

DEPARTMENT OF
MUSIC
AT PRINCETON

SENIOR RECITAL SERIES | SPRING 2024

Sunday, March 3, 2024, 2:00 PM

Taplin Auditorium, Fine Hall

Madeleine LeBeau '24

Soprano

Accompanied by
Vince di Mura, piano

Senior Voice Recital

*L'dor Vador:
Songs of the
Generations*



The use of photographic, video, or audio equipment is strictly prohibited. Please turn off or mute electronic devices for the duration of the performance.

For more information about the Department of Music and other upcoming events, and to sign-up for our mailing list, please visit music.princeton.edu.

PROGRAM

LEONARD BERNSTEIN

My House
from *Peter Pan*
Duration: 3 minutes

**GEORGE FRIDERIC
HANDEL**

Thou Didst Blow in the Wind
from the oratorio, *Israel in Egypt*
Duration: 3 minutes

**GEORGE FRIDERIC
HANDEL**

Praise the Lord with Cheerful Noise
from the oratorio, *Esther*
Duration: 5 minutes



GIOACHINO ROSSINI

La Promessa
from *Soirées musicales*
Duration: 3 minutes

**WOLFGANG
AMADEUS MOZART**

Un Moto di Gioia
from *The Marriage of Figaro*
Duration: 3 minutes

GIOACHINO ROSSINI

La Danza
from *Soirées musicales*
Duration: 3 minutes

PROGRAM



MAX HELFMAN

Sh'ma Koleinu
Duration: 5 minutes

MICHAEL ISAACSON

Sim Shalom
Duration: 3 minutes

ROBBIE SOLOMON

Yismechu
Duration: 3 minutes

BEN STEINBERG

Shalom Rav
Duration: 3 minutes

STEPHEN RICHARDS

R'tzei
Duration: 3 minutes



PROGRAM



**JERRY BOCK &
SHELDON HARNICK**

Far from the Home I Love
from *Fiddler on the Roof*
Duration: 3 minutes

JASON ROBERT BROWN

You Don't Know This Man
from *Parade*
Duration: 3 minutes

**RICHARD RODGERS &
OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN, III**

Cockeyed Optimist
from *South Pacific*
Duration: 3 minutes

**JERRY BOCK &
SHELDON HARNICK**

Vanilla Ice Cream
from *She Loves Me*
Duration: 4 minutes

STEPHEN SONDHEIM

What More Do I Need?
from *Saturday Night*
Duration: 4 minutes

PROGRAM NOTES

by Madeleine LeBeau

Every person's life journey is propelled by their unique families, geographies, experiences, and traditions. In Hebrew, this concept is captured by the phrase *l'dor v'dor*, literally translated as "from generation to generation." While the *L'dor V'dor* prayer directly addresses the imperative to continue to praise G-d into the next generation, modern Jewish practice expands the concept to include imparting customs, collective memories, family lore, recipes, beliefs, and songs. The music in this program was selected with love to reflect my life journey -- a journey that started long before I was born by immigrants to the United States from Eastern Europe, Russia, and Italy. The musical selections echo the voices and music of my ancestors and carry on our shared heritage. As we move through the program, I hope you will hear the voices that have shaped my journey and those that will guide my journey forward.

As do many journeys, ours begins at my favorite starting place: **My House**. The great Jewish American composer and conductor Leonard Bernstein offered this vision of home for a 1950 stage adaptation of *Peter Pan* that was not intended to be a musical. Yet, his simple lyrics capture not only the home Wendy envisions, but the place we all seek – a shelter of trust, faith, peace and love – and an inspiring start to our journey.

My house was home to more than peace and love; it also was the start of my faith. The next two pieces, both composed by George Frideric Handel, retell foundational Jewish stories that my family celebrates every year. The first selection is from *Israel in Egypt*, an English oratorio composed in 1738, which captures the tragedy and triumph of the Exodus – a defining journey celebrated and remembered by Jews during morning and evening prayers, weekly Shabbat services, and the annual festival of Passover. **Thou Didst Blow in the Wind**, from the second act of the oratorio, captures the climatic moment when the Israelites escape to freedom across the Sea of Reeds. The story of the Exodus is central to the Jewish people and to my family's own traditions, which include a theatrical reenactment of the opening of the Sea of Reeds during our annual Passover seder.

