

Tomorrow, In Dreams

Bard College-Conservatory of Music Graduate Vocal Arts Program

Degree Recital

May 8, 2021 at 3pm

László Z. Bitó '60 Conservatory Building

Jardena Gertler-Jaffe, soprano

Diana Borshcheva, piano

Ruhe, meine Seele!, 4 Lieder, op. 27, no. 1 (Karl Henckell, 1864-1929) Richard Strauss (1864-1949)

3 Lieder, op. 22 Erich Korngold (1897-1957)

Was du mir bist (Eleanore van der Straaten, 1845-?)

Mit dir zu schweigen (Karl Kobald, 1876-1975)

Welt ist stille eingeschlafen (Kobald)

Selection of *mélodie* Henri Duparc (1848-1933)

Soupir (René-François Sully Prudhomme, 1839-1907)

L'invitation au voyage (Charles Baudelaire, 1821-1867)

Phidylé (Charles-Marie-René Leconte de Lisle, 1818-1894)

Extase (Jean Lahor [Henri Cazilis], 1840-1909)

- INTERMISSION -

A Small Handful Gilda Lyons (b. 1975)

Where It Was At Back Then (Anne Sexton, 1928-1974)

Music Swims Back to Me (Sexton)

Seven Times (Sexton)

Changing Light (Rabbi Jules Harlow, b. 1931) Kaija Saariaho (b. 1952)

Esther Goldy Roestan, violin

Five Songs from Anna Berkowitz arr. Dan Shore (b. 1975)

Feygele sheyninke

Kh'bin a geyer arum hoyz

O Maminke, Mamike

Bin ikh mir a meydele a sheyns

Kum aroys tsu mir, mayn libste

Morgen!, 4 Lieder, op. 27, no. 4 (John Henry MacKay, 1864-1933) Richard Strauss

Tomorrow, In Dreams

Notes

This year has been extremely hard for all of us, and it will potentially take decades to understand cultural fallout from this difficult time. While the message that a human's life is only as valuable as its contribution to the economy has been amplified in our culture, art has provided an important reminder that our lives are and should be much more. We are singing, dancing, crying, laughing, screaming people, and whether artists ourselves, fans, or both, our lives are enriched through artistic expression. I am hopeful that the clearing of the pandemic storm will not only bring us more joy but will also force us to reflect on how our larger culture has prolonged and exaggerated the suffering of this past year. As we dream of what tomorrow can be, let us turn to the visionaries who not only know what we are going through, but give us the words, music, and other tools of expression to help us make it through to that better time.

Richard Strauss, *4 Lieder*, op. 27, no. 1 and 4

Richard Strauss (1864-1949) did not conceive of his songs as sets or cycles, but rather arranged pieces into opus number based on convenience at the time of publication, and often performed recitals where he himself mixed songs from different opus numbers. However, the two songs from op. 27 that I am presenting to bookend my recital, no. 1 ("**Ruhe, meine Seele**") and 4 ("**Morgen**"), are connected in many ways. The poems share similar imagery from nature, including mentions of a shore where turbulent waves turn into a calm tide. They also depict the sun breaking through darkness, symbolically representing hope emerging from depression. The desire to quell the storm in the first piece is resolved by the second, as we find ourselves in warm sunlight. When programming my recital, I found this poetry irresistible. We are attempting to weather a storm at the moment, reeling from the damage of the COVID-19 pandemic, decades of unregulated capitalism, climate change, and a political environment seemingly hellbent on destruction. To arrive at the promise of sunshine after the storm requires us to dream together: what do we want tomorrow to look like?

Strauss' op. 27 was written for his wife, soprano Pauline Maria de Ahna on the occasion of their wedding in September 1894. Strauss' brilliant text painting in "Ruhe meine Seele" illustrates the rolling thunder with massive chords, the swelling surf in arpeggios, and rays of sunshine beaming through leaf cover with ecstatic high notes in the vocal line. "Morgen" is notable particularly for its extraordinarily long piano introduction (in fact, one might say that introduction is the wrong word, given both the length and beauty of this section) that leads the singer to join in on "und," suggesting the continuation of a poem already in progress. The poetry provides a simple but deeply felt wish for a future together; Strauss leads us to believe this couple will keep repeating and renewing their wishes for a better tomorrow that is always still a day away.

