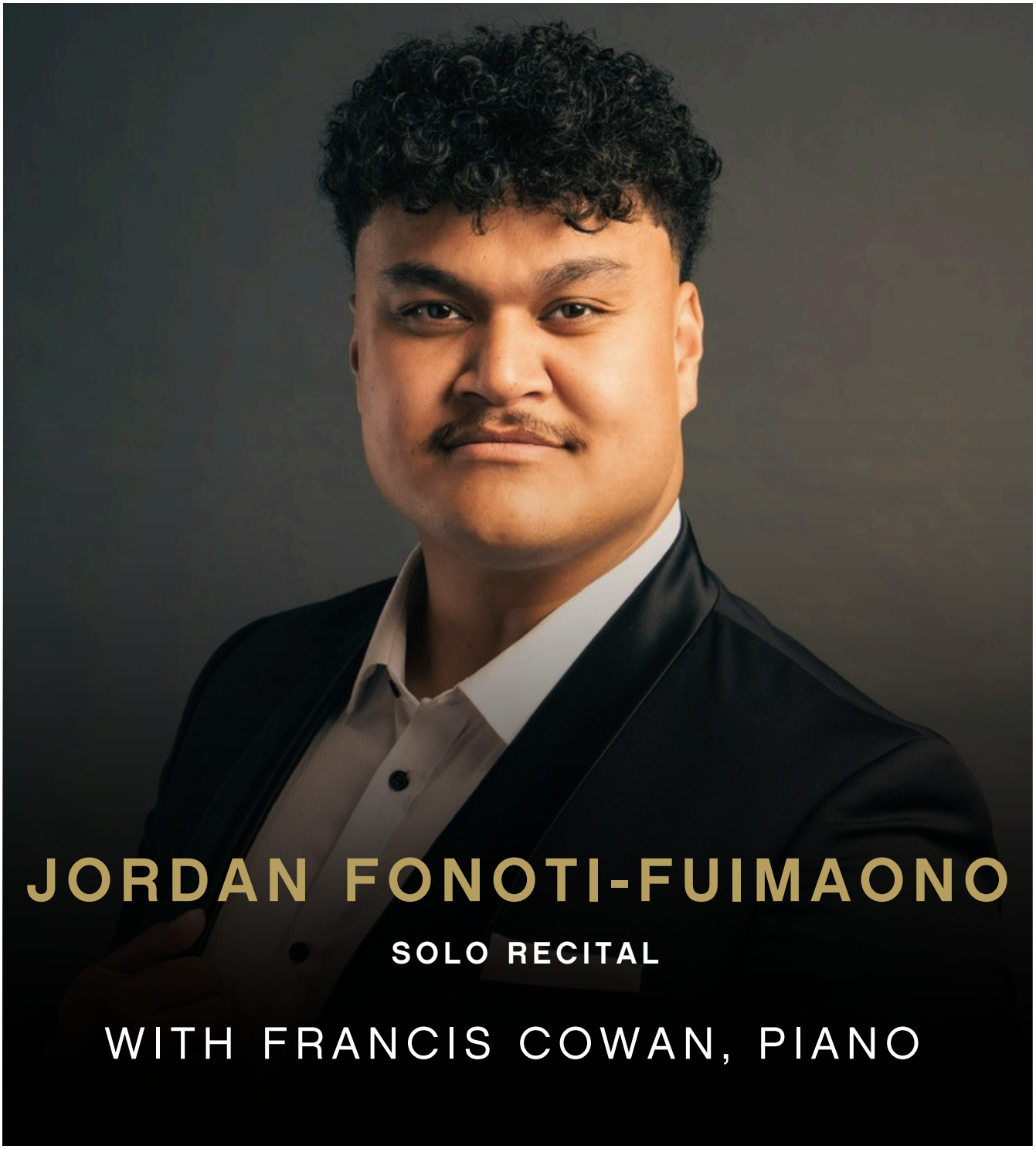
FRIDAY 14TH JUNE | 7:00 PM
DR JOHN GALLAGHER CONCERT CHAMBER



JORDAN FONOTI-FUIMAONO

SOLO RECITAL

WITH FRANCIS COWAN, PIANO

Te Pae Kōkako
The Aotearoa New Zealand Opera Studio
at The University of Waikato

Programme

PIANIST - FRANCIS COWAN

Aria: **'Care selve'** - *Atalanta* - G. F. Handel

Cycle: Selection from *Dichterliebe*, Op. 48 - R. Schumann

1. '**Im wunderschönen Monat Mai'**
2. **'Aus meinen Tränen sprießen'**
3. **'Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube'**
4. **'Wenn ich in deine Augen seh'**
5. **'Ich will meine Seele tauchen'**
6. **'Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome'**
7. **'Ich grolle nicht'**

Opera**:** Selections from *Le pêcheurs de perles* - G. Bizet

1. Duet: **'Au fond du temple saint' - SM**
2. Recit/Aria: **'A cette voix... Je crois entendre encore'**

INTERVAL

Opera: Selections from *Don Pasquale* - G. Donizetti

1. Aria:' **'Com'e gentil'**
2. Duet: **'Tornamia dir che m'ami' - with Jasmine Jessen, soprano (Norina)**

Cycle: Three Songs Op. 3 - R. Quilter

1. **'Loves Philosophy'**
2. **'Now sleeps the crimson petal'**
3. **'June'**

Canzone: **'Marechiare'** - F. P. Tosti

Light Entertainment: **'Almost like being in love'** - Brigadoon - F. Loewe

Jordan Fonoti-Fuimaono, tenor

Jordan Fonoti-Fuimaono (23) is a Samoan tenor from Flaxmere. At the age of 14, he auditioned for opera youth initiative; Project Prima Volta. After 4 years in the programme, it sparked an interest for Jordan to continue singing at a tertiary level. Jordan has since gained his Bachelor of Music with Honours (First Class) and his Masters of Music in Advanced Performance Stream. He attended the New Zealand Opera School from 2021-2023 and was the recipient of the Dame Sister Mary Leo Scholarship in 2023. Operatic highlights for Jordan include debuting Arlecchino (I Pagliacci, Festival Opera) and Normanno (Lucia di Lammermoor, Wellington