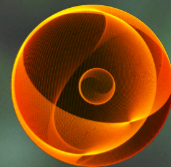


Yong Siew Toh
Conservatory
of Music

YST



Junior Recital

See Huey's First Recital

TAN SEE HUEY, soprano

BEATRICE LIN, piano

Conservatory Concert Hall

Thursday, 29 April 2021

3.10PM



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Programme

F. Schubert

An Silvia

Auf dem Wasser zu Singen

Die Junge Nonne

W. A. Mozart

Laudate Dominum

(Vesperae solennes de confessore)

F. Poulenc

Air Chantés

I. Air Romantique

II. Air Champêtre

III. Air Grave

IV. Air Vif

W. A. Mozart

Laudamus Te (Mass in C minor)

Programme Notes

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

Laudamus Te (Mass in C minor)

Laudate Dominum (Vesperae solennes de confessore)

These Mozart's sacred arias are very contrasting, as *Laudamus te* is a fast aria with lots of challenges, and the *Laudate Dominum* is a slow and beautiful aria.

These 2 sacred arias from Mozart are very contrasting: The *Laudamus te* is fast with a lot of coloratura while the *Laudate Dominum* is slow and beautiful.

Laudamus te is the second aria in the *Mass in C minor*, a piece which Mozart never completed. Fortunately for us, the *Laudamus te* is one of the sections that had been fully completed by Mozart. *Laudate Dominum* probably has the finest tune of Mozart's sacred arias. It is taken from the *Vesperae solennes de confessore* (Solemn Vespers) which is the more popular of the 2 which he composed.

Franz Schubert

An Silvia

Auf dem Wasser zu Singen

Die Junge Nonne

These three contrasting Schubert's well-known Lieder. *Die Junge Nonne* (The young nun) tells the story of a young woman who chooses the peace of faith and death, transforming from a feeling of loss to acceptance. *An Silvia* (Who is Sylvia) is a strophic Lied. The first stanza talks about Silvia's appearance; in the second verse, the poet asks whether her inner nature, her human qualities of love and sympathy, correspond with her outward appearance; the third section expresses a lover's docile hints and flattery, longing for the grace of the lady, as he becomes bolder, freely asserting her supremacy, and finally giving her the wreath, just like a goddess. *Auf dem Wasser zu Singen* (To Be Sung Upon the Waters) is also a strophic Lied that depicts the narrator on a boat thinking about the passing of time.

Programme Notes

Francis Poulenc

Air Chantés

I. Air Romantique

II. Air Champêtre

III. Air Grave

IV. Air Vif

The story about why Poulenc composed this set is widely told as Poulenc wanted to tease his friend by setting his friend's favourite poet's works into music and try to make it as sacrilegious as possible. But the truth is that Poulenc would never set Moréas text as music if there had not been a financial reason. This set comprises four short songs. The four poems contain natural images. The narrator seems to have a deep contemplation of a topic that is unknown, but in thought, she gives a very beautiful description of the scene. These poems are similar to four impressionist landscape paintings.

Text and Translation

Franz Schubert - An Silvia

Was ist Silvia, saget an,
Dass sie die weite Flur preist?
Schön und zart seh' ich sie nah'n,
Auf Himmels Gunst und Spur weist,
Dass ihr alles untertan.

Ist sie schön und gut dazu?
Reiz labt wie milde Kindheit;
Ihrem Aug' eilt Amor zu,
Dort heilt er seine Blindheit,
Und verweilt in süßer Ruh'.

Darum Silvia, tön', o Sang,
Der holden Silvia Ehren;
Jeden Reiz besiegt sie lang,
Den Erde kann gewähren:
Kränze ihr und Saitenklang!

Text by Eduard von Bauernfeld

Who is Silvia? what is she,
That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise is she;
The heaven such grace did lend her,
That she might admirèd be.

Is she kind as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindness.
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness;
And, being helped, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,
That Silvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling;
To her let us garlands bring

From William Shakespeare's Two Gentlemen
of Verona

Text and translation provided courtesy of
Oxford Lieder (www.oxfordlieder.co.uk)

Franz Schubert - Auf dem Wasser zu Singen

Mitten im Schimmer der spiegelnden Wellen
Gleitet, wie Schwäne, der wankende Kahn;
Ach, auf der Freude sanft schimmernden
Wellen

Gleitet die Seele dahin wie der Kahn;
Denn von dem Himmel herab auf die Wellen
Tanzet das Abendrot rund um den Kahn.

