

"From the Jaws of the Lion"¹
(Israel Na'jara)

Yiddish and Hebrew Art Songs by Arie Ben Erez Abrahamson (1904-1992)—Music in the Shadow of the Shoah

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The music in this collection is largely unknown. Born in Gross Tapolscany, (Austro-Hungary), Arie Abrahamson was active in Czechoslovakia, Belgium, Vichy France, the US, and Israel. His musical oeuvre miraculously survived WW II, was transplanted to America, and continued to flourish in Israel. One of fifteen children, Arie Ben Erez Abrahamson was born to a family that produced many cantors. Firmly rooted in Jewish liturgy, and rabbinic literature, he was deeply conscious of the meaning of the traditional texts,² yet responded openly to the Yiddish and Hebrew poetry of his time. He gained his musical education from his father, Aharon Ze'ev Abrahamsohn, who originated from a long line of cantors.³ Composer, and Chief Cantor of Gross Tapolscany,⁴ then part of Austro-Hungary. Aharon Ze'ev Abrahamsohn was a devoted student of the Talmud, and a good Hebraist. A connoisseur of old music, he collected first editions of choral works by Palestrina and Monteverdi which he avidly studied.⁵ Aharon Ze'ev Abrahamson composed music for the synagogue, and won several competitions for his secular *Lieder* in Vienna. His choir drew students from communities as distant as old Lithuania/Russia, and he trained among others, a son, Mano

¹ For Judith Cohen—*A Musical Offering*. Among her contributions to musicology and music education in Israel, Judith has served as editor of many studies in Jewish music. On hearing a concert of Yiddish and Hebrew art songs by Arie Ben Erez Abrahamson broadcast in April 2007 by *Kol HaMusika* she exclaimed "It's a revelation." I am indebted to Judith for making the first recording of that live broadcast from the Henry Crown Hall in Jerusalem with the narration of Hayuta Devir. For reasons of copyright, the audio files in this article are from the concert performed at the Felicja Blumental Music Center in Tel-Aviv in March 2007. This paper is an expansion of the program notes of that year. The song texts may be downloaded from the *Appendix i*. Performers are cited in *Appendix ii*. Both concerts were organized by Eliyahu Schleifer and Bathia Churgin to whom, as daughter of the composer, I am deeply grateful.

² A graduate of the Galanta Yeshiva, seat of the rabbinate in Slovakia, he was ordained as *Morenu*, the degree awarded those who wished to gain a high level of Jewish learning but did not intend to practice in the rabbinate.

³ Known as *yotzei Portugal* (those expelled from Portugal in the sixteenth century), they migrated to the Suwalk region of old Lithuania/ Russia (below, note 6). Some were still said to sing in the "old manner." Ordained as a rabbi, Aharon Ze'ev chose to practice in the cantorial tradition of the family. For his published work, see Alfred [Aladar] Sendrey, *Bibliography of Jewish Music*, New York, 1951, Nos. 6002, 6003. Also Sendrey No. 6004, for his brother, Hermann [Z'wi] Abrahamsohn, Chief Cantor of Holitsch (German), Holics (Hungarian), Holič (Slovak); then part of Austro-Hungary.

⁴ A trilingual city. For the Jewish population, Judeo-German was the major language. Hungarian, Nagytapolcsány; Slovak, Topolčany. After WW I, part of Czechoslovakia. Today in the Republic of Slovakia.

⁵ It is told by survivors of WWII that Aharon Ze'ev Abrahamsohn's personal library in the possession of his widow, was burned in the street during the German occupation. Among its contents: a first edition of the Vilna Talmud; rabbinical and liturgical texts; early prints of Italian music; and autographs and prints of his own compositions.

Abrahamsohn, who became Chief Cantor of the Dohany Synagogue of Budapest where he served through 1963; and a nephew, Gershon Margolies,⁶ who became Chief Cantor of the famed Gross Leopoldstadt Synagogue of Vienna, a post he held until its destruction by fire in the wake of *Kristallnacht* on 10 November 1938.⁷

Arie Abrahamson was entrusted with conducting his father's choir, but chose not to follow a cantor's career. Endowed with considerable musical talent, however, he began composing, an enterprise which occupied him throughout his life, including the period of his imprisonment in the concentration camps of Vichy France. The genres of his compositions range from art songs to music for the synagogue. As a young father, he also wrote songs for and about children to texts in Hebrew, Yiddish, German, and English. Sung, among others, by Joseph Schmidt, Maurice Gantchoff, Moishe Koussevitzky, and Sidor Belarsky, his music is still largely unpublished, and unrecorded.

Abrahamson's vocal music of the 1930's, composed in Bratislava,⁸ is set to the poetry of such writers as Morris Rosenfeld, Haim Nachman Bialik, Shaul Tschernichovsky, and Avrohom Reisen. For the Yiddish texts, he could rely mainly on translations into German, the language spoken by the Jewish communities of the former Austro-Hungarian Empire. His choice of subjects of this period revolves mainly about two poles—the vicissitudes of Jewish life in the Diaspora; and the revival of a vigorous Jewish national life in then Palestine to which he planned to emigrate. To the first group belong the songs *Der Tränenmillionär*, *Millionaire of Tears*, and *Sturm*, 1933, *Storm* ([track7](#)). The latter, a ballad, dwells on the plight of Russian Jews who reach the shores of America only to be refused entry. They are shipwrecked on their return journey. *Millionaire of Tears*, 1938, ([track6](#)) laments the hardships of immigrant workers in the sweat-shops of America. Both are set to texts of American Yiddish poet Morris Rosenfeld. Known to Abrahamson only in translation from the Yiddish by Berthold Feiwel,⁹ the songs are presented here in the German version. To the second group

⁶ Author of cantorial music, Sendrey, No. 6544; and a posthumous volume, New York, [1954], published by his cousin, Arie Ben Erez Abrahamson. During the course of *Kristallnacht* in Vienna, Gershon Margolies, with his wife and friends went into hiding. Thanks to successful rescue campaigns by Chief Rabbi Joseph Hertz of Great Britain, and London Cantor J. Goldstein, they fled to England. His unpublished "*Lebensgeschichte*," is a rich source for the Abrahamson musical legacy providing data for some 15 cantors, 5 opera singers, and with other sources, 5 composers. (*Abrahamson-Margolies Archive*, Kiryat Ono, Israel, henceforth *Archive*.)

⁷ Both synagogues, designed by architect Leopold Förster, were planned for large congregations. The Budapest Dohany held a capacity of 3,000; the Vienna Leopoldstadt, 2,200 seated, and 1,200 standees. See among others, Rudolph Klein, *The Great Synagogue of Budapest*, Budapest, 2008; and Carol Herselle Krinsky, *Synagogues of Europe*, Cambridge, Mass., 1985, pp. 157-159; 191-195. The Dohany provided shelter for thousands of refugees during the German occupation and a large number were buried in its courtyard. The building, damaged during the battle of Budapest, has recently been restored. In its archive were found a number of works by Arie Ben Erez Abrahamson which he sent from Bratislava to his brother Mano before his flight from the German conquest. I am grateful to the current Chief Cantor of the Dohany, Laszlo Fekete, for this discovery.

⁸ Today, capitol of the Republic of Slovakia. Hungarian, Pozogny; German, Pressburg. It was the seat of the Hungarian Government during the Austro-Hungarian Empire.

⁹A graduate lawyer from the University of Brno, Feiwel (1875-1937), became an active associate of Theodore Herzl and Chaim Weitzman in Vienna, and London. After his emigration to then Palestine, he worked as an official of the *Keren HaYesod*. He was among those who, with Weitzman, promoted the establishment of the Hebrew University. In Berlin he founded, with Weitzman and Martin Buber, a Jewish publishing company and translated works from Yiddish to German. His editions of the poetry of Morris Rosenfeld, with illustrations by Ephraim Lillien (1874-1925), were a major source of inspiration for Arie Abrahamson. An exemplar in the YIVO Library, which Abrahamson inherited from his cantorial family in Vienna (ex. collection Arthur Wolf, an opera singer and professor of voice), contained an encomium to

belong the lyrical and heroic settings that celebrate the rebirth of Jewish life in the old-new homeland. Resonating with the song of the scythes is *Bakatzir*, 1932, *Harvest Time*, to a text by Hebrew poet Jakob Fichman, ([track17](#)). *Hen Rak Etmol*, 1932, *Only Yesterday*, set to words by Levin Kipnis, embodies exhilaration at the newly bustling port of Tel-Aviv ([track20](#)). Yet another category includes liturgical texts, religious poetry, and Talmudic lessons. *Tanjo*, *Tanna*, 1936, ([track15](#)), partially declamatory, provides a cantorial setting to a legend from the Talmud. It is at once a parable on the need for moderation in religious practice, and a lesson about the national catastrophe that befell the Jewish people after the Roman conquest.¹⁰ *Yefe Nof*, 1932, ([track21](#)), set to the lines by the twelfth century Hispano-Hebrew poet Yehudah HaLevi, expresses the latter's fervent longing for Jerusalem.¹¹ It provided Abrahamson with a vehicle to voice his own striving to return to the ancestral homeland. Partly cantorial, the impassioned setting reflects the convictions of the composer as a young Zionist. In these settings of the early 1930's, Abrahamson had already appended to his signature the middle name **Ben** (*Son of*) **Erez**—an acronym of **AhaRon Ze'ev**, in memory of his father.

Composed well before the composer fled the German conquest, the song *Ghetto*, 1932, ([track5](#)), is set to a text by American Yiddish poet Avrohom Reisen. The plight of Jewish masses relegated to overcrowded sections of the cities of old Europe is its theme. Two beds serve a family of eight. The mother longs for death: "At least in the grave, you lie alone." The title page of the song in a print from Bratislava, 1932, bears a later inscription in the composer's hand: "How ironic ...after [the mass graves at] Oswiençin [Auschwitz]". Arie Abrahamson knew the text only in its translation to German by Berthold Feiwel. In New York, in January 1945, sometime after his escape to America, the YIVO, then known as the Yiddish Scientific and Cultural Institute, organized a concert featuring his music.¹² Tenor Maurice Gantchoff, and soprano Maria Reine sang 14 of his songs, *Ghetto* among them. During the intermission, Avrohom Reisen rushed through the audience to meet Abrahamson. Poet and composer became good friends, Reisen providing the original Yiddish text of his poem for the version in this recording. The song *Kinderreim*, 1936, *Nursery Rhyme*, ([track4](#)), is presented in its original German by Prague Jewish poet Hugo Salus. A gynecologist by profession, he was lauded for his literary work in the German language. Salus' grandfather earned his living as a traveling peddler, a biographical note that illuminates the text about a long absent father anxiously awaited by his children, and a philosophically resigned mother.

Haim Nachman Bialik's *Unter die Grininke Boimeloch*, *Under the Green Trees*, an idyll about Hassidic children playing in pre-World War II Europe is perhaps better known for its tragic paraphrase after the Holocaust by the poet Joseph Papernickoff

the latter's brother-in-law, Cantor Don Yitzhak Fuchs, then Chief Cantor of the famed Seitenstettengasse Synagogue in Vienna. The unpublished sheet, in the hand of Morris Rosenfeld, a non-synagogue Jew, is an important document on the redemptive power of the cantorial art. It was presented by Abrahamson to YIVO in 1962 (*Morris Rosenfeld Papers*). Rosenfeld is best known as the poet of the American Jewish working class. His poetry readings at major Jewish centers in Europe were enthusiastically received. As a journalist for the daily *Forward*, he made visits to Europe where he covered the proceedings of the early Zionist congresses and Zionism is a frequent, if submerged leitmotif in his writings.

¹⁰ Tractate *B'rachot*, Babylonian Talmud, fol. 3, p. 2. Its narrator, the Tanna Yossi, a rabbinic sage of the mid second century CE struggles between skepticism and ultimate faith.

¹¹ Nina Salaman's translation reads: "O Beautiful of Elevation." The song, renamed *I'Yerushalim Ir HaKodesh*, was premiered in New York City in 1945 by Cantor Maurice Gantchoff (note 12).

