REMEMBER
SONGS OF THE HOLOCAUST

SIDOR BELARSKY

Narrations by
DR. NAHUM GOLDMANN
Brigadier-General H. L. GLYN HUGHES
DR. GIDEON HAUSNER
JOSEF ROSENSAFT

WORLD FEDERATION OF THE BERGEN BELSEN SURVIVORS
SIDOR BELARSKY

with ORCHESTRA AND CHOIR

Conducted by

VLADIMIR HEIFETZ

Narrations by

DR. NAHUM GOLDMANN
DR. GIDEON HAUSNER
Brigadier-General
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JOSEF ROSENSAFT

SIDOR BELARSKY has won repeated acclaim as one of the foremost exponents of Jewish Folk Songs. The inimitable style with which he interprets these songs finds its highly artistic expression in the Songs of the Holocaust featured in this album.

SIDE ONE

1. ANI MA'AMIN
2. MOYESHE'LECH SHLOIME'LECH

3. B'EIR ZA'RIM

4. Moyses'Lech Shloime'Lech

A DIRGE on the death of the Jewish children in Poland. No longer do they play under the trees and in the bushes. Moyses'Lech and Shloime'Lech, Sarach and Lea'lach, the sound of their laughter has been silenced. The House of Israel in Poland has lost its children. Only here and there do lonely children who survived still hide in holes, covering, crazed by terror, with the fear of death in their eyes.

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REMEMBER • • הנשים • הנשים
SIDOR BELARSKY
SIDE • TWO

DR. NAHUM GOLDSMANN
SHTILER, SHTILER
DOS YIDDISH KIND
DR. GIDEON HAUSNER
NIZKOR
REMEMBER • זכרו • " yap" • נזכור

SIDOR BELARSKY

SIDE ONE

1. ימחה רעותי מלמטה
2. משמח לך שלמה לוע
3. עמק ברוים
4. ערב יום כיפור
5. ברוך מטשרפל ביתך יד
6. זוג ניט קיימול

Josef Rosensaft
Moyselech Shloimelech
Es Brent
Erev Yom Kippur
Brig. Gen. Glyn Hughes
Zog Nit Keinmol
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As part of the observance of the Twentieth Anniversary of the Liberation of Bergen-Belsen, we are publishing this record of songs of the ghettos and concentration camps.

A real Jewish celebration is complete only when it is trialed by shadows of sorrow, when its joy is mingled with pain. Of such nature is our present joy on the day of our liberation, grown into one with the grim reality of our past.

The songs of the ghettos and concentration camps were composed and sung by the common people; they originated in the depths of their misery. These are songs out of the depths of the human soul. Our people sang these songs on their journey of suffering and death; these songs traveled with them wherever they went. The words and the melodies absorbed all the sounds, all the sighs and groans, all the tremors of the tormented Jewish soul: its quiet soft prayers and its anguish, its desperate grief and its eternal hope. These songs are as true, as genuine in portrayal and expression as were the hunger and the cold in the ghetto, the morsel of black bread, the portion of watery soup and the prisoners’ striped garb.

It has always been part of our Jewish tradition to treat value the spontaneous creations of our people and treat them with a sense of piety. For folklore bears the seal of truth and historic durability. As such folk songs become a national heritage and are handed down by generation to generation.

The songs reproduced on this record stem from the last march of the Jew on his road to holy martyrdom in the days of the Hitler inferno. These are the songs of the Jewish people’s tomb of the ghettos and the concentration camp, of the woods and the Aryan side in which Jews were hiding out. They tell of an agony like of which was never known before, of a woe whose extent and depth can be grasped only by those who had personally experienced its tragedy and bitterness. The conditions under which the songs were created and the men and women who sang them, stamped them with ineradicable imprints of Jewish martyrdom: they are a segment of the soul and the spirit of our martyrs. They are like the Lamentations of Jeremiah and the dirges of subsequent generations of martyrs; like the words of Kol-Nidre—drenched in blood and tears. It is our fond prayer that more and more Jews prove to be both worthy and capable of ingesting their sounds and their message.

