

Yong Siew Toh
Conservatory
of Music

YST



Senior Recital

See Huey's Senior Recital

TAN SEE HUEY, soprano
BEATRICE LIN, piano
ELICIA NEO, violin
CAO HUIYING, cello

Conservatory Concert Hall
Friday, 6 May 2022
3.10PM



See Huey's Senior Recital

TAN SEE HUEY (B.Mus4), soprano

BEATRICE LIN, piano

ELICIA NEO (B.Mus4), violin

CAO HUIYING (B.Mus1), cello

6 May 2022, YST Conservatory Concert Hall, 1510

Programme

JOSEPH HAYDN - Scottish Folk Songs

The Gard'ner wi' his Paidle

The White Cockade

Pentland Hills

I'm o'er Young to Marry Yet

John, come kiss me now

This is no mine ain house

HUGO WOLF - 6 Lieder für eine Frauenstimme

1. Morgentau

2. Das Vöglein

3. Die Spinnerin

4. Wiegenlied im Sommer

5. Wiegenlied im Winter

6. Mausfallen-Sprüchlein

FRANCIS POULENC - Fiançailles pour rire

1. La Dame d'André

2. Dans l'herbe

3. Il vole

4. Mon cadavre est doux comme un gant

5. Violon

6. Fleurs

WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART - Exsultate, jubilate

1. Exsultate jubilate – Allegro

2. Fulget amica dies – Secco Recitative

3. Tu virginum corona – Andante

4. Alleluja – Molto allegro



Tan See Huey, soprano

Tan See Huey is a soprano born and raised in Malaysia. Currently a year 4 voice major at YST Conservatory of Music under the tutelage of Professor Alan Bennett. She came into contact with music and singing by chance when she was young. She studied with Mr Tew Tiong Ley and Miss Tan Sin Sim in Malaysia. She also participated in a few vocal competitions in Malaysia such as National Vocal Competition (Women Category) and Chin Yong Music Festival Vocal Competition. During her study here in YST Conservatory of Music, she has the opportunity to work with Masaaki Suzuki, Jonas Nordberg, Allen Henderson, Miah Persson and Paul Weigold.



Beatrice Lin, pianist

A graduate of the Yong Siew Toh Conservatory of Music, Singapore, the Royal Academy of Music, and the Haute école de Musique de Genève, her studies were generously supported by the National Arts Council and the Lee Foundation. She was also awarded the Adolphe Neuman Prize from the canton of Geneva upon graduation. Performances include live radio broadcasts on the Radio Suisse Romande Espace 2, and as keyboardist with L'Orchestre de Chambre de Genève and Ensemble Contrechamps, as well as répétiteur for the Concours de Genève.



Elicia Neo, violinist

Singaporean violinist Elicia Neo started learning the violin when she was 5 years old. She is currently in her final year at the Yong Siew Toh Conservatory of Music, pioneering the newly established Music, Collaboration & Production (Hons') as well as Violin Performance (2nd Maj'), under the tutelage of Assoc Prof Chan Tze Law and Mr Ng Yu-Ying. As a musician whose passion is in bringing more than music to the table, she has also produced concerts for children with special needs, presented at music symposiums/camps, and conducted workshops bringing music education into rural Thailand. Her most recent work 'Emergent' aims to bring contemporary music, dance, and visual projections together to create an interdisciplinary, immersive live experience.



Cao Huiying, cellist

Cao Huiying is a cellist. In 2021, she was accepted into the Yong Siew Toh Conservatory of Music at the National University of Singapore, where she studied with Professor Qin Li-Wei. She has won numerous awards in international competitions. Some of the most impressive achievements include, the only gold medal in the Chinese Educators Association competition and having consistently performed well in the Chinese Aegean Cup competition. She was the highest score in her group at the St. Petersburg International Competition in Russia in 2021. She has received unanimous praise for her participation in masterclasses taught by Lynn Harrell, Qin Liwei, Tian Bonian, Ludwig Quandt, David Geber, Martti Rousi, Krill Rodin, Michel Strauss, Benjamin Lash, Lluís Claret and Richard Bamping etc.

