

THE SCHOOL OF MUSIC, THEATRE, AND DANCE PRESENTS

Virtuoso Series Concert:
TIM BURNS, PIANO

WITH **NICOLE ASEL** (MEZZO-SOPRANO), **TIFFANY BLAKE** (SOPRANO), **PATRICIA GOBLE** (SOPRANO), AND **JOHN LINDSEY** (TENOR)

Music for My Son:

An Exploration of Life Lessons Through Song



OCTOBER 20, 2025 | 7:30 P.M.
ORGAN RECITAL HALL



**COLORADO STATE
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VIRTUOSO CONCERT SERIES: TIMOTHY M. BURNS, PIANO
SONGS FOR MY SON: AN EXPLORATION OF LIFE LESSONS THROUGH SONG
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PROGRAM

I. Prelude

“The Reason for Tonight’s Journey”

II. Literature

Let Us Garlands Bring (1942)

Gerald Finzi (1901-1956)

Come away, come away, death
Who is Silvia?
Fear no more the heat o’ the sun
O Mistress Mine
It was a lover and his lass

John Lindsey, tenor

III. Art

La bonne chanson, Op. 61

Gabriel Faure (1845-1924)

Une sainte un son auréole
Puisque l’aube grandit
La lune blanche luit dans les bois
J’allais par des chemins perfides
J’ai presque peur, en vérité
Avant que tu ne t’en ailles
Donc, ce sera par un clair jour d’été
N’est-ce pas?
L’hiver a cessé

Tiffany Blake, soprano

INTERMISSION

IV. Human Nature

Sieben frühe Lieder (1907)

Alban Berg (1885-1935)

Nacht

Schilflied

Die Nachtigall

Traumgekrönt

Im Zimmer

Liebesode

Sommertage

Nicole Asel, mezzo-soprano

V. Life

Selections from *Songs for a New World* (1995)

Jason Robert Brown (b. 1970)

I'm Not Afraid of Anything

Stars and the Moon

The Flagmaker, 1775

Patty Goble, soprano

VI. Coda

“On hope, longing, and memory...”

Hear My Song from *Songs for a New World*

Jason Robert Brown

Patty Goble,

with Nicole Asel, Tiffany Blake, and John Lindsey

SELECTED TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

Finzi: *Let Us Garlands Bring*

Texts by William Shakespeare (1564-1616)

Come Away, Come Away, Death

From *Twelfth Night*, Act II, Sc. iv

Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair, cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O, prepare it!
My part of death, no one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown:
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O, where
Sad true lover never find my grave,
To weep there!

Who is Silvia?

From *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act IV, Sc. ii

Who is Silvia? what is she,
That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise is she;
The heaven such grace did lend her,
That she might admiréd be.

Is she kind as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindness.
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness;

And, being helped, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,
That Silvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling:
To her let us garlands bring.

Fear No More the Heat o' the Sun

From *Cymbeline*, Act IV, Sc. ii

Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great;
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke:
Care no more to clothe and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The scepter, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning flash,
Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;
Fear not slander, censure rash;
Thou hast finished joy and moan:
All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

No exorciser harm thee!
Nor no witchcraft charm thee!
Ghost unlaid forbear thee!
Nothing ill come near thee!
Quiet consummation have;
And renownéd be thy grave!

O Mistress Mine

From *Twelfth Night*, Act II, Sc. iii

O mistress mine, where are you roaming?
O stay and hear; your true love's coming,
 That can sing both high and low;
Trip no further, pretty sweeting;
Journeys end in lovers' meeting,
 Every wise man's son doth know.

What is love? 'tis not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
 What's to come is still unsure:
In delay there lies no plenty;
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty;
 Youth's a stuff will not endure.

It Was a Lover and His Lass

From *As You Like It*, Act V, Sc. iii

It was a lover and his lass,
 With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green cornfield did pass.
 In spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding a ding:
 Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,
 With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie,
 In spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding a ding:
 Sweet lovers love the spring.

This carol they began that hour,
 With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that life was but a flower
 In spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding a ding:
 Sweet lovers love the spring.

And therefore take the present time,
 With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
For love is crownéd with the prime
 In spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding a ding:
 Sweet lovers love the spring.