The second Handel piece comes from the first-ever English oratorio, *Esther*, and retells the story of Purim. This holiday commemorates Queen Esther saving her people from genocide when a King's advisor, Haman, ordered the brutal extermination of all Jews in the kingdom. **Praise the Lord with Cheerful Noise** is sung in the second scene of the oratorio by an Israelite woman, thankful that a Jewish woman had become queen. The story of Esther is one of the earliest historical stories that celebrates the bravery and leadership of a woman, and has served as an inspiration to women throughout the world. It also is one that I have been retelling since I was in first grade in various Purim shpiels, which have been musical parodies

of Broadway shows such as *Mary Poppins*, *Wicked*, and *Hamilton*. Indeed, the Purim shpiels were my first regular musicals, performed in my synagogue just before we delivered homemade holiday gifts (mishloach manot) to friends and family.

The next stop on our journey takes us to Italy, the home of my grandfather until, alone at 21, he immigrated to the new Promised Land of America. **La Promessa** (the Promise) was composed by Gioachino Rossini, and features a poem written by Pietro Metastasio in which the speaker professes deep and enduring love, the type of abiding love that transcends distance and generations . . . and that may explain why so many immigrant children and grandchildren remain nostalgic for a homeland they never knew. Written as part of *Soirées Musicales*, the first collection of songs developed by Rossini after he intentionally stopped writing for the stage, the piece is nonetheless quite a theatrical canzonetta, a light vocal work of a style that originated in Italy but soon spread to much of Europe.

Although the canzonetta became a notable Italian export, we cannot leave Italy without acknowledging a different Italian innovation that would become a foundational element of Western music tradition. Opera originated in Florence near the turn of the seventeenth century, and soon, like our next composer, became known the world over. Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart composed **Un Moto di Gioia** (An Emotion of Joy) during a 1789-90 Viennese revival of what remains one of the world's most performed Italian operas, *Le Nozze di Figaro* (*The Marriage of Figaro*), in order to accentuate the vocal talents of a particular leading lady. Though its lyrics are those of Figaro's affianced, their hope that "happiness is coming in spite of my fears" is the prayer of immigrants everywhere – that today's struggles shall lead to dancing tomorrow.

The final Italian stop on our journey even more directly captures the joy of the dance – and another part of my Italian heritage. **La Danza**, our second work from Rossini's *Soirées Musicales*, features the tarantella, a dance originated in the Kingdom of Two Sicilies that always verges one step from chaos. When I first visited my Italian relatives, I was struck by how they, from the toddlers to the grandmothers, would break into dance given the slightest musical provocation. So this quintessentially Italian patter song is my tribute to festive family gatherings, as well as how the tarantella inspired derivative works as diverse as American big band hits to piano classics by Franz Liszt and Frederic Chopin.

The connection between the Italian tarantella and Frederic Chopin mirrors my own lineage, which includes both Italy and eastern Europe. Like the great Chopin,

our next composer – Max Helfman – was born in what once had been, and is now again, Poland. And like my paternal grandmother’s Polish grandparents, Helfman was one of millions of eastern European immigrants to the United States during the late 1800s and early 1900s. Despite leaving Europe when only eight years old, Helfman would continue to remember his ancestral homeland. One of his most memorable works would be a cantata recounting the heroic but doomed World War II uprising of the Jewish ghetto in Warsaw against the Nazis. Over his long career at notable posts with synagogues and Jewish institutions, Helfman also regularly preserved the distinctive sound of traditional eastern European religious music. For example, our next piece, Helfman’s **Sh’ma Koleinu** (Hear Our Voices), emulates the emotional and mystical style of many traditional eastern European hazzans. Its opening phrase is an unapologetic cry to the heavens, an expressed yearning for G-d to hear and to accept our prayers.

Helfman is not alone in having preserved the Ashkenazi musical heritage of Eastern European Jews. Michael Isaacson, a founder of the Milken Archive of Jewish Music, composed hundreds of works that have helped to define the music of American Reform Judaism. One example of Isaacson’s incorporation of Ashkenazi tradition into American Jewish music can be found in the opening lines of Isaacson’s setting for the prayer of **Sim Shalom** (Grant Us Peace), which is commonly sung toward the end of the morning and afternoon service in some traditions, and asks G-d to grant peace, blessing, goodness, grace, loving-kindness, and mercy.

Robbie Solomon’s **Yismechu** (They Shall Rejoice) also integrates traditional Ashkenazi chazzanut (melodies). Famed for both his liturgical choral works and synagogue repertoire, Solomon has successfully integrated Jewish musical traditions into the modern Jewish liturgy, including his rendition of this ancient Hebrew text. A personal favorite, Yismechu is a joyful prayer that reminds us to rejoice in Shabbat, for G-d hallowed it as the most precious of days. For the past three years, leading Keshet, Princeton’s Reform community, in this prayer has been the epitome of Shabbat joy for me. Solomon’s rendition of Yismechu embodies the happiness of the holiday through its upbeat tempo and dramatic verses reminiscent of so much of the Reform cantorial tradition.