¹² Saturday night, 30 January 1945, at the old YIVO premises, 535 West 123rd Street, New York (*Archive*).

whose version reads: “*Unter die grininke boimeloch spielen nit mer di Moisheloch Shloimeloch.*”¹³ Joseph Papernickoff’s post-war version was set to music by Israel Alter. While still in Bratislava, Arie Abrahamson set Bialik’s original text to music in 1932, preserving the nostalgia and compassion of Bialik’s imagery ([track2](#)). On a visit to Poland from highly western Odessa, the poet was struck by the poverty and piety he encountered. The children—like straw, like smoke, can be blown away—they are thin from hunger. Aspiring to emigrate to then Palestine, Abrahamson, turned increasingly to Hebrew poetry that celebrates the rebirth of Jewish life in the ancestral home. To this genre belong the children’s songs, *Hashmonaim Ketanim*, *Little Hasmoneans*, ([track19](#)) to a text by Zalman Schneur; and *Carry a Banner Unto Zion (S’u Nes Ziona)*, by Shaul Tschernichowsky. Dating from the 1930’s, they are set in heroic style. Years later, in Jerusalem, after his emigration to Israel in 1973 shortly after the Yom Kippur War, Arie Abrahamson read *Maccabean Rage* by American-Jewish poet Emma Lazarus. He set her lines to the same melody as the *S’u Nes Ziona*—in the traditional procedure called *contrafacta*. Both texts are rendered in the present recording ([track18](#)).

By the spring of 1939, in the wake of the appeasement of Germany by Britain and France with whom Czechoslovakia had erstwhile treaties of defence, Arie Abrahamson realized it was no longer safe to stay in the country.¹⁴ He left, abruptly, for Belgium where earlier, in the 1920’s, he had studied to become a master craftsman in jewelry.¹⁵ The song *Grine Felder, Green Fields*, ([track8](#)) is set to the Yiddish text of Aliza Grinblatt. Composed on the run, while he arranged for his wife and children to join him, the lines reflect the anxiety of the times. A bruised heart beats against the tranquil landscape.

The songs *Still mayn Hartz, Be Still My Heart*, ([track9](#)), and *Wo senen die Chaloimes*, (*Where are the Dreams*, ([track11](#)), composed in 1939 to texts by Belgian Yiddish poet Yocheved Scheinfrucht-Spingarn, give voice to the trepidations of the refugee. Seeking to renew his permit to stay in Belgium, a Ministry of Interior clerk advised him to “Walk through the sea like Moses; or, enlist in the Belgian Army.” On May 10, 1940 Germany attacked Belgium, the Netherlands, and Luxembourg. Abrahamson, together with thousands of others seeking asylum in Belgium, were required to report that day to army headquarters in Ghent. But this was a ruse. Forced into cattle cars, they were unloaded after 52 hours without food, water, or sanitary facilities. Their destination—the notorious Concentration Camp of Saint Cyprien in Vichy France.¹⁶

¹³ “Under the little green trees [of Poland] Moisheloch, Shoimeloch no longer play.”

¹⁴ A flourishing democracy, Czechoslovakia had a good economy with vast industrial and natural resources. Considered a prize by Nazi Germany, it was destined for imminent dismemberment. In accord with the Munich Pact of 29 and 30 October 1938, signed by Britain and France with Germany and Italy, without the presence of Czechoslovakia, massive parts of the nation were ceded to Germany, Hungary, and Poland. Germany established the Protectorate of Bohemia and Moravia on 15 March 1939. A pro-Hitler client state—the Slovak Republic—was declared on 14 March. Arie Abrahamson, fled from all indications, on that day, never to return.

¹⁵ In Antwerp, at graduation, he was among five chosen to craft the crown jewels of then Queen Astrid of Belgium.

¹⁶ See Marcel Bervoets, *La liste de Saint-Cyprien*, Brussels, [2006], p. 6. Arie Abrahamson is registered as Aludar [sic.] Abrahamson. Aladar, his secular name, was frequently abbreviated to Al and occasionally appears in this form on his scores. Conditions at the Camp are extensively recorded in photographs and typescripts (*Varian Fry Papers*, Rare Book and Manuscript Library, Columbia University in New York, henceforth, *Varian Fry Papers*). A copy of the latter is preserved at the US Holocaust Memorial Museum, Washington, D.C.

Among the personal effects Arie Abrahamson packed for what was to be an aborted induction to the Belgian army, were his *tephilin* (phylacteries), and a pocket-size *siddur* (prayer book)—this in addition to his *tallith*. As a master-craftsman in Bratislava he had created silver housings for his phylacteries. But these were not to remain with him. On a brief stop during the journey through Vichy France, he and others gathered to pray. Suspecting the *tephilin* to be radio transmitters used for reporting to the enemy, a Belgian soldier, raised a rifle to his chest. Another Belgian soldier intervened: “*Non, non*—these are for prayer!” Father’s life was saved. The *tephilin* were taken for dismemberment. And with them the silver *battim* (housings). The *siddur* (prayer book) survives and served as an important source for the texts he set to music in the camps. In Antwerp and Ostend,¹⁷ on the run before his deportation, Arie Abrahamson sketched the melody to a text entitled *In the stillinke Farnachten, In the Quiet of Twilight*, 1940 ([track12](#)). Published by Yocheved Scheinfrucht-Spingarn in Antwerp in 1937 it appeared in a collection of her Yiddish verse called *Mein Gortn. My Garden*.¹⁸ The musical setting, composed in a lyrical mode, is both a celebration of nature and a tribute to his wife, Kornelia (Penina), from whom he would long be separated. It was Arie Abrahamson’s last song written before his deportation.¹⁹ Composed as a prisoner, the song, *Es weisen blois die Went*, 1940/1942, *Only the Walls Know*, ([track10](#)) set to a text by poet Aliza Grinblatt evokes the solitude of the camp inmate among the thousands incarcerated at Saint Cyprien. An emphatic tapping motif conveys a nervous anxiety at once defiant and restrained.

On the first Sabbath eve of his captivity, Arie Abrahamson recalled a liturgical text by Rabbi Israel Na’jara of Gaza (c. 1555-c. 1625). Entitled *Ribbon Alam*, 1940, ([track24](#)), the text is sung Friday evenings throughout the Jewish world in the Aramaic language. The lines “*Save thy flock from the jaws of the lion. Free thy people from*

¹⁷ He chose Ostend, the coastal city on the Channel, as a safer locale for a family on the run than Antwerp with its denser and more visible Jewish population. Yet, in search of information regarding the status of refugees, he commuted to Antwerp. There, despite the uncertainties of the time, he made contact with artists who performed his songs in concert. One concert was crucial to his salvation. On applying to renew his Czechoslovak passport, he was told to return in 10 days. He replied he could not wait that long. Scrutinizing the about to expire passport, the clerk asked: “Do you know the composer whose music was sung last night by tenor Joseph Schmidt?” Father responded: “The composer needs his renewed passport today.” The passport was instantly updated. A warm friendship developed between Abrahamson and Joseph Schmidt during the latter’s concert tours in Belgium. An issue of the journal *Dos Yiddishe Wort (Archive)* published an enthusiastic review of a performance by Schmidt at the Antwerp State Theatre. The recital was followed by a celebration of the singer’s 36th birthday. Born March 1904, this would situate the event in March 1940. The stage was shared by Flemish singer Maria Foss, whose performance of a song to a text by Spingarn-Scheinfrucht was praised. Abrahamson composed settings of 6 poems by the same poet while on the run in Belgium. Another review in the same issue of *Dos Yiddishe Wort* cites a concert of 29 February 1940 in which a song to a text by Scheinfrucht-Spingarn was sung to what is reported as unending applause. “The song *Tochershe mein Kleininke*,” writes the reviewer, “will surely enter the repertory of Yiddish folklore.” (*Archive*). In this collection the song, composed in 1938, is called *Dos Ringale* ([track3](#)).

Famed tenor Joseph Schmidt was not able to leave Belgium before the German conquest. He sought refuge in Switzerland but was forced into a detention camp for Jewish refugees at Gryenbed. Denied medical care, he died on November 16, 1942 at age 38.

¹⁸ The author survived in hiding in Brussels. I am indebted to Catherine Madsen of the National Yiddish Book Center, Amherst, Massachusetts, for this information. An exemplar of the illustrated volume (rare) is preserved at the YIVO library in New York. The fine arrangement of Arie Abrahamson’s setting is by Sergei Abir.

¹⁹ A note on the score in the composer’s hand to his daughter reads: “Remember Ostende? The next day I went to war.” (*Archive*). The date, in all probability, is 10 May 1940, marking Germany’s invasion of Belgium, a day of mass deportations. See Bervoets, above, n. 16.

captivity,” held special meaning for the prisoner.²⁰ The poet’s yearning for national sovereignty, and the return to Jerusalem, conflate with an ecstatic view of the divine order and the splendors of nature. Na’jara’s words inspired a melody at once sublime and heroic. An observant Jew, Arie Abrahamson, memorized it until the close of the Sabbath. Then, lacking paper, he quickly sketched the staves and the melodic line on the fly-leaves of his pocket *siddur*. The verse “*From the jaws of the lion*” provides the motto for this collection of *Lieder*.

Poignant experiences from the period of imprisonment bear witness to the consolations of music.²¹ On another Sabbath, he heard prisoners from a distance sing a familiar melody. Startled, he recognized his father’s setting of the famous **Psalm 23**, ([track25](#)). It was now sung by deportees originating from Central European communities of Czechoslovakia, Germany, and Austria.²² It can be surmised that the promise of salvation implicit in the text: “*Though I walk in . . . the shadow of death I shall fear no evil*” (23:4)²³; and the increasing volume of each repetition, energized their will to survive. Musicologist Bathia Churgin observes that the *Mizmor LeDovid*, composed by Aharon Ze’ev Abrahamsohn, is set in 6/8 time. The meter, traditional for pastoral imagery, evokes the Psalmist’s lines—“*He lays me down in green pastures; he leads me to quiet waters.*” (23:2)²⁴

To assuage their hunger prisoners in the camp sustained themselves by reciting recipes their wives and mothers would prepare for the Sabbath and holidays. On a sheet recording a work he composed during his captivity, Abrahamson wrote: “No wine, no bread, no water, no family.” Below the inscription is a setting of the *Kiddush*, the traditional sanctification over wine or bread chanted before the Sabbath eve meal ([track23](#)). Musicologist Eliyahu Schleifer cites it for its unusual ending in the minor, a sign of its origin.

In advance of Yom Kippur at Saint Cyprien, Arie Abrahamson copied by hand the *Kol Nidre* text from his *siddur* on coated mimeograph sheets and these were printed by the French Army Chaplains of the camp for the prisoners.²⁵ During the chanting of the ancient text, the Jewish prisoners were joined by a host of others along the barriers separating the *ilots* (islands) of tar-paper barracks that housed the inmates. Those on the other side clung to the fences shouting “*musica nostra, musica nostra*” “our music, our music.” They were among the masses of Spanish Republicans who had fled Franco’s Spain.²⁶

After his third and successful escape from the Concentration Camp of Saint Cyprien,²⁷ Abrahamson found himself in still another Vichy Camp together with thousands of Spanish

²⁰ "פרוק ית ענך מפום אריותה. ואפיק ית עמך מגו גלותא." "

²¹ Sources include Abrahamson’s unpublished notes towards an autobiography, and debriefings on tape made by his children (*Archive*).

²² Deportations from Hungary began only later. Arie Abrahamson could not reach the singers. They were separated by rows of barbed wire.

²³ “גם כי אלך בגיא צלמות לא אירה רע”

²⁴ “בנאות דשא רב־צני, על־מי מנחות יב־לני.”

²⁵ Two sheets mimeographed for the service are preserved (*Archive*). For a similar mimeographed text from another concentration camp in Vichy France, see *The Gurs Haggadah: Passover in Perdition*, eds. Bella Gutterman and Naomi Morgenstern, with Tirza Oren, Yad Vashem, Jerusalem, 2003.

²⁶ On the Spanish prisoners see Manuel Andujar, *Saint Cyprien*, Clairmont-Ferrand, 2003. Interviews with surviving Spanish Republicans of the Concentration Camp of Saint Cyprien are preserved on film, (*Yad Vashem*, Jerusalem).

²⁷ Twice before, he and fellow prisoners dug tunnels in under the barbed wire fences only to be apprehended by guard dogs. Situated on the sandy shores of the Mediterranean, the Camp was subject to a giant tidal wave that forced the temporary evacuation of the prisoners of Saint Cyprien to the infamous concentration camp at Rivesaltes. Following his return to Cyprien and his subsequent escape, Arie Abrahamson was incarcerated in the Camp of Argèlès sur Mèr. Conditions at the prison camps of Saint Cyprien, Rivesaltes, and Argèlès sur Mèr are extensively documented in the *Varian Fry Papers*, Columbia University.

