eVoco
Mixed Ensemble



Eros
ἔρως

Saturday, November 7th @ 7pm
St. Peter's by-the-Sea
500 S. Country Rd., Bay Shore, NY

Sunday, November 8th @ 5pm
Cathedral of the Incarnation
50 Cathedral Ave., Garden City, NY

David Fryling, *conductor*
Brianna Blake, *piano*
Brian Fong, *piano*

eVoco
Mixed Ensemble

Eros

We ask that the audience hold their applause until the end of each section.

Joy.....Hans Bridger Heruth
Kyla Surajbali & Kristen Sita, *sopranos*

Gondoliera.....Clara Schumann

Liebeslieder Walzer.....Johannes Brahms
1. Rede, Mädchen, allzu liebes
2. Am Gesteine rauscht die Flut
3. O die Frauen
4. Wie des Abends schöne Röte
5. Die grüne Hopfenranke
6. Ein kleiner hübscher Vogel nahm
7. Wohl schön bewandt
8. Wenn so lind dein Auge mir
9. Am Donaustrande
10. O wie sanft die Quelle
11. Nein, es ist nicht auszukommen
12. Schlosser auf, und mache Schlösser
13. Vögelein durchrauscht die Luft
14. Sieh, wie ist die Welle klar
15. Nachtigall, sie singt so schön
16. Ein dunkeler Schacht ist Liebe
17. Nicht wandle, mein Licht
18. Es bebet das Gesträuche

Katherine Lerner, *mezzo* & Tony DiTaranto, *tenor*

Liebst du um Schönheit.....Clara Schumann, arr. James McCollough

Amor de mi Alma.....Z. Randall Stroope

Dear Love.....Joan Johnson Drewes
World Premiere
Jen DeStio, Melody Mercieca, Alex Wind, & Alex Plotkin, *solo quartet*

Mixed Ensemble joined by our Invited High School Singers

Program Note

Where is love?
Does it fall from skies above?
Is it underneath the willow tree
That I've been dreaming of? …

Who can say where she may hide?
Must I travel far and wide
'Til I am beside the someone who
I can mean something to?
Where, where is love?

—from "Where is Love?" by Lionel Bart

I have a bit of a confession/apology to make: This season's theme, "Where is Love," only adds to the popular misconception that the Ancient Greeks had from three to seven distinct words for particular types of love. Much like the linguistic myth that Inuit languages have hundreds of words for snow (nope—but they *do* have hundreds of words for sea ice!), it is built on some kernels of truth: all the words we're using this season do, of course, mean "love" in Greek. However, the narrow definitions we're using are decidedly modern attributions.

The current impression that there are four distinct Greek words for love probably has its deepest roots in the 20th-century book "The Four Loves" by C. S. Lewis. But Lewis was writing as a Christian moralist, not a classicist, and he used the Greek words to frame and organize his moral arguments: Storge stood for Affection, Philia for Friendship, Eros for Attraction, and Agape for Charity. So we have what linguists call "etymological repurposing" rather than a historic claim about how ancient Greeks categorized different types of love. The words are authentic, but the packaging as the Greek taxonomy is, unfortunately, not.

Still, these categorizations are useful, I think. The observation that we humans love in many different ways seems to ring true with many authors, poets, and bloggers. And Lewis did not invent from whole cloth the idea that there are separate categories of love. He was expanding on a centuries-old exploration of love as a concept; the Greeks themselves held that there were different ways of loving one another, they simply didn't use one word when describing these concepts.

Whew. I certainly feel better getting that out of the way, and I thank you for indulging me in the continuation of this linguistic myth. I hope you enjoy chasing with us the exhilaration (and occasional heartbreak) of romantic love with *Eros*.

—Dave Fryling

Joy

I am wild, I will sing to the trees,
I will sing to the stars in the sky,
I love, I am loved, he is mine,
Now at last I can die!

I am sandaled with wind and with flame,
I have heart-fire and singing to give,
I can tread on the grass or the stars,
Now at last I can live!

