

A hand holding a white flower through a shattered glass pane. The background is a warm, brownish-gold color with a pattern of shattered glass fragments.

Angst

An Art Song Recital

Songs by C. Debussy, A. Goh & F. Schubert

Mahidol University
in Collaboration with The Art Song Coterie

Foreword

From Pandora's box, where all the ills of humanity swarmed, the Greeks drew out hope after all the others, as the most dreadful of all. I know no more stirring symbol; for, contrary to the general belief, hope equals resignation. And to live is not to resign oneself.

– *Summer in Algiers*, Albert Camus

It is with great pleasure that we welcome you to this special concert—an artistic reunion between soprano Joyce Lee Tung and pianist Rasikamon Siyapong, whose musical journey began in Graz, Austria, where they were brought together by a shared passion for the art song. They collaborated on a wide-ranging repertoire, including songs by Americ Goh.

This evening, years later, they reunite on stage at Mahidol University to present *Angst*—an art song recital featuring Schubert's *Four Refrainlieder*, Debussy's *Ariettes Oubliées*, and the world premiere of Americ Goh's *Seven Songs on Resignation*, the concluding cycle in his trilogy of Lawrence songs.

This programme delves into the many facets of angst—from existential doubt and romantic turmoil to the French notion of spleen, that distinct sense of melancholic weariness. Through the union of music and poetry, each work invites us to reflect on these profoundly human experiences.

We extend our heartfelt thanks to Rasikamon and Mahidol University for their generous support in bringing this concert to life. Thank you for joining us in this special evening of art song.

The Art Song Coterie
(Joyce & Americ)

31st July 2025

Programme

Franz Schubert
(1797-1828)

4 Refrainlieder D. 866 (J. G. Seidl)

- I. Die Unterscheidung
- II. Bei dir allein
- III. Die Männer sind méchant
- IV. Irdisches Glück

Americ Goh
(*1982)

7 Songs on Resignation (D. H. Lawrence)

- I. There is no way out
- II. Strife
- III. Proper Pride
- IV. But I say Unto You: Love One Another
- V. Fatigue
- VI. Sick
- VII. The Scientific Doctor

Claude Debussy
(1862-1918)

Ariettes Oubliées (P. Verlaine)

- I. C'est l'extase
- II. Il pleure dans mon Coeur
- III. L'ombres des Arbres
- IV. Chevaux de bois
- V. Green
- VI. Spleen

Composer's Notes on *7 Songs on Resignation*

7 Songs on Resignation is the culminating set of a triptych of song cycles — the first being *7 Songs on Men* and the second, *7 Songs on A Living*. Together, this grand cycle of twenty-one songs traces an introspective journey in which the composer contemplates his perspective on the mundane: his observations of humanity in our era, the uncertain purposes and means of “survivability” we adopt, and ultimately, a resignation to fate through acceptance. Each cycle is conceived as a complete, self-contained work. The selection and arrangement of texts are structured with dramatic intent and expressed through a personal musical language that is both eclectic and intuitive. While each cycle stands independently, the three can also be combined to form a larger, cohesive whole for programming purposes. All songs are set to texts by D. H. Lawrence, whose work has long fascinated the composer and inspired a consistent musical engagement—an earnest, if somewhat naive, attempt to create a “Lawrence Songbook” akin to Hugo Wolf’s *Goethe-* and *Mörike-Liederbücher*. Though penned over a century ago, Lawrence’s words resonate deeply with our contemporary sensibilities, offering gentle warnings and timeless lessons that continue to speak to each of us today.

The essence of the *7 Songs on Resignation* lies in the self’s struggle to submit — an act rendered with bittersweet realism. The cycle commences with a grim undertone in the first song *There is No Way Out*. The stark irony in the text is brought out by the recitative-like vocal lines that seemed imprisoned by the piano’s chordal “bars”. Despite its apparent despair, the song functions as a call to resistance, urging reflection and confrontation — making it a fitting prologue to the cycle. It concludes with a sneaky quotation as homage.

