

VOICE DEPARTMENT ALUMNI RECITAL

ECHOES

OF

Emotions

Alice Cahya Putri

Cindy Honanta

Mervyn Lee

Koh Kai Jie

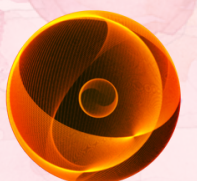
Tuesday, 12 Sep 2023

7.30 PM

YST Concert Hall

Yong Siew Toh
Conservatory
of Music

YST



Programme

MAX REGER (1873 - 1916)

Selections from 5 Duets, Op. 14

I. Nachts

II. Abendlied

III. Sommernacht

BÉLA BARTÓK (1881 - 1945)

Selections from 8 Hungarian Folksongs, Sz. 64, BB. 47

I. Fekete Főd

II. Istenem, Istenem, áraszd meg a vizet

III. Asszonyok, asszonyok had legyenek társatok

IV. Annyi bánat a szívemen

V. Ha kimegyek arr' a magos tetőre

VII. Eddig való dolgom a tavaszi szántás

ZOLTÁN KODÁLY (1882 - 1967)

Selections from Magyar népzene énekhangra és zongorára

7. Kitrákotty mese

45. A búbánat keserűség

46. Elményék, elményék

47. Ludaim, lúdaim

LISZT FERENC (1811 - 1886)

Isten veled, S.299

Wie singt die Lerche schön, S.312

GYÖRGY LIGETI (1923 - 2006)

Der Sommer

Gyümölcs-fürt

INDONESIAN FOLK SONGS

Kampuang nan jauh di mato

Ampar-ampar pisang

Soleram

ANANDA SUKARLAN (b. 1968)

Poets from East Indonesia

Perahu

Percakapan Selat

Ibunda Tercinta

TRISUTJI KAMAL (1936 - 2021)

Harapan dan Kekecewaan

I. Kidung bulan Ramadan

II. Kidung untuk Perjaka

III. Nocturne

Max Reger

(1873 - 1916)

Selections from

5 Duets, Op. 14

I. Nachts

Ich wandre durch die stille Nacht
Da schleicht der Mond so heimlich sacht
Oft aus der dunklen Wolken hülle
Und hin und her im Tal
Erwacht die Nachtigall
Dann wieder alles grau und stille

O wunderbarer Nachtgesang!
Von fern im Land der Ströme Gang,
Leis Schauern in den dunklen Bäumen.
Wirrst die Gedanken mir,
Mein irres Singen hier
Ist wie ein Rufen nur aus Traümen.

II. Abendlied

Über allen Gipfeln ist Ruh,
In allen Wipfeln spürest du
Kaum einen Hauch;
Die Vögelein schweigen im Walde.
Warte nur, bald ruhest du auch.

III. Sommernacht

Tausend goldne Sterne,
Glänzen an des Abendhimmels Pracht
Duftig liegst du ohne,
Ohne Grenzen märchen
Schöne Sommernacht,

Jubeln möchte ich,
Doch ich neige still das Haupt
Zum Erdengrund;
Wenn die Himmel reden schweige
Schweig du armer Menschenmund!

I. At night

I wander through the silent night
While gleams the moon beam's fitful light
Forth from its mystic cloudy cover
And sudden down the vale
Awake the nightingale
Then light and sound alike are over

O song that hold'st o'er night thy sway!
O stream lets come from faraway,
Dark trees, by whispers softly haunted.
Ye have entranced me so,
That mine own song I know
But like a dream-sound half enchanted.

II. Evening song

Lo! With peach the mountains are crown'd,
Where'er thou seekest, all around,
Not a breeze blows;
No song in the forest now lingers
Soon, like its singers thou shalt repose.

III. Summer night

Stars in countless myriads golden
On the ev'ning shed their light.
Beauteous as in legends,
Legends olden art thou
Fragrant summer night,

Though rejoicing,
Yet full humbly down to earth I bend
My head,
Since the heav'ns are speaking dumbly
Hush, let mortal speech be dead!

