

L'horizon chimérique

A recital of French repertoire for voice, flute and piano

Anna Simmons soprano

Angus Simmons baritone

Luca Manghi flute

David Kelly piano

Born in Tauranga, **Anna Simmons** graduated from the University of Waikato with a Bachelor of Music with First Class Honours. Anna was a Dame Malvina Major Foundation (DMMF) Studio Artist with New Zealand Opera (NZO) for the 2019/2020 season and was to perform Barbarina in *Le nozze di Figaro*, which was postponed due to COVID-19. While a member of the Freemasons NZO Chorus (2015-2019), Anna appeared in several productions. She is popular as a soloist with choral societies around the country, and has enjoyed competition successes including first prizes in the DMMF Christchurch Aria, Norah Howell Award and Richard Carey Senior Programme. She has attended the New Zealand Opera School (2017-2020) and is now based in Europe.

Angus Simmons graduated from University of Canterbury with a Bachelor of Music with First Class Honours in 2017. Angus was a 2019 Dame Malvina Major Foundation Emerging Artist with New Zealand Opera (NZO). While a member of the Freemasons NZO Chorus (2014-2019), Angus performed in over a dozen productions. He has toured nationally as part of NZO's *Opera in Schools* programme in productions of *The Elixir of Love* (Belcore) and *The Barber of Seville* (Figaro). Angus has performed regularly with choirs and orchestras in New Zealand and has found regular work singing at private functions and corporate events. Angus is now based in Europe.

Dr. Luca Manghi is Principal Flute of the Dunedin Symphony Orchestra, the Auckland Chamber Orchestra, Bach Musica NZ, and appears frequently with the New Zealand Symphony Orchestra and the Auckland Philharmonia Orchestra. He teaches flute and chamber music at the University of Otago, the University of Waikato and the Akaroa International Summer Festival, and has also taught at the University of Auckland and the Levallois Conservatory in Paris. Luca performs on the albums *Quays* (Atoll ACD882), *play-pen* (Atoll ACD221), *Tones* (Rattle Records RAT-D089), and *Serenate e Variazioni* (Amadeus Arte AA20010).

David Kelly is Principal Repetiteur for New Zealand Opera, and performs regularly with the Auckland Philharmonia and Auckland Chamber orchestras. He is an accompanist and coach at the New Zealand Opera School and The University of Waikato. He performs with flutist Luca Manghi on the critically applauded recital disc *Quays* (Atoll Records, ACD 882), and is a member of the Donizetti Trio, which undertook national tours in 2014 and 2019 for Chamber Music New Zealand. David studied at the University of Canterbury with Diedre Irons and Maurice Till, and at the Australian Opera Studio in Perth, Western Australia.

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L'horizon chimérique, Op. 118

Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)

1. La mer est infinie
2. Je me suis embarqué
3. Diane, Séléné
4. Vaisseaux, nous vous aurons aimés

Trois Odelettes Anacréontiques, Op. 13

Maurice Emmanuel (1862-1938)

1. Au Printemps
2. À la Cigale
3. À la Rose

Sept Mélodies, Op. 2

Ernest Chausson (1855-1899)

1. Nanny
2. Le Charme
3. Les Papillons
4. Sérénade italienne

Deux Stèles Orientées

Jacques Ibert (1890-1962)

1. Mon amante a les vertus de l'eau
2. On me dit

Sonata for flute and piano, FP 164

Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)

1. Allegro melanconico
2. Cantilena
3. Presto giocoso

Le Bestiaire, FP 15a Francis Poulenc

Le dromadaire - La chèvre de Tibet - La sauterelle - Le dauphin - L'écrivisse - La carpe

Deux Poèmes de Ronsard, Op. 26

Albert Roussel (1869-1937)

1. Rossignol, mon mignon
2. Ciel, aer, et vens

Une flûte invisible

Camille Saint-Saëns (1835-1921)

La mer est infinie

The sea is boundless and my dreams are wild.
The sea sings in the sun, as it beats the cliffs,
And my light dreams are overjoyed
To dance on the sea like drunken birds.
The waves' vast motion bears them away,
The breeze ruffles and rolls them in its folds;
Playing in their wake, they will escort the ships,
Whose flight my heart has followed.
Drunk with air and salt, and stung by the spume
Of the consoling sea that washes away tears,
They will know the high seas and the bracing brine;
Lost gulls will take them for their own.