A distinct textural contrast marks the shift to the second song, revealed in the piano writing — two lines moving in unity, yet in tension. Rather than employing stylised text-painting of individual words, the accompaniment

offers an economical and concentrated interpretation of the poem's core. Accentual shifts, temporal counterpoint, and persistent ostinato figures all contribute to the realisation of *Strife* – a song aptly titled.

Proper Pride offers a gentle nod to tradition through its use of the “Kantionalsatz” style. Though simple in treatment and notation, the song presents interpretative challenges for the performers, requiring nuance and restraint. It stands as a personal statement from the composer – rooted in clarity, humility, and conviction.

Religious undertones are a recurring feature in Lawrence's poetry, and this is particularly evident in the fourth song, *But I Say Unto You: Love One Another*. Here, however, the tone is critical – offering a pointed retort to industrialisation and modernity. Musically, the song recalls the first in its recitative style and can be understood as a development or continuation of that opening statement.

The fifth song *Fatigue* serves as an “energetic” response to the dramatic flow thus far. The technical – and mechanical – challenges embody the composer's interpretation of the text, setting voice and piano in opposition to evoke exhaustion not only during performance but also throughout rehearsal. Serving as a structural pivot, *Fatigue* links conceptually with the second song, *Strife*, reinforcing the arc of the cycle.

Sick can be seen as the emotional climax of the cycle, embodying a resignation to circumstance. It naturally connects to the third song, serving both as reminiscence and tribute. The five-part imitative canonic treatment features the voice as the dux in the third entry, while the piano's four parts span an extensive range. The song's still and contemplative character stands in contrast to the pieces that precede and follow it.

The cycle closes with sarcasm and jest in *The Scientific Doctor*, which depicts the futile search for “treatment.” The music embraces eclecticism, blending neo-classical elements with a folk-like distortion of mannerism. Its comical character masks a secretive pastiche.

In this cycle, the texts are arranged to follow a dramatic progression: first, the bleak acceptance that *There Is No Way Out*; then the internal conflict of *Strife*, countered by the call to embrace *Proper Pride*. Yet, with pride and humility, we struggle to love those deemed “unhuman,” as urged in *But I Say Unto You: Love One Another*. This emotional turmoil leads to *Fatigue*, and ultimately, we fall *Sick*. In our desperation, we seek help—but *The Scientific Doctor* turns out to be the wrong remedy.

A structural symmetry can be observed both within *7 Songs on Resignation* and across the entire triptych. In this cycle, the first three songs correspond sequentially to the fourth, fifth, and sixth, serving as developments and expansions of the initial trio. The first song functions as a prologue, the sixth as a true epilogue, and the final song as a quasi-postlude. Notably, the fourth song also serves as a crucial link connecting to the earlier two cycles.

The first song cycle was premiered and recorded by Sophia Körber and Wong Yun Qi, while the second was premiered by Joyce Lee and Nicholas Loh. I am truly grateful and excited to have the final cycle premiered here at Mahidol University by Joyce Lee and Rasikamon Siyapong. My heartfelt thanks go to everyone involved in this journey.

To you, the listeners, so I wish: Good evening!

Composer’s notes
30th June 2025

Text & Translation

Schubert - Vier Refrainlieder

Poems by J. G. Seidl

I. Die Unterscheidung

Original Text

Die Mutter hat mich jüngst gescholten
Und vor der Liebe streng gewarnt.
„Noch jede“, sprach sie, „hat's entgolten:
Verloren ist, wen sie umgarnt!“
Drum ist es besser, wie ich meine,
Wenn keins von uns davon mehr spricht;
Ich bin zwar immer noch die Deine,
Doch lieben, Hans!
Lieben kann ich dich nicht!

