



YST

Yong Siew Toh
Conservatory
of Music

To Love and Lass

A senior recital by

Zoe Hong Yee Huay
Mezzo-soprano

Ashley Chua Kai Qian
Pianist

29 April 2024

3:00pm at

YST Concert Hall



Programme

I: La Poursuit de l'amour (The Pursuit of Love)

L'amour est un oiseau rebelle
Pres des remparts de Seville
Je Te Veux

Georges Bizet
Georges Bizet
Erik Satie

II: Die neue Liebe (The New Love)

Ständchen
Meine Liebe ist grün
Liebst du um Schönheit
Du Ring an meinem Finger
Helft mir ihr Schwestern

Franz Schubert
Johannes Brahms
Clara Schumann
Robert Schumann
Robert Schumann

III: Contentment

When Stars are in the Quiet Skies
Tired
Casa Guidi
In Haven
The Sigh

Charles Ives
Ralph Vaughn-Williams
Dominick Argento
Edward Elgar
Gerald Finzi

IV: утраченная любовь (Lost Love)

Тебя такь любить всь
Вчера мы встретились
О, нить, молю, не уходи!
В молчаньи ночи тайной

Sergei Rachmaninoff
Sergei Rachmaninoff
Sergei Rachmaninoff
Sergei Rachmaninoff

The title is framed by four ornate, gold-colored floral corner decorations. Each decoration features intricate scrollwork, leaves, and small flowers, extending from the corners towards the center of the text.

La
Poursuit
de l'amour

The pursuit of love

La poursuit de l'amour

The pursuit of love

The first step to falling in love: the pursuit. This set is all about the thrill of the chase, captured in the charming and romantic music of the following French composers.

Georges Bizet (1838-1875) was a French composer in the Romantic era and was best known for his operas. Bizet's *Carmen* is one of the most beloved works in opera, renowned for its vivid portrayal of passion, desire, and fate centered around the enigmatic and alluring *Carmen*.

L'amour est un oiseau rebelle is the quintessential *Carmen* aria, where she muses on the nature of love: that it is ultimately untamable. The music is written around a Habañera rhythm eluding to a sensual and playful mood.

Pres des remparts de Seville occurs after *Carmen* was arrested for fighting another girl in the cigarette factory where she works. She sings this song to her captor, Don Jose, in the hopes of convincing him to set her free. The music takes the form of a Seguidilla, a Spanish fast-paced, triple meter folk dance.

Rounding off this set is *Je Te Veux* by French composer Erik Satie (1866-1925). The piece, originally composed as a work for solo piano, was re-composed into a sung waltz with lyrics by French poet Henry Pacory, resulting in this sensual and cabaret-like song.

L'amour est un oiseau rebelle

from Carmen
Georges Bizet

Quand je vous aimerai?
Ma foi, je ne sais pas,
peut-être jamais, peut-être demain.
Mais pas aujourd'hui, c'est certain!

When will I love you?
Good Lord, I do not know,
perhaps never, perhaps tomorrow,
but not today, that's certain!

L'amour est un oiseau rebelle
que nul ne peut apprivoiser,
et c'est bien en vain qu'on l'appelle
s'il lui convient de refuser.
Rien n'y fait; menace ou prière,
l'un parle bien, l'autre se tait;
Et c'est l'autre que je préfère,
il n'a rien dit, mais il me plaît.

Love is a rebellious bird
that no one can tame,
and it is in vain that it is called
if it agrees to refuse.
Nothing works; threat or prayer,
one speaks well, the other is silent;
and that's the other one I prefer,
he did not say anything, but I like him.

L'amour est enfant de Bohème,
il n'a jamais, jamais connu de loi;
Si tu ne m'aimes pas, je t'aime;
Mais si je t'aime,
prends garde à toi!

Love is Bohemian child,
he never, never knew a law;
If you do not love me, I love you;
If I love you,
then watch out!

L'oiseau que tu croyais surprendre
battit de l'aile et s'envola,
l'amour est loin, tu peux l'attendre
tu ne l'attends plus ... il est là!
Tout autour de toi, vite, vite,
il vient, s'en va, puis il revient,
tu crois le tenir, il t'évite,
tu crois l'éviter, il te tient.

The bird that you thought surprised
bat its wings and flew away,
love is far away, you can wait for it
but when you do not expect it, there it is!
All around you, faster and faster,
it comes, goes, then comes back,
you think you're holding him, it avoids you,
you think you're avoiding him, it holds you.