The first song, *Still Mein Hartz*, (*Be Still My Heart*), set to a poem by Jochewed Scheinfrucht-Spingarn, is dedicated to his wife; the second, *Wo senen die chaloimes*, (*Where are the Dreams*) to a text by the same author, is likewise dedicated to his wife. The third, *Ribbon Olam*, (*Master of the Universe*) is inscribed: “Thus prays my mother, from her son, Arie Ben Erez Abrahamson,” is dedicated to his father. The full date, still legible on the recto reads “Argèlès sur Mèr, 24 XI 1940.”²⁹ From the precise underlay of the texts of the three songs we can infer that he had among his personal effects, in addition to his prayer book, the poetic works of Yocheved Scheinfrucht-Spingarn.³⁰ The document has survived thanks to the action of the righteous gentile who sent it on to New York.

The story of composer Arie Ben Erez Abrahamson cannot be told without reference to a tool he fashioned from a piece of iron he found in the sands of the Concentration Camp of Saint Cyprien. The prisoners, held captive on the shores of the Mediterranean in close proximity to the mountain range of the *Pyrenénées Orientales*, were subject to wide ranges of temperature: great heat and burning sands during the day; and severe cold emanating from the snow-capped mountains at night. Nor did the tar paper barracks which housed them provide relief. Arie Abrahamson succeeded in transforming a large nail he found among the rubble of the Camp into a useable knife (Fig. 2). With it, he carved pieces of driftwood into usable sandals or togs which he fitted with rags to attach to his feet for protection against the hot sands. Leather shoes did not last long in the sandy soil and he found a ready market for his togs. These he bartered for bits of bread or onion. But the tool was also instrumental in his escape. Already in Bratislava, he had sought to emigrate with his family to America.³¹ It was still possible at the time, to send telegrams from the Vichy camps and he corresponded with the American Embassy in Marseille. “Has my American visa arrived?” he asked. The Embassy answered by pre-paid cable. Telegrams in those days consisted of strips of text pasted on a larger sheet. The message, in French, read: “Sir, your American visa has not arrived.” Recovering and weak from typhus in the camp infirmary, Abrahamson was not to be deterred. He sought to moisten and loosen the pasted strips. A Spanish doctor from the infirmary offered the use of steam from his surgical apparatus. Then, using his knife, Abrahamson began to cut off the offending words. The surgeon offered a scalpel.³² The next step was to repast the strips. This done, the message now read: “Sir, your visa has arrived.” Abrahamson put the doctored cable under his pillow and lay on it to “iron” it flat. He presented the document to the guard at the gate. It was honored. He fled for his life.³³ Those who remained, were deported to Auschwitz, and other points east. Arie Abrahamson's experience as a craftsman was inspired by the doctrine of

²⁹ Original in *Archive*. Paper, pen and ink were scarce in the camp. Yet, Abrahamson managed to send another letter through his Swiss friend. It contains a notation of the same three songs, in different order, with instructions for their performance. Addressed to his brother-in-law, Armin Fried in New York, he indicates his purpose—to register the music with ASCAP, the composers' association in America. While its present whereabouts are unknown, a photocopy is preserved (*Archive*).

³⁰ We may also assume he had with him the poetic works of Aliza Grinblatt, whose text *Es Weisen Blois die Wendt* he set to music as a prisoner. A score with the composer's annotation regarding its origin is preserved (*Archive*).

³¹ The original plan was to emigrate to then Mandate Palestine. Learning the British Government closed the gates, he immediately applied, through his wife's family in New York, to emigrate to the US.

³² Abrahamson's chanting name among the Spaniards in Saint Cyprien was “*Bratislavo*,” this in recognition for his help to Spanish prisoners in the distress of their illness. Can the good doctor have known this?

³³ The weak condition of the sick prisoners at the medical facility engendered looser security. In his long term plan to escape, Arie Abrahamson had buried his good clothes in the sands of the Camp. He fled as a normally dressed civilian.



Fig. 2 [Aladar]
Arie Ben Erez Abrahamson,
Saint Cyprien Concentration
Camp, Vichy France, 1940-41.

Collection
Hannah Abrahamson,
Kiryat Ono, Israel.

Rabbi Yohanan. Known as the shoemaker, *HaSandlar*, the ancient rabbi taught that one should earn one's living with one's hands rather than use the Torah as a spade. With his improvised knife in the sands of Saint Cyprien, Abrahamson became a virtual sandler crafting togs from driftwood and rags. His tribute to Rabbi Yohanan whose teaching was a subtext to his life is embodied in the song *Der Ikker, The Principle*, 1942 ([track22](#)). Set to the text of Yiddish poet A. Almi,³⁴ he composed it shortly after his emigration to America. The score is preserved at the Library of Congress.

In the wake of his escape from Saint Cyprien, and on the run from Argèles sur Mer, Arie Abrahamson succeeded in reaching Marseille, a city engorged with refugees.³⁵ Possessing no legal papers, he survived as a fugitive, sleeping on straw under stairwells. On inquiring of the fate of his wife and children he was told that they were drowned during the battle of Dunkirk.³⁶ They sought, it was said, to reach the coast of France with a fisherman and his family. Their boat, capsized and all on it were drowned. On the morning preceding Passover of 1941, my mother reached Marseille by train with two small children, aged 4 and 6. Guided by a refugee acquaintance to a synagogue, we saw a small fire burning on the street. It was just after *biur hametz*, the symbolic burning of leavened bread. Mother beckoned a small boy at a window of the synagogue and asked him to deliver a message. He was to announce that a woman with two children from Czechoslovakia were waiting outside. Father rushed out. We were reunited. We strolled for some moments and sat down on a bench along a broad boulevard. The first song father sang to his beloved wife and musical partner³⁷ was *Ribbon Alam*, (*Master of the Universe*), freshly composed in the Concentration Camp of Saint Cyprien.

Marseille in those days was a dangerous place for visible refugees. Those picked up by the Vichy police, the *Milice*, were thrown into dog-catchers' vans and immediately

³⁴ A pseudonym for Elias Chaim Scheeps (1892-1963). The poet plays on the Hebrew homonym *lalechet* (to walk—and *halachah*, the code of Jewish law. The shoe becomes the vehicle for moral conduct.

³⁵ See among others, Varian Fry, *Surrender on Demand*, New York, 1945; rev. [in collaboration with the United States Holocaust Memorial Museum], Boulder, Colorado, 1997, *passim*; Susan Zuccotti, *The Holocaust, France, and the Jews*, Nebraska, 1993, pp. 65-102, and *passim*; Limore Yagil, *Chretiens et Juifs sous Vichy*, (1940-1944), Paris, 2005, pp. 283, 284, 287; and Leonard Poliakov's memoir, *L'auberge des musiciens*, Paris, 1981, rev. 1999, *passim*.

³⁶ 26 May to 4 June 1940. Scene of the mass evacuation to England of British and allied troops under heavy German bombardment. Civilian and as well as naval vessels of all sizes were enlisted in England for the action. Over 338,000 troops were rescued to British ports. Under heavy air attack, our fisherman returned reluctantly to shore. We survived in deeply dug trenches maintained by women of the French Red Cross.

³⁷ Penina Abrahamson taught piano in Bratislava.

deported, or drowned in ships off the harbor. From a short distance, a woman beckoned and asked: “Are you *Israelites* (Jews)? My parents hesitated but determined her voice was friendly. “Yes,” they said. She took us in immediately and told us her story. During the Turkish conquest of Armenia, a Jewish family had saved her life and brought her to France. She had married, prospered and would now pay her debt. She gave us a sunny room in her hotel, rent free, for as many days as were needed to find a suitable hiding place underground, outside the city. If necessary, we were to hide in a tomb of a cemetery in the hamlet of Saint Jean du Dessert.³⁸ Until then, father had lodged under a stairwell on straw. That night, reunited as a family, we celebrated our first Passover *seder* in “freedom.” We were joined by two demobilized Czech soldiers in exile whom father encountered in the *shuk* of Marseille.³⁹

Newly reunited with his family, and in hiding in the small hamlet of Saint Jean, Arie Abrahamson was enlisted by the Maquis, the French underground. His assignment: to strew sand in the friction boxes of the railway tracks in the middle of the night in the region the Marseille. Thus, trains heading north with their cargo of fresh produce destined for German army garrisons in the north would overturn—a mission of sabotage for which Abrahamson could have been shot. Dating from this period is the Sabbath table song, *Yom Ze leIsrael*, 1941, *This Day for Israel*, ([track26](#)). Its second stanza reads: “*This is a day of light and joy for Israel, a delight for a shattered nation, an additional soul for a people in pain.*”⁴⁰

It was music which enabled Arie Abrahamson and his family to reach the safe haven of New York. Penina (Kornelia) Abrahamson’s sister, Leah Fried Thebner, lived in New York City. On hearing of the family’s plight, she lost no opportunity to lobby in Washington D.C. for a visa to allow us entry to the US. She reached the doors of then Secretary of State Cordell Hull, to no avail.⁴¹ On reading in the press that a major effort would be made to save artists, composers, writers and scholars from the German conquest, she maintained an unrelenting persistence. Armed with the music of Arie Ben Erez Abrahamson which had reached her thanks to his Swiss savior and others, she called upon Congressman Sol Bloom, then Head of the Foreign Relations Committee of the House of Representatives. Mindful he was a musical entrepreneur before his career in government, she insisted her brother-in-law wrote “anti-Nazi music.” Sol Bloom responded. The passenger manifest of the *US Exambion* which docked in Hoboken, New Jersey, twelve days before the attack on Pearl Harbor, included four refugees from Czechoslovakia: Aladar (Arie) Abrahamson;

³⁸ Now part of greater Marseille. *Hameau Saint Jean du Desert* was populated at the time by Corsican peasants who had a reputation for not informing the authorities on the presence of Jews.

³⁹ Abruptly released in the wake of the French capitulation to Germany, thousands of French military personnel and those of former allied nations streamed into Marseille. On the debacle, see Varian Fry *Surrender on Demand*, pp. 20-21. The two erstwhile Czech soldiers managed to escape from Vichy France and reached the shores of New York. One, an advocate, was recruited by the Voice of America to broadcast world news to Europe in the Czech language; the other practiced dentistry on Manhattan’s upper East Side. The Logan brothers were our guests at our first Passover *seder* night in New York.

⁴⁰ "לאומה שבורה, לנפשות נכאבות. נשמה יתרה...לנפש מצרה יסיר אנחה."

⁴¹ An eminent Anti-Semite, he was married to a Jew. On the US State Department policy of obstructing the rescue of refugees following the French capitulation to Germany, see Varian Fry, *Surrender on Demand*, pp. 246, 251-252, 255. Funded by American Quakers and others, American political journalist Varian Fry, under constant danger of discovery by the Vichy police and Gestapo, organized an underground network in Marseille that provided refugees with documentation and passage to America and elsewhere. The success of his campaigns provoked the State Department to order him home after only 13 months. In that short time, he was able to save nearly 4,000 refugees, among them artists Marc Chagall and Jacob Lipchitz; a host of surrealist and expressionist painters; writers, scholars, political figures, and labor leaders. (Fry, rev. ed., 1997 (*Introduction* by Warren Christopher and *Afterword* by US Holocaust Memorial Museum staff), pp. x and 245-260. An exception to the usual State Department personnel was American Vice Consul Hiram Bingham. Thanks to his cooperation with Fry and others, numerous refugees were assisted in fleeing through Marseilles, among them author Leon Feuchtwanger.

his wife Kornelia (Nellie) Abrahamson, and their two children, Edward (Aharon Ze'ev) and Hannah. Among the others on that ship of salvation were David Ben Gurion, and Edward R. Murrow.⁴²

The American years saw a stream of compositions from Arie Abrahamson's pen. Best known is *Yiddishe Oygen*, 1971, *Jewish Eyes*, ([track13](#)), set to the words of Zalman Shazar. On a state visit to South America, the former President of Israel was moved by the familiarity he sensed with people in that distant continent. He wrote a poem celebrating the mutual identity of widely dispersed Jewish communities. Abrahamson responded with a setting of reassuring lyricism.⁴³ A large number of liturgical settings for the synagogue also date from this period, these composed at the behest of Cantor Zevulun Qwartin.⁴⁴ It was also a period of children's songs, among them his settings to poems in English at the request of his son's first grade teacher.⁴⁵ A children's play-song set to a Yiddish text by Aliza Grinblatt entitled, *A Spiel Aza*, 1942, *Such a Game*, ([track14](#)), enjoyed a popularity unknown to the composer. The song was recorded as part of a Smithsonian Institute program of preserving the legacy of Yiddish song. Performed by Mark Olf, it was published by *Folkways* (LP-FC 7234). An exemplar is preserved at the YIVO Sound Archives, New York. Concurrently, during the years shortly after the end of WWII Abrahamson joined clandestine groups in New York that organized shipments of weapons for the nascent State of Israel. His mission, to weld sticks of dynamite into refrigerators, this for the purpose of ejecting the British from their Mandate in the region.

