

Yoshino Toi  
*collaborative piano*

Recital in partial fulfillment of the  
Doctor of Musical Arts degree, 2027  
Student of Pei-Shan Lee and Cameron Stowe

with  
Sydney Pexton, soprano  
Carlynn Berners, mezzo-soprano  
Junhan Choi, baritone  
Erika Rohrberg, flute  
Darwin Chang, violin  
Alexander Davis-Pegis, cello

Sunday, November 2, 2025  
8:00 p.m.  
Williams Hall

## PROGRAM

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**Karol Szymanowski**  
(1882–1937)

*Mythes, op. 30* (1915)  
La fontaine d'Arethuse  
Narcisse  
Dryades et Pan  
  
Darwin Chang, violin

**Claude Debussy**  
(1862–1918)

*Chansons de Bilitis* (1897)  
La flûte de pan  
La chevelure  
Le tombeau des Naïades  
  
Carlynn Berners, mezzo-soprano

**Guillaume Connesson**  
(b. 1970)

*Le Rire de Saraï (Sarah's laughter)* (2002)  
La plainte d'Agar  
Bénédiction de l'Alliance  
  
Erika Rohrberg, flute

*Intermission*

**Franz Schubert**

(1797–1828)

**Hugo Wolf**

(1860–1903)

**Franz Schubert**

*Ganymed, D. 544* (1817)

*Prometheus* (1889)

*Grenzen der Menschheit, D. 716* (1821)

Sydney Pexton, soprano

Junhan Choi, baritone

**Leoš Janáček**

(1854–1928)

*Pohádka (Fairy Tale), JW VII/5* (1910, rev. 1923)

Con moto

Con moto

Allegro

Alexander Davis-Pegis, cello

*I would like to thank my teachers, Pei-Shan Lee and Cameron Stowe,  
for all their guidance and mentorship,  
and all of the teachers who continuously shape the way I think and play music.*

*I'm truly grateful for my partners,  
Darwin, Carlynn, Erika, Sydney, Junhan, and Alex,  
for their artistry, inspiration, and willingness to make this program possible.*

*Thank you to all my family, friends, musical partners for coming along this journey with me!*

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the Professor Jack McDonald Dean's Scholarship Fund.*

## **La flûte de Pan**

*Pour le jour des Hyacinthies, il m'a donné une  
syrinx faite de roseaux bien taillés, unis avec la  
blanche cire qui est douce à mes lèvres comme le  
miel.*

*Il m'apprend à jouer, assise sur ses genoux; mais je  
suis un peu tremblante. Il en joue après moi, si  
doucement que je l'entends à peine.*

*Nous n'avons rien à nous dire, tant nous sommes  
près l'un de l'autre; mais nos chansons veulent se  
répondre, et tour à tour nos bouches s'unissent sur  
la flûte.*

*Il est tard; voici le chant des grenouilles vertes qui  
commence avec la nuit. Ma mère ne croira jamais  
que je suis restée si longtemps à chercher ma  
ceinture perdue.*

## **La chevelure**

*Il m'a dit: «Cette nuit, j'ai rêvé. J'avais ta chevelure  
autour de mon cou. J'avais tes cheveux comme un  
collier noir autour de ma nuque et sur ma poitrine.*

*«Je les caressais, et c'étaient les miens; et nous  
étions liés pour toujours ainsi, par la même  
chevelure la bouche sur la bouche, ainsi que deux  
lauriers n'ont souvent qu'une racine.*

*«Et peu à peu, il m'a semblé, tant nos membres  
étaient confondus, que je devenais toi-même ou que  
tu entraies en moi comme mon songe.»*

*Quand il eut achevé, il mit doucement ses mains  
sur mes épaules, et il me regarda d'un regard si  
tendre, que je baissai les yeux avec un frisson.*

## **The flute of Pan**

For Hyacinthus day he gave me a syrinx  
made of carefully cut reeds, bonded with  
white wax which tastes sweet to my lips like  
honey.

He teaches me to play, as I sit on his lap; but I  
am a little fearful. He plays it after me, so  
gently that I scarcely hear him.

We have nothing to say, so close are we one  
to another, but our songs try to answer each  
other, and our mouths join in turn on the  
flute.

It is late; here is the song of the green frogs  
that begins with the night. My mother will  
never believe I stayed out so long to look for  
my lost sash.

## **The tresses of hair**

He said to me: 'Last night I dreamed. I had  
your tresses around my neck. I had your hair  
like a black necklace all round my nape and  
over my breast.

'I caressed it and it was mine; and we were  
united thus forever by the same tresses,  
mouth on mouth, just as two laurels often  
share one root.