Erich Korngold, *3 Lieder*, op. 22

Erich Wolfgang Korngold (1897-1957) was an Austrian-Jewish composer who eventually fled to California due to the rise of the Nazi party in Europe, and became noted for his work scoring films in the United States. Because of this association, Korngold's music is often described as "filmic" or "movie-like," though given the innumerable genres of film, it is hard to know exactly what this means. Unfortunately, I suspect that has caused some to discount his writing as overly sentimental, commercial, or unserious. However, his actual compositional output was extraordinarily varied, and his writing was innovative, emotive, with a highly developed melodic and harmonic language. Op. 22 was composed shortly after his (overly) ambitious fourth opera, *Das Wunder der Heliane*, flopped. His settings of these three love poems shows a deliberate choice to simplify his vocal writing, perhaps in response to critiques of his opera.

The first poem of this set, "**Was du mir bist?**" is by Eleanore van der Straaten (1845-?), an unknown poet whose work Korngold would set again in his op. 27. This sweet song can be effectively distilled into its last couplet: "What you are to me: My belief in happiness." The other two poems are by Karl Kobald (1876-1957), an Austrian poet, music critic and musicologist. Kobald's two contributions to this set have many similarities: dreamy, star-studded nighttime settings where one can be truly alone with one's love. The misty stillness of "**Mit dir zu schweigen**" gives way to the ecstatic dreamscape of "**Welt ist stille eingeschlafen.**"

Henri Duparc, selection of *mélodie*

Henri Duparc (1848-1933) was a French Romantic composer, best known for his *mélodie* set to assorted poets. Duparc wrote much more music than has ultimately survived due to his tendency to destroy his own compositions; he left fewer than forty. This set of *mélodie* by Duparc showcases his voluptuous compositional style.

Duparc studied with César Franck, who also taught Ernest Chausson. Graham Johnson describes "**Soupir**," one of Duparc's earliest pieces, as being most similar to Chausson's compositional style (likely via Franck's teaching), with its subtly changing harmonies of the arpeggiated left hand, and bittersweet, sustained melody in the right. Sully Prudhomme's repeated words and economy of rhyme give the impression of a person who is fixated, and the lack of a real climax in both the text and music betrays a lack of catharsis. Duparc's setting, which was dedicated to his mother, paints a tragic image of grief. In "**Phidylé**," Duparc's setting of this poem by Charles-Marie-René Leconte de Lisle, starts as a tranquil ode and gives way to an unrestrained climax as the dozing nymph Phidylé awakens to give a passionate kiss to our poet. The poetry of "**L'invitation au voyage**" comes from Charles Baudelaire's *Les fleurs du mal*. The lush harmonies and sustained vocal lines are an invitation to a magical escape where there is nothing but harmony and beauty. While the melody remains essentially the same for the two verses that the composer set, this journey becomes somehow bathed in golden light when the piece modulates to C major. Lastly, the poetry of "**Extase**" is by Parnassian poet Jean Lahor (a pseudonym of Henri Cazalis) and is a study in brevity. As in "Soupir", the poet has been economical in terms of rhyme, using only two: one masculine and one feminine. The poem paints a sensual scene; the slight variation

between the first and final stanzas of the poem revealing that the pale lily in the first stanza is the beloved's breast.

Gilda Lyons, *A Small Handful*

Gilda Lyons (b. 1975) wrote this set of unaccompanied songs to text by Anne Sexton (1928-1974). Lyons is both a composer and soprano and gave the premiere of these pieces herself in NYC in 2003. Lyons lives nearby in Rhinebeck, and is a graduate of Bard College, and later received her Ph.D. in Music Composition from SUNY Stony Brook. The set, which is composed of poetry from various collections of Sexton's, has many of the hallmark themes of the poet's confessional style, exploring subjects of motherhood, marriage, mental illness, and institutionalization. For Sexton, who struggled with mental illness for much of her adult life, poetry was a therapeutic practice. Lyons notes that Maxime Kumin, a poet and close friend of Sexton's, once wrote that though Sexton eventually took her own life, "poetry kept Anne alive for the eighteen years of her creative endeavors. When everything else soured... the making of poems remained her one constant."