Opera). Competition success includes winning the South Auckland Vocal Competition in 2021, runner-up in the DMMF Waikato Aria (2022) & the Norah Howell Hamilton Vocal Competition (2023). On top of that, he has been a finalist in the Lockwood New Zealand Aria, Wellington Aria & North Shore Aria Competitions

Francis Cowan, piano

Francis is a highly experienced teacher and pianist. Previous engagements have included numerous vocal and instrumental recitals at Waikato University, Hamilton Civic Choir concerts, Rotorua NZ Aria Competitons, Trinity College grade and diploma exams, NZ Opera School, Opera Waikato, Garden Opera Company, St Mary's Cathedral Concerts with Dame Malvina Major, Opera Factory and numerous school based events. In 2015 he was appointed full time Piano Accompanist for the University of Waikato Conservatorium of Music.

Programme Notes

Aria: 'Care selve' - *Atalanta* - G. F. Handel (1685-1759)

Composed in 1736 and derived from the Italian novel *La Caccia*; Handel composed *Atalanta* in celebration of the newlywed King George II (Prince of Wales) and Princess Augusta of Saxe-Gotha. It was a breath of fresh air from his usual genre of opera seria and was well received in it's premiere for it's light-heartedness and beauty. However, since it's revival in 1970, it has not since been performed in it's entirety. 'Care selve' - typically sung by soprano voice - became popular out of context of the opera and became a recital and recording favourite for both soprano and more recently, tenor voices.

In this scene, which is the opening of the opera - King Meleagro has disguised himself as a shepherd, taking the name Tirsi. He is enjoying his time roaming freely in the countryside without having to worry about the cares of the state. Prior to stumbling across the mysterious huntress; Amarilli - who *spoiler alert* is Queen Atalanta in diguise - he sings this aria pleading to nature and fate to help him search for his beloved.

