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Viva La Diva!

Michelle Vought Soprano
Illinois State University

Paul Borg Piano

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Music Department
Illinois State University

Viva La Diva!

Michelle Vought
Soprano

Paul Borg
Piano

The sixty-second program of the 1997-98 season

Kemp Recital Hall
Tuesday Evening
January 20, 1998
8:00 p.m.

PROGRAM

from *Samson* (1743)

Let The Bright Seraphim

Amy Gilreath, *Trumpet*

Cinco Canciones Negras (1945)

Cuba dentro de un piano

Chévere

Punto de Habanera

Cancion de cuna para dormir a un negrito

Canto Negro

from *Die Zauberflöte* K.620 (1791)

Der Hölle Rache

INTERMISSION

A Night in the Royal Ontario Museum (1983)

from *Guys and Dolls* (1950)

I've Never Been in Love Before

from *Showboat* (1934)

You Are Love

from *Oklahoma!* (1943)

Surrey With the Fringe on Top/People Will Say We're in Love (1902-1979)

from *The Phantom of the Opera* (1986)

All I Ask of You

John Koch, *Baritone*

from *Candide* (1956)

Glitter and Be Gay

George Frideric Handel

(1685-1759)

Bassols Xavier Montsalvatge

(born 1911)

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

(1756-1791)

Nancy Van de Vate

(born 1930)

Frank Loesser

(1910-1969)

Jerome Kern

(1885-1945)

Richard Rodgers

Andrew Lloyd Webber

(born 1948)

Leonard Bernstein

(1918-1990)

CINCO CANCIONES NEGRAS

Cuba dentro de un piano

'Twas when my grandmother wore a strawberry ice in her bandana,
Steamers and stogies brought us the smoky perfume of Havana,
The Bay of Cadiz was paradise
The harbor dozed in languor lulled by the beat of the fandango
Tropical parrots pounded the keys and struck up a song.
The Cuban spell was among the reeds and marshes of my land.

Old timers walked with a swagger like the Creoles from the Island,
Singing legends of fighting for the Prince away in the jungle highland
But today the Caribbean Pearl in the shadows is lying,
It shines no more, its light is dying.

On the Bay the story broke up the day
Cuba was lost for the Spaniards, the Pearl was fading away.
Glitter and wonder, a little gunboat told it in song with soft rhythms of yonder.

Havana sparkles no more! 'Twas all because of the money.
Farewell rum, sugar and honey.
And then I guess, was when the Si became a Yes!

Chevere

Chevere who wields a flashing knife has turned and become a blade himself
Cutting slices of the moonlight, however the moon has faded;
He slashes away at shadows, but the shadows they too have vanished;
He then makes a stab at singing, but the song, it too is ending;
And therefore, he hits upon an idea; He goes straight after his woman!

Punto de Habanera

There goes a young maiden walking, her snowy white finery sparkling, how pretty!
Take a good look, oh, you sailors!
See her complexion, it changes. For now her skin is much darker, the whiteness changes her color!
Sweetheart, don't you worry, I have a favor to ask you;
Only for now, not forever.

See how your billowing hoopskirt takes on the image of water; so don't you worry, tempting and
ripe is your figure, carefully wrapped in embroidery,
Oh, how your bright silver girdle flashes and sparkles like sunshine! And all the while there's the
fragrance of orange and lemon blossoms!
Beautiful garment you're wearing, see how the sailors keep staring!
There goes a young maiden walking, her snowy white finery sparkling, how pretty!

Cancion de cuna para dormir a un negrito

Close your eyes and slumber, my little tiny one, Little child, oh, won't you go to sleep!
My, you have a round head, like a coffee bean!
Your eyelids are speckled, your eyes so wide open, just like two large windows looking out to sea,
Close your eyes and slumber, my frightened little one.
The cowardly devil, he must have his meal.
But you're not a slave now.
If you rest a long while, your owner and master will make you a groom dressed with fancy buttons.
All this will he buy.
Close your eyes and slumber, go to sleep my young one.

Canto negro

Yambambo, yambambey! Oh hear the roaring jungle sound,
The black man and his voice resound, Ahoay!
All of the life in the jungle dance the yambo on one toe.
Yambambo, yambambey!
Look! They're singing and they're dancing all around.
All of them fuming and singing,
Look! They're singing and they're dancing all around,
Giving off smoke while they're singing.
Having danced, they now will rest.
See the loincloth moving, twisting, turning whenever he tumbles.
Wildier and wildier the dance gets, my goodness!
Good gracious! How he does tumble!
And he dances on one toe.

DER HOLLE RACHE

The wrath of hell within my breast I cherish
Death, desperation prompt the oath I swore.
If by your hand Sarastro does not perish,
Then as my child I know you nevermore.

Abandoned be forever,
Forsaken be forever,
And shattered be forever,
All the force of nature's tie.

If not through you Sarastro's life be taken,
Hark! Gods of vengeance, hear a mother's cry!

A NIGHT IN THE ROYAL ONTARIO MUSEUM

A Night in the Royal Ontario Museum is a short monodrama for soprano and tape which uses as its text a poem by Canadian author, Margaret Atwood. It was composed in Jakarta, Indonesia in 1983 and has been performed in Denmark, the United States, Czechoslovakia, Switzerland, Austria and at several international music festivals in Poland.

The work concerns a woman who is mistakenly locked in Toronto's Royal Ontario Museum overnight. It expresses her annoyance and, at times, near-panic which eventually leads to her undoing.

The tape part consists of musique concrete and includes recurrent glissandi on a traditional Indonesian instrument, the Kecapi, as well as the sound of a large gamelan gong.