

eVoco
Mixed Ensemble

*journeys
&
awakenings*

Saturday October 26th @ 8pm

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

Sunday October 27th @ 4pm

Cathedral of the Incarnation
36 Cathedral Ave., Garden City, NY

David Fryling, conductor
Markus Kaitila, rehearsal pianist

Journeys & Awakenings

Gitanjali Chants.....Craig Hella Johnson



Warum ist das Licht uns gegeben, Op 74, No.1.....Johannes Brahms

1. Langsam und ausdrucksvoll
2. Wenig bewegter
3. Langsam und sanft / Im vorigen Zeitmaß
4. Choral



On my Journey Home.....Trad., arr. Jeffrey Douma

The Road Home.....Stephen Paulus

Alexis Minogue, soprano



L'invitation au Voyage.....John Corigliano

Doreen Fryling & Elena Blyskal, sopranos;

Jen Destio & Jane Park, mezzos;

Matt Georgetti & Alex Plotkin, tenors;

Max Denler & Jared Berry, basses



Tykus Tykus.....Vaclovas Augustinas

With a Lily in Your Hand.....Eric Whitacre



Óhtul.....Pärt Uusberg

Mixed Ensemble, joined by our invited high school voices



Cloudburst.....Eric Whitacre

Jared Berry, bass; Emily Ison, spoken word; Jonah Piali, soprano

Connor Martin, percussion; Brianna Brickman, piano

Light of a Clear Blue Morning.....Dolly Parton, arr. Craig Hella Johnson

Melody Hall, solo (Saturday), Andrea Galeno, solo (Sunday)

Kristin Howell, Seanna Silver, and Jane Park, trio

When the theme of tonight's concert first suggested itself to me, I thought it wanted to be your basic travelogue program: songs gathered from around the world, songs specifically about travel, and so on. Fun, easy...and a perhaps a bit boring.

But as I lived with some of the texts, they coaxed me in more intriguing directions. They seemed to argue that journeys are not about merely sight-seeing or experiencing new cultures first-hand, but rather represent an instinctual searching — for meaning, love, acceptance and a sense of universal belonging.

And in our literal and more metaphorical journeys alike, we keep seeking because of the hope (the promise?) of finding — something, someone, or even oneself. In the process we awaken to refreshingly new perspectives, differing but stimulating world-views, and a deeper understanding of our potential.

TL;DR: It's never about the destination. Welcome to Journeys & Awakenings.

- Dave Fryling

GITANJALI CHANTS

Ever in my life
have I sought thee with my songs.
It was they who led me from door to door,
and with them have I felt about me,
searching and touching my world.
It was my songs that taught me all
the lessons I ever learnt;
they showed me secret paths,
they brought before my sight
many a star on the horizon of my heart.
They guided me all the day long to
the mysteries of the country of pleasure and pain,
and at last to what palace gate have they
brought me at the end of my journey?
You came down from your throne
and stood at my cottage door.
I was sitting all alone in a corner,
and the melody caught your ear.
You came down and stood at my cottage door.
Masters are many in our hall,
and songs are sung there at all hours.
But the simple carol of this novice
struck at your love.
One plaintive little strain,
mingled with the great music of the world,
and with a flower for a prize,
you came down and stopped at my cottage door.
You came down.

- Rabindranath Tagore

WARUM IST DAS LICHT UNS GEGEBEN

1. Warum ist Licht gegeben dem Mühseligen,
Und das Leben den betrübten Herzen? Warum?
Die des Todes warten und kommt nicht
Und grüben ihn wohl aus dem verborgenen;
Die sich fast freuen und sind fröhlich,
daß sie das Grab bekommen. Warum?
Und dem Manne des Weg verborgen ist,
Und Gott vor ihm denselben bedecket? Warum?

2. Lasset uns unser Herz samt den Händen
aufheben zu Gott im Himmel.

3. Siehe, wir preisen selig, die erduldet haben.
Die Geduld Hiob habt ihr gehört,
Und das Ende des Herrn habt ihr gesehen;
Denn der Herr ist barmherzig und ein Erbarmer!