Joseph Haydn - Scottish Folk Songs

The Gard'ner wi' his Paidle
The White Cockade
Pentland Hills
I'm o'er Young to Marry Yet
John, come kiss me now
This is no mine ain house

Piano realization by Tai Yun Ming (B.Mus 4, composition).

In addition to the famous *Die Schöpfung* (The Creation) and *Die Jahreszeiten* (The Seasons), Haydn arranged more than 400 Scottish and Welsh folk songs. One of the most famous ones is *Auld Lang Syne*. The six folk songs here are from Haydn's Scottish folk songs. They are usually performed by voice, piano (fortepiano) and strings (violin and cello). A lot of the folk songs' texts were written by Robert Burns. George Thomson was an official who devoted his spare time to the collection and publication of Scottish, Welsh and Irish airs, arranged for performance in the home. He recruited composers including Haydn, Hummel, Beethoven and Weber for this undertaking. That's how Haydn became involved with Scottish folk music. Interestingly, none of these composers were British or even native English speakers.

The Gard'ner wi' his paidle.

Text by Robert Burns

When rosy May comes in wi' flowers,
To deck her gay, green-spreading bowers,
Then busy, busy are his hours,
The Gard'ner wi' his paidle.

The chrystal waters gently fa',
The merry birds are lovers a',
The scented breezes round him blow
The Gard'ner wi' his paidle.

When purple morning starts the hare
To steal upon her early fare;
Then thro' the dews he maun repair
The Gard'ner wi' his paidle.

When day, expiring in the west,
The curtain draws o' Nature's rest,
He flies to her arms he loves the best,
The Gard'ner wi' his paidle.

The White Cockade

My love was born in Aberdeen
The bonniest lad that e'er was seen
But now he makes my heart fu' sad
He's taken to the field wi' his white
cockade

He's a ranting, a roving lad
He is a brisk and a bonny lad
Betide what may, I will be wed,
And follow the boy wi' the white cockade

I'll sell my rock, my reel, my tow
My gude grey mare and hawkit cow
To buy myself a tartan plaid
To follow the boy wi' the white cockade

O, he's a ranting, a roving lad
He is a brisk and a bonny lad
Betide what may, I will be wed,
And follow the boy wi' the white cockade

Pentland Hills

When the bright god of day drove westward his ray,
And the ev'ning was charming and clear,
The swallows amain nimbly skim o'er the plain,
And our shadows like giants appear.

In a jessamine bow'r, when the bean was in flow'r,
And zephyrs breath'd odours around,
Lov'd Celia was sat, with her song and her lute,
And she charm'd all the grove with the sound.

Rosy bowers, she sung, while the harmony rung,
And the birds they all flutt'ring arrive;
Th' industrious bees, from the flowers and trees,
Gently hum with their sweets to their hive.

The gay god of love, as he flew o'er the grove,
By zephyrs conducted along:
As she touch'd on the strings he beat time with his wings,
And Echo repeated the song.

I'm o'er Young to Marry Yet

Text by Robert Burns

I am my mammny's ae bairn,
Wi' unco folk I weary, Sir,
And running wi' a man awa,
I'm fley'd it mak me irie, Sir.

I'm o'er young, I'm o'er young,
I'm o'er young to marry yet;
I'm o'er young, 'twad be a sin
To tak me frae my mammy yet.

Fu' loud and shill the frosty wind
Blaws thro' the leafless timmer, Sir;
But if ye come this gate again,
I'll aulder be gin simmer, Sir.

I'm o'er young, I'm o'er young,
I'm o'er young to marry yet;
I'm o'er young, 'twad be a sin
To tak me frae my mammy yet.

John, come kiss me now

When charming Chloe gently walks,
Or sweetly smiles, or gaily talks;
No goddess can with her compare,
So sweet her looks, so soft her air.

In whom so many charms are plac'd,
Is with a mind as nobly grac'd;
With sparkling wit and solid sense,
And soft persuasive eloquence.

This is no mine ain house

O, this is no my ain house,
I ken by the riggin' o't,
Since with my love I've chang'd vows,
I dinna like the bigging o't.