—*Sara Teasdale*

Lyric poet Sara Teasdale's romantic life was defined by a choice between passion and financial stability. The famous "tramp poet" Vachel Lindsay fell madly in love with Teasdale, and courted her with letters and poems. And though she had a profound spiritual and emotional connection to him, Teasdale ultimately turned down his proposals because she felt he could not provide financial security. Instead, in 1914, she married Ernst Filsinger, a wealthy international businessman, and moved to New York City with him in 1916. While Filsinger loved her, his constant business travel left her intensely lonely and isolated in the city. After her eventual divorce from Filsinger, she and Vachel rekindled a close friendship (he was still married) that lasted the rest of their lives.

—*Dave Fryling*

Gondoliera

O komm zu mir, wenn durch die Nacht
Wandelt das Sternenheer,
Dann schwebt mit uns in Mondespracht
Die Gondel übers Meer.
Die Luft ist weich wie Liebesscherz,
Sanft spielt der goldne Schein,
Die Zither klingt und zieht dein Herz
Mit in die Lust hinein.
O komm zu mir, wenn durch die Nacht
Wandelt das Sternenheer,
Dann schwebt mit uns in Mondespracht
Die Gondel übers Meer.

Dies ist für sel'ge Lieb' die Stund,
Liebchen, o komm und schau,
So friedlich strahlt des Himmels Rund,
Es schläft des Meeres Blau.
Und wie es schläft, so sagt der Blick,
Was nie die Zunge spricht,
Das Auge zieht sich nicht zurück,
Zurück die Seele nicht.
O komm zu mir, wenn durch die Nacht
Wandelt das Sternenheer,
Dann schwebt mit uns in Mondespracht
Die Gondel übers Meer.

Oh, come to me when daylight sets;
Sweet! then come to me,
When smoothly go our gondolets
O'er the moonlight sea.
When Mirth's awake, and Love begins,
Beneath that glancing ray,
With sound of lutes and mandolins,
To steal young hearts away.
Then, come to me when daylight sets;
Sweet! then come to me,
When smoothly go our gondolets
O'er the moonlight sea.

Oh, then's the hour for those who love,
Sweet, like thee and me;
When all's so calm below, above,
In Heaven and o'er the sea.
When maidens sing sweet barcarolles,
And Echo sings again
So sweet, that all with ears and souls
Should love and listen then.
So, come to me when daylight sets;
Sweet! then come to me,
When smoothly go our gondolets
O'er the moonlight sea.

—Thomas Moore, translated to German by Emanuel Geibel

There are countless myths around the relationship between Clara Schumann and Johannes Brahms. And there is a lot we will never know about their relationship. But over 800 letters do survive from their 42-year correspondence, from 1854-1896, along with numerous diary entries from Clara. That Brahms was in love with her is undebatable. The number of times Johannes declares his love for Clara in his letters is in the dozens. But most likely, they mutually decided marriage wasn't an option.

Clara had three major reasons for never marrying again, let alone marrying Johannes. First, she didn't want more children. In 1847, when she found out she was pregnant with child number five at age 27, she writes, "What will become of my work?!" That she was relieved to have no more children after Robert went into the hospital is evident simply by her touring schedule. She relished the freedom, even as she mourned her husband. Second, Clara was always practical and money-conscious. And she made lots of it by touring. Her concerts pulled in enough for her to put all her children in boarding school and for her to buy a house in the mountains. Johannes was a dirt poor composer who would spend money on beer and brothels as soon as he earned it. And finally, Clara's performing career was epic. She'd given it up for Robert, but she wasn't giving up her touring for anyone, ever again. Brahms urged her not to tour so much. She never listened, and frequently fought him for saying so. Slowing down was a non-starter.

So did Brahms have a relationship with Clara Schumann? There is too much missing information for us to know. Though we have two volumes of letters that show they deeply cared about each other, just as many letters were burned by her or dropped in the river by him. 42 years is a lot of time for a relationship to ebb and flow or grow and fade.

