

HOLOCAUST REQUIEM

KADDISH FOR TEREZIN

A Liturgical Oratorio
by Ronald Senator
based on poems
and diaries of
children who died
at Theresienstadt

The Moscow Philharmonic
conducted by
Joel Spiegelman
Bel Kaufman, narrator
Yurloff State Chorus
Yekaterinburg
Children's Chorus



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HISTORIC PERFORMANCE RECORDED LIVE IN MOSCOW, OCTOBER 4, 1992

HOLOCAUST REQUIEM — Kaddish for Terezin

in memory of the million and a half children murdered by the Nazis

This live recording of a single performance commemorates an historic occasion in Russia — the first concert in the entire history of Russia to honor the six million victims of the Holocaust. The special commemorative concert took place in the Great Hall of the Moscow Conservatory, October 4, 1992. We at Delos are pleased that we were able to acquire the tape of the performance through its sponsors, and thus make it available to a worldwide audience.

Bedrich Smetana:

- [1] THE MOLDAU (12:34)**

Ronald Senator:

HOLOCAUST REQUIEM — Kaddish for Terezin (47:40)

- [2] I. Kyrie, *El rachamim* — Lord Have Mercy (22:22)**
- [3] II. Kadosh, *Sanctus* (6:00)**
- [4] III. The Transports (9:36)**
- [5] IV. Mourner's Kaddish (9:52)**

Bel Kaufman, narrator

Lydia Zakharenko, soprano

Jan Kratov, baritone

Joel Spiegelman, conductor

Moscow Philharmonic

Municipal Boys Choir of the Mussorgsky State Conservatory, Yekaterinburg

Yurloff State Chorus, Stanislav D. Gusev, conductor

Total Time: 60:50

As Sholom Aleichem's granddaughter, brought up in Russia, I've been a frequent visitor to that country, well known there as author of one of the most popular books translated into Russian, *Up the Down Staircase*. Completely bilingual, I have addressed Russian audiences in public and on radio and television, and have received much acclaim. But never have I had an experience as gratifying, as moving and memorable, as my participation on October 4, 1992 in an extraordinary historic event, unprecedented in Russia.

That evening the Great Hall of the Moscow Conservatory was filled with an enthusiastic audience of 1500, to hear the liturgical oratorio in memory of the doomed children of Camp Terezin on their way to death, based on the book of their poems and drawings, *I Never Saw Another Butterfly*. Composed by Ronald Senator, the *Holocaust Requiem — Kaddish for Terezin*, was conducted by Joel Spiegelman and performed by the Moscow Philharmonic Orchestra and a large chorus of Russian singers, including a chorus of small boys with their angelic voices. For me it was a great honor to be the narrator.

More than an honor; it was a soul-shattering experience, not only for me, but for the people who had come to hear it. When it was over, they ran up to the stage with tears in their eyes and flowers in their hands. They made me feel like a prima ballerina and at the same time, like a messenger of memory and hope; of unforgotten, unforgiven despair and of the power of survival.

I have been invited to Russia since then, for other occasions, but I have been reluctant to go; any other visit, I am afraid, would be an anti-climax to this poignant once-in-a-lifetime experience.

Bel Kaufman

For the first time in the history of post World War II Russia, public recognition of the Holocaust, the annihilation of six million innocent Jewish men, women and children, was given in their memory through a concert that took place on October 4, 1992 at the Moscow Conservatory.

As the conductor and organizer of this momentous concert, I know that it is difficult to measure the significance of such an event — played to an overflowing hall and a nationwide television audience — and its impact on the Russian public.

I am honored and deeply moved to have played a part in bringing to the attention of the Russian public a fact of history sorely neglected, if not entirely avoided by Soviet authorities. In the end, it is inevitable that history must know the truth.

Joel Spiegelman

Until I first heard Ronald Senator's *Kaddish for Terezin* in 1988, I was not actively involved in any form of Holocaust memorial. But this *Holocaust Requiem* had a profound emotional impact on me, a child survivor who had spent five and a half years from the age of ten in the Lodz Ghetto as well as a number of concentration camps including Auschwitz and Buchenwald.

