



CALIFORNIA STATE UNIVERSITY, SACRAMENTO
SCHOOL OF MUSIC
GRADUATE RECITAL

Zoë García, soprano
John Cozza, piano

"Tornami a Vagheggiar" from *Alcina* Georg Frideric Händel (1685-1759)
"Tu del Ciel ministro eletto" from *Trionfo del Tempo*, HWV 46a

Jauchzet Gott in allen Landen, BWV 51 J.S. Bach (1685-1750)
I. Jauchzet Gott in allen Landen
II. Wir beten zu dem Tempel an
III. Höchster, mache deine Güte
V. Alleluia

Ali Chenari, A.C. Sullivan, and Nathaniel Bacon - violin
Tristan Corpuz - viola | Jasmine Anibaba - cello
Mason Rogers - trumpet | Melissa Issac Cifuentes - piano

INTERMISSION

"Quel Guardo il Cavaliere" from *Don Pasquale* Gaetano Donizetti (1797-1848)

Aria (Cantilena) from *Bachianas Brasileiras No. 5* Heitor Villa-Lobos (1887-1959)
with Patricio Morales, guitar

Selections from *Canciones Clásicas Españolas* Fernando Obradors (1897-1945)
I. La mi sola, Laureola
II. Al Amor
V. Con amores, la mi madre
VI. Del cabello más sutil
VII. Chiquitita la novia

"Mein Herr Marquis" from *Die Fledermaus* Johann Strauss II (1825-1899)

"Joy" from *Genius Child* Ricky Ian Gordon (b. 1956)

*This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements
for the degree of Master of Music in Performance.
Zoë García is a student of Julie Miller.*



FRIDAY, 4:00 P.M.
APRIL 17, 2026
CAPISTRANO HALL 151

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

Zoë García, soprano | April 17, 2026

“Tornami a Vagheggiar” from *Alcina*

“Tornami a Vagheggiar” expresses the tumultuous nature of new love as Morgana sings to “Ricciardo” (Bradamante in disguise). The aria’s repetition highlights a range of emotions, including passion, excitement, and longing, as her feelings shift between desire and vulnerability.

Tornami a vagheggiar,
te solo vuoi amar
quest'anima fedel,
caro mio bene.

Return to my fond gaze;
this faithful soul
desires to love only you,
my dearest love.

Già ti donai il mio cor;
fido sarà il mio amor;
mai ti sarò crudel,
cara mia spene.

I have already given you my heart;
my love shall be true;
I shall never be cruel to you,
my cherished hope.

“Tu del Ciel ministro eletto” from *Il Trionfo del Tempo e del Disinganno*

The libretto for “Il Trionfo del Tempo e del Disinganno” consists entirely of dialogue and debate. The four “characters” are personifications of *Belezza* (Beauty), *Piacere* (Pleasure), *Tempo* (Time), and *Disinganno* (Disillusion). In this aria, *Belezza* (Beauty) humbly turns away from fleeting earthly pleasures, and consecrates her heart to the chosen minister of Heaven. In a moment of reflection, she recognizes that only the Divine can truly fulfill the soul.

Recit: “Pure del cielo”

Pure del cielo, intelligenze eterne,
che vera scuola a ben amare a printe.
Udite angeli, udite il pianto mio!
E se la verità dal sole eterno
tragge luce immortal e a me lo scopre,
fate che al gran desio rispondan l’opre.

Ye eternal intelligences of the heavens,
who have established a true school for loving
well: Hear me, angels—hear my weeping!
And if the Truth draws immortal light
from the Eternal Sun and reveals it unto me,
grant that my deeds may answer to my great
desire.

Aria: “Tu del Ciel ministro eletto”

Tu del Ciel ministro eletto,
Non vedrai più nel mio petto
Voglia infida, o vano ardor.
E se vissi ingrata a Dio,
Tu custode del cor mio
A lui porta il nuovo cor.

You, chosen minister of Heaven,
Shall no longer see within my breast
Faithless desire or vain ardor.
And if I lived ungrateful to God,
You, guardian of my heart,
Bear this new heart unto Him.

Jauchzet Gott in allen Landen, BWV 51

“Jauchzet Gott in allen Landen” is Bach’s only cantata written for solo soprano and trumpet, combining virtuosic brilliance with devotional intimacy. The work explores the act of praising God through both ecstatic jubilation and in the quiet moments of meditative devotion. The outer movements are filled with dazzling coloratura passages that require the singer’s full expressive energy, embodying joy as an act of musical celebration. In contrast, the inner movements reflect on human limitation in the face of the divine, while also expressing renewed hope and trust in God’s grace, which is offered anew each morning.

