

MONDAY 10TH JUNE | 7PM  
DR JOHN GALLAGHER CONCERT CHAMBER

A portrait of Samuel McKeever, a man with a full, well-groomed reddish-brown beard and curly hair. He is smiling warmly at the camera. He is wearing a dark, possibly black, blazer over a light-colored, button-down shirt. The background is a dark, textured grey.

**SAMUEL MCKEEVER**

SOLO RECITAL

WITH CATHERINE NORTON, PIANO



# Programme

PIANIST - CATHERINE NORTON

Recit & Aria: '**Tarry here, my servant ... It is enough**' - *Elijah* - Mendelssohn

Scene & Aria: '**Per me giunto ... lo morirò, ma lieto in core**' - *Don Carlo* - Verdi

Duet: '**Au fond du temple saint**' - *Les pêcheurs de perles* - Bizet

***Don Quichotte à Dulcinée*** - Ravel

1. '**Chanson romanesque**'
2. '**Chanson épique**'
3. '**Chanson à boire**'

Aria & Chorus: '**Votre toast, je peux vous le rendre**' - *Carmen* - Bizet

Recit & Aria: '**Vy tak pechalny ... Ya vas lyublyu**' - *The Queen of Spades* - Tchaikovsky

'**Channel Firing**' - *Before and After Summer*, Op. 16 - Gerald Finzi

'**Some Enchanted Evening**' - *South Pacific* - Rodgers

## Samuel McKeever - Baritone

Born in Hastings, Samuel became involved in singing through Hawke's Bay-based youth opera initiative Project Prima Volta. Performance highlights include Mercutio (*Roméo et Juliette*) and Forester (*The Cunning Little Vixen*) with Festival Opera, Enrico (understudy) and Marchese with Wellington Opera, *Messiah* and Verdi's *Requiem* with Napier Civic Choir, and the *St. John Passion* and Handel's *Samson* with Bach Musica NZ. Samuel is an alumnus of the New Zealand Opera School, and in 2023 was awarded first prize in the Wellington Aria Competition.



## Catherine Norton

Catherine Norton is a busy and versatile pianist based in Wellington. She coaches privately, is in demand for recitals and competitions, and is a frequent guest player in the NZSO. She studied piano and languages at Victoria University of Wellington, winning the VUW Concerto Competition, and was an Emerging Artist with New Zealand Opera. She completed postgraduate studies in London at the Guildhall School of Music and Drama, where she was awarded numerous prizes and scholarships including the Guildhall Accompanists' Prize, and was appointed an Artist Fellow. She is an alumna of programmes including Britten-Pears Young Artists, Young Songmakers' Almanac, and Austria's Franz-Schubert-Institut for Lieder. She has given many song recitals around New Zealand, Great Britain and Europe.



# Programme Notes

## **Recit & Aria: 'Tarry here, my servant ... It is enough' - *Elijah* - Mendelssohn (English text by William Bartholomew)**

Born the son of a banker in 1809, Felix Mendelssohn was a child prodigy pianist and composer, publishing his first piano work at age thirteen. He had a particular interest in the music of Bach, and famously oversaw a revival performance of Bach's oratorio the *St. Matthew Passion*, which had not been performed since the composer's death nearly 80 years earlier.

Bach's works were influential to the development of Mendelssohn's own oratorios, *St. Paul* and *Elijah*, which are among the few oratorios from this time period which are still popular today. *Elijah* deals with several major events from the life of the biblical prophet Elijah, as told in the books of 1 Kings and 2 Kings. In this particular episode, Elijah has fled to the wilderness to escape the revenge of Queen Jezebel and the Baalites. Defeated and hopeless, he calls upon God to end his life.

## **Scene & Aria: 'Per me giunto ... io morirò, ma lieto in core' - *Don Carlo* - Verdi**

*Original French by Joseph Méry & Camille du Locle; Italian translation by Angelo Zanardini*

Verdi's *Don Carlo* (originally premiered in French as *Don Carlos*) is an enormous, five-act drama based on a play by the renowned German playwright Friedrich Schiller. The plot deals with the tragic life of Prince Carlos, son of King Phillip II of Spain, during the height of the Spanish Inquisition in the 16th Century. Though not particularly historically accurate, the story serves to promote Schiller's (and Verdi's) political ideology with its themes of resistance to tyranny, liberty and brotherhood.