Vor allem, Hans, vergiß mir nimmer,
Daß du nur mich zu lieben hast.
Mein Lächeln sei dir Lust nur immer
Und jeder Andern Lächeln Last!
Ja, um der Mutter nachzugeben,
Will ich mich, treu der Doppelpflicht,
Dir zu gefallen stets bestreben,
Doch lieben, Hans!
Lieben kann ich dich nicht!

Bei jedem Feste, das wir haben,
Soll's meine größte Wonne sein,
Flicht deine Hand des Frühlings Gaben
Zum Schmucke mir ins Mieder ein.
Beginnt der Tanz, dann ist—, wie billig,
Ein Tanz mit Gretchen deine Pflicht;
Selbst eifersüchtig werden will ich,
Doch lieben, Hans!

Translation

The mother scolded me just lately,
And warned me sternly about love.
“Each girl,” she said, “has paid for it dearly”
Whoever she ensnares is lost!”
So, I believe it's for the best
That neither of us speaks of it again;
Though still I am, in heart, your own,
But to love you, Hans!
To love you, I cannot!

Above all, Hans, never forget me,
It's me alone you're meant to love.
Let my smile bring you joy always
All others' smiles be burdensome!
Yes, to obey my mother's will,
And true to both my duties stay,
I'll strive to please you ever still,
But to love you, Hans!
To love you, I cannot!

At every party we go to,
My greatest joy will be
When your hand weaves spring flowers
To decorate my bodice.
When the dance begins, then rightly,
You must dance with Gretchen first.
I'll even let myself feel jealous,
But to love you, Hans!

Lieben kann ich dich nicht!
Und sinkt der Abend kühl hernieder,
Und ruhn wir dann, recht mild bewegt,
Halt immer mir die Hand ans Mieder,
Und fühle, wie mein Herzchen schlägt!
Und willst du mich durch Küsse lehren,
Was stumm dein Auge zu mir spricht,
Selbst das will ich dir nicht verwehren,
Doch lieben, Hans!
Lieben kann ich dich nicht!

To love you, I cannot!
And when the cool evening settles in,
And we rest, gently moved,
Always place your hand on my bodice,
And feel how my little heart beats!
And if you want to teach me with kisses
What your silent eyes are trying to say,
Even that, I won't forbid you,
But to love you, Hans!
To love you, I cannot!

II. Bei dir allein!

Bei dir allein empfind ich, daß ich lebe,
Daß Jugendmut mich schwellt,
Daß eine heitre Welt
Der Liebe mich durchbebe;
Mich freut mein Sein
Bei dir allein!

With you alone I feel that I am truly alive,
That youthful courage fills me,
That a joyful world
Of love pulses through me;
I'm glad to be myself—
With you alone!

Bei dir allein weht mir die Luft so labend,
Dünkt mich die Flur so grün,
So mild des Lenzes Blühn,
So balsamreich der Abend,
So kühl der Hain,
Bei dir allein!

With you alone, the air feels so refreshing,
The fields seem greener to me,
So gentle is spring's bloom,
So rich in balm the evening,
So cool the grove,
With you alone!

Bei dir allein verliert der Schmerz sein Herbes,
Gewinnt die Freud an Lust!
Du sicherst meine Brust
Des angestammten Erbes;
Ich fühl mich mein
Bei dir allein!

With you alone, pain loses its bitterness,
Joy grows even more delightful!
You bring peace to my heart,
Restoring my true inheritance;
I feel truly myself,
With you alone!