When Hymen moulds me into ane,
My Robie's nearer than my kin,
And to refuse him were a sin,
Sae laug's he kindly treats me

For now that I'm young Robbie's bride,
And mistress of his fireside,
Mine ain house I like to guide,
And please me wi' the trigging o't.

When I am in mine ain house,
True love shall be at hand ay,
To make me still a prudent spouse,
And let my man command ay;

Then farewell to my father's house,
I gang where love invites me;
The strictest duty this allows,
When love with honour meets me.

Avoiding ilka cause of strife,
The common pest of married life,
That makes ane wearied of his wife,
And breaks the kindly band ay.

Hugo Wolf - Sechs Lieder für eine Frauenstimme

1. Morgentau
2. Das Vöglein
3. Die Spinnerin
4. Wiegenlied im Sommer
5. Wiegenlied im Winter
6. Mausfallen-Sprüchlein

Mörrike-lieder, *Spanisches Liederbuch* and *Italienisches Liederbuch* are Wolf's better known works. These are the works of the more mature Wolf, while the early works show his talent and the beginnings of his style and the influence of his predecessors can be seen faintly in his works. The first three songs were written when he was 17 and 18 years old; the last three were written when he was 22 years old. These 6 songs from *Sechs Lieder für eine Frauenstimme* were part of his first published songs. *Morgentau* is a little song about the beautiful scenery in the dawn and the dew flows like a silent tear. The liveliness and naughtiness of a little bird can be heard in *Das Vöglein*. *Die Spinnerin* is about a spinning girl who longs for the outside world and hopes to get her mother's consent to meet a fine boy. The two cradle songs describe the scenery of summer and winter. *Mausfallen-Sprüchlein* is a song about magic spells said by a child after walking three times around a mousetrap.

Translation © Richard Stokes,
Provided via Oxford Lieder (www.oxfordlieder.co.uk)

Morgentau

Anon.

Der Frühhauch hat gefächelt
Hinweg die schwüle Nacht,
Die Flur holdselig lächelt
In ihrer Lenzespracht;
Mild singt vom dunklen Baume
Ein Vöglein in der Früh,
Es singt noch halb im Traume
Gar süsse Melodie.

Die Rosenknospe hebet
Empor ihr Köpfchen bang,
Denn wundersam durchbebet
Hat sie der süsse Sang;
Und mehr und mehr enthüllet
Sich ihrer Blätter Füll',
Und eine Träne quillet
Hervor so heimlich still.

Morning Dew

The breath of dawn has fanned
Away the sultry night,
The meadow smiles blissfully
In its springtime splendour;
From the dark tree gently sings
A little bird at dawn,
Half-dreaming, it still sings
Some sweet melody.

The rose-bud lifts
Its head timorously aloft,
For the sweet song
Has magically thrilled her through;
Her abundant petals
Unfold more and more,
And a tear wells up
So secretly and silent.

Das Vöglein

Christian Friedrich Hebbel

Vöglein vom Zweig
Gaukelt hernieder;
Lustig sogleich
Schwingt es sich wieder.

Jetzt fir so nahm
Jetzt sich versteckend;
Abermals da,
Scherzend und neckend.

Tastest du zu,
Bist du betrogen,
Spottend im Nu
Ist es entfliegen.

Still! bis zur Hand
Wird's dir noch hüpfen,
Bist du gewandt,
Kann's nicht entschlüpfen.

Ist's denn so schwer,
Das zu erwarten?
Schau um dich her:
Blühender Garten!

Ei, du verzagst?
Lass es gewähren,
Bis du's erjagst,
Kannst du's entbehren.

Wird es auch dann
Wenig nur bringen;
Aber es kann
Süssestes singen.

Die Spinnerin

Friedrich Rückert

„O süsse Mutter,
Ich kann nicht spinnen,
Ich kann nicht sitzen
Im Stübchen innen
Im engen Haus;
Es stockt das Rädchen,
Es reisst das Fädchen,
O süsse Mutter,
Ich muss hinaus.