—Condensed and summarized from the writings of Sarah Fritz, author of Madam Composer: The Virtuosic Genius of Clara Schumann

Liebeslieder Waltzes

From his earliest days in Vienna, Brahms played a leading role in contemporary efforts to preserve the memory and music of Schubert. Brahms was a passionate collector of the composer's autographs. Perhaps most striking are the 12 Ländler, D 790 (1864), and the 20 Ländler, D 366 and D 814 (1869). Both sets of dances inspired an immediate artistic response: at about the same time when each was published, Brahms composed a cycle of dances of his own, the Waltzes for Piano Duet, op. 39 *(1865), and the* Liebeslieder Waltzes op. 52 *(1869).*

In a letter to the publisher, Brahms dismissed his set of 18 Liebeslieder Waltzes *as "trifles," but he was clearly aware of their possible appeal. He wrote, "I will gladly risk being called an ass if they don't give a few people pleasure." The craftsmanship of these miniatures is highly ingenious, with the harmonic shifts subtly negotiated, and the piano acting as an equal partner. Brahms' expressive use of melody, imaginative use of harmony, and his deep understanding of counterpoint permeate the entire collection. However, probably most impressive is the way Brahms controls the rhythmic and metric flow of these miniatures, experimenting with text underlay that yields various solutions in regular and mixed meters [for instance, the articulation of two bars in triple time as if they were three bars in duple time, i.e. a hemiola] which becomes a well-established element of his future compositional craft.*

While the Liebeslieder Waltzes *became an instant success, the poet whose poems and translations Brahms set in the cycle is today largely unknown. Georg Friedrich Daumer (1800-1875) was seen as an important philosopher and poet of his time. While his philosophical works exerted influence on Ludwig Feuerbach and Karl Marx, he was most popularly known for his free translations and original works in the guise of the fourteenth-century Persian poet Hafiz. Late in Daumer's life, Brahms decided to meet him for the first time. Of the encounter he writes, "In a quiet room I met my poet. Ah, he was a little dried-up old man! I soon perceived that he knew nothing either of me or of my compositions, or anything at all of music. And when I pointed to his ardent, passionate verses, he gestured, with a tender wave of his hand, to a little old mother almost more withered than himself, saying, 'Ah, I have only loved the one, my wife!'"*

—*Condensed from Georg Predota's* Liebeslieder Waltzes Op. 52: History & Recording

1. Rede, Mädchen, allzu liebes, das mir in die Brust, die kühle,
hat geschleudert mit dem Blicke, diese wilden Glutgefühle!
Willst du nicht dein Herz erweichen, willst du eine Überfromme,
rasten ohne traute Wonne, oder willst du, dass ich komme?
Rasten ohne traute Wonne, nicht so bitter will ich büßen,
komme nur, du schwarzes Auge,
willst du dass ich komme wenn die Sterne grüßen?

Speak, dearest maiden
you whose glance has hurled
into my cool heart
these wild, passionate feelings!
Don't you want to soften your heart?
Do you want, you overly pious one,
to rest without true delight?
Or do you want me to come?
Rest without true delight—
I don't want to suffer so bitterly.
Do come, you dark-eyed boy;
come when the stars appear!

2. Am Gesteine rauscht die Flut,
heftig angetrieben:
Wer da nicht zu seufzen weiß,
lernt es unterm Lieben.

At the rocks rushes the flood,
vehemently driven:
He who does not know to sigh
will be taught by loving.

3. O die Frauen, o die Frauen,
Wie sie Wonne tauen!
Wären lang ein Mönch geworden,
Wären nicht die Frauen!

Oh, women! Oh, women!
how they do delight!
I would have become a monk long ago
were it not for women!

4. Wie des Abends schöne Röte
möcht ich arme Dirne glühn
einem, einem zu Gefallen
sonder Ende Wonne sprühn

Like a lovely sunset
I, a humble girl, would glow,
and find favor with one alone,
radiating endless rapture.

5. Die grüne Hopfenranke, sie schlängelt auf der Erde hin.
Die junge, schöne Dirne, so traurig ist ihr Sinn!
Du höre, grüne Ranke! Was hebst du dich nicht himmelwärts?
Du höre, schöne Dirne! Was ist so schwer dein Herz?
Wie höbe sich die Ranke, der keine Stütze Kraft verleiht
Wie wäre die Dirne fröhlich, wenn ihr der Liebste weit?

The green hop-vine creeps along the ground.
The beautiful young maiden — so sorrowful is her heart!
Listen, green vine, why don't you climb toward the heavens?
Listen, beautiful maiden, why is your heart so heavy?
How can a vine climb that has no support to hold it up?
How could the maiden be happy if her lover is far away?

