

Friday, 30 April 2021 | 8:50 PM



Love  
and  
Magic

Voice Senior Recital

**CINDY HONANTA**

Wang Huang Hao Jia, piano  
Felita Eleonora, harp



# PROGRAMME

From *Le Musiche*, Book V  
**Lamento d'Olimpia**

SIGISMONDO D'INDIA

From *Acht Lieder aus 'Letzte Blätter'*, Op. 10  
**Nichts**  
**Die Nacht**  
**Die Georgine**  
**Allerseelen**

RICHARD STRAUSS

From *7 Mélodies*, Op. 2  
**Le Charme**  
**Le Colibri**  
**Chanson Perpétuelle**, Op. 37

ERNEST CHAUSSON

**Srikandi**  
**Sandiwara**  
**Segala Puji**

MOCHTAR EMBUT

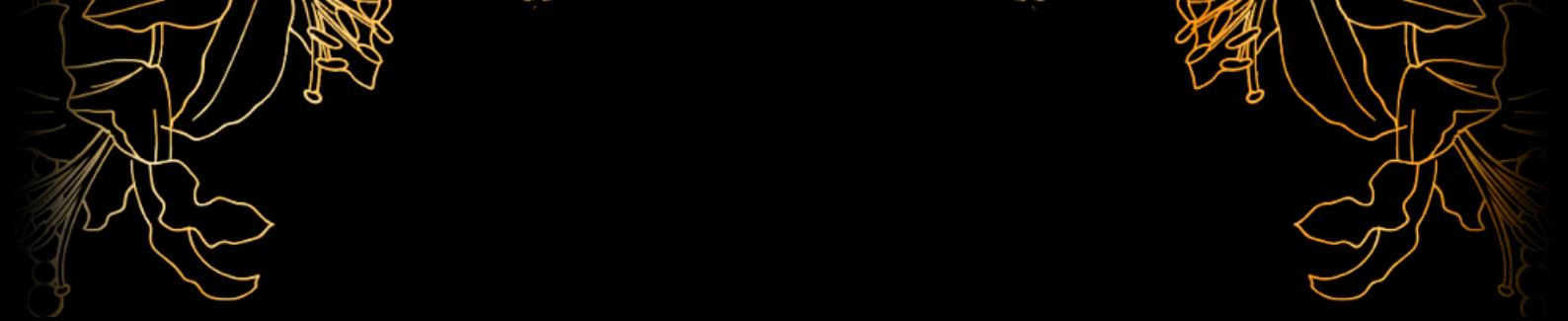
From *Liederkreis*, Op. 39  
**Waldgespräch**  
From *12 Gesänge*, Op. 8  
**Andres Maienlied 'Hexenlied'**  
From *Hänsel und Gretel*  
**Ja, Gretelchen**

ROBERT SCHUMANN

FELIX MENDELSSOHN

ENGELBERT HUMPERDINCK

Tonight's programme takes us through a journey of unrequited love  
and witchcraft – from the anguish of Olympia's lament  
to the Witch's exhilarating aria.



From *Le Musiche*, Book V  
**Lamento d'Olimpia**

SIGISMONDO D'INDIA  
(ca. 1582-1629)

Little is known about the life of Italian singer and composer Sigismondo d'India; the only historical sources come from the preface of his publications. Born into a noble Sicilian family, d'India spent his life travelling across Italy, working for various Italian courts. He composed and published a wide array of vocal compositions, including monodies, madrigals, and motets.

**Lamento d'Olimpia** (Olympia's Lament), from *Le Musiche*, Book V, is based on the Italian epic poem by Ludovico Ariosto titled *Orlando Furioso*. It tells the story of Olympia, princess of Holland, who has been abandoned on an island by her husband, Bireno. Olympia recounts that she has exchanged her family's lives for his freedom, but Bireno betrays her love by fleeing with the young princess of Frisia. In the end, Olympia dies from despair.

### **Lamento d'Olimpia**

Misera me! fia vero? Bireno,  
Ahì, troppo è ver,  
Ohimè, tu parti!  
L'ancore hai sciolte,  
Hai dispiegat'i lini:  
E ciò poss'io veder, ciò posso dire,  
Idolo mio crudel, e non morire?  
Ove ten fuggi,  
Ohimè, dove ten vai?  
Arresta il corso! Empio Bireno.  
Riedi, deh riedi ancora:  
Ecco il porto d'Amor  
Fra queste braccia!

Perchè t'esponi al mar  
Crudo et infido,

### **Olympia's Lament**

Miserable me! Is it true? Bireno,  
Ah, the truth is too much,  
Oh, you leave!  
The anchors you have loosened,  
You have unfolded the linen sails:  
And this I can see, this I can say,  
My cruel idol, and yet I do not die?  
Where do you flee,  
Oh, where do you go?  
Arrest your course, cruel Bireno.  
Return, yes, return again:  
Here is the port of love  
Between these arms!

Why do you display to the sea  
Your harsh and treacherous nature,



Lasciando ogni tuo ben  
Su questo lido?  
Bireno, o mio Bireno!  
Mà, s'a me ti sei tolto,  
Ché dico mio?  
Già mio, ahì, non più mio!  
O tradita mia fede, o van desio!

Cinta da l'acque  
E dal mio pianto amaro,  
Non avrò nave  
Che mi porti a riva.  
Ahì, come parlo,  
Ohimè come son viva?  
Ove andrò?  
Che farò sola e smarrita?  
Chi, lassa, mi soccorre? aita!  
O Bireno!

Ah, foss'io stata,  
Quando pria ti vidi,  
O cieca afatto, o sonnacchiosa almeno  
Come in questa crudel notte si ria,  
In cui teco perdei l'anima mia!  
Ohimè, ch'io moro!  
Ohimè, chi mi da vita,  
Chi, lassa, mi soccorre? aita!

Son quella pur che,  
Fatta prigioniera de l'amor tuo,  
Già di prigion ti trassi,  
Quella che già ti diè  
La Patria e il Regno,

Leaving all your goodness  
On this shore?  
Bireno, oh my Bireno!  
But, if from me you are taken,  
What can I say is mine?  
Once mine, ah no more mine!  
Oh my betrayed faith, oh vain desire!

Surrounded by the waters  
And by my bitter tears,  
I shall not have the ship with  
Which you brought me to this shore.  
Ah, how can I still speak,  
Oh how shall I live?  
Where shall I go?  
What shall I do alone and lost?  
Alas, who helps me? Help!  
Oh Bireno!

Ah, I wish I had been,  
When I first saw you,  
Oh entirely blind, or at least asleep  
As in this cruel night,  
Where I lost my soul with you!  
Oh, how I die!  
Oh, who can revive me,  
Alas, who helps me? Help!

I am she who,  
Already made prisoner of your love,  
Pulled you from prison long ago,  
Who gave you  
Her kingdom and her reign,



Quella che per te vide il caro Padre  
E gli amati Fratelli  
Estinti e morti.  
E tu mi lasci, ingrato,  
Et io non moro?  
Ahì, quanto più mi strazi,  
Io più t'adoro!