Béla Bartók

(1881 - 1945)

Selections from

8 Hungarian Folksongs,

Sz. 64, BB 47

I. Fekete föld, fehér az én zsebkendőm

Fekete föld, fehér az én zsebkendőm,
Elhagyott a legkedvesebb szeretőm.
Ugy elhagyott, hogy még meg sem siratott,
Érzi szívem, nemsokára meghalok.

I. Black is the earth

Black is the earth, white is my handkerchief.
My lover has abandoned me.
He abandoned me without any tears.
My heart knows that soon I will die.

II. Istenem, Istenem, áraszd meg a vizet

Istenem, istenem, áraszd meg a vizet,
Had' vigyen el engem apám kapujára;
Apám kapujáról anyám asztalára,
Had'tudjak meg immán,
Kinek adtak férhez.

II. My God, my God, let the waters flood

My God, my God, let the waters flood,
That they may carry me to my father's gate
My father's gate, my mother's table.
Let them know at last the husband
They gave me to wed.

Cifra katonának, nagy hegyi tolvajnak,
Ki most és oda van keresztútállani;
keresztútállani, embért legyilkolni,
Egy panzer,
Kettőér nem szán vért ontani.

A fancy soldier, a big mountain thief,
Who even now is away robbing,
Holding up people, murdering men .
For any amount of money,
He will carelessly shed blood.

III. Asszonyok, asszonyok, had' legyek társatok

Asszonyok, asszonyok, had' legyek társatok,
Gyermekekről mosni mivel én is tudok.
Sohse láttam lánybőrt hogy árultak vóna,
S a timárok kordovánnak készítettek vóna!

III. Women, women, let me be your companion

Women, women, let me be your companion.
I too know how to wash children's clothes.
Never did I see the skin of a girl sold
For tanners to make into fine leather.

Anyámtól a kontyot
Sokszor kértem vóna,
Ha keze botjától nem irtóztam vóna;
Ebek ugatásán gyakran örvendeztem,
A legények jönnek,
Magamban azt véltem.

Often I would have asked mother
For her knot of hair
Had I not been terrified of her stick.
I have often rejoiced at the dogs' barking;
I thought to myself,
Young men have come to call.

Béla Bartók

(1881 - 1945)

Selections from

8 Hungarian Folksongs,

Sz. 64, BB 47

IV. Annyi bánat a szívemen

Anynyi bánat az szívemen
Kétrét hajlott az egeken.
Ha még egyet hajlott volna:
Szívem ketté hasadt volna.

Én elmegyek közületek,
Isten maradjon veletek.
Töllem több panaszt nem hallasz,
Kit hallottál, avval maradsz.

V. Ha kimegyek arr' a magos tetőre

Ha kimegyek arr' a magos tetőre
Találok én szeretőre kettőre.
Ej, baj, baj, baj, de nagy baj,
Hogy a babám szive olyan mint a vaj!

Nem kell nekem sem a kettő, sem az egy,
Azt szeretem, aki eddig szeretett.
Ej, baj, baj, baj, de nagy baj,
Hogy a babám szive olyan mint a vaj!

VII. Eddig való dolgom a tavaszi szántás

Eddig való dolgom a tavaszi szántás,
Kertekbe, rétekbe füvet lekaszálás;
Immár ökröm hejjin lovam a nyeregbe,
Szíjostorom hejjin kantarszár kezembe.

Eljött már az a nap, melyben kell indulni,
Házamtól, hazámtól bús szívvél távozni,
Kedves szüleimtől sirva elbúcsuzni,
Kedves hitestársam árván itt kell hagyni.

IV. So much sorrow has bent

So much sorrow has bent
my heart in the sky.
If it bends once more,
my heart will split in two.

I am going away from among you.
God stay with you.
From me you will hear no more complaints.
What you hear comes from those who stay.

V. If I go up to the high mountains

If I go up to the high mountains
I will find a sweetheart, maybe two. .
Trouble, trouble, what a lot of trouble,
That my darling's heart is as soft as butter.

