4-9-2016 8:00 PM

70th Anniversary of the Liberation of Auschwitz Commemoration Concert, April 9, 2016

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70th Anniversary of the Liberation of Auschwitz Commemoration Concert

Rachel Joselson, soprano
Rene Lecuona, piano

Saturday, April 9, 2016
8:00 p.m.
Harper Hall
Ein Jüdisches Kind
Carlo Taube
(1897-1944)

From Drei Jiddische Lieder
Viktor Ullmann
I. Berjoskele
(1898-1944)
III. A Mejdel in die Johren

Ich weiss bestimmt, ich werd dich wiedersohn
Adolf Strauss
(1902-1944)

Ich wandre durch Theresienstadt
Ilse Weber
Kleine Wiegenlied
(1903-1944)
Dobrý den
Wiegala

Ukolébavka
Gideon Klein
(1919-1945)

INTERMISSION

From Holocaust Lieder
Norbert Glanzberg
An die Völker der Erde
(1910-2001)
Für Ule ...
Lied zur guten Nacht
Nachtgedanken
Der Ofen von Lublin
Versprich mir eins ...
Allen Vögeln
Greta
Abschied
PROGRAM NOTES

This program features Holocaust themed songs with music composed during the Holocaust, featuring several songs composed and performed at Theresienstadt and a lesser known classical song cycle by Norbert Glanzberg. Born in Poland in 1910, Norbert Glanzberg dedicated many years of his long life to film music, songs and show business. His name, until the last quarter of his career, was always associated with the entertainment world and such famous names as Edith Piaf, Yves Montand and Maurice Chevalier. After the death of these friends, Glanzberg no longer felt at home in modern pop culture, and began to reflect on his Jewish background. Composed in 1983, these Holocaust Songs were set to texts from "Der Tod ist ein Meister aus Deutschland," a collection of writings by prisoners in concentration camps, both Jews and resistance fighters.

RECITAL TRANSLATIONS

Ein Jüdisches Kind-A Jewish Child
(Erika Taube)
You are a child like all the others
Who live all over the world.
Like all the other playmates,
And yet you are so different, child.

You are a child, missing a homeland,
In all the cities you are foreign.
As long as this word don’t come from you:
Homeland, your heart is unconstrained.

Berjoskele-Little Birch
Quietly shaking its curly green head
My pale little birch tree prays without end;
Each little leaf rustles a silent prayer;
Pray, little birch tree, also for me.
I came here alone from a distant land;
Here the god is strange to me as also is his speech;
He will neither see my sadness nor understand my prayer,

From the distant field came a gentle breeze
And told the little leaves endless stories;
A great longing overcame my heart.
Pray, little birch tree, pray also for me.

Ikh bin shoyln a Meydl in di Yorn-
I’m already a girl in the years
1. I’m already a girl in the years,
Why did you turn my head so?
I’ve wanted, already a long time, to marry
And find a husband.

2. You promised to take me
And I’ve waited for you;
Why should you be ashamed
That you’re a fool for me?

Ich weiss bestimmt, ich werd dich wiedersehen-
I know for sure, I will see you again
(Ludwig Hift)
When I saw you for the first time,
I was fascinated from your glance
And your smile appeared to me
like a ray of sunshine and happiness.

And I sought out your company, even if you walked past me. I felt so enriched and sensed right away; soon a spring of love was smiling on us.

I know for sure, I will see you again and enclose you in my arms, And everything rejoices in me. How beautiful will it be to kiss you endlessly!

Whatever happened before, that’s lost and forgotten, No shadows sadden the sunshine; who can measure our happiness! And always will I be with you.

Yet destiny tore you away from me far over lands and sea; And now many troubled years lie between me and you.

Still the deep longing, that I felt towards you, doesn’t tire me. I have thought of only you day and night, and the song sings in me:

I know for sure, I will see you again and enclose you in my arms, And everything rejoices in me. How beautiful will it be to kiss you endlessly!

Whatever happened before, that’s lost and forgotten, No shadows sadden the sunshine; who can measure our happiness! And always will I be with you.