Qui, nel deserto orror  
Di questo lido,  
Lacera preda, ohimè, di crude belve  
Rimarrò pur, crudele!  
Ove andrò,  
Che farò sola e smarrita?  
Chi, lassa, mi soccorre? aita!  
Se non mi porge aita il mio Bireno,  
A chi, lassa, la chiedo?  
Ah, torna, deh torna e mira  
La tua Olimpia tradita che già spirà.

Torna sol a vederla:  
Eccola esangue,  
Che trafitta dal duol  
Morendo langue.  
Ah, ché tu sei fuggito:  
Tu sei, lassa, sparito!

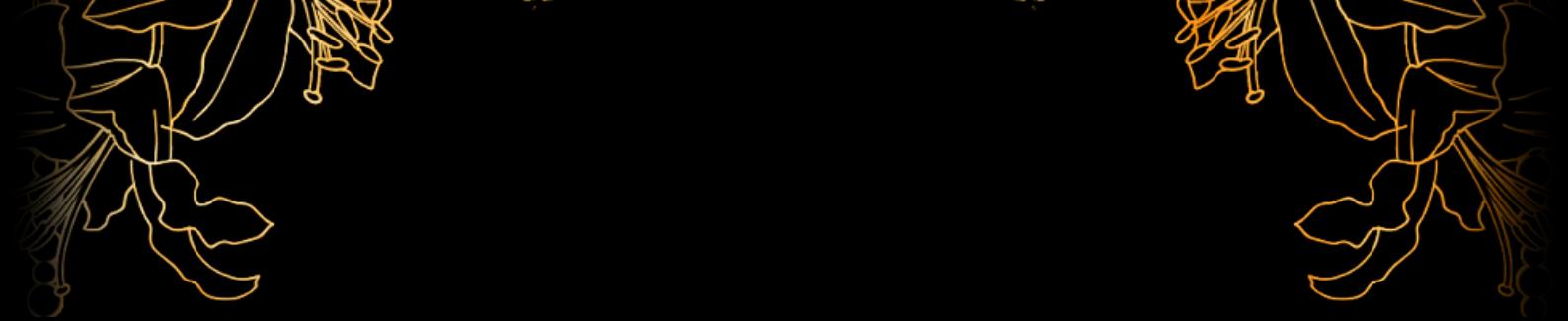
Ma, fuggi pur, ti seguirò, crudele!  
Ti seguirò precipitando a volo  
Tra le volubili onde  
E i duri scogli!  
Ultrice furia forsennata errante.

Who, for you, saw her dear father  
And beloved brothers  
Extinguished and dead.  
And you leave me, ingrate,  
And I don't die?  
Ah, however much you torment me,  
Even more I adore you!

Here, in the deserted horror  
Of the shore,  
The torn prey, oh, of harsh beasts  
I shall remain, cruel one!  
Where shall I go,  
What shall I do alone and lost?  
Alas, who helps me? Help!  
If my Bireno does not help me,  
Alas, who shall I ask for help?  
Ah, return, yes return and see  
Your betrayed Olimpia expires.

Return only to see her:  
There she is, pale and lifeless,  
Stabbed and left to die  
In pain and languish.  
Ah, how you have fled:  
Alas, you have vanished!

You flee, yet I follow you, cruel one!  
I follow you and fall in flight  
Between the fickle waves  
And the hard rocks!  
An avenging fury on an insane course.



Ma, ohimè, che sento?  
Qual orror gelato  
Per le vene del cor serpe  
E s'avanza?  
O dolor vivo! O morta mia speranza!  
Ahì, ch'in mortal pallor mi discoloro!

S'agghiaccia il sangue:  
Io tremo, io manco, io moro!  
Ahì, che stracciar mi sento  
A poco a poco:  
Il piè vacilla, ahì lassa,  
E'l cor vien meno.  
Ahì, ch'io manco!  
Ahì, ché more il cor nel seno.

But, oh, what do I feel?  
What frozen horror  
From the veins of the viper's heart  
And it advances?  
Oh in sorrow I live! Oh my hope dies!  
Ah, how fatally pale I am!

It makes my blood run cold:  
I tremble, I faint, I die!  
Ah, I feel it little by little  
I am ripped up:  
My step becomes shaky, ah,  
And my heart beats less.  
Ah, how faint I grow!  
Ah, my heart in my bosom dies.

From *Acht Lieder aus 'Letzte Blätter'*, Op. 10

RICHARD STRAUSS

(1825-1899)

**Nichts**  
**Die Nacht**  
**Die Georgine**  
**Allerseelen**

*Acht Lieder aus 'Letzte Blätter'* (Eight Songs from 'Last Pages'), Op. 10, is German composer Richard Strauss' first published song collection. In 1882, Strauss was introduced by his friend, Ludwig Thuile to the poetry of Austrian poet Hermann von Gilm, who died twelve days before Strauss' birth in 1864. Strauss resonated with the poems that he subsequently set eight of Gilm's *Letzte Blätter* poems into music.

**Nichts** (Nothing) is a whimsical piece in which the singer proclaims that he knows nothing about his "lover". He compares his lover to the sun; nobody really knows anything about it.



### Nichts

Nennen soll ich, sagt ihr,  
Meine Königin im Liederreich!  
Toren, die ihr seid,  
Ich kenne Sie am wenigsten von euch.

Fragt mich nach der Augen Farbe,  
Fragt mich nach der Stimme Ton,  
Fragt nach Gang  
Und Tanz und Haltung,  
Ach, und was weiß ich davon.

Ist die Sonne nicht die Quelle  
Alles Lebens, alles Licht's  
Und was wissen von derselben  
Ich, und ihr, und alle?—nichts.

### Nothing

You say I should name  
My queen in the realm of song!  
Fools that you are,  
I know her least of all of you.

Ask me the colour of her eyes,  
Ask me about the sound of her voice,  
Ask me about her walk,  
Her dancing, her bearing,  
Ah, what do I know of all that.

Is not the sun the source  
Of all life, of all light,  
And what do we know about it,  
I and you and everyone?—nothing.

Contrastingly, **Die Nacht** (The Night) illustrates the night that creeps in and takes the daylight away from everything she touches. As the night draws near, the singer fears that darkness will also take his lover away.

### Die Nacht

Aus dem Walde tritt die Nacht,  
Aus den Bäumen schleicht sie leise,  
Schaut sich um in weitem Kreise,  
Nun gib Acht!

Alle Lichter dieser Welt,  
Alle Blumen, alle Farben  
Löscht sie aus  
Und stiehlt die Garben weg vom Feld.

### The Night

Night steps from the woods,  
Slips softly from the trees,  
Gazes about her in a wide arc,  
Now beware!

All the lights of this world,  
All the flowers, all the colours  
She extinguishes  
And steals the sheaves from the field.



Alles nimmt sie, was nur hold,  
Nimmt das Silber weg des Stroms  
Nimmt vom Kupferdach des Doms  
Weg das Gold.

Ausgeplündert steht der Strauch:  
Rücke näher, Seel' an Seele,  
O die Nacht, mir bangt, sie stehle  
Dich mir auch.

She takes all that is fair,  
Takes the silver from the stream,  
Takes from the cathedral's  
Copper roof the gold.

