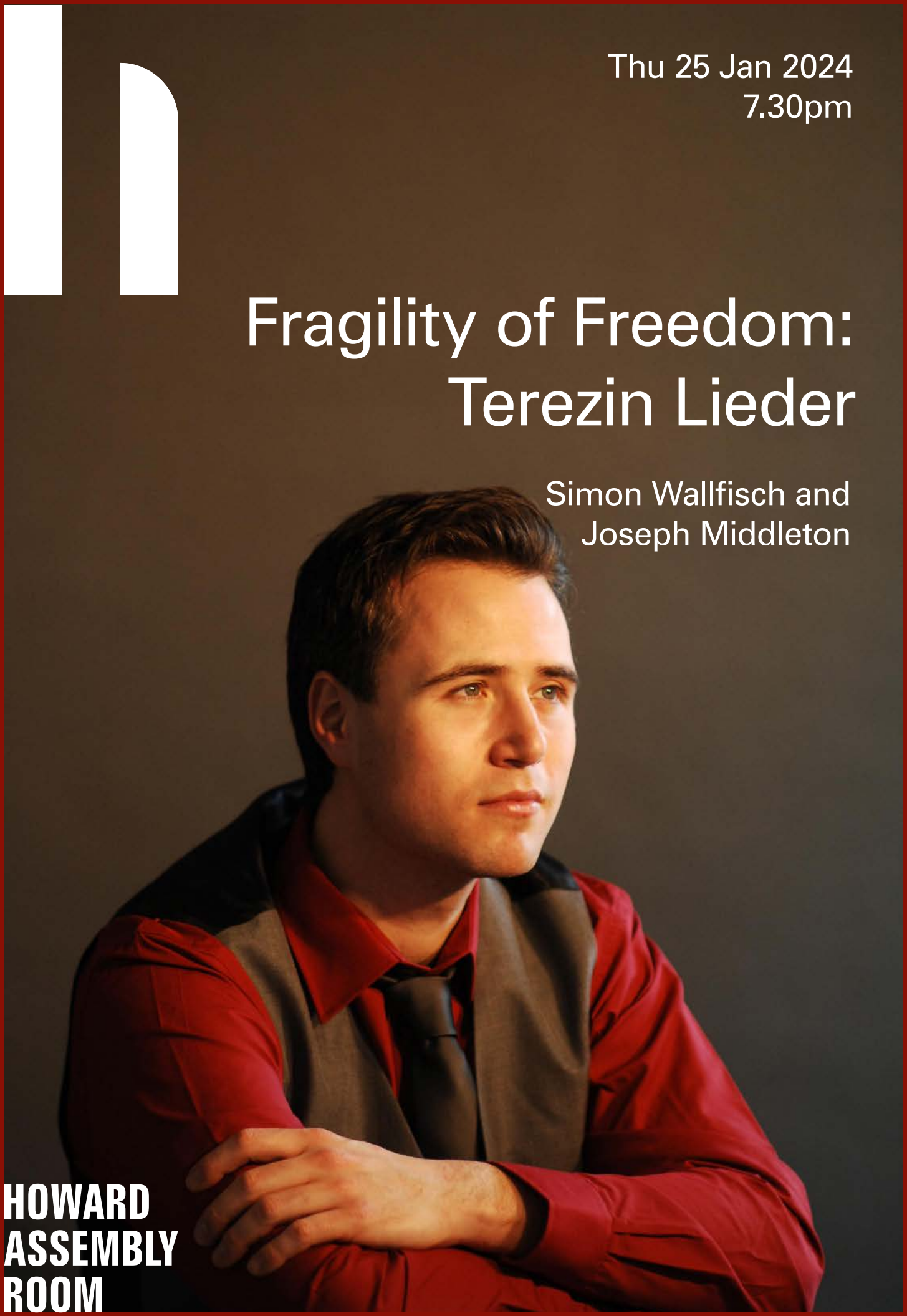
Thu 25 Jan 2024
7.30pm

Fragility of Freedom: Terezin Lieder

Simon Wallfisch and
Joseph Middleton



HOWARD
ASSEMBLY
ROOM

Artists

Simon Wallfisch
Baritone

Joseph Middleton
Piano

Programme

Viktor Ullmann
(1898–1944)

