

The Voices That Shaped Mine:

An American Vocalist's Autobiography

I

A Dream Is a Wish Your Heart Makes from *Cinderella*

Mack David (1912–1993), Al Hoffman (1902–1960), and Jerry Livingston (1909–1987)
Dr. Rachel Aubuchon, piano

Greatest Love of All

Michael Masser (1941–2015)
Dr. Rachel Aubuchon, piano

My Immortal

Amy Lee (b. 1981) and Ben Moody (b. 1981)
Dr. Rachel Aubuchon, piano

Wine Red

Greta Salpeter (b. 1988)
Carter Thiemann, piano • Andrew Alka, guitar • Robert Casey, drums
Jonathan Ray and Vicki Casey, vocals

If I Fell from *A Hard Day's Night*

John Lennon (1940–1980) and Paul McCartney (b. 1942)
Carter Thiemann, piano • Andrew Alka, guitar • Robert Casey, drums
Jonathan Ray, vocals

BRIEF INTERMISSION

II

“Un soave non so che” from *La Cenerentola*

Gioachino Rossini (1792–1868)
libretto by Jacopo Ferretti (1784–1852)
Dr. Rachel Aubuchon, piano

Presentation of the Rose: “Mir ist die Ehre widerfahren”

from *Der Rosenkavalier*
Richard Strauss (1864–1949)

Dr. Rachel Aubuchon, piano

Bimok (비목) [Wooden Tombstone]

Chang Ihl Nam (1932–2006)

Bomi Kim, piano

Gidarineun Maeum (기다리는 마음) [The Waiting Heart]

Chang Ihl Nam (1932–2006)

Bomi Kim, piano

I Want to Die While You Love Me from *Miss Wheatley's Garden* (2015)

Rosephanye Powell (b. 1962)

Bomi Kim, piano

Youkali

Kurt Weill (1900–1950)

Bomi Kim, piano

BRIEF INTERMISSION

III

Yesterday Once More

Richard Carpenter (b. 1946) and John Bettis (b. 1946)

Carter Thiemann, piano • Andrew Alka, guitar • Robert Casey, drums

Vicki Casey and Jonathan Ray, vocals

The Lady Is a Tramp from *Babes in Arms*

Richard Rodgers (1902–1979)

lyrics by Lorenz Hart (1895–1943)

Carter Thiemann, piano • Andrew Alka, guitar • Robert Casey, drums

Another Life from *The Bridges of Madison County*

Jason Robert Brown (b. 1970)

Carter Thiemann, piano

As Long As You're Mine from *Wicked*

Stephen Schwartz (b. 1948)

Jonathan Ray, tenor • Carter Thiemann, piano

Infinite Joy

William Finn (1952–2025)

Tara Garner, vocals • Kaitlin Oliver, vocals • Carter Thiemann, piano

Collaborating Artists

Dr. Rachel Aubuchon, piano

Bomi Kim, piano

Carter Thiemann, piano

Andrew Alka, guitar

Jonathan Ray, tenor/vocals

Vicki Casey, vocals

Tara Garner, vocals

Kaitlin Oliver, vocals

Robert Casey, drums

Program Notes

In the year of the United States' 250th anniversary, I have found myself thinking more deeply about what it means to call myself an American singer. My musical identity has been shaped not by a single genre, pedagogy, or lineage, but by the many voices and musical practices I have encountered along the way. This recital is truly the culmination of every influence I have had on my singing. Long before I had a voice teacher, I had vocal models. My mother was my first. I listened to her sing with the band she and my dad were in, and I learned those songs by singing along. Much of my childhood was spent riding in the car listening to my mom's favorite singers: Whitney Houston, Celine Dion, CeCe Winans, Toni Braxton, Anita Baker, Oleta Adams, and Vanessa Williams. These were some of my earliest lessons in what a voice could do, even though I did not yet know that I was learning.

