



Presenting the Inaugural Performance of

LIVE! from The Stissing Center
A Virtual Summer Chamber Music Series

Out of Silence:
Music of Clara Schumann, William Grant Still, and Adela Maddison

Saturday, June 27, 2020

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Out of Silence:
Music of Clara Schumann, William Grant Still, and Adela Maddison

Lucy Fitz Gibbon, Soprano
Ryan McCullough, Piano
Shuhui (Sophia) Zhou, Series Curator

Sechs Lieder, Op. 13 (1844)

- I. Ich stand in dunklen Träumen
- II. Sie liebten sich beide
- III. Liebeszauber
- IV. Der Mond kommt still gegangen
- V. Ich hab' in deinem Auge
- VI. Die stille Lotosblume

Clara Schumann
(1819-1896)

Selections from Seven Traceries (1940)

- I. Cloud Cradles
- IV. Out of the Silence

William Grant Still
(1895-1978)

Three Visions: A Suite for Solo Piano (1936)

- I. Dark Horsemen
- II. Summerland
- III. Radiant Pinnacle

Cinq mélodies (ca. 1904)

- I. L'Armada
- II. Vespérale
- III. La Bien-aimée
- IV. Soir en mer
- V. Mon amour était mort

Adela Maddison
(1862-1929)

Night (1946)

Florence Price
(1887-1953)

Texts & Translations

Sechs Lieder, Op. 13

Clara Schumann (1819-1896)

I. Ich stand in dunklen Träumen

Heinrich Heine (1797-1856)

Ich stand in dunklen Träumen
und starrte ihr Bildnis an,
und das geliebte Antlitz
Heimlich zu leben begann.

Um ihre Lippen zog sich
Ein Lächeln wunderbar,
Und wie von Wehmutstränen
Erglänzte ihr Augenpaar.

Auch meine Tränen flossen
Mir von den Wangen herab –
Und ach, ich kann's nicht glauben,
Daß ich dich verloren hab!

II. Sie liebten sich beide

Heinrich Heine (1797-1856)

Sie liebten sich beide, doch keiner
Wollt' es dem andern gestehn;
Sie sahen sich an so feindlich,
Und wollten vor Liebe vergehn.

Sie trennten sich endlich und sah'n sich
Nur noch zuweilen im Traum;
Sie waren längst gestorben,
Und wußten es selber kaum

III. Liebeszauber

Emanuel Geibel (1815-1884)

Die Liebe saß als Nachtigall
Im Rosenbusch und sang;
Es flog der wunderschöne Schall
Den grünen Wald entlang.

Und wie er klang, da stieg im Kreis
Aus tausend Kelchen Duft,
Und alle Wipfel rauschten leis',
Und leiser ging die Luft;

I. I stood in dark dreams

I stood in dark dreams
And stared at her portrait
And her beloved countenance
Secretly began to come to life.

She drew her lips into
A wonderful smile,
And how from melancholy's tears
Her eyes shone.

My tears also flowed
Down my cheeks—
And ah, I cannot believe
That I have lost you!

II. They loved each other

They loved each other, but neither
Wanted to confess it to the other;
They looked at each other with enmity,
And wanted to die from love.

They parted finally, and saw each other
Only sometimes in dreams;
They were long dead,
And knew it barely at all.

III. Love's Magic

Love sat, as if a nightingale,
In the rosebush and sang;
The wonderfully sweet sound
Flew throughout the green wood.

And as it resounded, there rose in a circle
Scents from a thousand buds,
And all the treetops rustled softly
And even softer blew the breezes;

Die Bäche schwiegen, die noch kaum
Geplätschert von den Höh'n,
Die Rehlein standen wie im Traum
Und lauschten dem Getön.

Und hell und immer heller floß
Der Sonne Glanz herein,
Um Blumen, Wald und Schlucht
Ergoß sich goldig roter Schein.

Ich aber zog den Weg entlang
Und hörte auch den Schall.
Ach! was seit jener Stund' ich sang,
War nur sein Widerhall.

IV. Der Mond kommt still gegangen
Emanuel Geibel

Der Mond kommt still gegangen
Mit seinem gold'nen Schein
Da schläft in holdem Prangen
Die müde Erde ein.

Und auf den Lüften schwanken
Aus manchem treuen Sinn
Viel tausend Liebesgedanken
Über die Schläfer hin.

Und drunten im Tale, da funkeln
Die Fenster von Liebchens Haus;
Ich aber blicke im Dunkeln
still in die Welt hinaus.