Aria:
KING MELEAGRO
Care selve, ombre beate,
vengo in traccia del mio cor!

Aria:
KING MELEAGRO
Dear woods, shadows blessed, I come in search of my beloved!

Cycle: Selections from *Dichterliebe Op. 48* - R. Schumann (1810-1856)

Composed in 1840; these sixteen songs - would soon be considered one (of many) of his more famous song cycles. At a time where larger musical forms such as symphony, sonata and string ensembles were not developing well, Schumann looked toward German Lied - as he recognised that the piano was not just a significant part of vocal music, but could be more so an equal partner. The first three songs of *Dichterliebe* depict beautiful weather, anecdotes, flowers and birds - pure bliss. These are all part of the poet's reverie on love, but this love affair is doomed from the beginning and this cycle follows a path of regret and pleading, but also forgiveness and resolution. But by the end of the cycle, the poet is miserable and disheartened that he is prepared to drown and bury his love, dreams and sorrows in a coffin deep in the ocean.

1. Im wunderschönen Monat Mai
Im wunderschönen Monat Mai
Als alle Knospen sprangen,
Da ist in meinem Herzen
Die Liebe aufgegangen.
Im wunderschönen Monat Mai,
Als alle Vögel sangen,
Da hab' ich ihr gestanden
Mein Sehnen und Verlangen.

1. In the wondrous month of May
In the wondrous month of May
When all the buds burst into bloom,
Then it was that in my heart
Love began to burgeon.
In the wondrous month of May,
When all the birds were singing,
Then it was I confessed to her
My longing and desire.

2. Aus meinen Tränen sprießen
Aus meinen Tränen spriessen
Viel blühende Blumen hervor,
Und meine Seufzer werden
Ein Nachtigallenchor.
Und wenn du mich lieb hast, Kindchen,
Schenk' ich dir die Blumen all',
Und vor deinem Fenster soll klingen
Das Lied der Nachtigall.

2. From my tears there will spring
From my tears there will spring
Many blossoming flowers,
And my sighs shall become
A chorus of nightingales.
And if you love me, child,
I'll give you all the flowers,
And at your window shall sound
The nightingale's song

3. Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne
Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne
Die liebt' ich einst alle in Liebeswonne.
Ich lieb' sie nicht mehr, ich liebe alleine
Die Kleine, die Feine, die Reine, die Eine;
Sie selber, aller Liebe Wonne,
Ist Rose und Lilie und Taube und Sonne.

3. Rose, lily, dove, sun,
Rose, lily, dove, sun,
I loved them all once in the bliss of love.
I love them no more, I only love
She who is small, fine, pure, rare;
She, most blissful of all loves,
Is rose and lily and dove and sun.

4. Wenn ich in deine Augen seh'
Wenn ich in deine Augen seh',
So schwindet all' mein Leid und Weh';
Doch wenn ich küsse deinen Mund,
So werd' ich ganz und gar gesund.
Wenn ich mich lehn' an deine Brust,
Kommt's über mich wie Himmelslust;
Doch wenn du sprichst: ich liebe dich!
So muss ich weinen bitterlich.

5. Ich will meine Seele tauchen
Ich will meine Seele tauchen
In den Kelch der Lilie hinein;
Die Lilie soll klingend hauchen
Ein Lied von der Liebsten mein.
Das Lied soll schauern und beben,
Wie der Kuss von ihrem Mund,
Den sie mir einst gegeben
In wunderbar süsser Stund'.

6. Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome
Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome,
Da spiegelt sich in den Well'n
Mit seinem grossen Dome,
Das grosse, heilige Köln.
Im Dom da steht ein Bildnis,
Auf gold'nem Leder gemalt;
In meines Lebens Wildnis
Hat's freundlich hineingestrahlt.
Es schweben Blumen und Eng'lein
Um unsre liebe Frau;
Die Augen, die Lippen, die Wäng'lein,
Die gleichen der Liebsten genau.