"A Dream Is a Wish Your Heart Makes" was written by Mack David, Al Hoffman, and Jerry Livingston for Walt Disney's 1950 animated film *Cinderella* and introduced by Ilene Woods as the voice of Cinderella. I dedicate this song and this portion of the recital to my mom, for giving me my voice. **"Greatest Love of All,"** composed by Michael Masser with lyrics by Linda Creed, was originally written for the 1977 Muhammad Ali biographical film *The Greatest* and first recorded by George Benson. Whitney Houston recorded the song for her 1985 self-titled debut album, and her interpretation became one of the defining recordings of her early career—and one of the voices I grew up imitating.

Once I could make my own musical choices, I began listening to the popular artists of what I maintain was the greatest decade ever: the 1990s. Spice Girls, Destiny's Child, and Christina Aguilera filled my CD player. As I entered adolescence, however, the angst was at an all-time high, and my musical tastes began to encompass not only voices I enjoyed imitating but lyrics that spoke to my little emo soul.

Avril Lavigne and Evanescence opened a whole new musical world that eventually became, more or less, my entire personality. "**My Immortal**" originated during the early years of Evanescence and went through several versions before appearing on the band's 2003 breakthrough album, *Fallen*. Its piano-centered ballad style stands apart from much of the heavier rock sound associated with the album, while Amy Lee's vocal performance became part of the soundtrack of my adolescence.

From approximately 2004–2009, I spent no fewer than two nights a week at local concert venues. We called it "going to shows" back then. The Academy Is..., The Hush Sound, Scary Kids Scaring Kids, The Ditty Bops, and countless other bands became part of my musical education. I was a scene kid through and through—so committed, in fact, that I convinced my dad, who somehow convinced my stepmom, to take a friend and me to Vans Warped Tour in Minneapolis for my thirteenth birthday. I saw My Chemical Romance, Fall Out Boy, Hawthorne Heights, nearly got trampled in a mosh pit, and was in heaven (and almost literally went there, LOL).

"**Wine Red**" comes from The Hush Sound's 2006 album *Like Vines*. Written by Greta Salpeter, now Greta Morgan, and Bob Morris, the song reflects the piano-driven indie-pop and rock sound that distinguished the Chicago-area band. The Hush Sound belonged to the musical world I experienced not through formal instruction, but through recordings, live performance, listening, imitation, and community.

"**If I Fell**," written by John Lennon and Paul McCartney, appeared on the Beatles' 1964 album and film *A Hard Day's Night*. Particularly distinguished by Lennon and McCartney's close two-part vocal writing, the song closes this first portion of the recital surrounded by some of the same kind of collaborative music-making with which my own musical life began. It means the world to collaborate on it with my dear ol' dad, who is the reason for my love of the Beatles.

II

Around age fourteen, my musical focus began to shift. I had been begging my parents to sign me up for voice lessons. Knowing what I know now, their hesitation was not because they did not want me to have them; they simply could not afford another monthly expense.

Then I heard Melanie Mockobey—still one of my dear friends—sing "O mio babbino caro." I told my dad that this girl was the best singer in school and I **had** to study with whoever was teaching her. Fortunately, her teacher, Sariah Pinick, taught at Music/Arts Institute, which offered

financial assistance to students in need. Through a generous scholarship, I was finally able to begin formal voice lessons.

Sariah was a classically trained singer, and she introduced me to an entirely new way of using my voice. She also took me to my first opera, *La traviata* at the Lyric Opera of Kansas City. I was hooked. I had never experienced anything so visceral and expressive, and I knew with every fiber of my being that this was an art form in which I wanted to participate.

Sariah was also a Mizzou graduate. As the years went by and it became clear that I was serious about singing—and that singing was equally serious about me—she arranged for me to sing in a masterclass for renowned University of Missouri mezzo-soprano and voice teacher Ann Harrell. That experience changed the trajectory of my life. From then on, it seemed almost predetermined that I would attend the University of Missouri and major in vocal performance.

