



JUNIOR RECITAL

**TARYN
CANTRELL**

WITH
RINA KIM, PIANO

OCTOBER 13, 2017
7:30 PM
ARIZONA STATE UNIVERSITY

Dell' Antro Magico

Creaking hinges, open for me the door of the magical cave, and in the darkness of the black shelter let me in. Above the horrible altar of the Stygian lake, the flames sparkle and send up smoke that clouds the light of the sun.

Ombra Cara, Amorosa

Shade dear loving, ah, why ever do you hasten to your rest, and I here remain? You're tranquil, will-be-happy in the places blessed where not comes neither wrath, nor sorrow, where eternal oblivion covers every mortal care; No longer will you remember in the embraces paternal, the weeping my, nor of this sorrow dwelling place troublesome. I remain always to weep where guides me forever from one to another horror, the cruel fate. And to end the tears, merciful to my sorrow, alas, that not arrives yet for me, death.

Clair de Lune

Your soul is a delicate landscape where roam charming masks and bergamasques playing the lute and dancing and seeming almost sad under their whimsical disguises. While singing in a minor key of victorious love and easy life, they don't seem to believe in their happiness and their song mingles with the moonlight. With the sad and beautiful moonlight, which makes the birds in the trees dream and sob with ecstasy the water streams, the great slim water streams among the marbles.

Automne

Autumn, time of misty skies and heart-breaking horizons, of rapid sunsets and pale dawns, I watch your melancholy day's flow past like a torrent. My thoughts borne off on the wings of regret (as if our time could ever be relived!) dreamingly wander the enchanted slopes where my youth once used to smile. In the bright sunlight of triumphant memory, I feel the scattered roses blooming in bouquets; and tears well up in my eyes, tears which my heart at twenty had already forgotten!

La Coccinelle

She said to me, *something is tormenting me*, and I saw, on her snow-white neck, a little red bug. I should have -but wise or mad, one is timid at 16- seen the kiss on her lips more than the bug on her neck. One would say a shell; red and dotted with black. To see us the wild birds had to crane their necks in the bushes. Her fresh lips were there; I leaned in towards the beauty and I removed the ladybug; but the kiss flew away. *Son, learn as I am named*, said the bug in the blue sky, *the beasts belong to God; But stupidity belongs to man.*

Neue Liebe

In the moonlit forest, I watched the elves a-riding, I heard their horns sound, I heard their bells ring. Their white elk, with golden antlers, flew on swiftly, like white swans travelling through the air. The queen nodded at me and smiled, as she rode overhead;

Was it because of my new love? Or does it mean death?

Geistergruß

High up on the ancient tower stands the hero's noble ghost, which, whenever a boat passes by, bids it a fair journey. "Behold, this muscle was once strong, This heart so firm and savage, These bones full of a Knight's marrow, the cup overflowing; Half my life I stormed forth, I spent the other half in peace; and you, you little man-made boat, journey ever, ever forth!"

