UPCOMING CONCERTS AND EVENTS

Celebrating David Renner
Sunday, September 10, 3:00 PM
Bates Recital Hall

Catharine Lysinger & Alex McDonald
Monday, September 25, 7:30 PM
Bates Recital Hall

Anton Nel on the Foretepiano
Sunday, October 8, 4:00 PM
Jessen Auditorium

Stephen Page, saxophone
Thursday, October 12, 7:30 PM
Bates Recital Hall

Kristin Jensen, bassoon
Saturday, October 28, 7:30 PM
Jessen Auditorium

Butler Opera Center PRESENTS
Mozart: Così fan tutte
Friday, October 27, 7:30 PM
Sunday, October 29, 4:00 PM
Friday, November 3, 7:30 PM
Sunday, November 5, 4:00 PM
All Performances in McCullough Theatre

Andrew Brownell, piano
Saturday, November 4, 7:30 PM
Bates Recital Hall

Miró Quartet
Thursday, November 16, 7:30 PM
Bates Recital Hall

Butler Trio
Wednesday, November 29, 7:30 PM
Jessen Auditorium

BARITONE
DAVID SMALL

Friday, September 8, 7:30 PM
Bates Recital Hall

WITH GUEST ARTIST AND FACULTY
Gregory Allen, piano
Kristin Wolfe Jensen, bassoon
Robert Kassinger, double bass

This program will feature music about the Holocaust during World War II, including works by composers and poets who were in the Theresienstadt concentration camp.

Tonight’s program notes written by Paul Grobey, program annotator for the Butler School of Music.

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THE UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS AT AUSTIN • COLLEGE OF FINE ARTS
Douglas Dempster, Dean

SARAH AND ERNEST BUTLER SCHOOL OF MUSIC
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ABOUT THE PROGRAM

Holocaust 1944
Lori Laitman

Born: January 12, 1955, Long Beach, New York
Work Composed: 2000
Premiered: November 6, 2000, Seattle, WA; baritone Erich Parce and bassist Gary Karr
Estimated Duration: approximately 30 minutes

Lori Laitman is one of American’s predominant composers of vocal music and art song, earning acclaim in recent years as an opera composer. Holocaust 1944, a cycle of seven songs for baritone and double bass, is the second of four commissions of her music from Music of Remembrance, a Seattle-based performing ensemble with bi-annual concerts marking both Holocaust Remembrance Day and the anniversary of Kristallnacht (otherwise known as the “Night of Broken Glass,” it is considered by many to be the tangible beginning of the Holocaust). The present cycle is somewhat of a sequel to I Never Saw Another Butterfly (1996), a song cycle for soprano and alto saxophone using texts by child prisoners during the Reich.

In Holocaust 1944, Laitman strove to unite the darker timbres of the double bass and baritone voice with poetry of a darker slant. Of the five poets represented, one died in the Holocaust; three others lost family members to the Nazis. She writes: “My goal as a composer is to be true to the spirit of each poem, and to enhance its emotional content by my musical settings... From the frustration found in the opening song, I Did Not Manage to Save, to the tale of the baby rescued from the ghetto, Both Your Mothers, to mass murder, Massacre of the Boys, leading to the final song of futility and despair... this cycle creates an album of pain, hope, futility, life, and death.” Laitman generally treats the double bass and baritone as fully independent dramatic entities, their complex interwoven lines generating, at different times, humor, strife, conflict, and unity.
In the German-speaking lands where he worked at the end of the nineteenth century, Gustav Mahler was an unusual and controversial musician. Though his instrument from youth was the piano, he gained early aptitude and skill as an opera conductor, which became his primary vocation, though he also often worked as a symphonic conductor. He was often a man apart from his contemporaries: his relentless rigor in rehearsal and the demands placed on his forces precipitated challenges to duel, among other altercations; his conducting theatrics generated mixed reviews; and his earliest attempts at composition were met, even by his supporters, with some bewilderment. Plagued by anti-Semitism, the Jewish Mahler was an unlikely yet strong enthusiast for the music of Richard Wagner, which, along with Mozart’s, comprised much of his staple repertoire.

