

Voices of the Holocaust

A Program of Music by Jewish Composers, 1891-1970

In pre-World War II German society, Jews took full part in the creative life of the culture. Although there were restrictions on Jews as a group (for example, membership in certain organizations was regularly forbidden to Jews), individuals were free to pursue their creative, educational and professional endeavors, resulting in a highly assimilated German Jewish population. The result of this assimilation was to produce artists who were proud of both their Jewish identities as well as their nationalities. During World War I, Jews initially fought gladly for their country, happy for the opportunity to demonstrate their patriotism. At the same time, Jewish cultural societies, student groups, and synagogues flourished, signifying a strong sense of Jewish identity within the dominant German culture. The rise of Nazism, however, made clear that Europe's history of anti-Semitism was a far less distant memory than it had seemed to assimilated German Jews.

The composers on this program represent Jews from across the spectrum of observance, but because of the Nazi program of systematic persecution of all Jews (in Germany as well as the countries they invaded), these individuals were turned into a monolithic, generic and stereotyped mass. It was no longer possible for them to be both German and Jewish, and in this way the Nazis silenced some of the most gifted voices in their artistic world. Their stories are unique as are their compositions, and some have gone largely unheard due to the success of the Nazi suppression of their art. For example, Robert Kahn wrote over 200 songs, but since he was no longer allowed to publish his music after 1933, these songs as well as his other compositions languish in obscurity, most not even available in the U.S. In this program I seek to tell the stories of these individuals, and let their unique voices be heard.

Kurt Weill (1900-1950) was the son of a cantor and composer and was raised in a family that was intimately connected with Jewish observance and identity. *Ofrah's Lieder* were composed in 1916 while Weill was still a teenager, but his talent had already been recognized and fostered at an early age. He wrote these songs for a synagogue concert in his home town of Dessau, and for that reason, chose to set texts by the great Jewish poet and philosopher from the 12th century, Judah Halevi, some of whose original Hebrew poems had recently been published in German translation. Although famous for his religious-themed poetry, Halevi also wrote secular love poetry, and Weill was drawn to the erotic Songs of Ofrah rather than Halevi's poetry on sacred themes. In the book *Kurt Weill und das Judentum (Kurt Weill and Judaism)* by Christian Kuhnt, the author characterizes these early songs as follows:

Ofrah's Songs are a symbiosis of elements of Jewish and German culture. The connection between German song of the Richard Strauss school and the poetry of Judah Halevi, which encompasses themes of longing and love, accomplishes in the secular realm what many German Jews saw as an ideal vision of the future: namely the mutual flowering of Jewish and German tradition, without the disavowal of one or the other.¹

¹ Kuhnt, p. 30. Translation by Caroline Helton.

One can indeed hear the influence of Richard Strauss in the operatic scope of these early songs. The selections on tonight's program are the first and last of the set, which begin with Ofrah's invitation to her somewhat shy lover and end with Ofrah's declaration of longing for and devotion to the lover who has now become her "proud eagle."

Ofrah's Lieder—Judah Halevi

In meinem Garten stehn zwei Rosen

In meinem Garten stehn zwei Rosen
Und harren dein, mit Dir zu kosen.
Als Schlangen lauern meine Locken,
am Blumenbeete meiner Wangen.

O, tue Freund, nicht so erschrocken und
nahe ihnen ohne Bangen;
Sie sollen, Trauter dich berücken in mir die
Schönste zu erblicken.

Nur dir fürwahr, mein stolzer Aar

Nur dir fürwahr, mein stolzer Aar,
ist hingegeben mein ganzes Leben.
Ich lechz' nach dir der Männer Zier,
bist der Gazelle Lebensquelle.
Die Taube ruft, durch Balsamduft,
O komme, raste auf meinem Aste.

Wann naht die Zeit voll Seligkeit,
da ich erwarme in deinem Arme?
Nur dir fürwahr, mein stolzer Aar,
ist hingegeben mein ganzes Leben.