Kaija Saariaho, *Changing Light*

Finnish composer Kaija Saariaho (b. 1952) wrote *Changing Light* for violinist Edna Michell's Compassion Project, a set of commissions based on the theme of universal compassion. The piece premiered in Helsinki on September 11, 2002. With text by Rabbi Jules Harlow, Saariaho wrote this work as a dialogue between soprano and violin, drawing attention to similarities of timbre and tessitura between the two instruments. Saariaho chose this instrumentation specifically because "the intimate nature and fragile sound world of the duo mirror [sic] the fragility of our uncertain existence." The harmonics and trills in the violin mimic synthesizers and other electronics, sounds that Saariaho has explored in many other compositions including *Lonh*, a piece for soprano and electronics, which was eventually developed into her opera, *L'amour de loin*.

Dan Shore, *Five Songs from Anna Berkowitz*

Dan Shore (b. 1975) was commissioned to write this work for a collaboration between YIVO Institute of Jewish Research and the Bard College Conservatory Graduate Vocal Arts Program. Diana Borshcheva and I recorded the world premiere of these pieces in April 2021 and we wished to share them again with another audience. These five pieces are arrangements of Yiddish folksongs from the Ruth Rubin Archive, a veritable treasure trove of songs collected by ethnomusicologist Ruth Rubin (1906-2000). This archive was an attempt by Rubin to preserve parts of Yiddish culture that were threatened by anti-Jewish violence in Europe, assimilation, and the rising prominence of Modern Hebrew in the 20th Century. In the last few decades, interest in Yiddish has grown exponentially, and YIVO has played a significant part in this renewal. First learning of the archive at a YIVO Yiddish summer course a number of years ago, Dan Shore picked these five songs out of the thirty sung to Rubin by Anna Berkowitz in the 1950s and 60s from her home in Montreal. Berkowitz was born in Shat, Lithuania in 1920, and came to Canada

in 1935. According to the archive, she was taught the majority of these Yiddish folk songs by her older sister when they were both children.

The texts of these songs is typical as folk songs go: tales of lost love, vagrants, children, and nature. Using plenty of pathetic fallacy, the poetry often relies on imagery of animals and nature to express human feelings that might be hard to grasp in other ways. However, we get a occasional peek into the specificity of this culture, such as the interaction between the “geyer” (vagrant) of “Kh’bin a geyer arum hoyz” and the passing Polish peasant, and the allusions to Judaica in “Kum aroys tsu mir.” Shore’s arrangements honour and enhance these folk songs; he keeps the integrity of the original melody and adds emotional commentary and text-painting in the piano accompaniment.

Jardena Gertler-Jaffe
2021

Tomorrow, In Dreams

Performer Bios

Hailed for her “delicate yet strong vocalism” (*Millbrook Independent*), **Jardena Gertler-Jaffe** is a soprano from Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, Canada. Jardena is passionate about finding ways that the vocal arts can challenge, transform, and innovate in the twenty-first century. Her personal projects merge classical music with issues of social justice and representation within the arts.

Jardena has appeared as a soloist with Cincinnati Fusion Ensemble, Concerts in the Village (NY), Victoria Baroque, and the Saskatoon Symphony Orchestra. In October 2020, Jardena was named a fellow in the RBC Future Launch Association for Opera in Canada Emerging Artist Fellowship. Jardena earned her B.Mus. and M.A. from the University of Toronto, and is an alumna of the Britten-Pears Young Artist Programme, the Pacific Opera Victoria Artist Development Program, SongFest, and Opera NUOVA.

During the 2020/2021 season, Jardena has embarked on a number of projects that have showcased her talent for thinking creatively and inventively. Together with Maximillian Jansen, Louis Tiemann, and Diana Borshcheva, Jardena produced [Wherever the Road May Lead](#), an experimental “walking recital” highlighting the natural beauty of the Hudson Valley, which was released online in November 2020. Her ongoing project [Our Singing Bodies](#), which treats the singer’s body as the site for the negotiation of power and identity, was launched in January 2021. Later this season, Jardena is also excited to perform excerpts from György Kurtág’s enigmatic work *Kafka Fragments* and sing in the chorus of *Le roi Arthus* at Bard SummerScape.