Don Carlo has been imprisoned for his involvement in a Flemish rebellion against the tyranny of his father, the king. As he awaits execution, his closest friend and confidant, Rodrigo di Posa, enters to speak to him. Rodrigo reveals that he has deliberately planted evidence to incriminate himself, so that he will be executed and Carlo will go free.

Even as he speaks, he is fatally shot by a hidden assassin from the Inquisition. With his last breath, he bids Carlo an emotional farewell.

Son io, mio Carlo...  
Uscir tu dêi da quest'orrendo avel.  
Felice ancor io son se abbracciar to poss'io!  
Io ti salvai!  
Convien qui dirci addio.  
O mio Carlo!

Per me giunto è il dì supremo,  
No, mai più ci rivedrem;  
Ci congiunga Iddio nel ciel,  
Ei che premia i suoi fedel'.

Sul tuo ciglio il pianto io miro;  
Lagrimar così perchè?  
No, fa cor, l'estremo spiro  
Lieto è a chi morrà per te

It is I, dear Carlo...  
You must escape this dreadful tomb.  
I am happy to be able to embrace you again!  
I have saved you!  
The time is right for us to say farewell.  
O, dear Carlo!

My final day has arrived;  
No, we shall not meet again;  
May God unite us in heaven,  
He who rewards his faithful!

I see a tear upon your cheek;  
Why do you weep so?  
No, take heart: one's final breath is joyous  
When one dies for you!

*(Rodrigo is mortally wounded by a shot from the shadows.)*

Per me!  
La vendetta del Re tardare non potea!  
O Carlo, ascolta.  
La madre t'aspetta a San Giusto doman.  
Tutto ella sa...  
Ah! la terra mi manca...  
Carlo mio, a me porgi la man!...

Io morirò, ma lieto in core,  
Chè potei così serbar  
Alla Spagna un salvatore!  
Ah! di me non ti scordar!  
Regnare tu dovevi, ed io morir per te.  
Ah! la terra mi manca...  
La mano a me...  
Ah!... salva la Fiandra.  
Carlo, addio!

That was for me!  
The king's vengeance could not be delayed!  
O Carlo, listen:  
Your step-mother awaits you at San Giusto tomorrow.  
She knows everything...  
Ah! The world is fading...  
Dear Carlo, give me your hand!

I will die, but with a happy heart,  
Because I have been able to save  
A saviour for all of Spain!  
Ah! Do not forget me!  
You were meant to reign, and I to die for you!  
Ah! The world is fading...  
Give me your hand...  
Ah!... Save the people of Flanders!  
Carlo — farewell!

**Duet: 'Au fond du temple saint' - *Les pêcheurs de perles* - Bizet (Text: Eugène Cormon, Michel Carré) With Jordan Fonoti-Fuimaono.**

*Les pêcheurs de perles*, (*The Pearl Fishers*), was Georges Bizet's first full-length opera to be staged, premiering in Paris when the composer was just twenty-four. Sadly, it received poor reviews from critics and was not performed again during his lifetime. After his death and the posthumous success of his opera *Carmen*, interest in Bizet's works was rekindled, and *Le pêcheurs de perles* was revived to a much more favourable audience. It is best known for this duet, better known simply as 'The Pearl Fishers' Duet,' which has become a popular concert piece and perhaps the most famous tenor-baritone duet in the opera repertoire.

In ancient Ceylon (Sri Lanka), Nadir and Zurga, two pearl fishermen, reminisce about an encounter they had years past in which they glimpsed a beautiful priestess. They both fell in love immediately, and their friendship was nearly broken by rivalry on the spot, but they instead resolved to remain friends and refrain from pursuing her. As they reminisce, they reaffirm their oath of friendship.

**Nadir:** Au fond du temple saint  
Paré de fleurs et d'or,  
Une femme apparaît!  
Je crois la voir encore!  
La foule prosternée  
La regarde, étonnée,  
Et murmure tout 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!  
**Both:** 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!  
**N:** Mais à travers la foule elle s'ouvre un passage!  
**Z:** Son long voile déjà nous cache son visage!  
**N:** Mon regard, hélas! La cherche en vain!  
**Both:** Elle fuit!