The destruction of European Jewry was a source of continuous mourning for Arie Abrahamson,⁴⁶ a mourning that found its utterance in a work set to a text by partisan fighter and poet Avraham Sutzkewer.⁴⁷ Composed at age 80 in Jerusalem, *Yiddishe Gasse*, 1984, ([track1](#)) *Jewish Street*, engages the listener in searing reminiscence. This selection of *Lieder* ends with the theme of the *Jewish Street* that once existed, and whose resonance continues in our memory.

⁴² The document is preserved in the *Archive*. Leah Thebner's valiant achievement in rescuing the family was quite independent of the underground operations conducted by Varian Fry and his intrepid network.

⁴³ The song received two arrangements for piano and voice. The first was unacceptable to the composer, and he commissioned another, this from Sidor Belarsky. Belarsky sang the new version in concert and published it in his song book citing the author only as Ben Erez, an omission that deeply wounded Arie Abrahamson. A copy of the first, rejected arrangement, with a full attribution to the composer, is preserved in the Music Archives of the Library of the Jewish Theological Seminary of America. The full score of the melodic line, in autograph, with text underlay, is preserved in the *Archive*. Five songs by Arie Abrahamson, printed in Bratislava in the 1930's, are on deposit at the New York Public Library Music Research Division, Lincoln Square—their provenance, a gift of the Sidor Belarsky family. All bear the composer's full name, Arie Ben Erez Abrahamson.

Yiddishe Oygen has experienced an unusual afterlife. Bibliographer Judith Pinnolis discovered that the melody, adapted to another text underlay, was published by Wesleyan University as part of a Christmas record album (Illinois Wesleyan University Collegiate Choir, *Music for Christmas: Spirituals and Hymn Tunes*, SBS – CC4). In this collection, the music is correctly attributed to "Arie Abrahamson, 1904-1992; arrangement by Whikehart."

⁴⁴ A former Chief Cantor at the Budapest Dohany Synagogue, his tenure was followed by that of Mano Abrahamsohn, Arie's brother. Qwartin was a major figure in the New York cantorial scene and a good friend of Arie's cousin, Cantor Gershon Margolies, former Chief Cantor of the Gross Leopoldstadt Synagogue of Vienna. In the 1930's, before the outbreak of WWII, Zevulun Qwartin and Gershon Margolies were invited to explore the possibility of participating in a project to create an artists' colony in the Gallilee. (*Archive*).

⁴⁵ They were composed to texts by Christina Rosetti (*Archive*).

⁴⁶ Among the perished were 103 members of his family, including his 83 year old mother, and his two youngest sisters with their children.

⁴⁷ A major witness at the Eichman trial, he testified on life in the ghettos and forests. The poet's response (Sutzkewer to Abrahamson) is preserved (*Archive*).

Appendix i: TEXTS OF ART SONGS BY ARIE BEN EREZ ABRAHAMSON

<p>1. Storm Ballad by Morris Rosenfeld Trans. Hannah Abrahamson</p>	<p>Sturm Morris Rosenfeld Trans.:Berthold Feiwel</p>	<p>סופה טקסט: מוריס רוזנפלד תרגום: דוד בר-לבב</p>
<p>The hellish storm races o'er the sea Hoi ho! How it thirsts for booty A ship, spent, lost!/ It sits low to resist It bends and rises and groans...</p> <p>They fight, quarrel, struggle and grapple For life and death, the storm and the ship.</p> <p>The sea brews, the waves fly, The sea bottom steams and cooks and boils, The hellish storm wants blood, the murderer, A dreadful abyss tears open its gorge.</p> <p>A yammering, a crying, a weeping is heard, Appalling the fear and dreadful the need-- Each prays to his God: "Save us Lord before we die!"</p> <p>There, beneath, in the mezzanine deck, one near the other Sit two men, calm and mute. They do not think of rescue, they fold their hands As though all were peaceful and serene all about.</p> <p>Who are you? Tell me who are you, you poor ones? You who are quiet in tortuous need? Who find no tears, no words of fear, As death in his quarters opens his gate.</p> <p>Deeply yawns the sea bottom, on fly the waves, The beams crack, the ladder breaks, The sea roars, the winds howl, And one of the two speaks:</p>	<p>Der höllisch Sturm rast übers Meer. Hoiho! Wie er nach Beute lechtz! Ein Schiff! Drauf los! Doch das setzt sich zur Wehr, Es biegt sich und bäumt sich und ströhnt und ächzt...</p> <p>Sie kämpfen und streiten und raufen und ringen Auf Leben und Tod, der Sturm und das Schiff.</p> <p>Es braust die See, auffliegen die Wogen, Es dampft und kocht und siedet der Grund, Blut will der höllische Sturm, der Mörder, Ein grausiger Abgrund reißt auf seinen Schlund.</p> <p>Da hört man ein Jammern, ein Schreien und Weinen. -- Ensetzlich die Angst und schaurig die Not -- Jedwedes betet zu seinem Gotte: „Rette uns, rette uns, Her, vor dem Tod!“</p> <p>Dort unten, im Zwischendeck, nebeneinander Sitzen zwei Männer, ruhig und stumm. Sie sinnen nicht Rettung, sie falten die Hände, Als wär` es friedlich und heiter ringsum.</p> <p>„Wer seid ihr, sagt? Wer seid ihr, ihr Armen, Die Schweigen können in qualvollster Not, Die keine Träne, kein Angstwort finden, Indes seine Tore öffnet der Tod?“</p> <p>Tief gähnt der Abgrund, auffliegen die Wogen, Es krachen die Balken, die Leiter bricht, Es brüllt die See, es heulen die Winde, -- Und einer von den zweien spricht:</p>	<p>רוח של תופת דוהרת על גל, היי-הו! שודד המגיח אל בו, ספינה מתחמקת אל עבר נמל עולה ויורדת, כל קרש מט זז.</p> <p>[נאבקים] לחיים ולמות בקרב פרא, ספינה מְטָרֶפֶת וסער סוחף.</p> <p>קודח הים וגלים על יגביהו, תהום יִלְהֵט ורותח שאול, רק דם ועוד דם את התופת ישיבעו דומָה פֶּה תפער עד בלי חוק, בלי חמול.</p> <p>קול נהי נשמע שם -- קינה שם וככי איום הוא הפחד, יכה לב כל איש. קורא כל אדם אל אליו מיני דְּכִי: "עזור נא, הצל נא, ואל תִּקְרִישׁ!"</p> <p>מתחת סיפון ישובים להם שנים ושקט יפיקו, שלווה וכניעה, מנוס לא יתורו, שִׁלְבוּ הידים כמו יום של שלווה, בזיוה של בריאה.</p> <p>מי אתם? מי אתם, מוכי שבר, יושבים דוממים באסון הנורא, המוצאים דומיה וגומעים שלֹת קבר, בעת מסביב תעטפנו סערה? [המצולה שואגת], ושחפים על יטוסו, קורות יחשבו לרסיסים השבר, רודפם משברים ורוחות לא יחוסו, עת פיו האחד פתח וידבר:</p> <p>"לא קבר אל זה העולם שִׁלְהֵנוּ, לא בשאול ובשחת ערשנו עמדה,</p>

<p>“We were not born of the cemetery dark, And our cradle was not the grave, A good angel gave us life, And love and loyalty tenderly surrounded us. A dear mother reared us, With fullness of love she pressed us to her heart, A good natured father kissed and maintained us, And observed us with much joy in his eyes. We are Jews, poor Jews, Without friend, or joy, without hope or luck. Do not ask us more! But you may wish to know: America drives us back to Russia! May it riot, and roar, and simmer and cook, May it storm and hurl round about us, We are lost--abandoned Jews Only the sea can quench our burning wounds!</p>	<p>„Uns hat nicht der schwartze Friedhof geboren, Und unsre Wiege war nicht das Grab, Uns schnkte ein guter Engel das Leben, Und Liebe und Treue und zärtlich umgab. Eine teure Mutter hat uns erzogen Und hat uns voll Liebe ans Herz gedrückt, Uns küste und koste ein gütiger Vater Und hat uns voll Lust in die Augen geblickt. Und wir sind Juden, armfältige Juden, Ohne Freund, ohne Freud', ohne Hoffnung auf Glück, Fragt uns nicht mehr! – Doch wollt ihr es wissen Amerika treibt uns nach Rußland zurück. Mag`s brausen und brüllen und sieden und kochen, Mag`s stürmen und stürzen um uns her, Wir sind verlorne, verlassene Juden – Unsere brennende Wunde löscht nur das Meer.“</p>	<p>מלאך צחור כנפיים עמד וברכנו, עת ברוך ועדנה נשמתנו ירדה. ואם יקרה, מקלב גמלתנו ואמצה אל לכה המלא אהבה ואב לקיינו נשק, ואותנו הציף מבטי שמחתו להבה. יהודים אנו, בני יהודה הנגדעת, בלא חבר, בלא ידיד, בלא תקוה שתחוס. לשאול אל תוסיפו – וזאת רק לדעת מאמריקה גורשנו לשוב אלי רוס. יסער לו הים ותהום לה השחת, קלחת תגעש ותרתח ותקפא, אנחנו ילדי יהודה הנדחת, רק תהום המצולה מפתנו תרפא.”</p>
<p>2. My Song, or The Millionaire of Tears Text: Morris Rosenfeld Trans. Eliyahu Schleifer</p>	<p>“Mein Lied” oder Der Tränenmillionär Text: Morris Rosenfeld</p>	<p>שירי, או מיליונר הדמעות טקסט: מוריס רוזנפלד תרגום: נפתלי שטרן</p>
<p>No golden instrument need I To tune my throat for song,, No signal from above need I To make my voice come ringing. The groans of slaves, the weary sigh, The sorrow of the other Awakens the song Whose flame leaps high For my brother. And so my years are worn away, No joys does life afford me. What have the poor wherewith to pay? And how can they reward me? Tears for a tear is payment fair, My songs with grief they're buying.</p>	<p>O glaubt kein gold'nes Instrument stimmt meine Kehle, zum singen. O glaubt kein Wink von oben lässt meiner Leier Sait` erklingen. Doch der Sklave der seufzt und der Sklave der stöhnt Der weckt in mir die Lieder und flammend erwacht in mir ein Sang für meinen Brüder. Dafür vergeh`ich vor meiner Zeit, dafür verbrauche ich mein Leben! Was können mir für einen Dank die armen Leuten geben? Sie geben für Tränen, Tränen her. Sie kommen nicht anderst mich lohnen.</p>	<p>הו, האמינו, לא כלי זהב מכוונן גרוני לשיר. הו, האמינו, לא אות ממעל גורם למיתרי לירתי להתנגן. אך העבד, המתאנח, הוא אשר מעיר בי את השירים ובלהט מתעורר בי השיר לאחי המסכנים. בשל כך נמוג אני בטרם עת בשל כך מכלה אני את חיי, מה כתודה יכולים המסכנים לתת לי כתמורה? אין בידם באופן אחר לגמול לי.</p>