6. Ein kleiner hübscher Vogel nahm den Flug
zum Garten hin, da gab es Obst genug.
Wenn ich ein hübscher, kleiner Vogel wär,
ich säumte nicht, ich täte so wie der.
Leimruten Arglist, lauert an dem Ort,
der arme Vogel konnte nicht mehr fort.
Nicht fort, nicht fort.

Wenn ich ein hübscher, kleiner Vogel wär
ich säumte nicht, ich täte nicht wie der.

...continued

Der Vogel kam in eine schöne Hand,
da tat es ihm, dem Glücklichen nicht an.
Wenn ich ein hübscher, kleiner Vogel wär,
ich säumte nicht, ich täte so wie der.

A pretty bird flew
to the garden where fruit was plentiful.
If I were a pretty little bird,
I'd not hesitate; I'd do just as he did.
Treacherous bird-lime lay in ambush;
The poor bird could not escape.
If I were a pretty little bird,
I'd definitely hesitate before doing as he did.
The bird was taken by a lovely hand;
No harm came to the happy little bird.
If I were a pretty little bird,
I'd not hesitate; I'd certainly do as he did.

7. Wohl schön bewandt
War es vorehe
Mit meinem Leben,
Mit meiner Liebe;
Durch eine Wand,
Ja, durch zehn Wände,
Erkannte mich
Des Freundes Sehe;
Doch jetzo, wehe,
Wenn ich dem Kalten
Auch noch so dicht
Vor'm Auge stehe,
Es merkt's sein Auge,
Sein Herze nicht.

How very pleasant it used to be,
both with my life and with my love;
through a wall, even through ten walls,
my friend's eye noticed me.
Yet now, alas, even if I stand
right in front of the cold one's eye,
his eye notices, but his heart notices me not.

8. Wenn so lind dein Auge mir und so lieblich schauet,
jede letzte Trübe flieht, welche mich umgrauet.
Dieser Liebe schöne Glut, lass sie nie verstieben!
Nimmer wird, wie ich so treu dich ein Andrer lieben.

When your eyes so gently and so fondly gaze on me,
every last sorrow flees that once had troubled me.
This beautiful glow of our love—do not let it die!
Never will another love you as faithfully as I.

9. Am Donaustrande, da steht ein Haus
da schaut ein rosiges Mädchen aus.
Das Mädchen ist wohl gut gehegt,

zehn eiserne Riegel sind vor die Türe gelegt.
Zehn eiserne Riegel das ist ein Spaß,
die spreng ich als wären sie nur von Glas.
Am Donaustrande, da steht ein Haus,
da schaut ein rosiges Mädchen aus.

On the Danube's bank there stands a house,
and there a rosy maiden gazes out.
The maiden is quite well protected;
ten iron bars are blocking her door.
Ten iron bars—that's a joke!
I'll break them as if they were only glass.

10. O wie sanft die Quelle sich durch die Wiese windet
O wie schön wenn Liebe sich zu der Liebe findet!

Oh how gently the stream winds through the meadow!
Oh how beautiful when one love finds another!

11. Nein, es ist nicht auszukommen mit den Leuten;
alles wissen sie so giftig auszudeuten.
Bin ich heiter, hegen soll ich lose Triebe,
bin ich still, so heißt's ich wäre irr aus Liebe.
Nein, es ist nicht auszukommen mit den Leuten;
alles wissen sie so giftig auszudeuten.

No, it is impossible to get along with such people;
they know how to interpret everything so maliciously!
If I'm merry, I'm said to have lewd desires;
if I'm silent, then it means I'm mad with love.

12. Schlosser auf, und mache Schlösser ohne Zahl,
denn die bösen Mäuler will ich schließen allzumal!

Locksmith, come and make locks, innumerable locks,
because I want to close their evil mouths once and for all!

13. Vögelein durchrauscht die Luft
sucht nach einem Aste,
und das Herz, das Herz begehrt's,
wo es selig raste.

A little bird rushes through the air
looking for a branch;
and the heart—it yearns for a heart
where it may blissfully rest.

14. Sieh', wie ist die Welle klar,
blickt der Mond hernieder!
Die du meine Liebe bist,
liebe du mich wieder!

...continued

See how clear are the waves
when the moon gazes down!
You who are my love,
love me again!