The second portion of this recital begins, fittingly, with another Cinderella. Gioachino Rossini's *La Cenerentola, ossia La bontà in trionfo*, with a libretto by Jacopo Ferretti, premiered in Rome in 1817. Unlike the familiar Disney version, Ferretti's adaptation largely dispenses with supernatural elements. In “**Un soave non so che**,” Angelina and Prince Ramiro meet for the first time and find themselves immediately, and somewhat bewilderingly, attracted to one another. This role was my first major opera role at Mizzou, thanks to Christine Seitz. This song is dedicated to my dear friend and first Prince Charming, Nathan Ward, who passed away in 2018.

Richard Strauss's *Der Rosenkavalier*, with a libretto by Hugo von Hofmannsthal, premiered in Dresden in 1911. In the Act II **Presentation of the Rose**, the young Count Octavian arrives to ceremonially present a silver rose to Sophie on behalf of her intended husband, Baron Ochs. Instead, Octavian and Sophie become captivated by one another. Strauss transforms the formal ritual into an intimate encounter through luminous orchestration and soaring writing for the two high voices.

My own education in Western European Classical singing gave me opportunities I could scarcely have imagined when I first heard *La traviata*. Programs like Mizzou are so formative and valuable because I was afforded the opportunity as an undergraduate to perform several major roles in operas with full orchestra in an actual opera house (The Missouri Theatre.) This is not a typical undergraduate experience, and for that I am eternally grateful. I continued my training at LSU and UMKC and eventually returned professionally to the Lyric Opera of Kansas City—the very company where I had first been bitten by the opera bug.

The art-song repertoire represented here also extends beyond Western Europe. Korean composer **Chang Ihl Nam (1932–2006)** was an important figure in the development of modern Korean art song, or *gagok*. His “**Bimok**” (비목), or “**Wooden Tombstone**,” sets a text by Han Myung Hee. The poem grew from Han's military service in Hwacheon, Gangwon Province, during the 1960s. In a landscape still bearing the physical evidence of the Korean War, Han encountered a moss-covered pile of stones and decaying wooden marker identifying the grave

of an unknown soldier. When Chang later asked him for texts to set, Han transformed the memory into the poem that became *Bimok*.

Chang's "**Gidarineun Maeum**" (기다리는 마음), or "**The Waiting Heart**," sets a text attributed in its present form to poet and broadcaster Kim Min-bu. The song's history is uncertain. Chang recalled composing an early version around 1951 while separated from his hometown and family during the Korean War; another account associates the piece with separation from the woman who would later become his wife and dates it to the 1960s. The text repeatedly invokes waiting and absence through images of sunrise, moonrise, temple bells, sea winds, waves, and seabirds. I am grateful that my path crossed with the incomparable Bomi Kim, who has inspired so many Mizzou students—and me—to pursue Korean art-song literature with an admiring and curious spirit and to bring it more fully into academic study.

American composer, vocalist, and scholar **Rosephanye Powell** has contributed extensively to contemporary American vocal and choral repertoire. "**I Want to Die While You Love Me**," from her song cycle *Miss Wheatley's Garden*, sets the poetry of Georgia Douglas Johnson (1880–1966), an important writer of the Harlem Renaissance. Johnson's text expresses a desire to experience love completely in its present intensity rather than live to witness its eventual fading. I first heard this song while participating in the NATS Intern Program in 2024 and fell head over heels for its delicious, sonorous, sensual musical world. The expression of this text is truly divine.

Kurt Weill (1900–1950) provides a bridge between musical worlds. Born in Germany, Weill became closely associated with the theatrical culture of the Weimar Republic before fleeing Nazi Germany in 1933. He settled first in Paris and later immigrated to the United States, became an American citizen, and devoted much of the latter part of his career to the American musical theatre. "**Youkali**" originated during his French period as an instrumental tango-habanera for the 1934 play *Marie Galante*, with Roger Fernay later supplying the French text. Youkali is an imaginary island where happiness, freedom, and fulfilled desires supposedly await; ultimately, the song acknowledges that this perfect place exists only as a dream. It is the perfect bridge between this portion of the program and the musical theatre/CCM resurgence to follow. It has also accidentally become something of a Ray Studio national anthem, finding its way onto at least three former students' recitals in my four-going-on-five years of teaching here. Oops.