Über den Wipfeln des westlichen Haines
Winket uns freundlich der rötliche Schein;
Unter den Zweigen des östlichen Haines
Säuselt der Kalmus im rötlichen Schein;
Freude des Himmels und Ruhe des Haines
Atmet die Seel' im errötenden Schein.

Amid the shimmer of the mirroring waves
the rocking boat glides, swan-like,
on gently shimmering waves of joy.

The soul, too, glides like a boat.
For from the sky the setting sun
dances upon the waves around the boat.

Above the tree-tops of the western grove
the red glow beckons kindly to us;
beneath the branches of the eastern grove
the reeds whisper in the red glow.
The soul breathes the joy of heaven,
the peace of the grove, in the reddening glow.

Text and Translation

Ach, es entschwindet mit tauigem Flügel
Mir auf den wiegenden Wellen die Zeit.
Morgen entschwinde mit schimmerndem
Flügel
Wieder wie gestern und heute die Zeit,
Bis ich auf höherem strahlendem Flügel
Selber entschwinde der wechselnden Zeit

Text by Graf Friedrich Leopold zu Stolberg-
Stolberg

Alas, with dewy wings
time vanishes from me on the rocking waves.
Tomorrow let time again vanish with
shimmering
wings, as it did yesterday and today,
until, on higher, more radiant wings,
I myself vanish from the flux of time.

Translation © Richard Wigmore, author of
Schubert: The Complete Song Texts, published
by Schirmer Books, provided courtesy of Oxford
Lieder (www.oxfordlieder.co.uk)

Franz Schubert - Die Junge Nonne

Wie braust durch die Wipfel der heulende Sturm!
Es klirren die Balken, es zittert das Haus!
Es rollt der Donner, es leuchtet der Blitz,
Und finster die Nacht, wie das Grab!

Immerhin, immerhin,
so tobt' es auch jüngst noch in mir!
Es brauste das Leben, wie jetzo der Sturm,
Es bebten die Glieder, wie jetzo das Haus,
Es flammte die Liebe, wie jetzo der Blitz,
Und finster die Brust, wie das Grab.

Nun tobe, du wilder, gewalt'ger Sturm,
Im Herzen ist Friede, im Herzen ist Ruh,
Des Bräutigams harret die liebende Braut,
Gereinigt in prüfender Glut,
Der ewigen Liebe getraut.

Ich harre, mein Heiland, mit sehndem Blick!
Komm, himmlischer Bräutigam, hole die Braut,
Erlöse die Seele von irdischer Haft.
Horch, friedlich ertönet das Glöcklein vom Turm!
Es lockt mich das süsse Getön
Allmächtig zu ewigen Höh'n.
Alleluia!

Text by Jacob-Nicolaus Craigher de Jachelutta

How the raging storm roars through the treetops!
The rafters rattle, the house shudders!
The thunder rolls, the lightning flashes,
and the night is as dark as the grave.

So be it,
not long ago a storm still raged in me.
My life roared like the storm now,
my limbs trembled like the house now,
love flashed like the lightning now,
and my heart was as dark as the grave.

Now rage, wild, mighty storm;
in my heart is peace, in my heart is calm.
The loving bride awaits the bridegroom,
purified in the testing flames,
betrothed to eternal love.

I wait, my Saviour, with longing gaze!
Come, heavenly bridegroom, take your bride.
Free the soul from earthly bonds.
Listen, the bell sounds peacefully from the tower!
Its sweet pealing invites me
all-powerfully to eternal heights.
Alleluia!

Translation © Richard Wigmore, author of
Schubert: The Complete Song Texts, published by
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Text and Translation

W. A. Mozart - Laudate Dominum (Vesperae solennes de confessore)

Laudate Dominum omnes gentes; Laudate eum, omnes populi. Quoniam confirmata est Super nos misericordia ejus, Et veritas Domini manet in aeternum. Gloria Patri et Filio et Spiritui Sancto. Sicut erat in principio, et nunc, et semper. Et in saecula saeculorum: Amen.	Praise the Lord, all nations; Praise Him, all people. For His has bestowed His mercy upon us, And the truth of the Lord endures forever. Glory to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Spirit, as it was in the beginning, is now, and forever, and for generations of generations. Amen
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The translation is taken from
http://www.emmanuelmusic.org/notes_translations/translations_other/t_mozart_k339.htm

Francis Poulenc - Air Chantés

Text by Jean Moréas

English Translations by Richard Stokes from *A French Song Companion* (Oxford, 2000)

Air romantique

J'allais dans la campagne avec le vent d'orage,
Sous le pâle matin, sous les nuages bas,
Un corbeau ténébreux escortait mon voyage
Et dans les flaques d'eau retentissaient mes pas.

