



שרי, הערצעלע, שרי!

VOLUME II

Cry, My Heart, Cry

SONGS FROM TESTIMONIES IN THE FORTUNOFF VIDEO ARCHIVE

ZISL SLEPOVITCH ENSEMBLE & SASHA LURJE



Shray, Hertsale, Shray!—שרי, הערצעלע, שרי! *Cry, My Heart, Cry!*

Songs from Testimonies, Volume 2

Introduction

By Stephen Naron, Director, Fortunoff Video Archive for Holocaust Testimonies

In 1979 the Holocaust Survivors Film Project – the predecessor of the Fortunoff Video Archive for Holocaust Testimonies – began taping the testimonies of survivors and witnesses in New Haven, Connecticut. The project was founded by Dr. Dori Laub, a psychiatrist and analyst and himself a child survivor from Czernowitz, Romania (now Ukraine), and Laurel Vlock, a television journalist at Channel 8. They had the support of the New Haven survivor community, particularly of William Rosenberg, who would later become the president of the project, as well as many other members of the Jewish community.

In 1981 the video collection came to Yale, thanks to the work of Professor Geoffrey Hartman, who gave it a permanent home within the Manuscripts and Archives department at Sterling Memorial Library. Under Hartman's watch as faculty advisor, it grew to become an internationally renowned collection that, over the years, has influenced the way the history of the Holocaust is written, studied, and taught.

There are more than 4,400 testimonies in the Fortunoff Video Archive – 12,000 hours of material in over a dozen languages, recorded over the last 40 years in over a dozen different countries. That's 4,400 life stories. I call them life stories because our interview methodology asks survivors to recount their entire history – from their earliest childhood memories to the present. We consider it essential to know what life was like before the Holocaust in order to understand the scope of the loss it wrought, as well as the complexity of each individual's attempt to recover – to the extent possible – and build a life after the war.

The songs on this second volume of ‘Songs from Testimonies,’ were sung in a number of testimonies in the Fortunoff Video Archive and reflect the richness of these audiovisual documents. They are songs from the interwar period, songs from the ghettos, songs from the camps. Originally, many were often sung collectively, but in survivors’ testimonies they are recounted or performed by individuals. They thus remind us that the survivor singing them represents all those who did not survive to sing again, and so remind us of the absence of the songs’ original audience.

The Fortunoff Archive’s faculty advisor, Professor Timothy Snyder, observes that testimonies, like works of art, have a special ability to cross the membrane between death and life, between past and present. The songs embedded in these testimonies are especially evocative in this respect, but to fully appreciate their power they must be heard, not read. That’s what inspired us to produce this recording.

The recording you are about to hear is a reading of testimony as a source – perhaps an unconventional reading, but a reading nonetheless. Some of the songs are about dying and death, written and sung in the camps. This effort to recall them – part anthropological, part ethnomusicological, part historical – also recreates them. It is my hope that this recreation will form a link between those who are no longer with us and the living, all of us listening to these songs today.



Singing Songs of Dark Days

By Dr. Gila Flam, Director, Music Department and Sound Archives
of the National Library of Israel

The sufferings of Jews under the Nazi regime were reflected in their music and musical life. Music offered women and men interned in ghettos and camps a way to express their humanity in inhuman conditions, to escape, revolt and cry for freedom. The act of singing is a human act of artistic performance that creates another world for the singer and the audience. The 13 songs selected here were recalled by survivors telling their stories and singing – words and music – probably for the first time since their liberation. These songs describe and witness places, ghettos, camps, deportations, slave labor and other harsh circumstances the survivors had to struggle with. When these songs are sung – both now and then – they create moments of relief and comfort for the singers and their listeners.

In addition to private occasions on which Jews played music, sang and even danced, music was performed publicly in some ghettos. Street singers performed in Łódź, Warsaw, and Kraków. Professional musical performance was censored and controlled by the authorities, but theater revue shows took place and concerts of classical music were performed in several ghettos. In Warsaw, Adam Furmanski (1883-1943) organized small orchestras in cafés and soup kitchens. A symphonic orchestra played in the ghetto until April 1942, when the Nazi authorities closed it down for performing works by German composers. In Łódź, the head of the Jewish Council, Chayim Rumkowski, oversaw musical activities. The culture center was especially adapted for musical and theatrical performances by a revue theater, a symphony orchestra, and the Zamir choral society. In the Kraków ghetto, chamber and liturgical musical selections were performed. The Vilna ghetto had an extensive program of musical activities, with a symphony orchestra, several choirs, and a conservatory with 100 students. A revue theater presented many popular songs about ghetto life.

Most of the music scores and songs did not survive. But as soon as the war ended, songs were collected, transcribed and published. A few recordings of Yiddish songs were made during the 1940s – by Shmerke Kaczerginski in 1946 in Europe and by Ben Stonehill in 1948 in America.

The musicologist Ruth Rubin recorded Holocaust survivors in Canada and America in the early 1950s. The recordings are kept in several archives, but most of these songs were neither performed nor recorded again. In the early 1980s, I began to record survivors of the Holocaust

singing Yiddish songs in Israel and America. However, many songs were forgotten, as most of the survivors – even when recalling songs in their diaries or memories – recall the lyrics but not the music. Therefore, the oral history testimonies in the Fortunoff Video Archive for Holocaust Testimonies provides a great source for additional songs to be discovered, studied and performed.

For this album 13 songs were selected for a new musical arrangement and performance. The songs were sung by survivors in three languages: Yiddish, Polish and French. The singers sang the songs during their interview with a smile on their face. Some of the songs are humorous, some realistic, and some are pre-war songs that received new meanings as a few songs are parodies (contrafact) i.e., new lyrics to known melodies are created to express the circumstances and emotions of that time.

The lyrics commented on reality while the music – the melodies – was taken from pre-war Yiddish folk songs, Yiddish popular songs, Polish traditional songs and French folk songs – familiar melodies that provided comfort and hope. Several songs in this CD are sung to a tango or a waltz rhythm, both of which were popular in the interwar period. A few melodies recall Jewish synagogue and klezmer tunes, while others are taken from the non-Jewish repertoire, as music has no borders and Ashkenazi Jews were often multilingual and multicultural.

Which can be heard in these songs.

The act of singing in ghettos and camps was an act of creation. It was an assertion of freedom as well as of life and of community. The ghetto and camp songs in this CD symbolize survival – life and not death. Even when the song-text expresses despair and fear of death, the melody elevates the text to another world, another time, and brings hope. The songs and their singing in ghettos and camps tell the story of the spiritual resistance of the survivors and the victims – of a human community during an inhuman period.



Liner Notes

by Dr. D. Zisl Slepovitch, Musician-in-Residence,
Fortunoff Video Archive for Holocaust Testimonies



1. In Dinaverke—אין דינאווערקע *In Dünawerke*

Music and lyrics: supposedly Tosia (see notes below); arrangement: D. Zisl Slepovitch

Lily M. (HVT-1711) was born in 1924 in Wilno (Vilna, now Vilnius), then in Poland. In her testimony, Lily recalls growing up in an assimilated, affluent home, as well as the rise of antisemitism from 1935. At some point, Lily was transported to the external slave labor camp Dünawerke (Dinaverke, in Yiddish) in Kaiserwald, outside of Riga, Latvia. The camp was based at the former rubber factory *Provodnik* and was run by the semi-government *Organisation Todt*. According to Lily's testimony, her friend Tosia (pronounced Tosha) had escaped with her parents from Lodz to Vilna in 1939 and composed and sang the song. Lily characterized Tosia as "a very talented poet." Tosia did not survive the war. Lily believed she may have died of typhus in Germany around the time of the liberation in 1945.

The song has a feeling of a slow waltz and employs repetitive patterns. One is based on grasping the initial wide interval (octave) and narrowing down the melodic line to the unison, followed by the ascending melodic minor tetrachord, V–VI#–VII#–I. Fragmented phrasing, repetitive structure, heavy walking feel (despite the 3/4 time), and the melodic pattern generate associations with the cadence of *Allegretto* (2nd movement) in Beethoven's Seventh Symphony.



Fig. 1. Tosia (?). *In Dinaverke*, as performed by Lily M., bars 1–12.