The little bird

The little bird flutters
Down from its branch;
And in a trice
Happily flies back again.

Now it is near you,
Now it is hiding,
There it comes again,
Playing and teasing.

If you try to touch it,
You'll be foiled,
Off it flies in a flash,
Mockingly away.

Be quiet! Right up to your hand
It will come hopping,
If you are quick,
It won't escape.

Is it really so hard
To wait for that moment?
Look about you
At the garden in bloom!

What? You despair?
Let it have its own way –
Until you catch it,
You can do without it.

Even then it will
Bring you little;
But it can
Sing most sweetly.

The spinning girl

O mother dear,
I can spin no more,
I can sit no longer
In my little room
In this poky house;
The wheel stops,
The thread snaps,
O mother dear,
I must go out.

„Der Frühling gucket
Hell durch die Scheiben,
Wer kann nun sitzen,
Wer kann nun bleiben
Und fleissig sein?
O lass mich gehen,
Und lass mich sehen,
Ob ich kann fliegen
Wie's Vögelein.

“The spring peers
Brightly through the panes,
Who can sit down,
Who can stay indoors
And be busy?
O let me go,
And let me see
If I can fly
Like the birds.

„O lass mich sehen,
O lass mich lauschen,
Wo Lüftlein wehen,
Wo Bächlein rauschen,
Wo Blümlein blüh'n.
Lass sie mich pflücken,
Und schön mir schmücken
Die braunen Locken
Mit buntem Grün.

“O let me watch,
O let me listen,
Where breezes blow,
Where streams murmur,
Where flowers bloom.
Let me pluck them,
And let me adorn
My brown locks
With bright green.

„Und kommen Knaben
In wilden Haufen,
So will ich traben,
So will ich laufen,
Nicht stille stehn;
Will hinter Hecken
Mich hier verstecken,
Bis sie mit Lärmen
Vorüber geh'n.

“And if boys come by
In wild gangs,
I'll make off,
I'll run away
And not stand still;
Here I'll hide
Behind the hedge,
Till they and their noise
Have gone away.

„Bringt aber Blumen
Ein frommer Knabe,
Die ich zum Kranze
Just nötig habe;
Was soll ich tun?
Darf ich wohl nickend,
Ihm freundlich blickend,
O süsse Mutter,
Zur Seit' ihm ruhn?“

“But if a nice young man
Should bring me flowers
That I need just then
For a garland;
What shall I do?
Might I not nod
And smile at him,
O mother dear,
And lie by his side?“

Wiegenlied im Sommer Robert Reinick

A lullaby in summer

Vom Berg hinabgestiegen
Ist nun des Tages Rest,
Mein Kind liegt in der Wiegen,
Die Vögel all im Nest;
Nur ein ganz klein Singvögelein
Ruft weit daher im Dämmerchein:
„Gut' Nacht! gut' Nacht!
Lieb Kindlein, gute Nacht!“

What remains of day
Has now descended from the mountain,
My child lies in its cradle,
The birds are all in their nests,
Just one tiny little song-bird
Calls from afar in the twilight:
“Good night! good night!
Dearest child, good night!”

Die Wiege geht im Gleise,
Die Uhr tickt hin und her,
Die Fliegen nur ganz leise
Sie summen noch daher.
Ihr Fliegen, lasst mein Kind in Ruh!
Was summt ihr ihm so heimlich zu?
„Gut' Nacht! gut' Nacht!
Lieb Kindlein, gute Nacht!“

Der Vogel und die Sterne
Und Alle rings umher,
Sie haben mein Kind so gerne,
Die Engel noch viel mehr.
Sie decken's mit den Flügeln zu
Und singen leise: „Schlaf in Ruh!
Gut' Nacht! gut' Nacht!
Lieb' Kindlein, gute Nacht!“

Wiegenlied im Winter

Robert Reinick

Schlaf ein, mein süßes Kind,
Da draussen geht der Wind,
Er pocht ans Fenster und schaut hinein,
Und hört er wo ein Kindlein schrei'n,
Da schilt und summt und brummt er sehr,
Holt gleich sein Bett voll Schnee daher,
Und deckt es auf die Wiegen,
Wenn's Kind nicht still will liegen.

