



CALIFORNIA STATE UNIVERSITY, SACRAMENTO
SCHOOL OF MUSIC
GRADUATE RECITAL

Stephanie Ortiz, soprano
John Cozza, piano

From *Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship* Robert Schumann (1810-1856)
Kennst du das Land?
Heiss mich nicht reden, heiss mich schweigen
So lasst mich scheinen, bis ich werde

"Vissi d'arte" from *Tosca* Giacomo Puccini (1858-1924)

L'alba separa dalla luce l'ombra Francesco Paolo Tosti (1846-1916)

"Signore, ascolta!" from *Turandot* Giacomo Puccini

Nebbie Ottorino Respighi (1879-1936)

Sérénade Ernest Chausson (1855-1899)

Extase Henri Duparc (1848-1933)

INTERMISSION

From *12 poems of Emily Dickinson* Aaron Copland (1900-1990)
Sleep is supposed to be
When they come back

From *The Hermit Songs* Samuel Barber (1910-1981)
St. Ita's Vision
The Monk and His Cat

"Yo viajo en mi mente" from *Cuentos* Hector Armienta (b. 1958)

Continued on reverse



FRIDAY, 4:00 P.M.
MARCH 13, 2026
CAPISTRANO HALL 151

"Tu pupila es azul" from *Tres Poemas*, Op. 81

Joaquin Turina (1882-1949)

Jú rame

Maria Grever (1885-1951)

"Chiquitita la Novia" from *Canciones Clásicas Españolas*,
Vol. 1

Fernando Obradors (1882-1949)

*This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements
for the degree of Master of Music in Voice.
Stephanie Ortiz is a student of Julie Miller.*

Stephanie Ortiz Graduate Spring Recital, Soprano

From Shadows to Light reflects a personal journey of growth, resilience, and transformation. This theme represents moving through moments of doubt and challenge toward greater clarity, confidence, and hope. As a singer and as a woman, I have faced obstacles and periods of uncertainty that ultimately shaped my path and strengthened my voice. The music in this program mirrors that journey—exploring vulnerability, longing, perseverance, and ultimately the discovery of light. As I enter a new chapter of life and artistry, these works celebrate the beauty of continued growth and the promise of what lies ahead.

Kennst du das Land?, *Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship* — Robert Schumann (1810–1856)

Kennst du das Land?

Kennst du das Land, wo die Zitronen blühn,
Im dunkeln Laub die Gold-Orangen glühn,
Ein sanfter Wind vom blauen Himmel weht,
Die Myrte still und hoch der Lorbeer steht?
Kennst du es wohl?
Dahin! dahin
Möcht' ich mit dir, o mein Geliebter, ziehn.

Kennst du das Haus? Auf Säulen ruht sein Dach.
Es glänzt der Saal, es schimmert das Gemach,
Und Marmorbilder stehn und sehn mich an:
Was hat man dir, du armes Kind, getan?
Kennst du es wohl?
Dahin! dahin
Möcht' ich mit dir, o mein Beschützer, ziehn.

Kennst du den Berg und seinen Wolkensteg?
Das Maultier sucht im Nebel seinen Weg;
In Höhlen wohnt der Drachen alte Brut;
Es stürzt der Fels und über ihn die Flut!
Kennst du ihn wohl?
Dahin! dahin
Geht unser Weg! O Vater, laß uns ziehn!

Do you know the land?

Do you know the land where the lemons blossom,
Where oranges grow golden among dark leaves,
A gentle wind drifts from the blue sky,
The myrtle stands silent, the laurel tall,
Do you know it?
It is there, it is there
I long to go with you, my love.

Do you know the house? Columns support its roof,
Its great hall gleams, its apartments shimmer,
And marble statues stand and stare at me:
What have they done to you, poor child?
Do you know it?
It is there, it is there
I long to go with you, my protector.

Do you know the mountain and its cloudy path?
The mule seeks its way through the mist,
Caverns house the dragons' ancient brood;
The rock falls sheer, the torrent over it,
Do you know it?
It is there, it is there
Our pathway lies! O father, let us go!

In “Kennst du das Land?” from Goethe’s *Wilhelm Meister’s Apprenticeship*, Mignon dreams of an idealized homeland filled with beauty, warmth, and peace. Schumann’s sweeping melodic lines and rich harmonic language evoke both wonder and deep longing, capturing her yearning

for belonging. The song's lyrical expansiveness reflects a nostalgia for a place that is as much emotional as it is physical.