Fig. 2. Ludwig van Beethoven. *Symphony No. 7, mvt. 2, Allegretto*, bars 47–50.

A variant of the song was performed and recorded by Tova Ben-Zvi on her album ‘And We Shall Remember: Songs from the Ghetto and Holocaust Days, Sung in Yiddish and Hebrew by Tova Ben-Zvi,’ with an additional verse and a different ending, as well as the Hebrew translation, “Bedinaverke.”

In Dinaverke arum taykh un vald
Zaynen do yidn fun gor der velt
Arbetn ale shver oyf der kelt
In droysn nokh fintster
Der glock tsu der arbet ruft.
Es tsien zikh reyen,
Es shoysht der vint
Yidn farmishpet far vemes zind.

Der tog sheym fort iber
Di zun lang fargangen.
Zey geyen tsurik zikh
Mit langzame trit.
Fun gantsn tog arbet
Zaynen zey mid.

Nor yidn, zayt munter,
Es vet nokh kumen di tsayt
Un mir veln arbetn far undz in eygn land.

In Dinaverke, near the river and the woods,
There are Jews from all over the world.
They all are working hard out in the frost.
It's still dark outside,
The bell is calling to work.
Rows of people are lining up,
The wind is whispering.
The Jews are accused of someone else's sins.

The day passes by swiftly.
The sun has long set.
They return together slowly.
They are tired
After a long workday.

But, fellow Jews, cheer up,
The time will yet come,
And we shall work for ourselves
in our own country.

For the history of Dünawerke see: Franziska Jahn, *Riga (Dünawerke) / Der Ort des Terrors 8: Geschichte der nationalsozialistischen Konzentrationslager. Riga, Warschau, Vaivara, Kaunas, Plaszów, Kulmhof/Chelmo, Belzec, Sobibor, Treblinka* (Munich: Verlag C.H.Beck, 2008), p.71; and Max Kaufmann, *Churbn Lettland: Die Vernichtung der Juden Lettlands*, hrsg. von Erhard Roy Wiehn (Konstanz, 1999), p.417. *Provodnik* (проводник): Russian: conductor.

2. Dem rebns shikse—דעם רבינס שיקסע *The Rabbi's Shiksa*

Music and lyrics: traditional; arrangement: D. Zisl Slepovitch

Hella R. (HVT-4179) was born in 1926 in Adamów, Poland. At the age of four she moved to Warsaw, where she was later imprisoned in the ghetto. In her testimony, Hella shares several accounts of people coping in the ghetto with humor, often a dark “gallows humor.” In Hella’s own words, they were telling jokes and singing songs as they were going to work in the ghetto.

One of these songs was a humorous pre-war song, “The Rabbi[’s son] and the Shiksa.” In its other known variant, it is the rabbi himself who commits the sin with the shiksa in the woods, and she later becomes the rabbi’s own *shiksa* who solves *di shayles*, or Talmudic questions. In the instrumental breaks we used a popular Hasidic *niggun* (chant) known as a Purim tune, *Mishenichnas Adar* from the Bobover Hasidic tradition.

In a shteytl nisht vayt fin danet, ay-ay-ay,
 Iz a rebale faranen, ay-ay-ay.
 Leybn leybt er fin kashaymes,
 oy-oy-oy,
 Nor fin khSIDim di behaymes, ay-ay-ay
 Ay-ay-ay, ay-ay-ay, ay-ay-ay.
 Iz amul a nes gesheyen, ay-ay-ay,
 M’hot dem rebns zin zeyen,
 ay-ay-ay
 Mit a shikse tsvishn di boymer,
 ay-ay-ay.
 Un a shames in un a shoymmer,
 ay-ay-ay,
 Ay-ay-ay, ay-ay-ay, ay-ay-ay.
 Iz der rebe gevorn in kas, ay-ay-ay,
 Of di shikse di makhshas (makhsheyfe),
 ay-ay ay,
 Dem zin dem nar aroysgetribn
 ay-ay-ay,
 In mit di shikse ayn geblibn, ay-ay-ay,
 Ay-ay-ay, ay-ay-ay, ay-ay-ay.

In a nearby shtetl, ay-ay-ay.
 There is a rabbi, ay-ay-ay.
 He lives off resolving legal questions,
 ay-ay ay,
 Just off his Hasidim, the fools,
 ay-ay-ay.
 Once a miracle happened, ay-ay-ay,
 They saw the rabbi’s son committing a sin,
 ay-ay-ay,
 With a shiksa, between the trees,
 ay-ay-ay,
 Without a shammes and without a shoymmer,
 ay-ay-ay.
 The rabbi became angry,
 ay-ay-ay,
 At the shiksa, the evil witch,
 ay-ay-ay,
 He kicked out his son the fool,
 ay-ay-ay,
 And remained alone with the shiksa,
 ay-ay-ay.

Songs of the Bobover Hasidim, edited and arranged by Velvel Pasternak (Tara Publications, 2001), p.7.

Shikse, also *shiksa*: Yiddish: non-Jewish woman (derogatory, fem.).

Shammes: the sexton of a synagogue.

Shoymmer: literally, a guard, another name for *mashgiach*, a religious Jewish person overseeing the kosher laws kept in the kitchen.

3. A Dermonung Funem Appellplatz—א דערמאנונג פונעם אפעלפלאץ

The Memory of the Roll Call

Music and lyrics: unknown; arrangement: D. Zisl Slepovitch

Moshe B. (HVT-4409) was born in 1926 in Rymanów, Western Galicia, Poland, near the Czechoslovakian border. After numerous deportations and imprisonment in death and slave labor camps, Moshe survived a death march to Bergen-Belsen, where he was liberated by British troops. In his testimony, Moshe remembers the grim experience of the daily roll call at one of the concentration camps. The commandant would order everyone to take hats off (*Mützen ab!*) and to sing (*Singen!*). Moshe pays tribute to one of his musically talented fellow prisoners (whose name remains unknown), who sang this song during the roll call.

Mayn harts tut mir vey.
Vus zhe helft mayn geshrey,
Az kayner tut mikh nit oyshern?
Men tut mikh nor yugn,
Ikh fil mikh ershlugn,
Ikh hob shoy'n kayn koy'kh mer tsu klern.

Der mentsh hot kayn deye,
Bay der runde matbeye
Af velkhe zayt es varft zikh.
Er tit shtendik shtrebn
Tsu genisn fun lebn.
In hartsn dort hobn dos glik.
Mentsh, di bist dokh narish,
Farges nisht fun deym,
Az dayn gants geveyn
Iz nor erd un leym.

In shtopn dem baytl,
Maynsti iz klig,
Farges nisht, di kumst naket
In di geyst naket tsurik.

My heart is aching,
but what does my cry help,
If no one hears me?
They only chase me,
I feel beaten up.
I have no energy to think.
A human cannot understand,
when tossing a round coin,
On which side it will fall.
One always aspires
To enjoy life,
And have joy in one's heart.
Human, you are foolish.
Don't forget that
All your crying
Is just earth and clay.
And as you fill your wallet,
You think you're so smart.
Remember, you're born into this world naked,
And naked you will return.

Meygst zayn raykh vi Korakh,
Zikh budn in glik.
Blaybsti alts der zelber orakh,
Ven er rift dikh tsurik.
In shtopn dem baytl,
Maynsti iz klig.
Farges nisht, kumst naket,
In di geyst naket tsurik.

You can become rich as Korah.
And bathe in luck,
You're still the same as everyone else,
When God calls your number.
And as you fill your wallet,
You think you're so smart.
Remember, you come into this world naked,
And naked you will return.

Korah (קֹרַח) also *Korach*, *Korakh*, *Core*, *Korak*, *Qórah*): Biblical son of Izhar, known for leading a rebellion against Moses (Exodus 6:24, 1 Chronicles 6:2, 18, 38, and 23:12; Numbers 16:1–40, which corresponds with *Parshat Korach* in the Torah).