Songs of Ofrah

In my garden stand two Roses

In my garden stand two roses
And hope and wait, to cuddle with you.
Like snakes my curls lurk
on the flowerbed of my cheeks.

O, friend, don't act so shocked and
come closer to them without fear;
They should, captivate and entrust you to glimpse
the most beautiful parts of me.

Only to you, my proud eagle

Only to you, my proud eagle
Is my whole life given.
I thirst for you, most handsome of all men,
You are the source of life.
The dove calls, through balsam scents,
O come, rest on my branch.

When will the rapturous time come,
That I may warm myself in your arms?
Only for you, my proud eagle
Is my whole life given.

Robert Kahn (1865-1951) is arguably the most obscure composer on tonight's program. Kahn's father was a well-to-do businessman in Mannheim, and Robert began life with many material advantages and full parental support for his musical education. As a young man he was able to meet and impress Johannes Brahms, and the two composers spent a few years in close contact toward the end of Brahms's life. This friendship was pivotal for Kahn, and in 1933, in commemoration of the 100th anniversary of Brahms's birth, Kahn published an account of their relationship entitled *Memories of Brahms (Erinnerungen an Brahms)*. Kahn was a successful composer, teacher, conductor and collaborative pianist, and his compositions are dominated by chamber music, piano compositions, songs and choral works. He served on the faculty of the Royal Conservatory of Music in Berlin and was also appointed to the Prussian Academy of the Arts. In 1934, despite his well-respected position and success as composer and performer, Kahn was forced by the Nazis to resign his post and forbidden to perform in public or to publish his compositions. At that point he went into what he called an "internal exile" to

his home outside of Berlin. In early 1939, however, at the age of 73, he and his wife made the decision to emigrate to England, where he continued to compose prolifically until his death in 1951.

The songs on tonight's program were chosen from Opus 12 through Opus 31, spanning the decade of the 1890s, from the time of his contact with Brahms to just after his appointment as a composition teacher at the Royal Conservatory of Music. Kahn chose to set the same German lyric poetry as many of his contemporaries (such as Richard Strauss, Wolf, Pfitzner and Reger) in a conservative but expressive Romantic style. In these songs the piano accompaniments serve as a backdrop for the story while a beautiful, symmetrical melody stands in front—there is very little interplay between the two, as one would find in Wolf, for example—and the harmonic language does not venture far off the diatonic path. They are little gems from the golden age of German song, with no hint of irony or exoticism, and certainly Kahn's Jewish heritage does not find expression in any aspect of these pieces.

Ständchen—A. v. Schack

Mach' auf, mach' auf, doch liese mein Kind,
um keinen vom Schlummer zu wecken!
Kaum murmelt der Bach, kaum zittert im Wind ein
Blatt in den Büschen und Hecken.
Drum leise, mein Mädchen, dass nichts sich regt,
nur leise die Hand auf die Klinke gelegt.

Mit Tritten, wie Tritte der Elfen so sacht, die über
Blumen hüpfen,
flieg' leicht hinaus in die Mondscheinnacht, zu mir
in den Garten zu schlüpfen.
Rings schlummern die Blüten am reiselnden Bach
und duften im Schlaf,
nur die Liebe ist wach.

Sitz' nieder, hier dämmert's geheimnisvoll unter
den Lindenbäumen.
Die Nachtigall uns zu Häupten soll von unsren
Küssen träumen, und die Rose, wenn sie am
Morgen erwacht, hochglüh'n von den
Wonneschauern der Nacht.

's ist ein so stiller heil'ger Tag

Gerhart Hauptmann

's ist ein so stiller heil'ger Tag,
man hört der Zeiten Flügelschlag.
Der erste Schnee mit leiser Hand deckt Anger zu
und Haideland.
Er hüllt mit lichtem Todtenschrein des Herbstes
düstre Trümmer ein.
Wär' für der Seele Trümmerfeld doch auch ein
solcher Schrein bestellt!