'Berjoskele' (from 3 Yiddish Songs *(Brezulinka)* Op. 53)

Lieder der Tröstung (Albert Steffen)
'Tote wollen nicht verweilen'
'Erwachen zu Weihnachten'
(Fragment)

Two Chinese songs translated by Klabund
'Wanderer erwacht in der Herberge'
'Der müde Soldat'

Carlo Taube
(1897–1944)

'Ein Jüdisches Kind'
Text: Erika Taube

Pavel Haas
(1899–1944)

Čtyři písně na slova čínské poezie
'Zaslech jsem divoké husy'
Text: Wei Jing-wu
'Daleko měsíc je domova'
Text: Chang Cho-lin
'V bambusovém háji'
Text: Wang Wei
'Probděná noc'
Text: Chang I

Leo Strauss
(1897–1944)

'Als Ob!'
(arr. I. Farrington)

Viktor Ullmann

Der Mensch und sein Tag
12 Bilder von Hans Günther Adler, Op. 47
'Gang in den Morgen'
'Gesang'
'Heimat'

Programme (continued)

‘Der Liebsten’
‘Blüten’
‘In der Stube’
‘Der Nachbar’
‘Gebete’
‘Im Walde’
‘Verdämmern’
‘Nacht’
‘Stille’

Ilse Weber (1903–44) ‘Ich wandre durch Theresienstadt’

Maurice Ravel (1875–1937) Deux mélodies Hebraïques
‘Kaddisch’

In association with the University of Leeds

Please save your applause until the end of the concert

Simon Wallfisch

Baritone **Simon Wallfisch** is in international demand as concert and opera singer. Highlights of the current season include debuts at Deutsche Oper Berlin as Fifth Judge in Korngold's *Das Wunder der Heliane*, at the Royal Opera House Covent Garden as Flemish Deputy *Don Carlos*, and at Komische Oper Berlin as Kuusi in the world premiere of the children's opera *Nils Holgersson* by Elena Kats Chernin; and the title role in Judith Weir's *Blond Eckbert* (English Touring Opera). Concert highlights include recitals at the Slovak Philharmonic with Edward Rushton, Leamington Festival with Iain Farrington and the Martinů String Quartet, and his debut as soloist with the Filharmonia Poznanska. Previous highlights include: *Carmina Burana* (Berlin Philharmonie Grosser Saal) and Max Reger's *Der Einsiedler* with the

Simon Wallfisch (continued)

JEB Choir (Weissenberger) and Berlin Philharmonie Kammermusiksaal. In the UK, he curated a programme of songs and choral works written in the Terezin Concentration Camp 1942–1944 for BBC Radio with the BBC Singers at the Barbican Centre, also appearing as soloist. He also performed a song recital with Julius Drake at Temple Music of songs by Ullmann and Haas. In 2021 he made his Konzerthaus solo debut in Puccini's *Gloria* with JEB, and in 2020 he was soloist with the Academy of St Martin in the Fields in a programme including Mahler, Korngold and Strauss orchestral songs. Renowned as an interpreter of contemporary music, he performed the world premiere of *Sinfonie No. 5* by Jobst Liebrecht for Baritone Solo and Symphony Orchestra at Klangwerkstatt Berlin. He made his debut at the Wigmore Hall in 2017 singing a premiere by Alexander Goehr with the Nash Ensemble. In 2024, he will sing a new work by Jonathan Dove with the Philharmonia Poznanska. In 2020 he performed the role of Hanah Before in Laura Kaminsky's *As One*. In concert he has appeared at venues including Philharmonie Berlin, Konzerthaus Berlin, Laeiszhalle Hamburg, Bridgewater Hall, Royal Festival Hall with orchestras including English Chamber, Zurich KammerOrchester, Kammerphilharmonie Berlin and the Academy of St Martin in the Fields. He has worked with conductors including Jac van Steen, Sir Mark Elder, Sir Colin Davis, Massimo Zanetti, Vladimir Jurowski, Marc André and Bertrand de Billy. Recordings include Songs by Geoffrey Bush (Lyrita), Songs by Caplet, Honegger, Milhaud and Ravel (Nimbus), *Gesänge des Orients* (Nimbus), Songs by Thea Musgrave (Lyrita), Songs by Robin Holloway (Delphian), Schumann Lieder (Resonus), Brahms Lieder (Resonus) and Kowalski Lieder (Nimbus). Opera includes: Fieramosca *Benvenuto Cellini* (Staatsoper Nürnberg), Marcello *La bohème* (Teatro Verdi Casciana Terme, Pisa); Pelléas *Pelléas et Mélisande* and Albert *Werther* (ETO). After studying cello at the Royal College of Music with Leonid Gorokhov, Simon gained a postgraduate diploma in voice from the Royal College of Music in 2006, where he studied with Russell Smythe. He played as a professional cellist for several years with