In 1990 I established the Interfaith Committee of Remembrance (ICOR). The purpose of ICOR is to celebrate life by honoring the memory of six million men, women and children who were killed simply because they were Jews. Our goal is to help to prevent the Holocaust from receding into history, so that history does not repeat itself. At its first concert, ICOR produced the New York premiere of *Kaddish for Terezin* with the Brooklyn Philharmonic, Lukas Foss, conductor and Ronald Silver, narrator.

As of this writing, ICOR has presented four memorable concerts/events at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, and one at Temple Emanu-el, in New York. Nearly 20,000 people have attended these events, including city leaders and trailblazers in the arts. These concerts/events have been conducted by Lukas Foss, Steven Richman, Maxim Shostakovich and Joel Spiegelman with the Brooklyn Philharmonic, and have included such guest artists as Ron Silver, William Warfield, Richie Havens, Carol Wincenc, Michael Moriarty, Miriam Brickman, Misha Quint, Philip Quint and Paul Robeson, Jr.

We are pleased and honored to be part of the concert memorialized on this recording, and of the release of this compact disc. We look forward to continuing our task of presenting such concerts/events to the future generation.

Jerry Jacobs

Chairman and Executive Producer,
Interfaith Committee of Remembrance

Terezin (Theresienstadt) was a fortress town 55 kilometers from Prague which was converted by the Nazis into a concentration camp. Over 15,000 children under the age of 15 entered Theresienstadt, of whom about 100 survived.

The most poignant of the poems and diaries written by the children of Terezin have found their musical expression in this celebrated, Pulitzer-nominated oratorio. Ronald Senator has set the children's voices, like jewels, into a background of adult voices, who also sing poems by Nelly Sachs and Paul Celan, and texts which are common to both the Jewish and the Christian liturgies. Hence this is a work of pity and sorrow, and of reconciliation.

The oratorio is divided into four movements. The first opens and closes with the traditional prayer *Kyrie eleison*, *Lord have mercy*, in Hebrew *El rachamim*. The second

blazes forth — in brass clusters — the *Sanctus*, the *Holy, holy, holy*, the *Kadosh, kadosh, kadosh*, but ironically; for, as the Narrator says, "it is hard to see the glory of God in Terezin." The third movement is like a macabre scherzo of a symphony, and is entitled *The Transports*. The final movement is a setting for the Cantor solo of the Jewish prayer for the dead, the *Kaddish*, a prayer which was originally akin to the Christian *Our Father* — which is also sung here by the choir, but in its original Hebrew.

The Moldau (Vltava) River runs through the countryside surrounding Theresienstadt. To set the stage for the powerful experience of the *Kaddish for Terezin*, Mr. Spiegelman begins the program with Smetana's beautiful and descriptive symphonic poem *The Moldau*, from the cycle entitled *Ma Vlast* (My fatherland).

Why a Kaddish for Terezin

If Auschwitz was the most horrific hell in Western history, Terezin was the most abominable lie. It was an assembly station for Auschwitz, but painted by Nazi propaganda as a "paradise ghetto," a Jewish "spa," or a model self-governing Jewish township. The image deceived the world; the world wanted to be deceived. The truth is that eighty percent of all who entered Terezin perished,

mostly in the gas chambers of Auschwitz, many in the town itself, of starvation, disease, and cruel beatings.

Terezin was the Czech name for Theresienstadt, a fortress-village north of Prague, built in 1780 by the Emperor Josef II in honor of his mother Maria Theresa. It was a ready-made prison town for Nazi use. And the so-called Little Fortress, the other side of the surrounding moat, was an ideal Gestapo

prison for "special treatments."

We have a legacy from Terezin. Jewels of truth from the filth of lies, jewels made by human spirits who kept themselves alive by creating. Prisoners made theatre and music... Karl Ancerl, who survived to become conductor of the Prague Philharmonic wrote: "It is hardly possible to imagine the quality of the orchestra ... the power of music is so great that it draws every human being ... within its realm, enabling him to hear the hardest hours of his life." Prisoners painted and drew the reality round them.