'And gradually it seemed to me, so inter-  
twined were our limbs, that I was becoming  
you, or you were entering into me like a  
dream.'

When he had finished, he gently set his hands  
on my shoulders and gazed at me so tenderly  
that I lowered my eyes with a shiver.

### **Le tombeau des Nâïades**

*Le long du bois couvert de givre, je marchais; mes cheveux devant ma bouche se fleurissaient de petits glaçons, et mes sandales étaient lourdes de neige fangeuse et tassée.*

*Il me dit: «Que cherches-tu?» — «Je suis la trace du satyre. Ses petits pas fourchus alternent comme des trous dans un manteau blanc.» Il me dit: «Les satyres sont morts.*

*«Les satyres et les nymphes aussi. Depuis trente ans il n'a pas fait un hiver aussi terrible. La trace que tu vois est celle d'un bouc. Mais restons ici, où est leur tombeau.»*

*Et avec le fer de sa houe il cassa la glace de la source où jadis riaient les naïades. Il prenait de grands morceaux froids, et les soulevait vers le ciel pâle, il regardait au travers.*

Pierre Louÿs

### **Ganymed**

*Wie im Morgenglanze  
Du rings mich anglühst,  
Frühling, Geliebter!  
Mit tausendfacher Liebeswonne  
Sich an mein Herz drängt  
Deiner ewigen Wärme  
Heilig Gefühl,  
Unendliche Schöne!  
Dass ich dich fassen möcht'  
In diesen Arm!*

### **The tomb of the Naiads**

Along the frost-bound wood I walked; my hair across my mouth, blossomed with tiny icicles, and my sandals were heavy with muddy, packed snow.

He said to me: 'What do you seek?' 'I follow the satyr's track. His little cloven hoof-marks alternate like holes in a white cloak.' He said to me: 'The satyrs are dead.

'The satyrs and the nymphs too. For thirty years there has not been so harsh a winter. The tracks you see are those of a goat. But let us stay here, where their tomb is.'

And with the iron head of his hoe he broke the ice of the spring, where the naiads used to laugh. He picked up some huge cold fragments, and, raising them to the pale sky, gazed through them.

*Translation © Richard Stokes, from A French Song Companion (Oxford University Press, 2000) provided courtesy of Oxford International Song Festival ([www.oxfordsong.org](http://www.oxfordsong.org))*

### **Ganymede**

How your glow envelops me  
in the morning radiance,  
spring, my beloved!  
With love's thousandfold joy  
the hallowed sensation  
of your eternal warmth  
floods my heart,  
infinite beauty!  
O that I might clasp you  
in my arms!

Ach, an deinem Busen  
Lieg' ich, schmachte,  
Und deine Blumen, dein Gras  
Drängen sich an mein Herz.  
Du kühlst den brennenden  
Durst meines Busens,  
Lieblicher Morgenwind!  
Ruft drein die Nachtigall  
Liebend mach mir aus dem Nebeltal.  
Ich komm', ich komme!  
Wohin? Ach wohin?

Hinauf! Hinauf strebt's.  
Es schweben die Wolken  
Abwärts, die Wolken  
Neigen sich der sehnenen Liebe.  
Mir! Mir!  
In euerm Schosse  
Aufwärts!  
Umfangend umfassen!  
Aufwärts an deinen Busen,  
Allliebender Vater!

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Ah, on your breast  
I lie languishing,  
and your flowers, your grass  
press close to my heart.  
You cool the burning  
thirst within my breast,  
sweet morning breeze,  
as the nightingale calls  
tenderly to me from the misty valley.  
I come, I come!  
But whither? Ah, whither?

Upwards! Strive upwards!  
The clouds drift  
down, yielding  
to yearning love,  
to me, to me!  
In your lap,  
upwards,  
embracing and embraced!  
Upwards to your bosom,  
all-loving Father!

*Translation © Richard Wigmore, from Schubert:  
The Complete Song Texts (Schirmer Books),  
provided courtesy of Oxford International Song  
Festival ([www.oxfordsong.org](http://www.oxfordsong.org))*

### **Prometheus**

Bedecke deinen Himmel, Zeus,  
Mit Wolkendunst  
Und übe, dem Knaben gleich,  
Der Disteln köpft,  
An Eichen dich und Bergeshöhen;  
Mußt mir meine Erde  
Doch lassen stehn,  
Und meine Hütte, die du nicht gebaut,  
Und meines Herd,  
Um dessen Glut  
Du mich beneidest.