Simon Wallfisch (continued)

orchestras including the English Chamber, Royal Philharmonic and London Symphony. In 2006 he continued his studies in Berlin (Hanns Eisler Hochschule für Musik 2006–2007) and Leipzig (Hochschule für Musik und Theater Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy 2007–2009), studying with Dr Favaro-Reuter, and in the Liedklasse of Wolfram Rieger. Subsequently he was engaged at the International Opera Studio of the Zürich Opera House (2009–2011). Teachers have included Raymond Connell and Snezana Brzacovic.

Joseph Middleton

Pianist **Joseph Middleton** specialises in the art of song accompaniment and chamber music and has been internationally acclaimed within this field. Described in *BBC Music Magazine* as 'one of the brightest stars in the world of song and Lieder', he has also been labelled 'the cream of the new generation' by *The Times* and 'a perfect accompanist' by *Opera Now*. He enjoys fruitful partnerships with internationally established singers including Sir Thomas Allen, Louise Alder, Mary Bevan, Ian Bostridge, Allan Clayton, Dame Sarah Connolly, Marianne Crebassa, Iestyn Davies, Fatma Said, Samuel Hasselhorn, Christiane Karg, Katarina Karnéus, Angelika Kirchschlager, Dame Felicity Lott, Christopher Maltman, John Mark Ainsley, Ann Murray, James Newby, Mark Padmore, Mauro Peter, Miah Persson, Carolyn Sampson and Roderick Williams. He collaborates with rising stars from the younger generation and regularly programmes his own series for BBC Radio 3. Recent seasons have taken him to London's Wigmore Hall, Royal Opera House and Royal Festival Hall, the Vienna Konzerthaus and Musikverein, Elbphilarmonie Hamburg, Palau de Musica, Amsterdam Concertgebouw and Muziekgebouw, Köln Philharmonie, Strasbourg, Frankfurt, Lille and Gothenburg Opera Houses, Berlin Boulez Saal, Paris Musée d'Orsay, Zürich Tonhalle, deSingel Antwerp, Luxembourg Philharmonie, Bozar Brussels, Tokyo's Oji Hall and New York's Alice Tully Hall. He regularly appears at festivals in Aix-en-Provence, Aldeburgh, Edinburgh, Munich, Schubertiade Schwarzenberg, Vilarbertran and Hohenems, Stuttgart, Heidelberger Frühling, Frankfurt, Ravinia, Japan, San Francisco, Toronto and Vancouver as well as the

Joseph Middleton (continued)