**Nadir:** Behind the holy temple,  
Bedecked with flowers and gold,  
A woman appears!  
I feel like I can see her still!  
The prostrate crowd  
Look upon her, astonished,  
And murmur under their breath:  
Look, it is the goddess  
Who stands up out of the shadows  
And extends her arms to us!  
**Zurga:** Her veil is lifted!  
O vision! O dream!  
The crowd are on their knees!  
**Both:** Yes, 'tis she! 'Tis the goddess  
Most charming and most beautiful!  
Yes, 'tis she! 'Tis the goddess  
Who descends among us!  
Her veil is lifted  
And the crowd are on their knees!  
**N:** But through the crowd she opens a passage!  
**Z:** Her long veil already conceals her face again.  
**N:** My gaze, alas, seeks her in vain!  
**Both:** She is gone!

**N:** Mais dans mon âme soudain  
 Quelle étrange ardeur s'allume!  
**Z:** Quel feu nouveau me consume!  
**N:** Ta main repousse ma main!  
**Z:** Ta main repousse ma main!  
**N:** De nos cœurs l'amour s'empare,  
 Et nous change en ennemis!  
**Z:** Non, que rien ne nous sépare!  
**N:** Non, rien!  
**Both:** 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!

**N:** But suddenly, in my soul  
 What strange heat is kindled!  
**Z:** What new fire consumes me?  
**N:** Your hand pushes away my hand!  
**Z:** Your hand pushes away my hand!  
**N:** Love seizes hold of our hearts,  
 And changes us into enemies!  
**Z:** No, let nothing separate us!  
**N:** No, nothing!  
**Both:** Let us swear to remain friends!  
 Yes, 'tis she! 'Tis the goddess  
 Who comes to unite us on this day!  
 And, faithful to my promise,  
 I would cherish you as a brother!  
 'Tis she, 'tis the goddess  
 Who comes to unite us on this day!  
 Yes, let us share the same fate:  
 Let us be united until death!

### ***Don Quichotte à Dulcinée* - Ravel (Text by Paul Morand)**

In the early 1930s, Ravel was commissioned to compose music for a film adaptation of *Don Quixote*. Due to health problems, Ravel was not able to complete the film score, but his work on the project did ultimately result in the publication of the short song-cycle *Don Quichotte à Dulcinée*, which would be Ravel's final composition.

The text is written from the perspective of Don Quixote himself, and all three songs revolve around his delusional devotion to his imaginary lady love, Dulcinea. Each song incorporates elements of Spanish dance music, particularly 'Chanson romanesque' which is set to the swaying rhythm of a *guajira*.

#### *Translations:*

#### **1. Romantic song**

If you told me that the earth  
 Offended you with all its turning,  
 I would dispatch (my servant) Panza:  
 You would see it halted and silent.

If you told me that you had become bored  
 Of a sky too abloom with stars,  
 Rending the divine order,  
 I would reap the night in one stroke.

If you told me that space,  
 Thus stripped bare, did not please you,  
 As a godly knight, lance in fist,  
 I would scatter stars on the passing breeze.

But if you told me that my blood  
 Is more mine than yours, my Lady,  
 I would pale under the rebuke  
 And I would die, blessing you.  
 O Dulcinea!

#### **2. Epic song**

Good Saint Michael, who gives me the pleasure  
 To see my Lady, and to hear her;  
 Good Saint Michael, who deigns to choose me  
 To please and defend her,  
 Good Saint Michael, pray descend  
 With Saint George onto the altar  
 Of the Madonna clothed in blue.

With a ray from heaven, bless my blade  
 And its equal in purity,  
 And its equal in piety,  
 As in modesty and chastity:  
 My Lady.

(O great Saint George and Saint Michael)  
 The angel who watches over my vigil  
 My sweet Lady, so alike  
 To you, Madonna clothed in blue!  
 Amen.

### 3. Drinking song

Away with the bastard, illustrious Lady,  
Who, to defame me in your sweet eyes,  
Says that love and old wine  
Put my heart and my soul into mourning!

I drink to joy!  
Joy is the sole purpose  
To which I go straight...  
When I'm drunk!

Away with the jealous one, dark-haired mistress,  
Who whines, who cries and swears oaths  
To forever be some pale lover,  
Who waters down his drunkenness!