Like Wagner, poetry and the voice are central to Mahler’s compositions. He was often at work simultaneously on song cycles and symphonies, and song materials frequently find their way into symphonic projects. Such is certainly the case with *Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen*, one of the first Rückert-Lieder composed in summer 1901, some snatches of which briefly appear in the fifth symphony’s famed *Adagietto*. He gravitated, especially in later works, towards texts with themes of death, heaven, eternity, and possibly the abdication of Nietzsche’s “Will”; the text of *Ich bin der Welt* is one such. The work’s harmonic and formal transparency suits the uncomplicated spirit of the poem. The second stanza’s explanation is only slightly more animated, while the third is enclosed by the return of the gently expansive music from the song’s beginning, depicting the author’s soft evaporation into blissful eternity.

**“Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen”**
Gustav Mahler

**Born:** July 7, 1860, Kaliště (Kalischt), Czech Republic  
**Died:** May 18, 1911, Vienna, Austria  
**Work Composed:** Summer 1901, Maiernigg am Wörthersee  
**Premiered:** January 29, 1905, Vienna, Mahler conducting  
**Estimated Duration:** approximately 7 minutes

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“I don’t particularly care about ‘sincerity,’ I try to make art,” Ravel once said. The famed Parisian composer was known for a shockingly unapologetic approach to his craft, penning works ranging from breathtakingly picturesque, to charmingly simple, to intensely bleak. The success of his previous Hebrew song setting, the 1910 Chanson hébraïque from the Chants populaires (“Popular Songs”) led to the commission of the present work in 1914 by St. Petersburg Opera soprano Alvina Alvi. Later that year, Ravel would quickly complete his Piano Trio in advance of enlisting for military service, with relatively few works dating from the following First World War period. A composer not afraid to take his time (he claims to have spent three years removing notes from his Violin Sonata), it is significant that Ravel completed the Deux mélodies within half a year.

All of Ravel’s output seems to strive for the right balance between precision and expression, an ideal he cherished in the poetry of Edgar Allen Poe (1809-1849), whom he considered his third teacher after his mentors at the Paris Conservatoire, Gabriel Fauré and André Gédalge. In his vocal writing, Ravel usually opted for a text-driven, recitative-like style (not wholly unlike that of his contemporary, Debussy) which is found in Kaddish, with improvisatory, expressive outpourings revolving spiritually around the piano’s persistent “pedal” (constant) note, G. The languid vocal lines and coldly mechanistic accompaniment of L’énigme éternelle underscore the substantial semantic and linguistic differences between the two texts—the first, an elaborate Magnificat from the synagogue service in Aramaic and Hebrew; the second, a concise, traditional Yiddish verse—and anticipates Ravel’s later postwar bitonality.

Deux mélodies hébraïques
Maurice Ravel

Born: March 7, 1875, Ciboure, France
Died: December 28, 1937, Paris, France
Work Composed: 1914, Saint-Jeande-Luz
Premiered: June, 1914; soprano Alvina Alvi with Ravel at the piano
Estimated Duration: approximately 7 minutes