BBC Proms. His fast-growing discography on Harmonia Mundi, BIS, Chandos and Signum Records have won him a Diapason D'or, Edison Award, Prix Caecilia as well as numerous Gramophone and BBC Music Magazine Award nominations. In 2023/24 he returns to the Life Victoria Festival Barcelona with Miah Persson and Dame Sarah Connolly where he was last season's artist in residence. Further appearances with Dame Sarah Connolly include performances in Seville, Amsterdam, and at the Wigmore Hall. He joins Sir Simon Keenlyside in Cambridge; Louise Alder in Vienna and London; Fatma Said in Vienna, Dortmund, Amsterdam, and at London's Barbican Centre; Carolyn Sampson in Amsterdam, Zeist, and London; and Katharina Konradi at the Schubertiade in Schwarzenberg, Vilabertran and at the Wigmore Hall where he also partners Iestyn Davies, Nicky Spence, Mary Bevan, James Newby, Ashley Riches, and Ruby Hughes. He is Director of Leeds Lieder, Musician in Residence at, and a Bye-Fellow of, Pembroke College Cambridge and a Professor and Fellow at his alma mater, the Royal Academy of Music. He was the recipient of the Royal Philharmonic Society's Young Artist of the Year Award in 2017.

Texts and translations

Berjoskele

Ruig, schockelt ihr
gelocktes grines Kepel

Mein wejsinke
Berjoskele un davent
on a Schir;

jedes Bletele ihr's
scheptshet schtil a t'file.

Sej schejn, klein
Berjoskele, mispallel
ejch far mir!

Fun die weite Felder is
a Wintele gekumen
und erzejlt die Bletelech
Legends on a Schir.

Epes hot in Harzen tief
bei mir genumen
Benken.

Sej schejn, klein
Berjoskele, mispallel
ejch far mir!

Little birch tree

Calmly sways her
curled green little head,

My little white birch,
and prays without a
break;

Each little leaf whispers
quietly its own prayer

Beautiful little birch tree
pray also for me!

From the far fields a
breeze is come and
tells the leaves legends
without end,

Something has brought
about a deep longing
inside my heart.

Beautiful little birch tree,
pray also for me!

Texts and translations

Tote wollen nicht verwellen

Tote wollen nicht
Verweilen:

Wie sie wallen,
wie sie eilen,
werfen immer neue
Hüllen von den Seelen
und erfüllen so ihr
Wesen und genesen.

Wasser sind wir,
tot der Tränen.
Luft, erlöst von allem
sehnen,
Sonne, selig in dem
Lichte,
jenseits jeglichem
Gewichte.

Erdenerbe,
es ersterbe.

The dead do not want to linger

The dead do not want
to linger:

How they wander,
as they hurry,
throw ever new covers
from the souls
and so fill their being
and recover.

We are water,
dead of tears.
Air, redeemed from all
longing,
Sun, blessed in the
light,
beyond all
weight.

Earth’s inheritance,
it is dying.

Texts and translations

Erwachen zu Weihnachten

Augen noch im Schlaf
geschlossen schauen
wie auf
Purpurschwingen
Engel goldne Schalen
Bringen.
Schon von Sonne
überflossen sehn sie,
wie die erdenschweren
Lasten immer
Wiederkehren.

Prüfe mit dem
Himmelsblicke deinen
Leib im Tageslichte:
Abwärtsziehende
Gewichte einst
verschuldeter
Geschicke.
Wer erkennt im Reich
der Sterne, trät das
Leid der Erde gerne.

Denn das Kreuz ist zu
ertragen, seit die
Gottheit dran
gehangen. Licht in uns
ist aufgegangen und
der Himmel lässt sich
fragen. Schau, es
leuchten im Geäste die
Gestirne jetzt zum Feste.

Awakening at Christmas

Eyes still closed in
sleep look
as if on
purple wings
angels bring golden
bowls.
Already overflowing
with sun, they see how
the earth's heavy
burdens return again
and again.

Examine your body in
the daylight with the
gaze of heaven:
downward pulling
weights of once
indebted destinies.
He who recognises in
the realm of the stars
gladly bears the
suffering of the earth.

For the cross is to be
borne, since the
Godhead hung upon it.
Light has risen in us
and the heavens are
open to question. Look,
the stars are now
shining in the branches
for the feast.