4. Kidush Hashem—קידוש השם

A Heroic Deed (Sanctification of God's Name)

Music and lyrics: anonymous; transcription and arrangement: Dr. D. Zisl Slepovitch

This is another song remembered by Moshe B. from one of the several death camps he survived. He sang it as a tribute to Zhelazny, possibly a former synagogue cantor, a talented singer, in Moshe's own words. While one can define this piece as a ballad, due to its great dramatic intensity it can be also categorized as an operatic scene, which is not untypical of the sophisticated cantorial repertoire. Such songs would typically be performed in cantors' concerts on *motz'ei Shabes* (after Shabbat). Dramatis personae include the Congregation (*der gantser oylom*), the Old Cantor (*der alter khazn*), the (evil gentile) Sailor (*der proster matros*), the old Rabbi (*der alter rov*), and an Old Blind Jew (*a yid a zokn a blinder*) who ultimately sacrifices his life to save the community in the face of the sailor's slander. This is one of a series of dramatic (and dramatized) Ashkenazic Jewish ballads that are not coincidentally set on the eve of *Yonkipur* (Yom Kippur), the Day of Atonement. This piece demonstrates nuanced registers of speech, language, and musical expression. The narration and the Jewish characters' lines are both conveyed in Yiddish. Their musical style is expressed via the Eastern European synagogue chant (cantorial recitative) that can be heard on numerous recordings of the 'Golden Era' cantorial recordings by Gershon Sirota, Yossele Rozenblat, David Roitman, Moshe Koussevitzky, Zawel Kwartin, and others. The sailor's lines, by contrast, are either spoken

or move between speech and recitation, being resemblant of Sprechstimme/*Sprechgesang* developed in the works of Arnold Schoenberg and, simultaneously, Mikhail Gnessin, termed as *Muzykalnoye Tshteniye* (Musical Narration, or Reading). Another characteristic feature is the switching to German – as the ‘goyish’ gentile language – in the sailor’s speech, which per se, and with added actor’s expression, noticeably switches the register. However, some of the ‘German’ words remain Yiddish, which is not atypical for the German folk texts created by Yiddish-speakers. (See, e.g. *In dem kleinen Dorf in Smiltschenzi*, in ‘Where Is Our Homeland?’ – *Songs from Testimonies*, Vol. 1, originally performed by Liubov K.) Finally, the extraverbal theatrical element, the heavy knocks on the doors, complement the picture of this comprehensive operatic scene that, while fully belonging to the Eastern European Jewish musical tradition, suddenly resonates with the Brechtian theatre and plays scored by Kurt Weill at that same period. One curiosity in this text is that in the morning that followed the night of the massacre, the old cantor is reciting Kol-Nidre, although this prayer is only recited in the evening service of Yom Kippur.

Di zun iz farshvibn,
 Der tug iz avek,
 Di nakht fin Kol-Nidre iz gekumen
 Un gebrakht mit zikh fil’ shrek.
 Dos klayne besmedresh vi a beys-oylom.
 Farzamlt dort hot der gantser oylom.
 In der alter tsebrokhener shil.
 Taykhn trern gisn zikh fun zeyere oygn
 Ven der alter khazn zugt.
 (*A heavy knock on the door.*)
 Pluts, der zelber tsayt,
 M’heybtsakh un me shrayt.
 ‘Ayns, tsvay, dray, fir!’
 Es efntsakh of di tir,
 Es kimt arayn a proster matros.

‘Ha-ha-ha-haaa!
 Wie schmutzig ist hier in diesem Lokal!
 Wer’s der farvalter fin diesen Lokal?’

The sun has set,
 The day has passed.
 The night of Kol Nidre has come
 And brought a great deal of awe.
 The small bes-medresh is like a cemetery.
 The whole congregation has gathered there,
 In the old, broken shul.
 Rivers of tears stream from their eyes
 When the old cantor recites a prayer.

(*A heavy knock on the door.*)
 Suddenly, at that very moment,
 Someone stands up and screams:
 ‘One, two, three, four!’
 The door opens,
 And a rough sailor walks in.
 (*in mixed German-Yiddish*)
 ‘Ha-ha-ha-haaa!
 How filthy it is in here!
 Who is in charge of this place?’

Der alter ruv, er geyt dokh shver
In vishn zikh di trern in di oygn.
Fregt er, 'Vus farlangt ir, Herr?'

[MATROS]

'Ich hab' hier in die Synagoge
A Shpion fershtekt!
Vel ikh' dem shpion nich't gefinen—
Vel ikh' die Synagoge
Mit aykh ale Juden farbrenen!'

'Oy efsher hot zikh aykh Porets-lebn,
dos gedokhtn?
Ir kent imbrenen a shtut mit yidishe kinder?
Oy, a shpiyon haynt in der hayliker nakht?...'

'Sha, raboysa... dus bin ikh!
Ikh vil shtarbn!'

Oy, azoy shrayt oys a yid, a zokn, a blinder.
'Ikh vil shtarbn far ekh, mener,
of kidesh-Hashem,
Oyfgeyn fray in himl,
dershosn on rakhmones.'
Ot der yidisher held.
Aza held hot dos yidishe folk
nokh nisht gehat.

Un der oylom in shil
In der 'slavesdikh fri,
Vaynt in klugt,
Ven der alter khazn zugt
'Kol Nidrey.'

(in Yiddish)

The old rabbi takes several heavy steps,
And wipes the tears from his eyes.
He asks, 'How can I help you, Sir?'

[Sailor, in mixed German-Yiddish:]

'There is a spy hiding here,
Here in this synagogue!
If I don't find the spy –
I will burn down this synagogue
Together with all you Jews!'

[Rabbi, in Yiddish:]

'Oh, perhaps there is a mistake, noble sir.
Can you (really) kill a townful of Jews?
A spy? Today, on this holy night?'

[An old blind Jew:]

'Silence, gentlemen, it's me!
I want to die!'

So yells out a Jew, an old, blind one.
'I will die for you, gentlemen, in sanctification
of the Holy Name,
I'll go straight to Heaven,
shot dead without mercy.'
A Jewish hero.

The Jewish people have never seen
such a hero before.

And the congregation in the shul
is zealously praying early in the morning,
crying and weeping,
as the old cantor sings,
'Kol Nidrey.'

Bes-medresh (beyt midrash): house of study, which can also serve as a synagogue. *Shul* (literally 'school'): synagogue, also in the Jewish-English language.

5. A Valts—וואַלטס

The Waltz

Music: D. Zisl Slepovitch; lyrics: A. Lutzky

Jean B. (HVT-701) was born in Lodz, Poland, in 1919. Having been a member of a youth Zionist organization, Jean went to study in Palestine where she received her degree in 1939. She went to visit her parents in the summer break and got stuck in Poland when the war broke out. She survived the four years (1940–44) in the Lodz ghetto, one of the largest in Poland. In the ghetto, Jean attended many *rewias* (*Rewias*: theatre performances (Polish); singular: *rewia*).

A. Lutzky (pronounced *Alef Lutzky*) was the pseudonym of Aaron Zucker (1894–1957), the Yiddish poet, and choreographed many dances with the children, as she was dancing herself. Jean remembers the name of Szamaj Rozenblum, a teacher who was singing to her dance what turned out to be A. Lutzky's poem, *A Valts* (The Waltz). Jean only remembered select stanzas and not the music; therefore I set the poem to original music.

Eyns, tsvey, dray, eyns, tsvey, dray,
Porlekh dreyen zikh – porlekh dreyen zikh –

Veystu vi azoy, veystu vi azoy?
Beymer in vald dreyen zikh azoy –
Ven du forst farbay, in a ban farbay

Eyns, tsvey, dray, eyns, tsvey, dray,
Az di fidl shpilt—shpreyt zi vegn oys—
Veystu vosere?—Veystu vosere?
Vaykhe meydil hent—unter dayne fis
Kroyzlen zikh aruf—vi a roy'kh aruf.

Eyns, tsvey, dray, eyns, tsvey, dray,
Az di mandolin—tsimblt ot azoy—
Veystu vos zi tut?—Veystu vos zi tut?
Dayne yunge teg—di fargangene
Breklt zi fanand, —breklt zi fanand.

One, two, three, one, two, three
Couples spinning round—

Do you know how?—Do you know how?
Trees in the woods are spinning round,
When you ride by—in a passing train.

One, two, three, one, two, three
When the fiddle plays—she spreads out the trails.
Do you know which ones?—
A girl's soft hands—under your feet—
spins you up in the air like rising smoke.