Schlaf ein, mein süßes Kind,
Da draussen geht der Wind,
Er rüttelt an dem Tannenbaum,
Da fliegt heraus ein schöner Traum,
Der fliegt durch Schnee und Nacht und
Wind
Geschwind, geschwind zum lieben Kind,
Und singt von Licht und Kränzen,
Die bald am Christbaum glänzen.

Schlaf ein, mein süßes Kind,
Da draussen bläst der Wind,
Doch ruft die Sonne: „Grüss euch Gott!“
Bläst er dem Kind die Backen rot,
Und sagt der Frühling: „Guten Tag!“
Bläst er die ganze Erde wach,
Und was erst still gelegen,
Springt lustig allerwegen.

Jetzt schlaf', mein süßes Kind,
Da draussen bläst der Wind!

The cradle goes on rocking,
The clock ticks to and fro,
The flies very quietly still
Come buzzing through the air.
Leave my child in peace, you flies!
Why buzz at him so secretly?
“Good night! good night!
Dearest child, good night!”

The birds and the stars,
And all things round about,
Are so very fond of my child,
The angels even fonder.
They cover him with their wings
And softly sing: “Sleep in peace!
Good night! good night!
Dearest child, good night!”

A lullaby in winter

Go to sleep, my sweet child,
Outside the wind is blowing,
He knocks at the window and looks inside,
And if he hears a baby cry,
He scolds and hums and mutters aloud,
Fetches at once his bedful of snow
And lays it on the cradle,
If the child will not lie still.

Go to sleep, my sweet child,
Outside the wind is blowing,
He rattles on the fir tree,
And out flies a lovely dream,
Flies through snow and night and wind,
Quickly, quickly to the darling child,
And sings of lights and wreaths
That soon will shine on the Christmas tree.

Go to sleep, my child,
Outside the wind is blowing,
But when the sun cries: ‘Good morning!’,
He blows till my child's cheeks are red,
And if the Spring should cry: ‘Good day!’,
It blows till all the world's awake,
And all that was lying still
Leaps merrily around.

Go to sleep now, sweet child,
Outside the wind is blowing.

Mausfallen-Sprüchlein

Eduard Mörike

Kleine Gäste, kleines Haus.
Liebe Mäusin oder Maus,
Stelle dich nur kecklich ein
Heute nacht bei Mondenschein!
Mach aber die Tür fein hinter dir zu,
Hörst du?
Dabei hüte dein Schwänzchen!
Nach Tische singen wir,
Nach Tische springen wir
Und machen ein Tänzchen:
Witt witt!
Meine alte Katze tanzt wahrscheinlich mit.

Mousetrap incantation

Little guests, little house.
Dear Mrs or Mr Mouse,
Just drop boldly by
Tonight in the moonlight!
But be sure to close the door behind you,
Do you hear?
And watch out for your tail!
After supper we'll sing,
After supper we'll leap
And dance a little dance;
Witt witt!
My old cat might well dance with us too.

Francis Poulenc - Fiançailles pour rire

Poulenc intended to write a work for a woman's voice similar to *Tel jour telle nuit* when composing these songs. He set music to the text of Louise de Vilmorin who was a little known poet. They had a unique friendship, Poulenc was quite fond of her and her poems. Vilmorin even wrote to Poulenc, saying that he was the first one to come up with the idea of commissioning poems from her and that he was the one who determined she was a poet. In *Francis Poulenc: The Man and His Song*, Pierre Bernac mentioned that, unlike *Tel jour telle nuit*, *Fiançailles pour rire* "has is no poetic or musical link of any kind between these effectively contrasted songs." However, in this set, there is a suggestive theme of love. There are various types of love, including scandalous adoration, unrequited love and lost love.

Text by Louise de Vilmorin

Translations by Winifred Radford (taken from *The Interpretation of French Song*)

La dame d'André

André ne connais pas la dame
Qu'il prend aujourd'hui par la main.
A-t-elle un cœur à lendemains,
Et pour le soir a-t-elle une âme?