The bush stands plundered:  
Draw closer, soul to soul,  
Ah the night, I fear, will steal  
You too from me.

**Die Georgine** (The Dahlia) focuses on the dahlia, which is known as a late-blooming flower. While other flowers usually bloom in springtime, dahlias only begin to bloom in late summer, and last until wintertime. It is a metaphor for love that comes later in life.

### Die Georgine

Warum so spät erst, Georgine?  
Das Rosenmärchen ist erzählt,  
Und honigsatt hat sich die Biene  
Ihr Bett zum Schlummer ausgewählt.

Sind nicht zu kalt dir diese Nächte?  
Wie lebst du diese Tage hin?  
Wenn ich dir jetzt den Frühling brächte,  
Du feuergelbe Träumerin.

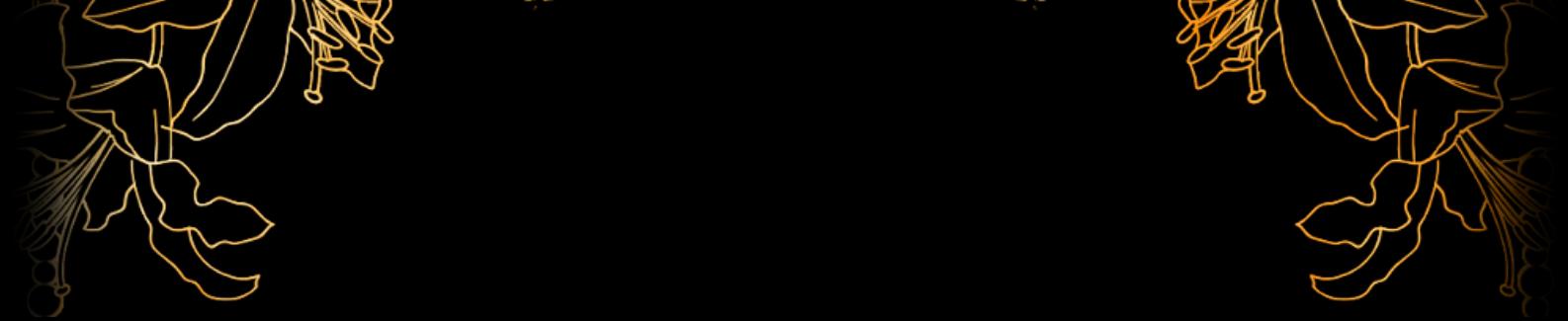
Wenn ich mit Maitau dich benetzte,  
Begöße dich mit Junilicht,  
Doch ach!  
Dann wärst du nicht die Letzte,  
Die stolze Einzige auch nicht.

### The Dahlia

Why, dahlia, appear so late?  
The roses have told their tale  
And the honey-sated bee  
Has chosen where to lay its head.

Are these nights not too cold for you?  
How do you survive these days?  
What if I brought you springtime now,  
You fiery yellow dreamer.

What if I watered you with May dew,  
Drenched you in the light of June,  
But ah!  
You would not be then the last,  
Nor proud to be unique.



Wie, Träumerin,  
Lock' ich vergebens?  
So reich' mir schwesterlich die Hand,  
Ich hab' den Maitag dieses Lebens  
Wie du den Frühling nicht gekannt;

Und spät wie dir, du Feuergelbe,  
Stahl sich die Liebe mir ins Herz;  
Ob spät, ob früh, es ist dasselbe  
Entzücken und derselbe Schmerz.

What, O dreamer,  
Do I tempt you in vain?  
Then give me your sisterly hand,  
I've not known May-time in this life,  
Just as you've not known the spring.

And as with you, fiery yellow flower,  
Love stole late into my heart,  
Late or early, it is the same  
Enchantment and the same pain.

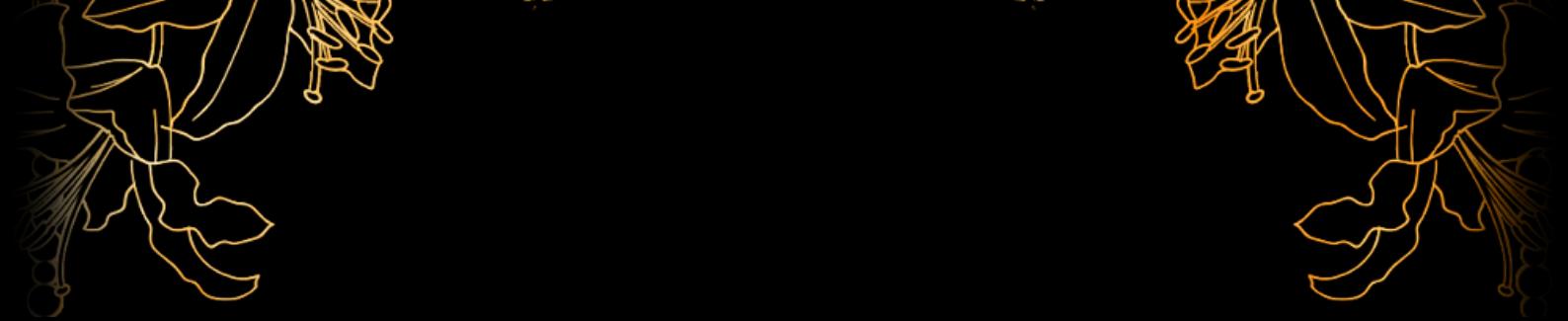
**Allerseelen** (All Souls' Day) is the day of prayer and remembrance for departed souls that is observed by Roman Catholics on 2 November. It tells the story of a grieving man who tries to communicate with his late lover. Strauss' music beautifully captures the sorrow and vulnerability of the poem, making this song one of his most exquisite works.

Allerseelen  
Stell auf den Tisch  
Die duftenden Reseden,  
Die letzten roten Astern trag herbei,  
Und laß uns wieder von der Liebe reden,  
Wie einst im Mai.

Gib mir die Hand,  
Daß ich sie heimlich drücke,  
Und wenn man's sieht,  
Mir ist es einerlei,  
Gib mir nur einen  
Deiner süßen Blicke,  
Wie einst im Mai.

All Souls' Day  
Set on the table  
the fragrant mignonettes,  
Bring in the last red asters,  
And let us talk of love again  
As once in May.

Give me your hand  
To press in secret,  
And if people see,  
I do not care,  
Give me but one  
Of your sweet glances  
As once in May.



Es blüht und duftet heut  
Auf jedem Grabe,  
Ein Tag im Jahr ist ja den Toten frei,  
Komm am mein Herz,  
Daß ich dich wieder habe,  
Wie einst im Mai.

Each grave today has flowers  
and is fragrant,  
One day each year is devoted  
to the dead;  
Come to my heart and be mine again,  
As once in May.

From 7 *Mélodies*, Op. 2

**Le Charme**

**Le Colibri**

**Chanson Perpétuelle, Op. 37**

ERNEST CHAUSSON

(1855-1899)

Ernest Chausson only started to devote his life to music when he was 24 years old. Three years later, he published his first set for voice and piano, *Sept Mélodies* (Seven Songs), Op. 2. Most of Chausson' early songs are short and sweet, vaguely influenced by other leading French composers at the time, such as Massenet, Berlioz, and Gounod.