III

For all that my classical education gave me, an early professional experience revealed something it had not given me.

At one of my first paid summer gigs, I was cast as the understudy for a principal role in *Mary Poppins* while also singing in the ensemble. During rehearsal, the music director stopped and said something to the effect of, "Wow, there are some really warm sounds coming from this

side,” gesturing emphatically toward the side of the room where another opera singer and I were seated. “Could this side brighten it up?”

At that point in my training, the honest answer was: **No. I really cannot.**

I had received extraordinary training in classical singing, but I did not yet possess the technical or stylistic tools to make every sound being asked of me. That realization began my quest toward cross-training and an insatiable desire to learn everything I could about the voice: how it functions, how singers make different sounds, how style changes vocal choices, and how a singer might become as flexible and versatile as possible. By then I was also teaching many young singers, and the music they overwhelmingly wanted help singing was musical theatre and popular music—not opera.

“**Yesterday Once More**,” written by Richard Carpenter and John Bettis and released by the Carpenters in 1973, looks backward in much the same way as this recital. The song describes hearing familiar music from the past and finding that the memories and emotions attached to it remain immediately present. Karen Carpenter’s unmistakable vocal performance helped make it one of the duo’s signature recordings. I am grateful to Robert Grayson at LSU for noting that the timbre of my voice shared qualities with Karen Carpenter’s; I have taken that notion and run with it!

Richard Rodgers and Lorenz Hart wrote “**The Lady Is a Tramp**” for their 1937 musical *Babes in Arms*. Originally a theatrical character song rejecting the expectations of high society, it subsequently became part of the American popular-song and jazz repertoire through generations of singers and arrangements. This performance draws particularly upon the interpretation of Rosemary Clooney.

Jason Robert Brown wrote the music and lyrics for the 2014 Broadway musical *The Bridges of Madison County*, adapted by Marsha Norman from Robert James Waller’s novel. “**Another Life**” is sung by Marian, the former wife of photographer Robert Kincaid. Existing outside the musical’s central relationship between Robert and Francesca, Marian reflects on a relationship that once mattered deeply but nevertheless ended. Brown’s score draws upon contemporary musical theatre alongside American folk, country, and singer-songwriter idioms. Thank you to my NATS Intern mentor, Mike Ruckles for suggesting this as one of my first musical forays back into musical theatre, inspired by another of my vocal models whose influence I hope to embody as part of my musical identity: Joni Mitchell.

Stephen Schwartz’s *Wicked* opened on Broadway in 2003 with a book by Winnie Holzman, adapted from Gregory Maguire’s novel. “**As Long As You’re Mine**” is an Act II duet between Elphaba and Fiyero. Surrounded by uncertainty and aware that their time together may be limited, they choose to inhabit the relationship they have in the present rather than rely upon the promise of a future.

After years of teaching, performing, and searching for a way to reconcile the different parts of my musical life, I eventually became the first student accepted into the online DMA in classical

and Contemporary Commercial Music voice pedagogy at Shenandoah University. In many ways, that work has brought me back to my roots—and to the roots of the music that surrounded me long before I knew how to describe it. It has allowed me to embrace more fully what it means for me to be a singer and educator in twenty-first-century America: not by discarding the classical training that shaped me, but by allowing it to coexist with the many other voices, styles, people, and experiences that taught me how to sing.

I am deeply grateful to my Shenandoah applied teachers, **Dr. Lori Sen, Alison Crockett, and Dr. Kathryn Green**, each of whom made space for me to explore what it means to bring all of these parts of myself back into the same voice. Their teaching gave me permission to approach this work not as a choice between the singer I had been and the singer I had become, but as an opportunity to let both inform who I am now. I am incredibly grateful to Alison, whose artistry, generosity, and way of hearing me helped me recognize sounds and instincts that had been mine long before I had the language—or perhaps the permission—to value them. She helped me hear my original voice again, not as something I needed to recover unchanged, but as something that had been there all along, waiting to be welcomed back. And I am especially grateful to Lori for putting up with my insanity and helping me to realize this bonkers level code-switching recital.