L'amour est enfant de Bohème,
il n'a jamais connu de loi;
Si tu ne m'aimes pas, je t'aime;
Mais si je t'aime,
prends garde à toi!

Love is Bohemian child,
it never knew a law;
If you do not love me, I love you;
If I love you,
then watch out!

Pres des remparts de Seville

from Carmen

Georges Bizet

Près des remparts de Séville,
chez mon ami Lillas Pastia,
j'irai danser la séguedille
et boire du Manzanilla!
J'irai chez mon ami Lillas Pastia.

Oui, mais toute seule on s'ennuie,
et les vrais plaisirs sont à deux.
Donc pour me tenir compagnie,
j'emmènerai mon amoureux.
Mon amoureux! ... Il est au diable,
je l'ai mis à la porte hier.

Mon pauvre coeur très consolable,
mon coeur est libre comme l'air.
J'ai des galants à la douzaine,
mais ils ne sont pas à mon gré;
Voici la fin de la semaine,
qui veut m'aimer je l'aimerai.
Qui veut mon âme ... elle est à prendre.
Vous arrivez au bon moment,
je n'ai guère le temps d'attendre,
car avec mon nouvel amant...

Près des remparts de Séville.
chez mon ami Lillas Pastia,
nous danseront la séguedille
et boiront du Manzanilla!

Near the ramparts of Seville,
at my friend Lillas Pastia's,
I will dance the seguidilla
and drink Manzanilla!

I'll go to my friend Lillas Pastia's house.

Yes, but all alone is boring,
and the real pleasures are two.
So, to keep me company,
I will take my lover along.
My lover! ... He is at odds,
I kicked him out yesterday.

My poor heart very consolable,
my heart is free as the air.
I have gallants at the dozen,
but they are not to my liking;
Here is the end of the week,
who wants to love me I will love him.
Who wants my soul ... she is to take.
You arrive at the right moment,
I do not have time to wait,
because with my new lover...

Near the walls of Seville.
at my friend Lillas Pastia's,
we will dance the seguidilla
and drink Manzanilla!

Je te Veux

Erik Satie

J'ai compris ta détresse,
cher amoureux,
et je cède à tes vœux:
Fais de moi ta maîtresse.
Loin de nous la sagesse,
plus de tristesse,
j'aspire à l'instant précieux
où nous serons heureux:
Je te veux.

Je n'ai pas de regrets,
et je n'ai qu'une envie:
Près de toi, là, tout près,
vivre toute ma vie.
Que mon cœur soit le tien
et ta lèvre la mienne,
que ton corps soit le mien,
et que toute ma chair soit tienne.

Oui, je vois dans tes yeux
la divine promesse
que ton cœur amoureux
vient chercher ma caresse.
Enlacés pour toujours,
brûlés des mêmes flammes,
dans des rêves d'amours,
nous échangerons nos deux âmes.

I've understood your distress,
dear lover,
and yield to your desires:
Make of me your mistress.
Let's throw discretion,
and sadness to the winds,
I long for the precious moment
when we shall be happy:
I want you.

I have no regrets,
and only one desire:
Close, very close by you,
to live my whole life long.
Let my heart be yours
and your lips mine,
let your body be mine,
and all my flesh yours.

Yes, I see in your eyes
the exquisite promise
that your loving heart
is seeking my caress.
Entwined for ever,
consumed by the same desire,
in dreams of love
we'll exchange our souls.



Die
Neue
Liebe

The new love

Die neue Liebe

The New Love

Following the success in the pursuit of love, in this set, we experience the excitement of a newfound love through the music of some of the greatest Lieder composers of the German/ Austrian Romantic era.

Franz Schubert (1797-1828) was a 19th-century Austrian composer well-known for his substantial output for music, particularly in Lieder. Schubert's *Ständchen* paints the romantic scene of serenading one's beloved beneath the moonlit sky.

Clara Schumann (1819-1896) was a German composer and one of the most distinguished pianists of her time. The song *Liebst du um Schönheit* reflects on the deeper, enduring qualities of love beyond beauty, youth, and riches.

Next is *Meine Liebe ist grün* by Johannes Brahms (1833-1897), a German composer and pianist celebrated for his ability to blend classical traditions with innovative harmonic language and expressive depth. The song is an exhilarating declaration of love with its rich, sweeping piano accompaniment.

