

No. 67  
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THE UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON  
THE SCHOOL OF MUSIC AND THE OFFICE OF LECTURES AND CONCERTS

Present

DONNA UNO, mezzo soprano

and

CURTIS BARBER, tenor

in a

DUO RECITAL

assisted by

Barbara Helling and Lynn Kidder, piano

Wednesday, May 18, 1977

Music Auditorium, 8:00 PM

PROGRAM

Tape No. 1-8501

SCHUBERT 14:05  
(1787-1828)

Lachen und Weinen  
Der Lindenbaum  
Frühlingssehnsucht  
Lied der Mignon

BRAHMS 4:25

Ophelia's Lieder (Five songs to poems from  
Shakespeare's Hamlet)

DONIZETTI 4:27  
(1797-1848)

"Una furtiva lagrima" from L'Elisir d'Amore

MASSENET  
(1842-1912)

3:36 "Ferment les yeux" from Manon

2:00 "Va! laisse couler mes larmes" from Werther

INTERMISSION

CH 7-31-77.

Tape No. 2-8502

VAUGHN WILLIAMS 24:30  
(1927-1958)

Songs of Travel

The Vagabond  
Let Beauty Awake  
The Roadside Fire  
Youth and Love  
In Dreams  
The Infinite Shining Heavens  
Whither Must I Wander  
Bright is the Ring of Words  
I Have Trod the Upward and the Downward Slope

FAURE 5:30  
(1845-1924)

Les Berceaux  
Notre amour

DEBUSSY 2:00  
(1862-1918)

Romance

MENDELSSOHN 2:40  
(1809-1847)

Abschiedslied der Zugvögel

CH 11-8-77.

(1862-1918)

MENDELSSOHN 2:40  
(1809-1847)

Abschiedslied der Zugvögel

} CH 11-8-77.

SCHUMANN 1:23  
(1810-1856)

Unterm Fenster

Donna Uno and Curtis Barber are students of Maurice Stern.

## Lachen und Weinen

Laughter and tears at all hours. In the morning I laugh with pleasure and why I now weep I do not know. I must ask you, my heart!

## Der Lindenbaum

By the fountain stands a linden tree, and there I dreamt many a sweet dream. This dark night I passed by it, its branches called to me "come my friend, here you will find peace!" Now I am distant from that place yet I hear the rustling "There you would have found peace!"

## Fruhlingssehnsucht

Whispering breezes gently stirring. Fain would I follow you on your airy course. Where o where? Brooklets swirling gaily. How you draw my eager heart. Sparkling gold of the welcoming sun, you have filled my eyes with ears. Why o why? Restless longing, yearning heart, you alone can unloose the springtide in my breast. You, you alone!

## Lied der Mignon

He who loves and knows me is far away. Alone and cut-off from all joy, I grow dizzy, I am inwardly inflamed. Only those who know longing know what I suffer!

## Ophelia's Lieder

- I. How should I your true love know, from another one? By his cockle hat and sandalshoes? He is dead and gone, Fraulein.
- II. White his shroud as mountain snow, adorned with sweet flowers, which silently to the grave must go.
- III. Tomorrow is St. Valentine's Day, and I a maid at the window will be your valentine.  
He put on his clothes and closed the chamber door, let in the maid, which as a maid ne'er departed more.
- IV. They bore him barefaced on the bier. Sorrow oh sorrow, and in his grave fell many a tear. Down, down call him below--for he is all my joy.
- V. And comes he no more? He is dead, is dead, to his deathbed goes. His beard was white as snow. He is gone, is gone. God help him in the Kingdom of Heaven.

## Abschiedslied de Zugvögel

The joyful summertide has fled, and sorrow comes when joys are dead. In sunshine freely we sported here, now we must fly to far off lands away.

## Unterm Fenster

Sop - Who is knocking at this hour?  
Ten - Tis I, tis I!  
Sop - Go away, I know what you want.  
Ten - Open up, I love you madly turtle dove.  
Sop - No you can't come in . . . Well, do you promise not to tell?  
Ten - Of course not, of course not!

## Les Berceaux

In silence the vessels swell and slope as cradles. The women are sad for the men must go to tempting horizons. The vessels depart, strangely held back now by the song of the cradles.

## Notre amour

Our love is elusive like a dream.  
Our love is enchanting like a song on fresh morning winds.  
Our love is sacred like a spirit unknown.  
Our love is infinitive as the setting sun's distant way.  
Our love, our love is eternal!

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### Romance

Spirit lightly sailing, gentle sweet smelling lily divine in the garden of thy  
thought. The remaining perfume of days when you held my heart, days of hope, of  
love undying, of bliss and of peace.

Va! laisser couler mes larmes

Let my tears continue. For tears will surely fall, in the soul they will sink.  
The heart is weak, too frail a heart is crushed and broken.