



Junior Recital

NUIT D'ÉTOILES

STEPHANIE JOSHVIN
mezzo-soprano

BEATRICE LIN
piano

YST Concert Hall
3 May 2023
7.40 pm





PROGRAMME

Meine Rose Die Sennin

from *Sechs Gedichte*, Op. 90

Widmung

from *Myrthen*, Op. 25

Frühlingsnacht

from *Liederkreis*, Op. 39

By Robert Schumann

Tu vois le feu du soir

from *Miroir Brûlants*

By Francis Poulenc

Nuit d'Étoiles

Beau Soir

By Claude Debussy

Tell me the truth about love

Funeral Blues

from *Cabaret Songs*

By Benjamin Britten

[PROGRAM NOTES]

ROBERT SCHUMANN

Born in 1810 in Saxony, German composer Robert Schumann is regarded as one of the greatest composers of the Romantic era. He is famously known for his many Lieder and piano works.

Meine Rose and *Die Sennin* are from Opus 90, *Sechs Gedichte* (Six Poems). Opus 90, composed in 1850, has a slight stylistic difference from his earlier works. The contrast between the accompaniment and the vocal line is emphasised through the different rhythms going parallel to each other. In *Die Sennin*, the piano holds a consistent triplet rhythm which contrasts the duple rhythm in the vocal line.

An excerpt from Schumann's *Myrthen* (Mother), is *Widmung*, a song of dedication. The text describes complete adoration, which is complemented by the flowing sense of pulse found in the graceful accompaniment in the piano. Lastly is *Frühlingsnacht*, a piece depicting anticipation for the night of spring, which is taken from the cycle *Liederkreis* (Song Circle), Opus 39. In this piece, Schumann depicts through the text and music that everything in nature reflects his feelings.

CLAUDE DEBUSSY

French composer Claude Debussy was recognized as one of the first impressionist composers. His talents were recognized very early and he began studying in the Conservatoire de Paris from the age of ten. Here he developed his love for innovative composition.

Beau soir paints the picture of a beautiful evening where the rivers are turned rose-coloured by the sunset and the wheat fields are moved by a warm breeze. Debussy uses a gentle, flowing triplet rhythm in the accompaniment in contrast to the duple rhythm in the vocal line. The accompaniment and the vocal line meet to create the sensation of peace felt in the mood of the evening. *Nuit d'Étoiles* is a love song where Debussy describes his love through the uplifting gestures of reaching up and looking at the stars. The gentle, trickling style in the piano's accompaniment depicts the sparkling of the stars.

FRANCIS POULENC

Born in 1899, Francis Jean Marcel Poulenc was largely self-taught. He was a prominent French composer of the 20th century who used his words well with an eccentric way of doing so. His witty sense of humor combined with the emotional depth is emphasized in the quick changes of two bars to four bars and the push-and-pull motion of the accompaniment with the vocal line.

Tu vois le feu du soir is an excerpt from the song cycle *Miroir Brûlants* (Burning Mirror). Poulenc responds to the stark contrast and quick shifting of expressions through symbolism. The visual descriptions of various things throughout the song appeal to the senses, painting an intricate picture through the surreal text of the poem.

BENJAMIN BRITTEN

Edward Benjamin Britten was an English composer, conductor, and pianist. He was a central figure of 20th-century British music, with great operas and excellent vocal music among his other works. He worked as a composer for the radio, theatre, and cinema. Here he became close friends with the poet W.H. Auden, with whom he wrote several songs in cabaret style. Composed in his mid 20s to 30s, four of these were published a couple years after Britten's death; two of which are in the program today titled Tell me the truth about love and Funeral Blues.

Meine Rose

My Rose

Dem holden Lenzgeschemeide,
der Rose, meiner Freude,
die schon gebeugt und blasser
vom heissen Strahl der Sonnen,
reich' ich den Becher Wasser
aus dunklem, tiefen Bronnen.

To spring's fair jewel,
to the rose, my delight,
already drooping and pale
from the heat of the sun,
I bring a beaker of water
from the deep, dark well.

Du Rose meines Herzens!
Vom stillen Strahl des Schmerzens
bist du gebeugt und blasser;
Ich möchte dir zu Füßen,
wie dieser Blume Wasser,
still meine Seele giessen!
Könnst' ich dann auch nicht sehen
dich freudig auferstehen.

Rose of my heart!
From the silent shaft of pain
you droop and pale;
My soul at your feet,
as I pour water for this flower,
will I silently pour out!
Even though I might not see
you happily revive.

Die Sennin

The Milkmaid

Schöne Sennin, noch einmal
singe deinen Ruf ins Tal,
dass die frohe Felsensprache
deinem hellen Ruf erwache!

Lovely milkmaid, once more
sing your song into the valley,
cliffs wake with joyful speech
to your bright song!

Horch, o Sennin, wie dein Sang
in die Brust den Bergen drang,
wie dein Wort die Felsenseen
freudig fort und fort erzählen!

Listen, oh maiden, how your song
pierced the mountains' breast,
how the souls of the rocks echo
your words over and over!