Ending this set are two songs from "*Frauenliebe und -leben*" (A Woman's Love and Life) by Robert Schumann (1810-1856). *Du Ring an Meinem Finger* is an expression of devotion and commitment, celebrating a union represented by the ring on her finger.

From the same cycle and ending this set is *Helft mir, ihr Schwestern*. In this song, a woman, filled with excitement and anticipation, seeks the advice and help from her sisters to prepare for her wedding, bidding them farewell before walking down the aisle.

Ständchen

from Schwanengesang
Franz Schubert

Leise flehen meine Lieder
durch die Nacht zu Dir;
In den stillen Hain hernieder,
liebchen, komm' zu mir!

Softly my songs plead
through the night to you;
Down into the silent grove,
beloved, come to me!

Flüsternd schlanke Wipfel rauschen
in des Mondes Licht;
Des Verräters feindlich Lauschen
fürchte, Holde, nicht.

Slender treetops whisper and rustle
in the moonlight;
my darling, do not fear
that the hostile betrayer will overhear us.

Hörst die Nachtigallen schlagen?
Ach! sie flehen Dich,
mit der Töne süßen Klagen
flehen sie für mich.

Do you not hear the nightingales call?
Ah, they are imploring you,
with their sweet, plaintive songs
they are imploring for me.

Sie verstehn des Busens Sehnen,
kennen Liebesschmerz,
rühren mit den Silbertönen
jedes weiche Herz.

They understand the heart's yearning,
they know the pain of love,
with their silvery notes
they touch every tender heart.

Lass auch Dir die Brust bewegen,
liebchen, höre mich!
Bebend harr' ich Dir entgegen!
Komm', beglücke mich!

Let your heart, too, be moved,
beloved, hear me!
Trembling, I await you!
Come, make me happy!

Liebst du um Schönheit

from Zwölf Gedichte aus "Liebesfrühling"

Clara Schumann

Liebst du um Schönheit,
o nicht mich liebe!
Liebe die Sonne,
sie trägt ein gold'nes Haar!

If you love for beauty,
do not love me!
Love the sun,
who has golden hair!

Liebst du um Jugend,
o nicht mich liebe!
Liebe den Frühling,
der jung ist jedes Jahr!

If you love for youth,
do not love me!
Love the springtime,
who is young each year!

Liebst du um Schätze,
o nicht mich liebe!
Liebe die Meerfrau,
sie hat viel Perlen klar!

If you love for riches,
Do not love me!
Love the mermaid,
who has many shining pearls!

Liebst du um Liebe,
o ja, mich liebe!
Liebe mich immer,
dich lieb' ich immerdar!

If you love for love,
oh yes, love me!
Love me always,
I shall love you forever!

Meine Liebe ist grün

from 9 Lieder und Gesänge, Op.63

Johannes Brahms

Meine Liebe ist grün
wie der Fliederbusch
und mein Lieb ist schön
wie die Sonne;

Sie glänzt wohl herab
auf den Fliederbusch

und füllt ihn mit Duft und mit Wonne. and fills it with fragrance and wonder.

My love is as green
as the lilac bush
and my sweetheart is
as fair as the sun;
The sun shines down
on the lilac bush

Meine Seele hat
schwingen der Nachtigall
und wiegt sich in
blühendem Flieder,
und jauchzet und singet
vom Duft berauscht
viel liebestrunkene Lieder.

My soul has
a nightingale's wings
and sways in
the blossoming lilac,
drunk with fragrance,
exults and sings
Many love-drunk songs.

Du Ring an meinem Finger

from Frauenliebe und Leben, Op.42

Robert Schumann

Du Ring an meinem Finger,
ein goldenes Ringelein,
ich drücke dich fromm an die Lippen,
dich fromm an das Herze mein.

You ring on my finger,
my golden little ring,
I press you devoutly to my lips,
and to my heart.

Ich hatt ihn ausgeträumet,
der Kindheit friedlich schönen Traum,
ich fand allein mich, verloren
im öden, unendlichen Raum.

I had finished dreaming,
childhood's peaceful dream,
I found myself alone, forlorn
in boundless desolation.

Du Ring an meinem Finger
da hast du mich erst belehrt,
hast meinem Blick erschlossen
des Lebens unendlichen, tiefen Wert.

You ring on my finger,
you first taught me,
opened my eyes
to life's deep, eternal worth.

Ich will ihm dienen, ihm leben,
ihm angehören ganz,
hin selber mich geben und finden
verklärt mich in seinem Glanz.