Baritone David Small enjoys an established and continuing career on the operatic and concert stage. Equally comfortable with comedy or drama, his repertoire is richly varied, including performances of well over fifty different operatic roles. In 1991, he debuted his Figaro in Il Barbiere di Siviglia for the Lyric Opera of Kansas City with great success, and subsequently has enjoyed over one hundred performances of the role. He made his Austin Lyric debut in this signature role in 1998 and repeated it for ALO in the 2007 season. His Figaro has charmed audiences for the opera companies of Des Moines Metro Opera, Fresno, Nevada, Dayton, Toledo, Lyric Opera Cleveland, and on tour of France and Spain with Il Teatro Lirico d’Europa. Mr. Small’s repertoire also includes Escamillio (Carmen), Dr. Malatesta (Don Pasquale), Belcore (L’Elisir d’Amore), The Pirate King (Pirates of Penzance), Girard (Andrea Chenier), Valentin (Faust), Danilo (Merry Widow), Don Giovanni (Don Giovanni), Il Conte d’Almaviva (Le Nozze di Figaro), Guglielmo (Cosi fan Tutte), Papageno (The Magic Flute), The Four Villains (Les Contes d’Hoffman), Marcello (La Bohème), Scarpia (Tosca), Sharpless (Madama Butterfly), High Priest (Samson et Delila), Eisenstein (Die Fledermaus), Faninal (Der Rosenkavalier), Germont (La Traviata), and many others. Mr. Small sang and recorded the role of Tony in Menotti’s Help, Help the Globolinks! for Madison Opera and is heard on Newport Classics with John DeMain conducting. He is featured on the recording of Jerre Tanner’s The Kona Coffee Cantata with the Prague Chamber Orchestra, as well as discs The Songs of Joseph Marx and Classical Carols, produced by Hal Leonard Publications.

Mr. Small earned an Artist Diploma in opera and a Master of Music in vocal performance from the University of Cincinnati College-Conservatory of Music under the tutelage of the late Metropolitan Opera basso Italo Tajo. He also studied at the DePauw University School of Music with Thomas Fitzpatrick (student of Mack Harrell) and received a Bachelor of Music in vocal performance with a Performer’s Certificate.
ABOUT THE GUEST ARTISTS

Gregory Allen, Professor of Piano, was the Grand Prize winner of the 1980 Arthur Rubinstein International Piano Competition in Tel Aviv, won the second prize at the 1978 Queen Elisabeth Competition in Brussels, and received top honors in the Los Angeles Young Musicians Foundation, the Gina Bachauer, and the Washington International Competitions. He has appeared with the New York, Los Angeles, and Israel Philharmonics, as well as orchestras in San Francisco, San Diego, Baltimore, Houston, Austin, and San Antonio. Major teachers include John Perry, Jerome Lowenthal, and Leon Fleisher.

Bassoonist Kristin Wolfe Jensen, has been on the faculty at The University of Texas at Austin Butler School of Music since 1995, and is also on the faculty of the International Festival Institute at Round Top and principal bassoonist with the River Oaks Chamber Orchestra. In addition she has made a number of acclaimed solo and chamber music recordings. An esteemed pedagogue, she has given guest recitals and master classes at many major American music schools and her former UT students hold major orchestral positions and university teaching positions around the country.

Robert Kassinger was appointed to the Chicago Symphony Orchestra in 1993. Prior to Chicago, Rob performed as assistant principal bass with the Colorado Symphony and also played with the New Orleans Symphony. In addition to his busy schedule with the orchestra, he is an active chamber musician. Rob performs with the Revolution Ensemble, the Orion Ensemble, Fulcrum Point, Ars Viva, Music of the Baroque, the Callisto Ensemble, MusicNow, and broadcasts on WFMT and WTTW. He has been a featured guest with Yo-Yo Ma’s Silk Road Ensemble, and has performed Schubert’s “Trout” Quintet with Daniel Barenboim.

ABOUT THE POETS OF HOLOCAUST 1944

Jerry Ficowki, Polish poet, translator, literary critic. He was born in Poland in 1924. Ficowki fought in the Polish army in the war, and his work is particularly focused on the sufferings of the gypsies and the victims of the Holocaust in Poland. His poem ‘Your two mothers’ concerns the story of his wife who was smuggled out of the Warsaw Ghetto immediately after she was born, and brought up by a foster mother. Her natural Jewish mother perished.

David Vogel, Jewish poet who wrote in Hebrew. Vogel was born in 1891 in Russia and grew up in Vilna and Lviv. As a young man he settled in Vienna where he was arrested as a Russian enemy alien during World War One. Afterwards he settled in Paris and with the onset of the Second World War he was arrested again, this time as an Austrian enemy alien. In 1944 he was arrested yet once more by the Naxis and thereafter disappeared, presumably deported.