Texts and translations

Wanderer erwacht in der Herberge

Ich erwache leicht
Geblendet,
ungewohnt eines
fremden Lagers.

Ist es Reif, der über
Nacht den Boden
weiss befiel?

Ich schau in den Mond,
neige das Haupt,
denke an mein
Wanderziel.

The wanderer wakes up in the shelter

I wake up slightly
dazzled
unaccustomed to a
strange camp.

Is it frost that has
covered the ground in
white overnight?

I look at the moon,
bow my head,
I think of my
destination.

Texts and translations

Die müde Soldat

Ein kahles Mädchen.
Heckenblass entlaubt.
Sie steht am Weg,
ich gehe weit vorbei.

So steh'n sie alle Reih
an Reih und Haupt
an Haupt.

Was weiss ich noch
von heiligen Gewässern,
was von des Dorfes
Abendrot.

Ich bin gespickt mit
tausend Messern und
müde von dem vielen Tod.

Der Kinder Augen sind
wie goldner Regen,
in ihren Händen glüht
die Schale Wein.
Ich will mich unter
Bäumen schlafen legen
und kein Soldat mehr sein.

The tired soldier

A bald girl.
Pale and roughly sheared.
She stands by the path,
I give her a wide berth.

So they all stand row
upon row and head
upon head.

What else do I know
of sacred waters,
of the village's
sunset.

I'm riddled with a
thousand knives and
tired from all the death.

The children's eyes are
like golden rain,
The bowl of wine glows
in their hands.
I want to go to sleep
under the trees
and no longer be a soldier.

Texts and translations

Ein jüdisches Kind

Du bist ein Kind wie
all die vielen,
die auf der ganzen
Erde sind,
wie all die anderen
Gespielen
und doch bist du so
anders, Kind.

Du bist ein Kind,
dem Heimat fehlt,
in allen Städten bist
du fremd.
So lang dich nicht das
Wort beseelt:
Heimat, dein Herz ist
Ungehemmt.

A Jewish child

You are a child like
so many others,
in the whole
wide world,
like the other playful
children,
and yet, you are so
different, child.

You are a child who
has no homeland, in
every place you are a
stranger. As long as
the word Homeland
is not in your soul,
your heart will be
untethered.

Texts and translations

Čtyři písně na slova čínské poezie

I.
Domov je tam,
daleko, daleko,
daleko tam,
daleko tam,
mělo bys domů,
zbloudilé srdce!
Daleko tam domov,
Domov.
Za cizí noci, v
podzimn ím dešti,
když nejvíc studil
smutku chladný
van: ve vysokém
domě svém
zaslechl jsem křik
divokých husí:
právě přilétly.
Domov je daleko tam.

II.
V bambusech
nejsou lidé, v
bambusech sedím
Sám.
Tu na loutnu
zahraju tiše, tu
sobě zahvízdám.
Kdo, řekněte lidé,
kdo ví, kde v

Four songs to Chinese poetry

Home is there, far
far, far away, far
away there, far
away there,
you should go
Home, stray heart!
Home is far away,
home is far away
On a strange night,
in the autumn rain,
when it's coldest
The cold bath of
sorrow: in my high
house
I heard the cry of
the wild geese: they
had just flown.
Home is far away.

There are no
people in the
bamboos, I sit
alone in the
bamboos.
I'll play the lute
softly, I'll whistle to
myself.
Who, tell me

Texts and translations

bambusech sedím
sám, sám?
Kde v bambusech
sedím sám a na
východ srpečku
luny bambusem
Pozírám.

people, who knows
where I sit in the
bamboos, alone?
Where I sit alone in
the bamboos and
gaze at the moonrise
through the bamboo.

III.
Z temného moře
vyrůstá měsíc,
v daleké, v daleké
zemi teď rozkvétá
Též.
Láska svůj truchlí
daremný sen, láska
truchlí svůj sen,
čeká, čeká na
vzdálený večer, na
vzdálený večer.

