



A VOICE JUNIOR RECITAL BY

JONATHAN JEDINE SANTOSO

KISAH

FEATURING SONGS BY:

WOLF, DUPARC, HOWELLS, AND LOEWE

AND STORIES BY:

MÖRIKE, LECONTE DE LISLE, DE LA MARE, FONTANE

PIANIST:

CELICIA THENDEAN & XU QILUN

MONDAY, 23 NOVEMBER 2026 | 7:30 PM

YST CONCERT HALL





Preface

"What is the meaning of life if not to share it with anyone else?"

Planning this recital from the very beginning has been an eye-opening experience, from learning how to find new songs to asking myself questions like "What is the purpose of a recital?" or "What do I want from this recital?". Well, a recital is supposed to be a place to showcase skills, and it's all about the performer, but is that what I really want?

This recital is my response to that question.

"Kisah" means "Story", and that's what this recital is all about. In this recital, I want to explore various stories, not mine, and introduce characters, both historical and fictional. This recital is not about me, it's about the wonderful (or sometimes tragic) stories that mark their name in history. Four songs, four characters, and these are their stories.

Recital Program



1 **Der Tambour**

by Henry Duparc

2 **Phidylé**

by Henry Duparc

3 **King David**

by Herbert Howells

4 **Archibald Douglas**

by Carl Loewe

Der Tambour

by Hugo Wolf

A young boy serving in the army as a drummer boy imagines what will happen if his mother is a witch. He had had enough of the living conditions in the war; he wishes his mother could use her magic to turn his drum, sword, and hat into a bowl of sauerkraut, a long sausage, and a bottle of red wine. His imagination is the only thing that makes his life in the war less harsh, but in the end it's never enough to cover his sadness.

For such a sad story, it's nice to hear how Hugo Wolf created a fun, "slightly drunk" imagination. I can imagine the piano part playing in the background of my dream, when I'm suddenly in Disneyland, eating an Indomie cup noodle while memorizing my 12-minute German song for Junior Recital the next day that I totally forgot about. Well, "There's an end to my fun!" I feel you, drummer boy.

Wenn meine Mutter hexen könnt',
Da müsst' sie mit dem Regiment
Nach Frankreich, überall mit hin, und wär
die Marketenderin.
Im Lager, wohl um Mitternacht,
wenn niemand auf ist als die Wacht,
und alles schnarchet, Ross und Mann,
vor meiner Trommel säss' ich dann:
Die Trommel müsst' eine Schüssel sein, ein
warmes Sauerkraut darein,
die Schlegel, Messer und Gabel,
eine lange Wurst mein Sabel,
Mein Tschako wär' ein Humpen gut,
den füll' ich mit Burgunderblut.
Und weil es mir ein Lichte fehlt,
Da scheint der Mond in mein Gezelt;
scheint er auch auf Franzö'sch herein
mir fällt doch meine Liebste ein:
ach weh! Jetzt hat der Spass ein End'!
Wenn nur meine Mutter Hexen könnt'!

If my mother could work magic
She'd have to go with the regiment
To France and everywhere,
And be the vivandière.
In camp, at midnight,
When no one's up save the guard,
And everybody - man and horse - is snoring,
Then I'd sit by my drum:
My drum would be a bowl,
With warm sauerkraut in it,
The sticks would be a knife and fork,
My sabre - a long sausage;
My shako would be a tankard
Filled with red Burgundy.
And because I lack light,
The moon shines into my tent;
And though it shines in French,
It still reminds me of my beloved:
Oh dear! There's an end to my fun!
- If only my mother could work magic

Phidylé

by Henry Duparc

Phidylé, sleeping under the tree, in the bright sunny day, surrounded by the scent of red flowers, yet while she's sleeping, her presence is so powerful, transforming anyone to admire her beauty and wait until she wakes up, wishing that she will give the warmest smile and best kiss. That's basically what I understand from this song.

I find Phidylé such a mysterious character. Her background story, her life, or what people said about her, I found nothing. For such a popular song, not many people talk about who Phidylé is, and maybe that's the point. For such beauty will hypnotize fear into loving someone without a thought.

L'herbe est molle au sommeil sous les frais peupliers,
Aux pentes des sources moussues,
Qui, dans les prés en fleur germant par mille issues,
Se perdent sous les noirs halliers.

