Marley Jacobson ’22
Voice

Marley Jacobson’s Senior Voice Recital
Marley Jacobson is a senior studying Public and International Affairs and pursuing certificates in Vocal Performance and French.

Featuring Eric D. Plutz, Piano

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PROGRAM

I. GEORGE FRIDERIC HANDEL (1685–1759)  “Furie terribili,” from Rinaldo (1711)

II. CLAUDE DEBUSSY (1862–1918)  Quatre chansons de jeunesse (1884)
    1. Clair de lune
    2. Apparition
    LILI BOULANGER (1893–1918)  Clairières dans le ciel (1914)
    1. Un poète disait
    2. Vous m’avez regardé avec toute votre âme


    1. Der Stern
    2. Einerlei
    3. Schlechtes Wetter

    1. Let the florid music praise!
    2. Now the leaves are falling fast
    3. Seascape
    4. Nocturne
    5. As it is, plenty

VI. GIACOMO PUCCINI (1858–1944)  “O mio babbino caro” from Gianni Schicchi (1918)
“Furie terribili,” from *Rinaldo* (1711)

Furie terribili!
Circondatemi,
Sequidatemi
Con faci orribili!

*Translation:*
Terrible furies!
Encircle me,
Follow me
With dreadful torches!

This aria is sung by Armida, the powerful sorceress and Saracen Queen. She is about to inform her lover, Argante, that the only way to win the war is to deprive the Christian forces of Rinaldo’s support.

I chose this aria because of its exciting accompaniment and rather high range for a soprano during this time period!
1. Clair de lune
Votre âme est un paysage choisi
Que vont charmant masques et bergamasques
Jouant du luth et dansant et quasi
Tristes sous leurs déguisements fantasques.
Tout en chantant sur le mode mineur
L’amour vainqueur et la vie opportune,
Ils n’ont pas l’air de croire à leur bonheur
Et leur chanson se mêle au clair de lune,
Au calme clair de lune triste et beau,
Qui fait rêver les oiseaux dans les arbres
Et sangloter d’extase les jets d’eau,
Les grands jets d’eau sveltes parmi les marbres.

Translation:
Your soul is a chosen landscape
bewitched by masquers and bergamaskers,
playing the lute and dancing and almost
sad beneath their fanciful disguises.
Singing as they go in a minor key
of conquering love and life’s favours,
they do not seem to believe in their fortune
and their song mingles with the light of the moon,
The calm light of the moon, sad and fair,
that sets the birds dreaming in the trees
and the fountains sobbing in their rapture,
tall and svelte amid marble statues.

2. Apparition
La lune s’attristait. Des séraphins en pleurs
Rêvant, l’archet aux doigts, dans le calme des fleurs
Vaporeuses, tiraient de mourantes violes
De blancs sanglots glissant sur l’azur des corolles.
—C’était le jour béni de ton premier baiser.
Ma songerie aimant à me martyriser
S’enivrait savamment du parfum de tristesse
Que même sans regret et sans déboire laisse
La cueillaison d’un Rêve au cœur qui l’a cueilli.
J’errais donc, l’œil rivé sur le pavé vieilli,
Quand avec du soleil aux cheveux, dans la rue
Et dans le soir, tu m’es en riant apparue
Et j’ai cru voir la fée au chapeau de clarté
Qui jadis sur mes beaux sommeils d’enfant gâté
Passait, laissant toujours de ses mains mal fermées
Neiger de blancs bouquets d’étoiles parfumées.

Translation:
The moon grew sad. Weeping seraphim,
dreaming, bows in hand, in the calm of hazy
flowers, drew from dying viols
white sobs that glided over the corollas’ blue.
—It was the blessed day of your first kiss.
My dreaming, glad to torment me,
grew skilfully drunk on the perfumed sadness
that—without regret or bitter after-taste—
the harvest of a Dream leaves in the reaper’s heart.
And so I wandered, my eyes fixed on the old paving stones,
when with sun-flecked hair, in the street
and in the evening, you appeared laughing before me
and I thought I glimpsed the fairy with her cap of light
who long ago crossed my lovely spoilt child’s slumbers,
always allowing from her half-closed hands
white bouquets of scented flowers to snow.