One, two, three, one, two, three.
When the mandolin—is ringing just like that—
Do you know what she does?—
Your young days, those that are left behind—
She crumbles them one over the other—
she crumbles them...

Eyns, tsvey, dray, eyns, tsvey, dray,
Az dos fleytl fayft,—az dos fleytl fayft,—
Veystu vos du herst?—Veystu vos du herst?
Toyte in der erd—veynen dos azoy,
Vos-zhe veynen zey?—Vos-zhe veynen zey?

Eyns, tsvey, dray, eyns, tsvey, dray,
Az di poyk baroysht,—az di poyk baroysht,
Veystu vos dos iz?—Veystu vos dos iz?
Dos iz dokh der roysh—ot der velt-geroysh—
Vos fartoybt in dir—pakhed farn toyt.

Eyns, tsvey, dray, eyns, tsvey, dray,
Az dos lebn iz—a gedrey aza.—
Veynt di vilontshel: eyns, tsvey, dray.
Veln fun der velt—ale zikh tsegeyn.
Tut mir azoy vey, tut mir azoy vey....

One, two, three, one, two, three.
When the little flute fifes—
Do you know what you hear?—
The dead in the ground—
they cry that way— Why are they crying?

One, two, three, one, two, three.
When the drum sounds,—
Do you know what it is?—
That's just the noise—the noise of the world—
That deafens in you— the fear of death.

One, two, three, one, two, three,
As the life is—such a spin.—
The cello is crying, “One—two—three.”
Everyone will leave this world.—
It pains me so, it pains me so!



6. Shray, Hertsale, Shray!— שרײַ, הערצעלע, שרײַ
Cry, My Heart, Cry! (Treblinka Song)

Lyrics: anonymous; music: based on Eduardo Bianco's *Tango Oración*;
arrangement: D. Zisl Slepovitch

In interwar Europe, including the Soviet Union, Latin American music enjoyed immense popularity. One of the obvious reasons for this were numerous touring groups, along with the rapidly growing radio and commercial recording industries. Within the vast body of the popular Latin American repertoire, Argentinian tango as a new and highly attractive genre played the leading role. It is no surprise that some songs of survival and resistance during and after the war adapted popular tunes to new lyrics and became widespread as new pieces. The musical origins of the so-called ‘Treblinka Song’ lie in *Tango ‘Oración,’* composed by the prominent Argentinian composer and tango orchestra director Eduardo Bianco (1892–1959). While the ‘Treblinka Song’ is based on ‘*Oración*,’ it has its own distinct feel, tempo, and form, which is especially obvious in the introduction that comes in contrast with the energetic opening of the Bianco’s original.

We find this song in more than one testimony, both in the Fortunoff Video Archive and in the United States Holocaust Memorial Museum collection. It was sung by Morris K. (HVT-1651), which we use as the main reference for this recording, Willy F. (HVT-2844), who presents a short fragment from the song, and Frieda Bursztyn Radasky, who sang a fuller, but also a slightly different version, under the name *Treblinke dort* (There Lies Treblinka). The song conveys the story of frequent deportations from Warsaw’s *Umschlagplatz* to Treblinka, as seen and felt by the ghetto prisoners. Despite German propaganda stating that the trains were going to the work camps, many prisoners knew the truth. Warsaw ghetto prisoners, according to Frieda Radasky’s testimony, contributed their own lines to the song, which explains why the song survived in several variants. The song spread far outside the Warsaw ghetto. Morris K., born in 1917, learned it while he was still living with his family in his hometown Połaniec, Świętokrzyskie Voivodeship, situated more than 230 km (140 miles) south of Warsaw, before they were ordered to leave in October 1942. Frieda Radasky learned the song later, in 1943, while working in the kitchen at a coal depot in the Praga district of Warsaw, outside the ghetto. Willy F., born in Działoszyce in 1928, lived through the Kraków ghetto, Płaszów, Skarżysko-Kamienna, and Buchenwald concentration camps. He learned the song in the Kraków—Płaszów area, which is even farther away—300 km (186 miles) from Warsaw.

Es iz a shturm durkh di velt aropgegangen,
Es hobn felker farvandelt on lender.
On rakhmones yoysherdik khurev
gemakht a velt.

Di zin fun himl arupgerisn,
in fin tog gemakht nakht.

Dort nisht vayt
Iz der Umschlagplatz far layt
Vi men shtiptsakh in der brayt
Tsu di vagonen.

Dort hert men ayn geshray,
Vi ayn kind shrayt tsu der mamen:
“Vi lozti mikh alayn?
Lomir geyen tsuzamen!”

Di politsay,
Zey hobn gehaysn shneler gayn.
Di vest nit laydn mer kayn toyt.
Di vest bakimen dray broyt.
Zey hobn nisht gevist,
Az zey gayen oyf a shnelen toyt.
Treblinke dort—far yedn yid a gite ort.

Ikh du, du dort.
Men ken nisht shrayen mer kayn vort.
Ver's kimt ahin, farblaybt men dort.

Dort in Treblinke.

Dos harts tit vay,
Ven me' tit zikh nor dermanen
Fin tate-mame kayn Treblinke same.

The storm raged through the world,
Entire nations remained without their countries.
The storm has ruthlessly destroyed the world.
It ripped the sun from the sky and turned
day to night.

There, not far,
There's the deportation site (*Umschlagplatz*),
Where they hustle far and wide
To the cattle cars.

There one hears a scream,
A child is calling for his mother,
'How come you're leaving me alone?
Let us go together!'

The police,
They ordered them to move faster.
You will not suffer any need,
You will receive three loafs of bread.
They didn't know,
They were going to their deaths.
There's Treblinka, a fitting place for every Jew.

I'm here, you're there,
You can't utter another word.
Those who come there, stay there,
There, in Treblinka.

The heart pains
When one starts to remember
The past, mom and dad,
till the very Treblinka.

Shray, hertsale, shray!
Hertsale, zug nisht oys,
Az di bist a yid.
Shvester in brider, tate-mame,
Ale gayen tsuzamen,
Ale gayen tsu farsamen
Vayl di bist a yid.
Shray, hertsale, shray.
Hertsale, zug nisht oys,
Az di bist a yid.

Cry, my heart, cry,
Cry, my heart, don't speak out,
Because you are a Jew.
Sisters, brothers, and parents,
They all are going together,
They all are going to be poisoned,
Because they are Jews.
Cry, my heart, cry,
My heart, don't speak out,
Because you are a Jew.

Frieda Bursztyn Radasky, born in 1918 in Poland: 'There Lies Treblinka' (Treblinka Dort), United States Holocaust Memorial Museum. Internet access: <https://www.ushmm.org/collections/the-museums-collections/collections-highlights/music-of-the-holocaust-highlights-from-the-collection/music-of-the-holocaust/there-lies-treblinka>

7. Une Fleur Au Chapeau *A Flower on The Hat*

Music and lyrics: possibly anonymous or William Lemit
(first publication by him, 1938); arrangement: D. Zisl Slepovitch

Henri G. (HVT-2096) was born in 1925 in Rawa Mazowiecka, Poland, 77km (48 miles) southwest of Warsaw. At the age of 5 or 6, he moved with his parents to Gdańsk (Danzig). Then, in 1932, due to constant antisemitic attacks by Hitler Youth, Henri's father decided to move to Paris, where Henri lived until the war broke out. In his testimony, Henri tells a story of how he and his brother escaped Nazi-occupied Paris:

...I had food ration cards, the paper for traveling, the Pétain insignia, a backpack... I was ready to go. Before leaving I emptied all the drawers of photos, my mother's little furs, the eiderdown, my father's watch, diploma and military papers, and I made a package with an address in the Free Zone, and my friends sent it to me in the Free Zone where my older brother received it. The same friends, not Jewish, or some half-and-half, from the Platzle, sold the remaining canned food so I could have some bread and money for the trip. My little brother was with me, we went to the Gare d'Austerlitz, and I told him, "Sing like me. Sing 'Une fleur au chapeau.'" From far away you could see the soldiers separating families with suitcases: ... you didn't need to be antisemitic to see that any family looking worried with a lot

of suitcases was a group of Jews. We kept singing, looked straight ahead, and got on the train. The Germans were patrolling the train, "Papers, please." I told my little brother, who was 14, "Ok, you sleep, and leave everything to me." So, when the soldiers demanded the paper, I handed it over smiling, saying "Back to nature." With the Pétain insignia, the uniform, the songs, it was clear that I was headed for the work [summer] camp. "Gut, Gut," they replied. We went to Dax, there were supposed to be contacts and people to help us, we didn't have money, and no one helped us. We were still in Occupied Territory there.

