitals of the highest caliber, summoning the power of the human voice to remind us all of our shared human experiences. Our current projects include the Mixed Ensemble, the Women's Ensemble, the Open Door Ensemble, and our Voice Recitals featuring the Young Vocal Artist Award winners. In 2017, the eVoco Mixed Ensemble received the second place award in the national American Prize for Choral Performance—Community Chorus division.

eVoco firmly believes in the transformative and educational power of music, and we welcome everyone to observe our work together. All of our Mixed and Women's Ensemble rehearsals are open to the public. 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*

eVoco Women's Ensemble

Soprano 1

Elena Blyskal
Christina Farrell
Doreen Fryling
Emily Garner
Deanna Grunenberg
Christina Regan
Monique Campbell Retzlaff
Melissa Wozniak

Soprano 2

Deanna Albro
Jessica Chen
Jennifer DeStio
Robyn Ferrari
Andrea Galeno
Catherine Goldenbaum
Lauren Jacobson
Louise O'Hanlon
Heather Wells

Alto 1

Dory Agazarian
Kimberly Corona
Ruth Elías
Christine Fena
Sydney Hankins
Anna Miller
Jessica Mischke
Deborah Peltz
Maria Rueda
Priya Shah

Alto 2

Terry Bendel
Amanda Branson
Elisa Castiglione
Shoshana Hershkowitz
Maria Nielsen
Jane Park
Lisa Richardson
Joanna Rocco

Piano

Miles Massicotte



David Fryling (www.DavidFryling.org) is Director of Choral Activities at Hofstra University, where he conducts the select Hofstra Chorale and Hofstra Chamber Choir, teaches choral conducting, and supervises choral music education student teachers in the field. In 2014 David was inducted into the Long Island Music Hall of Fame as the “Educator of Note,” and he is the winner of the 2016-17 American Prize in Conducting in two categories: community chorus and college & university.

An energetic and engaging conductor, clinician, and adjudicator of professional, community, and high school choirs, David’s recent invitations include various all-state and regional honor choirs, master classes, workshops, and adjudications in New York, Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Pennsylvania, Virginia, North Carolina, Mississippi, Michigan, Tennessee, Louisiana, Texas, Utah and Alaska. He is also the founding conductor of the

eVoco Voice Collective, a non-profit organization that presents a yearly concert series, a recital, and awards young artist scholarships to outstanding high school singers.

From 2007 to 2013 Dr. Fryling spent his summers as coordinator of the Vocal Artists program at the Interlochen Center for the Arts in Michigan, where he was conductor and music director of the World Youth Honors Choir and Festival Choir & Orchestra. He has since served as a guest artist on the conducting faculty of the New York State Summer School of the Arts (NYSSSA) School of Choral Studies, as well as the Sitka Fine Arts Camp in Sitka, AK.



Pianist **Miles Massicotte** has been hailed as a “truly extraordinary” artist showing “a dazzling display of pianistic prowess” (The News-Times). Born in 1990, he began studying piano at the age of 10, and gave his first public performances shortly thereafter. He enjoys a diverse musical career that began in his native Connecticut and has taken him across the United States and abroad, where he has been featured variously as a recitalist, a soloist with orchestras, and a chamber musician, as well as a composer and improviser.

Miles was the winner of the 2011 James Furman Memorial Competition, and is the recipient of over 15 scholarships and awards. He has been a featured student in a number of master classes with renowned pianists such as Peter Frankl, Yves Henry, and Angela Cheng. As a soloist and guest artist, he has been invited to perform in venues such as the Veronica Hagman Concert Hall, Ives Concert Hall, and Infinity Hall, among many others. As a

chamber musician, he has performed in virtually every conceivable capacity, from duos to large contemporary ensembles, both throughout the United States and internationally.

As a young jazz musician, Miles was the recipient of the Louis Armstrong Award. He has gone on to perform on stage alongside jazz greats such as John Scofield, Dave Liebman, and Vic Juris. His original compositions in this genre have been noted for their “suite-like shifts” and their “amazing vibrancy and chordal modalities” (Hartford Courant).

Miles’ initial musical education came at the Greater Hartford Academy of the Arts, and upon graduating he had twice received the academy’s “Most Outstanding Classical Instrumentalist” award (2006, 2008). He continued his studies at Western Connecticut State University, where he studied with Russell Hirshfield and Patricia Lutnes, receiving the institution’s “Music Chair” award in his final year (2012). Miles is now pursuing a Doctor of Musical Arts at Stony Brook University, under the tutelage of Gilbert Kalish, where he also works as a teaching assistant. In 2017, he performed the *Piano Concerto no. 3* of Rachmaninoff there as the winner of Stony Brook’s 2015 Concerto Competition.

A native of Buffalo, NY, **David Wozniak** is an experienced soloist, teacher, conductor, chamber musician, and repair technician. He has performed with the Mobile (AL) Symphony Orchestra, the Gulf Coast (MS) Symphony Orchestra, and was featured at the University of Louisville's renowned New Music Festival. An avid proponent of new music, David has worked with many composers including Gregg Rossetti, Jonathan David, Martha Sullivan, Sy Brandon, Marc Satterwhite, and Alan Theissen. David's premiere recording, *American Fusion*, was released on Emeritus Records and featured four world-premiere recordings.

David earned degrees from the University of Southern Mississippi and Fredonia State University, where he studied with Lawrence Gwozdz and Wildy Zumwalt, respectively. He also has received coaching from Harry-Kinross White. Besides his work as a saxophonist, David has performance and teaching experience on all of the woodwinds. Additionally, he studied wind conducting under Thomas Fraschillo.

David is a member of the North American Saxophone Alliance, the International Double Reed Society, Phi Mu Alpha Sinfonia, and was recently honored as a "Friend of the Arts" by Sigma Alpha Iota. He teaches at the Borough of Manhattan Community College in addition to his private studio.

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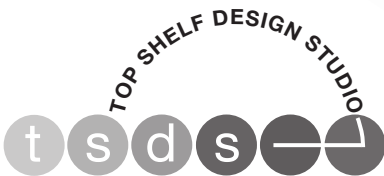
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