Out of the seven songs, Chausson wrote **Le Charme** (The Charm) first in 1879. Taken from Armand Silvestre's poem, the text tells of someone who feels emotions towards the other person, but cannot put a name to them. He finally realises that he loves her when he sees her tears.

### **Le Charme**

Quand ton sourire me surprit,  
Je sentis frémir tout mon être,  
Mais ce qui domptait nous esprit,  
Je ne pus d'abord le connaître.

### **The Charm**

When your smile surprised me,  
I felt a shudder through my entire being,  
But what tamed my spirit,  
At first I did not recognize.

Quand ton regard tomba sur moi,  
Je sentis mon âme se fondre,  
Mais ce que serait cet émoi,  
Je ne pus d'abord en répondre.

When your glance fell on me,  
I felt my soul melt,  
But what that emotion was,  
At first I could not answer it.



Ce qui me vainquit à jamais,  
Ce fut un plus dououreux charme;  
Et je n'ai su que je t'aimais,  
Qu'en voyant ta première larme.

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.

**Le Colibri** (The Hummingbird) is an allegory for erotic love. The text illustrates a hummingbird who dies after drinking too much nectar from flowers, a parallel to the singer's feeling towards his lover. Chausson dreamily set Leconte de Lisle's poem into music by utilising the unexpected 5/4 meter and rolled chords in the piano part, imitating the nimble movements of a hummingbird.

### Le Colibri

Le vert colibri,  
Le roi des collines,  
Voyant la rosée  
Et le soleil clair,  
Luire dans son nid tissé d'herbes fines,  
Comme un frais rayon  
S'échappe dans l'air.

Il se hâte et vole  
Aux sources voisines,  
Où les bambous  
Font le bruit de la mer,  
Où l'açoka rouge  
Aux odeurs divines  
S'ouvre et porte au coeur  
Un humide éclair.

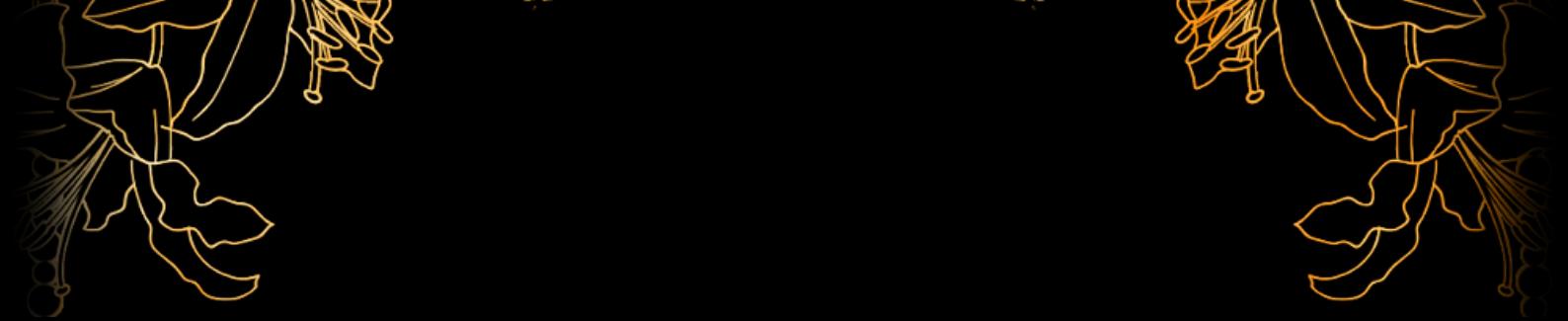
Vers la fleur dorée,  
Il descend, se pose,  
Et boit tant d'amour  
Dans la coupe rose,

### The Hummingbird

The hummingbird,  
The green prince of the heights,  
Feeling the dew  
And seeing the sun's clear light  
Shining into his nest of woven grass,  
Shoots up in the air  
Like a gleaming dart.

Hurriedly he flies  
To the nearby marsh  
Where the waves of bamboo  
Rustle and bend,  
And the red hibiscus  
With the heavenly scent  
Opens to show its moist  
And glistening heart.

Down to the flower he flies,  
Alights from above,  
And from the rosy cup  
Drinks so much love



Qu'il meurt,  
Ne sachant s'il l'a pu tarir!  
Sur ta lèvre pure,  
Ô ma bien-aimée,  
Telle aussi mon âme  
Eut voulu mourir,  
Du premier baiser  
Qui l'a parfumée.

That he dies,  
Not knowing if he could drink it dry.  
Even so, my darling,  
On your pure lips  
My soul and senses  
Would have wished to die  
On contact with that first  
Full-fragrant kiss.

Contrasting the innocence of his early works, Chausson's **Chanson Perpétuelle** (Song Without an End), Op. 37 is more refined and intense. Written in December 1898, this masterpiece is Chausson's last complete work before he died in a tragic bicycle accident at the age of 44. Chausson's mature approach to Charles Cros' poignant poem makes this song one of his most acclaimed works. The text describes the grief and suffering of an abandoned woman. She reminisces about her lover before drowning herself in a pond to end her misery.

### **Chanson Perpétuelle**

Bois frissons, ciel étoilé,  
Mon bien-aimé s'en est allé,  
Emportant mon cœur désolé!

Vents, que vos plaintives rumeurs,  
Que vos chants, rossignols charmeurs,  
Aillent lui dire que je meurs!

Le premier soir qu'il vint ici  
Mon âme fut à sa merci.  
De fierté je n'eus plus souci.

Mes regards étaient pleins d'aveux.  
Il me prit dans ses bras nerveux  
Et me bâsa près des cheveux.

### **Song Without an End**

Quivering woods, starry sky,  
My beloved has gone away  
Taking with him my desolate heart!

Winds, may your plaintive noises,  
Charming nightingales, may your songs  
Go to tell him I'm dying!

From the first evening he came here  
My soul was at his mercy.  
I no longer cared about pride.

My eyes kept telling him my thoughts.  
He took me in his nervous arms  
And kissed my head close to my hair.



J'en eus un grand frémissement;  
Et puis, je ne sais plus comment  
Il est devenu mon amant.

Je lui disais: «Tu m'aimeras  
Aussi longtemps que tu pourras!»  
Je ne dormais bien qu'en ses bras.

Mais lui, sentant son cœur éteint,  
S'en est allé l'autre matin,  
Sans moi, dans un pays lointain.

Puisque je n'ai plus mon ami,  
Je mourrai dans l'étang, parmi  
Les fleurs, sous le flot endormi.

Sur le bord arrivée, au vent  
Je dirai son nom, en rêvant  
Que là je l'attendis souvent.

Et comme en un linceul doré,  
Dans mes cheveux défaits, au gré  
Du vent je m'abandonnerai.

Les bonheurs passés verseront  
Leur douce lueur sur mon front;  
Et les joncs verts m'enlaceront.

Et mon sein croira, frémissant  
Sous l'enlacement caressant,  
Subir l'étreinte de l'absent.

That caused me a great trembling;  
And then, I no longer know how,  
He became my lover.