Heiss mich nicht reden, *Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship* — Robert Schumann (1810–1856)

Heiss mich nicht reden

Heiss' mich nicht reden, heiss' mich schweigen,
Denn mein Geheimnis ist mir Pflicht;
Ich möchte dir mein ganzes Innre zeigen,
Allein das Schicksal will es nicht.

Zur rechten Zeit vertreibt der Sonne Lauf
Die finstre Nacht, und sie muss sich erhellen;
Der harte Fels schliesst seinen Busen auf,
Missgönnt der Erde nicht die tief verborgnen Quellen.

Ein Jeder sucht im Arm des Freundes Ruh,
Dort kann die Brust in Klagen sich ergiessen;
Allein ein Schwur drückt mir die Lippen zu,
Und nur ein Gott vermag sie aufzuschliessen.

Bid me not speak

Bid me not speak, bid me be silent,
For I am bound to secrecy;
I should love to bare you my soul,
But Fate has willed it otherwise.

At the appointed time the sun dispels
The dark, and night must turn to day;
The hard rock opens up its bosom,
Does not begrudge earth its deeply hidden springs.

All humans seek peace in the arms of a friend,
There the heart can pour out its sorrow;
But my lips, alas, are sealed by a vow,
And only a god can open them.

In “Heiss mich nicht reden, heiss mich schweigen” from *Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship*, Mignon reveals a guarded heart, caught between the desire to speak and the need to remain silent. Schumann reflects this emotional tension through a restrained vocal line and a subtly expressive accompaniment, suggesting feelings that are deeply held and difficult to put into words. The song conveys the idea that some truths are too personal or painful to be spoken aloud.

So lasst mich scheinen, *Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship* — Robert Schumann (1810–1856)

So lasst mich scheinen

So lasst mich scheinen, bis ich werde,
Zieht mir das weisse Kleid nicht aus!
Ich eile von der schönen Erde
Hinab in jenes feste Haus.

Dort ruh' ich eine kleine Stille,
Dann öffnet sich der frische Blick;
Ich lasse dann die reine Hülle,
Den Gürtel und den Kranz zurück.

Thus let me seem

Let me appear an angel till I become one;
Do not take my white dress from me!
I hasten from the beautiful earth
Down to that impregnable house.

There in brief repose I'll rest,
Then my eyes will open, renewed;
My pure raiment then I'll leave,
With girdle and rosary, behind.

Und jene himmlischen Gestalten,
Sie fragen nicht nach Mann und Weib,
Und keine Kleider, keine Falten
Umgeben den verklärten Leib.

Zwar lebt' ich ohne Sorg' und Mühe,
Doch fühlt' ich tiefen Schmerz genug.
Vor Kummer altert' ich zu frühe;
Macht mich auf ewig wieder jung!

And those heavenly beings,
They do not ask who is man or woman,
And no garments, no folds
Cover the transfigured body.

Though I lived without trouble and toil,
I have felt deep pain enough.
I grew old with grief before my time;
O make me forever young again!

In “So lasst mich scheinen, bis ich werde” from *Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship*, Mignon expresses a deep longing to grow, change, and be accepted for who she truly is. Schumann's delicate textures and warm, radiant harmonies suggest awakening and the hope of becoming one's true self. The music balances vulnerability with quiet strength, highlighting Mignon's journey toward self-discovery and inner peace.

Vissi d'arte, *Tosca* — Giacomo Puccini (1858–1924)

Vissi d'arte

Vissi d'arte, vissi d'amore,
non feci mai male ad anima viva!...
Con man furtiva
quante miserie conobbi, aiutai...
Sempre con fe' sincera,
la mia preghiera
ai santi tabernacoli sali.
Sempre con fe' sincera
diedi fiori agli altar.
Nell'ora del dolore
perché, perché Signore,
perché me ne rimunerai così?
Diedi gioielli
della Madonna al manto,
e diedi il canto
agli astri, al ciel, che ne ridean più belli.
Nell'ora del dolore,
perché, perché Signore,
perché me ne rimunerai così?