William Finn's "**Infinite Joy**" comes from his 2003 *Elegies: A Song Cycle*, an intensely personal collection written in remembrance of friends and family members who had died and in response to the September 11 attacks. Finn's *Elegies* moves among grief, memory, humor, affection, and celebration rather than treating remembrance as exclusively mournful. "Infinite Joy," originally performed in the song cycle by Betty Buckley, finds exuberance within that larger meditation on love and loss. This is the other Ray Studio national anthem, and I simply had to end with it.

For me, that seems an appropriate place to end. This recital does not represent a departure from one kind of singer toward another. It is the culmination of all of them: the little girl singing along with her mother; the teenager screaming lyrics at shows; the fourteen-year-old discovering opera; the classically-trained singer; the performer who discovered that there were sounds she did not yet know how to make; the teacher who needed better answers for her students; and the pedagogue who continues to believe that there is always more to learn.

They are all still here. And there is infinite joy in that.

Thank you to all of my collaborators on this recital, without whom it would not be possible. Rachel, Bomi, Carter, Jonathan, Andrew, Vicki, Daddy, Kris. Thank YOU for being here! I could sing these songs in my shower all day, but it's way more fun to sing it for an appreciative audience. Thank you to Mizzou and my amazing colleagues for all of the support in pursuing my terminal degree. And thank you to my family and for supporting me through the insanity of pursuing a terminal degree while working and momming full-time. We're ALMOST THERE!

Texts and Translations

“Un soave non so che” from *La Cenerentola*

RAMIRO
Cerchiam, vediamo

CENRENTOLA
Una volta...ah! È fata

RAMIRO
Che cos'è?

CENENRENTOLA
Che batti core!

RAMIRO
Forse un mostro son io?

CENRENTOLA
Sì!...No....signore

RAMIRO
Un soave non so che
In quegli' occhi scintillò.

CENERENTOLA
Io vorrei saper perché
Il mio core palpitò.

RAMIRO
Le direi, ma non ardisco.

CENERENTOLA
Parlar voglio e taccio intanto.

A DUE
Una grazia, un certo incanto
Per che brilli su quel viso.
Quanto caro è quel sorriso!
Scende all' alma e fa sperar.

RAMIRO
Let's look, let's see

CENRENTOLA
Once upon...Ah

RAMIRO
What is it?

CENENRENTOLA
How my heart is racing!

RAMIRO
Perhaps I am a monster?

CENRENTOLA
Yes!...No, sir!

RAMIRO
A sweet I do not know that
In those eyes he sparkled.

CINDERELLA
I would like to know why
My heart palpitated.

RAMIRO
I would say them, but I do not dare.

CINDERELLA
I want to talk and I'm silent.

BOTH
A grace, a certain enchantment
It seems to shine on that face.
How precious is that smile!
It comes down to the soul and gives hope.

Texts and Translations

Presentation of the Rose: “Mir ist die Ehre widerfahren”

from *Der Rosenkavalier*

Octavian

(etwas stockend)

Mir ist die Ehre widerfahren
daß ich der hoch- und
wohlgeborenen Jungfer Braut,
in meines Herrn meines Vetters
Namen, dessen zu Lerchernau
Namen die Rose seiner Liebe überreichen
darf.

Octavian

(faltering a little)

To me has fallen the honor
of presenting to the highborn bride,
in the name of my cousin
of Lerchernau,
the rose of his love.

Sophie

nimmt die Rose

Ich bin Euer Liebden sehr
verbunden.

