

P 925  
1980  
1-15

# UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON

The School of Music and the Office of Lectures and Concerts

present

Augusto Palialunga, *tenor*  
Robert DeSimone, *piano*

in a

FACULTY RECITAL

for the benefit of the

SCHOOL OF MUSIC SCHOLARSHIP FUND

Tuesday, January 15, 1980

Meany Theater, 8PM

Reel 1-

# 9677

## PROGRAM

Giovanni Battista Fosolo *Cangia, cangia tue voglie*

Giovanni Battista Bassani *Posate dormite*  
(1657-1716)

Christoph Willibald von *aria ed scena.*  
Gluck *O del mio dolce ardor*  
(1714-1787)

Gaetano Donizetti *\*\*\*\*\**  
(1797-1848) *Voice*  
*Me voglio fa 'na casa*  
*Amore e Morte*  
*Il Barcaiolo / Barcaiolo*

Giacomo Meyerbeer *O Paradiso*  
(1791-1864) *from L'Africaine*

## INTERMISSION

Reel 2-# 9678

Vincenzo Bellini *Vaga Luna, che inargenti*  
(1801-1835)

Giuseppe Verdi *Varme, o Rosa fortunata,*  
(1813-1901) *Stormello* (rec'd 2-15)

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Giuseppe Verdi  
(1813-1901)

Oh, tu che in seno agli angeli  
from La Forza del Destino

Luigi Denza  
(1846-1922)

✓ Occhi di Fata

(Ricordi 17727)

Francesco Paolo Tosti  
(1846-1916)

Ideale  
L'alba separa dalla Luce L'ombra

Text translations

Giudice - Federa  
Cardillo, S. <sup>Amor di vita</sup> <sup>Non siate</sup> <sup>Ricordi 78</sup>  
La forza... Ch... a...

*Cangia, cangia tue voglie*-- Change, change your desires, o my heart, you who were true to cruel woman. Change, change your desires, do you not see wicked one, that you are wounded? Stop, stop loving the woman with a false smile and the false beauty. Do you not see, poor one, that you are wounded? Stop loving the woman who betrayed you.

*Posate dormite*-- Recitative: Ah, if you are still asleep and if sleeping, you make me suffer, never awake. For a loving heart could not bear you awake.

*Aria*: Rest, sleep, beloved eyes, and let your cruel heart give respite again to my weary heart. Sleep, rest, adored eyes, and in calm, oblivious that I am leaving, let your fury sleep on, addio, addio.

*O del mio dolce ardor*-- Oh beloved object of my passion the air that you breath, at last I also breath. Whenever I turn my eyes my love paints charming pictures of you; my mind conjures up the sweetest of hopes and with which fills my heart. I search for you-- I call you - I hope, I sigh. Ah!

*Me voglio fa 'na casa*-- I wanna build me a house on the sea, made from peacock feathers and plumes, tra la la.... I'll make the staircase of silver and gold, and the balcony of precious stones, tra la la.... So when my Nannella's face looks out upon the passers-by they'll say the sun is shining now. Tra la la....

*Amore e morte*-- Listen to one that is dying, listen to the desperate plight - this fading flower I leave for you Elvira as a souvenir.

Oh, how precious you are to me. You know well in the days when you were only mine you staled away my very soul.

Then a symbol of affection, now one of pain and sorrow. Return to this fading flower as it returns to you.

Il Barcar  
ful e s  
sea. Rov  
Now in t  
give you  
the waves  
If in th  
be comple  
Marinar.

Vaga Luna  
and flowe  
Only you  
how much  
long and  
Tell her  
only hope  
day and n  
beckons a

Varne, o  
nice of h  
O, if it  
could not  
Oh, love  
a death o

Stormello  
nothing f  
for anoth  
want us t  
the e.  
vant to n  
Constanc  
tremble w  
afar. Lil  
frolic al  
ing all a

Occhi di  
beautiful  
tiful blor  
give me in  
Oh, yes!  
fall pale  
the flower  
love...