But I don't want either the one or two;
I want the one I love who also loves me.
Trouble, trouble, what a lot of trouble,
That my darling's heart is as soft as butter.

VII. My work has always been the spring plowing

My work has always been the spring plowing,
Cutting grasses in fields and gardens;
Now my ox is in his place, my horse is saddled,
My whip ready, the halter in my hands.

The day has come when I must depart,
From my home, my country, with a heavy heart,
To take leave of my parents in tears,
To leave my dear wife alone.

Lottán Kodály

(1882 – 1967)

Selections from

Magyar népzene énekhangra és zongorára

7. Kitrákotty mese

Én elmentem a vásárra félpénzel,
Tyúkot vettem a vásárba félpénzel.
Tyúkom mondja: Kitrákotty! Kári-kity-tyom,
Édös tyúkom, mégis van egy félpénzem.

Én elmentem a vásárra félpénzel,
Csirkét vettem a vásárba félpénzel.
Csirkém mondja: csip, csip, csip,
Tyúkom mondja: Kitrákotty! Kári-kity-tyom,
Édös tyúkom, mégis van egy félpénzem.

Én elmentem a vásárra félpénzel,
Pulykát vettem a vásárba félpénzel,
Pulykám mondja: dandalú,
Csirkém mondja: csip, csip, csip,
Tyúkom mondja: Kitrákotty! Kári-kity-tyom,
Édös tyúkom, mégis van egy félpénzem.

Én elmentem a vásárra félpénzel,
Bárányt vettem a vásárba félpénzel.
Bárány mondja: be-he-he-e,
Pulykám mondja: dandalú,
Csirkém mondja: csip, csip, csip,
Tyúkom mondja: Kitrákotty! Kári-kity-tyom,
Édös tyúkom, mégis van egy félpénzem.

Én elmentem a vásárra félpénzel,
Disznót vettem a vásárba félpénzel.
Disznóm mondja: röff, röff, röff,
Bárány mondja: be-he-he-e,
Pulykám mondja: dandalú,
Csirkém mondja: csip, csip, csip,
Tyúkom mondja: Kitrákotty! Kári-kity-tyom,
Édös tyúkom, elfogyott a félpénzem!

7. A spooky tale

I went to the fair with half my money,
I bought a chicken at the fair with half my money.
My chicken says: Cluck-cluck! Cock-a-doodle-doo,
My greedy chicken, yet I still have half my money.

I went to the fair with half my money,
I bought a chick at the fair with half my money.
My chick says: Cheep, cheep, cheep,
My chicken says: Cluck-cluck! Cock-a-doodle-doo,
My greedy chicken, yet I still have half my money.

I went to the fair with half my money,
I bought a turkey at the fair with half my money.
My turkey says: Gobble, gobble,
My chick says: Cheep, cheep, cheep,
My chicken says: Cluck-cluck! Cock-a-doodle-doo,
My greedy chicken, yet I still have half my money.

I went to the fair with half my money,
I bought a lamb at the fair with half my money.
My lamb says: Baa, baa,
My turkey says: Gobble, gobble,
My chick says: Cheep, cheep, cheep,
My chicken says: Cluck-cluck! Cock-a-doodle-doo,
My greedy chicken, yet I still have half my money.

I went to the fair with half my money,
I bought a pig at the fair with half my money.
My pig says: Oink, oink,
My lamb says: Baa, baa,
My turkey says: Gobble, gobble,
My chick says: Cheep, cheep, cheep,
My chicken says: Cluck-cluck! Cock-a-doodle-doo,
My greedy chicken, my half my money is gone!

Lottán Kodály

(1882 – 1967)

Selections from

Magyar népzene énekhangra és zongorára

45. A búbárat keserőség

A búbárat keserőség,
Még a testvér is ellenség,
Hát idegën hogyne volna:
Még a testvér sincsen jódra.
Írigyeim sokan vannak,
Mint a kutyák, úgy ugatnak.
Adok nekik három napot,
Hadd ugassák ki magokot.
Egygyik teszen, sa más veszen,
A sok írigy mindig észen,
Ott hadd egyen, ott hadd rágjon,
Csak az Isten el ne hagyjon!

