



YST
Yong Siew Toh
Conservatory
of Music

GLORIA

Beatrice Lin, piano

Simeon Yap, flute
Aw Ping Hui, trumpet

Val Chong, speaker

Senior Recital

2 MAY 2026. _4PM

CONCERT HALL, YONG SIEW TOH
CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

WORKS BY
JELLAL KOAY, CASTÉRÈDE, JØRGENSEN, BERNSTEIN, POULENC, TURRIN, FERRO

Programme

Leonard Bernstein
Simple Song
Ft. Simeon Yap - flute

Joseph Turrin
Fandango for Trombone, Trumpet & Piano
Ft. Aw Ping Hui - trumpet

Jacques Castérède
Sonatine for Trombone & Piano
I. Allegro Vivo
II. Andante Sostenuto
III. Allegro

— 15 mins intermission —

Nicola Ferro
Sunset

Jellal Koay
Lebuh Chulia for Trombone & Electronics

Axel Jørgensen
Suite, Op. 22
I. Triomphale
II. Minuet Giocoso
III. Ballade - Polonaise (Theme and Variation)
Ft. Val Chong - speaker

Francis Poulenc
Les Chemins de l'amour

Leonard Bernstein – *Simple Song*

Originally from Bernstein's *Mass*, *Simple Song* carries a sense of sincerity and devotion that I find deeply moving. I am especially drawn to how free the music feels—the constantly shifting time signatures make it sound less structured, almost as if it is speaking naturally rather than being confined by strict form.

Despite its simplicity in melody, the piece holds a strong sense of faith and belief. In this performance, the addition of flute brings a unique color to the texture. There is a moment with a short, almost twelve-tone-like phrase that I interpret as a moment of doubt — something that can arise even when one holds strong faith. Yet in the end, the piano, trombone, and flute resolve together into a clear C major, which to me feels like arriving at a sense of inner peace.

I am very grateful to have Simeon Yap joining me on flute for this piece.

Joseph Turrin – *Fandango for Trumpet and Trombone*

This piece is full of energy, rhythm, and dance-like character. *Fandango* is incredibly exciting to perform, especially in a small chamber setting where each player has a distinct and engaging role. The rhythmic interplay between trumpet and trombone can be quite complex, yet it creates a vibrant and playful conversation throughout the piece.

I am fortunate to perform this with my close friend Aw Ping Hui on trumpet. Making music together in this kind of setting brings a special joy — there is a sense of spontaneity, communication, and shared excitement that makes every moment of the performance come alive.

Jacques Castède – *Sonatine for Trombone*

Castède's *Sonatine* is one of my favorite 20th-century works for trombone. It explores the instrument's full range of possibilities — from rhythmic drive and articulation to lyrical and expressive depth.

The first and third movements are full of groove and rhythmic vitality, with constantly shifting time signatures and a wonderfully “funky” piano part that gives the music its character.

What I find most special, however, is the second movement. Instead of a typical, openly singing lyrical line, it presents something much more intimate — fragile, restrained, and deeply personal. Especially towards the end, when the trombone plays with a cup mute, the sound becomes almost like an inner voice, as if it were a quiet self-communication or unspoken thoughts. It is a moment of introspection that I find incredibly meaningful.

Nicola Ferro – *Sunset*

Sunset has a very different character — its style feels close to that of a pop song, simple and direct yet emotionally powerful. This piece reminds me of my earliest experiences with music. When I was young, my mother would often play English pop songs while going about her daily routines. I remember being deeply moved by the emotions in those songs, even before I understood why.

In many ways, this piece connects me back to those moments. I am grateful to my mother for introducing music into my life in such a natural and unintentional way — it has shaped who I am today. As this piece appears near the end of the recital, *Sunset* feels especially fitting, like a gentle reflection and closing of a journey.

Lebuh Chulia for Trombone & Electronics (2026)

The more places I travel, the more I realise that every street carries its own unique sound. Since beginning my studies in Singapore at YST in 2022, I return to Penang only occasionally, yet I find that one of the strongest feelings of “home” comes from the sounds that surround it. The noise of markets, people chatting in Hokkien, the sounds of street food being cooked and fried, the honks of cars and motorcycles, my father playing old songs on the piano without formal training but with love, and the call to prayer in the evening—all of these form a soundscape that lives deeply within me.

Because of this, I recorded these everyday sounds and had the privilege of inviting my friend, Jellal Koay, to create a piece from them—capturing a shared sense of home.”