Tadeusz Rózewicz, Polish poet, was born in Radomsko, central Poland. He was involved in the Polish Resistance and after the war studied art history at the University of Cracow. His work has been translated into many languages and in 1966 he was awarded Poland’s most prestigious literary award, the State Prize for Literature, First Class. As a witness of the German Occupation in Poland, Rózewicz wrote, “What I produced is poetry for the horror-stricken. For those abandoned to butchery. For survivors.”

Anne Ranasinghe, poet, born as Anneliese Katz in Essen, Germany. She was brought to England in 1939, the only one of her family to be rescued from the Nazis. She trained as a journalist and married a univesity professor from Sri Lanka where she now lives. She began to write in 1969 and her poems have appeared in a number of periodicals and have been anthologies world-wide.

Karen Gershon, poet and prose writer, born in Bielefeld, Germany, in 1923. She was brought to England in 1939 without her family. She made a name for herself when she wrote We Came As Children, 1966. She was a pioneer in writing of her inter life as a German refugee in England. Unlike more sophisticated poets who sometimes used Holocaust imagery for other purposes (e.g. Sylvia Plath, Anne Sexton), Karen Gershon wrote in a straightforward way about the effects of the Holocaust on individuals, and of her unending grief for her parents who perished. She died in 1991.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>HOLOCAUST 1944</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>Lori Laitman</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>I Did Not Manage to Save</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jerzy Ficowski</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>trans. Keith Bosley and Krystyna Wandycz</td>
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<tr>
<td>I did not manage to save a single life</td>
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<td>I did not know how to stop a single bullet</td>
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<td>and I wander round cemeteries which are not there</td>
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<td>I look for words which are not there</td>
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<td>I run to help where no one called to rescue after the event</td>
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<td>I want to be on time even if I am too late</td>
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<td><strong>How Can I See You, Love</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>David Vogel</td>
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<tr>
<td>trans. A. C. Jacobs</td>
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<tr>
<td>How can I see you, love, Standing alone</td>
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<tr>
<td>Amid storms of grief</td>
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<td>Without feeling my heart shake?</td>
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<td>A deep night, Blacker than the blackness of your eyes, Has fallen silently</td>
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<td>On the world</td>
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<td>And is touching your curls.</td>
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<td>Come, My hand will clasp your dreaming</td>
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<td>Hand, And I shall lead you between the nights,</td>
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<td>Through the pale mists of childhood, Thus (as) my father (once) guided me</td>
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<td>To the house of prayer.</td>
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<td>**Both Your Mothers</td>
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<tr>
<td>Jerzy Ficowski</td>
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<tr>
<td>trans. Keith Bosley</td>
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<tr>
<td>Under a futile Torah</td>
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<tr>
<td>under an imprisoned star</td>
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<td>your mother gave birth to you</td>
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<td>you have proof of her beyond doubt and death</td>
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<td>the scar of the navel the sign of parting for ever</td>
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<td>which had no time to hurt you this you know</td>
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<td>Later you slept in a bundle</td>
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<td>carried out of the ghetto</td>
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<td>someone said in a chest knocked together somewhere in Nowolipie Street</td>
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<td>with a hole to let in air but not fear</td>
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<td>hidden in a cart load of bricks</td>
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<td>You slipped out in this little coffin</td>
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<td>redeemed by stealth from that world to this world all the way to the Aryan side and fire took over</td>
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<td>the corner you left vacant</td>
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<td>So you did not cry</td>
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<td>crying could have meant death</td>
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<td>luminal hummed you its lullaby and you nearly were not so that you could be</td>
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<td>But the mother who was saved in you could now step into crowded death happily incomplete could instead of memory give you for a parting gift her own likeness and a date and a name so much</td>
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<td>And at once a chance someone hastily bustled about your sleep and then stayed for a long always and washed you of orphan hood and swaddled you in love and became the answer to your first word</td>
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<td>That is how both your mothers taught you not to be surprised at all when you say I am</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>What Luck</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>Tadeusz Rozenwicz</td>
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<tr>
<td>trans. Adam Czerniawski</td>
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<td>What luck I can pick berries in the wood I thought there is no wood no berries.</td>
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<td>What luck I can lie in the shade of a tree</td>
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<td>I thought trees no longer give shade.</td>
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<td>What luck I am with you my heart beats so I thought man has no heart</td>
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<td><strong>Massacre of the Boys</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>Tadeusz Rozewicz</td>
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<tr>
<td>trans. Adam Czerniawski</td>
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<tr>
<td>The children cried ‘Mummy!’ But I have been good! It’s dark in here! Dark!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>See them They are going to the bottom See the small feet they went to the bottom Do you see that print of a small foot here and there pockets bulging with string and stones and little horses made of wire</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A great closed plain like a figure of geometry and a tree of black smoke a vertical dead tree with no star in its crown.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Race</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Karen Gershon</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>When I returned to my home town believing that no one would care who I was and what I thought it was as if the people caught an echo of me everywhere</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
they knew my story by my face
and I who am always alone
became a symbol of my race