V. Ich hab' in deinem Auge
Friedrich Rückert (1788-1866)

Ich hab' in deinem Auge den Strahl
Der ewigen Liebe gesehen,
Ich sah auf deinen Wangen einmal
Die Rosen des Himmels stehn.

Und wie der Strahl im Aug' erlischt
Und wie die Rosen zerstieben,
Ihr Abglanz ewig neu erfrischt,
Ist mir im Herzen geblieben,

Und niemals werd' ich die Wangen seh'n
Und nie in's Auge dir blicken,
So werden sie mir in Rosen steh'n
Und es den Strahl mir schicken.

The brooks became silent,
They who broadly splashed from on high,
The fawns stood as if in a dream
And listened to the sound.

And brighter, and ever brighter flowed
The sun's beams below,
Around the flowers, wood, and gorge
It gushed with a golden-red light.

I, though, went along the path
And also heard the sound.
Ah! Everything I have sung since that hour
Has only been its echo.

IV. The Moon Rises Silently

The moon rises silently
With its golden light;
There sleeps in its dear glitter
The tired Earth.

And on the breezes waft
From many true minds
Many thousand thoughts of love
Above the sleeping ones below.

And down in the valley, there sparkles
The windows of my loved one's house;
I, however, look on in darkness
Silently in the world outside.

V. In Your Eyes

I have, in your eyes,
Seen the ray of eternal love,
I saw on your cheeks once
Heaven's rose appear.

And though the ray in your eye fades,
And though the roses wither,
Their reflection ever-new refreshed
Remains in my heart,

And never will I see your cheeks,
And never will I look in your eyes
Without them seeming to me as roses,
And without them sending me that ray.

VI. Die stille Lotosblume

Emanuel Geibel

Die stille Lotosblume
Steigt aus dem blauen See,
Die Blätter flimmern und blitzen,
Der Kelch ist weiß wie Schnee.

Da gießt der Mond vom Himmel
All' seinen gold'nen Schein,
Gießt alle seine Strahlen
In ihren Schoß hinein.

Im Wasser um die Blume
Kreiset ein weißer Schwan,
Er singt so süß, so leise
Und schaut die Blume an.

Er singt so süß, so leise
Und will im Singen vergehn.
O Blume, weiße Blume,
Kannst du das Lied verstehn?

VI. The quiet lotus flower

The quiet lotus flower
Sprouts from the blue lake,
Her leaves glimmer and sparkle,
Her blossom is white as snow.

There pours the moon from heaven
All its golden light,
Pours all his rays
Into her lap below.

In the water around the flower
Circles a white swan;
He sings so sweetly, so gently
And looks at the flower.

He sings so sweetly, so gently
And wants, in singing, to perish.
O flower, white flower,
Can you understand his song?

Trans. Lucy Fitz Gibbon

Cinq mélodies

Adela Maddison (1862-1929)

Edmond Haraucourt (1856-1941) from *Seul* (1891)

I. L'Armada

Sors de ta maison et va sur la côte ;
La maison est vide et la tour est haute,
Monte sur la tour,
Vois au loin de la triste grève,
Les Espoirs partis sur la Mer des Rêves
Rentrer tour à tour...

Je vois un vaisseau sans mâts et sans voiles,
Où, découragé de croire aux étoiles,
Le pilote dort;
Le vent tord la nef que la mer secoue,
Et ma bien-aimée est peinte à la proue
Dans sa robe d'or

Reste sur la tour et regarde encore
Le vague horizon qui se décolore
Dans la paix du soir...

Je vois un vaisseau sous ses voiles graves
Qui, sinistrement, porte les épaves
Du fait accompli :

I. The Armada

Leave your house and go to the coast;
The house is empty and the tower high,
Climb the tower,
See as far as the sad, rocky beach
The Hopes that departed on the Sea of Dreams
Returning one by one...

I see a vessel without masts and without sails
Where, discouraged from believing in the stars,
The pilot sleeps...
The wind wrings the ship shaken by the sea
And my beloved is painted on the prow
In her golden dress

Remain on the tower and look again
At the hazy horizon which becomes bleached
In the peace of evening...

I see a vessel under whose solemn sails
Grimly carries the wrecks
Of done deeds :

Lourd de mâts rompus et de vieilles peautres,
C'est l'espoir qui vient consoler les autres,
L'espoir de l'oubli...