4. Mit Fried und Freud ich fahr dahin,
in Gottes willen,
getrost ist mir mein Herz und Sinn,
sanft und stille.
Wie Gott mir verheißen hat,
der Tod ist mir Schlaf worden.

*1. Why has light been given to the weary of soul,
And life to the troubled hearts? Why?
They who wait for death, and it doesn't come;
They who dig for it even out of secret places;
Those who almost rejoice and are happy
That they achieve the grave. Why?
And to the man whose way is hidden,
And from whom God himself has been concealed? Why?*
- Job 3:20-23

2. Let us lift up our hearts, together with our hands, to God in heaven.
- Lamentations 3:41

*3. Behold, we value them as blessed who have endured.
You have heard of the patience of Job,
And the Lord's conclusion you have seen:
For the Lord is merciful and has compassion!*
- James 5:11

*4. With peace and joy I depart
in God's will,
My heart and mind are comforted,
calm, and quiet.
As God had promised me:
death has become my sleep.*

- Martin Luther

ON MY JOURNEY HOME

When I can read my title clear
to mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear,
and wipe my weeping eyes;
 I feel like I'm on my journey home.

Should earth against my soul engage,
and fearsome darts be hurled,
then I can smile at evil's rage,
and face a frowning world;
 I feel like I'm on my journey home.

-Traditional Sacred Harp

THE ROAD HOME

Tell me, where is the road
 I can call my own,
That I left, that I lost,
 So long ago?
All these years I have wandered,
 Oh, when will I know
There's a way, there's a road
 That will lead me home?

After wind, after rain,
 When the dark is done.
As I wake from a dream
 In the gold of day,
Through the air there's a calling
 From far away,
There's a voice I can hear
 That will lead me home.

Rise up, follow me,
 Come away, is the call,
With the love in your heart
 As the only song;
There is no such beauty
 As where you belong:
Rise up, follow me,
 I will lead you home.

- Michael Dennis Browne

L'INVITATION AU VOYAGE

My child, my sister, dream
How sweet all things would seem
Were we in that kind land to live together,
And there love slow and long,
There love and die among
Those scenes that image you, that sumptuous weather.
Drowned suns that glimmer there
Through cloud-disheveled air
Move me with such a mystery as appears
Within those other skies
Of your treacherous eyes
When I behold them shining through their tears.

There, there is nothing else but grace and measure,
Richness, quietness, and pleasure.

Furniture that wears
The luster of the years
Softly would glow within our glowing chamber,
Flowers of rarest bloom
Proffering their perfume
Mixed with the vague fragrances of amber;
Gold ceilings would there be,
Mirrors deep as the sea,
The walls all in an Eastern splendor hung —
Nothing but should address
The soul's loneliness,
Speaking her sweet and secret native tongue.

There, there is nothing else but grace and measure,
Richness, quietness, and pleasure.

See, sheltered from the swells
There in the still canals
Those drowsy ships that dream of sailing forth;
It is to satisfy
Your least desire, they ply
Hither through all the waters of the earth.
The sun at close of day
Clothes the fields of hay,
Then the canals, at last the town entire
In hyacinth and gold:
Slowly the land is rolled
Sleepward under a sea of gentle fire.

There, there is nothing else but grace and measure,
Richness, quietness, and pleasure.

- Charles Baudelaire, translated by Richard Wilbur

TYKUS TYKUS (*Quietly, quietly*)

Tai tykus bernelis,
Tai tykus raitelis,
Tai tykiai privileijoj
Mergelę klėtėlėn.

Žalią rūtų vainikėlį

Tai tykiai nuėmė
Rūtų vainikėlį,
Tai tykiai numovė
Aukselio žiedelį.

Bernelis pabudo,
Nelaimę pajuto, –
An žirgelio sėdo,
In vainelę jojo.

