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 DOETH BLOW

AMY BEACH
ROGER QUILTER
VAUGHAN WILLIAMS

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

JUNIOR RECITAL
TARYN CANTRELL

WITH
RINA KIM, PIANO

OCTOBER 13, 2017
7:30 PM
ARIZONA STATE UNIVERSITY
Dell'Astro 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.

Autumne

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!) dreamily 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!

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!"

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.

Spuk

In moonlight flicker, in magic shimmer, lead the elves in a round dance; afar frolicking quietly in a happy manner sounds the clinking 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.

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 Rina, 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.”
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