II. Vespérale

Dans le soir violet et les senteurs sereines
Qu'un zéphyr berce autour des bois énamourés,
Le pèlerin s'en va doucement sous les chênes.

Il va. L'argent du fleuve et le velours des prés,
Les coteaux de peluche et les routes de soie
S'enveloppent au loin des frissons mordorés.

La caresse du ciel met un manteau de joie
Sur la terre, et la terre encore chaude d'amour
Se pâme de lumière et rit pour qu'on la voie.

Seul, baigné du bonheur qui plane sur les choses,
Le pèlerin s'en va tout au long des chemins,
Et parce que ses doigts ont touché tes doigts roses

Il baise dans ses mains le parfum de tes mains.

III. La Bien-aimée

Elle est venue, elle a souri, la bien-aimée :
Elle a dit : « Que c'est mal ! » et m'a longtemps souri :
Son geste embaumait l'air comme un jardin fleuri,
Et la chambre s'en est lentement parfumée,
Et j'ai cru que la terre était montée aux cieux...
O bien-aimée ! Et puis, elle a fermé les yeux,
Comme d'autres, hélas, hélas, la bien-aimée.

IV. Soir en mer

Vois-tu comme la mer est vaste autour de nous ?
Notre barque est une algue errant aux creux des lames ;
Le vent nocturne et froid qui court sur les remous
Mêle au frisson des flots le frisson de nos âmes.

Pareils aux alcyons qui flottent dans leurs nids,
Nous berçons notre exil sur le désert de l'onde,
Et la nuit nous écrase entre deux infinis :
Mais nos cœurs sont plus grands que la mer n'est
profonde.

Oh, rends-moi ta caresse, et dis si tu comprends,
Quand ta lèvre m'appelle et quand mon bras t'enlace,

Que nos cœurs étoilés puissent être si grands,
Et que tant de bonheur tienne si peu de place !

Heavy with shattered masts and old rudders
It is hope who comes to console the others,
The hope of forgetting...

II. At Evening

In the violet evening and along serene paths
That a zephyr lulls around enamored woods
The pilgrim sweetly strolls beneath the oaks.

He walks. The silver of the river and velvet of fields
The plush hills and roads of silk
Envelop themselves in bronze shivers.

The caress of the sky places a mantle of joy
Upon the earth, and the earth, still warm with love,
Swoons with the light and laughs so to be seen.

Alone, bathed in the happiness that hovers over all,
The pilgrim walks along the paths
And because his fingers have touched your pink fingers

He kisses in his hands the perfume of your hands.

III. The Beloved

She came, she smiled, my beloved.
She said, "How bad it is!" and smiled at me for a long
time.
Her movement perfumed the air like a flowering garden,
And the room slowly became fragrant,
And I believed the earth was lifted to the heavens!
Oh, beloved! And then she closed her eyes,
Like the others, alas, alas, my beloved.

IV. Evening at sea

Do you see how vast the sea is around us?
Our boat is errant seaweed in the hollow of the waves.
The night wind is cold which runs along the eddies
Mixing the shiver of swells with the shiver of our souls.

Like to corals which float in their nests,
We rock to sleep our exile on the desert of the wave,
And the night crushes us between two infinities
But our hearts are larger than the sea is deep.

Oh caress me, and tell me if you understand
When your lips call to me and when my arms embrace
you

That our starry hearts could be so large,
And that so much happiness could take up such little
space!

V. Mon amour était mort

Mon amour était mort, ma peine était finie,
Et j'errais sous les cieux pour le leur raconter :
La nuit rêvait avec tant d'harmonie
Que je me suis mis à chanter.

Chanter en t'oubliant ! Je chantais l'allégresse
D'avoir conquis la paix qui doit toujours durer :
Mais je chantais avec tant de tendresse,
Que je me suis mis à pleurer.

V. My love had died

My love had died, my pain had ended
And I wandered under the skies to tell them of it :
The night dreamed with such harmony
That I began to sing.

To sing while forgetting you! I sang of the joy of
Having conquered the peace which must always remain.
But I sang with such tenderness
That I began to cry.

Trans. Lucy Fitz Gibbon

Night

Florence Price (1887-1953)

Louise C. Wallace

Night comes, a Madonna clad in scented blue.
Rose red her mouth and deep her eyes,
She lights her stars, and turns to where,
Beneath her silver lamp the moon,
Upon a couch of shadow lies
A dreamy child,
The wearied Day.