Praised for her beautiful deep sound, virtuosic skills, and immense artistry, Russian-born pianist **Diana Borshcheva**’s passions lie in both solo and collaborative repertoire. As a solo pianist Ms. Borshcheva won several competitions in Russia and Europe, including the International Piano Competition in Italy (Grand Prix) and the International Piano Competition in Lithuania (First Award).

In addition to her career as a soloist, Ms. Borshcheva has been working with singers for more than 10 years. A vocal coach herself, Ms. Borshcheva enjoys working through vocal repertoire, and improving her skills and knowledge of this art form. In 2018, Diana, together with her duet partner soprano Caroline Bergan, performed during the renowned Art Song Festival in Cleveland. In the summer of 2019, Ms. Borshcheva worked as a pianist and coach in Salzburg, Austria. In November of 2020, in collaboration with soprano Jardena Gertler-Jaffe, tenor Maximillian Jansen, and baritone Louis Tiemann, Ms. Borshcheva created *Wherever the Road May Lead*, an innovative audio experience meant to be listened to while taking a walk.

A graduate of the Central Music School (Moscow, Russia), Ms. Borshcheva received her Bachelor’s Degree in Solo Performance from the Longy School of Music of Bard College in 2016, and Master of Music Degree in both Solo and Collaborative Piano from the Cleveland Institute of Music in 2019. Before her position as a piano fellow at Bard College Conservatory, Diana studied with Warren Jones at the Manhattan School of Music.

Violinist **Esther Roestan** made her solo debut at the age of 9 with the Surabaya Symphony Orchestra, performing the Mozart Concerto No.3 in G Major. She completed her Bachelors of Music at Indiana University on a full scholarship with Grigory Kalinovsky, and Sigurbjorn Bernhardsson. During the summer, Esther attended The Zukerman Program, Heifetz Music Institute, and Music Academy of the West. She was the youngest assistant concertmaster in the Indonesian National Orchestra, and was Concertmaster in Jacobs School Concert Orchestra. In Spring 2017 her quartet won the Jacobs School Kuttner Quartet Competition and she is currently a concertmaster at The Orchestra Now at Bard College.

Tomorrow, In Dreams Text and Translations

Ruhe, meine Seele – Karl Henckell (1864-1929)

Nicht ein Lüftchen regt sich leise,
Sanft entschlummert ruht der Hain;
Durch der Blätter dunkle Hülle
Stiehlt sich lichter Sonnenschein.

*Not a breeze stirs softly,
Softly rests the grove in slumber;
Through the dark cover of the leaves
The light of sunshine steals*

Ruhe, ruhe, meine Seele,
Deine Stürme gingen wild,
Hast getobt und hast gezittert,
Wie die Brandung, wenn sie schwillt!

*Rest, rest, my soul,
Your storms have gone wild,
Have raged and have trembled,
Like the surf, when it swells!*

Diese Zeiten sind gewaltig,
Bringen Herz und Hirn in Not–
Ruhe, ruhe, meine Seele,
Und vergiß, was dich bedroht

*These times are powerful,
Bring heart and head in misery–
Rest, rest, my soul,
And forget what threatens you!*

Was du mir bist? – Eleanore van der Straaten (1845-?)

Was du mir bist?
Der Ausblick in ein schönes Land,
Wo fruchtbela'd'ne Bäume ragen,
Blumen blühn' am Quellenrand.

*What are you to me?
The view of a beautiful country,
Where fruit-laden trees tower,
Flowers bloom at the water's edge.*

Was du mir bist? Der Sterne Funkeln,
das Gewölk durchbricht,
Der ferne Lichtstrahl,
der im Dunkeln spricht:
O Wand'rer, verzage nicht!

*What are you to me? The star's sparkle,
That breaks through the clouds,
The far-off ray of light,
That in the dark speaks:
Oh wanderer, do not despair!*

Und war mein Leben auch Entsagen,
glänzte mir kein froh Geschick,
was du mir bist? Kannst du noch fragen?
Was du mir bist: mein Glaube an das Glück.