Ich kenne nichts Ärmeres  
Unter der Sonn', als euch, Götter!  
Ihr nährt kümmerlich  
Von Opfersteuern  
Und Gebetshauch

Cover your heaven, Zeus,  
With cloudy vapours,  
And test your strength, like a boy  
Beheading thistles,  
On oaks and mountain peaks;  
Yet you must leave  
My earth alone,  
And my hut you did not build,  
And my hearth,  
Whose fire  
You envy me.

I know nothing more paltry  
Beneath the sun than you, gods!  
Meagrely you nourish  
Your majesty  
On levied offerings

Eure Majestät  
Und darbtet, wären  
Nicht Kinder und Bettler  
Hoffnungsvolle Toren.

Da ich ein Kind war,  
Nicht wußte, wo aus noch ein,  
Kehrt' ich mein verirrt's Auge  
Zur Sonne, als wenn drüber wär'  
Ein Ohr, zu hören meine Klage,  
Ein Herz wie mein's,  
Sich des Bedrängten zu erbarmen.

Wer half mir  
Wider der Titanen Übermut?  
Wer rettete vom Tode mich,  
Von Sklaverei?  
Hast du nicht alles selbst vollendet  
Heilig glühend Herz?  
Und glühtest jung und gut,  
Betrogen, Rettungsdank

Dem Schlafenden da droben?

Ich dich ehren? Wofür?  
Hast du die Schmerzen gelindert  
Je des Beladenen?  
Hast du die Tränen gestillet  
Je des Geängsteten?  
Hat mich nicht zum Manne geschmiedet  
Die allmächtige Zeit  
Und das ewige Schicksal,  
Meine Herrn und deine?

Wähtest du etwa,  
Ich sollte das Leben hassen,  
In Wüsten fliehen,  
Weil nicht alle  
Blütenträume reifen?

Hier sitz' ich, forme Menschen  
Nach meinem Bilde,  
Ein Geschlecht, das mir gleich sei,  
Zu leiden, zu weinen,  
Zu genießen und zu freuen sich  
Und dein nicht zu achten,  
Wie ich!

And the breath of prayer,  
And would starve, were  
Not children and beggars  
Optimistic fools.

When I was a child,  
Not knowing which way to turn,  
I raised my misguided eyes  
To the sun, as if above it there were  
An ear to hear my lament,  
A heart like mine,  
To pity me in my anguish.

Who helped me  
Withstand the Titans' insolence?  
Who saved me from death  
And slavery?  
Did you not accomplish all this yourself,  
Sacred glowing heart?  
And did you not – young, innocent,  
Deceived – glow with gratitude for your  
deliverance  
To that slumberer in the skies?

I honour you? Why?  
Did you ever soothe the anguish  
That weighed me down?  
Did you ever dry my tears  
When I was terrified?  
Was I not forged into manhood  
By all-powerful Time  
And everlasting Fate,  
My masters and yours?

Did you suppose  
I should hate life,  
Flee into the wilderness,  
Because not all  
My blossoming dreams bore fruit?

Here I sit, making men  
In my own image,  
A race that shall be like me,  
That shall suffer, weep,  
Know joy and delight,  
And ignore you,  
As I do!

## **Grenzen der Menschheit**

Wenn der uralte  
Heilige Vater  
Mit gelassener Hand  
Aus rollenden Wolken  
Segnende Blitze  
Über die Erde sät,  
Küss ich den letzten  
Saum seines Kleides,  
Kindliche Schauer  
Tief in der Brust.

Denn mit Göttern  
Soll sich nicht messen  
Irgend ein Mensch.  
Hebt er sich aufwärts,  
Und berührt  
Mit dem Scheitel die Sterne,  
Nirgends haften dann  
Die unsichern Sohlen,  
Und mit ihm spielen  
Wolken und Winde.

Steht er mit festen,  
Markigen Knochen,  
Auf der wohlgegründeten  
Dauernden Erde,  
Reicht er nicht auf,  
Nur mit der Eiche  
Oder der Rebe  
Sich zu vergleichen.

Was unterscheidet  
Götter von Menschen?  
Daß viele Wellen  
Vor jenen wandeln,  
Ein ewiger Strom:  
Uns hebt die Welle,  
Verschlingt die Welle,  
Und wir versinken.

Ein kleiner Ring  
Begrenzt unser Leben,  
Und viele Geschlechter  
Reihen sich dauernd  
An ihres Daseins

## **Limitations of Mankind**

When the ancient of days,  
The holy father  
With a serene hand  
From rolling clouds  
Scatters beneficent lightning  
Over the earth,  
I kiss the extreme  
Hem of his garment,  
Childlike awe  
Deep in my breast.