Just as Solomon used dynamic lyrics and a driving chorus to capture the meaning of Yismechu, Canadian composer, conductor, and educator Ben Steinberg used a sweet melody and a more gentle, flowing style to symbolize the peace that is the hope of **Shalom Rav** (Abundant Peace) and of generations of Jews. Steinberg, who passed away just last year, is perhaps the most commissioned composer of Jewish music, including choral arrangements of the complete Torah Service. His Shalom Rav (the original prayer was thought to have originated with Ashkenazi Jews in about the 11th century) is now sung in synagogues across North America, and beloved for its lilting $\frac{3}{4}$ time as well as its use of call-and-response to encourage participation in this essential prayer for peace by all who may hear it.

An even more powerful work - Stephen Richards' **R'tzei** (Please Accept These Prayers) - draws upon the emotional intensity common to eastern European Jewish music. Richards, with a background in both musical theater and liturgical composition, expertly combines traditional Ashkenazi tropes with a melody and choral line that could just as easily be heard on a Broadway stage. He uses long, legato lines to embody the prayer's messenger: asking G-d to receive and accept our prayers. This particular rendition of R'tzei holds a special place in my heart, as it has followed me from my time leading services at my home congregation of Temple Rodef Shalom, to High Holy Day services at Princeton, to Temple Emanuel in NYC, to my audition for cantorial school, and now, to my Senior Vocal Recital - and it continues to speak to me as a reminder of what matters.

Just as the R'tzei pleads with G-d to treat our prayers and offerings as acceptable, millions of nineteenth century Jewish immigrants hoped that America - unlike so many other countries throughout history - would accept their presence and what they had to offer. Indeed, even as my relatives from Poland, Lithuania, and Russia were hoping for acceptance in their new homes in Rhode Island or New York City's Lower East Side, the children of eastern European Jews, like Irving Berlin, George and Ira Gershwin, Harold Arlen, Yip Harburg, Irving Caesar, and many others, were offering their musical traditions to Tin Pan Alley. Their collective heritage and genius helped to shape the music beloved by Americans for decades. As the great American songwriter Cole Porter (himself born in Indiana, wealthy and Episcopalian) once remarked to Richard Rodgers, the secret of success in American music was simple: just "write Jewish tunes."

Two of these great Jewish American songwriters were Jerry Bock and Sheldon Harnick. Although both Bock and Harnick were born in the United States, their families were eastern European Jews. Their master work, *Fiddler on the Roof*, depicts the struggles of the Jewish milkman Tevye and his family in a small shtetl in czarist Russia. In our next song, **Far from the Home I Love**, Tevye's middle daughter, Hodel, agonizes over one of the most painful choices of many immigrants - to stay with their family in the only place they have ever known, or to join a beloved somewhere far away. Its complex and haunting melody shifts between minor and major keys, with a challenging diminished fifth in its penultimate interval, which musically expresses the dilemma of two loves in two different locations before the unhappy resolution, or resignation, of the final note.

The sorrows of *Fiddler* do not end with Hodel's departure. Growing antisemitism, a violent pogrom, and, ultimately, a czarist decree compels what remains of Tevye's family to risk the dangerous journey to new lands, including America. Indeed, these last scenes recall the tale of my maternal grandmother's family, when the intentional destruction of their business - a flour mill - forced the survivors to risk the journey to America.

Later Jewish American songwriters recognized that hate was not limited to small towns in czarist Russia. Despite Tony Awards for best book and best score in 1999, *Parade* debuted to only a brief run on Broadway. The emotionally charged story of the unfair conviction and subsequent lynching of a Jewish man in Georgia during World War I remains uncomfortable today, perhaps because discrimination and antisemitism remain all too relevant. Jason Robert Brown's music and powerful lyrics contributed to the musical again winning this year's Tony for the best revival, including our next song, **You Don't Know This Man**, in which the wife of the wrongly convicted man chastises a reporter for not telling the real story.

Still, Jewish American lyricists and composers have continued to recognize that, with all its challenges, the United States remained a land of hope. The great musical team of Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein, both of Jewish descent, defended this sentiment in their musical *South Pacific* and the song **Cockeyed Optimist**, which challenges the conventional wisdom to disparage hope in a cheerful number set, in all places, in the middle of World War II.