Au retour d'un bal campagnard
S'en allait-elle en robe vague
Chercher dans les meules la bague
Des fiançailles du hasard?

A-t-elle eu peur, la nuit venue,
Guettée par les ombres d'hier,
Dans son jardin, lorsque l'hiver
Entraît par la grande avenue?

André's woman friend

André does not know the woman
whom he took by the hand today.
Has she a heart for the tomorrows,
and for the evening has she a soul?

On returning from a country ball,
did she go in her flowing dress
to seek in the hay stacks the ring
for the random betrothal?

Was she afraid, when night fell,
haunted by the ghosts of the past,
in her garden, when winter
entered by the wide avenue?

Il l'a aimée pour sa couleur,
Pour sa bonne humeur de Dimanche.
Pâlera-t-elle aux feuilles blanches
De son album des temps meilleurs?

Dans l'herbe

Je ne peux plus rien dire
Ni rien faire pour lui.
Il est mort de sa belle
Il est mort de sa mort belle
Dehors
Sous l'arbre de la Loi
En plein silence
En plein paysage
Dans l'herbe.
Il est mort inaperçu
Encrissant son passage
En appelant,
En m'appelant
Mais comme j'étais loin de lui
Et que sa voix ne portait plus

Il est mort seul dans les bois
Sous son arbre d'enfance
Et je ne peux plus rien dire
Ni rien faire pour lui

Il vole

En allant se coucher le soleil
Se reflète au vernis de ma table:
C'est le fromage rond de la fable
Au bec de mes ciseaux de vermeil.

Mais où est le corbeau? Il vole.

Je voudrais coudre mais un aimant
Attire à lui toutes mes aiguilles.
Sur la place les joueurs de quilles
De belle en belle passent le temps.

Mais où est mon amant? Il vole.

C'est un voleur que j'ai pour amant,
Le corbeau vole et mon amant vole,
Voleur de cœur manque sa parole
Et le voleur de fromage est absent.

Mais où est le bonheur? Il vole.

He loved her for her colour,
for her Sunday good humour.
will she fade on the white leaves
of his album of better days?

In the grass

I can say nothing more
nor do anything for him.
He died for his beautiful one
he died a beautiful death*
outside
under the tree of the Law
in deep silence
in open countryside
in the grass.
He died unnoticed
crying out in his passing
calling
calling me.
But as I was far from him
and because his voice no longer carried

he died alone in the woods
beneath the tree of his childhood.
And I can say nothing more
nor do anything for him.

*He died a natural death

He flies

As the sun is setting
it is reflected in the polished surface of my table
it is the round cheese of the fable
in the beak of my silver scissors.

But where is the crow? It flies.

I should like to sew but a magnet
attracts all my needles.
On the square the skittle players
pass the time with game after game.

But where is my lover? He flies.

I have a thief for a lover,
the crow flies and my lover steals,
the thief of my heart breaks his word
and the thief of the cheese is not here.

But where is happiness? It flies.

Je pleure sous le saule pleureur
Je mêle mes larmes à ses feuilles
Je pleure car je veux qu'on me veuille
Et je ne plais pas à mon voleur.

Mais où donc est l'amour? Il vole.

Trouvez la rime à ma déraison
Et par les routes du paysage
Ramenez-moi mon amant volage
Qui prend les cœurs et perd ma raison.

Je veux que mon voleur me vole.

Mon cadavre est doux comme un gant

Mon cadavre est doux comme un gant
Doux comme un gant de peau glacée
Et mes prunelles effacées
Font de mes yeux des cailloux blancs.

Deux cailloux blancs dans mon visage,
Dans le silence deux muets
Ombres encore d'un secret
Et lourds du poids mort des images.

Mes doigts tant de fois égarés
Sont joints en attitude saint
Appuyées au creux de mes plaintes
Au nœud de mon cœur arrêté.

Et mes deux pieds sont les montagnes,
Les deux derniers monts que j'ai vus
A la minute où j'ai perdu
La course que les années gagnent.