7. Ich grolle nicht
Ich grolle nicht, und wenn das Herz auch bricht,
Ewig verlor'nes Lieb! ich grolle nicht.
Wie du auch strahlst in Diamantenpracht,
Es fällt kein Strahl in deines Herzens Nacht.
Das weiss ich längst. Ich sah dich ja im Traume,
Und sah die Nacht in deines Herzens Raume,
Und sah die Schlang', die dir am Herzen frisst,
Ich sah, mein Lieb, wie sehr du elend bist.
Ich grolle nicht.

4. When I look into your eyes,
When I look into your eyes
All my pain and sorrow vanish;
But when I kiss your lips,
Then I am wholly healed.
When I lay my head against your breast,
Heavenly bliss steals over me;
But when you say: I love you!
I must weep bitter tears.

5. Let me bathe my soul
Let me bathe my soul
In the lily's chalice;
The lily shall resound
With a song of my beloved.
The songs shall tremble and quiver
Like the kiss that her lips
Once gave me
In a wondrously sweet hour.

6. In the Rhine, in the holy river
In the Rhine, in the holy river,
Mirrored in its waves,
With its great cathedral,
Stands great and holy Cologne.
In the cathedral hangs a picture,
Painted on gilded leather;
Into my life's wilderness
It has cast its friendly rays.
Flowers and cherubs hover
Around Our beloved Lady;
Her eyes, her lips, her cheeks
Are the image of my love's.

7. I bear no grudge
I bear no grudge, though my heart is breaking,
O love forever lost! I bear no grudge.
However you gleam in diamond splendour,
No ray falls in the night of your heart.
I've known that long. For I saw you in my dreams,
And saw the night within your heart,
And saw the serpent gnawing at your heart;
I saw, my love, how pitiful you are.
I bear no grudge.

Text: Heinrich Heine – *Translation:* © Richard Stokes

Scena: Selections from *Le pêcheur de perles* – G. Bizet (1838-1875)

Bizet is responsible for some of the most iconic melodies in opera; for instance, in his opera Carmen, he has many, such as the Overture, the Habanera and the Toreador's aria. Le pêcheur de perles is no exception – particularly Zurga and Nadir's famous duet... where both Nadir and his good friend Zurga have both renounced their love for a stranger, Priestess Leila, but they swear to remain true to each other until death.

missing from the scene Leila is seen approaching on a canoe with Nourabad. Her face is fully covered with a veil. The men welcome her with gifts and flowers. She recognises Nadir's face and begins to tremble. Nadir, who is at first occupied in his own thoughts, recognised Leila's voice. We see in Nadir's aria what effect it has on him.

1. Duet: **Au fond du temple saint** – Samuel McKeever, baritone (ZURGA).
2. Recit/Aria: **A cette voix... Je crois entendre encore**

1. **Duet**:

NADIR
Au fond du temple saint
Paré de fleurs et d'or,
Une femme apparaît! Je crois la voir encore!
ZURGA
Une femme apparaît! Je crois la voir encore!
NADIR
La foule prosternée
La regarde, etonnée,
Et murmure tous bas:
Voyez, c'est la déesse!
Qui dans l'ombre se dresse
Et vers nous tend les bras!
ZURGA
Son voile se soulève!
Ô vision! ô rêve!
La foule est à genoux!
NADIR et ZURGA
Oui, c'est elle!
C'est la déesse plus charmante et plus belle!
Oui, c'est elle!
C'est la déesse qui descend parmi nous!
Son voile se soulève et la foule est à genoux!
NADIR
Mais à travers la foule
Elle s'ouvre un passage!
ZURGA
Son long voile déjà
Nous cache son visage!
NADIR
Mon regard, hélas! La cherche en vain!
ZURGA
Elle fuit!
NADIR
Elle fuit! Mais dans mon âme soudain
Quelle étrange ardeur s'allume!
ZURGA
Quel feu nouveau me consume!
NADIR
Ta main repousse ma main!
ZURGA
Ta main repousse ma main!
NADIR
De nos cœurs l'amour s'empare
Et nous change en ennemis!
ZURGA
Non, que rien ne nous sépare!
NADIR
Non, rien!
ZURGA et NADIR
Jurons de rester amis!
ZURGA et NADIR
Oh oui, jurons de rester amis!
Oui, c'est elle! C'est la déesse!
En ce jour qui vient nous unir,
Et fidèle à ma promesse,
Comme un frère je veux te chérir!
C'est elle, c'est la déesse
Qui vient en ce jour nous unir!
Oui, partageons le même sort,
Soyons unis jusqu'à la mort!