With this particular musical arrangement, the Zisl Slepovitch Ensemble not only performs the scout song remembered by the survivor, Henri G., but also attempts to convey the feigned carelessness of the two teenagers running for their lives from occupied Paris.

Marshal Philippe Pétain was Marshal of France and served as Chief of State of Vichy France (1940–44). The Pétain insignia depicted a double-headed Francisque Axe, also known as Francisca (Marshal's baton), sometimes surrounded by the seven stars of Pétain's title and accompanied by the ribbons with the motto *Travail, Patrie, Famille* (Labor, Homeland, Family).

Pétain's personal emblem was used as Vichy France's informal coat of arms.

Gare d'Austerlitz: one of the six large terminus railway stations in Paris.

Dax: a commune in Nouvelle-Aquitaine, in southwestern France, 730 km (453 miles) south of Paris, near the Spanish border.

1. Vous qui nous regardez passer
Dans le soleil et sous l'orage
Peut-être que vous pensez
Que nous avons bien du courage
Pour ainsi nous harasser
A courir le long des routes
Vous ne savez ce que c'est
Vous n'aurez jamais sans doute...

REFRAIN:

Une fleur au chapeau
A la bouche une chanson
Un cœur joyeux et sincère
Et c'est tout ce qu'il faut
A nous filles et garçons
Pour aller au bout de la terre.

1. You who watch us marching
Under the sun or in the storm,
Perhaps you think
That we have a lot of courage
To exhaust us
As we are walking down the roads.
You don't know what it is
And you probably won't.

CHORUS:

A flower in the hat,
A song that we sing,
A joyful and sincere heart.
And that's all it takes us, boys,
To travel to the end of earth.

2. O comme nous serions heureux
Si nous pouvions la vie entière
Courir par les chemins ombreux
Ou sur les routes des familières
Depuis les sommets neigeux
Jusqu'au bord des mers profondes
A travers nos cris joyeux
Nous dirions au vaste monde...

REFRAIN.

Une fleur au chapeau...

3. Hélas il n'en est pas ainsi
Et notre tâche est plus aride
Mais il nous faut du cœur aussi
Il nous faut des bras solides
Pour combattre sans merci
La laideur et la paresse
A travers lutte et souci
Il nous faut garder sans cesse...

2. Ah how happy we would be
If we could, our whole lives,
Be walking – either dusty trails
Or familiar roads,
From the snowy peaks
To the edge of deep seas.
And with our joyful song,
We would say to the whole wide world:

CHORUS.

A flower in the hat...

3. Alas, this is not how it is,
And our task is hard.
You need a big heart,
As well as strong arms—
To fight without hesitation,
Without being mean and lazy.
Through all our struggles and worries
We must constantly keep...

8. Shtubuneltsto—שטובענעלסטאָ

The Senior in the Barrack

Music and lyrics: Jankele Herszkowicz; arrangement: D. Zisl Slepovitch

Joseph W. (HVT-2852) was born in Lodz, Poland, in 1929 where, when the Nazi occupation began, he and his family were locked in the ghetto. One of Joseph's brightest memories was of Jankele Herszkowicz (1911-72), pronounced *Yánkele Hershkóvitch*, who composed many songs in the Lodz Ghetto and was famous as the 'ghetto troubadour.' "For everyone who came into the ghetto, he composed a song," says Joseph, "Jankele brought something extraordinary to the ghetto that was greater than medicine or anything else."

Both Joseph W. and Herszkowicz were deported, first to Auschwitz and then to a slave labor camp in Braunschweig, Germany. There they were likely working at the Büssing truck factory, to which a lot of Lodz Jews were brought in 1944-45.

Jankele Herszkowicz wrote many songs that quickly gained popularity. Most were written in the Lodz ghetto, such as the more famous *Rumkowski Chaim* and *Geto, getunya*.

While at Auschwitz-Birkenau, he only wrote this one song, *Shtubuneltsto*.

Herszkowicz survived the war and the post-war massacres in Poland, but he never emigrated to Israel, even in the wake of the mass exodus that followed Władysław Gomułka's notorious antisemitic politics; although he did consider that option at some point. Joseph suggests that this was perhaps because Herszkowicz's wife was not Jewish. The 'Ghetto troubadour' took his own life in 1972. "Did he sing in Poland after the war? Perhaps at the beginning, but afterwards—with whom? Everyone eventually left," says Joseph.

Herszkowicz's two sons passed their father's manuscripts to Joseph, as they were close friends.

In his testimony, Joseph said that he wanted to publish that material, but we cannot verify whether or not this publication took place. Many of Herszkowicz's songs survived through the rare oral performances of survivors and most of them were saved and preserved thanks to Gila Flam's seminal research. The latter became the source for the 2005 record by the Brave Old World band, *Dus gezang fin geto Lodzh* (Song of the Lodz Ghetto). Discovery and recording of *Shutubuneltsto* coming directly from Herszkowicz's close friend is of special value, as the survivors themselves wanted to forget this repertoire, and did not perform the songs at all.

Shtubuneltsto conveys the grim reality of the unbearable conditions at the camp. The Yiddish lyrics carry strong influence of German, as well as camp slang. It would be hard, if not impossible, to properly transcribe and understand the song, if not for the good chance that we received the assistance of Samuel Norich, the publisher of the *Forward*. Norich was born in 1947 in a DP camp in Germany where such slang was still in use.

The musical genre of this song is an upbeat freylekhs-like dance, in stark contrast to its content. This feel, expressed in Joseph's performance, becomes a vehicle for the dark humor that saturates the lyrics.

Karl Liedke, 'Destruction Through Work: Lodz Jews in the Büssing Truck Factory in Braunschweig, 1944-1945, in *Yad Vashem Studies* XXX (2002), pp. 153-188.

Internet access: <https://www.yadvashem.org/articles/academic/jews-truck-factory.html>.

Gila Flam, *Singing for Survival. Songs of the Lodz Ghetto, 1940-45*. University of Illinois Press, 1992.- 224 p.

Brave Old World, 'Dus gezang fin geto Lodzh' / Song of the Lodz Ghetto.

Music Edition Winter & Winter, Munich, Germany, 2005, LC02829.

Shtubuneltsto: a Yiddishized or, rather, Polonized version of German *Stubenältester*. The original meaning of the term was a senior soldier in the barrack room. In the concentration and slave labor camps the word meant a *kapo*, a prisoner functionary, assigned by the SS guards to supervise forced labor or carry out administrative tasks. *Stubenältester*—room leader—was the lowest rank, the next was *Blockältester*, referred to in this song as *Blokowo*.

Shtubuneltsto, gibstu gefelsto
Aynem a zug un dem tsveytn a patsh.
Oy heyb nit shrayen, s'iz nisht du tsu kayen,
Umar aba: a! In yeder iz a khvat.

1. Fin baginen fri
hob ikh nit kayn ri,
Miz ikh glaykh aynatretn
In ikh vays nisht vi,
Dort in klozet
Shprakhn men redt.
Trefsti aynem shlufn
Vi bay zikh in bet.

CHORUS.

2. Kimt der mitog shu,
Ver ikh geyl un gru,
Loyf ikh dort un du,
Shrayt uf der blokowo:
Er vil haben ru.

Zugt me' men tayl,
Yeyder zikh aylt,
Krupe kashe mane,
Kartoft umgeshaylt.

CHORUS.

3. Du bay indz in blok
Hert men shoy'n dem glok
Di portsyonen holen
Gayt es mitn shtok
Oy bin ikh a tam,
vayl ikh hob nisht ham
Heybt men dorn shrayen:
"Jude, ja ci dam!"

CHORUS.