– Ich bin Euer Liebden in aller
Ewigkeit verbunden. –
(eine Pause der Verwirrung)

Sophie

(takes the rose)

I am most obliged to your Lordship
–I am eternally obliged to your
Lordship–
(a confused pause)

Sophie

(indem sie an der Rose riecht)
Hat einen starken Geruch. Wie
Rosen, wie lebendige.

Sophie

(smelling the rose)

It has a strong scent of roses: real
ones!

Octavian

Ja, ist ein Tropfen persischen
Rosenöls darein getan.

Octavian

Yes, there's a drop of Persian attar
of roses in it.

Texts and Translations

Sophie

Wie himmlische, nicht irdische, wie Rosen
vom hochheiligen Paradies.
Ist Ihm nicht auch?

Sophie

Ist wie ein Gruss vom Himmel. Ist bereits
zu stark, als dass mans
ertragen kann. Zieht einen nach, als lägen
Stricke um das Herz. Wo war
ich schon einmal und war so selig?

Octavian

Wo war ich schon einmal und war so selig?

Sophie

Dahin muss ich zurück! und müsst'
ich völlig sterben auf dem Weg!
Allein ich sterb' ja nicht. Das ist ja
weit. Ist Zeit und Ewigkeit in einem
sel'gen Augenblick, den will ich nie
vergessen bis an meinen Tod.

Octavian

Ich war ein Bub', da hab' ich die
noch nicht gekannt.
Wer bin denn ich? Wie komm' denn
ich zu ihr?
Wie kommt denn sie zu mir? Wär'
ich kein Mann,
die Sinne möchten mir vergehn. Das
ist ein seliger Augenblick,

den will ich nie vergessen bis an
meinen Tod.

Sophie

Like roses of heaven, not of earth –
like roses of holy paradies, don't
you think so?

Sophie

It's like a greeting from heaven. 'Tis
already too strong to bear.
It draws one as though there were
reins around one's heart
Where and when have I been so
happy?

Octavian

Where and when have I been so
happy?

Sophie

I must return there, yes, even if I
should die on the way!
But I shall not die. That is far away.
There's time and eternity
In this moment of bliss, and I'll not
forget it til I die.

Octavian

I was boy, and did not know her yet.
Who am I then? How is it that I
come to her?
How is it that she comes to me?
Were I not a man, then I should lose
my senses.
And I'll not forget it til I die.

Texts and Translations

Bimok (비목) [Wooden Tombstone]		두고 온 하늘가 그리워	I long for the sky I left behind
한국어	English	마디 마디 이끼 되어 맺혔네	Bough by bough turned to moss and bloomed
초연(硝煙)이 쓸고간 깊은 계곡	Deep valley that gunpowder swept away	궁노루 산울림 달빛 타고	The cry of a musk deer echoes in the mountains
깊은 계곡 양지 녘에	Deep valley in the glow of eventide	달빛 타고 흐르는 밤	Riding moonlight, the night seeps in
비바람 긴 세월로 이름모를	Oh wooden grave marker of name unknown	홀로 선 적막감에 울어지친	Oh, wooden grave marker that stands alone
이름모를 비목이여	Made illegible by wind, rain, and time	울어지친 비목이여	Weary with weeping of forlornness
먼 고향 초동(樵 童) 친구	Distant hometown, woodcutter lad		

Texts and Translations

그 옛날
천진스런
추억은 애달퍼

That memory of long-
ago innocence rends
the chest

기다려도
기다려도 임
오지않고

I wait and wait, yet my
beloved does not come

서러움 알알이
돌이 되어
쌓였네

Piece by piece, sorrow
turned to stone and
piled high

빨래 소리
물래 소리에
눈물 흘렸네

And to the sound of
washing clothes and the
spinning wheel, I shed
tears

Gidarineun Maeum (기다리는 마음) [The Waiting Heart]

한국어

English

일출봉에 해
뜨거든 날
불러주오

When the sun rises over
Ilchulbong, please call me

월출봉에 달
뜨거든 날
불러주오

When the moon rises over
Wolchulbong, please call
me

봉덕사에 종
울리면 날
불러주오

When the bell rings at
Bongdeoksa Temple,
please call me

저 바다에
바람 불면 날
불러주오

When the wind blows over
the distant sea, please call
me

기다려도
기다려도 임
오지 않고

I wait and wait, yet my
beloved does not come

Texts and Translations

파도소리,
물새 소리에
눈물 흘렸네

And to the sound of waves
and seabirds, I shed tears

C'est presque au bout du monde,
ma barque vagabonde,
errant au gré de l'onde,
m'y conduisit un jour.