The surviving poems and diaries of the children, which are set to music in this oratorio, are especially poignant—naked, vulnerable, compassionate, even playful. The children of Terezin painted, and wrote, with the eyes of children... Their paintings and poems survive to represent the million and a half children who died cruelly under the Nazis without any opportunity to paint or to write.

In January, 1945, the SS ordered the evacu-

ation of Auschwitz. In icy winds and snow, prisoners began their insane marches across Europe, zigzagging to avoid the oncoming Russian guns. Otto Ungar, one of the finest of the Terezin artists, whose hands were beaten and mutilated by the Nazis precisely because he drew the truth of Terezin, was on that march. He reached Buchenwald, with 14,000 other drooping skeletons, and died there.

Another who was marched from Auschwitz was my late wife Dita as a young girl of seventeen. They were marched with swollen feet, with dysentery and fever. If you dropped out you were shot. After a month, Dita could stagger no more, and she was put in a barn with thirty others and abandoned. Within hours, a Russian captain entered, his soldiers outside. The first words of the liberator were in Yiddish: "Don't tell the others, I'm Jewish."

Dita survived for 35 years more, and died of cancer in 1980. This work is dedicated to her memory, and to all who suffered in that supreme abomination of our Western history.

Ronald Senator

Message from the Archdeacon of Canterbury, the Venerable John Simpson, on the occasion of *Holocaust Requiem's* world premiere:

"It is a deep privilege for Canterbury Cathedral, which itself is a place which has seen martyrdoms in the past, to be the venue for the World Premiere of Ronald Senor's *Kaddish for Terezin*, commemorating victims of the Holocaust."

From the United Nations Council to celebrate the International Year of Peace (1986):

"The dedication oratorio, *Kaddish for Terezin*, together with the music from the camp itself, provides a very valuable link with the aims of International Year of Peace. We are particularly heartened by the work of the Council of Christians and Jews for reconciliation and co-operation."

About Bel Kaufman:

I was brought up in Odessa and Moscow, and came to the United States at the age of twelve, knowing not a word of English. I learned it "by osmosis" — enough to receive my B.A. from Hunter College and my M.A. from Columbia University. My Doctor of Letters degree I use only when my telephone is out of order... "This is Dr. Kaufman," I say sternly, "and I need my phone repaired at once!"

What would a Russian teach? English. I have taught for many years in New York City high schools; this served as a background for my perennial best-seller, *Up the Down Staircase*. I have been Assistant Professor of English at City University of New York, a lecturer at the New School for Social Research, and have given writing workshops and seminars at various universities.

Besides *Up the Down Staircase*, I have published *Love, Etc.*, and numerous short stories and articles in national magazines. But what I prefer is public speaking. I am a frequent public speaker at education conventions and Jewish organizations throughout the country, often to standing ovations, which nourish my narcissism. The typewriter keys never jump up to applaud.

Equally nourishing are the many honors and awards I have earned for my "humanitarian contributions" as writer and speaker. It seems immodest to mention them, but a partial list includes plaques from the Anti-Defamation League, from UJA, from State of Israel Bonds; awards from Paperback of the Year, National School Bell, Jewish Culture Foundation, NEA Journal, National Human Resource, National Society of Literature and the Arts, Woman of the Year from Brandeis University and Histadrut; Hall of Fame, Hunter College; winner of Short Story Contest and Best Articles on Education. I am

even a Kentucky Colonel!

I live in New York City and at present am at work on lyrics for a musical.

Bel Kaufman

Joel Spiegelman is known internationally as a conductor, composer, harpsichordist and pianist. Born in Buffalo, New York, into a family who had immigrated to the U.S. from Russia, he was a child prodigy on the piano, making his debut as a pianist with the Buffalo Philharmonic at age 13. His advanced musical training was international: Yale University, the Paris Conservatory (where as a French Government Scholar he studied with the renowned Nadia Boulanger), the St. Petersburg Conservatory, the Gnesin Institute in Moscow, and Brandeis University.