But these Jewish American creators did not forget their heritage. Sheldon Harnick related that Jerry Bock wrote the music for their charming 1963 musical, *She Loves Me*, set in Budapest, largely based on his own family's Jewish Hungarian memories – which apparently included joyful insights about love over a bowl of **Vanilla Ice Cream**. On a personal note, this show also holds many happy memories for me; it is my senior project for my Music Theater certificate here at Princeton, and I would be delighted if you could join our incredible cast on March 29, March 30, April 5, or April 6, to see our modern take of this real musical in a virtual world.

Finally, no journey through the generations of what has become Jewish American music would be complete without a mention of one final musical genius. Stephen Sondheim learned to write musicals from one of his neighbors, who happened to be Oscar Hammerstein. He took the musical into the next generation, exploring places such as nineteenth-century Japan and a murderous barbershop in eighteenth-century London, where his unyielding craftsmanship was able to inspire a new generation of creators. Our last song is a love song set in New York City, in what would have been Sondheim's first Broadway musical, *Saturday Night*, if its production was not unexpectedly delayed by 40-plus years. Not coincidentally, New York City is also where I will spend most of my next five years, training to become a cantor, a Jewish clergyperson, at Hebrew Union College. While my future Saturdays may be spent singing prayers, rather than Italian opera or Broadway musicals, they will nonetheless be enriched because of the coming together of cultures that has made my family, religion, and country what they are. And with all that love and joy, **What More Do I Need?** Thank you all for being part of my journey.

LYRICS

My House, from Peter Pan (Bernstein)

Will you build me a house?
A house that really would be mine
So let me give you my design
A simple scheme of
The house I dream of

Build my house of wood
Build my house of stone
Build my house of brick and mortar

Make the ceiling strong
Strong against the storm
Shelter when the days grow shorter

But build my house of love
And paint my house with trusting
And warm it with the warmth of your heart

Make the floor of faith
Make the walls of truth
Put a roof of peace above
Only build my house of love

Thou Didst Blow with the Wind (Handel)

Thou didst blow with the wind,
the sea covered them;
they sank as lead in the mighty waters.

Praise the Lord with Cheerful Noise (Handel)

Praise the Lord with cheerful noise,
'Wake my glory, 'wake my lyre!
Praise the Lord each mortal voice,
Praise the Lord, ye heav'nly choir!
Zion now her head shall raise:
Tune your harps to songs of praise.

La Promessa (Rossini)

Ch'io mai vi possa
Lasciar d'amare,
No, nol credete,
Pupille care;
Nè men per gioco
V'ingannerò.

Voi foste e siete
Le mie faville,
E voi sarete,
Care pupille,
Il mio bel foco
Sin ch'io vivrò.

Un Moto di Gioia (Mozart)

Un moto di gioia
Mi sento nel petto,
Che annunzia diletto
In mezzo il timor!

Speriam che in contento
Finisca l'affanno
Non sempre è tiranno
Il fato ed amor.

Di pianti di pene
Ognor non si pasce,
Talvolta poi nasce
Il ben dal dolor:

E quando si crede
Più grave il periglio,
Brillare si vede
La calma maggior.

The Promise (Rossini)

That I will ever be able
to stop loving you
No, don't believe it,
Dear eyes!
Not even to joke
would I deceive you about this.

You alone
are my sparks,
and you will be,
dear eyes,
my beautiful fire
as long as I live, ah!

*Translation © by Christie Turner, reprinted
with permission from the LiederNet Archive*

An Emotion of Joy (Mozart)

An emotion of joy
I feel in my heart
that says happiness is coming
in spite of my fears.

Let us hope that the worry
will end in contentment.
Fate and love are
not always tyrants.

From weeping, from pain
one cannot always live
Sometimes then is born
a good thing out of sorrow.

And when one believes
the danger is greatest,
one sees shining
a greater calm.

*Translation © by John Glenn Paton, reprinted
with permission from the LiederNet Archive*

La Danza (Rossini)

Già la Luna in mezzo al mare,
Mamma mia si salterà :
L'ora è bella per danzare ;
Chi è in amor non mancherà !

Presto in danza a tondo a tondo...
Donne mie venite quà :
Un garzon bello, e giocondo
A ciascuna toccherà.

Fin che in ciel brilla una stella,
E la luna splenderà ;
Il più bel con la più bella
Tutta notte danzerà.

Mamma mia, mamma mia,
già la luna è in mezzo al mare,
mamma mia, mamma mia,
mamma mia si salterà.
Frinche frinche frinche frinche
mamma mia, si salterà,
La la ra la ra...

Salta, salta, gira, gira,
Ogni coppia a cerchio va,
Già s'avvanza, si ritira,
E all' assalto tornerà.

Serra, serra colla bionda,
Colla bruna va quà e là,
Colla rossa va a seconda,
Colla smorta fermo sta.