I kept saying: "You will love me  
Gor as long as you are able!"  
I would sleep well only in his arms.

But he, feeling his heart grown cold,  
Departed some mornings ago,  
Without me, for a distant land.

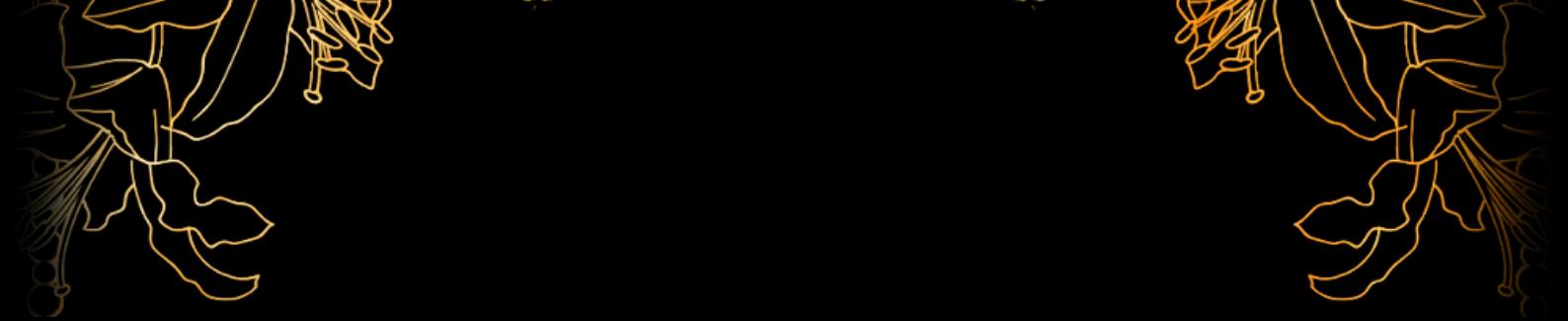
Since I no longer have my lover  
I will die in the pond, among  
The flowers, under the sleeping water.

Pausing on the edge, I will speak his  
Name to the wind, while dreaming  
That I often awaited him there.

And as if in a golden shroud,  
With my hair undone, I will let myself  
Go wherever the wind takes me.

The happy times I have known will shed  
Their gentle light on my forehead;  
And the green reeds will entwine me.

And my breast will believe,  
As it trembles caressed and entwined,  
That the absent one is embracing me.



**Srikandi  
Sandiwara  
Segala Puji**

MOCHTAR EMBUT  
(1934-1973)

Mochtar Embut was one of Indonesia's most renowned *seriosa* (Indonesian art song) composers. His love for music emerged when he was five years old and he eventually taught himself music through books. Embut has composed over 100 works throughout his life. Following his untimely death in 1973, his family made an effort to publish his legacy, representing the majority of surviving Indonesian art songs today.

**Srikandi** is a character from the Hindu epic *Mahabharata* in India or *Bharatayuddha* in Indonesia. She is depicted as an excellent warrior princess and accomplished archer, trained by the main protagonist, Arjuna. Soon, she falls in love with Arjuna and shoots a cupid arrow to his heart. In modern Indonesia, Srikandi is the embodiment of female emancipation as her bravery and achievements inspire young women to strive for equality and recognition.

**Srikandi**

Srikandi, panah 'smaramu t'lah mengena  
Membenam dalam jantung Arjuna  
Luka nan tiada terhingga.

Srikandi, tembang kasihmu  
Menjerat kalbu  
Hamba tersesat dalam rimbamu  
Mengejar cah'ya asrimu.

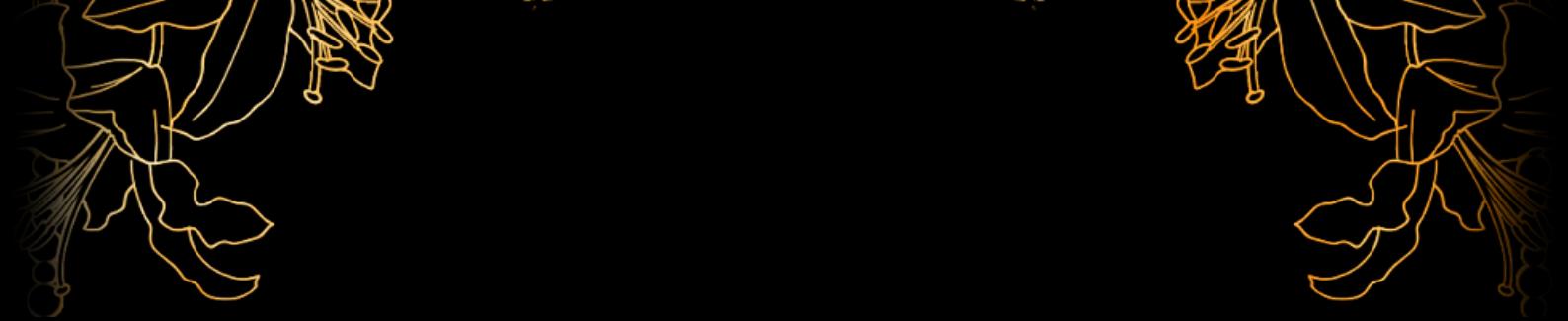
Bila sampai larut  
Luka tak kau balut  
Aduhai pedihnya.  
Semakin parah  
Bagaikan di atas bara.

**Srikandi**

Srikandi, thy cupid's arrow has hit  
Sinking in the heart of Arjuna  
Wounding immeasurably.

Srikandi, thy serenade  
Captures the soul  
I am lost in your wildwood  
Chasing thy glowing beauty.

If it gets late  
And the wound remains uncovered,  
Alas, how painful!  
Getting worse as though  
Upon flaming coals.



Srikandi, tembang kasihmu  
Menjerat kalbu  
Hamba tersesat dalam rimbamu  
Mengejar cah'ya asrimu.

Srikandi, thy serenade  
Captures the soul  
I am lost in your wildwood  
Chasing thy glowing beauty.

**Sandiwara** (A Play) compares joy to sorrow, love to death, and heaven to earth. Embut's music is bright and optimistic, conveying the idea that love prevails and everything will be alright.