Je me suis embarqué

I have embarked on a ship that reels
And rolls and pitches and rocks.
My feet have forgotten the land and its ways;
The lithe waves have taught me other rhythms,
Lovelier than the tired ones of human song.
Ah! did I have the heart to live among you?
Brothers, on all your continents I've suffered.
I want only the sea, I want only the wind
To cradle me like a child in the trough of the waves.
Far from the port, now but a faded image,
Tears of parting no longer sting my eyes.
I can no longer recall my final farewells
O my sorrow, my sorrow, where have I left you?

Diane, Séléné

Diana, Selene, moon of beautiful metal,
Reflecting on us, from your deserted face,
In the eternal tedium of sidereal calm,
The regret of a sun whose loss we lament.
O moon, I begrudge you your limpidity,
Mocking the fruitless commotion of wretched souls,
And my heart, ever weary and ever uneasy,
Longs for the peace of your nocturnal flame.

Vaisseaux, nous vous aurons

Ships, we shall have loved you to no avail,
The last of you all has set sail on the sea.
The sunset bore away so many spread sails,
That this port and my heart are forever forsaken.
The sea has returned you to your destiny,
Beyond the shores where our steps must halt.
We could not keep your souls enchained,
You require distant realms unknown to me.
I belong to those with earthbound desires.
The wind that elates you fills me with fright,
But your summons at nightfall makes me despair,
For within me are vast, unappeased departures.

Au printemps

See how when the graceful spring arrives
the sacred brigade of Graces and Gods
fill their skirts and bosoms with roses!
See how the waves of the foaming sea
and the deep hollows begin to calm themselves,
and a hundred sorts of birds play in the waters!
See how the crane is already back,
and the cloudless sun lights our days
and chases away the thick shadow
with its glorious rays!
See our daily labour appear
as the earth advances and gives birth to the flowers.
See the fruit trees and the olives appear!
See how the winy liquor is crowned
when the waiting flowers flourish
from the grain, in its greenness
under the shade of the greening boughs.

À la cigale

How happy we think you are,
sweet cicada in love!
For as soon as you have drunken
a little dew from the bushes,
happy as a powerful princess,
your soft voice makes
mountains and forests tremble.
Everything in the country,
everything in the mountains, is yours.
You please the ploughman best,
for his toil neither insults nor damages himself
or his ploughing.
All men love your goodness,
sweet prophetess of summer.
The Muse loves you, and so does Apollo,
who made you to sing so sweetly.
Age never wounds you as it does us.

À la Rose

The Rose is the most distinguished of crimsons,
The Rose is of flowers most beautiful,
And above all others takes the prize:
That's why I call it the violet of Cyprus.
The Rose is the scent of love
The Rose is the honour of the Graces,
The Rose makes all around it fade,
In the morning, with tiny pearls
She borrows from the dawn.
The Rose is the perfume of the gods,
The Rose is the symbol of virgins,
Who love far more to enrich
Their breast with fresh roses
Than with gold however precious.
Is there anything beautiful without her?
The Rose enhances all things,
Venus has skin like roses,
And Dawn is rosy-fingered
And the morning Sun is rose-pink.

Nanny

Dear woods with pigeons, weep, soft leaves,
And you, living spring, and you, fresh paths;
You weep, oh savage moor,
Bushes of holly and wild rose bushes.
Springtime, flowering King of the green year,
Oh young god, weep! Maturing summer,
Cut off your own crowning tresses;
And weep, blushing autumn.
The anguish of love can break a faithful heart.
Earth and heaven, weep! Oh! How I loved her!
Dear countryside, don't speak any more of her;
Nanny will never return!

Le Charme

When your smile surprised me,
I felt a shudder through my entire being,
But what tamed my spirit,
At first I did not recognize.
When your glance fell on me,
I felt my soul melt,
But what that emotion was,
At first I could not answer it.
What conquered me forever,
That was a charm more sad,
And I did not know that I loved you,
Until I saw your first tear.