III. Die Männer sind mechant!

Du sagtest mir es, Mutter:
Er ist ein Springinsfeld!
Ich würd es dir nicht glauben,
Bis ich mich krank gequält!
Ja, ja, nun ist er's wirklich;
Ich hatt' ihn nur verkannt!
Du sagtest mir's, o Mutter:
„Die Männer sind méchant!“

Vorm Dorf im Busch, als gestern
Die stille Dämm'ung sank,
Da rauscht' es: „Guten Abend!“
Da rauscht' es: „Schönen Dank!“
Ich schlich hinzu, ich horchte;
Ich stand wie festgebannt:
Er war's, mit einer andern,
„Die Männer sind méchant!“

O Mutter, welche Qualen!
Es muß heraus, es muß!
Es blieb nicht bloß beim Rauschen,
Es blieb nicht bloß beim Gruß.
Vom Gruße kam's zum Kusse,
Vom Kuß zum Druck der Hand;
Vom Druck, ach, liebe Mutter!
„Die Männer sind méchant!“

You told me, Mother:
He's just a careless flirt!
I wouldn't believe you,
Not until I hurt myself sick with it!
Yes, yes, now I see it truly;
I had just misjudged him!
You told me, oh Mother:
“Men are deceitful!”

Outside the village, in the bushes,
As twilight softly fell last night,
There came a rustling: “Good evening!”
Another rustling: “Many thanks!”
I crept closer, I listened;
I stood there, frozen:
It was him, with another girl,
“Men are deceitful!”

Oh Mother, what a torment!
I have to tell you, I must!
It wasn't just small talk,
It wasn't just a greeting.
From greeting came a kiss,
From kiss, a pressing hand,
From that, oh dearest Mother!
“Men are deceitful!”

IV. Irdisches Glück

So mancher sieht mit finstrer Miene
Die weite Welt sich grollend an,
Des Lebens wunderbare Bühne
Liegt ihm vergebens aufgetan.
Da weiß ich besser mich zu nehmen,
Und fern, der Freude mich zu schämen,
Genieß ich froh den Augenblick:
Das ist denn doch gewiß ein Glück!

Um manches Herz hab ich geworben,
Doch währte mein Triumph nicht lang,
Denn Blödheit hat mir oft verdorben,
Was kaum mein Frohsinn mir errang.
Drum bin ich auch dem Netz entgangen:
Denn, weil kein Wahn mich hielt umfassen,
Kam ich von keinem auch zurück:
Und das ist doch gewiß ein Glück!

Kein Lorbeer grünte meiner Scheitel,
Mein Haupt umstrahlt' kein Ehrenglanz;
Doch ist darum mein Tun nicht eitel:
Ein stiller Dank ist auch ein Kranz!
Wem, weit entfernt von kecken Flügen,
Des Tales stille Freuden g'nügen,
Dem bangt auch nie für sein Genick:
Und das ist doch gewiß ein Glück!

Und ruft der Bot' aus jenen Reichen
Mir einst, wie allen, ernst und hohl,

Dann sag ich willig, im Entweichen,
Der schönen Erde: „Lebe wohl!“
Sei's denn, so drücken doch am Ende
Die Hand mir treue Freundeshände,
So segnet doch mich Freundesblick:
Und das ist, Brüder, doch wohl Glück!

Many a man looks with a gloomy face
Upon the wide world in resentment;
Life's wondrous stage
Seems opened to him in vain.
But I know better how to take things,
And far from being ashamed of joy,
I gladly enjoy the moment:
And that, surely, is a kind of happiness!

I've courted more than one heart,
But my triumph never lasted long,
For shyness often ruined for me
What my cheerfulness had just won.
So I escaped the net as well:
For since no delusion held me fast,
I had none to return to:
And that, surely, is a kind of happiness!

No laurel crowned my brow,
No glow of honor shone upon my head;
Yet my deeds are not in vain:
A quiet thanks is also a wreath!
Who, far from daring flights,
Is content with the valley's gentle joys,
Need never fear for his neck:
And that, surely, is a kind of happiness!

And when the herald from that realm
One day calls me, as he does all, solemn
and hollow,

I'll say willingly, in departing,
To this beautiful earth: "Farewell!"
Be it so, then at the end
Let faithful friends press my hand,
Let a friend's gaze bless me still:
And that, brothers, surely is happiness!

