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### Diva Meets Divo

Jeffery Foote Bass-Baritone  
*Illinois State University*

Michelle Vought Soprano

Nancy Pounds Piano

Greg Hamilton Cello

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Music Department  
Illinois State University

Faculty and Guest Artist Recital  
Jeffery Foote, *Bass-Baritone*  
Michelle Vought, *Soprano*  
Nancy Pounds, *Piano*  
Greg Hamilton, *Cello*

**"Diva meets Divo"**

Kemp Recital Hall  
Wednesday Evening  
April 12, 2000  
8:00 p.m.

The one-hundred twenty-third program of the 1999-2000 Season.



*Jeffrey Foote*

*Dr. Jeffrey Foote*, bass-baritone, has been a Professor of Music on the voice faculty at Central Michigan University since 1976 and has become involved extensively throughout Michigan as both teacher/clinician and performer. Dr. Foote received his Bachelors, Masters, and Doctor of Musical Arts degrees from the University of Illinois where he taught private and class voice and performed with the Illinois Opera Theatre under the direction of David Lloyd. His teachers and coaches have included Bruce Foote, Eric Dalheim, Ronald Headlund, Hermanus Baer, John Wustman, Robert Spillman, Jean Berger, and Kelly Hale. Foote has over thirty opera roles to his credit and has made professional appearances with the Lake George Opera Festival, the Memphis Opera Theatre, Lansing Opera, and the Michigan Opera Theatre. He has also appeared as bass soloist in the U.S. and numerous European countries with the Cincinnati May Festival Chorus and the Cincinnati International Chorale under the direction of Dr. John Leman. He has also appeared with several Michigan symphonies including Midland, Saginaw, Grand Rapids, Lansing, Traverse, and Alma. Dr. Foote teaches private voice and voice pedagogy at CMU and has published a handbook for voice teachers, students, and choral directors entitled, *The Vocal Performer*.

**PROGRAM**

Der zürnende Barde	Franz Schubert (1797-1828)
Die Krähe	Franz Schubert
Der Strom	Franz Schubert
Allerseelen	Richard Strauss (1884-1949)
Cäcilie	Richard Strauss
<i>Jeffrey Foote, bass-baritone</i>	

from <i>Don Carlo</i> Ella giammai mamó Dormiró sol nel manto	Giuseppe Verdi (1813-1901)
<i>Jeffrey Foote, bass-baritone</i> <i>Greg Hamilton, cello</i>	

from <i>Porgy and Bess</i> Bess, You Is my Woman Now	George Gershwin (1898-1937)
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**Intermission**

Aurore	Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)
Le Miroir	Gustave Ferrari (1872-1948)
Clair de Lune	Józef Zygmunt Szulc (1875-1956)
Les Clochettes des Muguets	Georges Hüe (1858-1948)
L'Heure Exquise	Lady Dean Paul Poldowski (1880-1948)
Chanson Triste	Henri Duparc (1848-1933)
<i>Jeffrey Foote, bass-baritone</i>	

from *Naughty Marietta*  
Italian Street Song

Victor Herbert  
(1859-1924)

from *The Merry Widow*  
Vilia

Franz Lehár  
(1870-1948)

from *The Fortune Teller*  
Romany Life

Victor Herbert

Michelle Vought, *soprano*

from *New Moon*  
Wanting You

Sigmund Romberg  
(1887-1951)

Michelle Vought, *soprano*  
Jeffrey Foote, *bass-baritone*

### Program Notes

#### Der zürnende Barde (The Angry Poet)

Who dares, who dares, who would care to break my lyre?

There's time, and I'll have revenge for the trick that they played on me.

Come near and, ye people, if you are brave and bold, in dark and rocky  
fastness it grew for me in ancient days.

The wood that it took to make, I cut from a giant oak, where once in  
Wotan's honor, there danced the fairy folk. The strings I robbed from a  
sunbeam, a purple and radiant beam; when once in the Valley of Rapture,  
it sank in the blossoming stream.

Thou lyre of oaken stoutness and sunshine fair and clear!

Ah, never will you be broken, while yet the gods hold me dear, never,  
while yet the gods hold me dear!

#### Die Krähe (The Crow)

A crow set out from the town with me.

Till today it has been flying continually around my head.

Crow, strange creature!

Are you determined not to leave me?

Do you intend soon to grasp my body for your prey?

Well, I shall not go much further with my walking stick.