I drink to joy!  
Joy is the sole purpose  
To which I go straight...  
When I'm drunk!

### Aria & Chorus: 'Votre toast, je peux vous le rendre' - *Carmen* - Bizet (Text: Meilhac, Halévy)

*With Katherine Winitana, Jasmine Jessen, Szilvia Hernyak, Jordan Fonoti-Fuimaono, Ridge Ponini, and Faamanu Fonoti-Fuimaono.*

*Carmen* was Georges Bizet's final opera, premiering just a few months before his untimely death at age 36. *Carmen's* initial Paris run received a mixed reception, and so Bizet did not live to see the enormous success to which the opera rose once it began being performed outside of France. Today, *Carmen* is one of the most popular operas in the repertoire.

The bullfighter Escamillo stops at a Seville tavern to greet an admiring crowd of soldiers and local women. He regales them with a flashy song about his exploits in the bullring: the excitement of the crowds, the charging of the bull, and the lover who watches from the sidelines.

Votre toast, je peux vous le rendre,  
Señors, señors, car avec les soldats  
Oui, les toréros peuvent s'entendre,  
Pour plaisirs ils ont les combats.  
Le cirque est plein, c'est jour de fête,  
Le cirque est plein du haut en bas.  
Les spectateurs perdant la tête,  
Les spectateurs s'interpellent à grands fracas!  
Apostrophes, cris et tapage  
Poussés jusques à la fureur.  
Car c'est la fête du courage,  
C'est la fête des gens de cœur.  
Allons! En garde!  
Toréador, en garde!  
Et songe bien, oui songe en combattant  
Qu'un oeil noir te regarde  
Et que l'amour t'attend.  
Toréador, l'amour t'attend!  
Tout d'un coup on fait silence;  
On fait silence. Ah que se passe-t-il?  
Plus de cris; c'est l'instant  
Le taureau s'élance en bondissant hors du toril...  
Il s'élance, il entre, il frappe, un cheval roule  
Entraînant un picador.  
«Ah bravo toro!» hurle la foule.  
Le taureau va... il vient... et frappe encor!  
En secouant ses banderilles,  
Plein de fureur, il court...  
Le cirque est plein de sang!  
On se sauve, on franchit les grilles;  
C'est ton tour maintenant!  
Allons! En garde!  
Toréador, en garde...

I can return your toast to you,  
Señors, for with you soldiers,  
Yes, toreros can sympathise:  
For pleasure, they fight!  
The arena is full, it is a festival day;  
The arena is full from top to bottom.  
The spectators—losing their heads—  
The spectators shout out in a great racket!  
Exclamations, cries and roars  
Increase to a frenzy.  
For this is a celebration of courage!  
This is a celebration of men of heart!  
Let's go! En garde!  
Toréador, en garde!  
And remember well, as you fight  
That a dark eye is watching you;  
And that love is watching you,  
Toréador, love is watching you!  
All at once, everything is silent.  
Ah, what is going on?  
No more cries; this is the moment!  
The bull rushes, leaping out of the bullpen!  
He rushes! He closes in, he strikes! A horse rolls,  
Taking down a picador.  
"Ah, bravo bull!" shouts the crowd.  
The bull goes on... he comes... he strikes again!  
Shaking his banderillas,  
Full of fury, he charges...  
The arena is full of blood!  
We escape, we cross the gates;  
Now it's your turn!  
Let's go! En garde!  
Toréador, en garde...



**Recit & Aria: 'Vy tak pechalny ... Ya vas lyublyu' - *The Queen of Spades* - Tchaikovsky (Text by Modest Tchaikovsky)**

*Pikovaya Dama*, popularly known either by its French title, *Pique Dame*, or translated into English as *The Queen of Spades*, is one of the most popular operas by Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky, superseded only by *Eugene Onegin*. Like *Onegin*, it is based on a novel by the famous Russian poet Aleksandr Pushkin, though the opera takes some liberties with the plot.

Lisa is engaged to marry Prince Yeletsky, but she is unhappy after falling in love with a stranger, Herman, who visited her late at night. Yeletsky, seeing that she appears troubled, takes her aside during a party. He reassures her of his love, and offers her the freedom to choose whether to remain engaged to him.