La foudre à l'horizon faisait courir sa flamme
Et l'Aquilon doublait ses longs gémissements;
Mais la tempête était trop faible pour mon âme,
Qui couvrait le tonnerre avec ses battements.

De la dépouille d'or du frêne et de l'érable
L'Automne composait son éclatant butin,
Et le corbeau toujours, d'un vol inexorable,
M'accompagnait sans rien changer à mon destin.

Romantic Air

I walked in the countryside with the stormy
wind,
Beneath the pale morning, beneath the low
clouds,
A sinister crow followed me on my way
And my steps splashed through the water
puddles.

The lightning on the horizon unleashed its flame
And the North Wind intensified its wailing;
But the storm was too weak for my soul
Which drowned the thunder with its throbbing.

From the golden spoils of ash and maple
Autumn amassed her brilliant plunder,
And the crow still, with inexorable flight,
Without changing anything, accompanied me to
my fate.

Text and Translation

Air champêtre

Belle source, je veux me rappeler sans cesse,
Qu'un jour guidé par l'amitié Ravi,
j'ai contemplé ton visage, ô déesse,
Perdu sous la mousse à moitié.

Que n'est-il demeuré, cet ami que je pleure,
O nymphe, à ton culte attaché,
Pour se mêler encore au souffle qui t'effleure
Et répondre à ton flot caché.

Air grave

Ah! fuyez à présent,
malheureuses pensées!
O! colère, ô remords!
Souvenirs qui m'avez
les deux tempes pressées,
de l'etreinte des morts.

Sentiers de mousse pleins,
vaporeuses fontaines,
grottes profondes, voix
des oiseaux et du vent
lumières incertaines
des sauvages sous-bois.

Insectes, animaux,
Beauté future,
Ne me repousse pas
Ô divine nature,
Je suis ton suppliant

Ah! fuyez à présent,
colère, remords!

Pastoral Air

Lovely spring, I shall never cease to remember
That on a day, guided by entranced friendship,
I gazed on your face, O goddess,
Half hidden beneath the moss.

Had he but remained, this friend whom I mourn,
O nymph, a devotee of your cult,
To mingle once more with the breeze that
caresses you,
And to respond to your hidden waters!

Grave Air

Ah! begone now,
Unhappy thoughts!
O anger! O remorse!
Memories that oppressed
My two temples
With the embrace of the dead.

Paths full of moss,
Vaporous fountains,
Deep grottoes, voices
Of birds and wind,
Fitful lights
Of the wild undergrowth.

Insects, animals,
Beauty to come –
Do not repulse me,
O divine nature,
I am your suppliant.

Ah! begone now,
Anger, remorse!

Text and Translation

Air vif

Le trésor du verger et le jardin en fête,
Les fleurs des champs, des bois
éclatent de plaisir
Hélas! et sur leur tête le vent enfla sa voix.

Mais toi, noble océan
que l'assaut des tourmentes
Ne saurait ravager,
Certes plus dignement lorsque tu te lamentes
Tu te prends à songer.

Lively Air

The treasures of the orchard and the festive garden,
The flowers of the field, of the woods
Burst forth with pleasure
Alas! and above their head the wind swells its voice.

But you, noble ocean whom the assault of storms
Cannot ravage,
You will assuredly, with more dignity,
Lose yourself in dreams when you lament.

W. A. Mozart - Laudamus Te (Mass in C minor)

Laudamus te.
Benedicimus te.
Adoramus te.
Glorificamus te.

We praise thee,
we bless thee,
we worship thee,
we glorify thee,

The translation is taken from
<https://www.cpd.org/wiki/index.php/Gloria>

Thank you!

Thanks to everyone who has made my first ever recital possible!

Thanks to the voice studio for being so supportive.

I would also like to thank Beatrice Lin for coaching and performing alongside me.

Last but not least, I am thankful to my family, friends and audiences!