The poem for “Clair de lune,” written by Paul Verlaine, is particularly famous, as it was
used as lyrics and inspiration for a multitude of songs written by composers such as
Debussy and Fauré. Debussy beautifully captures the quiet and contemplative nature
of the lyrics.

“Apparition” is one of my favorites on the program. In this beautiful poem written by
Stéphane Mallarmé, the narrator is thinking of his childhood. He is filled with
melancholy as he sees an apparition of his mother. Debussy’s text-painting and
shaping of phrases in this piece are particularly moving.
**Clairières dans le ciel (1914)**

1. *Un poète disait*
Un poète disait que, lorsqu’il était jeune,
il fleurissait des vers comme un rosier des roses.
Lorsque je pense à elle, il me semble que jase
une fontaine intarissable dans mon cœur.
Comme sur le lys Dieu pose un parfum d'église,
comme il met du corail aux joues de la cerise,
je veux poser sur elle, avec dévotion,
la couleur d’un parfum, qui n’aura pas de nom.

*Translation:*
A poet said that when he was young
he blossomed with verse, like rose-trees with roses.
When I think of her, an endless spring
seems to babble in my heart.
As God places a church-scent on the lily
and coral on the cheeks of the cherry,
I wish to place, devotedly, on her
the color of a scent that shall have no name.

2. *Vous m'avez regardé avec toute votre âme*
Vous m’avez regardé avec toute votre âme.
Vous m’avez regardé longtemps comme un ciel bleu.
J’ai mis votre regard à l’ombre de vos yeux…
Que ce regard était passionné et calme…

*Translation:*
You gazed at me with you soul.
You gazed at me long like a blue sky.
I set your gaze in the shade of my eyes...
How this was passionate and calm...

Several months ago, while I was searching for music to add to my recital, I stumbled across *Clairières dans le ciel* on Youtube. I spent the next 40 minutes listening to each and every song, and found myself falling in love with Boulanger’s music. Anyone who knows me understands my passion for French language, culture, and music. I am excited to share that love through these two beautiful songs.
Boulanger, while influenced by Debussy, had an incredible gift at creating new harmonies. These two songs take after Debussy’s style and build on it in new and exciting ways. The pieces have an incredible ethereal quality that reflects the calm and contemplative tone of Francis Jammes’s text.

Down you go  
Scurry down  
For sweaty embraces in sordid places  
Ruled by animal natures

And people come from every corner  
Come scrabbling here from every corner  
Heading for somewhere warmer  
Their grubby dreams of love and romance

If you can’t get it here, what makes you think you can get it in France?

I’d like to put a spoke in  
Put a spanner in  
Put a stop to that sort of thing

Stewards return to departures please  
Another plane about to leave

Everyone passes through  
Everyone’s in transit  
But you sit there  
and stare

You’re not going anywhere  
I like that  
Staring at me  
Transfixed  
Unchanging  
I like him to stare at me and adore  
That’s enough for me

Flight 470 about to go
The opera *Flight* was inspired by the story of an Iranian refugee who lived at the Charles de Gaulle Airport. In this aria, the flight controller, who has a disdain for everyone in the airport, watches the refugee. She is interested in the refugee, as he is the only person in the airport who seems content to be where he is.

I enjoyed learning this more modern and exciting opera aria! It is a very fun piece to perform because of its wide range in terms of singing and acting.
1. Der Stern
Ich sehe ihn wieder
Den lieblichen Stern;
Er winket hernieder,
Er nahte mir gern;
Er wärmet und funkelt,
Je näher er kömmt,
Die andern verdunkelt,
Die Herzen beklemmt.
Die Haare im Fliegen
Er eilet mir zu,
Das Volk träumt von Siegen,
Ich träume von Ruh’,
Die andern sich deuten
Die Zukunft daraus,
Vergangene Zeiten
Mir leuchten ins Haus.

Translation:
I see it again
The beautiful star;
It beckons to me,
And would like to draw near;
It warns and it glitters,
The closer it comes,
The dimms the others,
Oppresses hearts.
With flowing mane
It hurries towards me,
The people dream of victory,
I dream of peace,
From it the others
Predict the future,
For me it merely
Illumines the past.