### **Sandiwara**

Tiada hidup tanpa nestapa  
Tiada pula tanpa tertawa  
Adat dunia bersandiwara  
Lelakon hidup di bumi fana

Badan jiwa penuh ujian  
Terasa bagai dera siksaan  
Namun segera riang berganti  
Tanda pengasih rakhmat Ilahi

Demi babak cerita baru  
Diseling gelak dan tangis pilu  
Senandung hidup terus berlagu  
Tak hiraukan masa pergi berlalu

Duhai insan tak usah khawatir  
Itu sudahlah suratan takdir  
Semua itu berakhir jua  
Selangkah kita ke dunia sana

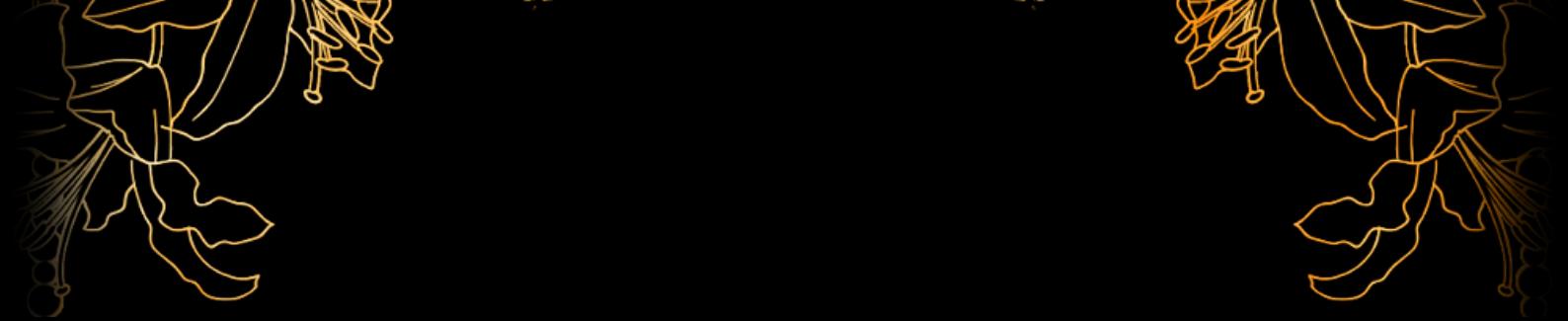
### **A Play**

No life without sorrow  
Also not without laughter  
The world is a play  
The fate of life in a mortal world

Body and soul full of temptations  
Feels like torture  
But happiness will soon take over  
Symbol of blessing of the Almighty

For a new act  
Interrupted with laughter and cries  
The song of life keeps going  
Not caring of time passing by

Dear love, no need to worry  
It is fate  
Everything will end  
We are a step closer to Paradise



**Segala Puji** (All Praise) is a prayer, inspired by the opening chapter of the Quran. The text reflects on the greatness of God.

### **Segala Puji**

Dengan nama Tuhan  
Yang Pengasih dan Penyayang  
Segala Puji bagi Tuhan  
Oh, Pencipta alam semesta  
Yang Maha Esa, Maha kuasa  
Maha sempurna, Suci Abadi

KepadaMu kami mengabdi  
KepadaMu kami memohon  
Segala daya jiwa dan raga  
Karena kasih dan kurniaMu  
BagiMu hanya s'gala Puji  
Dan syukur  
Amin

### **All Praise**

In the name of the Lord  
The merciful and compassionate  
All praise to the Lord  
Oh, Creator of the universe  
The One and Only, The Almighty  
The Perfection, Holy Eternal

For unto Thee we are serving  
For unto Thee we are appealing  
With all our power body and soul  
Because of Thy love and grace  
For Thee only all praise  
And thankfulness  
Amen

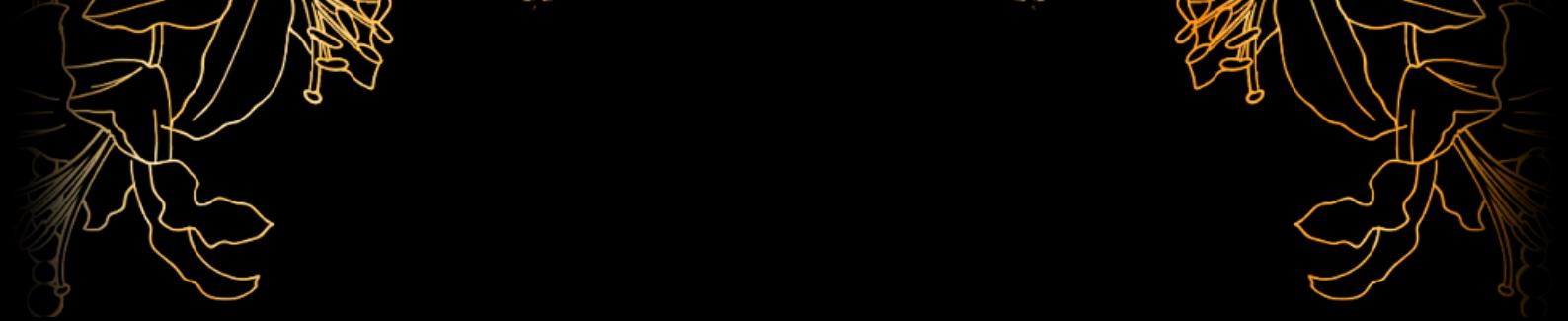
From *Liederkreis*, Op. 39

### **Waldgespräch**

ROBERT SCHUMANN

(1810-1856)

German composer Robert Schumann used to write exclusively for the piano. However, the year 1840 marked a drastic change in his life, as he finally married his longtime lover, Clara Wieck. The year 1840 was also known as Schumann's *Liederjahr* (Year of songs), in which he composed most, if not all of his vocal works. His successful song cycle *Liederkreis*, Op. 39, was written during this period. Schumann took all of the texts for the cycle from Joseph von Eichendorff's poetry collection *Intermezzo*.



**Waldgespräch** (Forest Conversation) is a conversation between a valiant man and a beautiful woman in the forest. The man falls in love with her beauty and offers to bring her home, but she warns him to go away. When he finally realises that she is the witch, Lorelei, it is already too late as she drags him deep into the forest, never to leave again.

### **Waldgespräch**

Es ist schon spät, es ist schon kalt,  
Was reit'st du einsam durch den Wald?  
Der Wald ist lang, du bist allein,  
Du schöne Braut! Ich führ' dich heim!

“Groß ist der Männer Trug und List,  
Vor Schmerz mein Herz gebrochen ist,  
Wohl irrt das Waldhorn her und hin,  
O flieh! Du weißt nicht, wer ich bin.”

So reich geschmückt ist Roß und Weib,  
So wunderschön der junge Leib,  
Jetzt kenn' ich dich—Gott steh' mir bei!  
Du bist die Hexe Loreley.

“Du kennst mich wohl—von hohem Stein  
Schaut still mein Schloß tief in den Rhein.  
Es ist schon spät, es ist schon kalt,  
Kommst nimmermehr aus diesem Wald!”

### **Forest Conversation**

It is already late, already cold,  
Why ride lonely through the forest?  
The forest is long, you are alone,  
You lovely bride! I'll lead you home!

‘Great is men's deceit and cunning,  
My heart is broken with grief,  
The hunting horn echoes here and there,  
O flee! You do not know who I am.’

So richly adorned are steed and lady,  
So wondrous fair her youthful form,  
Now I know you—God protect me!  
You are the enchantress Lorelei.

‘You know me well—from high rock  
My castle looks quietly into the Rhine.  
It is already late, already cold,  
You will never leave this forest again!’