“The sizzling metal plate in a coffee shop. The prayers that warm up the dawn sky. The uncles that debate on economy over a few bottles. The noisy motorbike exhaust that teaches the “mischievous” boy where not to place his hands. The aunties at the bazaar with their favourite songs on portable radios. That old piano that was untuned for years at grandpa’s old wooden house. Sounds which have been and possibly still are always with us, but slowly dissolves into the static noise of the ever-moving life. Yet it is no elegy where comfort now lives only in cassette tapes, but perhaps, an embrace to the child who still dreams of slowly drifting into sleep on the rattan armchair and wakes up where the morning light passes through iron squares and blooms softly over their pillow.

I write this piece to my friend Aun Guan, who I’m certain that, like many others in our generation from Malaysia, can still hear these sounds from a distant memory, yet belong somewhere in our hearts.” -- Jellal Koay

Axel Jørgensen – Suite, Op. 22

Jørgensen's *Suite* feels almost like a series of musical landscapes. Each movement paints a different scene, and together they remind me strongly of what I saw and felt during my exchange in Denmark. To deepen this sense of imagery, I have paired each movement with a poem, brought to life by Val Chong as the speaker.

The first movement evokes a dreamy summer — full of a slightly impulsive and adventurous spirit. It reminds me of the kind of life we often imagine for ourselves: free, joyful, and filled with the things we love, yet sometimes held back by reality. For this movement, I have chosen *The Lake Isle of Innisfree* by William Butler Yeats.

The second movement brings a warm and cozy atmosphere, almost like a quiet Christmas scene. There is a sense of gentle satisfaction and comfort in its character. This is paired with an extract from *Another Night Before Christmas* by Carol Ann Duffy.

The third movement is deeply emotional and reflective. To me, it feels like an autumn farewell—a moment of looking back, with falling leaves marking the passage of time. It carries the feeling of saying goodbye, or quietly reflecting at the end of a chapter. For this, I have chosen *The Road Not Taken* by Robert Frost.

Francis Poulenc – Les chemins de l'amour

This final piece is my expression of love and gratitude to everyone who has been part of my journey—my family, my friends, my teachers, and all who have made my time at YST so meaningful.

The piece begins with a more minor, nostalgic character, and to me it feels like looking back at all the precious memories I have experienced here—moments that I know I can never return to, as I prepare to say goodbye.

Yet it ends in a brighter, major tonality. This shift reflects a sense of fulfillment and gratitude. After four years at YST, I feel my heart is full—with growth, experiences, and the people I cherish. As I move forward, I carry all of this with me on the path ahead.

Poems for Jørgensens Suite, Op. 22

The Lake Isle of Innisfree

by William Butler Yeats

I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,
And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made;
Nine bean-rows will I have there, a hive for the honey-bee,
And live alone in the bee-loud glade.

And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes dropping slow,
Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the cricket sings;
There midnight's all a glimmer, and noon a purple glow,
And evening full of the linnet's wings.

I will arise and go now, for always night and day
I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore;
While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavements grey,
I hear it in the deep heart's core.

An extract from .Another night before Christmas.

by Carol Ann Duffy

On the night before Christmas, a child in a house,
As the whole family slept, behaved just like a mouse . . .
And crept on soft toes down red-carpeted stairs.
Her hand held the paw of her favourite bear.

The Christmas tree posed with its lights in its arms,
Newly tinselled and baubled with glittering charms;
Flirting in flickers of crimson and green
Against the dull glass of the mute TV screen

The hushed street was in darkness. Snow duveted the cars –
A stray cat had embroidered each roof with its paws.
An owl on an aerial had planets for eyes.
The child at the window stared up at the sky,

Where two aeroplanes sped to the east and the west,
Like a pulled Christmas cracker. The child held her breath
And looked for a sign up above, as the moon
Shone down like a gold chocolate coin on the town.

The Road Not Taken*by Robert Frost*

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,
And sorry I could not travel both
And be one traveler, long I stood
And looked down one as far as I could
To where it bent in the undergrowth;
Then took the other, as just as fair,
And having perhaps the better claim,
Because it was grassy and wanted wear;
Though as for that the passing there
Had worn them really about the same,
And both that morning equally lay
In leaves, no step had trodden black.
Oh, I kept the first for another day!
Yet knowing how way leads on to way,
I doubted if I should ever come back.
I shall be telling this with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence:
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I —
I took the one less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference.

Thank you for joining me on this journey of reflection, memory, and gratitude.

— Ong Aun Guan