2. Einerlei
Ihr Mund ist stets derselbe,
Sein Kuß mir immer neu,
Ihr Auge noch dasselbe,
Sein freier Blick mir treu;
O du liebes Einerlei,
Wie wird aus dir so mancherlei!

Translation:
Her mouth is always the same,
Its kiss is ever new,
Her eyes remain the same,
Their frank gaze true to me;
O you dear sameness,
The diversity that comes of you!

3. Schlechtes Wetter
Das ist ein schlechtes Wetter,
Es regnet und stürmt und schneit;
Ich sitze am Fenster und schaue
Hinaus in die Dunkelheit.
Da schimmert ein einsames Lichtchen,
Das wandelt langsam fort;
Ein Mütterchen mit dem Laternchen
Wankt über die Straße dort.
Ich glaube, Mehl und Eier
Und Butter kaufte sie ein;
Sie will einen Kuchen backen
Fürs große Töchterlein.
Die liegt zu Hause im Lehnstuhl,
Und blinzelt schläfrig ins Licht;
Die goldenen Locken wallen
Über das süße Gesicht.
Translation:
This is dreadful weather,
It’s raining and blowing and snowing;
I sit at my window and stare
Out into the darkness.
One solitary light flickers out there,
Moving slowly along;
A little old woman with a lantern
Totters across the street.
I fancy it’s flour and eggs
And butter she’s been buying;
She’s going to bake a cake
For her big little daughter.
She lolls at home in the armchair,
Blinking sleepily into the light;
Her golden curls tumble down
Over his sweet face.

In this set of songs, Strauss establishes a folk-like musical tone to match the poetry of Heinrich Heine. In “Der stern,” the narrator speaks of a star which is uniquely meaningful to different people. Some people believe that the star is symbolic of the person that the narrator loves. I prefer to think of it more literally, where nature—the stars and the more permanent structures around us—connect us to our past and bring meaning to us all.

“Einerlei” is a beautiful song about how beauty can be found in sameness. When two people are in love, even repetitive things seem exciting and new! Perhaps we can learn from this poem and apply it to our everyday lives; I walk the same path to class each day, but I can appreciate the excitement and beauty of being at this university and the diversity of days it has awarded me.

“Schlechtes Wetter” contains one of my favorite texts on the program. Strauss paints the text of stormy weather exceptionally. At the beginning of the song, when the narrator speaks of the dreadful weather, the piano and the vocal line reflect the tension of the storm. But when the narrator notices the mother and
her daughter, the theme changes to a beautiful waltz. I believe that this text and music reflect how one might find light and hope even in the worst of times.
1. Let the florid music praise!
Let the florid music praise,
The flute and the trumpet,
Beauty’s conquest of your face:
In that land of flesh and bone,
Where from citadels on high
Her imperial standards fly,
Let the hot sun
Shine on, shine on.

O but the unlov’d have had power,
The weeping and striking,
Always; time will bring their hour:
Their secretive children walk
Through your vigilance of breath
To unpardonable death,
And my vows break
Before his look.

2. Now the leaves are falling fast
Now the leaves are falling fast,
Nurse’s flowers will not last;
Nurses to the graves are gone,
And the prams go rolling on.

Whispering neighbors, left and right,
Pluck us from the real delight;
And the active hands must freeze
Lonely on the separate knees.

Dead in hundreds at the back
Follow wooden in our track,
Arms raised stiffly to reprove
In false attitudes of love
Starving through the leafless wood
Trolls run scolding for their food;
And the nightingale is dumb,
And the angel will not come.

Cold, impossible, ahead
Lifts the mountain’s lovely head
Whose white waterfall could bless
Travelers in their last distress.

3. Seascape
Look, stranger, at this island now
The leaping light for your delight discovers,
Stand stable here
And silent be,
That through the channels of the ear
May wander like a river
The swaying sound of the sea.

Here at the small field’s ending pause
Where the chalk wall falls to the foam, and its tall ledges
Oppose the pluck
And knock of the tide,
And the shingle scrambles after the sucking surf, and the gull lodges
A moment on its sheer side.