Repose, ô Phidylé! Midi sur les feuillages
Rayonne, et t'invite au sommeil.
Par le trèfle et le thym, seules, en plein soleil,
Chantent les abeilles volages;

Un chaud parfum circule au détour des sentiers,
La rouge fleur des blés s'incline,
Et les oiseaux, rasant de l'aile la colline,
Cherchent l'ombre des églantiers.

The grass is soft for sleep beneath the cool poplars
On the banks of the mossy springs
That flow in flowering meadows from a thousand sources,
And vanish beneath dark thickets.

Rest, O Phidylé! Noon on the leaves
Is gleaming, inviting you to sleep.
By the clover and thyme, alone, in the bright sunlight,
The fickle bees are humming;

A warm fragrance floats about the winding paths,
The red flowers of the cornfield droop;
And the birds, skimming the hillside with their wings,
Seek the shade of the eglantine.



Mais, quand l'Astre incliné sur sa courbe éclatante,
Verra ses ardeurs s'apaiser,
Que ton plus beau sourire et ton meilleur baiser me récompensent, de l'attente!

But when the sun, low on its dazzling curve,
Sees its brilliance wane,
Let your loveliest smile and finest kiss
Reward me, for my waiting!

King David

by Herbert Howells

Biblical King David is portrayed as being full of such melancholy. While walking to his garden, he hears a nightingale in the tree, singing like any other bird, but to King David, it sounds like a sorrowful song; yet he listens to it still.

First of all, if I got a chance to go to England, the first question I'd try to answer is "is the nightingale there as common as the uwu bird?", because it seems to me that almost every English song (especially if it's depressing) will have this bird. Even a King cannot escape the sorrowfulness of the bird, which I think is the actual main character in this song. It's wonderful to hear how Howells composed this song not just as an image of the story, but to create the whole atmosphere. What a great song this is! Maybe next time I should sing something with an uwu bird inside.

King David was a sorrowful man:
No cause for his sorrow had he;
And he called for the music of the 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 garden walk by the moon alone,
A nightingale hidden in a cypress tree,
Jargoned on and on.

King David lifted his sad eyes into the dark-bough'd 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,
Harkened to the nightingale's sorrowfulness,
Till all his own was gone.

Archibald Douglas

by Carl Loewe

A ballad by Carl Loewe imagining the historical story of Archibald Douglas, a historical character from Scotland, who is one of the Douglas Family. He married the mother of the young Prince James V, whom he used for the benefit of the Douglases. When Prince James became King James V, he exiled the Douglases from Scotland as revenge. In this song, Archibald tries to ask the King to return to his homeland after suffering for 7 years. In every way, he tries to convince the King and will take no for an answer, because for him, death will be a better way.

Since the first day I listened to this song, I don't know if I can perform it, but after learning the full story, I have to perform it! It's 12 minutes full of story and drama, and yes, it feels like it never stops. How can such a dramatic and tragic story be painted in a "short" 12-minute ballad? It's a great, great song!

"Ich hab' es getragen sieben Jahr',
Und ich kann es nicht tragen mehr,
Wo immer die Welt am schönsten war,
Da war sie öd' und leer.

Ich will hintreten vor sein Gesicht
In dieser Knechtsgestalt,
Er kann meine Bitte versagen nicht,
Ich bin ja worden so alt.

Und trüg' er noch den alten Groll
Frisch wie am ersten Tag,
So komme, was da kommen soll
Und komme, was da mag!"

Graf Douglas spricht's; am Weg ein Stein
lud ihn zu harter Ruh'.
Er sah in Wald und Feld hinein;
die Augen spielten im zu.

'I have borne it for seven years,
And can bear it no longer!
Wherever the world was loveliest,
To me it was void and drear.

I shall go right up to him,
Clad in this vassal's clothes,
He cannot now refuse my plea,
For I have grown so old.

And if he still bears the ancient grudge,
Fresh as on that first day,
Then happen what must,
Then come what may.'

So spake Lord Douglas. A wayside rock
Invited him to stony rest,
He looked across at forest and field,
And his eyelids closed.

Er trug einen Harnisch, rostig und schwer
darüber ein Pilgerkleid.
Da horch, von Waldrand scholl es hier,
wie von Hörnern und Jagdgeleit,

Und Kies und Staub aufwirbelte dicht,
Her jagte Meute und Mann,
Und ehe der Graf sich aufgericht't
waren Ross und Reiter heran

König Jakob sass auf hohem Ross,
Graf Douglas grüsste tief,
dem König das Blut in die Wangen schoss,
der Douglas aber rief:

"König Jakob, schaue mich gnädig an und
höre mich in Geduld,
Was meine Brüder dir angethan,
es war nicht meine Schuld.