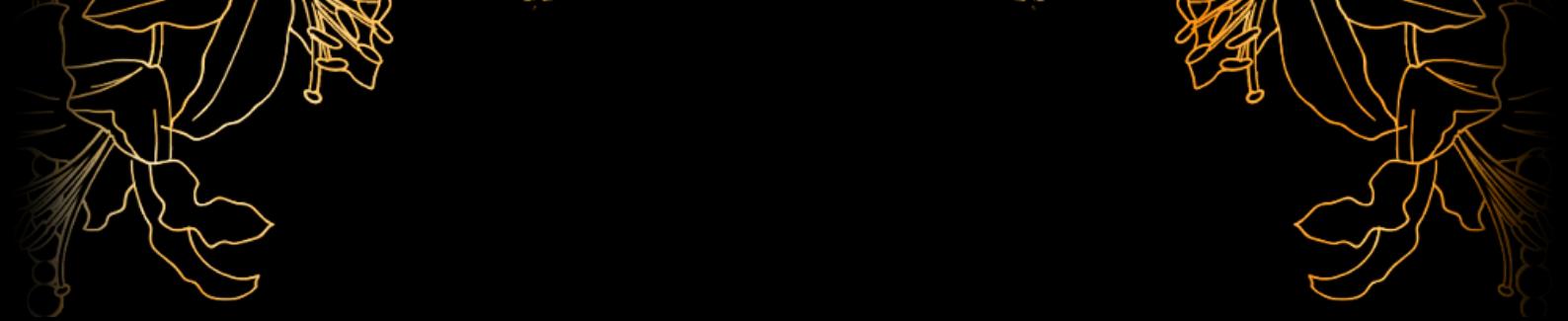
From 12 *Gesänge*, Op. 8

**Andres Maienlied 'Hexenlied'**

**FELIX MENDELSSOHN**

(1809-1847)

Felix Mendelssohn finished composing his set *Zwölf Gesänge* (Twelve Songs), Op. 8, at the age of eighteen. Although most of the songs illustrate peaceful, pastoral images, one particular song stands out among the rest.



Mendelssohn's musical setting of Ludwig Hölt's **Andres Maienlied 'Hexenlied'** (Another May Song 'Witches' Song) tells of witches who gather on the Brocken mountain to celebrate the witches' sabbath. He energetically evokes the imagery of dancing around Beelzebub, flying broomsticks, and a fiery dragon with the thunderous piano part, chromaticism, and exciting leaps in the vocal part.

### Andres Maienlied 'Hexenlied'

Die Schwalbe fliegt,  
Der Frühling siegt,  
Und spendet uns Blumen zum Kranze!  
Bald huschen wir leis' aus der Tür,  
Und fliegen zum prächtigen Tanze!

Ein schwarzer Bock, ein Besenstock,  
Die Ofengabel, der Wocken,  
Reißt uns geschwind,  
Wie Blitz und Wind,  
Durch sausende Lüfte  
Zum Brocken!

Um Beelzebub tanzt unser Trupp,  
Und küßt ihm die kralligen Hände!  
Ein Geisterschwarm  
Faßt uns beim Arm,  
Und schwinget im Tanzen die Brände!

Und Beelzebub verheißt dem Trupp  
Der Tanzenden Gaben auf Gaben:  
Sie sollen schön in Seide geh'n  
Und Töpfe voll Goldes sich graben!

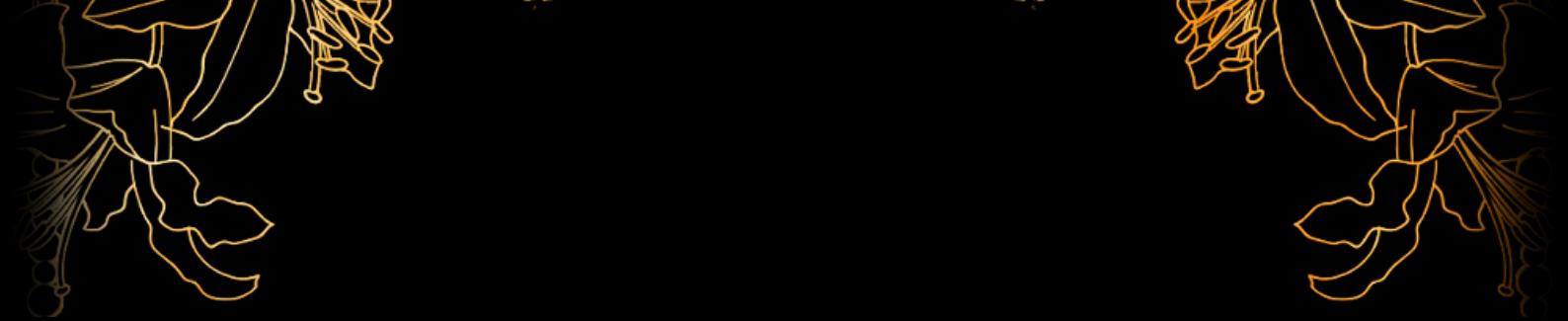
### Another May Song 'Witches' Song'

Swallows are flying,  
Spring's triumphant,  
Dispensing flowers for wreaths!  
Soon we'll flit quietly outside,  
And fly to the splendid dance!

A black goat, a broomstick,  
The furnace rake, the distaff  
Whisk us on our way,  
Like lightning and wind,  
Through whistling gales  
To the Brocken!

Our coven dances round Beelzebub  
And kisses his claw-like hands!  
A ghostly throng  
Seizes our arms,  
Waving firebrands as they dance!

And Beelzebub pledges the throng  
Of dancers gift after gift:  
They shall be dressed in beautiful silk  
And dig themselves pots full of gold!



Ein Feuerdrach' umflieget das Dach  
Und bringet uns Butter und Eier:  
Die Nachbarn dann sehn  
Die Funken wehn,  
Und schlagen ein Kreuz  
Vor dem Feuer.

Die Schwalbe fliegt,  
Der Frühling siegt,  
Die Blumen erblühen zum Kranze.  
Bald huschen wir leis' aus der Tur,  
Juchheisa! zum prächtigen Tanze!

A fiery dragon flies round the roof  
And brings us butter and eggs:  
The neighbours catch sight  
Of the flying sparks,  
And cross themselves  
For fear of the fire.

Swallows are flying,  
Spring's triumphant,  
Flowers are blooming for wreaths.  
Soon we'll flit quietly outside  
Tally-ho to the splendid dance!

From *Hänsel und Gretel*  
**Ja, Gretelchen**

ENGELBERT HUMPERDINCK  
(1854-1921)

*Hänsel und Gretel* is an opera in three acts by German composer Engelbert Humperdinck. The text was written by author and folklorist Adelheid Wette, Humperdinck's younger sister. In 1890, Wette asked her brother to compose music to her version of Brothers Grimm's fairy tale, which was to be performed during a family party later that year. Subsequently, Humperdinck expanded the work into a full opera. The premiere was conducted by fellow composer and friend Richard Strauss in Weimar, Germany, on 23 December 1893.

**Ja, Gretelchen** (Yes, Little Gretel) is the Witch's aria from the third act of the opera. After being sent into the forest to look for food by their mother, Hansel and Gretel find a cottage made of delicious baked goods. While the children are busy devouring the cottage walls, the Witch enchant's them so that they cannot leave. She then unfolds her diabolical plan of baking the children into delightful gingerbread.



### **Ja Gretelchen**

Ja, Gretelchen,  
Wirst bald ein Brätelchen!  
Schau, schau, schau, wie schlau!

