

THE SCHOOL OF MUSIC, THEATRE, AND DANCE PRESENTS

VIRTUOSO SERIES CONCERT

**NICOLE ASEL**, MEZZO SOPRANO

# Echoes of Love and Longing:

**A TAPESTRY OF SONG AND STORY**

**Tim Burns**, piano; **Jeff LaQuatra**, guitar; **Tiffany Blake**, soprano;  
**Patricia Goble**, soprano; **John Lindsey**, tenor; and **Meredith Blecha Wells**, cello

**October 22, 7:30 p.m. • Organ Recital Hall**



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**VIRTUOSO SERIES: NICOLE ASEL, MEZZO SOPRANO  
TIM BURNS, PIANO**

***Echoes of Love and Longing: A Tapestry of Song and Story***

OCTOBER 22, 2024, 7:30 P.M. | ORGAN RECITAL HALL

Tiffany Blake, soprano  
Meredith Blecha Wells, cello  
Patty Goble, soprano  
John Lindsey, baritone  
Jeff LaQuatra, guitar

**My True Love Hath my Heart**

**Jake Heggie (b. 1961)**

Tiffany Blake, soprano  
Meredith Blecha-Wells, cello

**Sieben frühe lieder**

**Alban Berg (1885-1935)**

Nacht  
Schilflied  
Die Nachtigall  
Traumgekrönt  
In Zimmer  
Liebesode  
Sommertage

**It's Never been that Easy/I've Been Here before**

**David Shire (b. 1937)**

from *Closer than Ever*

Patricia Goble, soprano

**INTERMISSION**

**A Chloris**

**Reynaldo Hahn (1874-1947)**

**Payage**

**Wo die schönen Trompeten blasen**

**Gustav Mahler (1860-1911)**

**Verlor'ne Müh**

from *Das Knaben Wunderhorn*

John Lindsey, baritone

**The Miller's Son**

**Sondheim, arr. Eleri Ward (b. 1994)**

**Send in the Clowns**

**Giants in the Sky**

Jeff LaQuatra, guitar

**Sieben frühe lieder, Alban Berg**  
**Translations by Richard Stokes**

**Nacht (Night)**

**Text by Carl Hauptmann**

Clouds loom over night and valley.

Mists hover, waters softly murmur.

Now at once all is unveiled.

O take heed! take heed!

A vast wonderland opens up,

Silvery mountains soar dreamlike tall,

Silent paths climb silver-bright valleywards

From a hidden womb.

And the glorious world so dreamlike pure.

A silent beech-tree stands by the wayside

Shadow-black – a breath from the distant grove

Blows solitary soft.

And from the deep valley's gloom

Lights twinkle in the silent night.

Drink soul! drink solitude!

O take heed! take heed!

**Schilflied (Reed Song)**

**Text by Nikolaus Lenau**

Along a secret forest path

I love to steal in the evening light

To the desolate reedy shore

And think, my girl, of you!

When the bushes then grow dark,

The reeds pipe mysteriously,

Lamenting and whispering,

That I must weep, must weep.

And I seem to hear the soft sound  
Of your voice,  
And your lovely singing  
Drowning in the pond.

**Die Nachtigall (The Nightingale)**  
**Text by Theodor Storm**

It is because the nightingale  
Has sung throughout the night,  
That from the sweet sound  
Of her echoing song  
The roses have sprung up.

She was once a wild creature,  
Now she wanders deep in thought;  
In her hand a summer hat,  
Bearing in silence the sun's heat,  
Not knowing what to do.

It is because the nightingale  
Has sung throughout the night,  
That from the sweet sound  
Of her echoing song  
The roses have sprung up.

**Traumgekrönt (Crowned with Dreams)**  
**Text by Rainer Maria Rilke**

That was the day of the white chrysanthemums –  
Its brilliance almost frightened me ...  
And then, then you came to take my soul  
at the dead of night.

I was so frightened, and you came sweetly and gently,  
I had been thinking of you in my dreams.  
You came, and soft as a fairy tune  
the night rang out ...

**Im Zimmer (In the Room)**  
**Text by Joahannes Schlaf**

Autumn sunshine.  
The lovely evening looks in so silently.  
A little red fire  
Crackles and blazes in the hearth.

Like this! – With my head on your knees. –  
Like this I am content;  
When my eyes rest in yours like this.  
How gently the minutes pass!

**Liebesode (Ode to love)**  
**Text by Otto Erich Hartleben**

In love's arms we fell blissfully asleep.  
The summer wind listened at the open window,  
and carried the peace of our breathing  
out into the moon-bright night. –

And from the garden a scent of roses  
came timidly to our bed of love  
and gave us wonderful dreams,  
ecstatic dreams – so rich in longing!

**Sommertage (Summer Days)**  
**Text by Paul Hohenberg**

Days, sent from blue eternity,  
journey now across the world,  
time drifts away in the summer wind.  
The Lord at night now garlands  
star-chains with his blessed hand  
across lands of wandering and wonder.

In these days, O heart, what can  
your brightest travel-song say

of your deep, deep joy?  
The heart falls silent in the meadows' song,  
words now cease when image after image  
comes to you and fills you utterly.

### **A Chloris (To Chloris)**

**Text by Théophile de Viau, translation by Richard Stokes**

If it be true, Chloris, that you love me,  
(And I'm told you love me dearly),  
I do not believe that even kings  
Can match the happiness I know.  
Even death would be powerless  
To alter my fortune  
With the promise of heavenly bliss!  
All that they say of ambrosia  
Does not stir my imagination  
Like the favour of your eyes!

### **Paysage**

**Text by André Theuriet, translation by Emily Ezust**

Two steps from the sea that one hears rumbling,  
In the land of Brittany, I know of a forgotten spot  
Where I would so love, in autumn days,  
To take you, my dear!

Some oaks surrounding a fountain,  
A few scattered beech trees, an old abandoned mill,  
A well whose lively waters reflect  
The green of your siren's eyes;

Each morning, the chickadee among the yellow foliage  
Will come to sing for us, and the sea, night and day,  
Will accompany our loving caresses  
With its infinite bass!

**Wo die schönen Trompeten blasen**  
**Translation by Richard Stokes**

Who stands outside and knocks at my door,  
Waking me so gently?  
It is your own true dearest love,  
Arise, and let me in.

Why leave me longer waiting here?  
I see rosy dawn appear,  
The rosy dawn and two bright stars.  
I long to be beside my love,  
Beside my dearest love.

The girl arose and let him in,  
She bids him welcome too.  
O welcome, dearest love of mine,  
Too long have you been waiting.

She gives to him her snow-white hand,  
From far off sang the nightingale,  
The girl began to weep.

Ah, do not weep, my dearest love,  
Within a year you shall be mine,  
You shall be mine most certainly,  
As no one else on earth.  
O love upon the green earth.

I'm going to war, to the green heath,  
The green heath so far away.  
There where the splendid trumpets sound,  
There is my home of green turf.

**Verlorne Müh'**  
**Translation by Richard Stokes**

SHE

Hey laddie, shall we go walking,  
Shall we see to our lambs?  
Come, dear laddie,  
Come, I beg you.

HE

Foolish girl,  
I'll not go with you.

SHE

Perhaps you'd like a little nibble,  
Take a morsel from my pack;  
Take it, dear lad,  
Take something, I beg you.

HE

Foolish girl,  
I'll take no nibbles from you.

SHE

I'll offer you my heart, then,  
So you'll always think of me;  
Take it, dear laddie!  
Take it, I beg you.

HE

Foolish girl,  
I'll have none of it!

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