I lived for art

I lived for art. I lived for love:
Never did I harm a living creature!
Whatever misfortunes I encountered
I sought with secret hand to succour
Ever in pure faith,
My prayers rose
In the holy chapels.
Ever in pure faith,
I brought flowers to the altars.
In this hour of pain, why,
Why, oh Lord, why
Dost Thou repay me thus?
Jewels I brought
For the Madonna's mantle,
And songs for the stars in heaven
That they shone forth with greater radiance.
In this hour of distress, why,
Why, oh Lord,
Why dost Thou repay me thus?

In “Vissi d’arte” from Puccini’s opera *Tosca*, Floria Tosca reflects on a life devoted to art, love, and faith while facing an impossible moral choice. She wonders why a life lived with compassion and devotion has led to suffering, offering a heartfelt prayer for mercy and understanding. Puccini’s soaring melody moves between quiet vulnerability and passionate intensity, revealing Tosca’s humanity, dignity, and inner strength in the face of injustice.

L’alba separa dalla luce l’ombra — Francesco Paolo Tosti (1846–1916)

L'alba sepàra dalla luce l'ombra,
E la mia voluttà dal mio desire.
O dolce stelle, è l'ora di morire.
Un più divino amor dal ciel vi sgombra.

The dawn divides the darkness from the light,
And my sensual pleasure from my desire,
O sweet stars, the hour of death is now at hand:
A love more holy sweeps you from the skies.

Pupille ardenti, O voi senza ritorno
Stelle tristi, spegnetevi incorrotte!
Morir debbo. Veder non voglio il giorno,
Per amor del mio sogno e della notte.

Gleaming eyes, O you who'll ne'er return,
sad stars, snuff out your uncorrupted light!
I must die, I do not want to see the day,
For love of my own dream and of the night.

Chiudimi, O Notte, nel tuo sen materno,
Mentre la terra pallida s'irrorà.
Ma che dal sangue mio nasca l'aurora
E dal sogno mio breve il sole eterno!

Envelop me, O Night in your maternal breast,
While the pale earth bathes itself in dew;
But let the dawn rise from my blood
And from my brief dream the eternal sun

“L’alba separa dalla luce l’ombra” explores themes of love, loss, and the flow of time. Dawn symbolizes both renewal and separation, as light replaces shadow and a cherished love appears to fade with the dawn. Tosti’s elegant melody, combined with nuanced harmonic transitions, evokes a mood of soft melancholy and introspection.

Signore, ascolta!, *Turnadot* — Giacomo Puccini (1858–1924)

Signore, ascolta!

Signore, ascolta! Ah, signore, ascolta!
Liù non regge più, si spezza il cuor!
Ahimè, quanto cammino col tuo nome
nell'anima,
col nome tuo sulle labbra!
Ma se il tuo destino doman sarà deciso,
noi morrem sulla strada dell'esilio.
Ei perderà suo figlio, io l'ombra d'un
sorriso.
Liù non regge più! Ah!

Sir, listen!

Lord, listen! Ah, sir, listen!
Liù no longer holds, the heart breaks!
Alas, how much I walk with your name in
the soul,
with your name on your lips!
But if your destiny will be decided,
we morrem on the road to exile.
He will lose his son, I will have the shadow
of a smile.
Liù no longer holds! Ah!

In “Signore, ascolta!” from Puccini’s opera *Turandot*, the servant Liù begs Prince Calaf to give up his dangerous quest to win Princess Turandot. Her gentle, heartfelt plea expresses deep loyalty and selfless love. Puccini sets this moment with a simple yet deeply expressive melody, creating an intimate contrast to the opera’s larger, more dramatic scenes. The aria foreshadows Liù’s ultimate sacrifice and highlights her quiet courage and humanity.

Nebbie — Ottorino Respighi (1879–1936)**Nebbie**

Soffro, lontan lontano
Le nebbie sonnolente
Salgono dal tacente
Piano.
Alto gracchiando, i corvi,
Fidati all'ali nere,
Traversan le brughiere
Torvi.
Dell'aere ai morsi crudi
Gli addolorati tronchi
Offron, pregando, i bronchi
Nudi.
Come ho freddo!... Son sola;
Pel grigio ciel sospinto
Un gemito destinto
Vola;
E mi ripete: Vieni,
È buia la vallata.
O triste, o disamata,
Vieni!