15. Nachtigall, sie singt so schön
wenn die Sterne funkeln.
Liebe mich, geliebtes Herz
küsse mich im Dunkeln!

The nightingale sings so beautifully
when the stars twinkle.
Love me, dear heart;
kiss me in the darkness!

16. Ein dunkeler Schacht ist Liebe
ein gar zu gefährlicher Bronnen;
da fiel ich hinein, ich Armer,
kann weder hören noch sehn,
nur denken an meine Wonnen,
nur stöhnen, in meinem Wehn.

Love is a dark pit,
a far too dangerous well;
and poor me, I fell into it.
Now I can neither hear nor see;
I can only remember my delight,
only groan in my misery.

17. Nicht wandle, mein Licht, dort außen
Im Flurbereich!
Die Füße würden dir, die zarten,
Zu nass, zu weich.
All überströmt sind dort die Wege,
Die Stege dir;
So überreichlich tränte dorten
Das Auge mir.

Don't wander, my light,
Over there in the fields!
Your dainty feet would become
Too wet, too soft.
All the roads are flooded there,
all your paths—
so profuse were the tears
that flowed from my eyes.

18. Es bebet das Gesträuche,
Gestreift hat es im Fluge ein Vögelein.
In gleicher Art erbebet die Seele mir,
erschüttert von Liebe, Lust und Leide,
gedenkt sie dein.

The bushes tremble,
brushed during the flight
of a little bird.
In the same way
my soul trembles, shaken
by love, joy, and sorrow,
when it thinks of you.

—All poetry by Georg Friedrich Daumer

Liebst du um Schönheit

Liebst du um Schönheit,
O nicht mich liebe!
Liebe die Sonne,
Sie trägt ein goldnes Haar.

Liebst du um Jugend,
O nicht mich liebe!
Liebe den Frühling,
Der jung ist jedes Jahr.

Liebst du um Schätze,
O nicht mich liebe!
Liebe die Meerfrau,
Sie hat viel Perlen klar.

Liebst du um Liebe,
O ja, mich liebe!
Liebe mich immer,
Dich lieb' ich immerdar.

If you love for beauty,
Oh, do not love me!!
Love the sun,
Who has golden hair.

If you love for youth,
Oh, do not love me!!
Love the springtime,
It is young each year.

If you love for riches,
Oh, do not love me!!
Love the mermaid
Who has many shining pearls.

If you love for love,
Ah yes, love me!
Love me always;
I shall love you forevermore.

—Poetry by Friedrich Rückert

...continued

Clara Wieck's father Friedrich decided that she was going to be a musician well before she was old enough to make the decision for herself. He gave her music lessons using methods he had developed himself, and he managed her career down to the smallest detail. He was like Steffi Graf's dad, 150 years earlier.

When she was eight, she played at a recital in Leipzig, where a teenager named Robert Schumann was blown away by her skill. He decided to quit law school so that he could take music lessons with Friedrich Wieck. He moved in with the family, and became part of the family. Too much a part of the family, as far as Friedrich Wieck was concerned.

Thirteen years later, despite her father's disapproval, Clara and Robert were married. In the year following their marriage, Clara wrote this piece for her husband. The words are by the poet Rückert, whose first name, funnily enough, is Friedrich.

Robert Schumann's life ended too early and too tragically, but Clara's career spanned 61 years, and she was one of the most celebrated performers of her time.

—*Anonymous author of* Beautiful Song of the Week

Amor de mi Alma

Yo no nací sino para quereros;
mi alma os ha cortado a su medida;
por hábito del alma mismo os quiero.

Escrito está en mi alma vuestro gesto,
Yo lo leo tan solo que aun de vos me guardo en esto.

Cuanto tengo confiesso yo deveros;
por vos nací, por vos tengo la vida,
Y por vos é de morir y por vos muero.

—*Garcilaso de la Vega*

I was born to love only you;
My soul has formed you to its measure;
I want you as a garment for my soul.

Your very image is written on my soul;
Such indescribable intimacy
I hide even from you.

All that I have, I owe to you;
For you I was born, for you I live,
For you I must die, and for you
I give my last breath.

