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

PURCELL 7:15 (1659-1695)

BEETHOVEN 6:39 (1770-1827)

SCHUMANN 5:53 (1810-1856)

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

Tape No.2-9086

CHAUSSON 4:28 (1855-1899)

DUPARC 8:28 (1848-1933)

PROKOFIEFF 5:00 (1891-1953)

PUCCINI 2:36 (1858-1924)

Program

From Rosy Bowers (Don Quixote)

Marmotte
Wonne der Wemuth
Die Trommel gerühret

Lied der Braut I
Lied der Braut II
Rätsel

Nimmersahte Liebe
Kennst du das Land

Le Colibri
Les Papillons
Extase
Au Pays ou se fait la guerre

Three Children's Songs, Op. 68
The Chatterbox
Lollipop Song
The Little Pigs

Tu che di gel sei cinta (Turandot)
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

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. Kennet 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.