Vy tak pechalny, dorogaya,  
Kak budto gore yest u vas... Dovers mne!  
...Postoite na odno mgnovenye!  
Ya dolzhen, dolzhen vam skazat!

You seem so sad, darling,  
As if you bear some grief... Confide in me!  
...Wait for just a moment!  
I must speak to you!

Ya vas lyublyu, lyublyu bezmerno,  
Bez vas ne myslyu dnya prozhit,  
Ya podvig sily bezprimerno  
Gotov seichas dlya vas svershit;  
No, znaite: serdtsa vashevo svododu  
Nichem ya ne khochu stesnyat,  
Gotov skryvatsya vam v ugodu  
I pyl revnivykh chuvstv unyat,  
Na vsyo dlya vas gotov ya!  
Ne tolko lyubyashchim suprugom,  
Slugoi poleznym inogda,  
Zhelal by ya byt vashim drugom  
I uteshitelem vseгда.

I love you beyond measure;  
I cannot imagine spending a day without you.  
Some heroic task of unmatched strength  
I am ready to undertake for you this instant;  
But know: the freedom of your heart  
I do not wish to restrict in any way.  
I am ready to hide myself from you,  
And suppress the heat of jealous feelings;  
I am prepared to do anything for you!  
I would wish not only to be a loving husband,  
Or a useful servant sometimes;  
I would wish to be your friend  
And comforter, always.

No yasno vizhu, chuvstvuyu teper ya,  
Kuda sebya v mechtakh zavlyok,  
Kak malo v vas ko mne doverya,  
Kak chuzhd ya vam i kak dalyok,  
Akh! Ya terzayus etoi dalyu,  
Sostrazhdu vam ya vsei dushoi,  
Pechalyus vashei ya pechalyu  
I plachu vasheyu slezoi!  
Akh! Ya terzayus etoi dalyu,  
Sostrazhdu vam ya vsei dushoi!  
Ya vas lyublyu, lyublyu bezmerno...  
O, milaya, dovertes mne!

But now I can clearly see and feel  
How I have let myself be misled by dreams.  
How little you trust in me;  
How foreign I must seem to you, and how distant!  
Ah, I am tormented by this distance;  
I feel for you with all my soul!  
I grieve in your sorrows  
And weep your tears.  
Ah, I am tormented by this distance;  
I feel for you with all my soul!  
I love you beyond measure...  
Oh sweetheart, confide in me!

**'Channel Firing' from *Before and After Summer*, Op. 16 - Gerald Finzi (Text by Thomas Hardy)**

Gerald Finzi was an English composer of primarily vocal music, though he also produced some orchestral works, most notably his clarinet concerto. He befriended the older Ralph Vaughan Williams, whose music influenced Finzi's own works. Finzi was particularly interested in the poems of Thomas Hardy, many of which he set to music. The song-cycle *Before and After Summer* sets a selection of poems all by Hardy.

'Channel Firing' is told from the perspective of a dead man who is awoken from his grave by the sound of naval gunnery exercises in the English Channel. The narrator and his fellow dead mistake the thunderous noise for the Judgement Day foretold in the Book of Revelation, but the voice of God issues forth to correct their mistake. God condemns the leaders of men for their warmongering behaviour, and the dead men lie back down in their graves and reflect on the unchanging nature of mankind. Hardy's poem was published just a few months before the outbreak of the First World War.

### **'Some Enchanted Evening' - *South Pacific* - Richard Rodgers (Text by Oscar Hammerstein II)**

Richard Rodgers is among the musical theatre world's most prolific composers, having written over 40 musicals for Broadway in addition to a staggering number of standalone songs. His partnership with lyricist Oscar Hammerstein II produced some of his best known works, including *Oklahoma*, *Carousel*, and *The Sound of Music*.

*South Pacific*, which premiered in 1949, is set on a fictional island in the South Pacific during the Second World War, and deals with themes of white Americans confronting and overcoming their own racial prejudices in a multicultural environment. 'Some Enchanted Evening' is sung by Emile, a French plantation owner, as he reminisces about falling in love with Nellie, an American naval nurse. The song became a major hit, and is often performed as a standalone concert piece.

## **About Te Pae Kōkako (TANZOS)**

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