Viva il Ballo a tondo, a tondo
[Sono un Rè, sono un Bascià,
È il più bel piacer del mondo,
La più cara voluttà

The Dance (Rossini)

Already the moon is half in the sea,
My goodness, she'll jump right in;
The hour is beautiful for dancing,
and no one in love would want to miss.

Swiftly dancing round and round,
My dear ladies, come to me,
A handsome, and cheerful boy
Will give everyone a turn.

As long as a star shines in the sky,
And the moon shines brightly
The most handsome with the most
beautiful
Will dance all night.

Mamma mia, already the moon is half
in the sea, mamma mia, mamma mia,
she'll jump right in!

Jump, jump, spin, spin
Every couple circling round,
Back and forth and over again
And return where you began.

Hold on tightly to the blonde,
Take the brunette here and there,
take the redhead for a turn,
the wallflower you better don't touch.

Hooray for dancing round and round,
I'm a king, a pasha too,
This is the greatest pleasure on earth,
And the dearest passion

Translation adapted by Madeleine LeBeau from ©
by Johann Gaitzsch

Sh'ma Koleinu

Hear our voice, Adonai our G-d, be kind and have compassion for us. Willingly and lovingly accept our prayer. Turn us toward You, Adonai, and we will return to You; make our days seem fresh, as they once were. Do not cast us away as we grow old, do not desert us as our energy wanes.

Translation adapted by Madeleine LeBeau from © by Azi Schwartz

Sim Shalom

Grant peace, goodness and blessing, grace, kindness and compassion to us and to all Your people Israel. Bless us, our Father, all of us as one, with the light of Your countenance, for by the light of Your countenance did You give us, Adonai our God, the Torah of life and love of kindness, justice, blessing, mercy, life and peace. And may You see fit, to bless your people Israel, at all times and in every hour with Your peace. Blessed are You, Adonai; maker of peace.

Translation adapted by Madeleine LeBeau from © by Adat Elohim

Sh'ma Koleinu

Sh'ma koleinu Adonai eloheinu chus v'racheim aleinu, v'kabeil b'rachamim u-v'ratzon et t'filateinu. Hashiveinu Adonai elecha v'nashuvah, chadeish yameinu k'kdem. Al tashlicheinu l'eit ziknah, ki'ch'lot kocheinu al ta'azveinu

Sim Shalom

Sim shalom tova uvracha baolam chein vachessed v'rachamim aleinu v'al kol yisrael amecha. Barechenu avinu kulanu k'echad be'or panekha; ki be'or paneka natata lanu Adonai eloheinu torat chayim v'ahavat chesed u'tzedaka u'verakha v'rachamim v'chayim v'shalom. V'tov b'einecha l'varech et amecha yisrael b'chol et uvechol sha'a bishlomekha.

Baruch atah Adonai, oseh hashalom.

שמע קולינו

שמע קולינו יהוה אלוהינו, חוס ורחם עלינו, וקבל ברחמים וברצון את תפילתינו. השיבנו יהוה אליך ונשובה חדש ימינו כקדם. אל תשליכני לעת זקנה ככלות כחמו אל תעזבנו.

שים שלום

שים שלום טובה וברכה בעלם חן וחסד ורחמים עלינו ועל כל ישראל עמך. ברכנו אבינו כלנו כאחד באור פניך; כי באור פניך נתת לנו יהוה אלהינו תורת חיים ואהבת חסד וצדקה וברכה ורחמים וחיים ושלום. וטוב בעיניך לברך את עמך ישראל בכל עת ובכל שעה בשלומך. ברוך אתה יהוה עושה השלום.

Yism'chu

Those who keep Shabbat by calling it a delight will rejoice in Your realm. The people that hallow Shabbat will delight in Your goodness. For, being pleased with the Seventh Day, You hallowed it as the most precious of days, drawing our attention to the work of Creation.

Translation adapted by Madeleine LeBeau from © by ReformJudaism.org.

Yism'chu

Yism'chu v'malchut'cha shomrei Shabbat v'korei oneg. Am m'kad'shei shvi'i, kulam yisb'u v'yitangu mituvecha. V'hashvi-i ratzita bo v'kidashto, chemdat yamim oto karata, zecher l'maaseh v'reishit.

ישמחו

ישמחו במלכותך, שומרי שבת וקוראי ענג, עם מקדשי שביעי, כלם ישבעו ויתענגו מטובך, ובשביעי רצית בו וקדשתו, חמדת ימים אותו קראת, זכר למעשה בראשית.

