

# *From the bottom of my heart*

Yong Siew Toh  
Conservatory  
of Music

YST



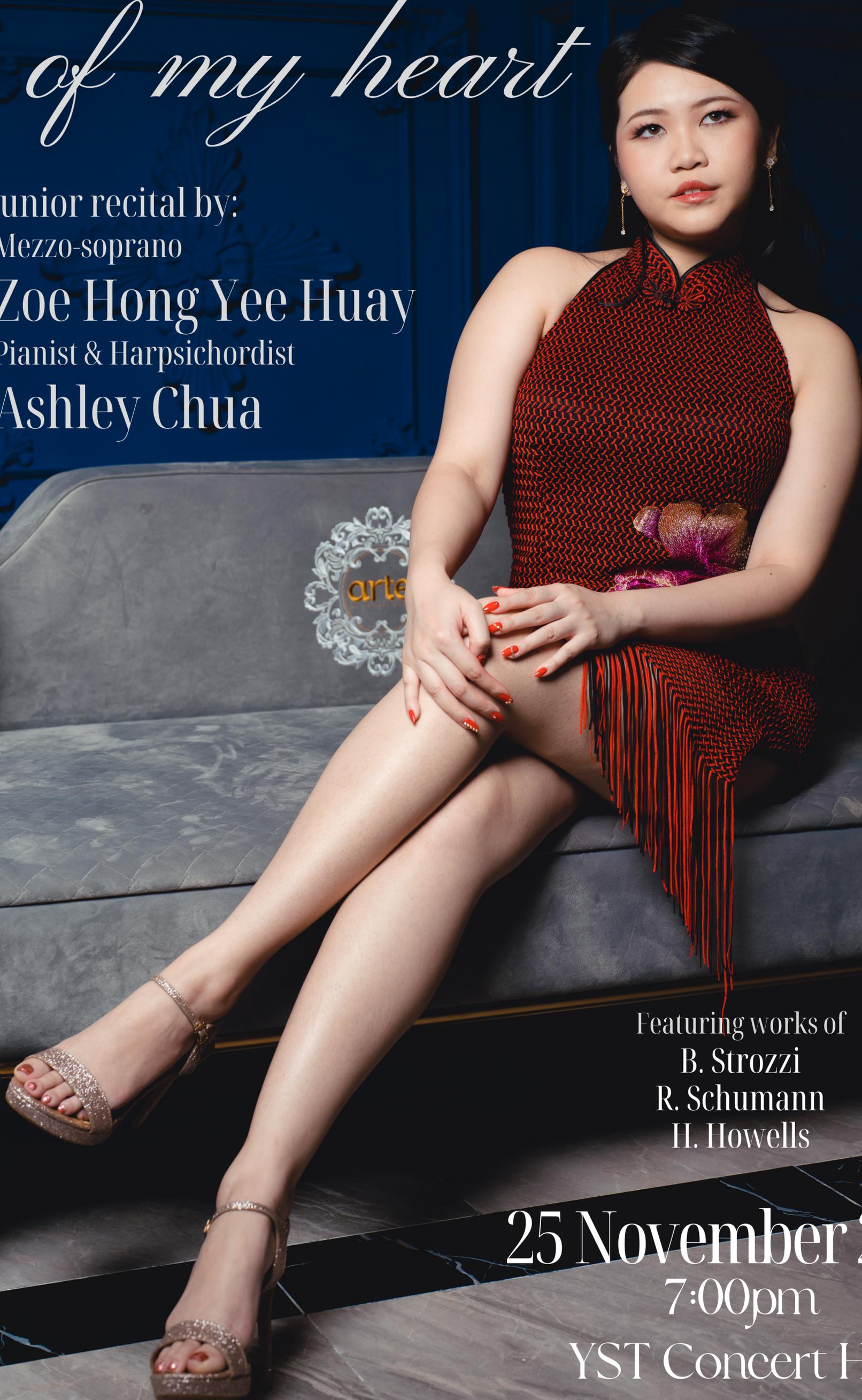
A junior recital by:

Mezzo-soprano

**Zoe Hong Yee Huay**

Pianist & Harpsichordist

**Ashley Chua**



Featuring works of  
B. Strozzi  
R. Schumann  
H. Howells

**25 November 2022**

7:00pm

YST Concert Hall

# Programme



Lagrime mie

Barbara Strozzi

From Myrthen

Robert Schumann

Der Nussbaum

Die Lotosblume

Lied der Suleika

Lied der Braut I

Lied der Braut II

From Garland for De La Mare Herbert Howells

The Lady Caroline

King David



# Barbara Strozzi



Barbara Strozzi (1619–1677) was a Venetian Baroque composer, and was one of the most prolific composers of Italian cantatas and arias. Her unique style of intricate text setting and daring harmonic language were very much ahead of her time, and she is credited with paving the way for the future of Italian vocal music.

Lagrima Mia is a solo cantata from the point of view a lost love, with both the harmony and melodic line portraying profound grief.

# Lacrime Mie



Lacrime mie, à che vi trattenete?  
Perché non isfogate il fier dolore  
Che mi toglie'l respiro e opprime il core?

My tears, why do you hold back?  
Why do you not let burst forth the fierce pain  
that takes my breath and oppresses my heart?

Lidia, che tant'adoro,  
Perch'un guardo pietoso, ahi, mi donò,  
Il paterno rigor l'imprigionò.  
Tra due mura rinchiusa  
Sta la bella innocente,  
Dove giunger non può raggio di sole;  
E quel che più mi duole  
Ed' accresc'al mio mal tormenti e pene,  
È che per mia cagione  
Provi male il mio bene.

Because she looked on me with a favorably,  
Lidia, whom I so much adore,  
is imprisoned by her stern father.  
Between two walls  
the beautiful innocent one is enclosed,  
where the sun's rays can't reach her;  
and what grieves me most  
and adds torment and pain to my suffering,  
is that my love  
suffers on my account.

E voi, lumi dolenti, non piangete?  
Lacrime mie, à che vi trattenete?

And you, grieving eyes, you don't weep?  
My tears, why do you hold back?

Lidia, ahimè, veggo mancarmi  
L'idol mio che tanto adoro;  
Sta colei tra duri marmi,  
Per cui spiro e pur non moro.

Alas, I miss Lidia,  
the idol that I so much adore;  
she's enclosed in hard marble,  
the one for whom I sigh and yet do not die.

Se la morte m'è gradita,  
Hor che son privo di spene,  
Dhe [deh], toglietemi la vita,  
Ve ne prego, aspre mie pene.

Because I welcome death,  
now that I'm deprived of hope,  
Ah, take away my life,  
I implore you, my harsh pain.

Ma ben m'accorgo che per tormentarmi  
Maggiormente la sorte  
Mi nega anco la morte.

But I well realize that to torment me  
all the more  
fate denies me even death.

Se dunque è vero, o Dio,  
Che sol del pianto mio  
Il rio destino ha sete,  
Lacrime mie, à che vi trattenete?

Thus since it's true, oh God,  
that wicked destiny  
thirsts only for my weeping,  
tears, why do you hold back?



# Robert Schumann



Robert Schumann (1810–1856) was a German composer of the Romantic Period, renowned for his Lieder (art songs). His musical beginnings as a concert pianist were short-lived after an injury to the hand, which led to a focus on composition.

Myrthen, OP.25, is a collection of songs composed by Robert and is dedicated to his wife, Clara Schumann, being presented to her as a wedding gift. The collection of poems from different poets surround the themes of love and nature.