Aber einst, wie Alles flieht,
scheidest du mit deinem Lied,
wenn dich Liebe fortbewogen,
oder dich der Tod entzogen.

But one day, as all things pass,
you will depart with your song,
when love has lured you away
or death has taken you.

Und verlassen werden stehn,
traurig stumm herübersehn
dort die grauen Felsenzinnen
und auf deine Lieder sinnern

And forsaken will stand,
looking down at us sadly mute,
the grey rocky cliffs,
will remember your songs

Widmung *Dedication*

Du meine Seele, du mein Herz,
du meine Wonn', O du mein Schmerz,
du meine Welt, in der ich lebe,
mein Himmel du, darein ich schwebe,
o du mein Grab, in das hinab
ich ewig meinen Kummer gab!
Du bist die Ruh', du bist der Frieden,
du bist vom Himmel mir beschieden.
Dass du mich liebst,
macht mich mir wert,
dein Blick hat mich vor mir verklärt,
du hebst mich liebend über mich,
Mein guter Geist, mein bess'res Ich!

You my soul, you my heart,
you my bliss, O you my pain,
you the world in which I live,
My heaven to you, I aspire to be,
O you my grave, into which
my grief forever I've consigned!
You are rest, you are peace,
bestowed on me from heaven.
Your love for me
gives me my worth,
your eyes transfigure me in mine,
lovingly raising me above myself,
My guardian angel, my better self!

Frühlingsnacht *Spring Night*

Über'm Garten durch die Lüfte
Hört' ich Wandervogel zieh'n,
das bedeutet Frühlingsdüfte,
unten fängt's schon an zu blüh'n.

Over the garden, through the air
I hear the birds in passing flight,
a sign that spring is in the air.
the flowers have bloomed tonight.

Jauchzen möcht'ich, möchte weinen,
ist mir's doch, als könnt's nicht sein!
Alte Wunder wieder scheinen
mit dem Mondesglanz herein.

I could shout for joy, could weep,
for it seems to me it cannot be!
All the old wonders reappear,
gleaming in the moonlight's glow.

Und der Mond, die Sterne sagen's,
und im Traume rauscht's der Hain
und die Nachtigallen schlagen's:
sie ist Deine, sie ist Dein!

And the moon, the stars declare it,
the dreaming forest whispers it,
and the nightingales sing it:
"She is yours, she is yours!"

Tu vois le feu du soir

You see the fire of the evening

Tu vois le feu du soir qui sort de sa coquille
You see the fire of the evening emerging from its shell
et tu vois la forêt enfouie dans sa fraîcheur
and you see the forest buried in its coolness.

Tu vois la plaine nue aux flancs du ciel traînard,
You see the bare plain beside the straggling sky,
La neige haute comme la mer,
the snow as high as the sea,
et la mer haute dans l'azur.
and the sea high in the blue heaven.

Pierres parfaites, et bois doux – secours voilés.
Perfect stones, gentle woods - veiled assistance.
Tu vois des villes teintées de mélancolie dorée,
You see cities tinged with golden melancholy,
des trottoirs pleins d'excuses
Sidewalks full of apologies,
Une place où la solitude a statue souriante,
And a square where loneliness has a smiling statue,
et l'amour une seule maison.
and love has only one house.

Tu vois les animaux,
You see the animals,
sosies malins sacrifiés l'un à l'autre –
identical and shrewd, sacrificed one to another –
frères immaculés aux ombres confondues
immaculate brothers whose shadows are mingled
dans un désert de sang.
in a wilderness of blood.

Tu vois un bel enfant, quand il joue quand il rit;
You see a beautiful child, as he plays and laughs;
Il est bien plus petit
he is smaller by far
que le petit oiseau du bout des branches.
than the little bird on the tips of the twigs.

Tu vois un paysage aux saveurs d'huile et d'eau
You see a landscape tasting of olive oil and water
d'où la roche est exclue, où la terre abandonne
where rock is excluded, and where the earth yields up
sa verdure à l'été qui la couvre de fruits
her greenery to summer which covers her with fruit.

Des femmes descendant de leur miroir ancien
There are women descending from their ancient mirrors
t'apportent leur jeunesse et leur foi en la tienne;
who bring you their youth and their faith in yours;
et l'une sa clarté la voile qui t'entraîne
and one of them, whose fair face is what draws you in,
te fait secrètement voir le monde sans toi.
makes you secretly see the world without your presence.

Nuit d'Étoiles

Night of stars

Nuit d'étoiles,
Sous tes voiles,
Sous ta brise et tes parfums,
Triste lyre
Qui soupire,
Je rêve aux amours défunts.

Night of stars,
Beneath your veils,
breeze, and fragrance,
Sad lyre
That sighs,
I dream of bygone loves.

La sereine mélancolie
vient éclore au fond de mon cœur,
et j'entends l'âme de ma mie
tressaillir dans le bois rêveur.

Serene melancholy
Now blooms deep in my heart,
And I hear the soul of my love
quiver in the dreaming woods.

Nuit d'étoiles,
Sous tes voiles,
Sous ta brise et tes parfums,
Triste lyre
Qui soupire,
Je rêve aux amours défunts.