46. Elményék, elményék

Elményék, hosszú útra ményék
Hosszú út porából
Köponyeget veszek.
Búval és bánattal
Kisinóroztatom,
Sűrű könyveimmel
Kigomboztattatom.

47. Ludaim, lúdaim

Ludaim, tizen ketten voltak,
Mind a tizen ketten mind fehérek voltak.
Csak az anyjok tarka,
Az is szürkés barna.

Elhajtottam ludam
Duna kőzapibe,
Után küldtem uram,
Hajtsa haza ludam.
Vejszen oda uram,
Jőjjön haza ludam,
Vejszen oda uram!
Mégse vejszen szegény,
Mer jó pipás legény.

45. The bitterness of sorrow

The bitterness of sorrow,
Even a sibling can be an enemy,
So why wouldn't there be anxiety:
Even a sibling is not trustworthy.
I have many jealous ones,
Like dogs, they bark.
I'll give them three days,
Let them bark it out.
One likes, another dislikes,
The jealous ones are always sharp,
Let them eat there, let them gnaw there,
Just don't let God forsake me!

46. Journey, journey

Journey to paths unknown I'd carry,
From the dust of long roads,
A cloak I shall procure.
With sorrow and with grieving,
I'll mend and tailor,
In the pages thick and teeming,
My stories, I'll unfold and savour.

47. My geese, my geese

My geese, there were twelve of them,
All twelve of them, all were as white as snow.
Only their mother, a bit spotted,
She was somewhat grayish-brown.

I drove my geese
To the rocky Danube riverbank,
I sent my husband after them,
To bring my geese back.
Let him go there, my husband,
Let him come home with my geese,
Let him go there, my husband!
But may he not return poor,
For he's a good lad who enjoys his pipe.

Liszt Ferenc

(1811- 1886)

Isten veled

Isten veled!

Hajh! Tetöled messze távozom.

Ah! De képed' és szerelmed;

Szümben hordozom.

Lelkemet, lelkemet zálogul

Vedd, csak szerelmet adj.

Ah! De hivet hü szerelmet,

Csak szerelmet adj.

Wie singt die Lerche schön

Wie singt die Lerche schön

Im Tal und auf den Höh'n,

Wenn der Morgen graut,

Und die Blümelein

Frischbetaut,

Harren auf den Sonnenschein!

So sing, mein Herz, nun auch

Beim frischen Morgenhauch.

Hast du auch gewacht

Unter Gram und Pein

Diese Nacht --

Dein auch harrt ein Sonnenschein.

Farewell

Farewell!

Oh, I am going far away,

But, ah, your image and my love for you

I will carry in my heart.

It is my soul, my soul I pledge.

Take it and give me love.

Ah, but I hope that the love

She has for me is true.

How beautifully the lark sings

How beautifully the lark sings

In the valley and on the heights,

When the day dawns,

And the little flowers

Freshly bedewed,

Await the sunshine!

So sing, my heart, you now as well

In the fresh morning breeze.

You, too, kept watch

In grief and pain

This night --

For you too there will be sunshine.

György Ligeti

(1923 - 2006)

Der Sommer

Noch ist die Zeit des Jahrs zu sehn,
Und die Gefilde
Des Sommers stehn in ihrem Glanz,
In ihrer Milde;
Des Feldes Grün ist prächtig ausgebreitet,
Allwo der Bach hinab mit Wellen gleitet.
So zieht der Tag hinaus
Durch Berg und Tale,
Mit seiner Unaufhaltsamkeit
Und seinem Strahle,
Und Wolken ziehn in Ruh', in hohen Räumen,
Es scheint das Jahr mit Herrlichkeit
Zu säumen.