—*Translation by the composer*

Spanish author Garcilaso de la Vega (1503-1536) wrote the poem Amor de mi Alma, which he simply called "Soneto V." He is a vivid example of a Renaissance man, skilled in music, arms, letters and in the battles of love. His poetic output was not large—only 38 sonnets and a few

songs and odes—but its high quality places him among the finest of the Spanish Renaissance poets. He died at age 33 from wounds received in military combat.

—Notes by the composer

Dear Love

Good night, love!
May Heaven's brightest stars watch over thee!
Good angels spread their wings, and cover thee,
And through the night,
So dark and still,
Spirits of light
Charm thee from ill!
My heart is hovering round thy dwelling place,
Good night, dear love! God bless thee with his grace!

Good night, love!
Soft lullabies the night-wind sing to thee!
And on its wings sweet odours bring to thee!
And in thy dreaming
May all things dear,
With gentle seeming,
Come smiling near!
My knees are bowed, my hands are clasped in prayer—Good night, dear love! God keep thee in his care!

—"An Evening Song" by Frances Anne Kemble

Our friend and very talented composer, Joan Johnson Drewes, writes of this premiere: "There is, perhaps, nothing more personal and affectionate than a lullaby. This poem, An Evening Song, evokes intimate, devotional, reverent and spiritual love. It uses the imagery of stars, angels, spirits, night-wind and dreams, yet when the poem arrives at 'my knees are bowed, my hands are clasped in prayer', the imagery turns inward and we see intent to shield and tenderly hold our beloved through the night. Sing this lullaby from your heart to the heart of all those you love."

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Invited High School Singers

We would like to extend a warm welcome to our
high school voices on *Dear Love*

Anya Aman - *Locust Valley*
Liliana Aponte - *North Babylon*
Dakota Arthur - *Sewanhaka*
Mishall Asif - *Hicksville*
Jenna Battaglia - *North Babylon*
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Corinne Gustavson - *Seaford*
Thais Harris - *Bay Shore*
Jeremy Heron - *Mineola*
Lily Iapoce - *Mineola*
Maya Karagiannakis - *Locust Valley*
Jack Kelly - *Locust Valley*
Scarlet Kent - *Mineola*
Mia Kim - *Mineola*
Aleksandra Kolakowska - *East Rockaway*
Nikitasha Kumar - *Island Trees*
Aliana Kurz - *Shoreham-Wading River*
Madison Lada - *Garden City*
Alina Lin - *Manhasset*
Paul Lynch - *East Rockaway*
Sean Lynch - *East Rockaway*
Jordyn McClain - *Bay Shore*
Daniella McElroy - *Port Washington*
Scarlett Modlin - *Locust Valley*
Zoe Moore - *East Rockaway*
Hasmig Mouradian - *Manhasset*
Penelope Novack - *Locust Valley*
Prewitt Papaleo - *North Babylon*
Maja Papandrea - *Valley Stream*
Harshee Patel - *Herricks*
Raina Perani - *Herricks*
Alina Perei - *Locust Valley*
Mia Petrizzo - *North Babylon*
Maria Psarros - *Port Washington*
Juliet Ramon - *North Babylon*
Sameer Rashwan - *Sewanhaka*
Jeremiah Reyes - *Bay Shore*
Alex Rivas - *Locust Valley*
Abigail Roth - *Seaford*
Milani Russell - *North Babylon*
Juliana Salcedo - *Great Neck*
Skylar Seele - *Locust Valley*
Mhaya Seide - *Bay Shore*
Ceezlie Senatus - *Sewanhaka*
Camila Siefken - *Bay Shore*
Anna Silva - *Manhasset*
Joy Slattery - *North Babylon*
Logan Snider - *Babylon*
Jeremy Thillainathan - *Herricks*
Owen Tiffany - *Manhasset*
Kayla Trongard - *Garden City*
Georgia Uber - *Locust Valley*
Nuzhat Usha - *Manhasset*
Claire Valenzuela - *Valley Stream*
Irene Vetrano - *North Babylon*
Nicolette Vetrano - *North Babylon*

Thank you for adding your voices to ours.
We hope to see and hear you again in the near future!

