

No. 100  
Phil

THE UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON

THE SCHOOL OF MUSIC AND THE OFFICE OF LECTURES AND CONCERTS

Present

DONNA A. UNO, *soprano*

*accompanied by*

Barbara Helling, *piano*

*in a*

SENIOR RECITAL

Saturday, July 8, 1978

Music Auditorium, 8:00 PM

Tape No. 1-9085

PROGRAM

PURCELL 7:15  
(1659-1695)

From Rosy Bowers (Don Quixote)

BEETHOVEN 6:39  
(1770-1827)

{ Marmotte  
Wonne der Wemuth  
Die Trommel gerühret

SCHUMANN 5:53  
(1810-1856)

{ Lied der Braut I  
Lied der Braut II  
Rätsel

WOLF 2:19  
(1860-1903) 6:55

Nimmersahte Liebe  
Kennst du das Land

Tape No. 2-9086

INTERMISSION

CHAUSSON 4:38  
(1855-1899)

{ Le Colibri  
Les Papillons

DUPARC 8:28  
(1848-1933)

{ Extase  
Au Pays ou se fait la guerre

PROKOFIEFF  
(1891-1953)

Three Children's Songs, Op. 68  
5:40 The Chatterbox  
2:00 Lollipop Song  
1:20 The Little Pigs

PUCCHINI  
(1858-1924)

2:36 Tu che di gel sei cinta (Turandot)  
4:27 Un bel di, vedremo (Madame Butterfly)

Donna Uno is a student of Marianne Weltmann.

## TRANSLATIONS

### I. From Rosy Bowers

A mad song, sung by a lady distracted with love.  
Performed in all degrees of madness.

### II. Marmotte

I come over land and sea with the Marmot, and everywhere  
I find a home with the Marmot.

### III. Wonne der Wehmut

Do not run dry, do not run dry, tears of eternal love!  
Even to the half-dried eye the world appears so dull and dead!  
Do not run dry, do not run dry, tears of unhappy love!

### IV. Die Trommel gerühret

The drums they are beating! My love leads his soldiers  
full armed to the strife. His lance proudly raising,  
At me now he's gazing! My heart, how it throbs! My  
blood, how it glows. Oh! had I a coat and helmet, I'd  
follow him boldly. The enemy will tremble with our shots.  
What joy may compare with a brave soldiers lot!

### V. Lied der Braut I

Mother, mother don't believe just because I love him so,  
that you will not still receive my love. Since my love  
for him began, love for you grows more sublime. Mother  
you gave to me this life that is now with joy replete.

### VI. Lied der Braut II

Let me hold his love tightly to my breast. Mother, ask  
not how it will change. Ask not how it will end. End?  
It will never end. Change? It will not change.

### VII. Rätsel

In heaven it whispers and in hell it grumbles. It weakly  
sounds in the echo's mumbling. It loves noise of battle,  
but from peace it is fleeing, in men and women alike it  
has being and yet from each beast you can dissect it. In  
science above all there it may be, in theology and philosophy.  
In Greece it is small, on the Tiber's border it grows bigger  
in Germany's order. It hides in the shadows and in flowers  
fair. You breathe it daily it is only, tis what? It is only

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### VIII. Nimmersatte Liebe

So this is how love is! Never appeased by kisses; What  
fool would vainly try to fill a sieve with water? If you  
were to try for a thousand years, and kiss forever, you  
would not be sated. Love has constantly strange new desires:

The maiden remained quite still, like a lamb under the knife;  
Her eyes pleaded: Go on forever. This is how love is,  
And even the great Solomon the Wise, Loved no differently.

IX. Kennst du das Land?

Do you know the land where the lemons blossom?  
Where golden oranges grow among the dark leaves,  
and the still myrtle and the tall laurels grow?  
Do you know it? There, I long to go with you, my love.  
Do you know the house? Its roof rests on pillars,  
and marble statues stand and look at me. What have they  
done to you, poor child? Do you know it? There, I long  
to go with you, my protector. Do you know the mountains  
and its cloudgirt path? The rocks fall sheer and the  
torrents over it! Do you know it? There, lies our way -  
O father, let us go!

X. Le Colibri

The green humming bird, king of the hills,  
Seeing the dew and the bright sun  
Glitter on his nest, woven of fine grasses,  
Like a light breeze escapes into the air.  
Towards the golden flower he descends, alights,  
And drinks so much love from the rosy cup  
That he dies, not knowing if he could have drained it!  
On your pure lips, oh my beloved,  
My soul likewise would have wanted to die  
Of the first kiss, which has perfumed it.

XI. Les Papillons

The snow-white butterflies  
Float in swarms over the sea;  
Lovely white butterflies, when may I  
Take to the blue read of the sky?  
Do you know, beauty of beauties,  
If they would lend me their wings,  
Tell me, do you know where I would go?  
Without taking a single kiss to the roses,  
Across valleys and woods  
I would go to your half-closed lips,  
Flower of my soul, and there I would die.

XII. Extase

On a pale lily my heart is asleep  
In a slumber sweet like death...  
Exquisite death, death perfumed  
By the breath of my beloved...  
On your pale blossom my heart is asleep  
In a slumber sweet like death...

XIII. Au Pays Ou Se Fait La Guerre

To the land where war is being waged my beloved has gone.

It seems to my desolate heart that none but I remain on earth. What holds him so long, oh my God? Now the sun is setting and, I, in turn, all alone, am still waiting for his return.

The pigeons on the roof are cooing, all in love, with a sad and charming sound. My heart overflows like a lily tilted with dew, and I dare no longer to hope I, in turn, all alone, am still waiting for his return!

XIV. Tu che di gel sei cinta

You who are girdled with ice, vanquished by such fire, you will love him, too! Before the break of day, I shall close my tired eyes, that he may win yet again...Never to see him more!

XV. Un bel dì, vedremo

One fine day we shall see a thread of smoke rising over the horizon. The white ship enters the harbor. You see? He has come! I don't go down to meet him. I wait. Out of the city crowds comes a man. Who can it be? And when he arrives what will he say? He will call Butterfly from the distance. "My little wife, my sweet flower" the names he used to call me. All this will come to pass, I promise you. Keep your fears: I with unshakeable faith shall await him.