Serenade

Open up, open up, but quietly, my child,
So as to wake no one from slumber!
The brook hardly murmurs, in the wind hardly
shivers a leaf in the bushes and hedges.
Therefore quietly my maiden, so that nothing
arouses itself, only quietly lay your hand on the
doorknob.

With footsteps as dainty as elves,
hopping over flowers,
Fly lightly outside into the moonlit night,
Steal to me in the garden.
All around the blossoms slumber on the rustling
brook and are fragrant in sleep,
only Love is awake.

Sit down here, here where there is a secret twilight
under the linden trees.
The nightingale around our heads shall dream of our
kisses, and the rose, when she awakens in the
morning, will glow brightly from the blissful
tremors of the night.

'Tis such a still, holy day

'Tis such a still, holy day,
One hears the beating of Time's wings.
The first snow blankets the meadow and heath with
a quiet hand.
It covers the dark wreckage of autumn
with a light shroud.
If only there were also such a shroud prepared for
the ruins of my soul!

Mädchenlied—*Paul Heyse*

Der Himmel hat keine Sterne so klar,
das Meer so keine Korallen,
wie mir ein Menschaugenpaar und
Menschenlippen gefallen.

Er wandert unter den Sternen dahin,
er wandert über die Meere,
er geht mir immer durch den Sinn,
dem ich zu eigen gehöre.

Leise Lieder sing´ ich dir bei Nacht
Christian Morgenstern

Leise Lieder sing´ ich dir bei Nacht,
Lieder, die kein sterblich Ohr vernimmt,
Noch ein Stern, der etwa´ spähend wacht,
Noch der Mond, der still im Aether schwimmt.

Denen niemand, als das eigne Herz,
Das sie träumt, in stiller Wehmuth lauscht,
Und an denen niemand als der Schmerz,
Der sie zeugt, sich kummervoll berauscht.

Leise Lieder sing´ ich dir bei Nacht,
Dir in deren Aug´ mein Sinn versank,
Und aus dessen tiefem dunklen Schacht
Meine Seele ew´ge Sehnsucht trank.

Der Gärtner —*Eduard Möricke*

Auf ihrem Leibrösslein, so weiss wie der Schnee,
Die schönste Prinzessin reit´t durch die Allee.
Der Weg, den das Rösslein hintanzet so hold,
Der Sand, den ich streute, er blinket wie Gold.

Du rosenfarb´s Hütlein, wohl auf und wohl ab,
O wirf eine Feder verstohlen herab!
Und willst du dagegen eine Blüthe von mir,
Nimm tausend für Eine, nimm alle dafür!

Maiden Song

The heavens have no star so clear,
The sea has no such corals,
As pleasing to me as one pair of human eyes
and human lips.

He wanders towards me under the stars,
He wanders over the sea,
He moves constantly through my senses,
To him I belong as his very own.

Quiet Songs I sing to you by night

Quiet songs I sing to you by night,
Songs that no mortal ear perceives,
Nor a star, that watches like a spy,
Nor the moon, who swims quietly in the ether.

Songs that none but the self-same heart
That is dreaming them, listens for in deep sorrow,
And on which none but the pain that has devised
Them, sorrowfully intoxicates oneself.

Quiet songs I sing to you at night,
To you in whose eyes my sanity sank,
And out of whose deep, dark tunnel
My soul drank eternal longing.

The Gardner

On her little horse, as white as the snow,
The most beautiful princess rides through the
boulevard.
The path, on which the little horse dances so
innocently,
The sand I sprinkled shines like gold.

You rose-colored little hat, happily on and off,
Oh throw down a stolen feather!
And if in return you should want a blossom from
me,
Take a thousand for one, take all of them!