<p>In tears I am a millionaire, For the millions, the millions, I am crying.</p>	<p>Ich bin ein Tränenmillionär und bewine di Millionen.</p>	<p>אני מיליונר הדמעות ומבכה את המיליונים.</p>
<p>3. Bakatzir (The Harvest) Text, Jakob Fichman (not available). A pastoral idyll, the poem expresses joy at the sights and sounds of harvest. The song of the scythe is heard. Abrahamson's setting was composed in Bratislava in 1932.</p>		
<p>4. Only Yesterday Text: Levin Kipnis Trans.: Eliyahu Schleifer⁴</p>		<p>הן רק אתמול טקסט: לוי קיפניס</p>
<p>Behold, only yesterday/ A wooden hut and a shore of sand, And already today the look of the sea has changed: / Iron bridges and a high mast. Today a boat no bigger than a pot; / Tomorrow a ship and a mighty fleet.</p>		<p>הן, הן רק אתמול / צריף של עץ וחוף של חול וכבר היום שונו פני ים/ גשרי ברזל ותורן רם היום דוגית, סירה כסיר/ מחר אוניה וצי אדיר.</p>
<p>5. Tanya Text based on the Babylonian Talmud, Tractate B'rachot, Fol. 3, p. 2 Translation: Eliyahu Schleifer It has been taught, R. Yossi said: I was once traveling on the road and the time came for the Mincha prayer, So I entered a ruin, one of the ruins of Jerusalem to pray. Elijah the venerable came in and guarded the entrance. He said to me: What voice have you heard in this ruin? And I said to him: I heard a heavenly voice that cooed like a dove and said: "Woe, woe that I have destroyed my House, Woe, and I have burnt my Temple Woe, and I exiled my sons amongst the nations of the world." He [Elijah] said to me: Every day, so it says; When the people of Israel enter the synagogues and houses of study And say: "Amen, May His great Name be blessed for ever and ever," The Holy One blessed be He shakes his head and says: "Happy is the king who is thus praised in his home, And what remains for a father who exiled his sons, And woe to the sons who were exiled from their father's table." So said R. Yossi.</p>		<p>תניא, אמר רבי יוסי: פעם אחת הלכתי בדרך והגיע זמן תפלת מנחה ונכנסתי לחורבה אחת מחורבות ירושלים להתפלל. בא אליהו זכור לטוב ושמר לי על הפתח אמר לי: מה קול שמעת בחורבה זו? ואמרתי לו: שמעתי בת קול שמנהמת כיונה ואמרת: "אוי, אוי שהחרבתי את ביתי, אוי ושרפתי את היכלי אהאי, והגליתי את בני לבין אומות העולם." אמר לי: בכל יום אומרת כך; וכשישראל נכנסין לבתי כנסיות ולבתי מדרשות ואומרים: "אמן, יהא שמיה רבה מברך לעלם ולעלמי עלמיא," הקדוש ברוך הוא מנענע בראשו ואומר: "אשרי המלך שמקלסין אותו בביתו כך, ומה לו לאב שהגלה את בניו, ואוי להם לבנים שגלו מעל שולחן אביהם." כך אמר רבי יוסי.</p>
<p>6. Beautiful of Elevation Text: Yehudah Halevy Translation: Nina Salzman</p>		<p>יפה נוף משוש תבל טקסט: יהודה הלוי</p>
<p>Beautiful of Elevation! Joy of the world!/ City of the Great King! For thee my soul is longing/ from the limits of the west.</p>		<p>יפה נוף, משוש תבל/ קריה למלך רב. לך נכספה נפשי/ מפאתי מערב</p>

<p>The tumult of my tenderness is stirred /when I remember Thy glory of old that is departed – / thine habitation which is desolate. O that I might fly /on eagle's wings, That I might water thy dust with my tears/ until they mingle together. I have sought thee, /even though thy King be not present, And though, in place of thy Gilead's balm,/ are now the fiery serpent and the scorpion. Shall I not be tender to thy stones /and kiss them, And the taste of thy soil /be sweeter than honey?</p>		<p>המון רחמי נכמר/ כי אזכרה קדם, כבודך אשר גלה/ונודך אשר חרב. ומי יתנני על-כנפי נשרים, עד ארוה בדמעתי/ עפרך, ויתערב. דרשתיך, ואם מלכך/ אין בך, ואם במקום צרי גלעד – נחש/ שרף וגם עקרב, הלא את-אבניך/ אחונן ואשקם, וטעם רגביך/לפי מדבש יערב.</p>
<p>7. Ghetto Text: Abraham Reisen Trans.:Eliyahu Schleifer</p>	<p>געטא טקסט: אברהם רייזען</p>	<p>גטו טקסט: אברהם רייזען תרגום: אליהו שלייפר</p>
<p>Eight healthy persons /And beds - only two, And the night draws near / Where shall they sleep? By day on the street, / But night draws near And beds - only two, / Where sleep the eight? Three with father / And three with mother, Little hands and feet / Braided together. As night draws near / One makes the beds, Then mother begins / To wish she were dead. She really means it , / And it's no wonder – The grave is \narrow / Yet you lie there alone.</p>	<p>א געזונט זאלבער אכט /און בעטן נור צוויי, און קומט אן די נאכט / וואו שלאפן זיי? ביי טאג אויפ'ן גאס, / דאך קומט די נאכט און בעטן נור צוויי, / וואו שלאפן די אכט? דריי ביי דעם טאטען / און דריי ביי דער מאמען, הענטלאך און פיסלאך / געפלאכטן צוזאמען. און קומט אן די נאכט / מען דארף מאכן די בעטן, דאן הייבט אן די מאמע / דעם טויט אויף זיך בעטען. זי מיינט מיט אן אמת, / ס'איז ניט קיין וואונדער – ענג איז דער קבר, / דאך ליגט מען דארט באזונדער.</p>	<p>שמונה אנשים בריאים / ומיטות רק שתיים, והלילה מגיע / היכן יישנו? ביום הם ברחוב, / אבל הלילה מגיע ומיטות רק שתיים, / היכן יישנו השמונה? שלושה עם אבא / ושלושה עם אמא ידיים ורגליים / קלועות זו בזו. והלילה מגיע / צריך להציע המיטות אז אמא מתחילה / לבקש את נפשה למות. היא מתכוונת באמת, / ובכך אין פלא – צר הוא הקבר, / אך שם שוכבים לבד</p>
<p>8. Children's Rhyme Text: Hugo Salus Translation: Eliyahu Schleifer/Hannah Abrahamson</p>	<p>Ki nderreim Hugo Salus</p>	<p>חרוז-ילדים הוגו סאלוס, תרגום:</p>
<p>When we children pestered Mother, Bothered her and asked hundreds of times: What of all the wished for things Would father bring from his trip? Mother said: To each his portion: A little glass case, A silver nothing, And a golden: Wait a while. But in our childish belief We never allowed our hopes be dashed. O how our souls would glow with hope O how our dreams would bloom!</p>	<p>Wenn wir Kinder die Mutter plagten Sie umdrängten und hundertmal fragten: Was von allden ersehnten Dingen Wird Vater von der Reise bringen? Schsprach die Mutter: Jedem sein Teil: Ein gläsernes Büchsel, ein silbernes Nixel und ein goldernes: Wart eine Weil. Aber in unsern Kinderglauben Liessen wir nimmer die Hoffnung uns rauben. Ach unsre Seelen hofften zu glühend, Ach unsre Träume waren zu blühend</p>	<p>כשאנו הילדים לאימא הצקנו, אותה הקפנו ומאה פעמים שאלנו: מה מכל הדברים הנכספים אבא לנו יביא מן המרחקים? אמרה אימא: לכל אחד חלקו! קופסונת מזכוכית, לא כלום מכסף, ומזהב: חכה מעט! אבל באמונתנו כילדים, לעולם לא נתנו לגזול התקווה מעמנו. אדה, נפשתינו קוו להצליח, אדה, חלומתינו היו כה פורחים!</p>

<p>Mother just quipped: To each his portion: A little glass case, A silver nothing, And a golden: Wait a while. And so we stand before Life, That it should give us a serious answer: What of all the wished for things Have you brought and will you bring us? Life says: To each his portion: A little glass case, A silver nothing, And a golden: Wait a while</p>	<p>Mutter schertz nur: Jedem sein Teil: Ein gläsernes Büchsel, ein silbernes Nixel und ein goldernes: Wart eine Weil Und so stehen wir vor dem Leben, soll's uns ernste Antwort geben: Was von allden ersehnten Dingen Hast Du gebracht und wirst du uns bringen? Spricht das Leben: Jedem sein Teil: Ein gläsernes Büchsel, ein silbernes Nixel und ein goldernes: Wart eine Weil</p>	<p>אימא רק התלוצצה: לכל אחד חלקו! קופסונת מזכוכית, לא כלום מכסף, ומזהב: חכה מעט! וכך אנו עומדים לפני החיים, יש לתת לנו תשובה רצינית: מה מכל הדברים הנכספים לנו הבאת ולנו תביא? זה דבר החיים: לכל אחד חלקו! קופסונת מזכוכית, לא כלום מכסף, ומזהב: חכה מעט!</p>
<p>9. Under the Green Trees Text: Chaim Nachman Bialik Trans.: Eliyahu Schleifer</p>		<p>תחת העצים הירקרקים טקסט: חיים נחמן ביאליק תרגום: אליהו שליפער</p>
<p>Under the green trees, Moshe'lech and Shlome'lech play; Fringes, <i>kapotes</i>, side-locks – Little Jews freshly hatched. Bodies like straw, smoke, light as feathers- If you blew on them they'd come apart, Then light winds would fetch them And the birds carry them back. But one thing they possess – little eyes The eyes –two points That glow and sparkle and glitter, And in a prophetic and marvelous way They ponder deep and stare At days gone by and at fleeting fowl – Oy! May my portion be with you, O Jewish children, For the merits of your Kosher eyes!</p>	<p>אונטער די גריניקע בוימעלעך שפילן זיך משה'לעך שלמה'לעך; ציצית, קאפאטעלעך פאה'לעך --- יודעלעך פריש פון די עייעלעך. גופעלעך שטרוי, רויך און פעדערלעך, נעם און צעבלאז זיי אויף גלידערלעך חאפן זיי אויף גרינגע ווינטעלעך, און סע צוטראגען זיי פייגעלעך. נאר איין זאך פערמאגען זיי – אויגעלעך די אויגען פערמאגען צוויי פינטעלעך, וואס גליהען און פינקעלען און טוקען זיך, און עפעס ווי נביא'יש און וואונדערליך פערטראכטען זיך טיעף און פערקוקען זיך אויף נעכטיגע טעג און אויף פייגעלעך – אוי! מיר זאל דאס זיין, יודישע קינדערלעך פאר אייערע כשר'ה אויגעלעך!</p>	<p>תחת העצים הירקרקים משחקים משה'לך שלמה'לך ציצית, קפוטות, פיאות – יהודים קטנים אך זה בקעו מן הביצים. גופם קל כקש, עשן ונוצות, אם תנשוף בהם תפרקם לאברים קטנים והרוחות הקלילות תחטופנה אותן והציפורים תישאנה אותם חזרה. רק נכס אחד יש להם – עיניים ולעיניים שתי נקודות כגחלים לוהטות, מעלות ניצוצות, וכמו באוירה נבואית ומופלאה הן שוקעות במחשבות עמוקות ומתבוננות בימי האתמול ובציפורים שחלפו – אוי! יהי חלקי עמכם, ילדים יהודים בזכות עיניכם הכשרות!</p>
<p>10. Little Hasmonaens Text: Zalman Shneur Trans. Eliyahu Schleifer</p>		<p>חשמונאים קטנים טקסט: זלמן שניאור</p>

<p>Little Hasmonaens are we / And we' re all here to fight. No retreat! Like the grown-ups / We march and ascend, We possess enough weapons / Our shield is God. On our heads helmets of brass / On our hips –swords of steel. We shall gather an army of boys / From schools and from cheders And we'll declare: "Our People is still alive!" / Our shield is God And when we shall overcome our enemy / We shall return to our country. Our parents will then wonder / "But these are true heroes!" Hurray, our People is still alive / Our shield is God.</p>		<p>חשמונאים קטנים אנו / ולהילחם פה כולנו אל חזור! כמו הגדולים / אנו הולכים אנו עולים כלי מלחמה לנו די / מגן לנו אדוני. על ראשינו קובעי נחושת / על מתנינו חרבות עשת קבץ נקבץ חיל נערים / מבתי ספר ומ"חדר"ים ונקרא: "עוד עמינו חי!" / מגן לנו אדוני וכי נגבר על אויבינו / שוב נשוב אז אל ארצנו והתפלאו אז ההורים / "אך הללו הם גבורים!" / היידד, עוד עמינו חי / מגן לנו אדוני</p>
<p>11. Carry a Banner Unto Zion Shaul Tchernichowsky {in Hebrew} Trans.: Eliyahu Schleifer</p>		<p>שאו נס ציונה שאו נס ציונה</p>
<p>Carry a banner unto Zion/ Dare, ascend / O you, the nation's volunteers. May our hand never falter / Until our last breath As long as in our veins, / A drop of blood remains 11a. The Maccabees: The Banner of the Jews (Maccabean Rage) Text: Emma Lazarus Trans. Eliyahu Schleifer O deem not dead that martial fire,/ Say not the mystic flame is spent! With Moses' law and David's lyre,/ Your ancient strength remains unbent! Let but an Ezra rise a new,/ To lift the banner of the Jew.</p>		<p>שאו נס ציונה / העיזו ועלו/ המתנדבים בעם. אל תרפה ידנו/ עד נשימה אחרונה כל עוד בעורקינו/ יש טיפה של דם. המקבים: דגל היהודים טקסט: אמה לאזארוס {באנגלית} תרגום: אליהו שליפר אל תחשבו שמתה אש המלחמה, / אל תאמרו להבת הקודש כבתה! עם תורת משה וכנור דוד, / עוצמתך העתיקה עוד לא נפגמה! אם רק יקום מחדש איזה עזרא, / להרים את דגל היהודי.</p>
<p>12. Green Fields Text: Aliza Greenblatt Trans.: Eliyahu Schleifer</p>	<p>גרינע פעלדער טעקסט: עליזה גרינבלאט</p>	<p>שדות ירוקים טקסט: עליזה גרינבלאט תרגום: עברי: אבידוב ליפסקר</p>
<p>Green fields, silver dew / And the heart longs so much, The night weaves a silent dream / And the heart demands, desires. The days drag on cloudy gray / And the heart simmers so ... Ay, Ay, Ay Green is the tree and green is the field. / The whole world lies calm. The tree rests, the flower rests,/Only I wander about alone. Ay, Ay, Ay.</p>	<p>גרינע פעלדער, זילבערטוי / און דאס הארץ עס בענקט אזוי וועבט די נאכט א חלום שטיל / און דאס הארץ, עס מאנט, עס וויל. ציען די טעג זיך כארנע גרוי / און דאס הארץ ברויזט אזוי איי איי איי גריין דאס בוים און גריין דאס פעלד. / רויג ליגט א גענצע וועלט. עס רוט דער בוים, עס רוט די בלום, / נאר איך איינע וואגל</p>	<p>שדות ירוקים, טל כסוף / והלב מתגעגע כל כך הלילה אורג חלום בשקט / והלב דורש ולא נח. הימים נמשכים אפורים כמו עבים / והלב קולח כל כך אי איי איי ירוק העץ וירוק השדה. / נח ברוגע כל העולם,</p>