Sollst gleich im Backofen hucken  
Und nach dem Lebkuchen gucken!  
Bist du dann drin—schwaps!  
Geht die Tür—klaps!  
Dann ist fein' Gretelchen  
Mein Brätelchen!

Das Brätelchen,  
Das soll sich verwandeln  
In Kuchen mit Zucker und Mandeln!  
Im Zauberofen mein  
Wirst du ein Lebkuchen fein!  
Schau, schau, wie schlau!  
Hi hi! hi hi!

Hurr, hopp, hopp, hopp!  
Galopp, lopp, lopp!  
Mein Besengaul,  
Hurr, hopp, nit faul!

Sowie ich's mag am lichten Tag  
Spring kreuz und quer  
Um Häuschen her!  
Bei dunkler Nacht,  
Wenn niemand wacht,  
Zum Hexenschmaus  
Am Schornstein raus!

### **Yes, Little Gretel**

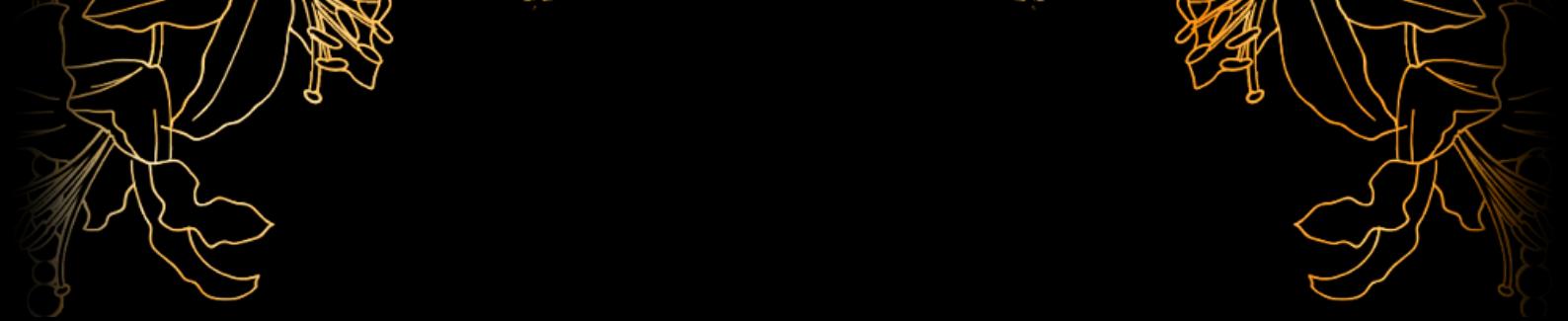
Yes, Gretel mine,  
Soon you will be a little bread!  
See, see, see how sly!

You must peep in front of the oven,  
And look for the gingerbread!  
One little push, bang  
Goes the door, clang!  
Then soon will Gretel be  
My little bread!

The little roast  
Should be transformed  
Into bread with sugar and almonds!  
In my magic oven  
You become a gingerbread!  
See, see how sly!  
Hi hi! hi hi!

So hop, hop, hop,  
Gallop, lop, lop!  
My broomstick nag,  
Come do not lag!

As much as I like it in the clear day,  
Jump back and forth  
Around the house!  
In the dark of night,  
When no one is watching,  
Out to the witch's feast  
At the chimney!



Aus fünf und sechs, so sagt die Hex,  
Mach sieb'n und acht,  
So ist's vollbracht;  
Und neun ist eins, und zehn ist keins,  
Und viel ist nichts, die Hexe spricht's.

So reitet sie bis morgens früh—  
Prr! Besen! hüh!

And five and six, so the witch says,  
Do seven and eight,  
So it is done,  
And nine is one, and ten is none,  
And many is nothing, says the witch!

Thus she rides till the dawn of day!  
Prr, broomstick, huh!



## ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

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"I will give thanks to the LORD because of his righteousness;  
I will sing the praises of the name of the LORD Most High."

– Psalm 7:17

This senior recital would not have been possible without the encouragement and support of many wonderful individuals. My thanks and appreciation to all of them for being part of this journey and making this recital possible.

I owe my deepest gratitude to Professor Alan Bennett, Dr Choi Hye-Seon and Professor Gerda van Zelm — without whose encouragement and guidance I would not be able to perform tonight. I would also like to show my gratitude to Esther Santoso and Maria Lavinia for inspiring me to sing in the first place.

I am forever thankful to Wang Huang Hao Jia and Felita Eleonora for agreeing to collaborate and create music together. I very much appreciate their perseverance and the countless hours spent in rehearsal.

I would like to express my appreciation to everyone at YST for making the last four years memorable. I thank the faculty for their teaching and patience. I greatly acknowledge the assistance and resource provided by the staffs. I would like to thank my Comms and COCE internships managers for giving me the opportunities to work with them. My special thanks are also extended to the voice studio friends for helping me find joy in singing.

In addition, I wish to acknowledge the immense support of Janecia Vernanda, Elsa Krisantana, Maureen Rose, Audrey Theodora and Tiffany Widjaja. Their enthusiasm and optimism have motivated me to pursue my dreams.

I am extremely grateful to my family for always believing in me, even when I don't believe in myself. This journey would not have been possible if not for their unparalleled love and continuous prayers.

Finally, I sincerely thank YOU for coming/watching this live-stream, and being a part of my senior recital ❤

# BIOGRAPHIES



## WANG HUANG HAO JIA

*(B.Mus2), piano*

Wang Huang Hao Jia is currently a second-year undergraduate studying under Associate Professor Albert Tiu at the Yong Siew Toh Conservatory of Music.

Hao Jia enjoys making music with others and likes accompanying and playing in chamber groups. He studies vocal accompaniment under Dr Choi Hye-Seon, the vocal accompaniment coach in Yong Siew Toh and instrumental accompaniment under Senior Lecturer Lim Yan.

## FELITA ELEONORA

*(B.Mus3), harp*

Felita Eleonora is a young and spirited harpist from Indonesia. She started her passion in music by learning piano at the age of 3. Started to play the harp at the age of 15, Felita has joined important harp events, namely World Harp Congress 2017 in Hong Kong, and Ticino Musica 2019 in Switzerland. She is currently under tutelage of Mrs. Gulnara Mashurova. She also had masterclasses with well-known harpists, such as Fabrice Pierre and Ieuau Jones.



# CINDY HONANTA

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*mezzo-soprano*



Cindy Honanta, from Indonesia, is currently a fourth-year undergraduate studying with Professor Alan Bennett at the Yong Siew Toh Conservatory of Music, Singapore.

She started taking vocal lessons ever since the age of three and soon after, joined her church choir where she discovered her passion for singing. Since then, she decided to pursue a career in classical singing.

Cindy won first prize in the Conservatory's voice concerto competition 2019. She also went on an exchange programme to the Royal Conservatory The Hague in the Netherlands where she studied under Gerda van Zelm. She has worked with renowned artists such as Masaaki Suzuki, Roger Vignoles and Allen Henderson through various performances, masterclasses and coaching.

When not singing, Cindy enjoys travelling, reading and learning languages. She hopes to travel around the world someday.