The story of the Austrian composer **Erich Korngold** (1897-1957) reads like a movie script, which is ironic, considering his role as a pioneer of the symphonic film score. He was a true child prodigy, producing his first opera in Vienna at the age of 12, and developing his own unique compositional voice at an early age. In his biography, Brendan G. Carroll describes Korngold's style as follows:

He did not, could not, abandon tonality entirely, although his language could be astonishingly ambiguous. The harmony is completely original, while his rhythms give the essential impetus to his music—elastic, restless, dependent on free rubato and that inherent Viennese lilt so beloved of Johann Strauss. Above all, he had a highly personal melodic gift, and he strove to create memorable and unusual themes, which were always the result of spontaneous inspiration.²

Korngold's father was trained as a lawyer, but a lifelong passion for music led him to a career as chief music critic at Vienna's *Neue Freie Presse* beginning in 1904. Because of his father's position, Erich was brought up in the company of artists and composers, but it was through the influence of a friend, the director Max Reinhardt, that he went to Hollywood for the first time in 1934, to adapt Mendelssohn's incidental music for the Warner Brothers' production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. He returned to Austria in 1935 to work on *Die Kathrin*, an opera that was to be premiered at the Vienna Staatsoper in 1938. But as 1938 approached, the situation in Europe was deteriorating, and there was an atmosphere of mounting apprehension concerning the future of Austria, especially among Jews. On January 22, 1938, Korngold received a telegram from Warner Brothers asking him if he could come to Hollywood in ten days to start work on a new film, *The Adventures of Robin Hood*. Interpreting the invitation as an omen, he accepted the offer, and the Korngolds left Austria on January 25. They arrived in Hollywood on February 7, and Hitler's army marched into Austria on March 13. The rest of Korngold's family was lucky enough to leave Austria on the last unrestricted train out of Vienna and to cross into Switzerland on the last day this was allowed, eventually joining him in Hollywood, leaving all their worldly possessions behind. The family did not remain destitute, however; because of his steady work with the movie studios, Korngold was one of the only composers from the list of European musical giants who emigrated to the U.S. (including Schoenberg, Stravinsky, Bartók and Hindemith) to achieve financial success in his new homeland. But that success in itself was not the fulfillment Korngold sought; he always longed to be recognized once more as a serious composer of art music, but he never received that recognition again during his lifetime.

Unvergänglichkeit, Op. 27 was composed in 1934, but not premiered until 1937. As it so happens, the concert featuring these songs was Korngold's last premiere in Vienna before the war. The songs immediately conjure the sound-world equivalent of Gustav Klimt, with their shimmering harmonies and sensual melodies. Korngold makes the unusual choice of repeating the first song verbatim as the last song of the set, which provides a dream-like bookend to the musical experience. Inside of that repetition, however, the individual songs of the set are strikingly unique, each possessing its own atmosphere and character, and I believe it is Korngold's capacity for capturing an individual dramatic moment through melody, harmony and rhythm that made him so successful as a composer of opera as well as film scores.

² Carroll, *The Last Prodigy*, p. 23.

Unvergänglichkeit—*Eleonore van der Straten*

Deine edlen weissen Hände
Legen meine Seel' zur Ruh'.
Wenn sie mienen Scheitel segnen,
schliess' ich meine Augen zu
Und sag' nur leise: Du!
Und Welten sinken in ein Nichts,
die Meere rauschen dumpf und weit.
Deine edlen weissen Hände sind mir
Unvergänglichkeit.

Das eilende Bächlein

Bächlein, Bächlein, wie du eilen kannst,
Rasch geschäftig, ohne Rast und Ruh'!
Wie du Steinchen mit dir nimmst—
Schau' dir gerne zu!

Doch das Bächlein spricht zu mir:
"Siehst du, liebes Kind,
Wie die Welle eilt und rast und vorüberrinnt?
Jeder Tropfen ist ein Tag,
Jede Welle gleicht dem Jahr—
Und du, du stehst am Ufer nur,
Sagst dir still: 'Es war.'"

Das schlafende Kind

Wenn du schläfst, ich segne dich, Kind,
Segne dich in deinen Kissen.
Wenn du lächelst hell im Traum, möcht' ich fragen:
Darf ich wissen was ein Englein dir jetzt sang?