# Myrthen



## Der Nussbaum

Es grünet ein Nussbaum, vor dem Haus,  
Duftig,  
Luftig  
Breitet er blättrig die Blätter aus.  
Viel liebliche Blüten stehen d'ran,  
Linde  
Winde  
Kommen, sie herzlich zu umfahn.  
Es flüstern je zwei zu zwei gepaart,  
Neigend,  
Beugend  
Zierlich zum Kusse die Häuptchen zart.  
Sie flüstern von einem Mägdlein, das  
Dächte  
Die Nächte  
Und Tagelang, wüsste ach! selber nicht was.  
Sie flüstern—wer mag verstehen so gar  
Leise  
Weis’?  
Flüstern von Bräut’gam und nächstem Jahr.  
Das Mägdlien horchet, es rauscht im Baum;  
Sehnend,  
Wähnend  
Sinkt es lächelnd in Schlaf und Traum.

## The Nut Tree

A nut tree blossoms outside the house,  
Fragrantly,  
Airily,  
It spreads its leafy boughs.  
Many lovely blossoms it bears,  
Gentle  
Winds  
Come to caress them tenderly.  
Paired together, they whisper,  
Inclining,  
Bending  
Gracefully their delicate heads to kiss.  
They whisper of a maiden who  
Dreamed  
For nights  
And days of, alas, she knew not what.  
They whisper—who can understand  
So soft  
A song?  
Whisper of a bridegroom and next year.  
The maiden listens, the tree rustles;  
Yearning,  
Musing  
She drifts smiling into sleep and dreams.





## Die Lotosblume

Die Lotosblume ängstigt  
Sich vor der Sonne Pracht,  
Und mit gesenktem Haupte  
Erwartet sie träumend die Nacht.  
Der Mond, der ist ihr Buhle  
Er weckt sie mit seinem Licht,  
Und ihm entschleiert sie freundlich  
Ihr frommes Blumengesicht.  
Sie blüht und glüht und leuchtet  
Und starret stumm in die Höh';  
Sie duftet und weinet und zittert  
Vor Liebe und Liebesweh.

## Lied der Suleika

Wie mit innigstem Behagen,  
Lied, empfind' ich deinen Sinn!  
Liebevoll du scheinst zu sagen:  
Dass ich ihm zur Seite bin.  
Dass er ewig mein gedenket,  
Seiner Liebe Seligkeit  
Immerdar der Fernen schenket,  
Die ein Leben ihm geweiht.  
Ja, mein Herz, es ist der Spiegel,  
Freund, worin du dich erblickt,  
Diese Brust, wo deine Siegel  
Kuss auf Kuss hereingedrückt.  
Süßes Dichten, laute Wahrheit,  
Fesselt mich in Sympathie!  
Rein verkörpert Liebesklarheit  
Im Gewand der Poesie.

## The Lotus-Flower

The lotus-flower fears  
The sun's splendour,  
And with bowed head,  
Dreaming, awaits the night.  
The moon is her lover,  
And wakes her with his light,  
And to him she tenderly unveils  
Her innocent flower-like face.  
She blooms and glows and gleams,  
And gazes silently aloft—  
Fragrant and weeping and trembling  
With love and the pain of love.

## Suleika's Song

With what heartfelt contentment,  
O song, do I sense your meaning!  
Lovingly you seem to say:  
That I am at his side;  
That he ever thinks of me,  
And ever bestows his love's rapture  
On her who, far away,  
Dedicates her life to him.  
For my heart, dear friend, is the mirror,  
Wherein you have seen yourself;  
And this the breast where your seal is imprinted  
Kiss upon kiss.  
Your sweet verses, their unsullied truth  
Chain me in sympathy;  
Love's pure embodied radiance  
In the garb of poetry!





## Lied der Braut I

Mutter, Mutter! Glaube nicht,  
Weil ich ihn lieb' also sehr,  
Dass nun Liebe mir gebricht,  
Dich zu lieben, wie vorher.  
Mutter, Mutter! Seit ich ihn  
Liebe, lieb' ich erst dich sehr.  
Lass mich an mein Herz dich ziehn,  
Und dich küssen, wie mich er.  
Mutter, Mutter! Seit ich ihn  
Liebe, lieb' ich erst dich ganz,  
Dass du mir das Sein verleihe,  
Das mir ward zu solchem Glanz.

