

SCHOOL OF MUSIC, THEATRE, AND DANCE



VIRTUOSO
SERIES CONCERT
JOHN CARLO
PIERCE

CSU FACULTY VOICE

WITH **TIM BURNS** CSU MUSIC FACULTY PIANO

MARCH 18, 2021



Colorado State University

P R O G R A M :

FOUR SONNETS BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE / CHARLES H. H. PARRY (1848-1918)

When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes
Farewell! Thou art too dear for my possessing
Shall I compare thee to a summer's day
When to the sessions of sweet silent thought

UNTER DEM LINDENBAUM / FRIEDRICH EBERLE (1853-1930)

AM STRANDE / EDUARD LASSEN (1830-1904)

ES HING DER REIF IM LINDENBAUM / JOHANNES BRAHMS (1833-1897)

CRÉPUSCULE / CHARLES GOUNOD (1818-1893)

CRÉPUSCULE / PIERRE AUGIÉRAS (FL. 1902-1930)

CRÉPUSCULE D'ÉTÉ / GABRIEL DUPONT (1878-1914)

THREE SHAKESPEARE SONGS, OP. 6 / ROGER QUILTER (1877-1953)

Come Away, Death
O Mistress Mine
Blow, Blow, Thou Winter Wind

Sonnet 29 (Shakespeare)

When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone beweepe my outcast state,
And trouble deaf Heaven with my bootless cries,
And look upon myself and curse my fate.
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featur'd like him, like him with friends possess'd,
Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least,
Yet in such thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee, and then my state,
(Like to the lark at break of day arising)
From sullen earth sings hymns at Heaven's gate,
For thy sweet love remember'd such wealth brings,
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

Sonnet 87

Farewell thou art too dear for my possessing,
And like enough thou know'st thy estimate,
The charter of thy worth gives thee releasing:
My bonds in thee are all determinate.
How do I hold thee but by thy granting,
And for such riches where is my deserving?
The cause of this fair gift in me is wanting,
And so my patent back again is swerving.
Thyself thou gavest, thine own worth then not knowing,
Or me to whom thou gavest it, else mistaking
So thy great gift upon misprison growing,
Comes home again, on better judgment making.
Thus have I had thee as a dream doth flatter,
In sleep a king, but waking no such matter.

Sonnet 18

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date:
Sometimes too hot the eye of Heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd,
And ev'ry fair from fair sometimes declines,
By chance, or nature's changing course untrimm'd:
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest,
Nor shall death brag thou wand'rest in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou growest,
So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

Sonnet 30

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought,
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste:
Then can I drown an eye (unus'd to flow)

For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
And weep afresh love's long since cancell'd woe,
And moan th'expense of many a vanish'd sight.
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe give o'er
The sad account of forebemoaned moan,
While I new pay, as if not paid before.
 But if the while I think on thee (dear friend)
 All losses are restor'd, and sorrows end.

Crépuscule (Anon.) - Twilight

When, on the hill, I sit alone;
And the day declines into the peace of evening;
Say! Do you not know?
My heart listens for your divine voice murmuring soft and low!

When I am far from your smile, sadness comes!
Everything seems to say: 'happiness eludes you!'
But when your charming gaze sweetly caresses me, my soul dies in your eyes!

If you are taken from me, I must die!
For without you, my life is only suffering!
But to dream and to live together here below is to live in heaven!

Come dream, my beloved.

Crépuscule (Paul Hébert) - Twilight

From the purple blue mound that surrounds the lane,
the soul of evening's flowers glides voluptuously at twilight
And I know, every year, this same sweet breath awaits me.

I come, finding you so young, and inhale,
brushing against you, the delicious heart of the evenings.
Divine mound that exalts in the shadow,
and which only yields its fragrance far from sun and noise.

Since nothing has changed of the light freshness of your fragrances;
since, though all the flowers were born this morning,
I dream of the sweet mystery of the transfusion from another soul into theirs.

I dream... the evening sky is an inky darkness.
Everything dies. And yet everything seems eternal to me.
And I reflect, oh my melancholic soul, on the soul that will take its perfume from my
life...

Crépuscule d'été (Cécile Périn) - Summer twilight

Under the hundred-year oak, there where we first met.
If you wish, Ninon, we will sit there when we are old.

We will go at twilight, and while the day expires,
purified by the death of our senses, we will feel a great calm invade us.
We will no longer fear the dimming soul, or wandering death at this hour,
death that we will feel nearby, death that we await close to each other,
smiling like children smile who do not know life.
When we are old, if you wish, Ninon, we will return at twilight
under the hundred-year oak, there where we first met.

Unter dem Lindenbaum (M. Rüthers) - Under the linden tree

A little bird sang in the linden tree on a mild summer evening.
Listening to the sounds as if in a dream, I thought of her.
The aroma of the blooms and the bird's song united,
It was so painful to me that I softly wept.