Faure: La bonne chanson

Poetry by Paul Verlaine (1844-1896)

Translations by Waldo Lyman

I.

Une Sainte en son auréole,
Une Châtelaine en sa tour,
Tout ce que contient la parole
Humaine de grâce et d'amour.

La note d'or que fait entendre
Un cor dans le lointain des bois des bois,
Mariée à la fierté tendre
Des nobles Dames d'autrefois;

Avec cela le charme insigne
D'un frais sourire triomphant
Éclos de candeurs de cygne
Et des rougeurs de femme-enfant;

Des aspects nacrés, blancs et roses,
Un doux accord patricien:
Je vois, j'entends toutes ces choses
Dans son nom Carlovingien.

A Saint in her halo,
A Chatelaine in her tower,
All that a human word may express
Of grace and love.

The golden sound which is heard
Of the horn in the distant woods,
Linked with the tender pride
Of the noble ladies of yore.

And with this a charming treat
Of sweet and triumphant smile
Coming forth with swan-like innocence
And a blush of a woman-child.

The looks of a pearl white and rose
The gentle patrician harmony,
I see, I hear all these things
In her Carlovingian name.

II.

Puisque l'aube grandit, puisque voici
l'aurore,
Puisque, après m'avoir fui longtemps,
l'espoir veut bien
Revoler devers moi qui l'appelle et l'implore,
Puisque tout ce bonheur veut bien être le
mien,

Je veux, guidé par vous, beaux yeux aux
flammes douces,
Par toi conduit, ô main où tremblera ma
main,
Marcher droit, que ce soit par des sentiers
de mousses
Ou que rocs et cailloux encombrant le
chemin;

Et comme, pour bercer les lenteurs de la
route,
Je chanterai des airs ingénus, je me dis
Qu'elle m'écouterait sans déplaisir sans
doute;
Et vraiment je ne veux pas d'autre Paradis.

Since after having evaded me for so long a
time, the hope consents
To turn towards me who is calling and
implores her,
Since all this happiness is ready to become
mine,

I would like to be guided by you, beautiful
eyes with gentle flame,
Guided by you, oh hand, with mine holding
yours tremblingly,
To walk ahead, be it through paths of moss
Or by the roads of pebble and stone,

And while dreamily walking along the road,
I would sing simple airs,
To which I believe she would listen without
displeasure.
And truly I do not dream of any other
paradise.

III.

La lune blanche
Luit dans les bois ;
De chaque branche
Part une voix
Sous la ramée...

Ô bien aimée.

L'étang reflète,
Profond miroir,
La silhouette
Du saule noir
Où le vent pleure...

Rêvons, c'est l'heure.

Un vaste et tendre
Apaisement
Semble descendre
Du firmament
Que l'astre irise...

C'est l'heure exquise.

The white moon
Shines in the forest,
From every branch
Comes forth a voice,
Under the foliage...

Oh beloved.

The pond reflects,
A deep mirror,
The silhouette
Of the dark willow,
Where the wind is weeping...

Let us dream, this is the hour.

A vast and tender calm
Seems to descend
From the firmament
Which the orb clads
In rainbow colors...

This is the exquisite hour.

IV.

J'allais par des chemins perfides,
Douloureusement incertain.
Vos chères mains furent mes guides.

Si pâle à l'horizon lointain
Luisait un faible espoir d'aurore;
Votre regard fut le matin.

Nul bruit, sinon son pas sonore,
N'encourageait le voyageur.
Votre voix me dit: "Marche encore!"

Mon cœur craintif, mon sombre cœur
Pleurait, seul, sur la triste voie;
L'amour, délicieux vainqueur,

Nous a réunis dans la joie.

I was walking along treacherous paths,
Painfully uncertain,
Your dear hands were my guides;

Very pale on the distant horizon
The hope of dawn was glimmering;
Your glance was like the dawn.

No noise, save the sound of his own steps,
Gave courage to the traveler.
Your voice has said to me: Go on!

My fearful heart, my gloomy heart
Wept lonely on the mournful road;
But love, delightful vanquisher,

Has united us in joy.

V.

