

Spring 5-3-2017

Dreaming of a Garden- Kara Kang Degree Recital

Department of Music
Andrews University, music@andrews.edu

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Recommended Citation

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KARA KANG, SOPRANO

Assisted by Jonathan Goines, *piano*

Guest appearance by Jamila Sylvester, *mezzo-soprano*

“Senior Recital”

Wednesday, May 3rd, 2017—5:15 p.m.

Howard Performing Arts Center

Given in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of Bachelor of Science in Music in Voice

La Traviata	Giuseppe Verdi
<i>Estrano, estrano...Sempre Libera</i>	(1813–1901)
<i>Addio del passato</i>	
Lakmé	Léo Delibes
<i>Viens, Mallika...</i> (Flower Duet)	(1815–1910)
Vier letzte Lieder (Four Last Songs)	Richard Strauss
<i>Frühling</i> (Spring)	(1864–1949)
<i>September</i>	
<i>Beim Schlafengehen</i> (When Falling Asleep)	
<i>Im Abendrot</i> (At Sunset)	

ABOUT THE ARTIST

In 2009 Kara started her singing career as a member of an all-girls choir, Girls of Mercy, located in Berrien Springs. She gradually solidified her passion for singing through leading worship and joining the school choir, and in 2014 she started her studies in voice under the mentorship of Charles Reid and Stephen Zork. Since then, Kara has been in performances of St. Matthew’s Passion, scenes from Die Zauberflöte, and Susannah. She hopes to continue singing after college and use her voice to glorify God.

SPECIAL THANKS TO...

I would like to say thank you to all of you, who chose to come tonight whether planned or not to listen to me vocalize on various vowels and consonants in what I hope was some kind of timely fashion. It means a lot to me, not because of why you came, but because of what I was able to share with you in spite of it. The most valuable thing I have realized in my journey singing is that music can bare the soul in the most unsettling yet most beautiful way. I hope I have succeeded in bearing my soul to you.

I would like to give a special thank you to my mother, my best friend and close confidant, who continues to insist that I “have a good voice” even on days when I really don’t. I would like to thank my teachers and mentors Mr. Reid and Mr. Zork, who sacrificed their time and energy to help me realize what singing with freedom is. I would like to thank John and Dede Howard for their decision to support the arts at Andrews University, and to the Howard for allowing me to use this hall tonight. Finally I would like to thank Jesus Christ, my Lord and Savior, for using music to help me realize his love towards me, and for melting my heart of stone into a heart of flesh.

LA TRAVIATA

Estrano, Estrano...Sempre Libera

How strange it is ... how strange!
Those words are carved upon my heart!
Would a true love bring me misfortune?
What do you think, o my troubled spirit?
No man before kindled a flame like this.
Oh, joy I never knew ...
To love and to be loved!
Can I disdain this
For a life of sterile pleasure?

Was this the man my heart,
Alone in the crowd,
Delighted many times to paint
In vague, mysterious colors?
This man, so watchful yet retiring,
Who haunted my sickbed
And turned my fever
Into the burning flame of love!
That love,
The pulse of the whole world,
Mysterious, unattainable,
The torment and delight of my heart.

It's madness! It's empty delirium!
A poor, lonely woman
Abandoned in this teeming desert
They call Paris!
What can I hope? What should I do?
Enjoy myself! Plunge into the vortex
Of pleasure and drown there!
Enjoy myself!

Free and aimless I must flutter
From pleasure to pleasure,
Skimming the surface
Of life's primrose path.
As each day dawns,
As each day dies,
Gaily I turn to the new delights
That make my spirit soar.

Addio del Passato

"You kept your promise ...
The duel took place.
The Baron was wounded,
But is getting better ...
Alfredo is abroad.
I have told him of your sacrifice.
He is coming back to ask your pardon ...
I shall come too.
Take care of yourself ...
You deserve a better future."
Georges Germont .-
It's too late!
I wait and wait, but they never come!
How changed I am!
But the Doctor still urges me to hope!
With such a disease
All hope is dead!

Farewell, happy dreams of bygone days;
My rosy cheeks have already faded.
Even Alfredo's love is lacking,
To comfort and uphold my weary spirit.
Oh, comfort, sustain an erring soul,
And may God pardon
and make her his own!
Ah, all is over, All is over now.

LAKME

LAKME
Come, Mallika, the creepers are in
flower
They already cast their shadows
On the sacred river which flows,
calmly and serenely,
They have awakened by the song birds!

MALLIKA

Oh! mistress,
This is the time when your face smiles,
The time when I can read
Lakmé secrets hidden in her heart!

LAKME

But, I do not know what subtle fear
enfolds me,
When my father goes alone
to that cursed town;
I tremble, I tremble in fear!

MALLIKA

For the god Ganessa protects him,
Let us venture to the joyous pool
The swans with wings of white are
happy,
Let us go there and gather the blue lotus.

LAKME

Yes, near the swans,
with wings of white
Let us go there and gather the blue

BOTH

Dome made of jasmine,
Entwined with the rose together,
Both in flower, a fresh morning,
Call us together.
Ah! let us float along
On the river's current:
On the shining waves,
Our hands reach out to
The flowering bank,
Where the birds sing,
Oh the lovely birds sing,
Dome of white jasmine,
Calling us together!

VIER LETZTE LIEDER

Frühling

In shadowy crypts, I dreamt long
of your trees and blue skies,
of your fragrance and birdsong.

Now you appear in all your finery,
drenched in light
like a miracle before me.
You recognize me,
you entice me tenderly.
All my limbs tremble at
your blessed presence!

September

The garden is in mourning.
Cool rain seeps into the flowers.
Summertime shudders,
quietly awaiting her end.
Golden leaf after leaf falls
from the tall acacia tree.
Summer smiles, astonished and feeble,
at her dying dream of a garden.
For just a while she tarries
beside the roses, yearning for repose.
Slowly she closes her weary eyes.

Beim Schlafengehen

Now that I am wearied of the day,
my ardent desire shall friendly receive
the starry night like a sleepy child.
Hands, stop all your work.
Brow, forget all your thinking.
All my senses now
yearn to sink into slumber.
And my unfettered soul
wishes to soar up freely
into night's magic sphere
to live there deeply and thousandfold.

Im Abendrot

We have gone through sorrow and joy
hand in hand;
Now we can rest from our wandering
above the quiet land.
Around us, the valleys bow;
the air is growing darker.
Just two skylarks soar upwards
dreamily into the fragrant air.
Come close to me, and let them flutter.
Soon it will be time for sleep.
Let us not lose our way in this solitude.
O vast, tranquil peace,
so deep at sunset!
How weary we are of wandering—
Is this perhaps death?

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for the duration of the performance. Your cooperation is greatly appreciated.*