Shtubuneltsto, oh you have your preferences,
You reprimand one, and you slap the other.
Don't start yelling, there's nothing to eat.
As father said, "Ah! Everyone's a hustler."

1. From early morning on,
I am restless.
I must immediately get moving,
And I don't know where to go.
Over there in the bathroom
They speak different languages.
You run into someone sleeping,
Just like in his own bed.

CHORUS.

2. The lunchtime comes,
I become yellow and gray,
I'm running here and there,
The Block Senior is yelling,
He wants to get some rest.

They announce chow time.
Everyone is rushing.
A bit of farina porridge
And an unpeeled potato.

CHORUS.

3. Here in our barrack,
The bell has rung already.
They are bringing food,
You can only shove it down with a stick
(The food is so inedible).
Oh what a fool I am,
As I have no food.
One starts yelling,
"Jew, I will give it to you!"

CHORUS.

[blokóvo], the block, or barrack senior. The highest position a Jew could take at the camp as a *kapo* was *Lagerältester*, Camp Senior. Internet access: <https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Kapo>.

Jude, ja ci dam! (German/Polish): pronounced *Yude, ya tshi dahm*—Jew, I will teach you a lesson! Just wait!

9. Chłopek-Roztropek—Bam geto-toyer— בייַם געטאָ-טויער - כלאַפּעק-ראָזטראָפּעק *A Village Hustler—At the Ghetto Gate*

Music and lyrics: traditional (unknown); arrangement: D. Zisl Slepovitch

This piece is composed of two songs from two different testimonies. One is a satirical Polish song, *Chłopek-roztropek* (A Village Hustler), overheard in the streets of Warsaw by **Zalman H. HVT-3638**), then a little boy (born in 1929). The song's general concept is poking fun at uneducated yet street-smart peasants. Zalman did not remember one of the lines but we were able to discover it in a source that contained the full text. As the character is ironically making fun of his girlfriend, pointing out that she dresses too fancy, she fires back, noting that her Wojtek bought a fur coat from a Jew in the ghetto (it was obviously a cheap coat, and he didn't see anything particularly immoral about this purchase).

We decided to cut the song's lyric at that dramatic turn and transition to the next 'Picture from the Exhibition,' from a testimony given by **Kalman A. (HVT-3869)**. Kalman was born in 1928, a native of Kaunas, Lithuania. He remembers one verse of a song portraying a strict Polish collaborationist who is guarding the entrance to the ghetto. He suddenly becomes happy when he sees an opportunity to get a cut of what is likely food being illegally smuggled into the ghetto. The characters of both songs represent the same figure—a non-Jewish former neighbor who under new circumstances doesn't mind benefitting personally from the misery of Jews—the moral opposite of those who risked their lives by hiding their Jewish neighbors from the Nazis.

Another example of predatory behavior towards Jews comes from the testimony of **Willy F. (HVT-2844)**. His family was forced to leave their hometown of Działoszyce. In Willy's own words: "later we learned that there was to be a public auction where the Poles could buy the apartments with everything inside, so this time we knew there was no point in going back..." Then, he remembers, "my parents had a very difficult trip, constantly being attacked by the Poles who wanted their baggage."

(a)

1. Jestem se chłopiek-roztropek,
mieszkam se w chałupie,
Życie nie jest takie jak w Warszawie głupie.
Bo nam, chłopom,
dzisiaj na wsi dobrze się powodzi,
A was w Warszawie drożyzna
niedługo zagłodzi.

Wywieźliście z tej Warszawy meble i ubrania,
Tak że nie mata nam nic już do sprzedania.
A my wasze fortepiany w stodołach trzymamy,
Bo na tyle różnych gratów
już miejsca nie mamy.

2. Mówiły na nas: frajery albo głupie chamy.
A ja mówię, że my swoje kielbie we łbie mamy.
Bo jak przyjeździeta na wieś rąbanekę kupować,
To musita pół dnia za to forszę nam rachować.

3. My, frajery, se na miejscu nigdzie nie jeżdżiewa,
Ale za słoninę skórę dziesiątą ściągiewa.
A wam jeszcze w tych
pociągach wszystko zabierali,
A chłopci sobie sienniki forszę napychali.

(a)

1. I am a village hustler, I live in a shack,
Life here is not silly, like it is in Warsaw,
We peasants have a good life in the village,
And soon you'll be starving from those high
prices in Warsaw.

You took the furniture and
clothes out of Warsaw,
So, we don't have anything to sell.
We are keeping your pianos in the stables,
Because we don't have room for all that stuff.

2. Those ladies used to call us "Ne'er-do-well"
or "foolish rednecks,"
And I'm telling you, we don't have fish for
brains, we can think for ourselves.
When you come to the
village to buy pork chops,
You'll be counting out the cash to
give us for hours.

3. We fancy folks stay in place,
not going anywhere,
But we'll rip you off for some lard.
They used to take everything
from you on those trains,
While the peasants stuffed
their mattresses with cash.

Myszę sobie: to ci czasy,
niech to piorun liźnie,
Jak ja zobaczyłem Kasie w jedwabnej bieliźnie!
— Nie wyśmiewaj, mój Wojtusiū,
boś nie lepszy przecie,
Boś sobie niedawno futro kupił w getcie.

(b)

Bam geto-toyer shteyt a poyer,
Zayn gezikht iz shtreng un zoyer.
Hit di geto vi a bank,
Mit a biksele in hant.
Ober plutsling vert er freylekh
Un er fil zikh vi a meylekh.
A brigade kumt aher,
Ongelodn rikhtik shver.

I thought to myself,
These are great times, damn it,—
When I saw Kasia wearing silk underwear.
— Don't laugh, my Wojtek,
you're not any better,
'Cuz you recently got yourself a
fur coat from the ghetto.

(b)

At the ghetto gate stands a peasant,
His face is strict and sour.
He guards the ghetto like a bank,
With a rifle in his hand.
But suddenly he's happy,
And feels like a king.
A brigade [of smugglers] is coming,
Fully stocked.

10. Hej Tam Na Górcie *Hey There On The Hill*

Music and lyrics: traditional; arrangement: D. Zisl Slepovitch

Yaakov B. (HVT-3829) was born in Hrubieszów, Poland in 1926, the youngest of three children. He first attended the Jewish school, but then underwent a compulsory transfer to the public (Polish) school. From those years he remembers walking around the town with the girls and learning funny and frivolous songs from them. *Hej tam na górcie* is a traditional Polish song with a pronounced 3/4 dance feel. This has inspired us to match the song with the *oberek*, one of the most widespread Polish dance genres, from the microregion Rezyczyca, a town located 50 km (a little over 30 miles) from Yaakov's hometown Hrubieszów. This *oberek* was documented in 1987 by notable Polish ethnomusicologist Andrzej Bieńkowski. The song itself belongs to the group of light-hearted Polish soldier songs. We suspect that Yaakov B. might have added his own name to the song lyrics. It's impossible to know if the original version of the song used the Jewish name Jaków or Jankiel, or the Polish name Jakub.

1. Hej tam na górze przy bramce,
 Hej tam na górze przy bramce,
 przy bramce
 Stoi tam Jaków na randce, na randce
 Stoi tam Jaków na randce.

2. A stary żołnierz pilnuje.
 A stary żołnierz pilnuje, pilnuje,
 A młody Jankiel całuje, całuje,
 A młody Jankiel całuje.

3. Nie całuj tyle ty, cham(n)ie!
 Nie całuj tyle ty, chamnie, ty, chamnie,
 Bo to opowiem twej mamie, twej mamie,
 Bo to opowiem twej mam(n)ie.

Andrzej Bieńkowski, *Ostatni wiejscy muzykanci. Music Lost/Found—Ethnic Folk Music Archive from Poland & Eastern Europe: The Last Village Musicians* (2001), wydawnictwo Muzyka Odnaleziona, Warszawa (2007). Track 2, performed by Jan Lewandowski, Stanisław Lewandowski, Stanisław Kaczmarek. The third verse demonstrates the asynchronous pronunciation of the lip consonants typical for certain Polish dialects, where the soft -m'- alternates with or is entirely replaced by -mñ- : chamie – chamnie, mamie – mamnie.