## Song of the Bride I

Mother, mother! Never believe,  
Because I love him so,  
That I now lack the love  
To love you as before!  
Mother, mother! Since loving him  
I love you all the more.  
Let me press you to my heart  
And kiss you, as he kisses me.  
Mother, mother! Only since loving him  
Do I truly love you now,  
For giving me my life  
That has become so radiant.

## Lied der Braut II

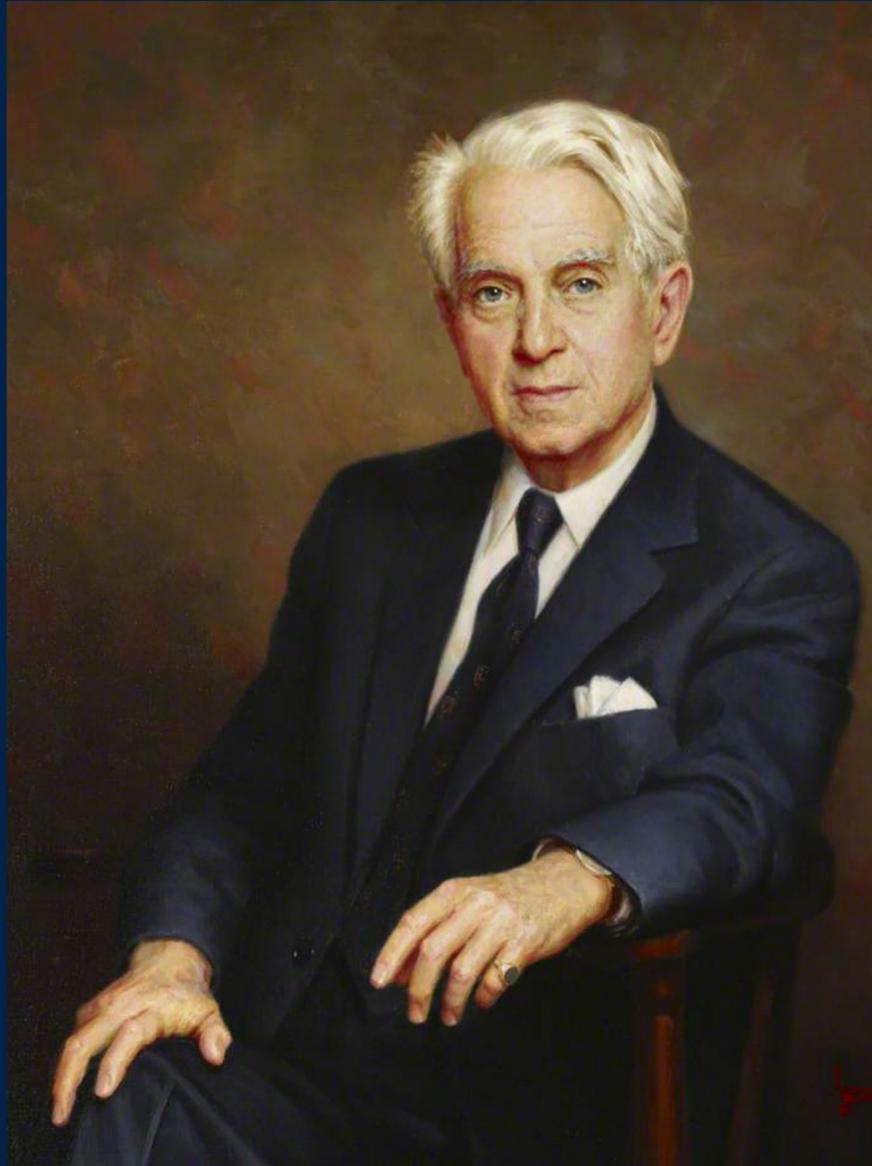
Lass mich ihm am Busen hangen,  
Mutter, Mutter! lass das Bangen.  
Frage nicht: wie soll sich's wenden?  
Frage nicht: wie soll das enden?  
Enden? enden soll sich's nie,  
Wenden, noch nicht weiss ich, wie!