Americ Goh - 7 Songs on Resignation

Poems by D. H. Lawrence

I. There is No Way Out

There is no way out, we are all caged monkeys
blue-arsed with the money-bruise
and wearing our seats out sitting on money.

There is no way out, the cage has no door, it's rusted solid.

If you copulate with the finest woman on earth
there's no relief, only a moment's sullen respite.

You're a caged monkey again in five minutes.
Therefore be prepared to tackle the cage.

II. Strife

When strife is a thing of two
each knows the other in struggle
and the conflict is a communion
a twoness.

But when strife is a thing of one
a single ego striving for its own ends
and beating down resistances
then strife is evil, because it is not strife.

III. Proper Pride

Everything that lives has its own proper pride
as a columbine flower has, or even a starling walking and
looking around.

And the base things like hyenas or bed-bugs have least pride of
being,
they are humble with a creeping humility, being parasites
or carrion creatures.

IV. But I say unto you: Love one another

Oh I have loved my fellow-men –
and lived to learn they are neither fellow nor men
but machine-robots.

Oh I have loved the working class
where I was born,
and lived to see them spawn into machine-robots
in the hot-beds of the board-schools and the film.

Oh how I loved the thought of thoughtful people,
gentle and refined,
and lived to find out
that their last thought was money
and their last refinement bluff, a hate disguised,
and one trapped one's fingers in their brassy, polished works!

V. Fatigue

My soul has had a long, hard day
she is tired,
she is seeking her oblivion.

O, and in the world
there is no place for the soul to find her oblivion,
the after darkness of her peace,
for man has killed the silence of the earth
and ravished all the peaceful oblivious places
where the angels used to alight.

VI. Sick

I am sick, because I have given myself away.
I have given myself to the people when they came
so cultured, even bringing little gifts,
so they pecked a shred of my life, and flew off with a croak
of sneaking exultance.
So now I have lost too much, and am sick.

I am trying now to learn never
to give of my life to the dead,
never, not the tiniest shred.

VII. The Scientific Doctor

When I went to the scientific doctor
I realised what a lust there was in him to wreak his so-called
science on me
and reduce me to the level of a thing.
So I said: Good morning! and left him.

Debussy - Ariettes oubliées

Poems by P. Verlaine

I. C'est l'extase

Original Text

C'est l'extase langoureuse,
C'est la fatigue amoureuse,
C'est tous les frissons des bois
Parmi l'étreinte des brises,
C'est vers les ramures grises,
Le chœur des petites voix.

O le frêle et frais murmure,
Cela gazouille et susurre!
Cela ressemble au cri doux
Que l'herbe agitée expire...
Tu dirais, sous l'eau qui vire,
Le roulis sourd des cailloux.

Cette âme qui se lamente
En cette plainte dormante,
C'est la nôtre, n'est-ce pas?
La mienne, dis, et la tienne,
Dont s'exhale l'humble antienne
Par ce tiède soir, tout bas?

II. Il pleure dans mon cœur

Il pleure dans mon cœur
Comme il pleut sur la ville,
Quelle est cette langueur
Qui pénètre mon cœur?

O bruit doux de la pluie
Par terre et sur les toits!
Pour un cœur qui s'ennuie,
O le bruit de la pluie!

Il pleure sans raison
Dans ce cœur qui s'écœure.

Translation

It is the languorous ecstasy,
It is the fatigue of love,
It is all the tremblings of the woods
Amid the embrace of the breezes,
It is among the gray branches,
The chorus of little voices.

Oh, the fragile and fresh murmur,
It babbles and whispers!
It resembles the soft cry
That agitated grass exhales...
One might say, beneath turning water,
The muffled ripple of pebbles.

This soul that mourns
In this sleeping lament,
It is ours, is it not?
Mine, say, and yours,
Whose humble hymn rises
On this warm evening, so softly?

It weeps in my heart
As it rains on the town,
What is this languor
That seeps into my heart?