*What a quiet lad,
what a calm rider,
how quietly he enticed away
a maiden into the granary.*

Green rue crown

*How calmly he took away
her maidenhood,
how quietly he worked off
her golden ring.*

*But suddenly he awaked
and sensed danger, –
took a horse
and moved away to the battle.*

-Traditional Lithuanian Folk Song

WITH A LILY IN YOUR HAND

With a lily in your hand
I leave you, o my night love!
Little widow of my single star
I find you.
Tamer of dark
butterflies!
I keep along my way.
After a thousand years are gone
you'll see me,
o my night love!
By the blue footpath,
tamer of dark
stars,
I'll make my way.
Until the universe
can fit inside
my heart.

-Frederico Garcia Lorca, translated by Jerome Rothenberg

ÕHTUL

Vaikib linnukene
ühes tuulega,
uinub lillekene
kaste kaisussa.

Eha punastades
ööle annab suud
mälestus ja vaikus,
uinund metsapuud.

Igatsedes ainult
minu lauluke
nagu mälestus, kui vaikus
sõuab kaugele.

*The little bird grows silent
as the wind blows.
The small flower falls asleep
caressed by the dew.*

*Twilight blushes
as she kisses the night.
The forest trees sleep
in memory and silence.*

*They are wistful
for my song,
now a silent memory,
as it paddles far away.*

- Ernst Enno

CLOUDBURST

La lluvia...

Ojos de agua de sombra,
ojos de agua de pozo,
ojos de agua de sueño.

Soles azules, verdes remolinos,
picos de luz que abren astros
como granadas.

¿Dime, tierra quemada, no hay agua?
¿Hay sólo sangre, sólo hay polvo,
sólo pisadas de pies desnudos sobre la espina?

La lluvia despierta...

Hay que dormir con los ojos abiertos,
hay que soñar con les manos,
soñemos sueños activos de río buscando su cauce,
sueños de sol soñando sus mundos,
hay que soñar en voz alta,
hay que cantar hasta que el canto eche,
raíces, tronco, ramas, pájaros, astros,
hay que desenterrar la palabra perida,
recordar lo que dicen la sangre y la marea,
le tierra y el cuerpo,
volver al punto de partida...

The rain...

*Eyes of shadow-water
eyes of well-water,
eyes of dream-water.*

*Blue suns, green whirlwinds,
birdbeaks of light pecking open
pomegranate stars.*

*But tell me, burnt earth, is there no water?
Only blood, only dust,
Only naked footsteps on the thorns?*

The rain awakens...

*We must sleep with open eyes,
we must dream with our hands,
we must dream the dreams of a river seeking its course,
of the sun dreaming its worlds,
we must dream aloud,
we must sing till the song puts forth roots,
trunk, branches, birds, stars,
we must find the lost word,
and remember what the blood,
the tides, the earth, and the body say,
and return to the point of departure...*

- Octavio Paz, adapted by Eric Whitacre

LIGHT OF A CLEAR BLUE MORNING

It's been a long dark night
And I've been waitin' for the morning
Its been a long hard fight
But I see a brand new day a-dawning
I've been looking for the sunshine
'Cause I ain't seen it in so long
But everything's gonna work out just fine
Everything's gonna be all right
'Cause I can see the light of a clear blue morning
I can see the light of a brand new day
I can see the light of a clear blue morning
And everything's gonna be all right
It's gonna be ok

- Dolly Parton

ABOUT THE ARTISTS



eVoco* Voice Collective is an award winning collection of singers striving to strengthen connections between people through the pursuit of choral music excellence. Through public performances, open rehearsals, and community events, the organization fosters an atmosphere of lifelong learning and musical growth among its singers and audience, while cultivating new patrons of the arts. Our current projects include the Mixed Ensemble, the Treble 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 believes in the transformative power of music. By presenting meaningful and challenging concerts to the community, we focus on our shared human experiences and provide our community of singers a high-level ensemble experience that both expands their artistic horizons and provides a forum for musical and personal growth. In addition, we offer educational opportunities including young artist competitions, workshops, professional development, and open access to all rehearsals for students, teachers, and music enthusiasts alike.

