

Sandy Li
collaborative piano

Recital in partial fulfillment of the
Graduate Certificate, 2025
Student of Pei-Shan Lee and Cameron Stowe

with
Isabel Merat, soprano
Isis Bermúdez Rivera, soprano
Lingyu Dong, violin

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

PROGRAM

Claude Debussy
(1862–1918)

Ariettes oubliées

C'est l'extase langoureuse
Il pleure dans mon cœur
L'ombre des arbres
Chevaux de bois
Green
Spleen

Isabel Merat, soprano
Isis Bermúdez Rivera, soprano

brief pause

Johannes Brahms
(1833–1897)

Violin Sonata No. 3 in D Minor, op. 108

Allegro
Adagio
Un poco presto e con sentimento
Presto agitato

Lingyu Dong, violin

*I would like to extend my heartfelt gratitude to my mentors,
Prof. Pei-Shan Lee and Prof. Cameron Stowe.
Their guidance and support have been
a profound source of inspiration throughout my journey.
Their wisdom, encouragement, and unwavering belief in me
have shaped not only my growth as a musician, but also the course of my life.*

*I am also deeply grateful to my family, friends, and colleagues
for their steadfast support.
I am truly thankful for the love and camaraderie that surround me.*

*Thank you for being here tonight.
It is an honor to share this music with each and every one of you.*

C'est l'extase langoureuse

*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.*

*Ô 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?*

Il pleure dans mon cœur

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

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

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

It is languorous rapture

*It is languorous rapture,
It is amorous fatigue,
It is all the tremors of the forest
In the breezes' embrace,
It is, around the grey branches,
The choir of tiny voices.*

*O the delicate, fresh murmuring!
The warbling and whispering,
It is like the soft cry
The ruffled grass gives out ...
You might take it for the muffled sound
Of pebbles in the swirling stream.*

*This soul which grieves
In this subdued lament,
It is ours, is it not?
Mine, and yours too,
Breathing out our humble hymn
On this warm evening, soft and low?*

Tears fall in my heart

*Tears fall in my heart
As rain falls on the town;
What is this torpor
Pervading my heart?*

*Ah, the soft sound of rain
On the ground and roofs!
For a listless heart,
Ah, the sound of the rain!*

*Tears fall without reason
In this disheartened heart.
What! Was there no treason? ...
This grief's without reason.*

*And the worst pain of all
Must be not to know why
Without love and without hate
My heart feels such pain.*

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.*

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

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.*

*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.*

*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!*

*C'est étonnant comme ça vous soûle
D'aller ainsi dans ce cirque bête:
Rien dans le ventre et mal dans la tête,
Du mal en masse et du bien en foule.*

*Tournez, dadas, sans qu'il soit besoin
D'user jamais de nuls éperons
Pour commander à 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 chasse la troupe
De gais buveurs que leur soif affame.*

*Tournez, tournez! Le ciel en velours
D'astres en or se vêt lentement.*

The shadow of trees

The shadow of trees in the misty stream
Dies like smoke,
While up above, in the real branches,
The turtle-doves lament.

How this faded landscape, O traveller,
Watched you yourself fade,
And how sadly in the lofty leaves
Your drowned hopes were weeping!

Merry-go-round

Turn, turn, you fine wooden horses,
Turn a hundred, turn a thousand times,
Turn often and turn for evermore
Turn and turn to the oboe's sound.

The red-faced child and the pale mother,
The lad in black and the girl in pink,
One down-to-earth, the other showing off,
Each buying a treat with his Sunday sou.

Turn, turn, horses of their hearts,
While the furtive pickpocket's eye is flashing
As you whirl about and whirl around,
Turn to the sound of the conquering cornet!

Astonishing how drunk it makes you,
Riding like this in this foolish fair:
With an empty stomach and an aching head,
Discomfort in plenty and masses of fun!

Gee-gees, turn, you'll never need
The help of any spur
To make your horses gallop round:
Turn, turn, without hope of hay.

And hurry on, horses of their souls:
Nightfall already calls them to supper
And disperses the crowd of happy revellers,
Ravenous with thirst.

Turn, turn! The velvet sky
Is slowly decked with golden stars.