Gyümölcs-fürt

Gyümölcs-fürt ingatja a szél.
Ágon libeg, duzzadtan a fénytől.
Gyümölcs-fürt kelő melegben.
Puha lomb közt ingatja a szél.

Gyümölcs-fürt hozzuk le.
Add nekünk, boldog ág.
Gyümölcs-fürt, ingatja a szél.

The summer

The time of year can still be seen,
And the fields
Of summer are in their brilliance,
In their mildness;
The field's green is gloriously outspread,
Where the brook glides downward in ripples.
So the day moves
Through mountain and valley,
With its inevitability
And its radiance,
And clouds move calmly in high spaces,
As though the year in majesty
Stood still.

Fruit cluster

Fruit cluster sways in the breeze's embrace,
On the branch, it dances, radiant with grace,
In the warmth of dawn, it starts to glow,
Amidst tender leaves, the winds make it flow.

Fruit cluster, descend, we await your taste,
Grant us, happy branch, your sweet embrace,
Fruit cluster, in the wind, you gracefully sway.

Indonesian Folk Songs

Kampung nan jauh di mato

Kampung nan jauh di mato
Gunuang sansai bakuliliang
Takana jo kawan-kawan nan lamo
Sangkek basuliang-suliang

Panduduaknya nan elok
Nan suko bagotong-royong
Sakik sanang samo-samo diraso
Den takana jo kampung

Takana jo kampung
Induak ayah adiak sadonyo
Raso maimbau-imbau den pulang
Den takana jo kampung

Ampar-ampar pisang

Ampar-ampar pisang
Pisangku balum masak
Masak sabigi dihurung bari-bari

Manggalepak manggalepok
Patah kayu bengkok
Bengkok dimakan api, apinya cangcurupan

Nang mana batis kutung dikitip bidawang

Soleram

Soleram anak yang manis.
Anak manis, janganlah dicium sayang
Kalau dicium, merahlah pipinya.

Satu, dua, tiga, dan empat
Lima, enam, tujuh, delapan,
Kalau tuan dapat kawan baru sayang,
Kawan yang lama ditinggal kan jangan.

A village afar from sight

A village afar from sight,
Encircled by mountains in their might,
Memories of old friends take flight,
When we played our flutes, so bright.

Its people, kind and true,
In unity, they'd always pursue,
Through thick and thin, they'd see it through,
I remember the village, that much is true.

I remember the village,
Mother, father, siblings, the homage,
Calling me back, like a soothing massage,
I remember the village, in every passage.

Bananas in rows

Bananas in rows, patiently they wait,
Not yet ripe, in their greenish state,
One ripens alone, filled with fate's grace,

Crackling and snapping, the fire's warm glow,
Crooked wood's broken, in flames it does go,
As the fire subsides, it nears its end,

Like a stump without legs, a destiny unclear.

Lullaby

Lullaby sweet child.
Sweet child, don't kiss her
If you kiss, her cheeks will go red!

One, two, three, and four
Five, six, seven, and eight
If you have found a new friend, dear
Please, don't forget your old friend.

Ananda Tukartan

(b. 1968)

Poets from East Indonesia

Perahu

Sehelai rambutmu sekejap
Menjelma badai
Yang anggun menggulung
Sisa pelayaranku
Umpamakanlah doaku berkisar pada arah
Ke mana kompas gelisah menuntun pencarianku
Matamu bintang para kelasi
Setelah mereguk sisa kesunyian
Di antara puing-puing badaimu
Hikayatku baru saja digariskan
Sebuah perahu diombang-ambingkan
Gelombang lautmu

Percakapan Selat

Pantai berkabut di sini
Makin berkisah dalam tatapan sepi
Yang lalu dingin,
Gumam terbantun di buritan
Juluran lidah ombak di bawah kerjab mata
Menggoda di mana-mana
Menghadang cakrawala
Laut bersuara di sisi,
Makin berbenturan dalam kenangan,
rusuh yang sampai,
Gemas resah terhempas
Di haluan pusaran angin di atas geladak