At the linden tree, one year ago, she gave me her hand,
At the linden tree, one year ago, love bound us together.
She rested on my chest, free from all grief.
Full of ardent, blissful love, she firmly embraced me.

Now, she rests under the linden tree, so lovely and young,
Nothing remains of my dream of love except memories.
A little bird sang in the linden tree on a mild summer evening
Listening to the sounds as if in a dream, I thought of her.

Am Strande (Karl Stieler) - On the shore

My darling is a linden tree that stands on the shore.
The waves play with light foam around the white sand.
The linden tree blooms every year, - I am at my end.
It blooms and smells delightfully around the solstice!
And the breath of the linden draws into me, into my deepest soul,
Be still, my heart, give in - you have bloomed!

Es hing der Reif am Lindenbaum (Klaus Groth) - Frost hung on the linden tree

Frost hung on the linden tree, the light streamed like silver through it.
I saw your house, brightly as in a dream: a twinkling fairy castle.

And your window stood open,
I could see into your room
You stepped into the sunshine,
You, the darkest of all fairies!

I trembled in blissful pleasure, warm and wonderful:
Then I realized your greeting was frosty and like winter.

Come Away, Death (Shakespeare)

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 corse, where my bone shall be thrown.
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, o where
Sad true lover never find my grave,
To weep there!

O Mistress Mine

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 sweetening;
Journey's end in lover's 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.

Blow, blow thou winter wind

Blow, blow thou winter wind
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen
Although thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.

Heigh ho! Sing heigh ho!
Unto the green holly:
Most friendship in feigning,
Most loving mere folly:
Then, heigh ho! The holly!
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze thou bitter sky,
Thou dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friends remember'd not.

Heigh ho! Sing heigh ho!...

B I O G R A P H I E S



American tenor **JOHN CARLO PIERCE** enjoys an international reputation for beautiful sound and incisive acting. He has held contracted positions with the opera theaters in the German cities of Cologne, Mainz, and Giessen. He has appeared as a guest with the Spoleto Festival in Italy, the Bavarian State Opera in Munich, the Aargau Festival in Switzerland, and in Darmstadt, Dortmund, Düsseldorf, Freiburg, Halle, Heidelberg, Kassel, Nuremberg, Schwerin, and Trier. Dr. Pierce's repertoire features major roles in operas by

Mozart, Rossini, and Donizetti, and stretches from the Baroque (Handel, *Saul*; Telemann, *Emma und Eginhard*) to new works (Bryars, G.; Pinkham, *The Cask of Amontillado*). He has sung major sacred works by Bach, Handel, Mozart, and Mendelssohn. Dr. Pierce has appeared on European television and radio, and can be heard on the EMI recording of Zemlinsky's *Der Traumgöрге*, conducted by James Conlon. His solo recording, *Songs of Wintter Watts*, was recently released on Centaur Records.

Dr. Pierce holds a Master of Music degree from the Eastman School of Music and Doctor of Musical Arts degree from the University of Connecticut. He is currently Associate Professor of Voice at Colorado State University, where he teaches lyric diction and opera history in addition to applied voice.



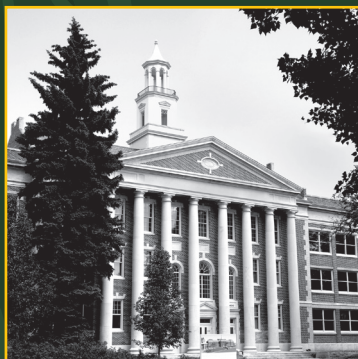
Pianist **TIMOTHY BURNS** is a versatile performer and collaborator, with significant instrumental, vocal, and choral accompanying experience. He holds degrees in piano performance, music theory pedagogy, and collaborative piano from Duquesne University in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, and the Eastman School of Music in Rochester, New York, studying with Carol Schanely-Cahn, David Allen Wehr, and Jean Barr. Currently, Dr. Burns serves as supervisor of piano accompanying at Colorado State University in Fort Collins, where

he frequently collaborates with faculty, guest artists, and students.

Dr. Burns has performed throughout the United States and Canada. He has served as staff accompanist for the 2010 King Award Competition, the 2012 International Viola Congress, the 2013 International Society of Bassists Competition and Conference, the 2017 and 2019 International Horn Competition of America, and the 2019 International Keyboard Odysiad, U.S.A. Recent 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. Other major performances include the world premiere of James David's *Swing Landscapes* (2018) for Piano and Wind Orchestra, duo performances with clarinetist Wesley Ferreira at the 2016 ClarinetFest International Conference, and a 2015 chamber music performance on the Frick Collection's "Salon Evening" concert series in New York City with members of the Rochester Philharmonic Orchestra.

As an avid supporter for new and current music, Dr. Burns has performed works by current composers such as 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, and the Lift Clarinet Academy in Fort Collins, Colorado. For the Summer of 2020, Dr. Burns will be in residence with the Just Chamber Music program and the International Keyboard Odysiad, U.S.A.

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



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