*And were my life one of renunciation,
And no good fortune came my way,
What are you to me? Can you still ask?
What you are to me: my belief in joy.*

Mit dir zu schweigen – Karl Kobald (1876-1957)

Mit Dir zu schweigen still im Dunkel,
Die Seele an der Träume Schoss gelehnt,
Ist Lauschen ew'gen Melodeien,
Ist Liebe ohne End'...

*To remain silent with you in darkness,
Our souls reclining in the lap of dreams,
Is to listen to endless melodies,
Is love without any end...*

Mit Dir zu schweigen in der Dämmerzeit,
Ist Schweben nach der Welten großer Fülle,
Ist Wachsen weit in die Unendlichkeit,
Entrückt in ew'ge Stille...

*To remain silent with you in the twilight,
Is to float towards the great abundance of the world,
Is to grow far into infinity
Enraptured in eternal silence...*

Welt ist stille eingeschlafen – Kobald

Welt ist stille eingeschlafen,
Ruht im Mondenschein.
Öffnen sich im Himmelshafen
Augen, golden, rein.

Gottes Geige sinkt jetzt leise~
Liebste, denk' an Dich.
Wie im Traumboot geht die Reise,
Such' in Sternen Dich.

Strahlen seliger Lieb' erhellen
Meines Herzens Raum.
Zwiesprach' halten unsere Seelen,
Küssen sich im Traum.

Soupir – Sully Prudhomme (1839-1907)

Ne jamais la voir ni l'entendre,
Ne jamais tout haut la nommer,
Mais, fidèle toujours l'attendre,
Toujours l'aimer!

Ouvrir les bras, et, las d'attendre,
Sur le néant les refermer!
Mais encor, toujours les lui tendre
Toujours l'aimer.

Ah, ne pouvoir que les lui tendre
Et dans les pleurs se consumer,
Mais ces pleurs toujours les répandre,
Toujours l'aimer...

Ne jamais la voir ni l'entendre
Ne jamais tout haut la nommer
Mais d'un amour toujours plus tendre
Toujours l'aimer! Toujours!

L'invitation au voyage – Charles Baudelaire (1821-1867)

Mon enfant, ma sœur,
Songe à la douceur
D'aller là-bas vivre ensemble!
Aimer à loisir,
Aimer et mourir
Au pays qui te ressemble!
Les soleils mouillés
De ces ciels brouillés
Pour mon esprit ont les charmes

*The world has quietly gone to sleep,
Resting in the moonlight.
In heaven's haven, open your
Golden, pure eyes.*

*God's violin sweetly sings-
Love, I think of you.
The journey goes on in a dreamboat,
I look for you in the stars.*

*Rays of joyful love illuminate
My whole heart.
Our souls hold a communion,
Kissing in the dream.*

*Never to see or to hear her,
Never to say her name out loud,
But, to wait faithfully for her,
Love her always!*

*Open your arms, and, weary from waiting,
Close them again on nothing!
But still, always to stretch them towards her
Love her always.*

*Ah, to only be able to stretch them towards her,
And be consumed in tears,
But always to shed those tears,
Love her always...*

*Never to see or to hear her,
Never to say her name out loud,
But, of a love that grows only more tender
Love her always!*

*My child, my sister
Think of the sweetness
Of going there to live together!
To love at leisure,
To love and to die
In a land that resembles you!
The humid suns
Of these tempestuous skies
For my spirit has the charms*

Si mystérieux
De tes traîtres yeux,
Brillant à travers leurs larmes.

*So mysterious
Of your treacherous eyes
Shining through their tears*

Là, tout n'est qu'ordre et beauté,
Luxe, calme et volupté!

*There, all is harmony and beauty
Luxury, calm, and sensuousness!*

Vois sur ces canaux
Dormir ces vaisseaux
Dont l'humeur est vagabonde;
C'est pour assouvir
Ton moindre désir
Qu'ils viennent du bout du monde.
Les soleils couchants
Revêtent les champs,
Les canaux, la ville entière,
D'hyacinthe et d'or;
Le monde s'endort
Dans une chaude lumière.

