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THE UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON  
THE SCHOOL OF MUSIC AND THE OFFICE OF LECTURES AND CONCERTS

Present

AUGUSTO PAGLIALUNGA, *tenor*

accompanied by

ALBERTO RANDALLS, *piano*

Thursday, June 7, 1979

Meany Theater, 8:00 pm

P R O G R A M

Reel #

9509

A. SCARLATTI  
(1660-1725)

Toglietemi la vita ancor  
Cara, cara e dolce  
Voglio amar  
Sono unite a tormentarmi

SCHUBERT  
(1797-1828)

from Die Schöne Müllerin  
Am Feierabend  
Der Neugierige  
Pause  
Die böse Farbe  
Trockne Blumen  
Ungeduld

Reel #

9510

DUPARC  
(1848-1933)

INTERMISSION  
Lamento  
Phidylé  
Le Hanoir de Rosemonde

FAURÉ  
(1845-1924)

Après un Rêve  
Fleur jetée

BARBER  
(b. 1910)

Rain has fallen  
Sleep now  
I hear an army

Encores :

1. Tosti - L'alba separa d'alla luce ombra
2. De Curtis - Non ti scordar di me

TRANSLATIONS

SCARLATTI: Toglietemi la vita ancor  
Take away from me my life, cruel heaven, if from me you wish to steal the heart. Deny to me the light of day, severe stars, if glad you are of my sorrow.

SCARLATTI: Cara, cara e dolce  
Dear, dear and sweet Liberty, console my spirit; it no longer lives in servitude if my heart goes free. Fly, flee then alone, flee then from me, make retreat the God of love. Is already free my heart if the foot has no more snares.

SCARLATTI: Voglio amar  
I want to love one who me despises without hope of reward. The constancy of my faith will wear down your pride. Her who from me flees I want to follow, as long as breath in my bosom shall have. If your glance enticed me, your arrow must wound me.

SCARLATTI: Sono unite a tormentarmi  
They are united to torment me, fierce fate and cruel love. With allurements and not with weapons, they make war of this heart.

SCHUBERT: Am Feierabend (After Work)  
If I had a thousand arms to move! If I could keep the mill wheels roaring! If I could blow through all the groves! If I could turn all the mill-stones! So that the beautiful maid of the mill might notice my faithful nature! Ah, how feeble is my arm! What I can lift, what I can carry, what I can chop, what I can strike, any apprentice can do as well. And there I sit in the great circle in the quiet cool leisure hours, and the master says to all: "Your work has pleased me." And the dear girl says to all a good-night.

SCHUBERT: Der Neugierige  
I do not ask a flower, I do not ask a star; they could not tell me what I want so much to know. Anyway, I'm no gardener; the stars are too high. I will ask the brooklet if my heart was deceiving me. O dear brooklet, how quiet you are today! I want to know only one thing, one little thing, one little word, over and over. Yes, is that little word -- the other one is No. In these two words the whole world is bound up for me. O dear brooklet, how strangely you behave! I will not repeat what you say -- tell me, brooklet, does she love me?

SCHUBERT: Pause  
I have hung my lute on the wall, and wound a green ribbon around it. I can sing no more, my heart is too full. I do not know how to force my feelings into rhymes. The most intense pangs of longing I ventured to breath out in my little songs; and when I lamented so sweetly and so beautifully, really meant that my suffering was not light. But oh, how great is the burden of my happiness; that no sound on earth can contain it! Now, my lute, rest here on your nait! And if a breeze passes over your strings, or if a bee touches them with his wings, that will make me anxious and shivery. Why have I left the ribbon hanging there so long? It often passes over the strings with a sighing sound. Is it the echo of my love-sorrow? Or can it be the prelude to new songs?

TRANSLATIONS (continued)

SCHUBERT: Die böse Farbe (The Evil Color)

I would like to go out into the world, out into the wide world, if only it weren't so green out in the woods and the fields! I wish I could pull down all the green leaves from every branch; I wish that all the green grass could be bleached with my tears. O green, you evil color, why must you always look so proudly, so pertly, so maliciously at me, poor white man? I would like to lie down before her door, in the storm, the rain and the snow. And sing softly all day and all night just one word -- good-bye! Listen when a horn hounds in the woods, I hear her at her window, and though she doesn't see me still I can look in at her. O untie me from your forehead the green, green ribbon. Good-bye, good-bye! And give me your hand in parting!