Bersabung menderu di mana-mana,
Mengepung dendam rindu
Menggaris batas jaga dan mimpikah cakrawala itu
Mengarungi perjalanan
Rahasia cinta kah penumpang itu?
Namun membujuk jua langkah,
Pantai, mega, lalu burung-burung.
Mungkin sedia yang masuk dalam sarang
Dendam rindu
Saat langit luputkan cuaca dan laut siap pasang,
Saat pulau-pulau lengkap berbisik,
Saat haru mutlak biru

The Boat

A strand of your hair briefly
Transforms into a storm,
Gracefully rolling over
The remnants of my journey.
Imagine my prayers revolve around a direction
Where the restless compass guides my search.
Your eyes are the stars for sailors,
After they've tasted the remnants of solitude,
Among the debris of your waves,
My story has just been written.
A boat tossed by
The waves of your sea.

Strait's Conversation

At the misty shore, a tale unfolds,
In the gaze of solitude, secrets hold,
The past, once cold, in murmurs told,
Whispers in the stern, memories enfold.
Waves' tongues reach where the eyes roam,
Seductive charms, nature's honeycomb,
Blocking the horizon, in the sea's zone,
With ocean's voice, they make their home.
In memories, they fiercely collide,
A tumultuous journey, emotions ride,
Restless yearnings, in the whirlwind's stride,
Upon the ship's deck, where dreams reside.

Everywhere, waves crash,
Longing's call,
Exploring the boundary 'twixt watch and thrall,
A secret love's journey,
One and all,
Guided by shores, clouds,
And birds in thrall.
Perhaps, in longing's nest,
They're bound,
When skies clear and sea's tales resound,
Islands whisper secrets, profound,
In the deepest blue, emotions unbound.

Ananda Tukartan

(b. 1968)

Poets from East Indonesia

Ibunda Tercinta

Perempuan tua itu senantiasa bernama
Duka, derita dan senyum yang abadi,
Tertulis dan terbaca jelas
Kata-kata puisi dari ujung rambut
Sampai telapak kakinya.

Perempuan tua itu senantiasa bernama
Korban, terima kasih, restu dan ampunan,
Dengan tulus, setia telah melahirkan
Berpuluh lakon,
Nasib dan sejarah manusia

Perempuan tua itu senantiasa
Bernama cinta, kasih sayang;
Tiga patah kata purba.
Di atas pundaknya setiap anak tegak berdiri
Menjangkau bintang-bintang
Dengan hatinya dan janjinya

Beloved Mother

The elderly woman is always named
Sorrow, suffering and eternal smiles,
Written and read clearly,
The words of poetry from the tip of her hair
To the soles of her feet.

The elderly woman is always named sacrifice,
Thanksgiving, blessings, and forgiveness,
With sincerity, she has given birth
To countless stories,
The fate and history of humanity.

The elderly woman is
As beautiful as love, affection;
Three ancient words.
Upon her shoulders, every child stands tall,
Reaching for the stars
With their hearts and promises.

Trisulji Kamat

(1936 - 2021)

Harapan dan Kekecewaan

I. Kidung Bulan Ramadan

Pandangan mengelus air muka
Bibir berzikir mengusap air mata
Kehangatan menyalurkan nada-nada bisu
Sejuk dit'rima puas memberi
Kini hanya senyuman membungkus dada
Mengikat, mengingatkan tanpa janji
Detik-detik tak ternilai kita saling menyayangi
Menyentuh awal kisah
Dalam kandungan gelap gulita

II. Kidung untuk Perjaka

Lembah dada tak terukur dalamnya
Emas intan berkilauan di sana
Kitab suci bercumbu langit biru
Mencari senyuman abadi
Angin sejuk menghembus s'lalu
Nyanyian di seberang mengeluh pada kekasih