Denk nicht an den alten Douglas-Neid,
Der trotzig dich bekriegt,
Denk lieber an deine Kinderzeit,
Wo ich dich auf Knieen gewiegt.

Denk lieber zurück an Stirlings-Schloss,
Wo ich Spielzeug dir geschnitzt,
Dich gehoben auf deines Vaters Ross
Und Pfeile dir zugespitzt.

Denk lieber zurück an Linlithgow,
An den See und den Vogelherd,
Wo ich dich fischen und jagen froh
Und schwimmen und springen gelehrt.

O denk an alles, was einsten war,
und sänftige deinen Sinn,
ich hab' es getragen sieben Jahr',
dass ich ein Douglas bin!"

He wore a rusty and heavy armour
And over it a pilgrim's cloak. -
But hark! from the forest's edge,
There come the sounds of bugle and hunt.

Gravel and dust went whirling thick,
Huntsmen and hounds came bounding up,
And before Lord Douglas rose to his feet,
Horses and riders were by his side.

King James sat high upon his horse,
Lord Douglas bowed down low;
Blood flushed into the King's face,
Douglas, however, cried:

'King James, look on me in mercy,
And in patience hear me out,
What my brothers did to you
Was no fault of mine.

Think not of the old Douglas grudge
That defiantly wars against you,
Think rather of your childhood days
When I rocked you on my knee.

Think rather back to Stirling Castle,
Where I used to carve you toys,
Lifted you onto your father's horse
And sharpened arrows for you.

Think rather back to Linlithgow,
To the loch and the fowling-floor,
Where I taught you to fish and hunt,
And how to swim and jump.

O think of all that used to be,
And let your heart relent,
For seven years I have atoned
That is because I am a Douglas.'

"Ich seh' dich nicht, Graf Archibald,
ich hör' deine Stimme nicht,
mir ist, als ob ein Rauschen im Wald
von alten Zeiten spricht.

mir klingt das Rauschen süss und traut,
ich lausch' ihm immer noch,
dazwischen aber klingt es laut:
er ist ein Douglas doch!

Ich seh' dich nicht, ich hör' dich nicht,
das ist alles, was ich kann,
ein Douglas vor meinem Angesicht
wär' ein verlorner Mann!"

König Jakob gab seinem Ross den Sporn,
Bergan jetzt ging sein Ritt.
Graf Douglas fasste den Zügel vorn
Und hielt mit dem Könige Schritt.

Der Weg war steil, und die Sonne stach,
Und sein Panzerhemd war schwer,
Doch ob er schier zusammenbrach,
Er lief doch nebenher.

"König Jakob, ich war dein Seneschall,
Ich will es nicht fürder sein,
Ich will nur warten dein Ross im Stall
Und ihm schütten die Körner ein.

Und will ihm selber machen die Streu
Und es tränken mit eigner Hand,
Nur lass mich atmen wieder aufs neu
Die Luft im Vaterland.

Und willst du nicht, so hab' einen Muth,
und ich will es danken dir,
und zieh dein Schwert, und triff mich gut,
und lass mich sterben hier!"

'I see you not, Lord Archibald,
I do not hear your voice,
It is as though the rustling woods
Spoke to me of days gone by.

That rustling sounds sweetly in my ear,
It always has and will,
Yet all the while I hear the cry:
He is a Douglas still.

I see you not, I hear you not,
That is as much as I can do -
A Douglas who came within my sight
He were as good as dead.'

King James put spur to his horse
And rode away uphill,
Lord Douglas seized the horse's reins
And kept pace with the king.

The way was steep, the sun burned,
His mail shirt weighed him down,
But though his body almost broke,
Still he ran alongside.

'King James, I was your seneschal,
That I will be no more,
I only wish to water your horse
And pour the oats for his feed.

I myself will put out his straw
And fetch his drink with my own hand,
Only let me breathe once more
The air of my native land!

If you will not, then dare the deed,
And I shall thank you for it,
And draw your sword and strike me down
And let me perish here.'