J'ai presque peur, en vérité
Tant je sens ma vie enlacée
A la radieuse pensée
Qui m'a pris l'âme l'autre été,

Tant votre image, à jamais chère,
Habite en ce coeur tout à vous,
Mon coeur uniquement jaloux
De vous aimer et de vous plaire;

Et je tremble, pardonnez-moi
D'aussi franchement vous le dire,
À penser qu'un mot, un sourire
De vous est désormais ma loi,

Et qu'il vous suffirait d'un geste,
D'une parole ou d'un clin d'oeil,
Pour mettre tout mon être en deuil
De son illusion céleste.

Mais plutôt je ne veux vous voir,
L'avenir dût-il m'être sombre
Et fécond en peines sans nombre,
Qu'à travers un immense espoir,

Plongé dans ce bonheur suprême
De me dire encore et toujours,
En dépit des mornes retours,
Que je vous aime, que je t'aime!

I almost fear, in truth be said,
So much I feel my life enlaced
With that all radiant thought
That took hold of my soul that past summer,

So much your image, dear to me forever,
Dwells in this heart, all yours,
This heart with sole desire
To love and to please you.

And I tremble, please forgive
My bluntly telling it,
At the thought that a single word, a smile
Coming from you now is my law,

And that it would suffice a gesture
Or a word or twinkling or an eye
To make the whole of me bereft
Of my celestial dream.

But if I should no longer see you,
The future would appear so sad
And filled with endless grief,
Except for one great hope;

Immersed in this supreme happiness,
To repeat to myself again and again,
In spite of those sad thoughts,
That I love you, that I love you!

VI.

Avant que tu ne t'en ailles,
Pâle étoile du matin
-- Mille cailles
Chantent, chantent dans le thym. --

Tourne devers le poète
Dont les yeux sont pleins d'amour;
-- L'alouette
Monte au ciel avec le jour. --

Tourne ton regard que noie
L'aurore dans son azur;
-- Quelle joie
Parmi les champs de blé mûr! --

Puis fais luire ma pensée
Là-bas -- bien loin, oh, bien loin!
-- La rosée
Gaîment brille sur le foin. --

Dans le doux rêve où s'agite
Ma mie endormie encor...
-- Vite, vite,
Car voici le soleil d'or. --

Before you disappear,
Pale morning star,
-- A thousand quail
Will sing in the thyme, --

Turn toward the poet
Whose eyes are full of love
-- The lark
Will soar to the sky with the day! --

Turn your glance
That drowns the dawn blue;
-- What joy
Amidst the ripe wheat fields! --

And make my thought
Shine yonder -- far away, O far away!
-- The dew
Glistens in the hay! --

In the sweet troubled dream
Of my dear one who is still asleep
-- Haste, haste,
For here's the golden sun!

VII.

Donc, ce sera par un clair jour d'été
Le grand soleil, complice de ma joie,
Fera, parmi le satin et la soie,
Plus belle encor votre chère beauté;

Le ciel tout bleu, comme une haute tente,
Frissonnera somptueux à longs plis

Sur nos deux fronts qu'auront pâlis
L'émotion du bonheur et l'attente;

Et quand le soir viendra, l'air sera doux

So it will be, on a clear day of summer,
The glowing sun, accomplice of my joy,
Will make, amidst the silks and satins,
Still lovelier your dear beauty;

The all-blue sky, spread like some high tent,
Will tremble sumptuously in lengthening
folds

On our two faces while will make pale
The emotions of happiness and
expectation;

And when the evening comes, the air will
be gentle,
And will play caressingly, gently, in your
veils,
And the peaceful gaze of the stars
Will smile benevolently on this wedded pair!

VIII.

N'est-ce pas? nous irons gais et lents, dans
la voie
Modeste que nous montre en souriant
l'Espoir,
Peu soucieux qu'on nous ignore ou qu'on
nous voie.

Isolés dans l'amour ainsi qu'en un bois noir,

Nos deux coeurs, exhalant leur tendresse
paisible,
Seront deux rossignols qui chantent dans
le soir.

Sans nous préoccuper de ce que nous
destine
Le Sort, nous marcherons pourtant du
même pas,
Et la main dans la main, avec l'âme
enfantine.

De ceux qui s'aiment sans mélange, n'est-
ce pas?

Is it not so? We will walk gaily and slowly
along the road,
The unobtrusive path which shows us
smiling Hope,
Not caring if we are unnoticed or if we are
seen.

Isolated in love as if we were in the dark
forest,
Our two hearts, emitting their peaceful
tenderness,
Will be two nightingales singing at night.