Shalom Rav

Grant abundant peace unto Israel, your people for ever; For you are the sovereign, Lord, of all peace; and may it be good in your sight to bless your people Israel at all times and in every hour with your peace. Blessed are You, Adonai; maker of peace.

Translation adapted by Madeleine LeBeau from © by Temple Beth El.

Shalom Rav

Shalom rav al Yisrael am'cha tasim l'olam. Ki atah hu Melech Adon l'chol hashalom. V'tov b'einecha l'vareich et am'cha Yisrael b'chol et uv'chol sha'ah bish-lomecha. Baruch atah Adonai, oseh hashalom.

שים שלום

שלום רב על ישראל עמך תשים לעולם. כי אתה הוא מלך אדון לכל השלום וטוב בעיניך לברך את עמך ישראל, בכל עת ובכל שעה בשלומך. ברוך אתה יהוה עושה השלום.

R'tzei

Be gracious, Adonai, our G-d, to Your people Israel, and receive our prayers with love. O may our worship always be acceptable to You. Fill us with the knowledge that you are near to all who seek You in truth. Let our eyes behold Your presence in our midst and in the midst of our people in Zion. Blessed is Adonai, whose presence gives life to Zion and all Israel.

Translation adapted by Madeleine LeBeau from © by Stephen Richards

R'tzei

R'tzei, Adonai Eloheinu, b'am'cha Yisrael u't'filatam b'ahavah t'kabeil, ut'hi l'ratzon tamid avodat Yisrael amecha. El karov l'chol kor'av, p'nei El avadecha v'choneinu. Sh'foch ruchacha aleinu. V'techezenah eineinu b'shuv'cha l'tzion b'rachamim. Baruch atah, Adonai, hamachazir sh'chinato l'tziyon.

רצה

רצה, יי אלהינו בעמך ישראל ותפלתם באהבה תקבל, ותהי לרצון תמיד עבודת ישראל עמך. אל קרוב לכל-קוראיו פנה אל עובדיך והננו. שפוך רוחך עלינו. ותחזינה עינינו בשובך לציון ברחמים. ברוך אתה יי המחזיר שכינתו לציון.

Far From the Home I Love, from Fiddler on the Roof (Harnick and Bock)

How can I hope to make you understand, why I do what I do
Why I must travel to a distant land
Far from the home I love
Once I was happily content to be, as I was, where I was
Close to the people who were close to
Here in the home I love
Who could see that a man would come who would change the shape of dream
Helpless now I stand with him, watching older dreams grow dim
Oh, what a melancholy choice this is... wanting home, wanting him
Closing my heart to every hope but his
Leaving the home I love
There where my heart has settled long ago, I must go, I must go
Who could imagine I'd be wandering so
Far from the home I love
Yet, there with my love I'm home!

You Don't Know This Man, from Parade (Jason Robert Brown)

You don't know this man
You don't know a thing
You come here with these horrifying stories
These contemptable conceits
And you think you understand how a mans heart beats
And you don't know a thing
You don't know this man
You don't even try
When a man writes his mother every Sunday
Pays his bills before they're due
Works so hard to feed his family
There's your murderer for you
And you stand there spitting words
That you know aren't true
Then you don't know this man
I don't think you could
You don't have the right to know
A man that wise and good
He is a decent man
He is an honest man
And you don't know
And you never will
Not from me, not from anyone who knows him
Not a morsel, not a crumb, not a clue
I have nothing more to say to you.

Cockeyed Optimist, from South Pacific (Rodgers and Hammerstein)

When the sky is bright canary yellow, I forget ev'ry cloud I've ever seen
So they called me a cockeyed optimist -- immature and incurably green

I have heard people rant and rave and bellow that we're done and we might as
well be dead
But I'm only a cockeyed optimist, and I can't get it into my head

I hear the human race is fallin' on its face and hasn't very far to go
But ev'ry whip-poor-will is sellin' me a bill and tellin' me it just ain't so

I could say life is just a bowl of Jello and appear more intelligent and smart
But I'm stuck like a dope with a thing called hope
And I can't get it out of my heart
Not this heart

Vanilla Ice Cream, from *She Loves Me* (Bock and Harnick)

Dear Friend:

I am so sorry about last night
It was a nightmare in every way
But together you and I
Will laugh at last night some day

Ice Cream.

He brought me Ice Cream
Vanilla Ice Cream
Imagine that!

Ice Cream!

And for the first time
We were together
Without a spat

Friendly, he was so friendly
That isn't like him
I'm simply stunned

Will wonders never cease! Will wonders
never cease
It's been a most peculiar day
Will wonders never cease! Will wonders
never cease...