1. **Duet:**

NADIR
At the back of the holy temple,
decorated with flowers and gold,
a woman appears... I can still see her.
ZURGA
A woman appears... I can still see her.
NADIR
The prostrate crowd
looks at her amazed
and murmurs under its breath:
look, this is the goddess
looming up out of the shadow
and holding out her arms to us.
ZURGA
Her veil parts slightly;
what a vision, what a dream!
The crowd is kneeling.
TOGETHER
Yes, it is she, it is the goddess,
more charming and more beautiful;
yes, it is she, it is the goddess,
who has come down among us.
Her veil has parted, and the crowd is kneeling.
NADIR
But through the crowd
she makes her way.
ZURGA
Already, her long veil
hides her face from us.
NADIR
My eyes, alas, seek her in vain.
ZURGA
She flees!
NADIR
She flees! But what is this strange flame
which is suddenly kindled within my soul!
ZURGA
What unknown fire is destroying me!
NADIR
Your hand pushes mine away.
ZURGA
Your hand pushes mine away.
NADIR
Love takes our hearts by storm
and turns us into enemies.
ZURGA
No, let nothing part us!
NADIR
No, nothing!
TOGETHER
Let us swear to remain friends!
TOGETHER
Oh yes! Let us swear to remain friends!
We have seen her, she is the Godness
who today led you to me,
and from now I'll keep you my promise,
close as brothers we shall be!
Great Godness, Heaven descended,
she today has led you to me!
Now we shall tread one single path,
never again to part till death!

2. **Recit:**
NADIR
À cette voix, quel trouble agitait tout
mon être?
Quel fol espoir? Comment ai-je cru
reconnaître?
Hélas ! devant mes yeux déjà, pauvre insensé,
La même vision tant de fois a passé
Non, non, c'est le remords, la fièvre, le délire
Zurga doit tout savoir, j'aurais dû tout lui dire!
Parjure à mon serment, j'ai voulu la revoir
J'ai découvert sa trace, et j'ai suivi ses pas
Et caché dans la nuit et soupirant tout bas
J'écoutais ses doux chants emportés dans l'espace

2. **Aria:**
Je crois entendre encore, Caché sous les palmiers,
Sa voix tendre et sonore Comme un chant de ramier
Ô nuit enchanteresse. Divin ravissement
Ô souvenir charmant Folle ivresse ! Doux rêve

Aux clartés des étoiles, Je crois encore la voir
Entrouvrir ses longs voiles. Aux vents tièdes du soir
Ô nuit enchanteresse, Divin ravissement,
Ô souvenir charmant. Folle ivresse ! Doux rêve
Charmant souvenir
Charmant souvenir

2. **Recit:**
NADIR:
What a turmoil within my whole being, the sound of her
voice!
What mad hope is this! How could I think I had
recognized?...
Alas, before my poor insane eyes, already,
this same vision has too often floated by.
No, no, this is remorse, fever, madness!
Zurga must know everything! I should have told him all!
Breaking my troth, I tried to see her again;
I discovered her trail and I followed her;
hidden in the night and sighing under my breath,
I listened to her sweet chants borne away into space

2. **Aria:**
I think I can still hear, hidden under the palm-trees,
her tender and sonorous voice singing like a dove's.
O bewitching night, exquisite rapture,
O delightful memory, mad elation, sweet dream

Under the light of the stars, I can almost see her
slightly opening her long veils to the tepid evening breeze.
O bewitching night, exquisite rapture,
O delightful memory, mad elation, sweet dream
Delightful memory
Delightful memory

Translation by: Valeriu Raut

---------- **INTERVAL** ----------

Scena: Selections from *Don Pasquale* - G. Donizetti (1797-1848)

Donizetti and 'bel-canto' is like peanut butter and jam. As a prolific composer of Italian and French opera - amongst many other genre - he is responsible for the successful turn of the Romantic operatic era; post-Rossini and leading into Verdi. His opera were equally: theatrically dramatic, musically virtuosic as well as beautiful and (Don Pasquale in particular) cleverly humorous. Don Pasquale remains Donizetti's most popular opera alongside *Lucia di Lammermoor*, *L'elisir D'amore* and many more.