11. Siekiera, Motyka

Ax, Hoe

Music and lyrics: anonymous; arrangement: D. Zisl Slepovitch

This song was shared by Zalman H. (HVT-3638), who was born in Warsaw in 1929. *Siekiera, Motyka* played an important role in the Polish resistance during World War II. In Nazi-occupied Warsaw, and later throughout Poland, it became one of the most popular songs. Because many singers contributed to its creation and performance, *Siekiera, Motyka* exists in many variants. The song was based on an old humorous folk song widely performed during World War I. It was published in 1938 in the book *Wiersze żołnierskie* (Soldiers' Poetry)—a lengthy variant of the song, numbering 27 verses, published under the authorship of Aleksander Fusk. Zalman H. heard *Siekiera, Motyka* from other children in the streets of Warsaw when the song had already been banned by the Germans. After World War II, the song appeared in the 1945 book *Zakazane piosenki* (Banned Songs) as part of the anthology *Satyra w konspiracji* (Satire in the Underground). Zalman's variant of the song is of special interest since it contains verses not found in any other published or recorded variants. One such example is the substitution of the word *hycle* (Polish: 'dog-catchers') in the line with *Hitler*.

1. Over there on the hill, by the gate,
 Over there on the hill, by the gate, by the gate,
 Yakov is there on a date, oh on a date.
 Yakov is there on a date.
 Yakov is there on a date.

2. And the old soldier is guarding.
 And the old soldier is watching and guarding,
 And young Yankel is kissing, oh kissing,
 Young Yankel is kissing.

3. Don't kiss so much, you yokel!
 Don't kiss so much, you zhlob!
 Because I will tell your mom, oh your mom,
 Because I will tell your mom.

1. Siekiera, motyka, piłka, graca
Niech pan głowy nie zawraca
Siekiera, motyka, piłka, gwóźdz,
Masz „górala”, i mnie puść.

A jak nie masz pięćset złotych,
Ty wyjeżdżasz na roboty.
Siekiera motyka, piłka, linka,
Tu Oświęcim, tam Treblinka.

CHORUS:

Już nie wiemy, gdzie się kryć
Hitler nam nie daje żyć.
Po ulicach chodzi wciąż,
Patrzy jeszcze kogo wzięć.

2. Siekiera, motyka, piłka, linka,
Tu roboty—tam Treblinka...
Już nie mamy gdzie się kryć,
Szwaby nam nie dają żyć.

Widocznie kultura im pozwala
Robić takie polowania
Widocznie z nimi jest już źle,
Kiedy za nas biorą się.

CHORUS:

Po ulicach gonią wciąż,
Patrzą, kogo jeszcze wzięć.
Im kultura nie zabrania
Po ulicach polowania.

3. Siekiera, motyka, piłka, alasz.
Przegrał wojnę głupi malarz.
Siekiera, motyka, piłka, nóż.
Przegrał wojnę już, już, już.

1. Ax, hoe, ball, scuffle,
Don't bullshit me, mister!

Ax, hoe, ball, nail,
Get a 'highlander' and let me go.

And if you don't have five hundred zlotys,
You're going to the labor camp.

Hoe ax, ball, string,
Over here is Auschwitz,
over there is Treblinka.

CHORUS:

We don't know where to hide anymore
Hitler doesn't let us live.
He's still strolling down the streets,
And looks for others he can grab.

2. Ax, hoe, ball, rope,
Slave labor is here, Treblinka is there.
We have nowhere to hide
The Swabians are not leaving us alone.
Apparently, their culture allows them
To conduct manhunts.
Apparently, their business is so bad,
they've taken to hunting us.

CHORUS:

They keep chasing people down the street,
Looking for others to grab.
Their culture does not forbid them
From manhunting in the streets.

3. Ax, hoe, ball, Allasch,
The stupid artist has lost the war.
Ax, hoe, ball, knife.
He lost the war already, it's done!

Siekiera, motyka, gaz i prąd
Kiedyż oni pójdą stąd?!
Siekiera, motyka, prąd i gaz,
A żeby w was piorun trząśł!

Ax, hoe, gas and electricity
When will they go away?!
Ax, hoe, electricity and gas,
May the lightning strike you dead!

Góral (Highlander): a Polish ethnic group primarily residing in southern Poland, northern Slovakia, and Silesia. In this context it means a 500-złoty bill, implying a bribe. Swabians (Shwabs): a Polish euphemism for the Germans (first half of the 20th century). Allasch – a caraway-infused liquor. "A stupid artist" is a reference to Hitler.

12. W Saskim Ogrodzie *In the Saxon Garden*

Lyrics and Music: anonymous (traditional);
transcription and arrangement: D. Zisl Slepovitch

What was originally a humorous urban Polish folk song tracing its roots to the 1860s, with a plethora of variants, became an openly antisemitic song during World War II. Zalman H. (HVT-3638), a native of Warsaw, remembered hearing this song in the street. Decades later, he shared it in his testimony. The light waltz that serves as the musical genre base of *W Saskim ogrodzie* contrasts with the chilling lyrics. For this arrangement, we have paired the song's tune with the Little Waltz (*Walczyk*), another folk tune originally recorded by *Kapela Litewska z Puńska*, a Lithuanian band from the Polish town of Puńsk.

W Saskim Ogrodzie koło fontanny
Już nie zobaczę żydowskie bandy.
Bo wszystkie Rywci, Sarci, Estery,
Już się wynieśli na dalsze skwery.

Ostatni wagon, co stał jedyny,
Żeby pojechali do Palestyny.
Żydzi nie wiedzą o żadnej wojnie,
I sobie siedzą w getcie spokojnie.

Te ładne panny z swymi główkami
Chodzą do parówki całymi dniami.

Chodzą ich pełno po całe kupy,
Żeby się umyli swe brudne... (dupy) głowy.

In the Saxon Garden, near the fountain,
I won't see the Jewish gang anymore.
'Cause all Rebeccas, Sarahs, and Esthers,
Have already moved out to farther spots.

The last train car that stood alone,
Was there so they could go to Palestine.
Jews have no idea about the war,
They just comfortably stay in the ghetto.

Those pretty gals with their fancy hairdos,
They spend hours in the sauna every day.

There walk in packs, lots of them,
To wash their dirty... (asses) heads.

Teraz Muranów, Gęsia i Smocza
Jest to dla żydów wielka uroczą.
Żydzi nie wiedzą o żadnej wojnie
I sobie siedzą w getcie spokojnie.
W Saskim Ogrodzie żydowska niania
Wiozła we wózku swojego Mońka.
A teraz Moniek wie dobrze o tym,
Że mu wolno jechać tylko za płotem.

And now Muranów, Gęsia and Smocza
Are the loveliest places for the Jews.
Jews have no idea about the war,
They just comfortably stay in the ghetto.
In the Saxon Garden, a Jewish nanny
Used to be pushing the stroller with her Moishe.
And now Moishe knows well,
That he's only allowed to walk behind the fence.

The Saxon Garden (Saski Ogród) is a large (15.5-hectare) public park in central Warsaw (Śródmiejskie), Poland. Names of a neighborhood (Muranów, pronounced *Moora-noof*) and streets (Gęsia and Smocza—pronounced *Ghensha* and *Smocha*) in Warsaw, which were part of the Warsaw ghetto.

13. Himlen, o Himlen—הימלען, אָ הימלען *Heavens, Oh Heavens*

Lyrics and Music: anonymous (traditional);
transcription and arrangement: D. Zisl Slepovitch

This powerful yet chilling song was remembered and performed by Moshe F. (HVT-1956), born in Uniejów, Poland, in 1913. When Moshe arrived in Auschwitz, he met a man by the name of Mayer-Ber Gutman who “could write.” He wrote two poems, *Azoy vi ikh bin nokh Oyshvits gekimen* (When I came to Auschwitz...) and *Himlen, o, himlen, vi iz mayn glik?* (Heavens, oh heavens, where is my luck?). Both were set to the melodies of popular Yiddish songs of the period. As in many examples of amateur poetry, there are some colloquialisms used here (or, possibly, dialectisms, e.g. *shneyern*: masses of snow), and some words in the poem are grammatically incorrect but used for rhyming purposes.