I shall serve him, live for him,
belong to him wholly,
yield to him and find
myself transfigured in his light.

Du Ring an meinem Finger,
mein goldenes Ringelein,
ich drücke dich fromm an die Lippen,
dich fromm an das Herze mein.

You ring on my finger,
my golden little ring,
I press you devoutly to my lips,
and to my heart.

Helft mir, ihr Schwestern

from Frauenliebe und Leben, Op.42

Robert Schumann

Helft mir, ihr Schwestern,
freundlich mich schmücken,
dient der Glücklichen heute mir,
windet geschäftig
mir um die Stirne
noch der blühenden Myrte Zier.

Help me, sisters,
with my bridal attire,
serve me today in my joy,
busily braid
about my brow
the wreath of blossoming myrtle.

Als ich befriedigt,
freudigen Herzens,
sonst dem Geliebten im Arme lag,
immer noch rief er,
sehnsucht im Herzen,
ungeduldig den heutigen Tag.

When with contentment,
and joy in my heart
I lay in my beloved's arms,
he still called,
with a longing heart,
impatiently for this day.

Helft mir, ihr Schwestern,
helft mir verscheuchen
eine törichte Bangigkeit,
dass ich mit klarem
aug ihn empfangen,
ihn, die Quelle der Freudigkeit.

Help me, sisters,
help me banish
a foolish fearfulness,
So that I with bright eyes
may receive him,
the source of all my joy.

Bist, mein Geliebter,
du mir erschienen,
giebst du mir, Sonne, deinen Schein?
lass mich in Andacht,
lass mich in Demut,
lass mich verneigen dem Herren mein.

Have you, my love,
really entered my life,
do you, O sun, give me your glow?
Let me in reverence,
let me in humility,
bow before my lord.

Streuet ihm, Schwestern,
streuet ihm Blumen,
bringet ihm knospende Rosen dar,
aber euch, Schwestern,
grüss ich mit Wehmut,
freudig scheidend aus eurer Schar.

Scatter flowers, O sisters,
scatter flowers before him,
bring him budding roses,
but you, sisters,
I greet with sadness,
as I joyfully take leave of you.

The page features four ornate, gold-colored floral corner ornaments. Each ornament is a complex, symmetrical design with swirling vines, leaves, and small flowers, positioned in the corners of the page to frame the central text.

Contentment

Contentment

Past the initial excitement of love, this set illustrates the feelings of contentment and calm bliss, where love is no longer put on a pedestal, but rather, kept somewhere closer to the heart.

Starting off the set is Edward Elgar's *In Haven*. Edward Elgar (1857-1934) was an English composer renowned for his significant contributions to Romantic and 20th-century music. *In Haven* is the second song from his cycle "Sea Pictures" and describes the comfort and power of love: a haven from the tumultuous tides of life.

When Stars are in the Quiet Skies is by another American composer Charles Ives (1874-1954), known for his innovative and experimental approach to music. This song depicts longing for the comfort of a lover when gazing at the stars.

Dominick Argento (1927-2019) was an American composer remembered for his significant contributions to contemporary classical music. *Casa Guidi* is the first song in the song cycle with the same name and the song is based on the letters of poet Elizabeth Barrett Browning to her sister describing her new home with her husband in Florence.

Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958) was an English composer and conductor who played a significant role in the revival of British music in the early 20th century. The song *Tired*, the second song from his cycle *Four Last Songs*, captures the restful solace of winding down by the fireside with a lover.

Ending this set is Gerald Finzi's *The Sigh*. Gerald Finzi (1901-1956) was an English composer known for his lyrical and melodic style, often drawing inspiration from English poetry and literature. *The Sigh* is a recollection of a long and loving relationship where the singer wonders, even after years and years, why their lover sighed when they first kiss.

When Stars are in the Quiet Skies

Charles Ives

When stars are in the quiet skies
then most I long for thee;
O bend on me then thy tender eyes
as stars look down upon the peaceful sea.
For thoughts, like waves that glide by night
are stillest when they shine;
All my love lies hush'd in light
beneath the heaven of thine.

There is an hour when holy dreams
through slumber fairest glide;
And in that mystic hour it seems
thou shouldst be ever at my side.
The thoughts of thee too sacred are
for daylight's common beam:
I can but know thee as my star
my guiding star, my angel and my dream.