L'île est toute petite,
mais la fée qui l'habite
gentiment nous invite
à en faire le tour.

Youkali, c'est le pays de nos désir
Youkali, c'est le bonheur c'est le plaisir
Youkali, c'est la terre où l'on
quitte tous les soucis,
c'est dans notre nuit,
comme une éclaircie.
l'étoile qu'on suit,
c'est Youkali!

Youkali,
c'est le respect
de tous les vœux échangés.
Youkali,
c'est le pays
des beaux amours
partagés.

C'est l'espérance
qui est au cœur de tous les humains,
la délivrance
que nous attendons tous pour demain.

Youkali,
c'est le pays de nos désirs,
Youkali, c'est le bonheur
c'est le plaisir,
mais c'est un rêve, une folie,
il n'y a pas de Youkali!

Youkali

It's almost at the end of the world

Texts and Translations

My vagabond boat,
Drifting at the whim of the waves,
Brought me there one day.

The island is tiny,
But the Fairy who lives there
Gently invites us
To go around a trip.

Youkali,
It is the land of our desires,
Youkali, It is happiness, It is pleasure.
Youkali, It is the land where
You quit all your troubles,
It is, in our night,
Like a clearing.
The star we follow,
it's Youkali !

Youkali,
It is respect
Of all the exchanged wishes.
Youkali,
It is the country
Of the beautiful shared loves.

It is hope
At the heart of all the humans,
The relief
We all await for tomorrow.

Youkali
It is the land of our desires,
Youkali, It is happiness It is pleasure,
But this is a dream, a folly,
There is no Youkali!
But this is a dream, a folly,
There is no Youkali!
Et la vie nous entraîne,
lassante, quotidienne,
mais la pauvre âme humaine,

cherchant partout l'oubli,
a pour quitter la terre,
su trouver le mystère
où nos rêves se terrent
en quelque Youkali.

Youkali,
c'est le pays de nos désirs,
Youkali,
c'est le bonheur,
c'est le plaisir.

Youkali,
c'est la terre où l'on
quitte tous les soucis,
c'est dans notre nuit,
comme une éclaircie,
l'étoile qu'on suit,
c'est Youkali!

Youkali, c'est le respect
de tous les vœux échangés,
Youkali, c'est le pays
des beaux amours partagés,

C'est l'espérance
qui est au cœur de tous les humains,
la délivrance
que nous attendons tous pour demain.

Youkali,
c'est le pays de nos désirs,
Youkali, c'est le bonheur, c'est le plaisir.

Mais c'est un rêve, une folie,
il n'y a pas de Youkali!
Mais c'est un rêve, une folie,
il n'y a pas de Youkali!

And life leads us,
Tedious routine,
But the poor human soul,

Texts and Translations

Seeking forgetfulness everywhere,
In order to quit earth,
resolved the mystery
Where our dreams hide
In some Youkali...

Youkali
It is the land of our desires,
Youkali,
It is happiness
It is pleasure.

Youkali,
It is the land where
You quit all your troubles,
It is, in our night,
Like a clearing.
The star we follow,
it's Youkali!

Youkali, It is respect
Of all the exchanged wishes.
Youkali, It is the country
Of the beautiful shared loves,

It is hope
At the heart of all the humans,
The relief
We all await for tomorrow.

Youkali,
It is the land of our desires,
Youkali, It is happiness, It is pleasure.

But this is a dream, a folly,
There is no Youkali !
But this is a dream, a folly,
There is no Youkali !