Without thoughts of what fate holds in store
for us,
We will proceed along with even steps,

And hand in hand, with child-like souls.

Of those whose love is unalloyed, is it not
so?

IX.

L'hiver a cessé: la lumière est tiède
Et danse, du sol au firmament clair.
Il faut que le coeur le plus triste cède
À l'immense joie éparse dans l'air.

J'ai depuis un an le printemps dans l'âme

Et le vert retour du doux floral,

Ainsi qu'une flamme entoure une flamme,
Met de l'idéal sur mon idéal.

Le ciel bleu prolonge, exhausse et
couronne
L'immuable azur où rit mon amour

La saison est belle et ma part est bonne
Et tous mes espoirs ont enfin leur tour.

Que vienne l'été! que viennent encore
L'automne et l'hiver! Et chaque saison
Me sera charmante, ô Toi que décore
Cette fantaisie et cette raison!

Winter is over: the light is soft
And dances from the earth to the clear sky.
The saddest heart must now give way
To the great joy scattered in the air.

For a whole year I have had spring in my
soul

And the green return of sweet blossom
time,

Like a flame surrounding a flame
Adds ideals to my ideal.

The blue sky extends, heightens and
crowns

The unchangeable azure where my love
rejoices

The season is lovely and my share is good
And all my hopes at last have their day.

Let summer come! Let also come
Autumn and Winter! And every season
For me will be lovely, oh You, whom
This fantasy and this thought adorn!

Berg: Sieben frühe Lieder

Nacht

Dämmern Wolken über Nacht und Thal,
Nebel schweben. Wasser rauschen sacht.
Nun entschleiert sich's mit einem Mal:
O gieb acht! gieb acht!

Weites Wunderland ist aufgethan,
Silbern ragen Berge traumhaft gross,
Stille Pfade silberlicht thalan
Aus verborg'nem Schoss.

Und die hehre Welt so traumhaft rein.
Stummer Buchenbaum am Wege steht
Schattenschwarz -- ein Hauch vom fernen
Hain
Einsam leise weht.

Und aus tiefen Grundes Düsterheit
Blinken Lichter auf in stummer Nacht.
Trinke Seele! trinke Einsamkeit!
O gieb acht! gieb acht!
--Carl Hauptmann (1858-1921)

Night

Clouds are falling over night and vale,
Mists now gather. Waters softly sound.
Now, unveiling, is the land about:
Oh, take care! Take care!

Broadest wonderland has opened up;
Silver, dreaming mountains tower large;
Silent paths in silver light descend
From their hidden realm.

And the noble world such pure delight!
Voiceless beeches line the silent path
Shaded black -- a breath from distant
groves
Wafts its lonely way.

In the deep and darkened valley floor,
Gleaming lights are shining into night.
Drink, my soul, now! Drink a quietude!
Oh, take care! Take care!
--David Paley

Schilflied

Auf geheimem Waldespfade
Schleich' ich gern im Abendschein
An das öde Schilfgestade,
Mädchen, und gedenke dein!

Wenn sich dann der Busch verdüstert,
Rauscht das Rohr geheimnisvoll,
Und es klaget und es flüstert,
Daß ich weinen, weinen soll.

Und ich mein', ich höre wehen
Leise deiner Stimme Klang,
Und im Weiher untergehen
Deinen lieblichen Gesang.
--Nikolaus Lenau (1802-1850)

Die Nachtigall

Das macht, es hat die Nachtigall
Die ganze Nacht gesungen;
Da sind von ihrem süßem Schall,
Da sind in Hall und Widerhall
Die Rosen aufgesprungen.

Sie war doch sonst ein wildes Blut,
Nun geht sie tief in Sinnen,
Trägt in der Hand den Sommerhut
Und duldet still der Sonne Glut
Und weiß nicht, was beginnen.

Das macht, es hat die Nachtigall
Die ganze Nacht gesungen;
Da sind von ihrem süßem Schall,
Da sind in Hall und Widerhall
Die Rosen aufgesprungen.
--Theodore Storm (1817-1888)

Reed Song

On the secret woodland way
I wander gladly in the evening glow
To the desolate reeds I stray,
And, dearest, think of you.

When the bushes fade to darkness,
The reed mysteriously murmurs,
And laments in tenderness,
I must weep, it whispers.