*L'église tinte un glas tristement.
Tournez au son joyeux des tambours!*

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'apaiser de la bonne tempête,
Et que je dorme un peu puisque vous reposez.*

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!*

Paul Verlaine

The church bell tolls a mournful knell—
Turn to the joyful sound of drums!

Green

Here are flowers, branches, fruit, and fronds,
And here too is my heart that beats just for
you.

Do not tear it with your two white hands
And may the humble gift please your lovely
eyes.

I come all covered still with the dew
Frozen to my brow by the morning breeze.
Let my fatigue, finding rest at your feet,
Dream of dear moments that will soothe it.

On your young breast let me cradle my head
Still ringing with your recent kisses;
After love's sweet tumult grant it peace,
And let me sleep a while, since you rest.

Spleen

All the roses were red
And the ivy was all black.

Dear, at your slightest move,
All my despair revives.

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

I always fear—oh to wait and wonder!—
One of your agonizing departures.

I am weary of the glossy holly,
Of the gleaming box-tree too,

And the boundless countryside
And everything, alas, but you!

*Translation © Richard Stokes, author of A French
Song Companion (Oxford University Press),
provided via Oxford International Song Festival*

Upcoming Student Recitals at NEC

all programs subject to change

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Adam Newman, *viola* (GD '25)

Student of Kim Kashkashian

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

Other Upcoming Concerts at NEC

NEC Chamber Singers, Symphonic Winds, Navy Band Northeast

"Into the Holidays"

Monday, December 8, 2025 at 7:30 p.m., Jordan Hall

NEC New Music Ensemble, Stefan Asbury, conductor

Harvey *Mortuos Plangos, Vivo Voco*; Byström *Rebellion in Greenery*; Mallia *Plexus 2*;

Reich *New York Counterpoint for Clarinet and Tape*; Murail *Winter Fragments*;

Abrahamsen *Winternacht*

Monday, December 8, 2025 at 8:00 p.m., Burnes Hall

NEC Jazz Composers' Workshop Orchestra, Frank Carlberg, director

Tuesday, December 9, 2025 at 8:00 p.m., Brown Hall

NEC Chamber Singers, Symphonic Winds, Navy Band Northeast

"Into the Holidays" (repeat) - Audio streamed on wiconline.org

Wednesday, December 10, 2025 at 12:00 noon, Mechanics Hall, Worcester

Liederabend LXXVIII Cameron Stowe and Tanya Blaich, curators

All-Ravel program

Wednesday, December 10, 2025 at 6:00 p.m., Williams Hall

NEC Philharmonia, Hugh Wolff, conductor

Handel *Concerto Grosso*, op. 6 no. 4; Bartók *Music for Strings, Percussion and Celesta*;

Beethoven *Violin Concerto in D Major*, op. 61, Joshua Brown AD, violin

Wednesday, December 10, 2025 at 7:30 p.m., Jordan Hall

Sonata Class Recital, Vivian Hornik Weilerstein, faculty

Thursday, December 11, 2025 at 5:30 p.m., Williams Hall

Other Upcoming Concerts at NEC

—continued

NEC Conductors' Choir

Works by Chatman, Gilkyson, Hazzard, Parry, Poulenc, Trumbore, and Victoria conducted by Estel Haejin Park, Noah Scecina-White, and Louis Shriber, all '27 MM students of Erica J. Washburn

Thursday, December 11, 2025 at 8:00 p.m., Burnes Hall

Faculty Recital: **Paula Robison, flute** with **Paavali Jumppanen, piano**

"An Hour of Bach and Mozart"

Sunday, December 14, 2025 at 6:00 p.m., Williams Hall

NEC Lab Orchestra

Clancy Ellis '26 GD, Joseph Bozich '27 GD and Leonard Bopp '27 GD conductors

Tuesday, December 16, 2025 at 8:00 p.m., Brown Hall

Borromeo String Quartet Seminar Recital

Wednesday, December 17, 2025 at 8:00 p.m., Brown Hall

Food and drink are not allowed in the concert hall,
and photography and audio or video recording are prohibited.
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Latecomers will be seated at the discretion of management.

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