Ich wandere durch Theresienstadt-
I wander through Terezin (Ilse Weber)
I wander through Terezin, My heart as heavy as lead, Until my path comes to an end Just to the edge of the Bastei*

There I remain standing on the bridge And look out into the valley: I so want to go further, I so want to go home!

Home! You wonderful word, You make my heart heavy, They took away my home, I have no home anymore.

I turn around sad and dull, So difficult it is for me: Terezin, Terezin, when will the suffering end? When will we be free again?

Kleines Wiegenlied-Little Lullaby (Ilse Weber)
The night slithers through the Ghetto, black and mute, Go to sleep, forget now everything around you. Cuddle your little head in my arms. With mother one sleeps cozy and warm.

Sleep, overnight can a lot happen. Overnight can all worry vanish. My child, you will see, once you are awake, Peace arrived overnight.

Dobry Den-Good Day (Ilse Weber)Good day, Lord, stand by us, Extend your peace to us, That we love unmeasured All evil be forgotten. Good day, Lord, stand by us, Extend your peace to us

Wiegal-Lullaby (Ilse Weber)Rockabye, rockabye baby The Wind plays on the lyre It plays so sweetly in green reeds The nightingale, she sings her song Rockabye, rockabye baby The wind plays on the lyre Rockabye, rockabye baby
The moon is like a big lantern
It stays suspended high in heaven’s deep tent
It looks down on the world.
Rockabye, rockabye, baby
The moon is like a big lantern.

Rockabye, rockabye, baby
How is the world so quiet?
No noise disturbs the sweet quiet.
Sleep, my child, sleep also you

Rockabye, rockabye baby
How is the world so quiet?

Ukolébavka-Lullaby (Emanuel Harusi)
Lie down my son, quietly,
Don't weep bitterly.
Near you your mother sits,
Keeps you from any evil.

The jackal is wailing in the woods
The wind is blowing there,
But you, my little son,
Lie down, lie down and sleep.

Night, night, night and shadow
Fly very fast.
It is forbidden to be lazy,
Tomorrow one has to work.

Tomorrow your father will go out to plow,
In the furrows your father will go.
Here you grow, raise your head,
Together, you will go to the field.

An die Völker der Erde-To the People of the earth (Werner Bergengruen)
Twelve times the willows become green and have shadowed the streams.
Children grew up and the elderly were buried.
Four thousand days, four thousand endless nights hour by hour

Not knowing whether someone would bring a sign!
People, it counts what sins happened in these twelve years.
What was suffered none of you have seen.
Only the angel counted the tears.
He alone heard the trumpets blare through cheers,
drums and droning bells of the tortured screams, sighs and death groans.

Only he the palpitating heartbeat out of hellish nightly hours,
Only he the whimpering of the women whose husbands disappeared.
Only he heard the lurking slow steps around windows and gates,
The hateful laughter of the judges and prison cohorts.

Peoples of the world, all who come from the same lineage
Two thousand years destroyed within your borders.
All horror happened before your eyes
And only a little one stifled the early fire.

Certainly you all meant to keep yourselves behind seas and shielding fortresses,
And forgot the secret that what befalls one, befalls everyone
Until the demon from our blood swollen shouting
Over the borders burst forth into the world.

Peoples of the world! The decision of the court applies to us all.
Everyone together lament the betrayed, together empowered! Peoples of the world, proliferate the divine: Repentance! Freedom! Peace!

Für Ule...For Ule... (Adam Kuckhoff)
Ule, son, you small light, You are far away. I can’t see you. You will soon be an adult. You will fly in the open air!

My darling son, my later happiness, I leave you fatherless behind. An entire nation is not enough; Humanity will be your father. My dear son, my little light, You are far away, I can’t see you.

Lied zur gute Nacht-Good night song (Chris Hornbogen)
Go to sleep, my darling, fall asleep. Heaven extinguished the evening glow. It’s already hanging over there in the willow tree, The star with the gold lining.

Go to sleep, my darling, fall asleep. The day ends its loud song. The night proceeds on a blue shoe And covers up the tired ones.

Sleep and dream a friendly dream. The world is full of resentment and haste And hunting for the golden burden. Yet a protective house saves you.

Go to sleep, my darling, fall asleep. The brook is searching its path to the current. The seed flies far with the wind, and you will go, my child. Sleep, A protective house protects you. Fall asleep my love, sleep well, so well.