Oh the sweet sound of the rain
On the ground and on the roofs!
For a heart that is bored,
Oh the sound of the rain!

It weeps without reason
In this heart that feels sick.

Quoi! nulle trahison?
Ce deuil est sans raison.
C'est bien la pire peine
De ne savoir pourquoi,
Sans amour et sans haine,
Mon cœur a tant de peine.

What? No betrayal?
This grief has no reason.
It is truly the worst pain
Not to know why,
Without love and without hate,
My heart is in so much pain.

III. L'ombre des arbres

L'ombre des arbres dans la rivière
embrumée
Meurt comme de la fumée,
Tandis qu'en l'air, parmi les ramures
réelles,
Se plaignent les tourterelles.

The shadow of the trees on the misty
river
Dies away like smoke,
While in the air, among the real
branches,
The turtle doves lament.

Combien, ô voyageur, ce paysage blême
Te mira blême toi-même,
Et que tristes pleuraient dans les hautes
feuillées
Tes espérances noyées.

How often, o traveler, has this pale
landscape
Reflected you, pale as well,
And how sadly wept, in the tall foliage,
Your drowned hopes.

IV. Chevaux de bois

Tournez, tournez, bons chevaux de bois,
Tournez cent tours, tournez mille tours,
Tournez souvent et tournez toujours,
Tournez, tournez au son des hautbois.

Turn, turn, good wooden horses,
Turn a hundred turns, turn a thousand turns,
Turn often and turn always,
Turn, turn to the sound of the oboes.

L'enfant tout rouge et la mère blanche,
Le gars en noir et la fille en rose,
L'une à la chose et l'autre à la pose,
Chacun se paie un sou de dimanche.

The child all red and the mother pale,
The boy in black and the girl in pink,
One caught up in it, the other posing,
Each has his Sunday pennyworth.

Tournez, tournez, chevaux de leur cœur,
Tandis qu'autour de tous vos tournois
Clignote l'œil du filou sournois,
Tournez au son du piston vainqueur!

Turn, turn, horses of their hearts,
While all around your circling
Winks the eye of the sneaky pickpocket,
Turn to the sound of the triumphant cornet!

C'est étonnant comme ça vous soûle
D'aller ainsi dans ce cirque bête!
Rien dans le ventre et mal dans la tête

It's amazing how drunk it makes you,
To go round and round in this silly circus!
Nothing in your stomach, your head aching,

Du mal en masse et du bien en foule.
Tournez, dadas, sans qu'il soit besoin
D'user jamais de nuls éperons,
Pour commander a vos galops ronds,
Tournez, tournez, sans espoir de foin.

Et dépêchez, chevaux de leur âme,
Déjà, voici que sonne à la soupe
La nuit qui tombe et chase la troupe
De gais buveurs que leur soif affame.

Tournez, tournez! Le ciel en velours
D'astres en or se vêt lentement.
L'église tinte un glas tristement.
Tournez au son joyeux des tambours!
Tournez.

IV. Green

Voici des fruits, des fleurs, des feuilles et
des branches,
Et puis voici mon cœur qui ne bat que
pour vous.
Ne le déchirez pas avec vos deux mains
blanches,
Et qu'à vos yeux si beaux l'humble
présent soit doux.

J'arrive tout couvert encore de rosée
Que le vent du matin vient glacer à mon
front.
Souffrez que ma fatigue, à vos pieds reposée,
Rêve des chers instants qui la
délasseront.

Sur votre jeune sein laissez rouler ma tête
Toute sonore encore de vos derniers baisers;
Laissez-la s'apaisez de la bonne tempête,
Et que je dorme un peu puisque vous
reposez.

So much harm and so much fun.
Turn, little horses, without ever needing
To be goaded by any spurs,
To keep up your round gallop,
Turn, turn, with no hope of hay.

And hurry up, horses of their souls,
Already the supper bell is sounding,
Night is falling and chasing away
The jolly drinkers starved by thirst.