Tired

from Four Last Songs

Ralph
Vaughn Williams

Sleep, and I'll be still as another sleeper
holding you in my arms.
Glad that you lie so near at last.
This sheltering midnight
is our meeting place.
No passion or despair or hope
divide me from your side.
I shall remember
firelight on your sleeping face.
I shall remember
shadows growing deeper
as the fire fell to ashes
and the minutes passed.

Casa Guidi

from Casa Guidi

Dominick Argento

We more and more like our new apartment.
When I am tired of the sofa we go out on our terrace,
where there is just room for two to walk –
Walk back and forward till the moon rises!
And the moon rises beautifully!
And drops down the grey walls of San Felice.
We are getting on slowly
in the furnishing department.
Robert wants a ducal bed for my room
– all gilding and carving.
I persuaded him to get a piano instead.
We have had an illumination throughout the city –
And you in England can't guess how beautiful
a Florentine illumination is!
The Pitti Palace opposite us was drawn out in fire!
You would have thought that all the stars
out of Heaven had fallen into the piazza.
Sometimes he says to me:
“Now, Ba, wouldn't it have been wrong
if we two had not married?”
I do love this house – there's the truth –
“Like a room in a novel,”
this room has been called.

Closely let me hold thy hand,
storms are sweeping sea and land;
Love alone will stand.

Closely cling, for waves beat fast,
foam-flakes cloud the hurrying blast;
Love alone will last.

Kiss my lips, and softly say:
'Joy, sea-swept, may fade to-day;
Love alone will stay.'

In Haven

from Sea Pictures, Op. 37

Edward Elgar

The Sigh

from A Young Man's Exhortation, Op.14

Gerald Finzi

Little head against my shoulder,
shy at first, then somewhat bolder,
and up-eyed;

Till she, with a timid quaver,
yielded to the kiss I gave her;

But, she sighed.

That there mingled with her feeling
some sad thought she was concealing
it implied.

Not that she had ceased to love me,
none on earth she set above me;

But she sighed.

She could not disguise a passion,
dread, or doubt, in weakest fashion
if she tried:

Nothing seemed to hold us sundered,
hearts were victors; so I wondered
why she sighed.

Afterwards I knew her thoroughly,
and she loved me staunchly, truly,
till she died;

But she never made confession
why, at that first sweet concession,
she had sighed.

It was in our May, remember;
and though now I near November
and abide
till my appointed change, unfretting,
sometimes I sit half regretting
that she sighed.



утраченная
ЛЮБОВЬ

The Loss of Love

утраченная любовь

The Loss of Love

As things come to an end in love, this set portrays the loss of love through the works of the late Romantic Russian composer Sergei Rachmaninoff (1873-1923), whose music is characterised by its rich harmonic language and beautiful melodic narratives.

Тебя так любят все! (How everyone loves you!) starts off the set, questioning a lover who despite being loved and cherished still feels undeserving of the beautiful things life has to offer.

Вчера мы встретились (When yesterday we met) delves into the memories of the final moments spent with a lover, with many things left unsaid.

О нет, молю, не уходи! (Oh no, my love, forsake me not!) shows the desperation in pleading for a lover to stay, even if it causes further torment.

Ending off the recital, **в молчаньи ночи тайной** (In the silence of the night) is about wanting to forget a lost love but ultimately still being haunted by all its beautiful memories.

Тебя так любят все!

Op. 12, no. 6

Sergei Rachmaninoff

Тебя так любят все!
Один твой тихий вид
Всех делает добрей
и с жизнью мирит.
Но ты грустна;
в тебе есть скрытое мученье,
В душе твоей звучит
какой-то приговор;
Зачем твой ласковый
всегда так робок взор,
И очи грустные
так молят о прощенье,
Как будто солнца свет,
и вешние цветы,
И тень в полдневный зной,
и шепот по дубравам,
И даже воздух тот,
которым дышишь ты,
Все кажется тебе
стяжанием неправым?

How everyone loves you!
Just your calm appearance
makes everyone feel kinder
and reconciles them to life.
But you are sad;
as if you harboured some secret torment,
as if some dire foreboding
reverberated in your heart;
Why is your gentle gaze
always so timid?
And why do your sad eyes
so seem to be asking for forgiveness,
as if the sunlight,
and the flowers of spring
and shade in the noonday heat,
and the rusting of the oak groves,
and even the air,
that which you breathe,
all seemed to you
to be undeserved?

