



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

Alto 1

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

Tenor 2

Steven Altinel
Matt Georgetti
Timothy Jenks
Paul Jordan Talbot

Soprano 2

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

Alto 2

Andrea Galeno
Deborah Jenks
Meggan Kent
Annie Pasqua
Elisa Trigg

Bass 1

Thomas Carroll
Andrew DiMartino
Malcolm Gilbert
Benjamin Pesenti
Brian Vollmer

Tenor 1

Garrett Fujarski
Chris Remkus
Eric Rubinstein

Bass 2

Jared Berry
William Hammer
Kelby Khan
Jesse Tennyson

www.evoco.vc

The Passing of the Years



David Fryling, Conductor

In Concert

Saturday March 1st @ 8pm

Christ Church Oyster Bay

Program

Mid-Winter Songs

Morten Lauridsen (b. 1943)

- 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

John Corigliano (b. 1938)

Karen DiMartino, *mezzo-soprano solo*
Solo quartet:
Vanessa Valentin, *soprano*; Michelle Emeric, *alto*,
Matt Georgetti, *tenor*; Jesse Tennyson, *bass*

The Passing of the Year

Jonathan Dove (b. 1959)

- I. Invocation
- II. The narrow bud opens her beauties to the sun
Natalie Fabian, soprano & Matt Georgetti, tenor
- III. Answer July
- IV. Hot sun, cool fire
- V. Ah, Sun-flower!
- VI. Adieu! Farewell earth's bliss!
- VII. Ring out, wild bells



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 "dying sun", falling snow", and the "worm of death". In the final movement, there is a plea to "Spare him a little longer, Crone" (time). This work, much like the season itself, is at times intense as a winter storm, and at other moments, tranquil as falling snow.

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

3. Answer July / Emily Dickinson, 1830-1886

Answer July	Ah, said July –	Nay – said the May!	Quibbled the Jay,
Where is the bee?	Where is the seed?	Show me the snow!	Where be the maize?
Where is the blush?	Where is the bud?	Show me the bells!	Where be the haze?
Where is the hay?	Where is the May?	Show me the jay!	Where be the bur?
	Answer thee me.		Here – said the year!

4. Hot sun, cool fire / George Peele, 1556-1596

Hot sun, cool fire, temper'd with sweet air,
Black shade, fair nurse, shadow my white hair:
Shine, sun; burn, fire; breathe, air, and ease me;
Black shade, fair nurse, shroud me and please 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'reth lightly.

5. Ah, Sun-flower! / William Blake

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:	Where the Youth pined away with desire, And the pale Virgin shrouded in snow Arise from their graves, and aspire Where my Sun-flower wishes to go.
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6. Adieu! farewell earth's bliss! / Thomas Nashe, 1567-1601

Adieu! farewell earth's bliss!
This world uncertain is:
Fond are life's lustful joys,
Death proves 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:
I am sick, I must die—
Lord, have mercy on us!

Beauty is but a flower
Which wrinkles will devour:
Brightness falls from the air;
Queens have died young and fair
Dust hath closed Helen's eye:
I am sick, I must die—
Lord, have mercy on us!

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 rhymes;
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.

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 lordly 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
Flashing 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 whinnying 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 heart was long,
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 Pasiphaë

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 unmelted 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,
Back-of-the-mind-far clouds like towers;
And you, sudden warm airs that blow
Before the expected season of new blossom,
While sheep still gnaw at roots and lambless go—

V. Intercession in Late October

How hard the year dies: no frost yet.
On drifts of yellow sand Midas reclines,
Fearless of moaning reed or sullen wave.
Firm and fragrant still the brambleberries.
On ivy-bloom butterflies wag.

Faithless she was not: she was very woman,
Smiling with dire impartiality,
Sovereign, with heart unmatched, adored of
men,
Until Spring's cuckoo with bedraggled plumes
Tempted her pity and her truth betrayed.
Then she who shone for all resigned her being,
And this must be a night without a moon.
Dying sun, shine warm a little longer!

III. She Tells Her Love While Half Asleep

She tells her love while half asleep,
In the dark hours,
With half-words whispered low:

As Earth stirs in her winter sleep
And puts out grass and flowers
Despite the snow,
Despite the falling snow.

Be witness that on waking, this mid-winter,
I found her hand in mine laid closely
Who shall watch out the Spring with me.
We stared in silence all around us
But found no winter anywhere to see.

Spare him a little longer, Crone,
For his clean hands and love-
submissive heart.

The Passing of the Year / Various Poets

1. Invocation / William Blake, 1757-1827

O Earth, O Earth, return!

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.