SCHUBERT: Trockne Blumen (Withered Flowers)

All you flowers that she gave me you shall lie buried with me in the grave. How sadly you all look at me, as if you knew what is happening to me? All you flowers, how withered? How faded? All you flowers, what makes you so moist? Ah, tears do not make the green of May, nor cause dead love to bloom again. And spring will come, and winter will go, and flowers will spring up in the grass. And flowers will lie on my grave, all the flowers she gave me. And if she should pass by the mound, and think in her heart: He was faithful to me! Then all you flowers, spring up, spring up! May is here! Winter is past!

SCHUBERT: Ungeduld (Impatience)

I would carve it on the bark of every tree; I would chisel it in every stone; I would sow it in every flower bed with watercress, which growing quickly, would give it away; on every white scrap of paper I would write it; Thine is my heart, and shall be thine forever. I would like to teach a young starling until it would speak the words clearly, until it would speak with the sound of my voice, with the full fervent longing of my heart; then it would sing clearly through her window: Thine is my heart, and shall be thine forever! To the morning wind I would breath it; I would whisper it to the quivering trees; O let it shine from the heart of every flower! Let its fragrance be borne to her from near and far! O water, can you turn nothing but milwheels? Thine is my heart, and shall be thine forever! I should think it must show plainly in my eyes, it may be read upon my mute lips; every breath I draw must proclaim it loudly and she notices nothing of all my anxious longing; Thine is my heart, and shall be thine forever!

DUPARC: Lamento

Do you know the white tomb where with a plaintive sound floats and shadow of a yew-tree? On the yew-tree a pale dove, sand and alone in the setting sun, sings its song. One would say that the awakened soul weeps under the earth in unison with the song, and of the misfortunes of having been forgotten. Complaints, cooing very softly Oh! never more near the tomb shall I go, when evening descends with its dark mantle, to hear the pale dove sing, on the branch of the yew-tree its plaintive song!

TRANSLATIONS (cont.)

DUPARC: Phidylé

The grass is soft for slumbering under the cool poplar trees by the slope of the mossy springs, which in the flowering meadows, sprouting in thousands, lose themselves among the dark thickness. Rest, o Phidylé! Noonday on the leaves sparkles and invites you to slumber! Among the clover and the thyme, alone in the full sunshine the bees hum in their flight; a warm perfume fills the air at the turn of the paths; the red poppy is drooping, and the birds, grazing the hill with their wings, seek the shade of the wild rosebushes. Rest, oh Phidylé! But, when the orb descending in its brilliant curve and your tenderest kiss reward me for waiting!

DUPARC: La Manoir de Rosamonde

With its sudden and voracious teeth, like a dog love has bitten me. If you follow my blood that was shed, you could easily find my trail. Take a horse of good breed, go and follow my arduous road, through pitfalls and lost trails, if the chase will not make you weary! Passing where I have passed, you will see that alone and wounded I travelled over this sorrowful world. And thus I wrought my own death far, far away, without discovering the blue manor of Rosamund.

FAURÉ: Après un Rêve (After a Dream)

In sleep charmed by your image, I dreamed the glowing mirage of happiness; your eyes were more sweet, your voice pure and rich, you shone like a sky lighted by the dawn. You called to me, and I left the earth, to fly with you toward the light. The skies half-opened their clouds for us, unknown splendours, divine lights only glimpsed. Unknown splendours, divine lights only glimpsed. Alas! alas! Sad awakening from dreams; I call to you, oh night! Give me back your illusions! Return o mysterious night!

FAURÉ: Fleur jetée

Carry away my passion as the will of the wind, Flower, gathered with a song and thrown away in a dream. Carry away my passion as the will of the wind, like a cut flower perished love. The hand that has touched you shuns my hand forever; Let the wind that withers you, Oh, poor flower, a while ago so fresh, and tomorrow colorless, let the wind the withers you, Oh poor flower, let the wind the withers you, wither my heart.