Вчера мы встретились

Op. 26, no.13

Sergei Rachmaninoff

Вчера мы встретились;
она остановилась.
Я также -
мы в глаза друг другу посмотрели.
О боже,
как она с тех пор переменилась;
В глазах потух огонь,
и щеки побледнели...
И долго на нее глядел
я молча строго...
Мне руку протянув
бедняжка улыбнулась;
Я говорить хотел -
она же ради бога,
Велела мне молчать,
и тут же отвернулась,
И брови сдвинула,
и выдернула руку,
И молвила:
"Прощайте, до свиданья",
А я хотел сказать:
"На вечную разлуку
Прощай, погибшее,
но милое созданье".

When yesterday we met,
she stopped,
I did too -
We looked into each other's eyes.
Oh, God!
How she has changed since then.
The fire in her eyes had gone out,
and her cheeks were pale.
For a long time
I gazed at her in stern silence.
Extending her hand to me,
the poor thing smiled.
I was about to speak-
when she, imploring,
pleaded me to be silent,
quickly turned away,
knitted her brows,
drew back her hand
and uttered:
"Farewell, goodbye."
And I wanted to say to her,
"Farewell for all time,
you fallen,
but dear creature."

О нет, молю, не уходи!

Op. 2, no. 1

Sergei Rachmaninoff

О нет, молю, не уходи!
Вся боль —
ничто перед разлукой.
Я слишком счастлив
этой мукой,
Сильней прижми
меня к груди,
Скажи: «Люблю».
Пришел я вновь,
Больной, измученный и бледный.
Смотри, какой я слабый, бедный,
Как мне нужна твоя любовь...
Мучений новых впереди
Я жду, как ласк,
как поцелуя,
И об одном молю,
тоскуя:
О, будь со мной, не уходи!
О, будь со мной, не уходи!

Oh no, I beg you, do not leave me!
All the pain-
is meaningless in the face of parting.
I am too happy
with my misery,
press me harder
to your bosom,
tell me you love me.
Once again I come to you,
sick, exhausted and pale.
Look, how weak and wretched I am,
how much I need your love...
For new torments ahead,
I await them like caresses,
like a kiss,
and I make but one request,
in sadness:
Oh no, I beg you, do not leave me!
Oh no, I beg you, do not leave me!

В молчаньи ночи тайной

Op. 2, no. 2

Sergei Rachmaninoff

О, долго буду я,
в молчаньи ночи тайной,
Коварный лепет твой,
улыбку, взор случайный,
Перстам послушную
волос густую прядь
Из мыслей изгонять
и снова призывать;
Шептать и поправлять
былые выраженья
Речей моих с тобой,
исполненных смущенья,
И в опьянении,
наперекор уму,
Заветным именем
будить ночную тьму.

Oh, long will I,
in the silence of the night,
your guileful utterances,
smiles, your chanced looks,
your heavy plait of hair,
so obedient to my fingers,
driven away from my thoughts,
only to be summoned anew;
To whisper and amend
expressions in the past
of conversations with you,
so laden with shyness,
and, as if intoxicated,
despite my better judgement,
by your cherished name,
I call upon the darkness of the night.

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. 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 as a chorister and soloist in various performances, competitions and exchanges. Recently, Zoe has performed as a cast member in the Asian premier of the opera *Butterfly Lovers* by Richard Mills. After graduating from YST, Zoe will be continuing her studies at the Royal Conservatory of Scotland for a Masters in Performance and Pedagogy.

About the Performers

Ashley Chua Kai Qian, Pianist



Ashley Chua Kai Qian is a fourth year undergraduate at the Yong Siew Toh Conservatory of Music (YSTCM), currently pursuing a Bachelor of Music (B.Mus) with a double major in Piano Performance and Music & Society (MS). Her mentors include Mr Lim Yan, Dr Thomas Hecht and Professor Ning An. She has also benefitted from masterclasses with renowned pianists, including Sir Stephen Hough, Kun-Woo Paik, and Professor Alexander Schimpf. Ashley has participated actively in a range of concerts and competitions, placing 3rd in the Piano division of the YSTCM Concerto Competition 2022 with Poulenc's Aubade, and attaining a Special Mention in 2023 with Beethoven's Piano Concerto No. 5. In July of 2023, she was afforded the opportunity to attend the AmalfiCoast Piano Festival where she was coached by Professors James Giles, Enrico Elise, Yoshikazu Nagai, and Marina Lomozov. Most recently, she was selected as a winner of the 12th TSIPF Concerto competition, and will present Beethoven's Piano Concerto No. 5 with the Central Texas Philharmonic.