The second tune and verse, which gives the title to this track, uses the melody of the popular songn “Where Is That Little Street, Where Is That Little House?” It became popular in several languages before World War II and known under the names *Vi iz dus gesele, vi iz di shtib?* (Yiddish), «Где эта улица, где этот дом?» — *Gdie eta oolitsa, gdie etat dom?* (Russian), and „Gdzie jest ta ulica, gdzie jest ten dom?” (Polish).

PART 1:

Azoy vi mir zaynen nokh Oyshvits gekimen,
 Froyen in kinder hot men tsigenimen
 Iz dort gevorn a groyser timl
 "In a halbe shu veln mir zayn in himl."

In di nakht oyf di nares
 Leygn mir avek di beyndelakh di dare.
 Shlofn mit ofenung oyfn hertsn.
 Oyf der fray veln mir zayn in kertsn.

PART 2:

Himlen, o himlen, avu iz mayn glik?
 Levone in shneyern
 Bahaltn mit ayer blik.
 Vu zenen undzere kinder?
 In velkhn land?
 In Oyshvits, in Treblinka,
 Tsheshpolt in tsushand.

PART 1:

When we arrived in Auschwitz,
 They took away the women and the children.
 A great tumult happened there:
 "In half an hour we will be in heaven."

At night, on the plank-beds,
 We put away our skinny bones.
 We sleep with a hole in our hearts.
 We will be set free shortly.

PART 2:

Heavens, oh heavens, where is my luck?
 The moon and the snow are
 hidden by your look.
 Where are our children?
 In what country are they?
 In Auschwitz, in Treblinka,
 torn apart and disgraced.

Performers

Joshua Camp, accordion (3, 5, 7–12), piano (1, 2, 6, 13), Hammond C3 organ (4),
 whistling (7), additional vocals (2).

Dmitry Ishenko, contrabass (all tracks), additional vocals (2).

Craig Judelman, violin (1–3, 5–13), tambourine (9, 10), additional vocals (2).

Sasha Lurje, vocals (all tracks)

Dr. D. Zisl Slepovitch, composer (5), arranger (all tracks), Bb/A clarinet (1, 2, 8,
 11, 13), Eb clarinet (12), basset horn (3, 5, 6, 10), piccolo (7), shawm (9), vocals (9),
 additional vocals (2), whistling (7), finger snapping (7),
 producer, artistic director; lyrics translator.

Mariana Slepovitch, tsimbl (tsymbaly) (9, 10).

Joshua Camp is a founding member of the bands One Ring Zero, C.A.M.P.O.S., Locobeach, and Chicha Libre, has composed for and played in projects of various genres over the years, including country, folk, Irish, klezmer, merengue, and experimental music. He has also composed music for film, dance, theater, and multimedia installations. As an accordionist, Joshua has been in the Broadway productions of *Fiddler on the Roof*, *Threepenny Opera*, and the Tony Award-winning play *Indecent*, and appeared on the soundtrack to the Lincoln Center production of *The Coast of Utopia* by Tom Stoppard.

Dmitry Ishenko is a versatile and highly sought-after New York City bass player. He has performed and recorded with such jazz greats as Steve Lacy, John Tchicai, Eric Harland, Dave Liebman, and many others. A graduate of Berklee College of Music and the New England Conservatory, Dmitry is a busy session player and arranger, having worked in the studio and on the road with Paul Banks of Interpol, among others. Dmitry has toured all over northern America, Western Europe, Russia, and Japan, and has appeared at the CareFusion Jazz Festival, Vision Festival, Blue Note Jazz Festival, Toronto Jazz Festival, Boston Beantown Jazz Festival, Carnegie Hall, the Kennedy Center, Lincoln Center, and the Blue Note, as well as countless other venues around the world. Dmitry has also performed in a number of theater productions in the US and Europe, including the award-winning production of *Fiddler on the Roof* in Yiddish (off-Broadway).

Craig Judelman grew up in Seattle, where he studied classical violin. He soon branched out into jazz, folk, and klezmer music, which he first studied with the early klezmer revival fiddler Wendy Marcus. Craig went on to study composition with Joan Tower, as well as classical and jazz violin at Bard College. Craig made a name for himself in New York playing traditional American music with his band, The Dust Busters, eventually recording an album with John Cohen for the Smithsonian Folkways. Brooklyn life also brought Craig to the band Litvakus, notable for its revival of North Eastern European Jewish music. Craig has been a music educator for over a decade, teaching Yiddish and American folk music. He helps produce the Seattle Yiddish Fest and Shtetl Neukölln (currently Shtetl Berlin) in Berlin, where he now lives.

Sasha Lurje, a native of Riga, Latvia, has been singing since the age of three. She has performed with a wide variety of groups in various styles, ranging from classical to folk, jazz, rock, and pop. Sasha has also been involved in several theater groups, where she focused on musical and improvisational theater. She has performed and taught Yiddish singing in Russia, Europe,

and North America, and has been a longtime artist and faculty member at Yiddish Summer Weimar. Among her projects and bands are Forshpil, STRANGELOVESONGS with Daniel Kahn, Semer Ensemble, You Shouldn't Know from It, and Litvakus.

Dr. D. Zisl Slepovitch is a native of Minsk, Belarus, who has resided in the United States since 2008. He is a musicologist (Ph.D., Belarusian State Academy of Music); a multi-instrumental klezmer, classical, and improvisational musician; a composer and poet; and a music and Yiddish educator. He is a founding member of the critically acclaimed bands Litvakus, Minsker Kapelye, and Zisl Slepovitch Trio. He has served as assistant music director and music director in many productions by the National Yiddish Theatre Folksbiene and is now the Musician-in-Residence (Research Affiliate) at the Fortunoff Video Archive at Yale University. Zisl has been the Clarinet chair and Associate Conductor in the award-winning off-Broadway production of *Fiddler on the Roof* in Yiddish (2018–20). He has served as a Yiddish language and culture instructor at The New School, an educator and artist-in-residence at BIMA at Brandeis University, and a guest artist and lecturer at many US and international universities, cultural organizations, and festivals. Zisl's theater, film, and TV contributions include consulting on and acting in the film *Defiance*, *Eternal Echoes* (Sony Classical), and *Rejoice* with Itzhak Perlman and Cantor Yitzhak Meir Helfgot (PBS), as well as a number of original scores.

Mariana Slepovitch is a native of Minsk, Belarus, who grew up playing tsymbaly, a Belarusian string instrument similar to the hammered dulcimer. While basing her experience in the Belarusian professional school of the tsymbaly, she has mostly used her instrument in the context of Ashkenazic Jewish (klezmer) and Eastern European music. Mariana Slepovitch appears on Beyle Schaechter-Gottesman's album, 'Fli, Mayn Flishlang,' (Fly, My Kite, 2008, as Mariana Beytelman) and on the soundtrack of Matthew Lancit's 'Funeral Season' documentary scored by D. Zisl Slepovitch (2011). From the 2020 COVID-19 quarantine, she has been performing in Slepovitch Klezmer Duo together with her husband Zisl.

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Zalman H. (HVT-3638)



Moshe B. (HVT-4409)



Hella R. (HVT-4179)



Yaakov B. (HVT-3829)



Morris K. (HVT-1651)



Joseph W. (HVT-2852)



Willy F. (HVT-2844)



Lily M. (HVT-1711)



Jean B. (HVT-701)



Moshe F. (HVT-1956)



Kalman A. (HVT-3638)



Henri G. (HVT-2096)

שריי, הערצעלע, שריי!
Cry, My Heart, Cry

VOLUME II

SONGS FROM TESTIMONIES IN THE FORTUNOFF VIDEO ARCHIVE
ZISL SLEPOVITCH ENSEMBLE & SASHA LURJE

SIDE A

1. IN DIN AVERKE
2. DEM REBNS SHIKSE
3. A DERMONUNG FUNEM APPELLPLATZ
4. KIDUSH HASHEM
5. A VALTS
6. SHRAY, HERTSALE, SHRAY

SIDE B

1. UNE FLEUR AU CHAPEAU
2. SHTUBUNELTSTO
3. CHŁOPEK-ROZTROPEK
4. HEJ TAM NA GÓRCZE
5. SIEKIERA, MOTYKA
6. W SASKIM OGRODZIE
7. HIMLEN, O HIMLEN