Spiegelman, who is based in New York City, has made ongoing significant contributions to Russian musical life in the course of his career. Over the past several years, he has appeared regularly as conductor of numerous Russian orchestras, including the St. Petersburg Philharmonic, the Mussorgsky Opera of St. Petersburg, the Festival of Moscow Stars at the Great Hall of the Moscow Conservatory, the Moscow Philharmonic and many others. In Fall, 1990, he had the honor of being the first American conductor to lead a Soviet orchestra on a

concert tour of a Western European country.

Mr. Spiegelman has recently been appointed head of the Russian-American initiative at the Mariinsky (Kirov) Theater of Opera and Ballet in St. Petersburg, where he is organizing a new festival of American symphonic and operatic works. In the U.S. he was guest conductor of the Brooklyn Philharmonic during the 1993-94 season. Mr. Spiegelman has held the posts of Professor of Musical Composition at Sarah Lawrence College in New York, Brandeis University, Director of Music for the Institute of Modern Russian Culture (Los Angeles), Music Director of the Russian Orchestra of the Americas, and Artistic Director of the New York Electronic Ensemble.

He is the author of numerous published articles about Soviet and Russian music; and articles about him have appeared in the most important and widely read encyclopedias and dictionaries of music.

Mr. Spiegelman's recording, *Blue Towers, Symphonic Music of Irving Fine*, with the Moscow Radio Symphony, is available on Delos (DE 3139).

Ronald Senator was acclaimed by the New York Times as "a composer of real distinction," following a concert of his music at Merkin Hall, New York City in 1990. Other concerts devoted to his music have been

given in London, St. Petersburg and Moscow, and his music has been performed on radio, and TV in England, France, Germany, Spain, Russia, Czechoslovakia, Hong Kong, Australia, Canada, and the U.S.

Senator's six musicals and operas include *Trotsky in New York*, *Insect Play*, *Echoes*, and *The Wolf of Gubbio*, an ecological parable for young people based on the legend of St. Francis and the wolf. His chamber music includes *Mobiles for Piano*, *Spring Changes* for clarinet and piano, *Five Shakespeare Sonnets*, and the song cycles *Cabaret*, *Suns in the East*, and *A Poet to his Beloved* (W. B. Yeats).

Senator's orchestral music includes the three sets of *Studies in Symphony*, and the *Concerto for piano, percussion and strings*. Sacred music includes the drama *He has come back*, written for BBC TV, and *the Whitsun Mass*.

Ronald Senator studied composition at Oxford with Egon Wellesz, and has since

established an international reputation both as a composer and as a leading innovator in musical education. Senator's radical methods in education were developed at London University, where he directed a team of teachers and researchers in a program sponsored by the National Research Development Corporation. Dr. Senator has been a Professor of Music at London University, at the Guildhall School, and at the Europe University. He has been visiting professor at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, the University of Southern California and at City University New York in the U.S.; at the Universities of Queensland, Melbourne and Sydney in Australia; of Toronto and McGill Montreal in Canada. He is a founding member of the Montserrat Composers' Association, founding Director of the National Association of Music Theatre, and executive of the Composers' Guild.

Cover drawing, "Dancing Children," by Helena Schanzerova, age 10, Theresienstadt, 1943

Inlay drawing "Sketch of Child's Hand" by Frantisek Brozan, age 10, Theresienstadt, 1943

Concert Coordinator: Viktor B. Barkhin

Recording Engineer: Edward Shakhnazarian

Sponsors:

Interfaith Committee of Remembrance

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The text of the *Holocaust Requiem* was compiled by Rabbi Dr. Albert Friedlander and Ronald Senator from the surviving poems and diaries by the children of Terezin, from the liturgy, and with quotations from poems by Nelly Sachs and Paul Celan.

The names of children, representing all traditions and beliefs among the victims, are woven into the Kaddish—the memorial prayer of the Jewish liturgy. It is a prayer in praise of God which does not mention death, but which is said in memory of all those who have died.

In Jewish tradition the name of God is treated with special reverence. At times there is a difference between the written word and the word as spoken or sung aloud. Therefore, the words “Ke-li, Adoshem and Elokeynu” will replace the written text for “E-li, Adonai and Eloheynu;” this is done out of reverence for the tradition.