And I think that here resounds
Your voice that wafts along,
As, gently to the pond, descends
The beauty of your song.
--David Paley

The Nightingale

Because it was the nightingale
That through the night was singing;
There came to her in sweetest song,
Where echoes sound and ring again
The roses bursting open.

She was but an innocent child,
Whose thoughts became more pressing.
Although she holds her summer hat,
She bears the heat of beating sun
In silent contemplation.

Because it was the nightingale
That through the night was singing,
There came to her in sweetest song,
Where echoes sound and ring again,
The roses bursting open.
--David Paley

Traumgekrönt

Das war der Tag der weißen
Chrysanthemem, --
mir bangte fast vor seiner Pracht...
Und dann, dann kamst du mir die Seele
nehmen
tief in der Nacht.

Mir war so bang, und du kamst lieb und
leise, --
ich hatte grad im Traum an dich gedacht.

Du kamst, und leis wie eine Märchenweise
erklang die Nacht...
--Rainer Maria Rilke (1875-1926)

Im Zimmer

Herbstsonnenschein.
Der liebe Abend blickt so still herein.
Ein Feuerlein rot
Knistert im Ofenloch und loht.

So, mein Kopf auf deinen Knie'n,
So ist mir gut.
Wenn mein Auge so in deinem ruht,
Wie leise die Minuten zieh'n.
--Johannes Schlaf (1862-1941)

Crowned with Dreams

That was the day to whiten
chrysanthemums, --
I trembled at their splendid sight...
And then you came to take my soul to
heaven
Deep in the night.

I trembled so, and you came soft' and
gently,
For, then, I had in dreams just thought of
you.
You came; and softly, like a fairy story,
The night rang out...
--David Paley

In the Room

Autumnal sun.
The lovely evening peers so still within,
A little red fire
Crackling and glowing in the stove.

With my head upon your lap,
I am content.
When my eye has rested so on yours,
How gently do the minutes pass.
--David Paley

Liebesode

Im Arm der Liebe schliefen wir selig ein,
Am offenen Fenster lauschte der
Sommerwind,
Und unsrer Atemzüge Frieden
Trug er hinaus in die helle Mondnacht. --

Und aus dem Garten tastete zagend sich
Ein Rosenduft an unserer Liebe Bett
Und gab uns wundervolle Träume,
Träume des Rausches -- so reich an
Sehnsucht!
--Otto Erich Hartleben (1864-1905)

Ode to Love

In the arms of love, we sank in blissful sleep,
Whilst summer wind listened at the open
window,
And drew our peaceful breathing
Into the shining, moonlit night.

And, from the garden, the scent of roses
Felt its cautious way to our bed of love
And gave us wondrous dreams,
Ecstatic dreams -- so full of yearning!
--David Paley

Sommertage

Nun ziehen Tage über die Welt,
Gesandt aus blauer Ewigkeit,
Im Sommerwind verweht die Zeit.
Nun windet nächstens der Herr
Sternenkränze mit seliger Hand
Über Wander- und Wunderland.

O Herz, was kann in diesen Tagen
Dein hellstes Wanderlied denn sagen
Von deiner tiefen, tiefen Lust:
Im Wiesensang verstummt die Brust,
Nun schweigt das Wort, wo Bild um Bild
Zu dir zieht und dich ganz erfüllt.
--Paul Hohenberg (1885-1956)

Summer Days

Now, days pass over the world,
Sent forth from the infinite blue,
As Time drifts by in summer wind.
At night, the Lord, with blessed hand,
Binds his stars in garlands, now,
Over a walker's wonderland.

Oh, heart! What, in such days as these
Can your brightest rover's song then say
Of your deep, so deep desire?
Whilst meadows sing, your breast is still;
And, in scene upon scene, in silence,
No echoes ring, but quite fulfil.
--David Paley

ABOUT THE PERFORMERS

Pianist **Timothy Burns** is a versatile performer and collaborator, with significant instrumental, vocal, and choral accompanying experience. He holds degrees in piano performance, music theory pedagogy, and collaborative piano from Duquesne University in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, and the Eastman School of Music in Rochester, New York, studying with Carol Schanely-Cahn, David Allen Wehr, and Jean Barr. Currently, Dr. Burns is an Assistant Professor of Practice in the School of Music, Theatre, and Dance at Colorado State University in Fort Collins, serving as Collaborative Piano Coordinator, and where he frequently collaborates with faculty, guest artists, and students.