For no man  
Should measure himself  
Against the gods.  
If he reaches up  
And touches  
The stars with his head,  
His uncertain feet  
Lose their hold,  
And clouds and winds  
Make sport of him.

If he stands with firm,  
Sturdy limbs  
On the solid  
Enduring earth,  
He cannot even reach up  
To compare himself  
With the oak  
Or vine.

What distinguishes  
Gods from men?  
Before them  
Many waves roll onwards,  
An eternal river:  
We are tossed by the wave,  
Engulfed by the wave,  
And we founder.

A little ring  
Bounds our life,  
And many generations  
Constantly succeed each other  
Like links in the endless chain

*Unendliche Kette.*

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Of existence.

*Translations © Richard Stokes, from The  
Complete Songs of Hugo Wolf (Faber) and  
The Book of Lieder (Faber), provided courtesy of  
Oxford International Song Festival  
([www.oxfordsong.org](http://www.oxfordsong.org))*

## **Upcoming Student Recitals at NEC**

*all programs subject to change*

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**June Chung**, *violin* (GD)

Student of Ayano Ninomiya

*Thursday, November 6, 2025 at 8:00 p.m., Brown Hall*

**John Jiang**, *jazz drums* (MM '25)

Student of Billy Hart, Cecil McBee, Jason Moran, Nasheet Waits,

Donny McCaslin, Jerry Leake, Frank Carlberg, and Dominique Eade

*Friday, November 7, 2025 at 8:30 p.m., Burnes Hall*

**Alexander D'Astolfo**, *jazz piano* (BM '25)

Student of Frank Carlberg

*Saturday, November 8, 2025 at 8:00 p.m., Pierce Hall*

**Emma Krause**, *flute* (MM)

Student of Cynthia Meyers

*Sunday, November 9, 2025 at 4:00 p.m., Brown Hall*

**Josh Gagnon**, *jazz trombone* (DMA '27)

Student of Frank Carlberg

*Wednesday, November 12, 2025 at 8:00 p.m., Pierce Hall*

**Charles Johnson**, *bass trombone* (MM)

Student of James Markey

*Wednesday, November 12, 2025 at 8:00 p.m., Burnes Hall*

**Carla Fortmann**, *clarinet* (MM)

Student of Christopher Elchico

*Friday, November 21, 2025 at 8:30 p.m., Burnes Hall*

**Jake Haskins**, *percussion* (MM)

Student of Will Hudgins and Daniel Bauch

*Saturday, November 22, 2025 at 8:00 p.m., Brown Hall*

**Colin Merkovsky**, *clarinet* (MM)

Student of Andrew Sandwick

*Sunday, November 23, 2025 at 4:00 p.m., Burnes Hall*

**Joy Chen**, *piano* (GD '25)

Student of Meng-Chieh Liu

*Sunday, November 23, 2025 at 12:00 noon, Williams Hall*

## **Upcoming Student Recitals at NEC**

*—continued*

**Zhiye Lin**, *piano* (DMA '29)

Student of Wha Kyung Byun

**Monday, December 1, 2025 at 8:00 p.m., Williams Hall**

**Yixiang Wang**, *violin* (GD)

Student Donald Weilerstein

**Wednesday, December 3, 2025 at 8:00 p.m., Pierce Hall**

**Ivy Evers**, *soprano* (BM '25)

Student of MaryAnn McCormick

**Thursday, December 4, 2025 at 8:00 p.m., Williams Hall**

**Youngji Choi**, *violin* (GD '25)

Student of Donald Weilerstein

**Thursday, December 4, 2025 at 8:00 p.m., Brown Hall**

**Seungwon Park**, *violin* (MM)

Student of Soovin Kim

**Friday, December 5, 2025 at 8:30 p.m., Burnes Hall**

**Xinlin Leon Wang**, *viola* (MM '25)

Student of Nicholas Cords

**Friday, December 5, 2025 at 8:30 p.m., Williams Hall**

**Hyeonmin Lee**, *cello* (MM)

Student of Laurence Lesser

**Saturday, December 6, 2025 at 8:00 p.m., Burnes Hall**

**Stella Sokolowski**, *CMA* (MM '25)

Student of Hankus Netsky

**Saturday, December 6, 2025 at 8:00 p.m., Pierce Hall**

**Sandy Ssu-Hsuan Li**, *collaborative piano* ('25 GD)

Student of Pei-Shan Lee and Cameron Stowe

**Sunday, December 7, 2025 at 8:00 p.m., Williams Hall**

**Adam Newman**, *viola* ('25 GD)

Student of Kim Kashkashian

**Friday, December 12, 2025 at 8:30 p.m., Williams Hall**

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