	אום. אי אי אי	נח העץ, נח הפרח, / רק אנוכי לבדי נודד. אי אי אי
13 Be Calm, My Heart Text: Yocheved Sheinfrucht-Shpingarn Trans. Eliyahu Schleifer	שטיל מיין הארץ: יוכבד שיינפרוכט-שפ ינגארן טעקסט	היה שקט לבי טקסט: יוכבד שיינפרוכט-שפינגארן תרגום: אליהו שליפר
Be calm my heart, / Don't cook, don't boil! Don't simmer, don't thump, / Just stop! Don't rage, / Don't quiver, / Be calm, O heart! Don't mourn Don't, cry, / Don't feel, don't suffer, Sleep! I rock, I rock / You gently, O sleep my heart, / You are tired by now, And sleepy, tired /with My song --	שטיל מיין הארץ, / נישט קאך, נישט זיד! נישט ברויז, נישט קלאפ, / הער אויף! נישט בייזער זיד, / נישט צאפל ווילד, / זיי רוהיק, הארץ! נישט קלאג, נישט וויין, / נישט פיל, נישט לייד. / שלאף איין! איך וויג, איך וויג / דיך מילד, שלאף איין מיין הארץ, / דו ביסט שוין מיד, און שלעפריק מיד / מיין ליד --- --	היה שקט לבי, / אל תתבשל אל תרתח! אל תתסוס, אל תדפוק, / הפסק! אל תרגו, / אל תרעד בפראות, / היה שקט, לבי! אל תקונון, אל תבכה, / אל תחוש, אל תסבול, / הרדם! אני מנענעת, מנענעת / אותך ברכות, הרדם לבי, / אתה כבר עייף, ועייף עד שינה / שירי --- --
14. Where Are the Dreams Text: Aliza Grinblatt Trans. Hannah Abrahamson	אין די שטילינקע פארנאכטן יוכבד שיינפרוכט-שפינגארן	בערבים השקטים יוכבד שיינפרוכט שפינגארן תרגום: ענת אדרת, ייעוץ: בוריס קוטלרמן
Where are the dreams That I used to weave/ Of love and happiness? The magic that hovered about them, The grace of my childish glance. Where are the dreams Which I use to weave in the still lonely nights? Will I forever live only in fantasy, And the song that I spin	היכן הם החלומות שארגתי / על אהבה ואושר הקסם שאפף אותם ההחן שנשקף ממבט הילדות היכן הם החלומות שנהגתי לארוג בלילות שקטים בודדים האם לנצח אחיה רק בדמיון ובשיר אני אורג היכן החלומות, חלומות, חלומות?	וואו זיינען די חלומות/ וואס איך האב געוועבט/ פון ליבען און גליק דער צויבער וואס ארום זיי האט געשוועבט דער רייטיץ פון מיין קינדישע בליק. וואו זיינען די חלומות וואז איך פלעג וועבן אין שטילע איינזאמע נעכט וועל איך גען שטענדיג מיט דער פאנטאסי נאר לעבען, אונד מיט דעם ליד וואס איך פלעכט
15. In the Quiet Twilight Text: Yocheved Sheinfrucht-Shpingarn Trans.: Eliyahu Schleifer	אין די שטילינקע פארנאכטן יוכבד שיינפרוכט-שפינגארן	בערבים השקטים יוכבד שיינפרוכט שפינגארן תרגום: ענת אדרת, ייעוץ: בוריס קוטלרמן
In the quiet of twilight, When the purple sun sets, The garden stands as if aflame. And the flowers, grasses, plants All begin to dance: Roses, tulips, chrysanthemums, Tuberose, dahlias assemble. Only the white narcissus flowers Huddle together and mock the others,	אין די שטילינקע פארנאכטן ווען די פורפור-זון פארגייט שטייט דער גארטן ווי אין פלאמען. און די בלומעט גראזן, פלאנצן הויבן אלע אן צו טאנצן: רויזן, טולפן, כריזאנטעמען, טובעראזן געארגינען נעמען אלע זיך צוזאמען. נאר די ווייסינקע נארציזן,	בערבים השקטים, כאשר שמש הארגמן שוקעת, עומד הגן כמו בלהבות. והפרחים, הדשא, הצמחים פוצחים כולם בריקוד: ורדים, צבעונים, חרציות, חבצלות, דליות מתאספים. רק הנרקיסים הלבנים,

<p>Like young girls' caprices... Until the dew begins to kiss them, Upon their soft velvet lips With a fresh balsamic scent. And the small tired flowers, Captured by the magic power, Fall asleep. Yes, they dream of love Of a sensitive soft hand, Of a mild silent gaze, All the flowers dream.</p>	<p>טוליען, קרימען זיך פון אנדער ווי די מיידלישע קאפריזן... ביז עס נעמט דער טוי זיי קושן אויף די ווייכע סאמעט ליפן מיט א באלזאט-דופט א פרישן און די קליינע מידע בלומען פון א צויבערמאכט באנומען שלאפן איין... יא, זיי חלומ'ען פון ליבע פון א צארטער האנט א ווייכע פון א מילדן בליק א שטומען, חלומ'ען די אלע בלומען...</p>	<p>יושבים בפניה, לועגים לאחריים כמו גחמות של נערות... עד שמנשק אותן הטל על שפת-משי רכות עם ריח נחוח טרי. ופרחים קטנים עייפים, אחוזי כסף נרדמים... כן, הם חולמים על אהבה, על יד מלטפת ורכה, על מבט רך ואילם, חולמים כל הפרחים...</p>
<p>16. The Little Ring Text: Yocheved Scheinfrucht- Spingarn Trans. Gertrude Hirschler/Hannah Abrahamson My darling little daughter, / my sparkling bride You are so beautiful,/ don't cry. Your little bridegroom will soon come,/ he'll present you a little ring, Build you a little home,/ you'll have children—a <i>minyanele</i>.</p>	<p>דאס רינגעלע יוכבד שיינפרוכט- שפינגארן טאכטערשי, מיין קליינינקע, / כלה'שי, דוס ריינינקע, ביזט דאך אזא שיינינקע, / זיי נישט אזא וויינינקע. באלד עס וועט דאס יינגעלע, / אנטון דיר א רינגעלע, בויען דיר א בנין'לה, / קינדערלעך א מנין'לע.</p>	<p>טבעת טקסט: יוכבד שיינפרוכט-שפינגארן תרגום: ענת אדרת, ייעוץ: בוריס קוטלרמן בתי יד קטנטנה שלי, / כלה שלי, טהורה שלי, את כל כך יפהיפה, / אל תהיי כה בוכיה. כבר לך ילדון, / ילביש לך טבעת, יבנה לך בנין-קטן, / בו ילדים, מנין-קטן.</p>
<p>17. Only the Walls Know Text: Aliza Grinblatt Trans. Hannah Abrahamson</p>	<p>עס ווייסן בלויז די ווענט עליזה גרינבלאט</p>	<p>רק הקירות יודעים עליזה גרינבלאט תרגום: ענת אדרת, ייעוץ: בוריס קוטלרמן</p>
<p>No one knows the thoughts/ that I think, No one hears my sighs,/ only the night. No one sees my tears,/ hears my cry No one knows my sorrow,/ neither he alone. No one sees the flame/ that burns in the heart No one shares my secret,/ only the walls know.</p>	<p>קיינער ווייסט ניט די געדאנקען/ וואס איך טראכט, קיינער הערט ניט מיינע זיפען/ נאר די נאכט. קיינער זעט ניט מיינע טרערן, / הערט ניט מיינ געוויין. קיינער ווייסט ניט מיינע ליידן, / אויך ניט ער אליין. קיינער זעט ניט דאס פלאמספייער/ וואס אין הארצן ברענט איך אנפלעק מיין סוד ניט קיינעם/ עס ווייסן בלויז די ווענט</p>	<p>איש אינו יודע את המחשבות/ שאני חושב, איש אינו שומע את אנחותיי/ רק הלילה איש אינו רואה את דמעותיי, / או שומע את בכיי איש אינו יודע את צערי/ גם הוא [אהובי] עצמו איש אינו רואה את הלהבה/ שבלב בוערת אינני מגלה לאיש את סודי/ רק הקירות יודעים</p>
<p>18. O Master of the Universe Text: Israel Najarah Trans.: Eliyahu Schleifer [selection] O Master of all worlds You are the King, the King of Kings It is proper for me to tell of The works of your might and your wondrous deeds.</p>	<p>יה, רבון עלם טקסט: ישראל נג'ארה יה רבון עלם ועלמיא אנת הוא מלכא מלך מלכיא עובד גבורתך ותמהיא שפר קדמך להחויא</p>	<p>יה, רבון העולם טקסט: ישראל נג'ארה תרגום: אליהו שליפר אתה הוא המלך, מלך המלכים מעשה גבורתך ונפלאותיך ראוי לספר לפניך.</p>

<p>Great are your deeds and powerful: You humble the arrogant and raise up the If man lived thousands of years He could not calculate your mighty deeds.</p> <p>O God of honor and glory, Save your flock from the jaws of the lions, And bring your people out of exile, Your people whom you have chosen from all nations.</p> <p>To your Sanctuary return and the Holy of Holies The place where souls and spirits will rejoice And utter songs of praise— In Jerusalem city of Beauty</p>	<p>רברבין עובדיך ותקיפין מכיך רמיא זוקיף כפיפין לו יחא גבר שנין אלפין לא יעול גבורתך בחושבניא</p> <p>אלהא די ליה יקר ורבוא פרוק ית ענד מפום אריותא ואפק ית עמד מגו גלותא עמד די בחרת מכל אומיא</p> <p>למקדשך תוב לקדש קדשין אתר די בה יחדון רוחין ונפשין ויזמרון לך שירין ורחשין בירושלם קרתא דשפריא</p>	<p>גדולים מעשיך וחזקים: משפיל רמים וזוקף כפופים. גם אם יחיה איש אלפי שנים לא יוכל למנות את כל גבורותיך.</p> <p>האל אשר לו כבוד ויקר, הצל את צאנך מפי האריות והוצא את עמך מתוך הגלות, עמך אשר בחרת מכל האומות.</p>
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<p>19. A Psalm of David Psalm 23 Trans. Eliyahu Schleifer</p>	<p>מזמור לדוד תהלים כ"ג</p>
<p>A Psalm of David. The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He makes me lie down in green pastures; He leads me beside the still waters. He restores my soul; He leads me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake. Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I shall fear no evil for You are with me. Your rod and your staff they comfort me./You prepare a table before me in the presence of my enemies You anoint my head with oil, my cup runs over .Surely good and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I shall dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.</p>	<p>1מזמור לדוד ה' רועי לא אחסר בנאות דשא ירביצני, על מי מנחות ינהלני. נפשי ישובב, ינחני במעגלי צדק למען שמו. גם כי אלך בגיא צלמות לא אירא רע, כי אתה עמדי. שבטך ומשענתך המה ינחמוני. תעריך לפני שלחן נגד צוררי, דישנת בשמן ראשי כוסי רויה. אך טוב וחסד ירדפוני כל ימי חיי, ושבתני בבית ה' לאורך ימים.</p>
<p>20 . Kiddush for Friday Night Trans.: Eliyahu Schleifer</p>	<p>קידוש ליל שבת</p>
<p>Blessed are you, O Lord, King of the universe, who has created the fruit of the vine. Blessed are you, O Lord, King of the universe, Who has hallowed us with his commandments and favored us,</p>	<p>ברוך אתה ה', אלהינו מלך העולם, בורא פרי הגפן. ברוך אתה ה', אלהינו מלך העולם, אשר קדשנו במצותיו ורצה בנו,</p>