Doch ich will dich träumen lassen,
Nichts ist schöner als der Traum.
Und du sollst auch niemals wissen,
Dass auch das Glück nur ein Traum.

Stärker als der Tod

Nimm meinen schweren Dornenkranz
Aus meinem weissen Haar,
Den Kranz der dunklen Schmerzgedanken.
Lass um mein müdes Haupt
Weinlaub der Freude ranken.

Es soll das Rebenblatt mich lehren
Durch seine Pracht und durch sein Rot,
Dass Liebe eine grosse Macht
Und stärker noch als selbst der Tod.

Immortality

Your noble white hands
lay my soul to rest.
When they bless my crown,
I close my eyes
and say softly only: You!
And worlds sink into oblivion,
the seas sound muffled and far away.
Your noble white hands are to me
Immortality.

The Hurrying Stream

Brooklet, brooklet, how you can rush,
Fast and busy, without rest and peace!
How you take stones with you—
I love to watch you!

But the little brook speaks to me:
"Do you see, dear child,
How the waves hurry and rush and spill over?"
"Every drop is a day,
Every wave is like a year—
And you, you stand on the shore,
Saying to yourself quietly: 'it was.'"

The sleeping child

When you sleep, I bless you child,
Bless you in your pillows.
When you smile brightly in a dream, I'd like to ask:
May I know what a little angel just sang to you?

Even so I want to let you dream,
Nothing is more beautiful than the dream.
And you should never know,
That happiness is also just a dream.

Stronger than death

Take my heavy wreath of thorns
From my white hair,
The wreath of dark painful thoughts.
Allow vines of joy
to wind around my tired head.

The grape leaf should teach me
Through his brilliance and his redness,
That Love is a great power
And stronger still than death itself.

The first sentence of **Darius Milhaud's** (1892-1974) memoir *Notes without Music* reads as follows: "I am a Frenchman from Provence, and by religion a Jew." Whereas Kahn and Korngold had no interest in expressing any aspect of their Jewish heritage in their compositions, Milhaud is probably the best example on this program of a composer who was able to be true to both his nationality and his personal identity. He came from a community of Jews that proudly traced its roots in the south of France to a time six hundred years before the common era, and Jewish themes appear throughout his long list of works. In the 1920's, Milhaud and his group of composer friends were called "Les Six" (in a reference to the Russian "Five") because of their reaction against Wagner's influence and Impressionism. They were prolific and flexible, composing pieces in all genres, but Milhaud and Poulenc in particular loved to compose vocal music.

The *Poèmes Juifs* were composed in 1916 on some anonymous texts that Milhaud had found published in French translation from the original Hebrew. They speak in the voices of diaspora Jews on themes of Jewish pride, Jewish sorrow and Jewish longing for a return to the land of Israel. Since the lives of European Jews throughout the centuries had been proscribed by various oppressive laws—they could not own land, they could only live in certain parts of town, they could not belong to certain organizations, and so on—a dominant theme in these texts is the desire to freely choose where to live and what work to do. I find it interesting that Milhaud expresses these ideas not in a "Hebraic" musical language per se, although his use of modal harmony does conjure that aural image at times; like the composer himself, Milhaud's Jews speak with a French accent in the atmosphere he creates using harmonic color, rhythmic flexibility and supple, subtle shapings of the vocal line.

Chant de Nourrice

Dors ma fleur, mon fils chéri, pendant que je balancerai ton berceau, je vais te dire le conte de ta vie. Je commence par te prévenir que tu es un Hébreu, que tu as Israël pour nom et que c'est la ton titre de noblesse. O mon chéri.

Quand tu seras avec des gens étrangers à ton peuple, ne sois pas honteux devant leurs insultes, mais réponds leur bien haut. Oh! je t'en prie, sois sans peur aucune, dis leur:

"Ne suis-je pas le descendant des saints, fils du peuple éternel. " Fils du peuple éternellement persécuté, malheureux comme point d'autre; glorieux quand même, car il dure et cela depuis des siècles et cela pour toujours...