Oh yes, where was I..

I am so sorry about last night
It was a nightmare in every way
But together you and I
Will laugh at last night some day

I sat there waiting at that cafe
And never guessing that you were fat
...that you were near
You were outside looking bald
Oh dear..
I am so sorry about last night

Last Night,
I was so nasty
Well he deserved it
But even so

That Georg,
Is not like this Georg
This is a new Georg
I just don't know

Somehow,
It all reminds me
Of Dr. Jekyll
And Mr. Hyde

Well right before my eyes
A man that I despise
Has turned into a man I like
It's almost like a dream
And strange at it may seem
He came to offer me
Vanilla ice cream

PRESENTED BY THE LEWIS CENTER FOR THE ARTS' PROGRAM IN THEATRE & MUSIC THEATER

She Loves Me

A REAL MUSICAL FOR A VIRTUAL WORLD

MARCH 29 & 30, APRIL 5 & 6 @ 8 PM
WALLACE THEATER, LEWIS ARTS COMPLEX

PASSPORT TO THE ARTS ELIGIBLE (FREE)
\$10 FOR STUDENTS, \$12 GENERAL ADMISSION,
\$17 IF PURCHASED DAY-OF-SHOW

LEWIS CENTER PRINCETON

DEAR FRIEND
5 hours ago

FEATURING:
MADELINE LEBEAU '24
CASEY BEIDEL '24
CHARLOTTE KUNESH '24
& JAY WHITE '24

DIRECTED BY:
ALISON SILLDORFF '25
& FAITH WANGERMANN '25

PRODUCTION CONCEPT & CREATIVE DIRECTION BY:
MADELINE LEBEAU '24

BOOK BY JOE MASTERSON
LYRICS BY SHELDON HARNICK
MUSIC BY JERRY BOCK

What More Do I Need, from Saturday Night (Stephen Sondheim)

Once I hated this city,
Now it can't get me down.
Slushy, humid and gritty,
What a pretty town.

What, thought I, could be duller,
More depressing, less gay.
Now my favorite color
Is gray.

A wall of rain as it turns to sleet,
The lack of sun on a one-way street,
I love the grime all the time.
And what more do I need?

My window pane has a lovely view:
An inch of sky and a fly or two.
Why, I can see half a tree.
And what more do I need?

The dust is thick and it's galling;
It simply can't be excused.
In winter even the falling snow looks
Used.

My window pane may not give much
light,
But I see you, so the view is bright.
If I can love you, I'll pay the dirt no
heed!
With your love, what more do I need?

Someone shouting for quiet,
Someone starting a brawl,
Down the block there's a riot,
And I'll buy it all!

Listen, now I'm ecstatic,
Hold me close and be still.
Hear the lovely pneumatic
Drill!

A subway train thunders through the Bronx,
A taxi horn on the corner honks.
But I adore ev'ry roar.
And what more do I need?

I hear a crane making street repairs,
A two-ton child running wild upstairs.
Steam pipes bang, sirens clang,
And what more do I need?

The neighbors yell in the summer,
The landlord yells in the fall,
So loud I can't hear the plumber
Pound the wall.

An aeroplane roars across the bay,
But I can hear you as clear as day:
You said you love me
Above the sound and speed.
With your love,
What more do I need?



ACKNOWLEDGMENTS



To Marty: I am so thankful that you have been with me on my Princeton journey for all four years and that I had the opportunity to learn and grow in my vocal practice under your excellent instruction. You have given me so much, and I credit much of my vocal growth throughout college to your coaching and support. Thank you so much!

To Vince: When our paths crossed last year during *First Daughter Suite* and *Mostly Sort of Happily Ever After*, I knew that I had found a genuinely outstanding musician and one who wholeheartedly supports the students with whom he works. It is truly an honor that you agreed to work with me on this recital and on *She Loves Me*. Your deep insights into each piece are so meaningful. You bring out the best in me, and your support is unwavering. I have learned so much from you, and I'm thrilled to share the stage with you today.

To all of my friends here today: Thank you so much for coming! My time at Princeton was made meaningful because of you. I hope the program today speaks to your part on our shared journey – the Hebrew section is for you Keshet, Koleinu, & CJL communities; the Musical Theater section for Triangle and PUP (and SLM and ACL!); and the English and Italian art songs for the Edwards Collective! Thank you for being such important parts of my Princeton journey!