*See in these canals
The slumbering ships
Whose nature is nomadic;
There are here to satisfy
Your basest desires
That they have come from the end of the earth.
The setting suns
Dress the fields
The canals, the entire town
In Hyacinthe and gold;
The world falls asleep
In a warm light.*

Là, tout n'est qu'ordre et beauté,
Luxe, calme et volupté!

*There, all is harmony and beauty
Luxury, calm, and sensuousness!*

Phidylé – Charles-Marie-René Leconte de Lisle (1818-1894)

L'herbe est molle au sommeil sous les frais
peupliers,
Aux pentes des sources moussues,
Qui, dans les prés en fleur germant par mille
issues,
Se perdent sous les noirs halliers.

*The grass is soft for sleeping beneath fresh poplars,
On the slopes of mossy springs,
That, in blooming meadows germinating from a
thousand sources,
Loses itself under the dark thicket.*

Repose, ô Phidylé! Midi sur les feuillages
Rayonne, et t'invite au sommeil.
Par le trèfle et le thym, seules, en plein soleil,
Chantent les abeilles volages.

*Sleep, oh Phidylé! Noon shines under the leaves
And invites you to slumber.
By the clover and the thyme, alone, in full sun,
The flighty bees sing.*

Un chaud parfum circule au détour des sentiers,
La rouge fleur des blés s'incline,
Et les oiseaux, rasant de l'aile la colline,
Cherchent l'ombre des églantiers.

*A warm perfume encircles around the pathways,
The red flower of wheat bends,
And the birds, skim the hillside with their wings,
Seeking the shade of the eglantine.*

Mais, quand l'Astre, incliné sur sa courbe éclatante,
Verra ses ardeurs s'apaiser,
Que ton plus beau sourire et ton meilleur baiser
Me récompensent de l'attente!

*But, when the sun, bending on its brilliant curve,
Sees its ardors pacified,
That your most beautiful smile and finest kiss
Repay me for waiting for you!*

Extase – Jean Lahor (AKA Henri Cazalis, 1840-1909)

Sur un lys pâle mon cœur dort	<i>On a pale lily my heart sleeps</i>
D'un sommeil doux comme la mort	<i>A slumber sweet like death</i>
Mort exquise, mort parfumée	<i>Exquisite death, death perfumed</i>
Du souffle de la bien-aimée	<i>By the breath of my beloved</i>

Sur ton sein pâle mon cœur dort	<i>On your pale breast my heart sleeps</i>
D'un sommeil doux comme la mort	<i>A slumber sweet like death</i>

Where It Was At Back Then – Anne Sexton (1928-1974)

Husband,
last night I dreamt
they cut off your hands and feet.
Husband,
You whispered to me,
Now we are both incomplete.

Husband,
I held all four
In my arms like sons and daughters.
Husband,
I bent slowly down
And washed them in magical waters.

Husband,
I placed each one
Where it belonged on you.
“A miracle”
You said, and we laughed
The laugh of the well-to-do.

Music Swims Back to Me – Sexton

Wait Mister. Which way is home?
They turned the light out
and the dark is moving in the corner.
There are no signposts in this room,
four ladies, over eighty,
in diapers every one of them.
La la la, Oh music swims back to me
and I can feel the tune they played
the night they left me
in this private institution on a hill.

Imagine it. A radio playing
and everyone here was crazy.
I liked it and danced in a circle.
Music pours over the sense

and in a funny way
music sees more than I.
I mean it remembers better;
remembers the first night here.
It was the strangled cold of November;
even the stars were strapped in the sky
and that moon too bright
forking through the bars to stick me
with a singing in the head.
I have forgotten all the rest.

They lock me in this chair at eight a.m.
and there are no signs to tell the way,
just the radio beating to itself
and the song that remembers
more than I. Oh, la la la,
this music swims back to me.
The night I came I danced a circle
and was not afraid.
Mister?

Seven Times (from *The Death Baby*) – Sexton

I died seven times
In seven ways
Letting death give me a sign,
Letting death place his mark on my forehead,
Crossed over, crossed over.

