

FOREWORD

2022

Many stories have yet to be told.
Here is ours.

PROGRAMME

Victoria Kyukina, flaut
Wesley Salazarano, oboe
Shijia Ao, bassoon
Luke Chong, horn
Chen I-Ching, clarinet

ALEXANDER VON ZIMMERSKY

Humoresque

Chienne d'oro

DAVID WORTHERTON

Wang Yang En, soprano
Alison Wong, soprano
Joelle Chuan, violin
Ellsa Neo, violin
Kim Mikang, cello
Vivien Chong, harpsichord

étude op.10

no. 3

Tay Shu Wen, piano

Tristesse

FREDERIC CHOPIN

2 Duets

op.10

GABRIEL FAURÉ

Tan See Huey, soprano
Jin Qiyuana, soprano
Kennis Ang, piano

ESCAPE

KEVIN MCCREY

Zhou Bingham, soprano
Nuttakamon Supatnonrat (Gale), trumpet
Hoehi Tung Shon, horn
Sofian Bernic, trombone
Tan Shun Zhong, tuba

Gonata

JESSA BARTON

Andrew Koh, piano

2. 30 I met

Daniel Chong, tenor

Felisa Beonora, harp

Canticle V

ALGERNON DESMAYES

foreword

CLIFF DEL

Ignatius Wang, conductor

Yao Liang-Yu, violin

Chang Qian, violin

Shugo Hayashi, violin

Joelle Chuan-Yan Lin, viola

Liu Chi-Yun, viola

Guo Lan, viola

Huang Wanxinyi, viola

Oh Hyerin, cello

Kim Mikang, cello

Fang Po-Yu double bass

Felisa Beonora, harp

Victoria Kyukina, flute

Chen I-Ching, clarinet

Chen Xinxin, bassoon

Hoehi Tung Shon, horn

Luke Chong Shi Sean, horn

Zhou Bingham, trumpet

Lim Wen Jie, trombone

Tan Shun Zhong, tuba

Ang Wenna Kennis, piano

"Chienne d'oro", SV 143, Madrigal Libro VII

Claudio Monteverdi (1567-1643)

Text Anonymous

Chienne d'oro, bel beison,
tu m'as en mille mani
se l'arrosé, se l'arrosé.

Candidate perle electe,
se le rose che scoprite
discolorie, mi ferite.

Mie stelle, che di stelle
e di raggi splendete,
se ridete miscolate.

Preciosa, amorosa,
cosolina labiosa,
se parlate mi beate.

O bel roso per cui godol
O soave uscio di vital
O gradita mia ferial

Golden flowers, bleed treasure,
you bind these a thousand ways,
whether you are called or kissed.

Choice like white pearls,
when you reveal the roses
that you cover, you wound me.

Lively stars that shine
so fair and alluring
when you laugh you slay me.

Precious, seductive
beloved lips of coral,
when you speak you give me bliss.

O! fair bond that gives me joy!
O! sweet life's leave-taking!
O! this welcome sound of mine!

Translation by Martin Merrill, reprinted with permission.

2 Duets, Op. 10

I. "Pulsqu'ici-bas toute âme"

II. "Tarentelle"

Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)

Text by Victor Marie Hugo (1802-1885) and Max, Mannier (1823-1885)

Pulsqu'ici-bas toute âme

Pulsqu'ici-bas toute âme
Donne à quelqu'un
Sa misère, sa peine,
Ou son parfum.

Pulsqu'ici toute chose
Donne saqu'un
Son épine ou sa rose
A ses amours.

Pulsqu'il donne aux chaînes
Un bruit charmant;
Qu'il nait donne aux peines
L'oubli dément.

Puisque, lorsqu'elle arrive
S'y repose,
L'onde amène à la rive
Donne un baiser.

Je te donne, à cette heure,
Penché sur toi,
La chose la meilleure
Que j'ai en moi.

Reçois donc ma pensée,
Toute d'ailleurs,
Qui, comme une rosée,
T'arrive en pleurs.

Reçois mes vœux sans nombre,
O mes amours!
Reçois la flamme ou l'ombre
De tous mes jours.