Crow, let me at last see faithfulness unto the grave!

#### Der Strom (The Stream)

My life roles growling onward, it rises and falls in angry waves;  
here it rears up in wild reins and high arches.

Through quiet valley and green field now it rustles in a quiet trembling,  
with peaceful longing, peaceful world, delighting in peaceful life.

But never finding that for which it searches, and always yearning,

it tosses itself forth; annoyed, it rolls on in steady flow, never to be happy,  
never to be serene.

#### Allerseelen (All Soul's Day)

Place on the table the fragrant mignonettes, bring her the last of red asters,  
and let us speak again of love, as long ago in May. Give me the hand that I may  
secretly clasp it, and if it is observed by others, I will not mind; Give me one of  
your sweet glances, as long ago in May. Today each grave is flowering and  
fragrant, once a year is All Soul's Day. Come to my heart that I again may have  
you, as long ago in May.

#### Cacilie (Cecily)

If you but knew what it is to dream of burning kisses, of wandering, of reposing  
with the loved one, of gazing into each other's eyes, and caressing, and  
murmuring, if you but knew it,

you would let your heart consent!

If you but knew what it is to be afraid through the lonely nights,  
assailed by storms, when the strife-weary soul is not soothed by gentle  
words, if you but knew it, you would come to me!

If you but knew what it is to live enveloped in the immense breath of  
divinity, to soar upwards, raised and carried to sublime heights, if you  
but knew this, you would live with me!

#### Ella giammai m'amo (She never loved me) from *Don Carlo*

She never loved me! No, that heart is closed to me; she has no love for me.

I can still see her, sad of face, contemplating my white hair the day she came here  
from France. No, she has no love for me.

Where am I? Those candlesticks are nearly extinguished!

Dawn is breaking on my balcony; already the day breaks!

I see my days pass slowly; sleep has vanished, O God, from my languid eyes!

I will sleep only in my royal mantle when my day has arrived at evening

I will sleep under the black vault there in the tomb of the Escorial.

If only the royal crown gave me the power to read in other hearts what God can  
see!

If the prince sleeps, the traitor is awake;

the king loses his crown, the husband his honor!

#### Aurore (Aurora)

From the gardens of the night the stars fly away, golden bees attracted  
by an unseen honey, and the dawn, in the distance, spreading the brightness of its  
canvas, weaves silver threads into the sky's blue mantle,

From the garden of my heart, intoxicated by the languid dream,  
my desires fly away with the coming of the morn, like a light swarm to the  
coppery horizon, called by a plaintive song, eternal and far away.

Thy fly to your feet, stars chased by the clouds, exiled from the golden sky where  
you beauty blossomed, and seeking to come near you on the uncharted paths,  
mingle their dying light with the dawning day.

### **Le Miroir** (The Mirror)

Your fragrance floated in the silent air' I saw the empty room and the forsaken table, the book over which your thoughts still hovered.

The mirror, bright as a fragment of heaven.

And so, alone, I bent over these things, and reverently, with closed lips, kissed on the mirror the place of your eyes.

### **Clair de Lune** (Moonlight)

Your soul is a chosen landscape where charming masks and bergamasks are promenading, playing a lute and dancing, and almost sad under their fantastic disguise, while singing in the minor mode of conquering love and a pleasant life.

They do not seem to believe in their happiness, and their song mingles with the moonlight, the quiet moonlight, sad and lovely, which sets the birds in the trees a'dreaming, and makes the fountains sob with ecstasy, the tall slim fountains, among the marble rocks.

### **Les Clochettes des Muguets** (The Little Bells of the Lilies of the Valley)

The little bells of the lilies of the valley, trembling in the breeze, ring out light, discreet and subtle scents.

I listen to them, one by one, softly I inhale them.

They have the delicate fragrance of your radiant smile, they have the brilliant sparkle and the blossoming kindness of your eyes.

### **L'Heure Exquise** (The Exquisite Hour)

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.

### **Chanson Triste** (Song of Sadness)

In your heart there sleeps a moonlight, a soft moonlight of the summer.

And to escape this troublesome life I shall drown myself in your light.

I shall forget the past sorrows, my love, when you will cradle my sad heart and my thoughts in the loving stillness of your arms!

You will let my wounded head, oh, sometimes rest on your knees and you will recite a ballad that will seem to speak of us, and in your eyes filled with sadness, in your eyes then I shall drink so many kisses and tender caresses that perhaps I shall recover.