Arus berahi tak lagi berg'lori
Sangsi mengadu rindu
Ungkapan bagi kesan tertinggal
Banggalah atas kesadaran
Dengan cinta yang suci
Meski ria tawa telah lama tewas
Doa restu menjadi bebas
Emas intan tiada lagi berarti
G'lombang rasa bakal jadi sepi

III. Nocturne

Malam tengah sejuk
Di langit rembulan bersenyum
Menyaksikan bujang dan
P'rawan bermesraan
Dengan hati yang dilanda cinta
Dalam suasana sempurna
Kebahagiaan telah dikurung waktu
Berkejar dengan kenyataan s'lalu
Bekal esok hari hanya harapan

I. Song of the Ramadan Moon

A gaze caresses the face
Lips in prayer wipe away tears
Warmth channels silent melodies
Coolness of satisfaction is received
Now only smiles wrap the heart
Binding, reminding without promises
Invaluable moments, we love each other
Touching the beginning of a story
In the depths of darkness

II. Song for a Youth

The valley of the heart is immeasurable deep,
Golden gems glisten within.
Holy scriptures flirt with the blue sky,
Seeking eternal smiles.
Cool winds always blow,
Songs from afar lament to the beloved.

The current of passion no longer rages,
Doubts complain of longing.
Expressions of lingering impressions,
Take pride in the awareness
Of pure love.
Though joyful laughter has long perished,
Blessings in prayers become free.
Golden gems lose their meaning,
The waves of feelings will soon turn silent.

III. Nocturne

The night is cool,
In the moonlit sky, it smiles,
Witnessing lovers
Embracing,
With hearts engulfed in love.
In a perfect atmosphere,
Happiness has been frozen in time,
Chasing after reality constantly,
Tomorrow's provisions are only hopes.

ALICE CAHYA PUTRI



Alice is an Indonesian soprano who actively performs in recitals, concerts, operas, festivals, and musicals across Europe and Asia. Her recent engagements include performances with The Opera People and Red Dot Baroque in the role of Dido, VOICES festivals at Esplanade, appearances in the Bach Cantatas Series conducted by Masaaki Suzuki, and collaborations with renowned pianist Roger Vignoles in the Cantiamo series. In Europe, Alice made her debut as Susanna in *Le Nozze di Figaro* under the guidance of Kocsár Balázs, the principal music director of the Hungarian State Opera House, and also in *KMD Dubrovnik*, Croatia.

Notably, Alice achieved significant accomplishments, reaching the semi-finals of the International Hans Gabor Belvedere Singing Competition 2022 in Latvia, securing the 2nd place in the 4th category of the 9th International Singing Competition Lav Mirski in Croatia, achieving the second position in the Tembang Puitik Ananda Sukarlan 2021 in Indonesia, and earning the 3rd place in the voice category of the 2019 Conservatory Concerto Competition in Singapore. Additionally, she performed as a soloist in the *Tunjukkan Matahari Terbenam di Timur* concert, sponsored by the Ministry of Education and Culture of the Republic of Indonesia, premiering Indonesian art songs composed by Ananda Sukarlan, based on the late Umbu Landu Paranggi's poetry.

Born in Jakarta, Alice's passion for music led her to Singapore in 2016, where she pursued a bachelor's degree in voice at Yong Siew Toh Conservatory of Music, National University of Singapore, under the guidance of Professor Alan Bennett, on a full scholarship. Subsequently, she was awarded a full scholarship by Stipendium Hungaricum to continue her studies, earning a Master's degree in Opera Singing from the University of Pécs, Hungary, under the guidance of Katalin Károlyi.

CINDY HONANTA



Mezzo-soprano Cindy Honanta discovered her passion for singing at the age of three when she burst out her rendition of “Reflection” (from Disney’s film Mulan) right in living room of her childhood house.

Since then, she went on to complete her Bachelor of Music (Highest Distinction) in Voice Performance at the Yong Siew Toh Conservatory of Music (YST), Singapore. She is immensely grateful for the mentorship of Professor Alan Bennett, who guided her journey in voice performance. In 2019, she clinched the first prize in the YST Conservatory Concerto Competition (Voice Category). Notably, she was selected to attend a prestigious exchange program at the Royal Conservatory The Hague in the Netherlands, where she had the privilege to study under the renowned Gerda van Zelm.