Mist

I suffer. Far, far away
the sleeping mists
rise from the silent
plain.
Shrilling cawing, the crows,
trusting their black wings
cross the heath
grimly.
To the raw weathering of the air
the sorrowful tree trunks
offer, praying, their
bare branches.
How cold am I! I am alone;
driven through the gray sky
a wail of extinction
flies;
And repeats to me: come,
the valley is dark.
Oh sad, oh unloved one,
Come! Come!

“Nebbie” (“Mists”) depicts a winter landscape that reflects the speaker’s deep sense of loneliness and sorrow. Through atmospheric piano writing and a vocal line that moves between quiet resignation and moments of intensity, Respighi evokes feelings of isolation, memory, and grief. The song’s vivid imagery and restrained expression capture the introspective mood characteristic of early twentieth-century Italian art song.

Sérénade, *Quatre mélodies*, Op. 13 — Ernest Chausson (1855–1899)

Sérénade

Tes grands yeux doux semblent des îles
Qui nagent dans un lac d'azur
Aux fraîcheurs de tes yeux tranquilles,
Fais-moi tranquille et fais-moi pur.

Ton corps a l'adorable enfance
Des clairs paradis de jadis :
Enveloppe-moi de silence,
Du silence argenté des lys.

Alangui par les yeux tranquilles
Des étoiles caressant l'air,
J'ai tant rêvé la paix des îles,
Sous un soir frissonnant et clair!

Serenade

Your great soft eyes seem like islands
Swimming in a lake of azure:
In the coolness of your calm eyes,
Make me calm and make me pure.

Your body has the lovable youth
Of the bright paradises of yesteryear:
Envelop me with silence,
With the silvery silence of the lily.

Made languid by the calm eyes
Of stars that caress the air,
I've dreamed so of the peace of islands,
Beneath a night shivering and clear!

Chausson’s “Sérénade” reflects the elegance and intimacy of French *mélodie*. The song portrays a lover’s gentle evening offering, blending graceful lyricism with subtle harmonic color. Its fluid vocal line and delicate accompaniment create an atmosphere of quiet devotion and restrained passion, inviting the listener into a moment of tender, understated romance.

Extase — Henri Duparc (1848–1933)

Extase

Sur un lys pâle mon cœur dort
D'un sommeil doux comme la mort.
Mort exquise, mort parfumée
Du souffle de la bien-aimée.
Sur ton sein pâle mon cœur dort
D'un sommeil doux comme la mort.

Ecstasy

On a pale lily my heart is sleeping
A sleep as sweet as death:
Exquisite death, death perfumed
By the breath of the beloved:
On your pale breast my heart is sleeping.
A sleep as sweet as death.

“Extase”, a masterpiece of French mélodie, sets poetry by Jean Lahor and explores themes of longing and sensual intimacy. The poem depicts a lover reflecting on a transformative moment of unity with the beloved. Through luminous harmonies and expansive phrases, Duparc creates an atmosphere of stillness and transcendence, where earthly concerns fade into a profound emotional and spiritual connection.

Sleep is supposed to be, *Twelve Poems of Emily Dickinson* — Aaron Copland (1900–1990)

Sleep is supposed to be

Sleep is supposed to be
By souls of sanity
The shutting of the eye.

Sleep is the station grand
Down which, on either hand
The hosts of witness stand!

Morn is supposed to be
By people of degree
The breaking of the Day.

Morning has not occurred!

That shall Aurora be
East of Eternity
One with the banner gay
One in the red array
That is the break of Day!

In "Sleep is supposed to be," Aaron Copland brings to life a poem by Emily Dickinson that wonders about the difference between sleep and death. The poem asks if sleep really brings us peace, or if there's a hidden uneasiness beneath the surface. Copland's simple, clear music and subtle changes in harmony reflect this uncertainty, helping the listener connect with the poem's thoughtful and gentle mood.

When they come back, *Twelve Poems of Emily Dickinson* — Aaron Copland (1900–1990)

When they come back

When they come back if Blossoms do
I always feel a doubt
If Blossoms can be born again
When once the Art is out.

When they begin, if Robins may,
I always had a fear
I did not tell, it was their last Experiment
Last Year!

When it is May, if May return,
Had nobody a pang
Lest in a Face so beautiful
He might not look again?

If I am there,
One does not know
What Party one may be
Tomorrow, but if I am there
I take back all I say.

