

Comp  
00195



## MARY ANN BILLS

### Piano

*assisted by*

**David Hamilton, tenor**  
**Jesse Krebs, clarinet**  
**Colleen Chenail, violin**  
**Erica Parker, violoncello**

Graduate Recital

Wednesday, March 21, 2001  
7:30 p.m.  
Recital Hall, Music Building

THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA  
**GREENSBORO**

## Program

### Liederkreis, Op. 24

Morgens steh' ich auf  
Es treibt mich hin  
Ich wandelte unter den Bäumen  
Leib' Liebchen  
Schöne Wiege, meiner Leiden  
Warte, warte, wilder Schiffsmann  
Berg' und Burgen schau'n herunter  
Anfangs wollt' ich fast verzagen  
Mit Myrthen und Rosen

David Hamilton, tenor

**Robert Schumann**  
(1810-1856)

### Fantasy Pieces, Op. 73

Zart und mit Ausdruck  
Lebhaft, leicht  
Rasch und mit Feuer

Jesse Krebs, clarinet

**Robert Schumann**

Intermission

**Ich stand in dunklen Träumen**  
**Sie liebten sich beide**  
**Liebst du um Schönheit**  
**Lorelei**

David Hamilton, tenor

**Clara Schumann**  
(1819-1896)

### Trio, Op. 17

Allegro moderato  
Scherzo, Tempo di Menuetto  
Andante  
Allegretto

Colleen Chenail, violin  
Erica Parker, violoncello

**Clara Schumann**

In partial fulfillment of the degree requirements for the  
Master of Music degree in Accompanying

### **Anfangs wollt' ich fast verzagen**

At the outset I nearly wanted to give up, and I thought I could never bear it; and yet I have borne it - but please don't ask me how, don't ask me how.

### **Mit Myrthen und Rosen**

With myrtles and roses, lovely and fair, with fragrant cypresses and tinsel I would like to adorn this book like a coffin and bury my poems in it. Oh, if I could only bury love as well! On the grave of love grows the flower of repose; it blossoms forth there, ready for the picking; but it will bloom for me only when I myself am in the grave, when I myself am in the grave. Here now are the poems that once burst forth from the depths of my spirit as impetuously as a lava stream pouring out of Etna, scattering many flashing sparks all about them. Now they lie mute as if in death; now they grow rigid, cold and pale as mist. But the old fire will reanimate them if the spirit of love once more hovers over them, but the old fire will reanimate them if the spirit of love once more hovers over them. And a premonition speaks within my heart that the spirit of love will once more drop down like dew upon them; some day this book will fall into your hands you dearly loved one, you dearly love one in a far-off land. Then the spell cast upon my poems will be broken and the pale letters will look at you; they will look imploringly into your beautiful eyes and whisper with melancholy and the breath of love.

### **Clara Schumann Songs**

Translations by Dennis Collins

### **Ich stand in dunklen Träumen**

Text by Heinrich Heine

In dark dreams I stood  
And stared at her portrait,  
And the beloved face  
Secretly came alive.

About her lips there played  
A wondrous smile  
And her eyes glistened as though  
With melancholy tears.

And my tears also flowed  
Down from my cheeks.  
Alas! I cannot believe  
That I have loved you!

### **Sie liebten sich beide**

Text by Heinrich Heine

They loved one another, but neither  
Was prepared to tell the other.  
They looked at each other so coldly,  
Yet were pining away with love.

Finally they parted and only saw  
Each other at times in a dream;  
They died a long time ago  
And were hardly aware of it.

### **Liebst du um Schönheit**

Text by Friedrich Rückert

If you love for beauty, do not love  
me!  
Love the sun with her golden hair!

If you love for youth, do not love me!  
Love the spring, which is young  
each year!

If you love for riches, do not love me!  
Love the mermaid with her shining  
pearls!

If you love for love, oh yes, love me!  
Love me forever, for I'll always love  
you!

### **Lorelei**

Text by Heinrich Heine

I do not know why  
I am so sad  
A fairy tale from long ago  
Gives me no peace of mind.

The air is cool, darkness is falling.  
The Rhine flows calmly by;  
The mountain top glimmers  
In the evening sunshine.

A most beautiful maiden is sitting  
Up there in the evening sunshine.  
Her golden jewels are sparkling,  
She is combing her golden hair.

She combs it with a golden comb,  
While singing a song  
Which has a strange  
And powerful air.

The boatman in his little boat  
Is gripped with anguish;  
He doesn't see the reefs,  
But gazes only upwards.

I think that the waves  
Swallow up boatman and boat;  
And the Lorelei has done this  
With her singing.

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The hall is equipped with a listening assistance system.  
Patrons needing such assistance should please see one of the ushers in the lobby.