At the age of 23, Cindy made her operatic debut as Bianca in Britten’s The Rape of Lucretia with The Opera People. Her performance in Bach’s St. John Passion with YST and Red Dot Baroque was raved by The Straits Times as “A particularly moving moment came... with alto Cindy Honanta’s sublime aria, Es Ist Vollbracht!” Her recent operatic roles include Divinity in Richard Mills’ The Butterfly Lovers (with Wild Rice) and Teresa in Bellini’s La Sonnambula (with The Opera People). As a choir member, she has sung with Choralimus Chamber Choir and the a cappella ensemble Chroma.

MERVYN LEE



Singaporean pianist and Young Steinway Artist Mervyn Lee gave his first public performance at the age of ten during the “Steinway #1” Roadshow held at the Yong Siew Toh Conservatory of Music, making his debut a year later as soloist for the President's Young Performers Concert performing with the Singapore Symphony Orchestra.

Under the guidance of Prof. Thomas Hecht, his outstanding performance of Mendelssohn’s Piano Concerto No. 2 in D Minor earned him Second Prize in the Conservatory’s 2014 Concerto Competition and he was subsequently engaged to perform the work with the Artsakh State Chamber Orchestra at the Tnjre International Festival of Young Musicians held in the Republic of Artsakh. He later became the First Prize winner and Grand Finalist of the 2015 Yong Siew Toh Conservatory Concerto Competition, and also took part in the 2015 National Piano and Violin Competition, achieving First Place in the piano senior category.

Mervyn has worked with renowned musical figures such as Gabor Takács-Nagy, and Masaaki Suzuki, and has also performed for artists such as Steven Hough, Julian Martin and Christian Blackshaw. He is currently pursuing his studies at the Manhattan School of Music under the tutelage of Dr. Marc Silverman.

KOH KAI JIE



Praised for the “quality of playing [he] drew from the orchestra and [his] insightful interpretation” by music critic Dr Marc Rochester, Koh Kai Jie is an emerging Singaporean conductor and pianist. Most recently in July 2023, he had the opportunity to conduct the Singapore Symphony Orchestra as part of the SSO Conducting Workshop. A graduate of the Yong Siew Toh (YST) Conservatory of Music, National University of Singapore, Kai Jie worked closely with YST Conservatory ensembles, having conducted the YST Conservatory Orchestra and OpusNovus in concert on numerous occasions. In March 2023, he served as Music Director to a musical production of *The Fantasticks* staged by the conservatory voice department. Having a keen interest in the performance and interpretation of local new music, Kai Jie also conducted numerous new works by Singaporean composers in concert. Most notably, he conducted Chen Zhangyi’s chamber opera *Kampung Spirit* as part of the YST Voyage Festival in 2022.

An accomplished pianist, Kai Jie attained the first prize in the YST Conservatory Concerto Competition (Piano Category) in 2020, as well as the second prize in the National Piano and Violin Competition (Senior Category) in 2013. In 2022, Kai Jie performed as soloist in the Mozart Piano Concerto No. 17 with a chamber orchestra comprising YST musicians, leading the orchestra from the piano. Kai Jie is also an avid collaborator on the piano, having served as rehearsal pianist for numerous productions, most recently in Haydn’s *Die Schöpfung* performed by the YST Orchestral Institute in April 2023.

At YST Conservatory, Kai Jie attained the Master of Music in Conducting, as well as the Bachelor of Music (Honours) with Highest Distinction in Piano Performance, studying with conductor Jason Lai and pianist Albert Tiu. In addition, he has also received guidance in masterclasses from prominent conductors Jukka-Pekka Saraste, Andrew Litton, Otto Tausk, Douglas Bostock, Jac van Steen and Colin Metters, as well as pianists Daejin Kim and Noriko Ogawa.