And death took root in that sleep,
In that sleep I held an ice baby
And I rocked it
And was rocked by it.
Oh, Madonna, hold me.
I am a small handful.

Changing Light – Rabbi Jules Harlow (b. 1931)

Light and darkness, night and day.
We marvel at the mystery of the stars.
Moon and sky, sand and sea.
We marvel at the mystery of the sun.
Twilight, high noon, dusk and dawn.
Though we are mortal, we are Creation's crown.
Flesh and bone, steel and stone.
We dwell in fragile, temporary shelters.
Grant steadfast love, compassion, grace.
Sustain us, Lord; our origin is dust.
Splendor, mercy, majesty, love endure.
We are but little lower than the angels.
Resplendent skies, sunset, sunrise.
The grandeur of Creation lifts our lives.
Evening darkness, morning dawn.
Renew our lives as You renew all time.

פייגעלעך שיינינקע	Feygele Sheninke
פייגעלעך שיינינקע, פייגעלעך קליינינקע, זינגט ניט – מיין הארץ איז באטריבט. פונקט אַט אזוי פֿלעגט מיר זינגען מיין קליינינקע, די וועלכע איך האָב געליבט.	Pretty little bird, little sweet bird, Sing not ~ my heart is troubled. Just like the little one used to sing to me, The one I had loved.
שטערנדלעך קליינינקע, שטערנדלעך ליכטיקע, שיינט ניט – מיין הארץ איז פֿאַרצאָגט. פונקט אַט אזוי צוויי ליכטיקע אויגעלעך, האַט מיין געליבטע פֿאַרמאָגט.	Little sweet star, pretty little star, Shine not ~ my heart is despondent. Just like those two bright eyes, That my beloved possessed.
וועלעכלעך קליינינקע, וועלעכלעך לוסטיקע, רוישט ניט – מיין הארץ איז פֿאַרקלאָגט. פונקט אַט אזוי פֿלעגט מיר שעפטשען מיין מיידעלע, די וועלכע איך האָב פֿאַרמאָגט.	Little sweet waves, pretty little waves, Rush not ~ my heart is complaining. Just like the little one used to whisper to me, My maiden, the one who was mine.
כ'בין אַ גייער אַרום הויז	Kh'bin a geyer arum hoyz
כ'בין אַ גייער אַרום הויז, האַב איך מיר אַ שטעקן, טראַ, לאַ, לאַ, לאַ, לאַ, לאַ, איך שפּאַן אין אלע עקן!	I am a vagrant around the houses, I have a walking stick, Tra, la, la, la, la, la, I step in every corner
גיי איך צו קרעטשמע צו, קלאַפּ איך אָן אין טויער. ווער בינסטו און וואָס בינסטו? – ענטפֿער איך: – אַ גייער	I go to a tavern, I knock on the gate. "Who are you and what are you?" I answer: A nomad
ליידיק גייער אַרום הויז: – חוצפהניק פֿאַרשייטער! ענטפֿער איך קיין איינציק וואָרט און איך גיי מיר ווייטער.	Idle vagrant around the houses: "Impudent, cheeky fellow!" I don't answer a single word And I go on further.
פֿאַרט אַ פויערל פֿאַרבני: – צאָ טי מאַש נאָ שוועטש? פֿאַרשטיי איך ניט קיין איינציק וואָרט. – מעטשע פעטשע לעטשע!	A peasant drives by: "What do you have in the world?" (In Polish) I understand not a single word Metshe, petshe letshe!
אַ מאַמינקע, מאַמינקע	O Maminke, Maminke
אַ מאַמינקע, מאַמינקע, די קעפעלע טוט מיר וויי גיי מיין קינד צו אַ דאָקטער, און אַפֿשר צו צוויי	Oh mama, mama, my head hurts "Go, my child, to a doctor, or maybe to two!"
אַ דאָקטער קען היילן דעם קראַנקן זיין קרענק אַבער ניט דאָס נאָך וועמען איך בענק	A doctor knows how to cure what ails a patient But not how to cure my longing