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 and vocal arts, presenting evocative concerts and recitals of the highest caliber, summoning the power of the human voice to remind us all of our shared human experience. Our current projects include the Mixed Ensemble, the Treble Ensemble, the Open Door Ensemble, and our Voice Recitals featuring the Young Artist Awards 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 Treble 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—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 Mixed Ensemble

Soprano 1
Jessica Felber
Mary Beth Finger
Doreen Fryling
Andrea Galeno
Danielle Post
Kristen Sita
Kyla Surajbali

Soprano 2
Maria Caputo
Jen DeStio
Victoria Devine
Rachel Goodman
Christina Regan
Arielle Siegel
Seanna Silver

Alto 1
Dory Agazarian
Elizabeth Byrne
Maria Diaz
Sydney Hankins-Wright
Beth Hsu
Katherine Lerner
Meg Messina
Maria Rueda

Alto 2
Kristin Bertrand
Casey Cormier
Anna Izzo
Quinn McClure
Melody Mercieca
Christina Russo
Eva Sheldon
Kristina Strang

Tenor 1
David Catalano
Brodie Centauro
Tony DiTaranto
Jimmy Gratta
Marco Ingrassia
Patrick Regan

Tenor 2
Joseph Albano
Kevin Barry
Ryan Demino
Daniel Santangelo
Douglas Schwartz
Alex Wind

Bass 1
Brian Burke
James Ludwig
Alex Plotkin
Brian Vollmer
Marcus Walker

Bass 2
Jared Berry
Paul Ceglio
Karl Huth
Steven Koehler
Alexander Roff
John Paul (JP) West

Piano
Brianna Blake



For more than twenty-five years, **Dr. David Fryling** has engaged audiences, singers, and educators as a professional conductor, teacher, adjudicator, and clinician. He was honored for his many years of work with students and choral educators on Long Island with an induction into the Long Island Music Hall of Fame as the 2014 "Educator of Note," and his artistic leadership on the podium has been recognized with two 1st Place American Prizes in Conducting, one each in the community chorus and college and university categories.

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, Arizona, Connecticut, Illinois, Louisiana, Maine, Michigan, Mississippi, New Jersey, North Carolina, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, Tennessee, Texas, Utah, Vermont, and Virginia.

Since 2001, David has been Director of Choral Activities at Hofstra University, where he conducts the select Hofstra Chorale and the Hofstra Chamber Choir, teaches choral conducting, and supervises choral music education student teachers in the field. From 2007 to 2013, David 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 and 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. David is a proud past president of the American Choral Directors Association (ACDA) Eastern Region, and currently serves as National Past President of the ACDA.



Pianist **Brianna Blake** is a music educator, conductor, and collaborative pianist. Originally from Nyack, NY, Brianna moved to Long Island after pursuing a B.S. and M.A. in Music Education with a concentration in choral conducting from Hofstra University. She is the High School Choral Director and Theater Music Director in the Locust Valley Central School District. Brianna has been a member of eVoco for the last decade and is always honored to be part of this dance.



Brian Fong is an active pianist, violinist, guitarist, and music educator on Long Island. He is currently the High School Orchestra Director at Locust Valley Middle/High School and has worked extensively with schools across Long Island as an accompanist, frequently supporting student musicians and ensembles. Brian enjoys sharing his passion for music through both performance and education; whether collaborating at the piano or inspiring the next generation of string players, Brian is honored for the opportunity to connect with others through music and to be part of Long Island's vibrant artistic community.

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Acknowledgments

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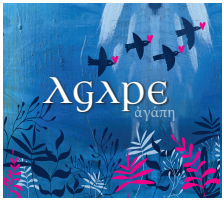
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PETE COCO
PHOTOGRAPHY

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Upcoming Events



Treble Ensemble: Agape
Saturday, January 9, 2027 @ 8pm
St. Frances de Chantal, Wantagh, NY

Sunday, January 10, 2027 @ 4pm
St. Peter's by-the-Sea, Bay Shore, NY



Mixed Ensemble: Philia
Saturday, March 20, 2027
Sunday, March 21, 2027

Times & venues to be announced



Treble Ensemble: Storge
Saturday, May 15, 2027
Sunday, May 16, 2027

Times & venues to be announced

For up-to-date tickets and concert information visit www.evoco.vc

Young Artist Awards
2027 auditions will be announced soon. Join our mailing list at www.evoco.vc to be the first to hear about this and all upcoming events!

We'd love to hear your thoughts on today's concert. Scan the ❤️ QR code to share your feedback with us!