Ne désespère point, mon fils chéri, parceque ton peuple est en exil. Crois plutôt que le soleil de la justice un jour brillera sur nous.

Souviens toi sans cesse que nous avons un pays, làbas; très loin que c'est vers lui que l'âme de tout juif aspire avec ardeur. Sur ses monts, dans ses champs délicieux tu deviendras ce que tu voudras: vigneron, berger, planteur, jardinier, tu vivras paisible....

Dors ma fleur, mon fils chéri.

Song of the Wet-Nurse

"Sleep my flower; my dear boy; while I rock your cradle, I will tell you the story of your life. I begin by letting you know that you are a Hebrew, that you have Israel for a name and that it is your noble title. Oh my dear.

When you will be with strangers foreign to your people, do not be affronted by their insults, but respond to them with good breeding. Oh! I pray you, be without fear of anyone, say to them:

"Am I not descended from the saints, son of an eternal people." Son of people eternally persecuted, unhappy like no other; but still glorious because it endures this for centuries and will endure it always.

Do not despair or lose hope; my dear son, because your people are in exile. Believe furthermore, that the sun of justice one day will burn brightly on us.

Remember constantly that we have a country, there; very far away, and it is to it that the soul of every Jew aspires with ardor. On its mountains, in its delicious fields you will become whatever you want: vintner, shepherd, farmer, gardener, you will live peacefully....

Sleep my flower, my dear son.

Chant du Laboureur

Mon espérance n'est pas encore perdue,
O patrie douce aimée, de trouver sur ton sol
un coin pour m'y établir
avant que ma fin n'arrive...

Une maisonnette sur le sommet d'une colline
au milieu d'un jardin de légumes
et d'arbres fruitiers
une vigne abondante en grappes
une source limpide jaillissant avec bruit.

Labàs sous le feuillage d'un arbre touffu
Je travaillerai je respirerai légèrement
Devant les ruines environnantes
j'épancherai mon coeur.
Je demanderai a quand la fin de la colère?

Mais lorsque aux confins des vallées
j'entendrai le chant de mes frères vigoureux
je dirai
voilà la fin des jours de tristesse
voilà la fin de nos malheurs.

Chant de la Pitié

Dans les champs de Bethléhem
une pierre se dresse solitaire
Antique tombe
Mais dès que minuit sonne
On voit une Beauté quitter sa demeure souterraine
pour venir sur la terre.

Là voilà qui chemine silencieuse vers le Jourdain,
La voilà qui silencieusement
contemple les ondes sacrées,
Une larme tombe alors de son œil pur
dans les ondes paisibles du fleuve.

Et doucement les larmes s'écoulent
l'une après l'autre
tombent dans les Jourdain
Emportées entraînées par le mystère des eaux.

Song of the Worker

My hope is not yet lost
O beloved country, to find on your soil
A corner there for me to establish myself
before my end arrives...

A little house on the top of a hill
In the middle of a garden of vegetables
and fruit trees,
an abundant grapevine
A limpid spring gushing noisily.

There under the foliage of a leafy tree
I will work, I will breathe lightly
In front of the surrounding ruins
I will pour out my heart.
I will ask when is the end of wrath?

But when from the edges of the valley
I hear the song of my vigorous brothers
I will say
here is the end of the days of sadness,
here is the end of our misfortunes.

Song of Pity

In the fields of Bethlehem
A solitary stone rises up
an ancient tomb.
But as soon as midnight sounds
One sees a beauty leave her subterreanean dwelling
and come to earth.

There she is, who walks silently towards the Jordan;
there she is who silently
contemplates the sacred waters,
A tear falls now from her eye into the peaceful
waves of the river.

And sweetly the tears flow
one after the other
they fall into the Jordan
Carried away, drawn along by the mystery of the
waters.