Nachtgedanken-Night Thoughts (Wolfgang Philipp)
Deep lies the night in heavy train, Lightless and without shine. She holds her black breath And listens and listens inside herself.

Just softly falls from the damp bough A dew drop into the grass inside. As the heart of night sorrow’s burden Through tears frees herself.

Such drops fall so softly, so lost from the world, And still! What a noise would resound If suddenly we, with God’s ears, Heard the tears, which in little nights fall!!

Der Ofen von Lublin-The Oven from Lublin (Theodor Kramer)
There is an oven, a strange hole In a sandy field near Lublin. The trains were led there day and night, The desiccated in cattle cars. There were many people from any country Gassed and also yet burned alive In the fiery hole of Lublin.

They let wave for three years on the mast The Swastika flag over Lublin. They were in no hurry to bury them. Here there were still uses for them.
The ashes of the bones were sorted,  
In canvas sacks filled and sealed  
As fertilizer from Lublin.

Now waves the fivefold jagged star  
In the summer wind over Lublin.  
The shaft is cold, yet near and far  
On the scenic landscape back  
And continued eating as long  
As not murdered by the executioner’s ax,  
Of the last servants of the main oppressors in the world.  
The fiery shame of Lublin.

*Lublin once served as one the most important centers of

Versprich mir eins-Promise me one thing (Ernst Münziger)  
Promise me one thing; I know that times will come  
They will be darker than all that came before.  
I know that what I have found of solace and force,  
Then it will be as if it never existed.

Through deep of night will I then go to you.  
On tired soles and in all desperation  
A long time will I stay near to you  
And fearlessly await silent death.

Promise me one thing, you will give a sign,  
That for me, the gate of the gloomy night, opens.  
You will lift, the pure shell of your hand  
From out of which flows the light of your soul.

You will bless me when I turn myself around  
And painfully long, a sweet, last time.  
Press my forehead in your loving hands  
Promise it soon, already arrives the morning.

Im Gefängnis (Allen Vögeln)-To all birds (Johanna Kirchner)  
To all birds that are imprisoned,  
I wish to gift freedom,  
That they again happy in the air  
Their redeemed flutter steers.

To all flowers, that are in the shadows  
I wish to send rays of sunshine  
So that they turn their young buds  
Toward the golden light.

To all people who suffer,  
I wish to show a thousand stars,  
Which out of clouds dark consolation  
Manifest tilted downward.

And to all the people I love,  
I wish to give totally, everything,  
That with bright, sweet magic  
Can adorn a human life.  
That the shadows of dreary hours  
Glide far away from them,  
That they, on shady paths,  
Advance forward toward high goals.

Greta (Adam Kuckhoff)  
To others I have often written many verses,  
To you only here and there a small word.  
Does this show a less powerful love?  
Don’t I leave you as a debtor?

Oh beloved, immeasurable,  
Was the love that bonded us.  
About her have I forgotten the word,  
Because every day we found ourselves in her.

Do you think about the blood in your lungs?  
Do you speak of the air that surrounds you?  
No, I haven’t sung you,  
I have only loved you.

Shouldn’t I still have a lot to tell you?
Every hour takes away from the last one
And yet I find in these days,
Hardly a word.

I am indebted to you for so many things.
I see calmly though the end is coming soon.
Nothing remained, like when we went together,
From the biggest to the tiniest:
Unsaid and undone.

**Abschied-Departure** (Hubert Gsur)
Now am I only still a small while
On your path, already silenced the first star.
And as I still with your shadow rush,

Am I to you already a thousand dreams away.
Already I don’t know any more between your glances
Softly to rock me in the heaven’s blue.
Already I stand under more difficult fates
In the death yard of the dark evening woman.

Already your words stroke my cheeks
Like a long time distanced wind dream.
Already I’ve finally escaped from you
I overshadowed from destiny’s dream.

Already swallow me the gorges of serious streets
In a foreign gray evening city,
There is, to your words gladly forgotten
So strong that he has soon beaten me!

And as the sunlight with you still share,
The messenger waved to me already of the dark man.
He comes and over a short while
I am gone, mutually separating star to star.