FIRST MOVEMENT (Kyrie)

CHOIR: E-li, E-li, la-ma a-zav-ta-ni.

(My God, my God, why have you forsaken me?)

CANTOR: El Mo-le ra-cha-mimsho-chen ba-m'-ro-mim;

(O God full of mercy, who dwellest on high;)

CHOIR: E-lo-hei ek-rah yo-mam, v'-loh ta-a-neh,
ba-lai-lah, v'loh doo-mee-yah lee.

(O my God I call by day and You answer me
not, by night and no reply [comes] to me.)

CANTOR: Ham-tze me-nu-cha n'cho-na, ta-chat
can-feh ha-sh'chi-na.

(Grant perfect rest beneath the shelter of your
Indwelling Presence.)

CHOIR: E-li, E-li, la-ma a-zav-ta-ni

(My God, my God, why have you forsaken me?)

CANTOR: B'ma-a-lot k'do-shim oo-t'-ho rim, k'zo-
har ha-ra—kee-ah mas-hee-reem.

(With the holy and pure on high who shine as
the lights of heaven.)

SOPRANO: Rest, o rest with those who dwell on
high. Holy and pure, you who gave

light to us. Holy and pure, children of
Terezin, Holy and pure, Who dreamed
your dreams In daytime and night. Holy
and pure.

CHOIR: K'-zo-har ha-ra-kee-ah mas-hee-reem.
(Who shine as the lights of heaven.)

CHILDREN'S CHOIR:

Somewhere, far away out there, childhood
sweetly sleeps.

Along that path among the trees,
There o'er that house which was once my
pride and joy.

There my mother gave me birth into this world
So I could weep...

In the flame of candles by my bed, I sleep.
And once perhaps I'll understand
That I was such a little thing,
As little as this song.

We got used in the morning, at 12 noon, in the
evening,
to the slow queue with a plate in our hand
for water with a salty or coffee flavour
or else a potato.

We learned to sleep without a bed
 to salute every uniform
 not to walk on the sidewalks
 and then again to walk on the sidewalks.
 We got used to undeserved slaps, blows, and
 executions,
 to seeing people die in their own excrement,
 piled up coffins full of corpses,
 the sick amidst dirt and filth,
 the helpless doctors.
 We got used to it that from time to time
 one thousand unhappy souls would come here,
 and that from time to time,
 another thousand unhappy souls would go away.

NARRATOR:

Life was hell in Terezin for Teddy, for Janus, for
 thousands upon
 thousands of children coming to Terezin from all
 corners of the Holocaust Kingdom,
 from many homes and religious traditions. Only
 one in ten children ever
 lived to see liberation. They were starved. They
 were ill. The Nazis did not
 permit education. But still there were teachers,
 and they made their
 schools. Even prayer, in the dark night of their
 captivity...

CHILDREN: (Shee-ru, shee-ru, shee-ru...)
 Shee-ru la-do-nai sheer cha-dash.
 (Sing to the Lord a new song.)

CANTOR: Ba-r-chu et A-do-nai ha-m'-vo-rach

CHOIR: Ba-ruch A-do-nai ham'-vo-rach l'o-lam va-ed.

CHILDREN: Shee-ru l'A-do-nai kol ha-a-retz.
 (Sing to the Lord all the earth)

CANTOR: Sh—ma Yis-ra-el A-do-nai e-lo-hey-nu
 A-do-nai e-chod.

CHOIR: Ba-ruch shem K'vod mal-chu-to l'o-lam va-ed.

CHILDREN: Shee-ru l'A-do-nai, ba-r-choo sh'-mo
 Bas-ru me-yom l'-yom y'-shu-ah-toe.
 (Sing to the Lord, bless His name, Proclaim His
 salvation from day to day.)

CHOIR: Ve-a-hav-ta et a-do-nai e-lo-hey-cha b'-
 chol l'-vav-cha, oo-v'-chol naf'sh-cha
 oo-v'-chol m'-oh-dey-cha.