Chant d'Amour

En même temps que tous les bourgeons
la Rose de mon cœur se réveille, elle aussi
aux chants des étoiles matinales et nocturnes
la Rose de mon cœur s'épanche elle aussi

Lorsque le rossignol fit entendre sa voix
Mon cœur se fondit en larmes
Lorsque la nature s'endormit autour de moi
mes rêves se réveillèrent

Des myriades d'étoiles sont là haut au ciel,
unique est l'Etoile qui éclaire mes ténèbres.

Chant de Forgeron

Près du Jourdain
Il y a une maison de forgeron
Un forgeron alerte comme un cavalier
Y fait sa besogne.

Et en soufflant il attise la flamme
Souffle
Souffle
Cela entretient la flamme
le feu éternel qui brûle dessous

Que fais-tu là ô forgeron?
Je suis en train de préparer le fer
pour le cheval du Messie.

Song of Love

At the same time that all the buds bloom
the Rose of my heart wakes up also;
to the songs of the morning and evening stars
The rose of my heart opens herself up also.

When the nightingale makes his voice heard
My heart bathes itself in tears
When nature falls asleep around me
my dreams wake up.

Of the myriad stars high in the sky,
Unique is the star that brings light to my shadows.

Song of the Blacksmith

Near the Jordan
There is a blacksmith's house
A blacksmith alert like a soldier
There he does his chores.

And by blowing he stirs up the flame
Blows
Blows
In that way he maintains the flame
The eternal fire that burns below

What are you doing there oh blacksmith?
I am in the process of preparing the shoe
For the Messiah's horse.

Oskar Morawetz (1917-2007) was born in Czechoslovakia, but fled to Canada in 1940 at the age of 23. There, over the years, he established himself as one of Canada's leading composers, and in 1970 the Toronto Symphony premiered *From the Diary of Anne Frank*, which was written that same year. In this piece we hear the voices of two Jews affected by the Holocaust, one in words and the other in music; Anne Frank's voice is particularly powerful because for many of us, hers was the first to really personalize the tragedy that befell European Jewry. Morawetz' musical language is highly expressionistic, giving passionate voice to the anguish expressed in the text. He juxtaposes dissonance and consonance in such a way that the listener only finds rest when Anne does, in quiet moments of prayer. Morawetz chose to set a section of text in which the 14-year-old Anne recalls a friend of hers who was transported (Lies Goosens), and grapples with her own feelings of horror at Lies's fate and guilt for being spared from that same fate. In the end, Anne seems to come to terms with her own powerlessness in the face of such cruelty and injustice; but instead of dissolving into despair, this bright, deeply thoughtful and empathetic Jewish child decides to take the one positive action left to her: she resolves to pray not just for Lies, or even for all the Jews, but "for all those in need." In the end, it was Lies who survived her imprisonment, living to tell of how she

encountered Anne just days before her death in the Bergen-Belsen concentration camp, and how they cried together because there was no longer any difference in their fates.³

From the Diary of Anne Frank—the text:

Yesterday evening, before I fell asleep, who should suddenly appear before my eyes but Lies!

I saw her in front of me, clothed in rags, her face thin and worn. Her eyes were very big and she looked so sadly and reproachfully at me that I could read in her eyes: “Oh, Anne, why have you deserted me? Help, oh help me, rescue me from this hell!”

And I cannot help her, I can only look on, how others suffer and die, and I can only pray to God to send her back to us.

I have not thought about her for months, yes almost a year. Not completely forgotten her, but still I had never thought about her like this, until I saw her before me in all her misery. And now she looked at me, oh, so helplessly, with her pale face and imploring eyes. If only I could help her?

Oh, God, why should I have all I could wish for and why should she be seized by such terrible fate.

I am not more virtuous than she; she, too, wanted to do what was right, why should I be chosen to live and she probably to die?

What was the difference between us? Why are we so far from each other now?

Oh, Lies, are you still alive? What are you doing? Oh, Lies, I see in you all the time what my lot might have been; I keep seeing myself in your place and keep only seeing your great big eyes and I cannot free myself from them.

Why do I always dream and think of the most terrible things? My fear makes me want to scream out loud sometimes. If you think of your fellow creatures, then you only want to cry, you could really cry the whole day long.