Earlier on in the opera, when Ernesto is banished by his uncle Don Pasquale for not marrying the woman he set him out to, he is on the pursuit of the beautiful priestess, Norina. Whilst this is happening, Don Pasquale is furious and decides to produce an heir - despite his old age - so Ernesto does not get a penny from him. 'Come gentil' and 'Tornamia dir che m'ami' - both appear well into the third act, beginning with Ernesto's serenade as he awaits Norina's arrival to the garden. Then finally, Norina arrives and they express their love for one another in one of Donizetti's most beautifully written duet.

1. **Aria - 'Com'e gentil'**
ERNESTO
Com'è gentil a notte
a mezzo aprii!
È azzurro il ciel,
la luna è senza vel:
tutt' è languor, pace,
mistero, amor!
Ben mio, perchè ancor non vieni a me?
Formano l'aure d'amore attenti,
del rio nel murmure sospiri senti,
ben mio, perché ancor non vieni a me?
Poi quando sarò morto,piangerai,
ma richiamarmi in vita non potrai.

1. **Aria**
ERNESTO
How nice it is at night
half open!
Heaven is blue,
the moon is void:
all is languor, peace,
mystery, love!
My dear, why do not you come to me yet?
They form the loving auras of love,
of the river in the murmur sighs, listen,
my dear , why do not you come to me yet?
Then when I am dead, you will cry,
but you can not call me back to life.

Com'è gentil a notte
a mezzo aprii!
È azzurro il ciel,
la luna è senza vel:
tutt' è languor, pace,
mistero, amor!
Ben mio, perchè ancor non vieni a me?
Il tuo fedele, si strugge di desir
Nina crudele, nina crudel
Il tuo fedel, si strugge di desir
Nina crudel, mi vuoi veder morir
Poi quando sarò morto,piangerai,
ma richiamarmi in vita non potrai.

How nice it is at night
half open!
Heaven is blue,
the moon is void:
all is languor, peace,
mystery, love!
My dear, why do not you come to me yet?
your faithful one is consumed by desire
Cruel Nina, cruel Nina
your faithful one is consumed by desire
Cruel Nina , you want to see me die
Then when I am dead, you will cry,
but you can not call me back to life.

2. **Duet: 'Tornami a dir che m'ami'**

ERNESTO E NORINA
Tornami a dir che m'ami,
dimmi che mia tu sei;
quando tuo ben mi chiami
la vita addoppi in me.
La voce tua sì cara
rinfranca il core oppresso;
sicuro a te dappresso,
tremo lontan da te.

2. **Duet**

ERNESTO AND NORINA
Tell me again that you love me,
tell me that mine you are;
when you call me
my life, you are mighty in me.
The voice so dear to you
reigns the oppressed heart;
safe to you near,
I tremble away from you.

Cycle: *Three Songs Op. 3* - R. Quilter (1877-1953)

Roger Quilter was a prolific composer of art song and wrote over a hundred of them along with being famously known for composing band trios and nursery rhymes. Despite writing a truckload of gorgeous songs, he struggled most of his life mentally from certain pressures as a result of being a homosexual man from Sussex.

In **(1) 'Love's Philosophy'**, the singer is persuading their prospective lover to kiss them by personifying the natural world and comparing himself to it - for example, in the beginning of the second stanza, the singer s "See the mountains kiss high Heaven, and the waves clasp one another" then at the end of the stanza says "...If thou kiss, not me?"