Dr. Burns has performed throughout the United States and Canada. He has served as collaborative pianist for the King Award Competition, the International Viola Congress, the International Society of Bassists Competition and Conference, the International Horn Competition of America, the International Horn Symposium, the International Keyboard Odysiad, U.S.A., and the International Clarinet Association Conference. Performances include concert tours with saxophonist Peter Sommer, with clarinetist Wesley Ferreira, and as trio member with violinist John Michael Vaida and cellist Theodore Buchholz.

As an avid supporter for new and current music, Dr. Burns has performed works by Mari Esabel Valverde, Margaret Brouwer, Mathjis van Dijk, Baljinder Sekhon, and James M. David. Past summer residences have included the New York State Summer School of the Arts Choral Studies Program in Fredonia, New York, the Performing Arts Institute at the Wyoming Seminary near Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, the Eastman School of Music's "Summer@Eastman" program in Rochester, New York, the Lift Clarinet Academy in Fort Collins, Colorado, and the Just Chamber Music program in Fort Collins, Colorado.

Dr. Burns currently resides in Erie, Colorado with his wife and collaborative pianist, Suyeon Kim, and their son, Stephen.

Mezzo-soprano **Nicole Asel** serves as an associate professor of Voice at Colorado State University where she teaches Applied Voice, Vocal Pedagogy, Art Song Literature, and Freshman Voice Studio. She has performed internationally throughout the United States in operatic, concert, and recital repertoire.

Recent performances include mezzo-soprano soloist in Mahler's *Third Symphony* with the Colorado State University Symphony Orchestra, alto soloist in Beethoven's *Ninth Symphony* with the Fort Collins Symphony, mezzo-soprano soloist in Händel's *Messiah* with the Pro Musica Chamber Ensemble and Larimer Chorale, Berlioz's *Les nuits d'été* with the Sam Houston State University Symphony Orchestra, and Rufus Wainwright's *Songs for Lulu* in Vancouver, BC. She is also working on an innovative new film, *The Baby Book Project*, featuring Lauren Spavelko's song cycle *Baby Book* with Art Song Colorado. more information and access to the film can be found at www.artsandparentingcollective.org

A finalist in the 2010 Rocky Mountain Regional Metropolitan Opera Council Auditions, she is a devoted operatic performer and recitalist. Dr. Asel has a passion for new American opera and art song and has been active in creating and promoting new works. She has collaborated with some of today's most accomplished living composers, including Mark Adamo, Kirke Mechem, Robert Livingston Aldridge, Hershel Garfein, Daniel Kellogg, and Robert Spillman. Her world premiere recording of Robert Livingston Aldridge's *Love Songs* with Robert Spillman at the piano was released under the Centaur label; it can be found on all streaming platforms and widely for purchase.

Dr. Asel's students have won district and regional NATS auditions in classical and musical theatre categories and been accepted to prestigious graduate and summer programs. Her students have also competed and placed at regional Opera competitions and national NATS student auditions. An advocate of body wellness in the voice studio, Dr. Asel's teaching is based on vocal pedagogy research and scholarship, Alexander technique, and yogic philosophy.

She holds a D.M.A. in Voice Performance and Pedagogy from The University of Colorado at Boulder, an M.M. from the University of North Carolina at Greensboro, and a B.M. from Ithaca College. Previously, she was on faculty at Sam Houston State University and The University of Texas Rio Grande Valley, where she taught voice, diction, and opera.

Praised by Opera News Online for her “...truly virtuoso performance... immaculate tone, good support and breath to spare”, soprano **Tiffany Blake** received her D.M.A. in Vocal Performance with a minor in Opera Stage Direction from the Eastman School of Music, where she also earned her M.M. and was awarded the prestigious Performer’s Certificate.

Dr. Blake’s operatic roles include Desdemona in *Otello*, Marguerite in *Faust*, the title role in Carlisle Floyd’s *Susannah*, and Mercedes in *Carmen* among others. Solo engagements have included appearances with the Rochester Philharmonic Orchestra, Missouri Symphony Orchestra, and Opera Fort Collins. Dr. Blake has a special interest in song literature, and has given several recitals in Scotland, France, Salzburg, and across the U.S., appearances with Chicago’s Arts at Large and the Odyssey Chamber Music concert series in Columbia, Missouri, and a vocal chamber music recital with Salzburg International Chamber Music Concerts.