Far off like floating seeds the ships
Diverge on urgent voluntary errands;
And the full view
Indeed may enter
And move in memory as now these clouds do,
That pass the harbor mirror
And all the summer through the water saunter.
4. Nocturne
Now through night’s caressing grip
Earth and all her oceans slip,
Capes of China slide away
From her fingers into day
And th’ Americas incline
Coasts towards her shadow line.
Now the ragged vagrants creep
Into crooked holes to sleep:
Just and unjust, worst and best,
Change their places as they rest:
Awkward lovers like in fields
Where disdainful beauty yields:
While the splendid and the proud
Naked stand before the crowd
And the losing gambler gains
And the beggar entertains:
May sleep’s healing power extend
Through these hours to our friend.
Unpursued by hostile force,
Traction engine, bull or horse
Or revolting succubus;
Calmly till the morning break
Let him lie, then gently wake.

5. As it is, plenty
As it is, plenty;
As it’s admitted
The children happy
And the car, the car
That goes so far
And the wife devoted:
To this as it is,
To the work and the banks
Let his thinning hair
And his hauteur
Give thanks, give thanks.

All that was thought
As like as not, is not
When nothing was enough
But love, but love
And the rough future
Of an intransigent nature
And the betraying smile,
Betraying, but a smile:
That that is not, is not;
Forget, forget.

Let him not cease to praise
Then his spacious days;
Yes, and the success
Let him bless, let him bless:
Let him see in this
The profits larger
And the sins venal,
Lest he see as it is
The loss as major
And final, final.

“On This Island” is a song cycle composed by Benjamin Britten, with the text consisting of five poems written by W. H. Auden in 1936. The cycle reflects both general themes of political unrest and the unique personal lives of the two men. Britten and Auden collaborated frequently and were very close; Auden helped Britten come to terms with his sexuality. Auden’s text reflects the rise of fascism in Europe. Throughout the cycle, Auden uses irony to reflect the attempt to preserve normalcy in the face of the deterioration of society.
“O mio babbino caro” from Gianni Schicchi (1918)

O mio babbino caro, 
mi piace, è bello bello, 
vo’andare in Porta Rossa 
a comperar l’anello! 
Si, si, ci voglio andare! 
E se l’amassi indarno, 
andrei sul Ponte Vecchio 
ma per buttarmi in Arno! 
Mi struggo e mi tormento, 
O Dio! Vorrei morir! 
Babbo, pietà, pietà! 
Babbo, pietà, pietà!

Translation:
Oh my dear father, 
I like him, he is very handsome. 
I want to go to Porta Rossa 
to buy the ring! 
Yes, yes, I want to go there! 
And if my love were in vain, 
I would go to Ponte Vecchio 
and throw myself in the Arno! 
I am pining and I am tormented, 
Oh God! I would want to die! 
Daddy, have mercy, have mercy! 
Daddy, have mercy, have mercy!

In this aria, Laurretta is in love with Rinuccio, whose father is unwilling to let them get married, as she has no dowry. Laurretta then pleads to her father, saying that if she cannot marry Rinuccio, she will throw herself into the Arno river. This is one of the most beautiful arias in the operatic repertoire; I hope you enjoy!
ABOUT

**Marley Jacobson ’22**
Marley Jacobson is a senior from Long Island, New York, studying Public and International Affairs with certificates in Vocal Performance and French. Marley began her operatic training as a member of the Metropolitan Opera Children’s Chorus. Throughout high school, she studied at the Manhattan School of Music Precollege and participated in programs such as the Boston University Tanglewood Institute, Washington National Opera Institute, Metropolitan Opera Guild Opera Singers Intensive, and the Casentino Voice Festival. She won first place in the Schmidt Youth Vocal Competition in Washington D.C., the International Grande Music Competition and NATS NYC.

During her time at Princeton, Marley has participated in SongFest as a Young Artist Colburn Fellow and the Chautauqua Institution Voice Program. She was also awarded the National Society of Arts and Letters Shirley Rabb Winston Scholarship in Classical Voice. On campus, Marley is an active member of Princeton University Glee Club and a frequent performer in musicals, operas and French plays with L'Avant-Scène. Some of her notable performances include Calisto in *La Calisto*, Belinda in *Dido and Aeneas*, Kattrin in *Mother Courage*, Anna in *Spring Awakening*, and Nicole in *Mephisto Rhapsodie*. 