Lies, Lies, if only I could take you away, if only I could let you share all the things I enjoy!

It is too late now, I cannot help her; but I shall never forget her again, and always pray for her.

“Good Lord, defend her, so that at least she is not alone. Oh, if only You could tell her that I think lovingly of her and with sympathy, perhaps that would give her greater endurance.

Good Lord, You have given me so much—which I certainly don’t deserve—and still I do so much that is wrong every day.

Oh, God, protect Lies; protect her, defend her, save her and bring her back to us!”

I hope if Lies lives until the end of the war that I shall be able to take her in and do something to make up for all the wrong I ever did.

Lies seems to be a symbol to me of the suffering all my girlfriends and all the Jews.

And when I pray for her, I pray for all the Jews and for all those in need!

Epilogue: Youkali

In 1933, just two weeks after the Nazi party came to power, Kurt Weill saw the writing on the wall, gathered his belongings in two suitcases and went into exile in France. Once there he met and collaborated with French composers and playwrights, including Darius Milhaud (who emigrated to the U.S. in 1939). One of his projects was to write incidental music for a play called *Marie Galante*, and in 1934 Weill wrote the

³ I would like to thank Richard LeSueur for all his repertoire advice, including bringing this piece to my attention.

“tango habanera” that later became the song “Youkali.” In 1946, he added the words by Roger Fernay, of which the main themes are longing—the search for a land of happiness, a place where one can leave all one’s cares behind, where people respect each other’s vows—and disillusionment—“it is a dream; there is no Youkali.” One can imagine this was how Kurt Weill felt when he left his native country behind. I also find it telling that he chose a French text for this song, as if leaving his native language behind as well. He had to find a new voice, which he resourcefully continued to re-invent after his eventual emigration to the U.S. in 1935 until his death in 1950.

Youkali

C’est presque au bout du monde,
Ma barque vagabonde, errant au gré de l’onde,
M’y conduisit un jour.
L’île est toute petite,
Mais la fée qui l’habite gentiment nous invite
A en faire le tour.

It is almost at the end of the world,
My wandering boat led me there one day,
Carried by the waves.
The island is very small,
But the fairy who lives there kindly invites us
To take a tour.

Youkali, c’est le pays de nos desirs,
Youkali, c’est le bonheur, c’est le plaisir,
Youkali, c’est la terre où l’on quitte tous les soucis,
C’est dans notre nuit, comme une éclaircie,
L’étoile qu’on suit, c’est Youkali.
Youkali, c’est le respect de tous les vœux échangés,
Youkali, c’est le pays de beaux amours partagés,
C’est l’espérance
Qui est au cœur de tous les humains,
La délivrance
Que nous attendons tous pour demain,
Youkali, c’est le pays de nos desirs,
Youkali, c’est le bonheur, c’est le plaisir
Mais c’est un rêve, une folie,
Il n’y a pas de Youkali!

Youkali, it is the land of our desires,
Youkali, it is happiness, it is pleasure
Youkali, it is the place where we leave all our cares,
It is in our night, like a beacon,
The star that we follow, it is Youkali.
Youkali, where all exchanged vows are kept,
Youkali, the country of beautiful, shared love,
It is the hope
That is in every human heart,
The deliverance
We await for tomorrow
Youkali, it is the land of our desires,
Youkali, it is happiness, it is pleasure
But it is a dream, a folly
There is no Youkali!

Et la vie nous entraîne,
Lassante, quotidienne, mais la pauvre âme humaine,
Cherchant partout l’oubli,
A, pour quitter la terre,
Su trouver le mystère où nos rêves se terrent
En quelque Youkali.

And life drags us along,
Tediously, day by day, but the poor human soul
Seeking forgetfulness everywhere,
Has, in order to escape the world,
Managed to find the mystery where our dreams
Bury themselves in some Youkali

Youkali, c’est le pays de nos desirs...

Youkali, it is the land of our desires...⁴

⁴ Translations of song texts by Kathryn Goodson