The moon rises from
the dark sea,
In a far, far away
land, it now
blooms.
Love mourns its vain
dream, love mourns
its dream,
waiting, waiting for
the distant evening,
for the distant evening.

Jasněji měsíc svítí
v hoře mé.
Oblékám noční šat,
chladné je jíní.
Ruce mé, ruce,
kterak jste prázdné,
říci to všechno! –
říci to všechno!

The moon shines
brighter in my mountain.
I put on my night
shirt, it's cold now.
My hands, my hands
how empty you are
Tell it all!
Tell it all!

Spánku, sen dej mi,
spánku, sen dej mi
o návratu domů,

Sleep give me a dream,
sleep give me a dream
of coming home,

Texts and translations

o návratu domů,
Domů,
spánku, sen
nemůžeš dát – mě
toužení stále budí…

of coming
home,
sleep, dream you
can't give me – the
longing still wakes me up…

IV.
Větrem se bambus
Houpá,
na kámen měsíce
Sed.
Do chvění Mléčné
dráhy stín divoké
kachny vzlét.
Na naše shledání
Myslím,
na naše shledání,
shledání myslím.
Víčka míjí sen,
víčka má míjí sen.
Zatím co radostí
zpívám,
co radostí zpívám,
Zpívám,
strak repot vzbouzí
už den,
vzbouzí už den,
vzbouzí den!

The bamboo sways in
the wind,
on the stone of the
moon.
Into the quivering Milky
Way the shadow of a
mallard duck
takes flight.
I think of our reunion,
I think of our reunion,
reunion.
My eyelids pass the
dream, my eyelids pass
the dream.
While I sing for joy,
I'm singing for joy,
I'm singing.
The magpie's grumble
is waking up the day,
Wake up the day,
wake up the day!

Texts and translations

Als Ob!

Ich kenn ein kleines Städtchen,
ein Städtchen ganz tipp topp!
Ich nenn es nicht beim Namen,
ich nenn die Stadt, ‘Als Ob’.

Nicht alle Leute dürfen
in dieser Stadt hinein,
es müssen Auserwälte,
der ‘Als Ob’ Rasse sein.

Sie leben dort ihr Leben
als ob’s ein Leben wär
und freuen sich mit Gerüchten
als ob’s die Wahrheit wär.

Die Menschen auf die Strassen
sie laufen im Gallop,
auch wenn sie nichts zu tun hat,
tut mann sich so als ob!

Es gibt auch ein Kaffeehaus
gleich dem Kaffee de l’Europe,
und bei Musikbegleitung

fühlt mann sich so als ob!

So Mancher ist auch Manchmal,
mit Manchem ziemlich grob!
Daheim war er kein Grosser,
hier tut er so als ob!

As If!

I know a little town
it really is tip top!
I won’t call it by name,
I’ll call it: ‘As If’!

Not everyone
is allowed into this town,
only the chosen ones,
the ‘As If’ race.

They live their life there,
as if it were a life
and believe in rumours
as if they were the truth.

The people on the street
run fast everywhere,
even if they have nothing to do,
they run as if they did.

There’s even a Coffee House,
called Café de l’europe,
and with musical
accompaniment,
one feels exactly as if…

Some people are sometimes
rather rude and stuck up!
At home he was a nobody,
here he pretends as if he were a
somebody!

Texts and translations

Des Morgens und des Abends
trankt man als ob Kaffee
am Samstag, ja am Samstag
da gibt's als ob Haschée.

Mann stellt sich an um Suppe
als ob was wäre drinn
und mann geniesst die Dorsche
als ob's wär ein Vitamine.

Mann legt sich auf den Boden
als wäre es ein Bett
und denkt an seine Lieben
als ob mann Nachricht hätt.

Mann trägt das schwere Schicksal
als ob es nicht so schwer
und spricht von einer Zukunft
als ob es Morgen wär.

Every morning and evening
we drink 'as if' coffee
on Saturday, yes, on Saturday,
there's even 'as if' Hachée!