<p>And in love has given us his Holy Sabbath as inheritance, A commemoration of the Creation. For it is the first of the Holy Days, and a remembrance of the exodus from Egypt. For You have chosen us and hallowed us from all the nations, And in love and good will you have let us inherit your Holy Sabbath. Blessed are you, O Lord, who hallows the Sabbath.</p>	<p>ושבת קדשו באהבה וברצון הנחילנו, זכרון למעשי בראשית. כי הוא יום תחילה למקראי קודש, זכר ליציאת מצרים. כי בנו בחרת ואותנו קדשת מכל העמים, ושבת קדשך באהבה וברצון הנחלתנו. ברוך אתה ה', מקדש השבת.</p>	
<p>21. Rabbi Yochanan the Shoemaker said: The Principle (R. Yochanan, the Shoemaker) Text: A. Almi The Torah of the Jews / Is like a shoe and a wooden mold, So said R. Yochanan the Shoemaker. A Jew without Torah / Is a barefoot creeper, Who injures his feet / And his walk is not secure. R. Yochanan waves the leather with love, / And said: Shoes and boots, / Everyone wears, But neither the boot nor the shoe / Is the principle. The principle / Is the stride Whether it is straight, / Or drunk. The Torah is not to blame For the evil, for the thicket, Only the human being Who does not know / How to straighten his way</p>	<p>דער עיקר (רבי יוחנן הסנדלר) טעקסט: א. אלמי אמר רבי יוחנן הסנדלר: די תורה פון יידן / איז ווי א שוך און א מוסטער, אזוי זאגט רב יוחנן דער שוסטער. א ייד אן תורה / איז א בארוועסער קריכער, וואס צעבלוטטיגט די פיס זיך און זיין גאנג איז ניט זיכער. רב יוחנן לאסטשעט מיט ליבע די לעדער, / ויאמר: שיך און שטיוול / גייט אנגעטאן יעדער, אבער נישט דער שטיוול, נישט דער שוך / איז דער עיקר. דער עיקר / דער גאנג איז, צי א גלייכער, / צי א שיכור. נישט די תורה איז שולדיג אין דעם שלעכטס, דעם געדיכטן נאר דער מענטש וואס ווייסט נישט / זיין וועג ווי צו ריכטן. נאר דער מענטש וואס ווייסט נישט / זיין וועג ווי צו ריכטן.</p>	<p>העיקר (רבי יוחנן הסנדלר) טעקסט: א. אלמי אמר רבי יוחנן הסנדלר: תורת היהודים / היא כמו נעל ואימום, כך אמר רב יוחנן הסנדלר. יהודי בלי תורה / הוא זחלן עייף, אשר פוצע את רגליו והילוכו אינו בטוח. רב יוחנן מנפנף באהבה את העור, / ויאמר: נעליים ומגפיים / כל אדם נועל, אבל לא המגף, לא הנעל / הם העיקר. העיקר / היא ההליכה, האם היא ישרה, / או שיכורה. לא התורה אשמה ברע, בסכך, אלא רק האדם שאינו יודע / ליישר את דרכו.</p>

<p>22. This Day for Israel Text Yitzhak Trans. Eliyahu Schleifer and Hannah Abrahamson</p>	<p>יום זה לישראל</p>
<p>This is a day light and joy for Israel, a Sabbath of rest</p> <p>You commanded at Mount Sinai the Sabbath and festivals to keep through all the years To prepare before me banquets and fine meals, A Sabbath of rest.</p> <p>Heart's beloved of the shattered nation, For the suffering people Provide an additional soul, Remove the sigh from the troubled.</p> <p>A Sabbath of rest</p> <p>You hallowed it, You blessed it More than any days. In six You completed the labor of the universe On the Sabbath those who grieved found quiet and security.</p> <p>A Sabbath of rest</p> <p>You have commanded us To abstain from work. I shall merit the radiance of your kingdom if I safeguard the Sabbath. I shall bring an offering ...</p> <p>A Sabbath of rest</p> <p>Renew our Sanctuary, Remember the ruined city Grant Your goodness, our Savior to the distressed who spend the Sabbath in song and praise.</p> <p>A Sabbath of rest.</p>	<p>יום זה לישראל אורה ושמחה, שבת מנוחה. צוית פקודים במעמד סיני שבת ומועדים לשמור בכל שני לערך לפני משאת וארוחה / שבת מנוחה. יום זה לישראל אורה ושמחה, שבת מנוחה.</p> <p>חמדת הלבבות לאמה שבורה לנפשות נכאבות נשמה יתרה לנפש מצרה יסיר אנה / שבת מנוחה. יום זה לישראל אורה ושמחה, שבת מנוחה.</p> <p>קדשת ברכת אותו מקל ימים בששת כלית מלאכת עולמים בו מצאו עגומים השקט ובטחה / שבת מנוחה. יום זה לישראל אורה ושמחה, שבת מנוחה.</p> <p>לאסור מלאכה צויתנו נורא אנה הוד מלוכה אם שבת אשמרה אקריב שי למורא, מנחה מרקחה / שבת מנוחה. יום זה לישראל אורה ושמחה, שבת מנוחה.</p> <p>חדש מקדשנו, זכרה נחרבת טובך, מושיענו, תנה לנעצבת בשבת יושבת בזמר ושבה / שבת מנוחה. יום זה לישראל אורה ושמחה, שבת מנוחה.</p>

<p>23. Jewish Eyes Text: Zalman Shazar Trans.: Eliyahu Schleifer</p>	<p>יידישע אויגן טעקס: זלמן שזר</p>	<p>יידישע אויגן טעקס: זלמן שזר</p>
<p>Jewish eyes / Overcome with longing, I have recognized you /Among thousands of eyes. They sparkle toward eachother / From both sides. Motherly, childish / Girlish eyes, And old Jews, / With look already tired, Which remembers and longs /And gazes contentedly; And heated youth / Who swallow the shine – May all, Oh all of you, / Be well.</p> <p>Also estranged eyes, / That are amazed and surprised, You seem to me / Both youthful and Judaized. And even if you are totally devoid / Of religion, of the language, [Jewishness] is enflamed in you / And is never quenched. Jewish eyes / Educated for faithfulness, May you preserve your brilliance / And deepen your glory. Rejoicing, and prepared, / And remember [the prophecy: "In due time,] I shall hasten it." "Comfort ye, comfort ye," And, God willing, /"May our eyes see [Your return to Zion"].</p>	<p>יידישע אויגן / מיט בענקשאפט פארצויגן, איך האב אייך דערקענט / צווישן טויזנטער אויגן; זיי פינקעלן אנטקעגן / פון ביידע זייט וועגן מעמעשע, קינדערשע / מיידלשע אויגן, און עלטערע יידן / מיט א בליק שוין א מידן וואס געדענקען און בענקען / און גאפן צופרידן; און יונגווארג צעהיצטע / וואס שלינגען דאס שוין – אלע, א אלע, / געזונט זאלט איר זיין.</p> <p>אויך אויגן פארפרעמדטע / בארוישט און פארחידוש'ט איר קוקט מיר אויס דא / אי פארינגט, אי פארידיישט; און אפילו אין גאנצן / אן גלויבן אן לשון צעצינדט זיך, צעצינד זיך / און ווערט ניט פארלאשן. יידישע אויגן / צו טריישאפט דערצויגן היט אפ אייער גלאנץ / און פארטיפט אייער פראכט, דערפרייטע, געגרייטע, / און געדענקט "אחישה" "נחמו, נחמו" און הלאוי "ותחזינה".</p>	<p>עיניים יהודיות / מכוסות בגעגועים, הכרתי אתכן / בין אלפי עיניים. הן נוצצות עין בעין / משני עברי המתרס. עיני אימהות, ילדים / עיני ילדות, ויהודים זקנים / עם מבט כבר עייף אשר זוכרים ומתגעגעים / ומתבוננים בהנאה. וצעירים חמומים / הבלועים את הברק -- כולכם, הו כולכם, / היו בריאים.</p> <p>גם עינים זרות / נדהמות ומופתעות אתן נראות לי כאן / גם צעירות גם מיוהדות, ואפילו לגמר / בלי אמונה בלי שפה מתלהטת, מתלהטת היהדות / ואינה כבה. עיניים יהודיות / מחונכות לנאמנות שמרו על ברקן / והעמיקו את גאותכן, שמחים, מוכנים, / וזכרו [את הנבואה "בעיתה] אחישנה" "נחמו, נחמו, [עמי]" והלוואי "ותחזינה [עינינו בשובך לציון].</p>
<p>24. Little Bells Ring Text: Yocheved Sheinfrucht-Shpringarn Translation: Eliyahu Schleifer</p>	<p>גלעקלאך קלינגען יוכבד שיינפרוכט-שפינגארן</p>	<p>פעמונים מצלצלים יוכבד שיינפרוכט-שפינגארן תרגום: ענת אדרת, ייעוץ: בוריס קוטלרמן</p>
<p>Little trees, little leaves, little bells ring. Little grass, little flowers, little children sing, Little carts, little horses, little men run, Father went to buy little apples.</p> <p>Little apples, little pears, shining cheeks, Little clouds, little weeks, little years go by Little grandmas, little grandpas, laughing children, Little stars, little dots, little guards protect us.</p>	<p>בויםאלאך, בלעטאלאך, גלעקלאך קלינגען גרעזעלאך, בלימעלאך, קינדערלאך זינגען וועגעלאך, פערדעלאך, מענטשעלאך לויפן טאטע איז געפארן עפעלאך קויפן.</p> <p>עפעלאך, בארנדלאך, בעקעלאך בליען, כמארעלאך, וואכעלאך, יארעלאך ציען באבעלאך, זיידעלאך, קינדערלאך לאכן שטערנדלאך, פינטעלאך, שומר'לאך וואכן.</p>	<p>עצים-קטנים, עלים-קטנים, פעמונים-קטנים מצלצלים. דשאים-קטנים, פרחים-קטנים, ילדים שרים, עגלות-קטנות, סוסים-קטנים, אנשים-קטנים רצים אבא נסע לקנות תפוחים...</p> <p>תפוחים-קטנים, אגסים-קטנים, לחיים פורחות עננים-קטנים, שבועות-קטנים, שנים-קטנות חולפות... סבתות-קטנות, סבים-קטנים, ילדים צוחקים, כוכבים-קטנים, נקודות-קטנות, שומרים-קטנים מגינים.</p>