“When they come back” is a song about how memories of loved ones who have passed away return to us in everyday life. Instead of showing grief as a single event, the piece explores how the feeling of loss lingers with us through memory and imagination. Aaron Copland sets Dickinson’s poem with clear, transparent music that allows her words to shine. Copland’s gentle melodies and subtle harmonies create a feeling of closeness, expressing both the warmth and the quiet sorrow that come with recalling those we’ve lost.

St. Ita’s Vision, *The Hermit Songs* — Samuel Barber (1910–1981)

St. Ita’s Vision

I will take nothing from my Lord, said she,
unless He gives me His Son from Heaven
In the form of a Baby that I may nurse Him.
So that Christ came down to her
in the form of a Baby and then she said:
'Infant Jesus, at my breast,
Nothing in this world is true
Save, O tiny nursling, You.
Infant Jesus at my breast,
By my heart every night,
You I nurse are not a churl
But were begot on Mary the Jewess
By Heaven's light.

Infant Jesus at my breast,
What King is there but You who could
Give everlasting good?
Wherefore I give my food.
Sing to Him, maidens, sing your best!
There is none that has such right
To your song as Heaven's King
Who every night
Is Infant Jesus at my breast.

"St. Ita’s Vision" is the third song in Samuel Barber’s *The Hermit Songs*. Drawing on a medieval Irish text, it depicts St. Ita caring for the infant Jesus with deep tenderness and devotion. Barber’s gentle, lyrical music mirrors the poem’s warmth and serenity, inviting listeners into a moment of spiritual intimacy and comfort.

The Monk and His Cat, *The Hermit Songs* — Samuel Barber (1910–1981)

The Monk and His Cat

Pangur, white Pangur
How happy we are
Alone together, Scholar and cat
Each has his own work to do daily;
For you it is hunting, for me, study
Your shining eye watches the wall;
My feeble eye is fixed on a book
You rejoice when your claws entrap a mouse;
I rejoice when my mind fathoms a problem

Pleased with his own art
Neither hinders the other;
Thus we live ever
Without tedium and envy
Pangur, white Pangur
How happy we are
Alone together, Scholar and cat.

“The Monk and His Cat” is one of Samuel Barber’s Hermit Songs, a set of pieces based on old Irish poems. This song tells the story of a monk and his cat, Pangur Bán, who both enjoy their simple daily routines—the monk studies his books while the cat hunts mice. Barber’s playful music highlights the warmth and friendship between them, offering a gentle, happy glimpse into peaceful monastic life.

Yo viajo en mi mente, *Cuentos* — Héctor Armienta (1958-current)

Yo viajo en mi mente

Yo viajo en mi mente cuando pienso en ti.
Eres un regalo de la vida, un regalo para mi.
Y cuando te tengo en mis brazos, cerca de mi pecho
Mi alma se eleva como el sol en la madrugada.
Ah!

Yo viajo en mi mente cuando pienso en ti.
Pero te confieso mi muñeca, ha sido difícil
Verte enferma, verte sufrir.
Me ahogo en tristeza, me ahogo!
Pero cuando te oigo cantar, con esperanza en tu voz,
Mi alma se eleva, porque yo se que vas a ser
Una mujer bien fuerte. Una guerrera!
Y cuando seas mayor, voy a exclamar, proclamar, y gritar,
Ahí va una gran mujer!

I travel in my mind

I travel in my mind when I think of you.
You are a gift of life, a gift to me.
And when I hold you in my arms, close to my chest,
My soul rises like the sun at dawn.
Ah!

I travel in my mind when I think of you.
But I confess to you, my little doll, it has been difficult
To see you sick, to see you suffer.
I drown in sadness, I drown!
But when I hear you sing, with hope in your voice,
My soul rises, because I know that you will become
A very strong woman. A warrior!
And when you are older, I will exclaim, proclaim, and shout,
There goes a great woman!

“Yo viajo en mi mente” is drawn from *Cuentos*, an opera by composer Héctor Armienta that brings to life the powerful and often heartbreaking stories of Mexican immigrants and farmworkers in the United States. In this aria, a farmworker reflects on the sacrifices she makes for her children while laboring in the fields. As she thinks of her young daughter, who is ill, the music captures both her pain and her unwavering determination to provide a better future for her family. Through tenderness, sorrow, and hope, the aria honors the resilience and strength of immigrant mothers whose love and perseverance sustain the next generation.