Turn, turn! The velvet sky
Slowly dresses in golden stars.
The church bell tolls a sad knell.
Turn to the joyful sound of drums!
Turn.

Here are some fruits, some flowers, some
leaves, and some branches,
And here, too, is my heart that beats only
for you.
Do not tear it apart with your two white
hands,
And may this humble gift be sweet to
your lovely eyes.

I arrive still covered in dew,
Which the morning wind chills on my
forehead.
Allow my weariness, resting at your feet,
To dream of the dear moments that will
soothe it.

Let my head roll upon your youthful breast,
Still echoing with your last kisses;
Let it calm itself from the sweet storm,
And let me sleep a little, since you are
resting.

V. Spleen

Les roses étaient toutes rouges,
Et les lierres étaient tout noirs.

Chère, pour peu que tu te bouges,
Renaissent tous mes désespoirs.

Le ciel était trop bleu, trop tendre,
La mer trop verte et l'air trop doux.

Je crains toujours, -- ce qu'est d'attendre!
Quelque fuite atroce de vous.

Du houx à la feuille vernie
Et du luisant buis je suis las,

Et de la campagne infinie
Et de tout, fors de vous, hélas!

The roses were all red,
And the ivy all black.

Dearest, with the slightest move from you,
All my despair is reborn.

The sky was too blue, too tender,
The sea too green and the air too sweet.

I always fear—oh, what it is to wait!
Some dreadful fleeing from you.

Of holly with its varnished leaf,
And of the shiny boxwood, I am weary,

And of the endless countryside,
And of everything—except you, alas!

Biographies

Joyce Tung Lee | Soprano



Photo Credit : Kate Bird

Soprano, Joyce Tung Lee graduated from the Nanyang Academy of Fine Arts, studying piano. At the same time, she studied voice privately with Lim Shieh Yih. Later, she graduated with Master of Arts in Voice under KS Joanna Borowska-Isser; and Masters in Concert Singing under Christine Whittlesey and Robert Heimann from the University of Music and Performing Arts Graz, Austria.

Joyce was finalist and winner of several international singing competitions, including the 2nd International Singing Competition, Maribor, Slovenia (2018) - 2nd Place (1st Prize). She was heard on several occasions

on the European radio with music ranging from the early to new music repertoire, including the premiere of Americ Goh's composition.

Joyce is also co-founder of the collective, The Art Song Coterie, which is dedicated to promoting the art song and its refined performance. Her notable concert appearances include solo performances with NAFA Orchestra, Singapore Chinese Orchestra, Singapore Symphony Orchestra, Philharmonic Winds Orchestra Singapore; and international appearances at The 14th Annual Chamber Music Festival of the Central Conservatory of Music 2023, Beijing and The 42nd Daegu International Music Festival 2023, Korea.

Her professional operatic engagements include Tonina (Salieri's *Prima la musica*), Madame Herz (Mozart's *Der Schauspieldirektor*), Frasquita (Bizet's *Carmen*), Zerlina (Mozart's *Don Giovanni* – abridged version) and Adele (J. Strauss' *Die Fledermaus*) with Singapore Lyric Opera; Queen of the Night (Mozart's *The Magic Flute*) with Kuala Lumpur City Opera; Marzelline (Beethoven's *Fidelio* – abridged version with The Opera People; Isabella (Rossini's *L'inganno felice*) with Lirica Arts; Gilda (Verdi's *Rigoletto*) with New Opera Singapore.

Currently, she is adjunct principal study lecturer for voice at University of the Arts, Nanyang Academy of Fine Arts and adjunct voice teacher at School of The Arts, Singapore.

Rasikamon Siyapong | Piano

One of the most sought-after collaborative pianists and chamber musicians in Thailand, Rasikamon Siyapong has performed extensively with vocalists and instrumentalists throughout Europe and Asia. As a pedagogue, she rejoined the faculty of Mahidol University in 2019 and also serves as a collaborative pianist.