To my professors and mentors: Professor Dweck, thank you so much for being a wonderful professor and advisor for the past three years. I feel so fortunate that I was able to take two courses with you, and I am thrilled that you are serving as my Senior Thesis advisor. Your support means the world to me. Solon, thank you for not only creating Playhouse Choir (which has certainly brightened my Princeton experience!), but also for teaching some incredible courses about music and conducting. I know that the skills I learned from you will prove invaluable throughout HUC, and I am so grateful for your encouragement and support. And finally to the Theater Department for providing an engaging home here at Princeton!

To my CJL, TRS, and Har Sinai communities: Thank you for always supporting me and my cantorial aspirations. You helped me find my Jewish home in each of your communities. Rabbi Ira, thank you for believing in me and for your encouragement to help grow an amazing Keshet community. Rabbi Jordan, Jill, Ariel, and the Har Sinai Community, thank you for welcoming me so warmly to your congregation. And to TRS, you are home and always will be. My Jewish practice and joy was fostered in your midst and I found my life aspirations with you. And to Cantor Shochet, thank you for inspiring me to become a cantor 16 years ago and being a wonderful mentor and friend.

To Charlie: I could not be happier that we have shared our journeys for the past three years. Your support and care have inspired me to become my best self in all things. Thank you for listening to me sing, for singing with me, for cheering me on, for sharing your life with me, and for creating such happy memories - including sharing the stage in Triangle and *Something Rotten!* You are amazing, I appreciate you, and I love you!

To Mom & Dad: Thank you for giving me everything a child could need. You gave me a home filled with love, support, encouragement, and trust that I would become an adult who reflects the attributes that are important to our family. You buoy me when times are stressful and cheer me on in everything I do. I love seeing you at every one of my performances, and it means so much that you have never missed one. Your unwavering support has made me who I am. You are both inspirations to me, and I love you so much!

Finally, thank you to all of the people encircling this page. To my whole family – my grandparents, great-grandparents, aunts, uncles, cousins – thank you for making me who I am today. I made this program to reflect your journey, and I hope these songs and program reflections do your stories justice.



ABOUT

Madeleine LeBeau hails from Chantilly, Virginia, and began her classical voice journey studying with Nancy MacArthur Smith. Madeleine has placed in national and international vocal competitions and adjudications, including the National Association of Teachers of Singing (NATS), the National Federation of Music Clubs, the Bland Music Scholarship Competition, and the American Fine Arts Festival International Music Competition in Romantic Music. These competitions brought her to perform on many stages, including Carnegie Hall in 2019. At Princeton, Madeleine is currently a Senior in the History Department receiving certificates in Judaic Studies, Theater, Music Theater, and Vocal Performance. She has studied voice with Martha Elliott for the past four years. Madeleine was a member of the Glee Club for two years before she joined Playhouse Choir in 2022, where she is currently serving as the Performance Director and Student Conductor. Madeleine is very active in theater and performing arts on campus and serves as the Chair of the Theater Program Student Advisory Committee, the immediate past Vice President of the Princeton Triangle Club, a writer for the Triangle Club, an executive board member of the Princeton University Players, and the prior President and Music Director of Koleinu, Princeton's oldest and only Jewish *a cappella* group.

Outside of performing arts, Madeleine is very active in the Keshet Reform Jewish community, leading weekly services and serving as President/Co-President for four years. Madeleine has served as a cantorial soloist at her home synagogue, Temple Rodef Shalom, and at Har Sinai Temple in Pennington, New Jersey. She is also an Undergraduate Research Fellow for the Princeton Center for Culture, Society, and Religion. Madeleine has been accepted to Hebrew Union College - Jewish Institute of Religion, Debbie Friedman School of Sacred Music for their cantorial ordination program where she will continue her studies after Princeton.

Vince di Mura is a concert jazz pianist, composer, arranger and musical director; appearing on concert stages and theatres throughout North America, Canada, Europe and Latin America. He is currently the Resident Musical Director and Composer for the Lewis Center of the Arts at Princeton University, where he has served since 1987. He has an extensive history as a musical director and has conducted seasons in virtually every region of the United States. Best known for his arrangements for Summerwind Productions, including "My Way. A Tribute to the Music of Frank Sinatra," which has had over 1200 production since its creation in 2000. Mr. di Mura has fulfilled numerous compositional commissions from universities and arts organizations and has authored "A Conversation With The Blues:" A 14 part web instructional series on improvisation through the Blues, produced by Soundfly Inc. He holds composition and jazz fellowships from the William Goldman Foundation, Meet the Composer, the New Jersey State Council on the Arts and the Mid-Atlantic Arts Foundation. Mr. di Mura has 8 CDs on the market including his most recent releases "Nostalgia" and "Serendipity" with Summer Breeze, Chinese Jazz Fusion Ensemble for whom he serves as the arranger/musical director and pianist.