One lines up for soup
as if there were anything in it
and one savours the cod
as if it were vitamins.

One lies on the hard floor
as if it were a bed
and thinks about one's loved ones
As if they had received news.

One carries the terrible fate
as if it were not so bad
and speaks from a future,
as if it were already tomorrow.

Texts and translations

Gang in den Morgen

Der Blick.
Die Hände vor die Brauen
und mütterliches Llcht.
Die Auen.
Ein Halm.
Ein Schritt.
Die Blüten tauen.

Walk into the morning

The look,
The hands in front of the brows
And motherly light.
The meadows.
A stalk.
A step.
The blossoms thaw.

Gesang

So viel.
So viel und immer mehr.
Es strömt, es rauscht,
ein weites Meer
die Flöten leicht,
die Hörner schwer.

Singing

So much.
So much and more and more.
It flows, it rushes,
a wide sea,
the flutes light,
the horns heavy.

Heimat

Im Grund, im kühlen Grund.
So bunt.
Der Felder Wogen,
Wiesenrund.
Im Grundgeborgen Herz und Mund.

Home

In the ground, the cool ground.
So colourful.
The waves of the fields, the
meadow round.
In the ground, heart and mouth.

Der Liebsten

Bei dir, in Lachen und in Tränen.
Die Nähe, Hand und Mund.
Das Sehnen vergeht.
Bei dir kein blindes Wähnen.

The loved one

With you, in laughter and in tears.
The closeness, hand and mouth.
The longing fades.
With you, no blind pondering.

Texts and translations

Blüten

Innig, warm und dicht
verschlungen.
Atem – Leben zugesungen.
Bunte Kelche, Lippen, Zungen.

In der Stube

Zueinander, dicht gestaut.
Sorgend mühsam aufgebaut.
Ding und Wesen.
Stumm und laut.

Der Nachbar

Gut ist Hilfe Hand an Hand.
Tür and Tür und Wand an Wand:
Ganz einander.
Bund und Band.

Gebete

In frommen Schalen ausgestreut
das reife Korn und dargebeut
dem Hort und Borne,
der erfreut.

Blossoms

Initmate, warm and tightly
intertwined.
Breath – sung to life.
Colourful chalices, lips, tongues.

In the parlour

Tightly packed together.
Painstakingly built up.
Thing and being.
Silent and loud.

The neighbour

Help hand to hand is good.
Door to door and wall to wall:
All together.
Band and band.

Prayers

Scattered in pious bowls
The ripe grain and offered
to the hoard and borne,
who delights.

Texts and translations

Im Walde

Gesprenkelt, dicht und weit und
Duft.
Die Sonne träumt,
es schläft die Luft.
Es knistert, sintert.
Bäume.
Duft.

In the forest

Speckled, thick and wide and
fragrant.
The sun is dreaming,
the air sleeps.
It crackles, sintering.
Trees.
Scent.

Verdämmern

Hinab, hinab.
Die Glocke stimmt.
Wolken glühen.
Abend glimmt.
Hinab, hinab.
Der Mondhauch schwimmt.

Twilight

Down, down, down.
The bell rings.
Clouds glow.
Evening glows.
Down, down, down.
The moon's breath floats.

Nacht

Komm, weicher Schlaf!
Komm, süsse Nacht!
Entspannt das Land,
gedämfte Pracht.
Und einsam in den
Grund gedacht.

Night

Come. soft sleep!
Come. sweet night!
Relax the land,
steamed splendour.
And lonely thought into
the ground.

Texts and translations

Stille

Ruhe.
Schweigen.
Schauen und Beachten.
Still in seligem Betrachten.
Vor der Gottheit übernachten.

Stillness

Peace.
Silence.
Looking and observing.
Still in blissful contemplation.
Spend the night before the deity.

Ich wandre durch Theresienstadt

Ich wandre durch Theresienstadt,
das Herz so schwer wie Blei.
Bis jäh meine Weg ein Ende hat,

dort knapp an der Bastei.