Tu pupila es azul, *Tres Poemas*, Op. 81 — Joaquín Turina (1882-1949)

Tu pupila es azul

Tu pupila es azul y cuando ríes
su claridad suave me recuerda
el trémulo fulgor de la mañana
que en el mar se refleja.

Te pupila es azul y cuando lloras
las transparentes lágrimas en ella
se me figuran gotas de rocío
sobre una violeta.

Tu pupila es azul y si en su fondo
como un punto de luz radia una idea
me parece en el cielo de la tarde
una perdida estrella.

Your eyes are blue

Your eyes are blue and when you laugh
their gentle radiance reminds me
of the trembling glow of dawn
reflected in the sea.

Your eyes are blue and when you weep
their transparent tears
seem to me like dew-drops
on a violet.

Your eyes are blue and if in their depths
like a point of light a thought gleams
they seem to me in the evening sky
like stars adrift.

“Tu pupila es azul” is the first song from Joaquín Turina’s *Tres Poemas*, Op. 81, a set of Spanish art songs that reflect the rich lyricism and color of early twentieth-century Spanish music. The poem centers on the image of a beloved’s blue eyes, using vivid natural imagery and romantic language to express admiration, beauty, and longing. Turina’s expressive melodic writing and flowing accompaniment highlight the warmth and intimacy of the text, capturing the emotional intensity and poetic elegance characteristic of Spanish canción art song.

Júrame — Maria Grever (1885-1951)**Júrame**

Todos dicen que es mentira que te quiero,
porque nunca me habían visto enamorado,
yo te juro que yo mismo no comprendo,
el porqué de tu mirar me ha fascinado.

Cuando estás cerca de mí y estás contento,
no quisiera que de nadie te acordaras.
Tengo celos hasta del pensamiento,
que pueda recordarte a otra persona amada.

Júrame que aunque pase mucho tiempo
nunca olvidas el momento en que yo te conocí.
Mírame, pues no hay nada más profundo
ni más grande en este mundo que el cariño que te dí.

Promise Me

They all say it is a lie that I do love you
because never they saw me so much in love
I swear to you that not even I understand
why your glance has fascinated me

When I am near you, you are happy,
I wouldn't want you to remember anyone
I am jealous even of the thought
that could remind you of any loved person.

Swear to me that although time passes by
you won't forget the moment when I first met you.
Look at me, for there is nothing in this world
bigger or more profound than the love I gave you.

Bésame, con un beso enamorado,
como nadie me ha besado
desde el día en que nací.

Quiéreme, quiéreme hasta la locura,
así sabras la amargura
que estoy sufriendo por tí.

Kiss me, with a loving kiss,
like no one has kissed me since the day I was born.
Love me, love me up to madness
and then you will know the sadness
that I am suffering for you.

“Júrame” by María Grever is one of the most beloved songs of the Mexican bolero repertoire. The text is a passionate plea for reassurance in love, as the singer asks their beloved to swear eternal devotion and faithfulness. Grever’s lyrical melody and sweeping phrases heighten the song’s emotional intensity, capturing both vulnerability and deep romantic longing. Blending the expressive style of art song with the warmth and sentiment of popular music, *Júrame* remains a timeless reflection on love, trust, and devotion. I dedicate this song to my own beloved, Tony.

Chiquitita la Novia, *Canciones Clásicas Españolas*, Vol. 1 — Fernando Obradors (1882-1949)

Chiquitita la novia
Chiquitita la novia,
Chiquitito el novio,
Chiquitita la sala,
Y el dormitorio,
Por eso yo quiero
Chiquitita la cama
Y el mosquitero.

Tiny is the bride
Tiny is the bride,
Tiny is the groom,
Tiny is the living room,
Tiny is the bedroom.
That is why I want
a tiny bed with a
mosquito net.

“Chiquitita la novia” is one of the songs from Fernando Obradors’s *Canciones Clásicas Españolas*, Vol. 1, a celebrated collection that draws on Spanish folk poetry and musical traditions. The song portrays a young bride on her wedding day, capturing the excitement, innocence, and playful charm surrounding the moment. Obradors’s lively rhythms and colorful piano writing evoke the spirit of Spanish folk music, while the vocal line reflects both tenderness and celebration, bringing to life the joy and anticipation of the bride’s new beginning.