פאפיר איז דאך ווייס און טינט איז דאך שווארץ כ'האב זיך אינגעליבט אין א מיידעלע עס רייסט אין מיר מין הארץ	<i>Paper is still white and ink is still black I have fallen for a maiden It hurts in my heart</i>
איך בין געגאנגען בראָנעווען פֿארטרייבן די צייט אַבער מײַן זיסע לעבן איז פֿון מיר גאַנץ ווייט	<i>I've been trying to pass the time But my sweet love is so far from me</i>

Bin ikh mir a meydele a sheyns

בין איך מיר א מיידעלע א שיינס	I am a pretty little girl
בין איך מיר א מיידעלע א קליינס	I am a tiny little girl
מיט שווארץ געלאַקטע הערעלעך	With tempting black hair,
מיט ווייסע צאָרטע בעקעלעך	With sweet white cheeks.

בין איך מיר א בלימעלע א קליינס	I am a tiny little flower
בין איך מיר א בלימעלע א שיינס	I am a pretty little flower
מיט א גרינע פֿיסעלע	With a green foot
מיט א דופֿטיק שיסעלע	With a fragrant little bowl

קומט צו גיין דאָס מיידעלע דאָס שיינס	Here comes the tiny little girl
רייסט אַרויס דאָס בלימעלע דאָס קליינס	The beautiful flower tears herself out
מיידעלע, זאָג פֿאַר וואָס	Little girl, tell me why
רייסטו מיראַרויס פֿון גראַס	You tear yourself out of the grass
מיידעלע, זאָג פֿאַר וואָס	Little girl, tell me why
רייסטו מיראַרויס פֿון גראַס	You tear yourself out of the grass

Kum aroys tsu mir mayn libste

קום אַרויס צו מיר מײַן ליבסטע	Come out to me my love
קום אַרויס, קום אַרויס!	Come out, come out!
כ'ברענג פֿאַר דיר אַ גוטע בשורה	I bring for you good news
בײַ מײַן הויז, בײַ מײַן הויז	At my house, at my house
שפּראַצן, בלײַען, שײַן די בלומען	Sprouting, blooming, beautiful flowers
אַך, ווי שײַן! אַך ווי שײַן!	Ah, how beautiful!
קום זשע, לאָמיר ביידע גיין!	Come on, let us go together!

פֿון פֿרימאָרגן בײַ דער טיר זשע	In the morning by the door
הײבן אָן, הײבן אָן	Begin, begin
פֿרישע, קילע, שטילע ווינטלעך	Fresh, cool, silent winds
הײבן אָן, הײבן אָן	Begin, begin
שטיל צו קושן די מזוזה	Silently to kiss the mezuzah
פֿון מײַן הויז, פֿון מײַן הויז!	Of my house, of my house!
קום זשע, ליבסטע, קום אַרויס!	Come on, my love, come out!

גאָטס גענאָדע קומט צו פֿלײַען	God's grace comes flying
אויף אַ שטראַל, אויף אַ שטראַל!	On a ray of sun! On a ray!

און עס זינגען מיט די טאלן	And it sings with the valley
יעדער קוואל, יעדער קוואל	Every brook, every brook
אז דער פֿרילינג איז געקומען	As Spring is coming
זאגן זיי, זאגן זיי!	So they say, so they say!
קארשן בלימלעך זינגען ווי שניי!	Cherry blossoms are white as snow!

Morgen – John Henry MacKay, 1864-1933

Und Morgen wird die Sonne wieder scheinen
 Und auf dem Wege, den ich gehen werde,
 Wird uns, die Glücklichen sie wieder einen
 Inmitten dieser sonnenatmenden Erde...

*And tomorrow will the sun again shine
 And on the paths, which I will go
 Will we, the lucky ones, be one again
 In the midst of this sun-breathing earth...*

Und zu dem Strand, dem weiten, wogenblauen,
 Werden wir still und langsam niedersteigen,
 Stumm, werden wir uns in die Augen schauen,
 Und auf uns sinkt des Glückes stummes
 Schweigen...

*And to the shore, the wide, blue waves
 Will we silently and slowly descend,
 Speechless, we will gaze into one another's eyes,
 And upon us a happy silence will sink...*