I. Jauchzet Gott in allen Landen
Jauchzet Gott, in allen Landen!
Was der Himmel und die Welt
An Geschöpfen in sich hält,
Müssen dessen Ruhm erhöhen,

Und wir wollen unserm Gott
Gleichfalls itzt ein Opfer bringen,
Dass er uns in Kreuz und Not
Allezeit hat beigestanden.

II. Wir beten zu dem Tempel an
Wir beten zu dem Tempel an,
Da Gottes Ehre wohnt,
Da dessen Treu,
So täglich neu,
Mit lauter Segen lohnet.
Wir preisen, was er an uns hat getan.

Muss gleich der schwache
Mund von seinen Wundern lallen,
So kann ein schlechtes L
ob ihm dennoch wohlgefallen.

III. Höchster, mache deine Güte
Höchster, mache deine Güte
Ferner alle Morgen neu.
So soll vor die Vätertreu
Auch ein dankbares Gemüte
Durch ein frommes Leben weisen,
Dass wir deine Kinder heißen.

V. Alleluia

I. Shout for joy to God, in all lands
Shout for joy God, in all lands!
Whatever heaven and the world
Hold within themselves of living things
Must exalt His glory;

And we, too, desire
To offer our God a sacrifice this hour,
For he amidst cross and tribulation
At all times has stood by us.

II. We worship at the temple
We worship at the temple
Where God's glory dwells,
Where His faithfulness
Ever new each day
Rewards us with pure blessings.
We praise all that He has done for us.

Though our feeble lips may but
faltringly speak of His wonders,
Yet even humble praise
can still be pleasing unto Him.

III. Most High, make Your goodness
Most High, make Your goodness
Ever new with every dawn.
Thus, in return for Your Fatherly faithfulness,
May a grateful heart
Through a life of piety
Show forth that we are called Your children.

"Quel Guardo il Cavaliere" from Don Pasquale

In her aria "Quel guardo il cavaliere" from Don Pasquale, Norina is seen reading a romance novel, reflecting on both on her longing for love, and the disappointment of male loyalty. The aria's melismas, triplet figures, trills, and high Cs vividly express her wit, alluring charm, and ability to control her own destiny.

Quel guardo, il cavaliere
in mezzo al cor trafisse,
Piegò il ginocchio e disse:
Son vostro cavalier.

E tanto era in quel guardo sapor di paradiso,
che il cavalier Riccardo, tutto d'amor conquiso,
giurò che ad altra mai,
Non volgeria il pensier. Ha, ha!

So anch'io la virtu magica
D'un guardo a tempo e loco,
So anch'io come si bruciano I cori a lento foco,

That look, pierced the knight
in the middle of the heart,
He folded his body, bent at his knees and said...
I am your knight.

And so it was in that look a taste of paradise,
that the knight Richard, conquered by love,
swore that never to another,
Woman would he ever think about. Ha, ha!

I too know the magical power
of a look at the right time and place,
I know how the heart burns in slow fires,

D'un breve sorrisetto conosco anch'io l'effetto,
Di menzognera lagrima, d'un subito languor,
Conosco i mille modi dell'amorose frodi,
I vezzi e l'arti facili per adescare un cor.

Ho testa bizzarra,
son pronta vivace,
Brillare mi piace scherzar:
Se monto in furore
Di rado sto al segno,
Ma in riso lo sdegno fo presto a cangiar,
Ho testa bizzarra, Ma core eccellente, ah!

of a brief smile I know the effect,
Of lying tears, on a sudden languor,
I know a thousand ways love can fraud,
The charms and arts are easy to fool the heart.

I have a bizarre mind,
I possess a ready wit,
I like joking:
If I get furious
I'm rarely able to remain calm,
But my disdain can soon turn to laughter,
I have a bizarre mind But an excellent heart, ah!

Aria (Cantilena) *Bachianas Brasileiras* No. 5

Bachianas Brasileiras No. 5 is a homage to Bach, combining the intricate counterpoint of the Baroque tradition with the lyrical expressivity of the Brazilian musical language. The Aria (Cantilena) paints an evocative image of a moon rising in a pink sky, capturing the transition from day to night as a moment of fleeting, translucent beauty.

"...the sky and I are in open conversation." - Sylvia Plath

This atmosphere reflects the concept of *saudade*, a Portuguese term describing a profound sense of longing, and the awareness that what is desired may never be fully attained or experienced again. As poet Florbela Espanca writes, "I long for the longings I don't have" (Anoitecer, 1923). In this piece, the natural world becomes a mirror for inner emotion, as shifting light and landscape embody both beauty and melancholic desire.