Dort bleib ich auf der Brücke stehn
und schau ins Tal hinaus:
ich möcht so gerne weiter gehn,
ich möcht so gern nach Haus!

Nach Haus! – du wunderbares Wort,
du machst das Herz mir schwer.
Man nahm mir mein Zuhause fort,

nun hab ich keines mehr.

Ich wende mich betrübt und matt,
so schwer wird mir dabei:
Theresienstadt, Theresienstadt,
wann wohl das Leid ein Ende hat,

wann sind wir wieder frei?

I wander through Theresienstadt

I wander through Theresiendstadt,
my heart as heavy as lead.
Until my path comes to an abrupt end,
there just by the bastion.

There I stop on the bridge
and look out into the valley:
I want so much to go on,
I want to go home so much!

Home! – you marvellous word,
you make my heart heavy.
My home was taken away from me,
now I have none left.

I turn away sad and weary,
I feel so heavy:
Theresienstadt, Theresienstadt,
I wonder when the suffering will end,
when will we be free again?

Texts and translations

Kaddisch

Yithgaddal weyithkaddash scheméh rabba	May thy glory, O King of Kings, be exalted,
Be'olmâ	O thou
Diverâ 'khire' outhé veyamli'kh mal'khouté	who art to renew the world and resurrect
Behayyé'khön,	the dead.
ouvezome'khôu ouve'hayyé	May thy reign, Adonaï, be proclaimed by
de'khol beth yisraël	us, the sons of Israel,
ba'agalâ ouvizman qariw weimrou:	today, tomorrow, for ever. Let us all say:
Amen.	Amen.
Yithbara'kh Weyischtaba'h weyith paêr	May thy radiant name be loved, cherished,
Weyithromam	praised, glorified.
weyithnassé weyithhaddar	May it be blessed, sanctified,
weyith'allé	exalted, thy
Weyithhallal	name which soars
scheméh dequoudschâ beri'kh hou, l'êla	above the heavens, above our praises,
ule'êla	above our songs,
min kol bir'khatha weschiratha	above all our benisons. May merciful
Touschbehatha	heaven grants us
wene'hamathâ daamirân ah!	tranquility, peace,
Be'olma ah!	happiness. Ah!
We ïmrou: Amen.	Let us all say: Amen.

Sources / Further reading and viewing

Gonda Redlich *Terezin Diaries* (pub. University of Kentucky)

Terezin, a story of the Holocaust (school text book pub. Franklin Watts)

Joza Karas *Music in Terezin* (pub. Beaufort Books)

Mark Ludwig *Our Will to Live* (pub. Steidl)

Inherit the Truth by Anita Lasker-Wallfisch
(Simon Wallfisch's grandmother)

terezinmusic.org

exilarte.org/en

Alice Herz-Sommer: *Everything is a present*

Acknowledgements

Film of Alice Herz-Sommer: Special thanks to Matthew Percival, Creative Director at Allegro Films.

Film of Terezin performance of *Brundibar* is an extract from a Nazi propaganda film and everything is deliberately staged to disguise the cruelty and terrible conditions experienced by the prisoners.

Cover photograph by Suzanne Schwierz
Biography photographs of Simon Wallfisch by Zaira Biagini and Joseph Middleton by Sussie Alberg

Howard Opera Centre
8 Harrison Street
Leeds LS1 6PA

0113 243 9999
info@operanorth.co.uk
operanorth.co.uk

Registered Charity Nº 511726
Company Nº 1550778

HOWARD ASSEMBLY ROOM

opera north
Supported using public funding by ARTS COUNCIL ENGLAND
Principal Partner UNIVERSITY OF LEEDS
Major Supporter THE KEITH HOWARD FOUNDATION
Major Education Supporter THE LIZ & TERRY BRAMALL FOUNDATION
UK Government
LEVELLING UP
West Yorkshire Combined Authority
Tracy Brabin Mayor of West Yorkshire
arts@leeds
Leeds City Council