## Song of the Bride II

Let me lay my head on his heart,  
Mother, mother! Be not afraid.  
Do not ask: how will things change?  
Do not ask: how will it end?  
End? Never shall it end,  
Change? I don't know how it could!



# Herbert Howells



Herbert Howells (1892–1983) was a 20th century British composer. The genres of his compositions vary greatly, with the bulk of them contributing mostly to the Anglican liturgical choral scene.

Garland for De La Mare is one of his lesser known works. Published posthumously, the song cycle, consisting of 12 poems, was a result of Howell's love of poetry and personal affection for his long-time friend and poet Walter de la Mare.

# Garland for De La Mare



## The Lady Caroline

I watched the Lady Caroline  
Bind up her dark and beauteous hair;  
Her face was rosy in the glass,  
And 'twixt the coils her hand would pass,  
White in the candleshine.

Her bottles on the table lay,  
Stoppered, yet sweet of violet;  
Her image in the mirror stooped  
To view those locks as lightly looped  
As cherry-boughs in May.

The snowy night lay dim without,  
I heard the Waits their sweet song sing;  
The window smouldered keen with frost;  
Yet still she twisted, sleeked and tossed  
Her beauteous hair about.





## King David

King David was a sorrowful man:

No cause for his sorrow had he;  
And he called for the music of a hundred harps,  
To ease his melancholy.

They played till they all fell silent:

Played and play sweet did they;  
But the sorrow that haunted the heart of King David  
They could not charm away.

He rose; and in his garsalone,  
A nightingale hidden in a cypress tree,  
Jargoned on and on.

King David lifted his sad eyes  
Into the dark-boughed tree --  
"Tell me, thou little bird that singest,  
Who taught my grief to thee?"

But the bird in no-wise heeded;  
And the king in the cool of the moon  
Hearkened to the nightingale's sorrowfulness,  
Till all his own was gone.



# About the Performers



## Zoe Hong Yee Huay, Mezzo-soprano



Zoe Hong is a Mezzo-soprano from Malaysia, currently studying in the Yong Siew Toh Conservatory of Music in Singapore. Born in Selangor, Zoe began singing in her high school choir, the Harmonix Youth Choir from SMK Damansara Jaya when she was 14, participating in various performances, examinations and competitions. She began voice lessons with Malaysian Bass-baritone Mr. Mak Chi Hoe at the age of 18 and subsequently enrolled and graduated from the Malaysian Institute of Art with a Diploma in Music. Zoe has since travelled across Asia to participate in various performances, competitions and exchanges. Besides singing, Zoe is also passionate about the academic aspect of music and hopes to be an educator as well as performer in the future.



# About the Performers



## Ashley Chua – Pianist and Harpsichordist



Ashley Chua Kai Qian is a third year undergraduate at the Yong Siew Toh Conservatory of Music (YSTCM), currently pursuing a Bachelor of Music (B.Mus) with a double major in Music and Society (MS) and Piano Performance. Her mentors include Mr Lim Yan, Dr Thomas Hecht and Prof Albert Tiu, and she has also benefitted from masterclasses with renowned pianists Sir Stephen Hough, Mr Kun-Woo Paik, and Mr Joseph-Maurice Weder. As a pianist, Ashley has participated actively in a range of concerts and competitions, most recently placing 3rd in the Piano division of the YSTCM Concerto Competition 2022. Her background in music analysis and research as a MS major has gave rise to her most recent papers investigating Music Imagery as a learning and symbiotic tool in Collaborative Piano, as well as studies on the relationship between Language and Nationalistic identity within Singaporean Musical Theatre. Outside of solo piano and music research, Ashley has a keen interest in collaborative piano and accompaniment, as well as in music and non-music related academia.



# *Acknowledgments*



A huge thank you to my parents and my two brothers, for supporting me throughout my life, wherever I may have went and wherever I will go.

To my lovely friends, I would not have had the courage to pursue my dreams without all your encouragement and love.

Just as all the music here was written for another, I would like to dedicate this recital to you who are watching, from the bottom of my heart.