Night of stars,
Beneath your veils,
breeze, and fragrance,
Sad lyre
That sighs,
I dream of bygone loves.

Je revois à notre fontaine
Tes regards bleus comme les cieux;
Cette rose, c'est ton haleine,
Et ces étoiles sont tes yeux.

Once more at our fountain I see
Your eyes as blue as the sky;
This rose, it is your breath
And these stars are your eyes.

Nuit d'étoiles,
Sous tes voiles,
Sous ta brise et tes parfums,
Triste lyre
Qui soupire,
Je rêve aux amours défunts.

Night of stars,
Beneath your veils,
breeze, and fragrance,
Sad lyre
That sighs,
I dream of bygone loves.

Beau soir

Beautiful evening

Lorsque au soleil couchant
les rivières sont roses,
et qu'un tiède frisson court
sur les champs de blé,
un conseil d'être heureux semble
sortir des choses
et monter vers le cœur troublé.

When at sunset
the rivers are pink,
and a warm breeze ripples
through the fields of wheat,
all things seem
to advise content –
and rise to the troubled heart.

Un conseil de goûter
le charme d'être au monde
cependant qu'on est jeune
et que le soir est beau,
car nous nous en allons,
comme s'en va cette onde:
Elle à la mer,
nous au tombeau.

Advise us to savor
the gift of life,
while we are young
and the evening fair,
for our life slips by,
as that river does:
Our life to the sea,
we to the tomb.

Tell me the truth about love

Liebe, l'amour, amor, amoris
Some say that love's a little boy
And some say it's a bird,
Some say it makes the world go round
And some say that's absurd:
And when I asked the man next-door
Who looked as if he knew,
His wife got very cross indeed
And said it wouldn't do.

Does it look like a pair of pyjamas
Or the ham in a temp'rance hotel?
Does its odour remind one of llamas
Or has it a comforting smell?
Is it prickly to touch as a hedge is
Or soft as eiderdown fluff?
Is it sharp or quite smooth at the edges?
O tell me the truth about love

I looked inside the summerhouse,
It wasn't even there,
I tried the Thames at Maidenhead
And Brighton's bracing air;
I don't know what the blackbird sang
Or what the roses said,
But it wasn't in the chicken run
Or underneath the bed.

Can it pull extraordin'ry faces?
Is it usually sick on a swing?
Does it spend all its time at the races
Or fiddling with pieces of string?
Has it views of its own about money,
Does it think Patriotism enough,
Are its stories vulgar but funny?
O tell me the truth about love

Your feelings when you meet it,
I am told you can't forget,
I've sought it since I was a child
But haven't found it yet;
I'm getting on for thirty-five,
And still I do not know
What kind of creature it can be
That bothers people so.

When it comes, will it come without warning
Just as I'm picking my nose?
Will it knock on my door in the morning
Or tread in the bus on my toes?
Will it come like a change in the weather?
Will its greeting be courteous or rough?
Will it alter my life altogether?
O tell me the truth about love!

Funeral Blues

Stop all the clocks, cut off the telephone,
Prevent the dog from barking with a juicy bone,
Silence the pianos and with muffled drum
Bring out the coffin, let the mourners come.

Let aeroplanes circle moaning overhead
Scribbling on the sky the message
He Is Dead
Tie crêpe bands round the white necks of the public doves,
Let the traffic policemen wear black cotton gloves.

He was my North, my South, my East and West,
My working week and my Sunday rest,
My noon, my midnight, my talk, my song;
I thought that love would last for ever: I was wrong.

The stars are not wanted now: put out every one,
Pack up the moon and dismantle the sun,
Pour away the ocean and sweep up the woods;
For nothing now can ever come to any good.

[BIOGRAPHIES]

Stephanie Joshvin *mezzo-soprano*



Born in 2001, Stephanie Joshvin is a mezzo-soprano from Jakarta, Indonesia. Her musical journey started with the piano, which then spread to interests in other musical instruments through the encouragement of her parents. Stephanie started singing at 11 years old first in the Jakarta Oratorio Society Children Choir, and joined the Jakarta Oratorio Society Youth Choir when she was 16 years old. Throughout those years, she participated in numerous concerts and performances.

In 2017, Stephanie started voice lessons with her tutor Rico Sijaila, with whom she performed in various concerts in and outside of school and won national singing competitions. She recently had the honour of singing for a masterclass under Korean soprano Sumi Hwang, and performed the alto part for *Mein Gott, hier wird mein Herze sein – Du wollest deinen Geist und Kraft* in the Bach Cantata Series: Come, Ye Sons of Art, Away! along with the Red Dot Baroque.

Besides classical singing, her love for TheWeeknd, Frank Ocean and Drake is immeasurable.

Beatrice Lin

piano



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, keyboardist with L'Orchestre de Chambre de Genève and Ensemble Contrechamps, as well as répétiteur for the Concours de Genève. On home ground, she is collaborative pianist at the Yong Siew Toh Conservatory and freelancer with the Singapore Symphony Orchestra as well as the Singapore Chinese Orchestra. Her love for opera has led to numerous projects with the Singapore Lyric Opera and The Opera People.