Biographies

Lucy Fitz Gibbon (*soprano*)

Noted for her “dazzling, virtuoso singing” (*Boston Globe*), Lucy Fitz Gibbon is a dynamic musician who believes that creating new works and recreating those lost in centuries past makes room for the multiplicity and diversity of voices integral to classical music’s future. As such, she has given modern premieres of lost works from the Baroque to the mid-20th century, and has premiered works by composers John Harbison, Pauline Oliveros, and Reena Esmail, among many others.

As a recitalist Ms. Fitz Gibbon has appeared in such venues as New York’s Carnegie Hall, Metropolitan Museum of Art, Park Avenue Armory, and Merkin Hall; London’s Wigmore Hall; and Toronto’s Koerner Hall. She has also appeared as soloist with numerous symphonies, including the Saint Paul Chamber Orchestra, Albany Symphony, Richmond Symphony, and American Symphony Orchestra. Her discography includes two CDs with Albany Records (works by Harbison, James Primsoch, and Sheila Silver) and a forthcoming one on the Polish label Acte Préalable.

Ms. Fitz Gibbon has spent summers at the Tanglewood Music Center (2014-2015) and Marlboro Music Festival (2016-2019). She is currently Director of the Vocal Program at Cornell University and on the faculty of Bard College-Conservatory’s Graduate Vocal Arts Program. For more information, see www.LucyFitzGibbon.com.

Ryan McCullough (*piano*)

Born in Boston and raised behind the “Redwood Curtain” of northern California, pianist Ryan MacEvoy McCullough has developed a variegated career as soloist, vocal and instrumental collaborator, composer, recording artist, and pedagogue. Ryan’s music-making encompasses work with historical keyboards, electro-acoustic tools and instruments, and close collaborations with some of today’s foremost composers. His longstanding collaborative (and life) partnership with soprano Lucy Fitz Gibbon has yielded a substantial crop of new art song repertoire, as well as his work in contemporary ensemble *HereNowHear*, a commissioning project with pianist Andrew Zhou which was 2017 recipient of a Fromm Foundation commissioning award.

Ryan’s growing discography features many world premiere recordings, including solo piano works of Milosz Magin (Acte Prealable), Andrew McPherson (*Secrets of Antikythera*, Innova), John Liberatore (*Line Drawings*, Albany), Nicholas Vines (*Hipster Zombies from Mars*, Navona), art song and solo piano music of John Harbison and James Primosch with Ms. Fitz Gibbon (*Descent/Return*, Albany), and forthcoming albums of art song by Sheila Silver (Albany, also with Ms. Fitz Gibbon) and electroacoustic music by Christopher Stark (New Focus).

Ryan has been featured as concerto soloist with orchestras including the Los Angeles Philharmonic and Toronto Symphony, and has appeared at major festivals and concert halls around the world. He holds degrees in music from Humboldt State University, the Colburn Conservatory, the University of Southern California, the Glenn Gould School of the Royal Conservatory in Toronto, and Cornell University. He currently lives in Kingston, NY, and is a collaborative piano fellow in the Bard College Conservatory of Music.

For additional information and curios, visit www.RyanMMcCullough.com.

Shuhui (Sophia) Zhou (*series curator*)

A native of Shanghai, Shuhui (Sophia) Zhou is a concert pianist, music educator, and curator for the “Live! from The Stissing Center!” Virtual Summer Concert Series of 2020.

As a classical pianist, Sophia has been performing as a soloist and as a chamber musician internationally in the United States, Europe, and China. She is the winner of the V BPA International Piano Award of Barcelona, engaged for five solo recitals across Spain. During the past years, her recital partners have included members of the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, New York Philharmonic Orchestra, and the Metropolitan Opera House, to name a few.

Ms. Zhou holds a Master of Music degree and Professional Studies Diploma from Mannes College of Music in New York City; and a Bachelor of Music (Piano Performance) and Bachelor of Arts (German Literature) from Oberlin College. She continued her piano studies with Jan Jiracek von Arnim at the University of Music and Performing Arts in Vienna as well as musicology with Dr. Morten Solvic, renowned Mahler scholar. From 2018 to 2020, Ms. Zhou was a member of the Graduate Collaborative Piano Fellowship Program at Bard College Conservatory of Music, working with graduate singers under the tutelage of renowned vocalists Dawn Upshaw and Stephanie Blythe.

In 2020, Ms. Zhou was appointed as Curator and Artistic Consultant for The Stissing Center. She is committed to bringing in artists of unique vision and presenting concerts that enrich the lives of the local, as well as the artistic, community.