Mes transports, pleins d'ivresses,
Pur de soupçons,
Et tous les caresses
De mes chansons.

Mon esprit qui sans voile
Vogue au hasard,
Et qui n'a pour étoile
Que ton regard.

Reçois, mon bien celine,
O ma beauté,
Mon cœur, dont rien ne reste,
L'amour seul.

At each soul here below
Someone has lost,
Its music or its glow
Or its own scent.

As all things mine below
To man love give
A thorn, or rose, or rose,
A thing to live.

As April gives the oaks
A charming sound,
Night pain in first sleep sobs,
One cares to drown.

As when dark waves reach land
To take their rest,
They leave upon the strand
A sweet corpse.

I give thee, at this hour,<
Bent over thee,
The best that's in my power,
The best in me.

I give my thoughts so true,
Though sad they be,
Like gleaming drops of dew
They fall on thee.

My vows, uncourted claim
My love, always,
Receive the shade or flame
Of all my days.

My wildest transports greet
Scepter's gone,
And each care so sweet
Of this my song.

My spirit which, alas,
Drifts on the sea,
Its only guiding star
The sight of thee.

Take, heavenly creature,
O, my beauty,
My heart - its only treasure
My love for thee.

Tarentelle

Aux cieux la lune monte et luit,
Il fait grand jour en plein midi;
Viens avec moi, me dis-elle
Viens sur le sable grisillant
Où saute et glisse en folâtrant
La tarentelle...

Sus, les danseurs! Ils vont deux;
Faut-il que l'un, l'autre ait une;
L'homme est bien fait, la fille est belle;
Mais gardez à vous! Sans y penser
C'est jeu d'amour que de danser
La tarentelle...

Doux est le bruit du tarentelle!
Si j'étais fille de reine
Et si j'étais, me dis-elle,
Toutes les nuits je me ferais
Nous danseront en nous aimant
La tarentelle...

In the heavens the moon rises and shines,
It turns midnight into the light of day.
"Come with me," she said to me,
"Come onto the sizzling sand
Where, wriggling, jumps and slides
The tarentelle..."

Come on, dancers! Here are two of them;
A crowd on the water, a crowd around them;
The man is well-built, the girl is beautiful,
But watch out! Without thinking about it,
It is the game of love being danced,
The tarentelle...

Sweet is the sound of the tarentelle!
"If I were the daughter of the sea
And you a fisher," she said to me,
"Every night with glee
We would lose each other while we dance
The tarentelle..."

Translation by Faith J. Cornier. Reprinted with permission from the UnderNet Archive.

Canticle V

Benjamin Britten (1913-1976)

Text by T.S. Eliot (1898-1965)

Come under the shadow of this gray rock
Come in under the shadow of this gray rock
And I will show you something different from either
Your shadow sprawling over the sand at daybreak, or
Your shadow leaping behind the fire against the red rock.
I will show you his bloody cloth and limbs
And the gray shadow on his lips.

He walked once between the sea and the high cliffs
When the wind made him aware of his limbs smoothly pacing each other
And of his arms crossed over his breast.
When he walked over the meadows
He was stilled and soothed by his own rhythm.
By the river
His eyes were aware of the painted corners of his eyes
And his hands aware of the painted tips of his fingers.

Struck down by such knowledge
He could not live men's ways, but became a dancer before God.
If he walked in city streets
He seemed to tread on feet, convulsive thighs and knees.
So he came out under the rock.

First he was sure that he had been a tree,
Twisting its branches among each other
And twining its roots among each other.
Then he knew that he had been a fish
With slippery white belly held tight in his own fingers,
Withing in his own clarity, his ancient beauty
Caught fast in the pink tips of his new beauty.

Then he had been a young girl
Caught in the woods by a drunken old man
Knowing at the end the taste of his own whiteness.
The honor of his own smoothness, And he felt drunken and old.
So he became a dancer to God,
Beside his body was in love with the burning arrow
He danced on the hot sand
Until the arrow came.
As he embraced them his white skin surrendered itself to the redness of blood, and
candied him.
Now he is green, dry and stained with the shadow in his mouth.