Students of Dr. Blake have been accepted at major conservatories and music programs across the United States, including the Eastman School of Music, Cincinnati Conservatory of Music and the University of North Texas. She has served on the faculties of the University of Missouri-Columbia, Syracuse University, Alfred University, and Sonoma State University.

She currently serves as associate professor of voice and director of the Charles and Reta Ralph Opera Program at Colorado State University.

Soprano **Patricia Goble** is an Instructor of Voice for Musical Theatre. Her career as a professional singer and actress is credited as a member of six original Broadway companies that include the critically acclaimed *Ragtime*, *Curtains*, *The Woman in White*, *Bye, Bye Birdie* and the Tony Award winning Musical Revivals of *La Cage aux Folles* and *Kiss Me, Kate*. She performed in the Toronto and Broadway companies of *The Phantom of the Opera*. She toured the United States and Canada in the productions of *Kiss Me, Kate*, Andrew Lloyd Webber's *The Music of the Night* and *Cats*. Her last bow on Broadway was in *How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying*.

Carnegie Hall appearances have included *South Pacific* (PBS), *Show Boat*, *The Sound of Music* and the New York premiere of *Jerry Springer, the Opera*. She performed with the New York Philharmonic at Avery Fisher Hall in the PBS production of *Candide*.

As a concert soloist, she has sung with numerous Symphony Orchestras across the United States and Canada. In Spring 2025, Ms. Goble has the distinct pleasure of touring Spain with the CSU Wind Symphony under the direction of Rebecca Phillips.

Regional credits have earned her rave reviews as Anna in *The King and I*, Meg in *Damn Yankees* and Mother Abbess in *The Sound of Music*.

Her soprano voice can be heard on the original cast recordings of *Ragtime*, *Kiss Me, Kate*, *Curtains* and *South Pacific* (at Carnegie Hall). She recorded *Songs of Love and Life*, for Voice and Wind Ensemble by Frank Ticheli with the University of North Texas Wind Ensemble with Eugene Migliaro-Corporon conducting.

She holds a Master of Music degree in Vocal Performance from the New England Conservatory of Music in Boston, Massachusetts, a Bachelor of Music Education degree from the University of Northern Colorado in Greeley, Colorado and is a distinguished alum from Casper College in Casper, Wyoming.

American tenor **John Lindsey**, who has been noted for his “clarion tone” and “blazing tenor” by *Opera News*, has gained a reputation as a budding dramatic tenor with a connection to German, English and new works repertoire.

In the 2019-2020 season, Mr. Lindsey will return to Pacific Opera Victoria to make his role debut as Bill in *Flight* by Jonathan Dove. He will also make house debuts at Opéra de Montréal as Monostatos in *Die Zauberflöte* and at Opera on the Avalon as Edward in *Ours* by John Estacio.

In 2018-2019 season, Mr. Lindsey appeared in Madison Opera’s annual Opera in the Parks concert, in anticipation of a role and company debut as the Prince in *Rusalka*, and returned to Austin Opera for a reprisal of Jonathan Dale in *Silent Night*, a role he originated for the world premiere at Minnesota Opera. In the 2017/2018 season, John Lindsey made his Canadian debut with Pacific Opera Victoria as Steva in *Jenufa*, followed by a role debut as Froh in *Das Rheingold* with Arizona Opera. Other notable roles include Narraboth in *Salome*, Nick/cover for Dick Johnson in *La Fanciulla del West*, and Don Jose in *Carmen*.

Mr. Lindsey was an apprentice artist with Des Moines Metro Opera in 2015, a resident artist with Minnesota Opera from 2011-2014, and a studio artist with Central City Opera in 2011. He received his Master of Music in Voice Performance from the University of Colorado at Boulder, and his Bachelor of Music in Voice Performance from Colorado State University in his hometown of Fort Collins. In 2015, he was invited to participate in the International Competition for Wagnerian Voices at Bayreuth. He currently resides in Fort Collins, Colorado, where he serves on the voice faculty at Colorado State University.

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