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

eVoco Mixed Ensemble

Soprano 1

Elena Blyskal
Monique Campbell Retzlaff
Mary Beth Finger
Doreen Fryling
Alexis Minogue
Christina Regan

Alto 1

Brianna Brickman
Sinéad Conlon
Jen DeStio
Andrea Galeno
Sydney Hankins-Wright
Jonah Piali

Tenor 1

Benjamin Arendsen
David Catalano
Brodie Centauro
Matt Georgetti
Eric Rubinstein
Joseph Smaldino

Bass 1

Thomas Carroll
Dana Contino
Max Denler
Malcolm Gilbert
Shea Kastriner
James Ludwig
Brian Vollmer

Soprano 2

Janet Fryling
Catherine Goldenbaum
Emma Harrington
Kristin Howell
Emily Ilson
Seanna Silver

Alto 2

Amanda Branson
Elisa Castiglione
Melody Hall
Jane Park
Lisa Richardson
Maria Rueda

Tenor 2

Steven Altinel
Thomas DiBenedetto
Brad Drinkwater
Michael Fernandez
Brian Messemer
Alex Plotkin

Bass 2

Kyle Benaburger
Jared Berry
David W. Fryling
Connor Martin
Alexander Papis
Nevin Shah

Piano

Markus Kaitila



David Fryling (www.DavidFryling.org) is director of choral activities at Hofstra University, where he conducts the Hofstra Chorale and Hofstra Chamber Choir, teaches beginning and advanced studies in choral conducting, and supervises choral music education student teachers during their field placements. In fall 2014 David was inducted into the Long Island Music Hall of Fame as the “Educator of Note,” and in spring 2017 he was awarded The American Prize in Conducting in both the community division and the college and university division.

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 throughout New York and in Alaska, Connecticut, Illinois, Louisiana, Michigan, Mississippi, New Jersey, North Carolina, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, Tennessee, Texas, Utah, Vermont, and Virginia.

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 been a frequent guest artist on the conducting faculty of the New York State Summer School of the Arts (NYSSSA) School of Choral Studies, and has served on the faculty at the Sitka Fine Arts Camp in Sitka, AK.

Before coming to Long Island, Dr. Fryling served as music director and conductor of the University of Michigan Arts Chorale and assistant conductor of the Michigan Chamber Singers, University Choir, and the internationally acclaimed Michigan Men’s Glee Club. While in Ann Arbor, he was also the music director and conductor of the Michigan Youth Women’s Chorus, a year-round all-state honors choir composed of select high school sopranos and altos from across Michigan. In addition to his professional teaching and conducting responsibilities, David is a past president of the American Choral Directors Association (ACDA) Eastern Region, and has recently been named ACDA National President Elect.



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UPCOMING EVENTS

Treble Ensemble: *Aurora*

Saturday, January 4, 2020

Christ Church, Oyster Bay @ 8:00 pm

Sunday, January 5, 2020

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

Treble Ensemble: *Spring Collection*

Saturday, March 14, 2020

Christ Church, Oyster Bay @ 8:00 pm

Sunday, March 15, 2020

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

Mixed Ensemble: *Considering Matthew Shepard*

Saturday, June 6, 2020

Venue TBA @ 8:00 pm

Sunday, June 7, 2020

Venue TBA @ 4:00 pm

Young Artist Awards:

2020 Auditions to be announced soon.

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OUR LADY OF GRACE, WEST BABYLON, NY

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OUR LADY OF GRACE, WEST BABYLON, NY



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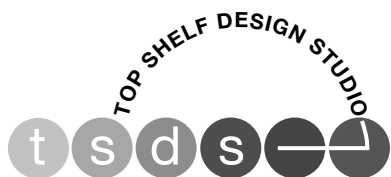
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