(2) 'Now sleeps the crimson petal' takes from a longer poem named, 'The Princess'. The poem is read aloud by a princess to the prince who was recovering from being wounded. He is in love with her but have not revealed this. So the poet is singing about a love that cannot be fufilled - at least, not right now.

The cycle ends with **(3) 'June'**. The poem, written by Nora Hopper, simply describes the natural beauty of the month of June. How fitting.

Canzone: 'Marechiare' - F. P. Tosti (1846-1916)

Tosti is notorious for his songwriting and catchy melodies, which are often light and expressive. This style became popular between the 1871-1880 period and was labeled as salon music. Tosti wrote incredibly well for the voice, encouraging interpretation and embellishment in ways that allowed singers to be relaxed and still showcase their impressive operatic techniques. Most of his pieces to this day are frequently sung and recorded. Marechiare was wirrten in 1886 and the poet Salvatore di Giacomo actually wrote the text at a table in a café in Piazza Triesto e Treno. This song is about the beautiful and romantic city of Marechiaro - SO romantic, that even the fish are making love.

Quanno spònta la luna a Marechiare
Pure li pisce nce fanno a ll'ammore.
Se revòtano ll'onne de lu mare.
Pè la prièzza càgnano culore,
Quanno spònta la luna a Marechiare.

When the moon comes out in Marechiaro,
even the fish are making love.
The waves of the sea revolt
changing their colour from joy.
When the moon comes out in Marechiaro!

A Marechiare ce sta na fenesta.
La passiona mia ce tuzzulèa.
Nu garofano addora 'int'a na testa.
Passa ll'acqua pè sotto e murmulèa,
A Marechiare ce sta na fenesta.
Ah, Ah!
A Marechiare, ce sta na fenesta

Chi dice ca li stelle sò lucente
Nun sape st'uocchie ca tu tiene 'nfronte.
Sti ddoje stelle li ssaccio i sulamente
Dint'a lu core ne tengo li ppònte.
Chi dice ca li stelle sò lucente?
Scètate, Caruli, ca ll'aria è doce
Quanno maje tantu tiempo aggi' aspettato.
P'accompagnà li suone cu la voce,
Stasera na chitarra aggio purtato.
Scètate, Caruli, ca ll'aria è doce.
Ah, Ah!
A Scètate, a scètate
Scètate, Caruli, ca ll'aria è doce!

In Marechiaro there is a window;
my passion knocks on it.
A fragrant carnation in a vase,
beneath it the water breaks and murmurs
In Marechiaro there is a window!
Ah, Ah!
In Marechiaro there is a window

Whoever says that the stars are bright,
doesn't know these eyes gracing your face.
Myself alone I know of these two stars
there in my heart I have spikes.
Whoever says that the stars are bright
Wake up, Caroline, the air is sweet
how on earth did I linger so long?
To accompany the sounds with voice,
tonight I've brought a guitar
Wake up, Caroline, the air is sweet!
Ah, Ah!
Wake up, wake up
Wake up, Caroline, the air is sweet!

Musical Theatre: **'Almost like being in love'** - *Brigadoon* - F. Loewe (1901-1988)

Friederick Loewe was a well established German-born American composer of primarily broadway musicals. His more notable musicals including: *My Fair Lady*, *Paint Your Wagon* and *Camelot*. The plot of Loewe's *Brigadoon* begins with two friends from American, Jeff and Tommy, who are hunting in Scotland. While getting lost on their first night out, they stumble across a mysterious village named Brigadoon that appears for one day every 100 years in order to preserve its special beauty and peace. Tommy sings this song as he can barely contain his love for Fiona, who is a young woman from Brigadoon. 'Almost like being in love' out of the context of the musical, has become an incredibly popular standard.

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Te Pae Kokako - The Aotearoa New Zealand Opera Studio (TANZOS) is a unique 18-month immersive programme here in NZ preparing six exceptionally promising singers for a professional vocal career. TANZOS is the only national opera studio providing a full-time international-level programme. It encompasses the long-held vision of Dame Malvina Major and is available regardless of circumstances as each student is funded by donor-gifted scholarships.

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