Tarde uma nuvem rósea lenta e transparente
Sobre o espaço, sonhadora e bela!

Surge no infinito a Lua docemente
Enfeitando a tarde, qual meiga donzela
Que se apresta e a linda sonhadoramente
Em anseios d'alma para ficar bela

Grita ao céu e a terra toda a natureza!
Cala a passara aos seus tristes queixumes

E reflete o mar toda a sua riqueza
Suave a luz da Lua desperta agora
A cruel saudade que ri e chora!

In the afternoon, a rosy cloud, slow and transparent,
drifting across the sky, dreamy and fair!

From the infinite, the moon rises sweetly,
Adorning the afternoon like a gentle maiden
Who readies herself, lovely and lost in dreams,
with a soul's deep yearning to appear beautiful.

All of Nature cries out to the heavens and the earth!
The birds fall silent in their mournful laments, and
the sea

reflects back all its boundless wealth...
Softly, the moonlight now awakens
That cruel longing, at once laughing and weeping!

Selections from *Obradors Canciones Clásicas Españolas*

Canciones clásicas españolas explores the many forms of love experienced throughout life, ranging from longing and jealousy to sensual desire, maternal comfort, and marital joy.

*"In our life there is a single colour, as on an artist's palette,
which provides the meaning of life and art. It is the colour of love."* - Mark Chagall

The opening song, "La mi sola, Laureola," portrays jealousy and yearning, with moments of sparse, almost a cappella writing and a low vocal tessitura that lends the soprano line an earthy, intimate quality. The often-independent relationship between voice and piano heightens a sense of isolation and emotional

distance. In contrast, "Al amor" shifts dramatically in mood, embracing playful sensuality through a flirtatious text that revels in excess, counting kisses beyond measure and even reversing the count in ecstatic abandon.

The fifth song introduces a deeply nurturing expression of maternal love, with a gently rocking piano figure that evokes comfort, safety, and emotional refuge in the midst of hardship.

"Del cabello más sutil" offers a contrasting tenderness, as the singer expresses an intense longing for closeness through imaginative metaphors of transformation, while shimmering piano arpeggios suggest a sense of magic and idealized devotion.

The final song bursts with energy and Spanish character, depicting the excitement of a wedding night. Its text humorously describes the bride, groom, bed, and room as comically small, suggesting the overwhelming joy of new union. Even the presence of a mosquito becomes part of the celebration, imitated in the voice through a playful closed-mouth hum, reinforcing the idea that nothing can diminish the exuberance of this moment.

I. La mi sola, Laureola

La mi sola, Laureola
La mi sola, sola, sola,

Yo el cautivo Leriano
Aunque mucho estoy ufano
Herido de aquella mano
Que en el mundo es una sola.

La mi sola Laureola
La mi sola, sola, sola.

II. Al Amor

Dame, Amor, besos sin cuento
Asido de mis cabellos
Y mil y ciento tras ellos
Y tras ellos mil y ciento
Y después...
De muchos millares, tres!
Y porque nadie lo sienta
Desbaratemos la cuenta
Y... contemos al revés.

V. Con amores, la mi madre

Con amores, la mi madre,
Con amores me dormí;
Así dormida soñaba
Lo que el corazón velaba,
Que el amor me consolaba
Con más bien que merecí.
Adormecióme el favor
Que amor me dió con amor;
Dió descanso a mi dolor
La fe con que le serví
Con amores, la mi madre,
Con amores me dormí!

I. My one and only, Laureola

My one and only, Laureola
My one and only, alone, alone.

I am Leriano, the captive;
Though I take great pride
In being wounded by that hand
Which is the only one of its kind in the world.

My one and only, Laureola
My one and only, alone, alone.

II. To Love

Give me, Love, kisses beyond count,
Clinging to my hair,
And a thousand and one hundred more,
And after those, a thousand and one hundred again.
And then...
After many thousands, three!
And so that no one may know,
Let us lose track of the tally
And... count in reverse.

V. With love, my mother

With love, my mother,
With love I fell asleep;
And sleeping thus, I dreamed
Of that for which my heart kept watch:
That love consoled me
With greater good than I deserved.
I was lulled to sleep by the favor
That Love bestowed upon me, with love;
Rest was granted to my sorrow
By the faith with which I served him.
With love, my mother,
With love I fell asleep!