CANTOR: And you shall love the Lord your God
 with all your soul and heart and might,
 and your neighbour as yourself.
 These words which I command today
 shall be upon your heart,
 and you shall teach them to your children.

SOLOISTS FROM CHOIR: (SPOKEN)

1. One of us will teach these children to sing again,
2. To write and do sums.
3. One of us is sure to survive
4. Though teaching is banned, we keep on
 teaching.

TENOR: This is a dog. This is a cat.
 The dog is running. The cat is running.

CHILDREN: This is a dog. This is a cat.
 The dog is running.
 The cat is running.

NARRATOR: A dog?
 The children of Terezin saw only one dog there.
 A large Alsatian. It always accompanied its
 master

riding on horseback through Terezin.
He chased to death Titelmann the teacher,
walking on the ramparts with the children...
The dog held the fallen man down with his paws,
The dog of the Camp Commander...

CHOIR: Black milk of dawn we drink it at even
we drink it at noon and morning, we drink it at
night
we drink and we drink
we are digging a grave in the skies there one lies
uncrowded
a man lives in the house he plays with the ser-
pents he writes
he writes when the dark comes to Germany your
golden hair Margarete
he writes and steps from the house and the stars
flash he whistles up his dogs
he whistles out his Jews let a grave be dug in the
earth
he commands us now play for the dance
Black milk of dawn we drink you at night
and death is a master from Germany...

NARRATOR:

The children learned when they walked upon
the ramparts, when they woke
into fear, when they fell asleep with hunger,
sometimes not to wake again.
Some even lived from year to year, some saw a
strange sight — the
concentration camp disguised as a happy city
with shops and theatres, while
a camera filmed and a Red Cross committee
from abroad walked along a
carefully planned route. After that, the blankets
were taken away again,

and there was no more food. They waited and
waited: for death, or for life.

CHILDREN: A fourth year of waiting, like standing
above a swamp, from which any
moment might gush forth a spring.
Meanwhile the rivers flow another way,
not letting you die, not letting you live...
And the cannons don't scream, and the guns
don't bark,
and you don't get blood here,
nothing, only silent hunger.
Children steal the bread here
and ask and ask and ask
and would wish to sleep, keep silent,
and just go to sleep, keep silent,
and just go to sleep again...
The heaviest wheel rolls across our foreheads to
bury itself deep somewhere inside our memories.

CHOIR: E-li, E-li, la-ma a-zav-ta-ni.
(My God, my God, why have you forsaken me?)

CANTOR: El mo-le ra-cha-mim sho-chem ba-m'-
ro-mim
(O God full of mercy, who dwellest on high.)

SECOND MOVEMENT (Kadosh)

CHOIR: Ka-dosh, ka-dosh, ka-dosh

CHILDREN: Adonai Tze-va-ot

CHOIR & CHILDREN:

Me-loh kol ha-e-retz k'-voh-de-cha.

Earth is full of your glory.

O-shann-na bim'-ro-mot. (Hosannah in the highest)

NARRATOR:

Hard to see the glory of God in Terezin.

Children's eyes tried to see.

Children's voices tried to sing.
Hard to see the glory of God in Terezin.

CHILDREN:

The last, the very last,
so richly, brightly, dazzlingly yellow.
Perhaps if the sun's tears would sing against a
white stone...
Such a yellow is carried way up high.
It went away I'm sure because
it wishes to kiss the world goodbye.
For seven weeks I've lived in here,
Penned up inside this ghetto-
but I have found my people here.
The dandelions call to me
and the white chestnut candles in the court.
Only I never saw another butterfly.
That butterfly was the last one.
Butterflies don't live in here,
in the ghetto.

NARRATOR:

Hard to see the glory of God in Terezin.
Could children still see with the eyes of children?
Or make-believe with the playfulness of children?
Sometimes, in spite of everything...

CHILDREN: A mousie sat upon a shelf
catching fleas in his coat of fur.