Like every living Jew I have
in imagination seen
the gas-chamber the mass-grave
the unknown boy which was mine
and found in every German face
behind the mask the mark of Cain
I will not make their thoughts my own
by hating people for their race

**Holocaust 1944 | to my mother**
Anne Ranasinghe

I do not know
In what strange far off earth
They buried you;
Nor what harsh northern winds
Blow through the stubble,
The dry, hard stubble
Above your grave.

And did you think of me
That frost-blue December morning.
Snow-heavy and bitter,
As you walked naked and shivering
Under the leaden sky.
In the last moment
When you knew it was the end,
The end of nothing
And the beginning of nothing.
Did you think of me?

Oh I remember you my dearest,
Your pale hands spread
In the ancient blessing
Your eyes bright and shining
Above the candles
Intoning the blessing
Blessed be the Lord...

**Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen**
(I am lost to the world) Friedrich Rückert

I am lost to the world
With which I used to waste so much time,
It has for so long heard nothing from me
That it may very well believe that I am
dead!

It is of no consequence to me
If it thinks me dead;
I cannot deny it,
For I truly am dead to the world.

I am dead to the world’s tumult
And I rest in a quiet realm!
I live alone in my heaven,
In my love
And in my song

**Deux mélodies hébraïques**
(Two Hebrew melodies)
Maurice Ravel

Kaddish
Magnified and sanctified be His great name
Throughout the world
Which He has created according to His will.
May He establish His kingdom during the
days of our life
And the life of all
Speedily and soon and let us say: Amen.

Exalted and glorified, lauded and praised,
Acclaimed and honored be the name of
the Holy One
Blessed be He, praised beyond all blessing
and hymns,
Beyond all tributes that mortals can
express
And let us say: Amen

**L’énigme éternelle** (The eternal enigma)

If the world asks the old question
Tra la tra la la la la...
One answers:
Tra la la
And if one wishes, one can say:
Tra la la la Tra la la la
If the world asks the old question
Tra la la....

**Terezin-Lied**
Author unknown

I beg you not laugh about the things
That happen to me here daily
The oven, the holes, the little chair, the
housetops...
None of that can make me feel shy or
embarrassed.

I find it infuriating when someone
unleashes a stormy rage of speech
Words aren’t spared there, with sweetness
no one can wait even for something silly
that cannot happen,
So many people don’t understand.
I listen and don’t speak.
And only say:

We here in Terezin, we accept this life so
lightly
Because if we don’t it would be a mishap
Here there are beautiful women, a pleasure
to look at,
So I accept it gladly.
I’m free from all blame
And so I have patience even though
My heart it full of longing
We here in Terezin, we accept life lightly,
And love our little Terezin.

Should I die here, someone after me will
inherit my clothes and Ghetto money.
I rustle through the ether, greet my
forefathers
And am no longer in this world.
Tell, my loves, what happened here,
How we simply lived
Without any question at all.