Spuk

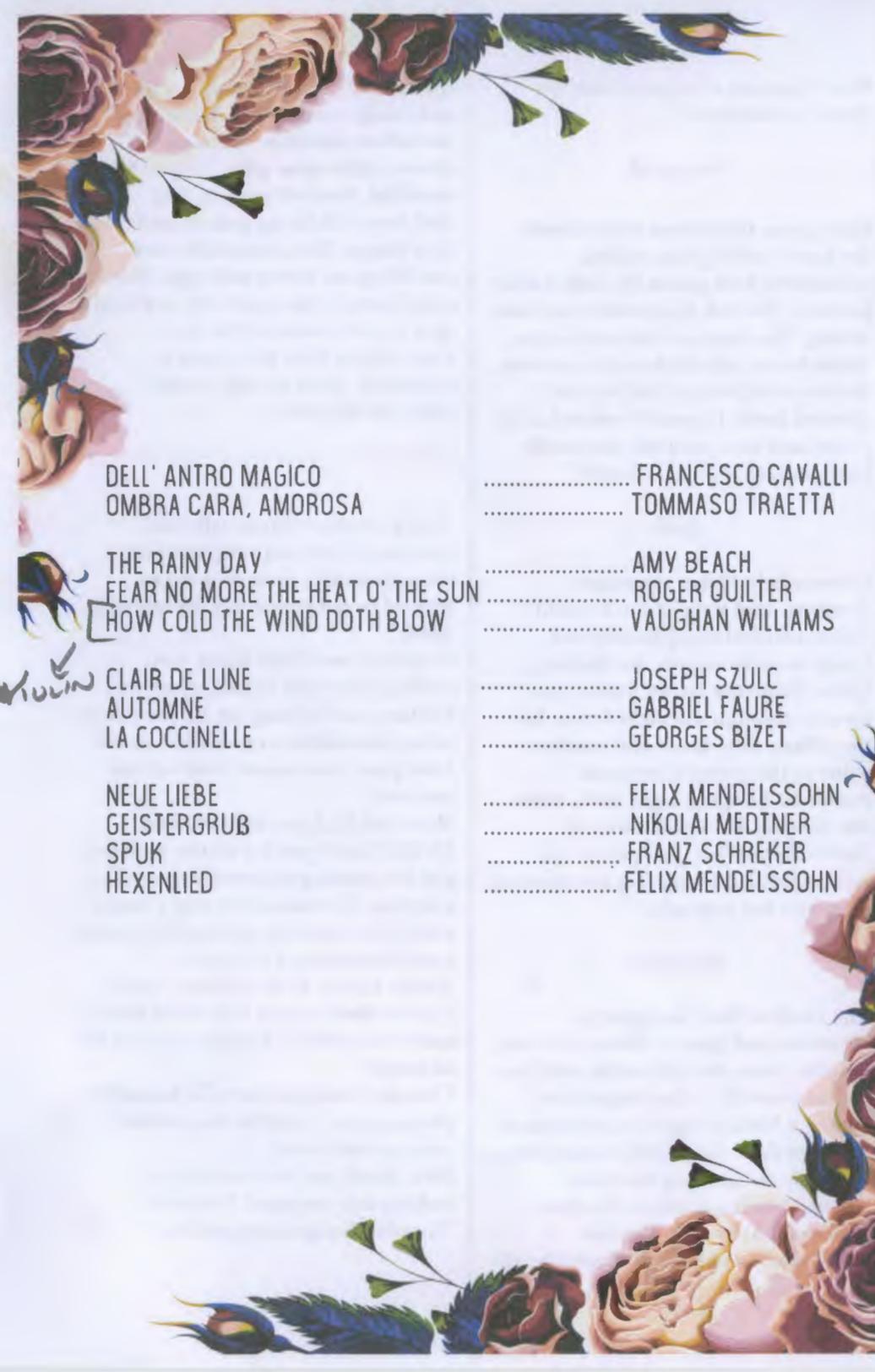
In moonlight flicker, in magic shimmer, lead the elves in a round dance; afar frolicking quietly in a happy manner sounds the clinging fiddle. From the tavern hurries the forester through the night forest. In the village, they dance and candles shine as the crowd cheers and resounds. Longing, a girl looks from the dancing, her cheeks are red. Suddenly her face goes pale in the moonlight as the laughing and dancing elves kiss her to death.

Hexenlied

The swallow flies, the spring is victorious and gives us flowers for our wreaths. Soon we will scuttle softly out the door and fly to the magnificent dance. A black billygoat, a broomstick, the oven-fork, the distaff, tear us along as swiftly as lightning and wind, through roaring winds to Brocken Mountain. Around Beelzebub we all dance and kiss his clawed hands.

A swarm of ghosts takes us by the arm and swings torches in a dance. And Beelzebub promises the troupe of dancers gifts upon gifts: They will be beautiful, they will walk in silk, And they will dig up pots of gold. A fiery dragon flies around the roof and brings us butter and eggs. The neighbors see the sparks fly and hold up a cross to ward off the fire. The swallow flies, the spring is victorious. Soon we will scuttle softly out the door;

Thank you to everyone who has encouraged me and supported me throughout this process. I am so blessed to call you all my friends and family! Stephanie and Ring, thank you endlessly for your coaching, advice, wisdom, and helping me keep my head on my shoulders every week! I would have gone (even more) crazy without you two! Mom and Dad, you are the. Best. EVER. Thank you for all the work you put into making this recital special for everyone. If it wasn't for you, I would probably be having my reception out of a cardboard box. I love you! Auntie Karen, Kelli, Kristine, thank you for sharing your wonderful talents and treats with us, I appreciate you all so much! Christie, thank you for your beautiful photography. I felt like the prettiest swamp-witch ever! Jack, thank you for your help in making this program! You rock. "Graphic design is my passion."



DELL' ANTRO MAGICO
OMBRA CARA, AMOROSA

..... FRANCESCO CAVALLI
..... TOMMASO TRAETTA

THE RAINY DAY
FEAR NO MORE THE HEAT O' THE SUN
HOW COLD THE WIND DOTH BLOW

..... AMY BEACH
..... ROGER QUILTER
..... VAUGHAN WILLIAMS

Violin
CLAIR DE LUNE
AUTOMNE
LA COCCINELLE

..... JOSEPH SZULC
..... GABRIEL FAURE
..... GEORGES BIZET

NEUE LIEBE
GEISTERGRUB
SPUK
HEXENLIED

..... FELIX MENDELSSOHN
..... NIKOLAI MEDTNER
..... FRANZ SCHREKER
..... FELIX MENDELSSOHN