(I): But he couldn't catch her
(II): O what chagrin!
(I): She'd hidden way inside his skin.
(II): O what chagrin!
He turned and wriggled, knew no rest,
that flea was such a nasty pest.
His daddy came and searched his coat
he caught the flea and off he ran
to cook her in the frying pan.

(I): The little mousie cried
(II): Come and see!
(I): For lunch we've got a nice fat flea!
(II): Come and see!

THIRD MOVEMENT (The Transports)

NARRATOR:

Transports kept going to the East,
children among adults,

CHOIR: Auschwitz, Treblinka, Sobibor, Lwow,
Belsen, Dachau, Buchenwald. Matthausen,
Chelmno, Ravensbruck, Maidanek, Breslau,
Sachsenhausen, Lünberg, Lodz; Lubeck,
Teschen, Bergen...

NARRATOR:

the transports rolled into the night,
children and parents scattered in the winds,
the dust and ashes of the glowing chimneys.
Dust to dust. Ashes to ashes.

CANTOR: E-lo-hey n'-tzor l'-sho-ni may-rah
v'-tif-toe-tay mee-da-ber mir-mah.

NARRATOR:

A total of around 15,000 children under the age
of 16 passed through Terezin

CANTOR: Let me be silent if people curse me.

NARRATOR:

Of these around 100 came back.
Transports kept going to the East, children
among adults, until silence fell.

CHILD NARRATOR(S):

Tomorrow they load the transport. From our
room, only Zdenka
is going; so far. They are sending them in several

batches. Zdenka is
 acting very bravely... This was a day, but it's all
 over now. They are already in
 the 'slojska.' From our room, Pavla, Helena,
 Zdenka, Oila and Popinska
 are going. Everyone gave Zdenka something,
 she's such a poor thing...
 Her father, mother and brother didn't even have
 a piece of bread. We fixed
 them up with... a small suitcase, and a small bag
 of food. At six in the
 morning they reported for the transport, each
 one somewhere else. The
 parting was hard.
 After night in the evening I went to look for
 Zdenka. She was sitting on
 her luggage. She cried and laughed at the same
 time, so happy to see
 someone before she left. I slept all night, but I
 had terrible dreams, and
 rings under my eyes in the morning.

CANTOR: A-do-nai te-pha-tai tif-tee
 oo-pee ya-geed t'-hil-la-tay-cha
 O Lord open Thou my lips.
 How can I sing the Lord's song in a strange land?

CHILDREN: A little garden fragrant and full of roses
 the path is narrow and a little boy walks along it.
 A little boy, a sweet little boy, like that growing
 blossom. When that blossom comes to bloom
 the little boy will be no more.

SOPRANO: O der weinenden Kinder Nacht!
 Der zum Tode gezeichneten Kinder Nacht!
 (O the night of the weeping children!
 O the night of the children marked for death!)
 But who emptied the sand out of your shoes

When you had to rise up, to die?
 The sand which Israel brought home,
 Its wanderer's sand?
 Burning Sinai-sand,
 Mingled with throats of nightingales,
 Mingled with wings of butterflies,
 Mingled with longing dust of serpents,
 Mingled with all that fell from Solomon's wisdom,
 Mingled with the bitter from the mystery of
 wormwood-

O you fingers
 That emptied the sand out of the shoes of death,
 Already tomorrow you will be dust
 in the shoes of those who come!
 O der weinenden Kinder Nacht!
 Der zum Tode gezeichneten Kinder Nacht!

FOURTH MOVEMENT (Mourner's Kaddish)

NARRATOR:

The names of those who died are inscribed on
 the wall in a Prague
 synagogue. Not all the names are known. Some
 faces are recorded in
 pictures, drawings, paintings that survived the
 camp: poems and little crayon
 drawings also survive. And the children live in
 the prayers of their people,
 in the prayers ascending from all synagogues and
 churches, where they once
 prayed themselves, in the minds of those who
 praise God daily, and link the
 children with the hallowing of His great name.

CHOIR: A-vee-nu she-ba-sha-ma-yim yit-ka-dash
 she-mey-cha.
 (our Father in Heaven, may Your name be sanc-
 tified.)