By coffee, by tureen, and by soup,
Meat only through an eyeglass,
And that almost every day.
And dumplings
With cream from sweet girls,
No sign of any dogs and I say:

We here in Terezin, we accept this life so
lightly
Because if we don’t it would be a mishap
Here there are beautiful women, a pleasure
to look at,
So I accept it gladly.
I’m free from all blame
And so I have patience even though
My heart it full of longing
We here in Terezin, we accept life lightly,
And love our little Terezin.

**Und der Regen rinnt** (And the Rain Flows)
Ilse Weber

And the rain flows...
I think in the dark of you, my child.
The mountains are high and the sea is deep,
My heart is tired and heavy with longing.
Blessed be the Lord…
Your eyes bright and shining
In the last moment
Under the leaden sky.
Blow through the stubble,
In what strange far off earth

Holocaust 1944
by hating people for their race
I will not make their thoughts my own
behind the mask the mark of Cain
and found in every German face
the unknown boy which was mine
the gas-chamber the mass-grave
Like every living Jew I have
and I who am always alone
they knew my story by my face

And the life of all
May He establish His kingdom during the
Throughout the world

(Two Hebrew melodies)

And in my song
And I rest in a quiet realm!
I am dead to the world's tumult
For I truly am dead to the world.
It is of no consequence to me
dead!
With which I used to waste so much time,
(I am lost to the world) Friedrich Rückert
And the beginning of nothing.
The agony and the horror
And therein lies the agony,

We here in Terezin, we accept this life so
I listen and don't speak,
Words aren't spared there, with sweetness
I find it infuriating when someone

None of that can make me feel shy or

The oven, the holes, the little chair, the
Lied
One answers:
If the world asks the old question
And let us say: Amen
express
and hymns,
Blessed be He, praised beyond all blessing
Exalted and glorified, lauded and praised,

My heart is tired and heavy with longing.
The mountains are high and the sea is deep,
I think in the dark of you, my child.

Ilse Weber
And love our little Terezin.
And so I have patience even though
So I accept it gladly.
lightly
We here in Terezin, we accept this life so
And that almost every day.
Meat only through an eyeglass,
Without any question at all.

inherit my clothes and Ghetto money.
And I tried to be near you
I was transfixed by your glance
Now I don't have one anymore.
They took my home from me
with a hole to let in air
knocked together somewhere in Nowolipie
but not fear
hidden in a cart load of bricks
redeemed by stealth
a single life

Jerzy Ficowski
I Did Not Manage to Save

Ich wandre durch Theresienstadt
(I wander through Theresienstadt)
Ilse Weber

I wander through Theresienstadt
My heart as heavy as lead
Until my path ends
Right there on the bastion.

There I stop on the bridge
And look out over the valley
I want so much to keep going
I want so much to go home.

Home! You magical, wonderful word
You weigh my heart down
They took my home from me
Now I don't have one anymore.

I turn, troubled and dull,
And I'm so sad as I turn.
Theresienstadt, when will the pain and
sorrow end?
When will we again be free?

Ich weiß bestimmt ich werd dich wiedersohn
(I know for certain I will see you again)
Ludwig Hift

When I saw you for the first time
I was transfixed by your glance
And your smile seemed like a ray of
sunshine and happiness
And I tried to be near you

As you went by me
I felt so rich
And knew immediately
That love's springtime laughed at us

I know for certain I will see you again
And hold you in my arms
And everything rejoices in me
How love it will be to kiss you forever.

What happened before is now sunken and
forgotten,
No shadows worry the sunshine
Who can then measure our happiness
And I want to be with you always.

But fate ripped you from me,
Far over land and sea
And now many years of heavy worries
Lay between us.
Built deep longing takes me, which doesn't
make me tired;
I have, day and night, thought only of you
And within me there sings the song:

I know for certain I will see you again
And hold you in my arms
And everything rejoices in me
How love it will be to kiss you forever.

What happened before is now sunken and
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No shadows worry the sunshine
Who can then measure our happiness
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