Mon souvenir est ressemblant,
Enfants emportez-le bien vite,
Allez, allez ma vie est dite.
Mon cadavre est doux comme un gant.

Violon

Couple amoureux aux accents méconnus
Le violon et son joueur me plaisent.
Ah! j'aime ces gémissements tendus
Sur la corde des malaises
Aux accords sur les cordes des pendus
A l'heure où les Lois se taisent
Le cœur, en forme de fraise,
S'offre à l'amour comme un fruit inconnu.

I weep under the weeping willow
I mingle my tears with its leaves.
I weep because I want to be desired
and I am not pleasing to my thief.

But where then is love ? It flies.

Find the rhyme for my lack of reason
and by the roads of the countryside
bring me back my flighty lover who takes hearts
and drives me mad.

I wish that my thief would steal me.

My corpse is as limp as a glove

My corpse is as limp as a glove
limp as a glove of glacé kid
and my two hidden pupils make two white pebbles
of my eyes.

Two white pebbles in my face
two mutes in the silence
still shadowed by a secret
and heavy with the burden of things seen.

My fingers so often straying
are joined in a saintly pose
resting on the hollow of my groans
at the centre of my arrested heart.

And my two feet are the mountains
the last two hills I saw
at the moment when I lost
the race that the years win.

I still resemble myself
children bear away the memory quickly,
go, go, my life is done.
My corpse is as limp as a glove.

Violin

Enamoured couple with the misprized accents
the violin and its player please me.
Ah! I love these wailings long drawn out
on the cord of uneasiness.
In chords on the cords of the hanged
at the hour when the Laws are silent
the heart, formed like a strawberry,
offers itself to love like an unknown fruit.

Fleurs

Fleurs promises, fleurs tenues dans tes bras,
Fleurs sorties des parenthèses d'un pas,
Qui t'apportait ces fleurs l'hiver
Saupoudrées du sable des mers?
Sable de tes baisers, fleurs des amours
fanées
Les beaux yeux sont de cendre et dans la
cheminée
Un cœur enrubanné de plaintes
Brûle avec ses images saintes.

Flowers

Promised flowers, flowers held in your arms,
flowers sprung from the parenthesis of a step
Who brought you these flowers in winter
Powdered with the sand of the seas?
Sand of your kisses, flowers of faded loves
the beautiful eyes are ashes and in the fireplace
A heart beribboned with sighs
Burns with its treasured pictures.

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart - Exsultate, jubilate

Exsultate, jubilate is a soprano motet composed by Mozart when he was 16 after his success in an opera called *Lucio Silla*. He wrote this work for a man called Venanzio Rauzzini after watching the singer's performance in his opera *Lucio Silla*. Shortly after that, *Exsultate, jubilate* was tailor-made for Rauzzini, the talented castrato to showcase his vocal strengths. The text's author is unknown. The word "motet" is usually associated with choral music of the Medieval and Renaissance era but Mozart called this piece a motet. Today, this gorgeous work is one of the favourites of sopranos all around the world.

Translation by Bard Suverkrop

Exsultate, jubilate,
o vos animae beatae,
dulcia cantica canendo,
cantui vestro respondendo,
psallant aethera cum me.

Fulget amica dies,
iam fugere et nubila et procellae;
exortus est justis inexpectata quies.
Undique obscura regnabat nox;
surgite tandem laeti,
qui timuistis adhuc,
et iucundi aurorae fortunatae
frondes dextera plena et lilia date.

Tu virginum corona,
tu nobis pacem dona,
tu consolare affectus,
unde suspirat cor.

Alleluja

Exult, rejoice,
o you souls blessed!
in the singing of sweet songs.
Responding to your singing,
the heavens resound with me.

The friendly day shines forth,
both clouds and storms have now fled;
for the righteous there has arisen an unexpected calm
Dark night had reigned everywhere,
arise, happy at last,
you who have feared until now,
and, delighted with this blessed dawn,
give [palm] fronds and lilies with a full right hand.

You, queen of all virgins,
grant us peace,
console the afflictions,
from which our hearts sigh.

Alleluia.