CANTOR: Yit-ga-dal v'-yit-ka-dash sh'-mei rab-ba
b'-al-ma-di-vra chi-r'u-tei v'-yam-lich
mal-chu-tei b'-cha-yei-chon u-v'-yo-mei-chon
u-v'-cha-yei d'-chol beit Yis-ra-el
b'-a-ga-la u-viz-man ka-riv
v'-im-ru: **a-mein.**

(Magnified and sanctified be His great name
in the world He has created according to His will;
may His kingdom come in your lifetime and in
your days
and in the lifetime of the family of Israel,
quickly and speedily may it come,
and let us say: **amen.**)

CHOIR: Y'-hei sh'-mei rab-ba m'-va-rach
l-a-lam u-l'-al-mei al-ma-ya.
(May His name be blessed for ever and all eternity.)

CHILDREN: You and I are friends
You and I are fond of each other.
We met in Terezin.
It was there that we shook hands.
And you and I are friends,
That we shall never forget.

CANTOR: V'-im-ru: a-mein.

CHILDREN: You and I are friends
You and I are fond of each other.
One day we shall walk out through the open
gates,
The night will pass, the sun will shine again.
You and I are friends.
That we shall never forget.

CANTOR: Yit-ba-rach v'-yish-ta-bach
V'-yit-pa-ar v'-yit-ro-mam v'-yit-na-sei
V'-yit-ha-dar v'-yit-a-leh v'-yit-ha-lal
sh'-mei d'-ku-d'-sha berich hu.

CHILDREN: Be-rich hu, be-rich hu.
(Blessed and praised,
glorified, exalted and extolled,
honored, adored, and lauded
be the name of the Holy One, blessed be He.)

CANTOR: L'-ei-la min kol bir-cha-ta v'-shi-ra-ta
tush-b'-cha-ta v'-ne-che-ma-ta
da-a-mi-ran b'-al-ma.
(He is far above all blessings and songs, praises
and consolations which are uttered in the world.)

CHILDREN: Yit-ka-dash sh'-mey-cha
(May Your name be sanctified.)

CHOIR: Y'-hei sh'-la-ma rab-ba min sh'-ma-ya

CANTOR: Y'-hei sh'-la-ma rab-ba min sh'-mka-ya
V'-cha-yim a-lei-nu v'-alkol yis-ra-eil.

CHOIR: v'-im-ru: **a-mein, a-mein.**
(May there be great peace from heaven and life
for us and for all Israel.
And let us say: **amen.**)

CHOIR: O-sei sha-lom bim'-ro-mav

CANTOR: Hu ya-a-sei sha-lom a-lei-nu
v'-al kol Yis-ra-eil.

CHOIR: v'im-ru: **a-mein.**
(may He who makes peace in the highest bring
this peace upon us and upon all Israel. And let
us say: **amen.**)

CHILDREN:
Whispering softly the following names of
children in Terezin: Karel, Eva, Irma, Hanus,
Leo, Pavel, Jifi, Josef, Jan, Truda, Alena, Erich,
Gideon, Petr, Kamila, Jindrich, Milos, DITA.



HOLOCAUST REQUIEM

Kaddish for Terezin (47:40)

- [2] I. Kyrie, *El rachamim*
- [3] Lord Have Mercy (22:22)
- [4] II. Kadosh, *Sanctus* (6:00)
- [5] III. The Transports (9:36)
- IV. Mourner's Kaddish (9:52)

Bel Kaufman, narrator
 Lydia Zakharenko, soprano
 Jan Kratoč, baritone
 Joel Spiegelman, conductor
 Moscow Philharmonic
 Municipal Boys Choir of the
 Mussorgsky State Conservatory,
 Yekaterinburg
 Yurloff State Chorus,
 Stanislav D. Gusev, conductor
 Total Time: 60:50

HISTORIC PERFORMANCE
 RECORDED LIVE IN MOSCOW,
 OCTOBER 4, 1992

[1] SMETANA: THE MOLDAU (12:34)

A Liturgical
 Oratorio by
 Ronald Senator
 based on poems
 and diaries of
 children who died
 at Theresienstadt

DE 1032



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