VI. Del cabello más sutil
Del cabello más sutil
Que tienes en tu trenzado
He de hacer una cadena
Para traerte a mi lado.
Una alcarraza en tu casa,
Chiquilla, quisiera ser,
Para besarte en la boca,
Cuando fueras a beber.

VII. 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.

VI. From the finest strands of hair
From the finest strands of hair
Woven into your braid,
I shall fashion a chain
To draw you to my side.
A water jug in your home,
Little girl, I wish I could be,
To kiss you on the lips
Whenever you went to drink.

VII. Tiny is the bride,
Tiny is the bride,
Tiny is the groom,
Tiny is the living room,
And the bedroom;
That is why I want
A tiny bed,
And a tiny mosquito net.

“Mein Herr Marquis” from *Die Fledermaus*

In *Die Fledermaus*, Adele, a chambermaid, secretly borrows her mistress’s gown to attend a party, where she is recognized by her mistress’s husband. She cleverly deflects suspicion by laughing at the absurdity of the idea, insisting that a refined, glamorous woman like herself could never be a mere servant, all while confidently playing the role. Musically, Strauss evokes laughter through ascending scales, crisp staccato figures, and playful accents, reinforcing Adele’s effervescent, vivacious charm, and revealing her agency as a woman who transcends the limitations of her social status.

Mein Herr Marquis, ein Mann wie Sie
Sollt’ besser das verstehn,
Darum rate ich, ja genauer sich
Die Leute anzusehen!
Die Hand ist doch wohl gar zo fein, hahaha.
Dies Füßchen so zierlich und klein, hahaha.
Die Sprache, die ich führe
Die Taille, die Tournüre,
Der gleichen finden Sie Bei einer Zofe nie!

Gestehn müssen Sie fürwahr,
Sehr komisch dieser Irrtum war!
Ja, sehr komisch, hahaha,
Ist die Sache, hahaha.
Drum verzeihn Sie, hahaha,
Wenn ich lache, hahaha!
Ja, sehr komisch, hahaha
Ist die Sache, hahaha!

Sehr komisch, Herr Marquis, sind Sie!

Mit dem Profil im griech’schen Stil
Beschenke mich Natur:
Wenn nicht dies Gesicht schon genügend spricht,
So sehn Sie die Figur!

My Lord Marquis, a man like you
should better understand that,
Therefore I advise you to look
more accurately at people!
My hand is surely far too fine, hahaha.
My foot so dainty and small, hahaha.
In a manner of speaking
My waist, my bustle,
The likes of things you’ll never find on a maid!

You really must admit,
This mistake was very funny!
Yes, very funny, hahaha,
This thing is, hahaha.
You’ll have to forgive me, hahaha,
If I laugh, hahaha!
Yes, very funny, hahaha
This thing is, hahaha!

Very comical, Marquis, you are!

With this profile in Grecian style
being a gift of nature;
If this face doesn’t give it away,
Just look at my figure!

Schaun durch die Lorgnette Sie dann, ah,
Sich diese Toilette nur an, ah
Mir scheint wohl, die Liebe
Macht Ihre Augen trübe,
Der schönen Zofe Bild
Hat ganz Ihr Herz erfüllt!

Nun sehen Sie sie überall,
Sehr komisch ist fürwahr der Fall!
Ja, sehr komisch, hahaha
Ist die Sache, hahaha
Drum verzeihn Sie, hahaha,
Wenn ich lache, hahaha!
Ja, sehr komisch, hahaha,
Ist die Sache, hahaha etc.

Just look through the eye-glass, then, ah,
At this outfit I am wearing, ah
It seems to me that love
Has clouded your eyes,
The chambermaid image
Has fulfilled all your heart!

Now you see her everywhere,
Very funny indeed, is this situation!
Yes, very funny, hahaha
This thing is, hahaha.
You'll have to forgive me, hahaha,
If I laugh, hahaha!
Yes, very funny, hahaha
This thing is, hahaha!

Joy

The final piece on the program is set to a poem by Langston Hughes, "Joy." The text reflects the human search for a sense of "ultimate joy," a journey that unfolds across a lifetime and often leads us along unexpected paths. It suggests that joy is not always grand or distant, but found in fleeting moments, human connection, and quiet presence. That same joy can emerge as a full-bodied expression, echoing the exuberance of Bach's "Jauchzet Gott in allen Landen."

May these musical reflections inspire us to find and celebrate even the simplest moments of joy!

I went to look for Joy,
Slim, dancing Joy,
Gay, laughing Joy,
Bright-eyed Joy,—
And I found her
Driving the butcher's cart
In the arms of the butcher boy!
Such company, such company,
As keeps this young nymph, Joy