<p>Little dogs, little hares, little cats mew, Little flutes play, little drums drum. Little cows, little calves, goats bleat, Little he-farmers, little she-farmers wait . Little rains, little puddles, little creeks flow, Little canons, little guns, little soldiers shoot, Little boys, little girls happily sing, Little coins sparkle, little bells ring.</p>	<p>הינטעלאך, העזעלאך, קעצעלאך מיאוקן פלייטעלאך פייפן, פויקאלאך פויקן. קיעלאך, קעלבעלאך, ציגעלאך מעקן מוזשיקעס, פויערטעס טשעקן. רעגנדלאך, וואסערלאך, שטרוימעלאך פליסן הארמאטלאך, ביקסעלאך, זעלנערלאך שיסן ייגעלאך, מיידעלאך, פריילעכע זינגען מטבע'לאך בלישטשען, גלעקעלאך קלינגען.</p>	<p>כלבים-קטנים, ארנבים-קטנים, חתולים-קטנים מילים חלילים-קטנים מנגנים, תופים מתופפים. פרות-קטנות, עגלים-קטנים, עזים משמיעים מהההה. איכרים-קטנים, איכרות-קטנות מחכות... גשמים-קטנים, שלוליות-קטנות, נחלים- קטנים זורמים, תותחים-קטנים, רובים-קטנים, חיילים- קטנים יורים, ילדים-קטנים, ילדות-קטנות בשמחה שרות, מטבעות-קטנות נוצצות – פעמונים-קטנים מצלצלים...</p>
<p>25. A Game Text: AlizahGreenblatt Trans.: Eliyahu Schleifer</p>	<p>א שפיל אזא עליזה גרינבלאט</p>	<p>נגינה כזאת (משחק כזה) טקסט: עליזה גרינבלאט תרגום: אליהו שליפר</p>
<p>Yiddell, Yiddel take a fiddle/ Play a happy song for me. One, two, three/ Ha, Ha, Ha./ Such a game let us play. Zeidl, Freidl, in a ring,/ You will dance and I shall jump. Chaike, Baike, play the piano/ so delicately and so calm. One, two, three/ Ha, Ha, Ha./ Let us play such a game. Velfke prankster take a step,/Take out the saxophone, Itzik, Spitzik, the fat bass,/ do a trick and turn around. One, two, three/ Ha, Ha, Ha./ Such a game so let us play. Sheindl skinny, you black cat,/ Take a stick and drum the tray, Yankl, Bankl, take one too,/ Strike the cymbal, play it, do. One, two, three/ Ha, Ha, Ha./ So let us play such a game.</p>	<p>אידל, אידל, נעם דעם פידל/ שפיל מיר אויף א פריילעך לידל. איינס, צוויי, דריי, /חא, חא, חא, /שפילן מיר א שפיל אזא. זיידל, פריידל, אין א רינג, /דו א טאנץ און איך א שפרונג חייקע, בייקע, פיאנא שפיל/ אזוי צארט, און אזוי שטיל. איינס, צוויי, דריי, /חא, חא, חא, /שפילן מיר א שפיל אזא. וועלפקע מזיק גיב א שפאן, /נעם ארויס דעם סאקסאפאן איציק שפיציק גראבער באס, /מאך א קונץ און דריי זיך אויס איינס, צוויי, דריי, /חא, חא, חא, /שפילן מיר א שפיל אזא. שיינדל, ביינדל שווארצע קאץ, /נעם א שטעקל פויק אין טאץ, יאנקל באנקל נעם אויך דו, /אויף א צימבל צימבל צו. איינס, צוויי, דריי, /חא, חא, חא, /שפילן מיר א שפיל אזא.</p>	<p>אידל, אידל קח כנור/ נגן לי שיר עליז אחת, שתיים שלוש, /חה, חה, חה, /נשחק משחק כזה. זיידל, פריידל, במעגל/ רקדו ואני אקפוץ חייקה, בייקה, נגני בפסנתר/ נגינה כה רכה וכה שקטה אחת, שתיים שלוש, /חה, חה, חה, /נשחק משחק כזה. וולווה המזיק צעד בעוז/ הוצא את הסקסופון איציק שפיציק עם הבאס השמן, / עשה קונץ והסתובב אחת, שתיים שלוש, /חה, חה, חה, /נשחק משחק כזה. שיינדל הרזה, חתולה שחורה/ קחי מקל והקישו במגש, יאנקל, באנקל, קח גם אתה/ וצלצל במצלתיים. אחת, שתיים שלוש, /חה, חה, חה, /נשחק משחק כזה.</p>

<p>26. Jewish Street Text: Abraham Sutzkewer Trans.: Eliyahu Schleifer</p>	<p>יידישע גאס אברהם סוצקעווער</p>	<p>רחוב יהודי טקסט: אברהם סוצקבר תרגום: אליהו שליפר</p>
<p>You have not perished; your emptiness is full, Full with the people, as my eye with my mother. Somewhere there shimmers a holy page, a synagogue Not possessed by the flames; Unearthly are your borders. Deep were and will be your roots, Here is the beard on a bluish Talmud, Here is the holy shop with the apple cider. Jewish street.</p> <p>You are the melody, which generations ago The Klezmer played, the master of the street. He is not poor who was granted the fortune To hear your glory, the hum-bum of the bass.</p> <p>Here is the flag, of blood-rain wet, Here is Mire the teacher in class. Jewish street</p> <p>Your melody lives on, O silent musician, Your image radiates stronger o'er your ground. Homeless, frozen; I am your sensor, Your heritage with faithfulness, in eternal bond. Who said: "It disappeared!" A lie, a joke. Here you are again, precious and Higher than hatred, loftier than that shrew Time. Jewish street.</p>	<p>יידישע גאס. ביסט ניט פארגאנגען דיין פוסטקייט איז פול, פול מיט'ן פאָלק ווי מיין אויג מיט דער מאמען. ערגעץ נאָך קלאטערט א שיימע, א שול, קיין שליטה די פלאמען, אומערדיש דיין גבול. טיף איז געווען און וועט זיין - דיינע שטאמען, אַט איז די באַרד אויף א בלויליכן ש"ס, אַט איז דאָס הייליקע קרעמל מיט קוואס. יידישע גאס. דו ביסט דער ניגון וואָס דורות צוריק געשפילט האָט דער קליזמר, דער מייסטער פון גאס. ניט אַרעם איז דער וועם געשאנקען דאס גליק צו הערן דיין פראכט, דאָס בומקען פון באס. אַט איז די פאָנע פון בלוטרעגן נאס, אַט איז די לערערין מירע אין קלאס. יידישע גאס. עס לעבט דיין ניגון דו שטילער שפילער, דיין געביין שטראלט שטארקער אין אייגענעם גרונד. פארוואָגלט, פארגליווערט בין דאָך דיין דערפילער, דיין ירושה מיט ערליכקייט אין עוויגן בונד. ווער זאָגט פארשוונדן, א ליגן, א שפאס. אַט ביסט דו ווידער א זוינס, א זאס, העכער פון האס, פון צייט די מרשעת. יידישע גאס.</p>	<p>רחוב יהודי לא נכחדת, ריקנותך מלאה, העם ממלא אותה כמו שאמי ממלאת את עיני. פה ושם מרצדים פיסת נייר קדושה, בית כנסת, לא שלטו בכך הלהבות, גבולך מעל לארץ. עמוקים היו ויהיו - שורשיך, הנה הזקן על תלמוד כחלחל, הנה החנות הקדושה עם משקה הקוואס. רחוב יהודי אתה הוא הניגון אשר לפני דורות ניגן הכלי-זמר, אמן הרחוב. לא עני הוא זה אשר זכה לשמוע את תפארתך, את הנהימה של נגן הבאס. הנה הדגל הרטוב מגשם של דם, הנה המורה מירה בכיתה. רחוב יהודי חי הניגון שלך, הו נגן שקט, קומתך קורנת ביתר שאת על אדמתך שלך. חסר-בית, קפוא, בכל זאת אני הוא החש אותך, נאמן למורשתך בברית עולם. מי אומר: "נעלמת"? זה שקר, זו בדיחה. הנה אתה שוב כאן, יחיד ומיוחד גבוה מעל השנאה, מעל הזמן - אותה מרשעת. רחוב יהודי</p>

Appendix ii:

YIDDISH AND HEBREW ART SONGS by
ARIE BEN EREZ ABRAHAMSON (1904-1992)

THE FELICJA BLUMENTAL MUSIC CENTER, TEL-AVIV, 25 MARCH 2007

THE ARTISTS

Baritone, PROF. ELIYAHU SCHLEIFER has served as Professor of Sacred Music and Director of the Cantorial Studies Program at the Hebrew Union College, Jerusalem, since 1987. He received his training in Hazzanut with Hazzan Shlomo Zalman Rivlin at the Shirat Yisrael Institute in Jerusalem. He is a graduate of the Rubin Academy of Music, Jerusalem and served as research assistant of Dr. Edith Gerson-Kiwi recording and analyzing the music of various Jewish communities. Cantor Schleifer continued his studies at the University of Chicago where he received his Ph.D. in musicology.

AHOVA BABAYOFF KREMER Born in Jerusalem, Israel, Ahouva Babayoff-Kremer received her artist's and teacher's diploma in piano, and her B.Mus. and M.Mus. degrees from the Rubin Academy of Music, Tel-Aviv University. In 1991, she was a visiting scholar at Cornell University, U.S.A., where she studied fortepiano with the eminent artist Malcolm Bilson on a grant from Bar-Ilan University. She returned to Cornell in 1994 during her sabbatical year, for research and the study of eighteenth-century performance practice on keyboard instruments. In 1983-1985, she studied the cembalo with Shimon Ruchmann at Bar-Ilan University, and continued her study of the harpsichord in 2004 with Zvi Meniker at the Hochschule für Musik und Theater in Hannover, Germany. She has participated in Master-Classes for early music in Israel (1992-1997), Belgium (1992, 2000), Holland (1990, 1991, 1994), and Italy (1993, 2001). Active as a fortepianist, pianist, chamber musician and accompanist, Ahouva Babayoff-Kremer has performed in Austria, Belgium, Canada, the Czech Republic, Italy, and Turkey. Her articles focus on the fortepiano, the pedal during the Classic period, and the controversies concerning authentic performance. She also publishes on the subject of music education for young students and adults, and has written numerous reviews and critiques. Ahouva Babayoff-Kremer is on the faculty of the Music Department at Bar-Ilan University, where for more than 25 years, she has been teaching fortepiano, four-hand music, and chamber music performance.

EVA BEN-ZVI Born in Kaunas, Lithuania, soprano Eva Ben-Zvi holds a Master's degree in piano studies, and completed her vocal training at the Rubin Academy of Music, Tel-Aviv University, and at the Staatliche Hochschule für Musik in Detmold, Germany. She performs extensively as a soloist with symphony orchestras and chamber ensembles in the Czech Republic, Germany, France, Italy, Israel, Lithuania, Poland, Russia and Switzerland. She was the first Israeli to perform at the Kremlin in a performance dedicated to the 850th anniversary of the city of Moscow. Eva Ben-Zvi has recorded 5 CD's, among them the Grigory Fried monologue-opera "The Diary of Anne Frank," 1992, with the orchestra of the Bolshoi Theater, which was highly praised by the *Opera International Magazine* in Paris. In 1998, she recorded a collection of Israeli art songs—"Stride Between Verses," the first CD to be recorded by the IMC, Israel Music Center. Her CD "Jewish Music From Russia," 2000, recorded with the Bolshoi Theater Orchestra, received outstanding reviews in Paris and New York. Apart from the standard Classic and Romantic music in her repertoire, Eva Ben-Zvi frequently performs contemporary music, some especially composed for her. She is on the faculty of the Music Department at Bar-Ilan University where she been teaches voice.

JOSHUA BREITZER, tenor, is in the first year of study toward cantorial investiture at Hebrew Union College-Jewish Institute of Religion in Jerusalem. In May 2006, Mr. Breitzer completed a Master's degree in voice from the New England Conservatory of Music in Boston, where he made his debut as Alfredo in *La Traviata* with Longwood Opera. He has also performed in productions of *The Magic*

Flute, The Turn of the Screw and *A Talent to Amuse: An Evening with Noel Coward*. Mr. Breitzer was a Resident Opera Artist at the Pine Mountain Music Festival and appears on the multi-GRAMMY award-winning album of William Bolcom's *Songs of Innocence and of Experience*. Born and raised in mid-Michigan, he is a graduate of the University of Michigan where he studied both voice and political science and sang with its renowned Men's Glee Club. Mr. Breitzer is a featured soloist on *With All My Soul: The Music of Kabbalat Shabbat at Kehillat Kol HaNeshamah* and on a forthcoming album of High Holiday music, both available from KBY Congregations Together.

AYA SCHLEIFER (LAIPSKER) received her Artist Diploma as a graduate of the Rubin Academy of Music, Jerusalem, where she studied piano with Sonia Valin. During her studies and later she served as the regular accompanist of the "Kol Zion La-Golah" (later "Kol Yisrael") Choir. She continued her piano studies at DePaul University in Chicago, where she received her Master's degree (*cum laude*). Aya Schleifer has appeared in concerts of various chamber groups and in song recitals in Chicago and Israel and her performances are recorded by the Israeli national radio station "Kol Yisrael". Currently, Aya Schleifer is a senior faculty member of the Conservatory of the Jerusalem Academy of Music and Dance.

Mezzo Soprano MIKHAL SHIFF MATTER has a career on two stages. As a young woman she trained and performed in opera, light opera, and musicals. She continued to become a professional cantor serving congregations in the US and Israel. She was invested as a cantor and received a Master's degree in sacred music -from the Hebrew Union College in 1986. After serving in three congregations, she spent a year in Israel—a year never ending, in which she met her husband and birthed two daughters in Jerusalem. In 1991, Mikhal sang the role of Hata in the New Israel Opera's production of the *Bartered Bride* by Smetana. She is a member of the Jerusalem MADRIGAL QUARTET, whose concerts are broadcast on radio and television and presented in schools throughout Israel. For many years she led services at the Jerusalem campus of the Hebrew Union College, where she taught and coached hundreds of rabbinic and cantorial students. Between the years 2001-2005, Mikhal held a cantorial position in Arizona (USA). In Israel, she participates in Jewish and secular music venues, and performs on stage, notably in the production of Gilbert and Sullivan operettas.