A regular performer of many festivals and competitions, she has performed on stages in the 4th Jean-Marie Londeix competition, 4th and 6th Beethoven Competition for String Instruments in Bangkok, Summer Festival for String Instruments and

Chamber Music in Pelion and Asia Pacific Saxophone Academy. She has also collaborated with leading international vocalists and gave concerts in various European cities such as Munich, Graz, Vienna, Salzburg, Myslenice, Athens, Maribor and Lovran. Her performance with soprano, Tung Lee was broadcasted through program “Das Ö1 Konzert” in Austrian Radio in 2018.

No stranger in the field of modern music, Rasikamon performs frequently in Thailand International Composition Festival. She is a member of Contemporary Enclave, a Bangkok-based ensemble that aims to advocate contemporary music. She also appeared in „ Kaleidoskopder Zukunft in Wort und Ton“ in Badausseer Gespräche in 2018.

In 2014, she graduated from College of Music, Mahidol University majored piano performance with a first-class honor. She was a recipient of a scholarship within a framework of ASEA-Uninet and partaking her studies at Mozarteum University as an exchange student in 2014. In Summer 2019, she completed her Master Degree in vocal-accompaniment in University of Music and Performing Arts in Graz, Austria under the tutelage of Ao. Univ. Prof. Mag. art. Stacey Bartsch and Julius Drake. During her study in Graz, she was appointed as “Studentische Mitarbeiterin” and played in a class of Prof. Univ.Prof. Mag.art. Dr.phil. Ulf Bästlein.

Americ Goh | Composer



Photo Credit : Kate Bird

Americ Goh is a composer whose works have been featured on Austrian radio and performed at various international festivals. With a deep affinity for the human voice, he collaborates closely with singers and choirs, and his songs are frequently performed and featured in international art song competitions. His compositional approach emphasizes experimentation while honouring tradition and craftsmanship, striving for a balance of meaning, expression, and communication. His music often serves as a reflection on social issues and an exploration of spirituality.

Americ began his formal studies in music composition at the Nanyang Academy of Fine Arts, under the guidance of John Sharpley, Goh Toh Chai, Jennifer Tham, and Leong Yoon Pin. He later pursued advanced studies at the University of Music and Performing Arts Graz, where he studied with Gerd Kühr, Pierluigi Billone, and Peter Ablinger.

A recipient of the National Arts Council Arts Bursary (Overseas), Singapore, and the Musikförderungspreis Graz, Americ currently serves as Senior Lecturer and Programme Leader for Music Teaching and CET at the University of the Arts Singapore | NAFA. Committed to the advancement of arts education, he is dedicated to nurturing the next generation of musicians, guided by the knowledge and generosity he himself received from his mentors. He is also a co-founder of The Art Song Coterie.

The Art Song Coterie

The Art Song Coterie (TASC) is a Singapore-based collective dedicated to the performance and advocacy of the art song genre. Formerly known as *The Art Song Consortium*, TASC was founded with the vision of keeping the tradition of *Liederabend*—the intimate art song recital—relevant and compelling in modern society.

TASC curates thoughtfully programs that span centuries of repertoire, with a focus on uncovering high-quality art songs that are rarely performed. Through this approach, TASC not only broadens the scope of familiar song literature but also brings fresh interpretive insight to canonical works. The collective is committed to engaging audiences not just aurally and emotionally, but intellectually—nurturing a deeper appreciation for the richness of art song as a cultural and artistic form.

At the heart of TASC's mission is a belief in accessibility and artistic integrity. The collective strives to present inclusive, nuanced performances through programming that speak to diverse audiences across all backgrounds.

TASC has performed in Singapore and Hong Kong, and was most recently featured at *Voices – A Festival of Song 2024* presented by *The Esplanade Singapore*.

website : www.theartsongcoterie.com

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