Les Papillons

The snow-white butterflies
fly in swarms over the sea.
Beautiful white butterflies, when can I
travel the blue path of the air?
Tell me, oh fairest of the fair,
my dancing-girl with the jet-black eyes -
if they were to lend me their wings,
do you know where I would fly?
Not taking one kiss from the roses,
I'd fly across valleys and forests
to alight on your half-closed lips (oh my soul's
chosen flower!) - and there I'd die.

Serenade Italienne

Let's go out in a boat on the sea
to spend the night under the stars.
Look, it's blowing just enough breeze
to swell the canvas of the sails.
The old Italian fisherman
and his two sons, who sail us out,
hear but understand nothing
of the words we say to each other.
On the calm dark sea, look!
we can exchange our souls,
and our voices will not be understood
except by the night, the sky and the waves.

Mon amante a les vertus de l'eau

My lover has the virtues of water:
a clear smile, flowing gestures,
A voice that is pure & singing drop by drop.
And when sometimes - in spite of myself
There is fire in my gaze,
She knows, simmering, how to stir it up:
Water cast on red coals.
My living water, there she is, all of her,
Poured out upon the ground!
She slips away, she flees...
and I thirst, and I run after her.
I cup my hands.
I drunkenly staunch her with both my hands,
I clasp her, I bring her to my lips:
And I swallow a fistful of mud. Ah—

On me dit

They tell me: You must not marry her.
All the omens agree and they are unlucky:
Observe well that WATER in her name, cast by lot,
is replaced by WIND.
Well, wind overturns, that's obvious.
So do not take this woman.
And then there is the commentary, listen:
"He buffets against rocks. He enters into brambles.
He wears a thorny hide..."
And comments best left unmentioned.
Do not take this woman.
I reply:
Indeed, these are dubious omens.
But let's not give them too much importance.
Besides, she's a widow:
All that pertains to her first husband.
Prepare the carriage for the nuptials.

The Camel

With his four dromedaries
Don Pedro d'Alfaroubeira
Roamed the world and admired it.
He did what I would like to do
If I had four dromedaries too.

The Tibetan Goat

The hair of this goat and even
The golden hair that so preoccupied
Jason, cannot match
The head of hair I'm smitten with.

The Grasshopper

Behold the delicate grasshopper,
The food Saint John was wont to eat.
May my verses likewise be
A feast for the elite.

The Dolphin

Dolphins, you play in the sea,
Though the waves are briny.
Does my joy at times erupt?
Life is still cruel.

The Crayfish

Uncertainty, O! my delights
You and I we progress
As crayfish progress,
Backwards, backwards.

The Carp

In your pools, in your ponds,
Carp, how you live for aeons!
Does death forget you,
Fish of melancholy?

Rossignol, mon mignon

Nightingale, my little one, who, in this willow grove
Go alone from branch to branch at your pleasure,
And I, who envy your song, go
singing a song that I must sing,
We both take a breath:
Your sweet voice tries to sound
the friendship of one who loves you so much,
And I, sad, go on, longing for the beautiful one
who wounds my heart so bitterly.
Nevertheless, Nightingale, we differ in one way:
It is that you are loved and I am not,
Even though we have equally beautiful music.
Because you move your love to pity
with the beauty of your sounds,
while mine, in order not to hear my songs,
covers her ears.

Ciel, ær, et vens

Sky, air and wind, plains and bare mountains
Forked mounds and verdant forests,
Winding rivers and rippling springs,
Pruned copses and you, green groves;
Mossy caves, half-covered opening,
Fields, buds, flowers and reddening herbs,
Viny slopes and golden beaches,
Gâtine, Loir, and you, my sad verses:

Since, at our parting, surrounded by pain and grief,
I didn't know how to say farewell to those beautiful
eyes, which, far and near keep me in turmoil:
I beg you, Sky, air and wind, mountains and plains,
Copse, forest, rivers and fountains,
caves, fields, flowers, tell him for me.

Une flûte invisible

Come! - An unseen flute
Sighs in the orchards.
The most peaceful song
Is the song that shepherds sing.
The wind beneath the oak tree
Ruffles the water's dark mirror.
The most joyous song
Is the song that birds sing.
Let no worry torment you.
Let us love! Let us always love!
The most sweet song
Is the song that lovers sing.