König Jakob sprang herab vom Pferd,
hell leuchtete sein Gesicht,
aus der Scheide zog er sein breites Schwert,
aber fallen liess er es nicht:

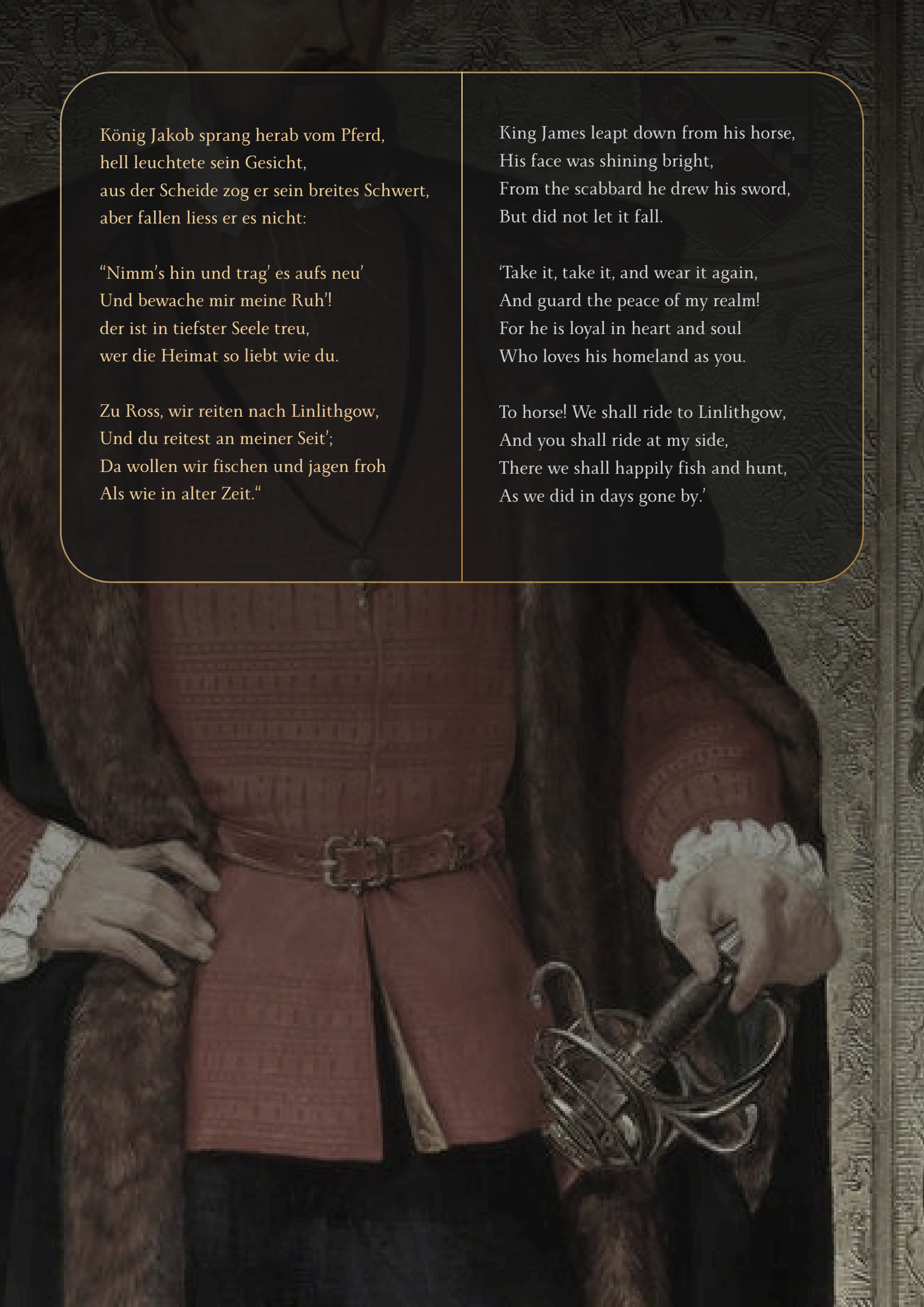
"Nimm's hin und trag' es aufs neu'
Und bewache mir meine Ruh'!
der ist in tiefster Seele treu,
wer die Heimat so liebt wie du.

Zu Ross, wir reiten nach Linlithgow,
Und du reitest an meiner Seit';
Da wollen wir fischen und jagen froh
Als wie in alter Zeit."

King James leapt down from his horse,
His face was shining bright,
From the scabbard he drew his sword,
But did not let it fall.

'Take it, take it, and wear it again,
And guard the peace of my realm!
For he is loyal in heart and soul
Who loves his homeland as you.

To horse! We shall ride to Linlithgow,
And you shall ride at my side,
There we shall happily fish and hunt,
As we did in days gone by.'



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