Joseph Rosensaft
President, World Federation of the Bergen-Belsen Survivors

Erin General Glyn Hughes (continued)

TWO YEARS is a long time by human standards, however short it may appear by cosmic ones, and in the perspective of history. One would have expected memories to fade during that time, even memories of war and mortal misery. Never of Belsen. The horror of that first day of liberation and the harrowing period that followed must remain vivid, with all its pitiful detail, in the minds of everyone of us that saw it. Those diabolical pictures have a habit of emerging from time to time; they can never be forgotten and continue to disturb one’s peace.

Is this surprising? For Belsen was unique in its vile treatment of human beings. Nothing like it had happened before in the history of mankind. The victims of this infamous behavior had been reduced to a condition of subhuman existence, and there we were, a mere handful of war-weary men trying to save those who could still be saved and to allay the sea of suffering and the depths of agony of those who had continued to exist. We knew there were thousands for whom no help could avail.

It has been a very rewarding experience to have been able, during these twenty years, to keep in touch with many of the survivors and to realize that outwardly they have mostly made a complete recovery and been strengthened to triumph over such incredible odds; but they, much more than we, must retain all their lives the nightmare of those terrible days. At this time, do not let us forget those who, despite their fortitude and bravery, paid the supreme sacrifice: let us pay homage to their memory.

The rehabilitation of the survivors has always been a source of wonder. There is nothing more stimulating to me than to visit Israel and to meet in other countries men and women who went through that intolerable experience. I have been privileged to retain lasting friendships and to count many of the survivors among my greatest friends; I shall never forget how many of them in those days of liberation, despite their own condition, continued to help our efforts to salvage lives and to ease the suffering of their fellow creatures. They deserve the everlasting gratitude of all mankind. On this anniversary I join them in remembrance and prayer.

Brigadier-General
H. L. Glyn Hughes
Liberator of Bergen-Belsen
The page contains two columns of text in Hebrew and English. The Hebrew text is on the right side, and the English text is on the left. The English text is a continuation of previous text, discussing the importance of remembering the Holocaust and the need for unity and action to prevent similar tragedies in the future. The Hebrew text appears to be a continuation of the English text, also emphasizing the need for remembrance and action. The page number at the bottom indicates that this is a continuation from the previous page.
ONE of the most soul-stirring ghetto songs, written shortly before World War II, foretells the impending catastrophe and sounds a warning call to the Jews to prepare for a last stand in defense of their lives and homes. In the years of the Nazi era, this song became one of the hymns of the fighting ghet- tos. To this day, it has remained one of the most gripping songs of the Holocaust.

(Continued from page 1)

ES BRENT (FIRE!)

YOM KIPPUR eve in the Jewish street, trodden brutally under the cruel Nazi boot. The sun sets, her face red with shame and wrath. The empty synagogue stands deserted, locked and deserted. No longer can one see the inspiring sight of the Jewish house of prayer on the eve of the holiest day, full of pious supplicants who wait in awe for the annual Divine Judgment. As in the long past days of the Inquisition in Spain, so now in the ghetto a few Jews gather in a house, to turn to their Divine Father, and pour out their sorrow into the traditional melody of the 'Kol Nidre' prayer ...

ZOG NIT KEINMOL
(Song of the Partisans)

SAY not, it is the final road we tread, Leadens skies will pass, and sun will shine instead. Believe that freedom's hour will appear, Our steps will tell the world that we are here.

Dr. Gideon Hausner
Former Attorney General of Israel
and Prosecutor at the Eichmann Trial
SHTILER, SHTILER
(Silent, Silent)

A Jewish mother sings a lullaby to her orphan son. His father went away and is no more. All around fresh graves crop up day after day, sown by murderous hands. "Don't cry, my son," says the mother, "our enemies will not be touched by tears..." And she comforts her son with words of hope that the day of liberation will ultimately arrive. The song gives expression to the great anguish of Jewish life in the ghetto in the days of the Holocaust.

DOS YIDDISH KIND
(The Jewish Child)

The song describes the anguish of a Jewish mother who attempts to save her child from the claws of the Nazi beasts. For no other choice, she must leave her child in the home of a Christian, and she bids him to live on in that strange and unfriendly environment.

NIZKOR
(Let Us Remember)

MAY HE REMEMBER in mercy the pious and saintly communities of Israel who gave their lives to the sanctification of his name, the lovely and the pleasant, in their lives, even in their death, they were not divided.

LET US REMEMBER
our brothers and our sisters, men, women and children, who were murdered and slaughtered and strangled and drowned and burned alive by the German claws of cruelty, in ghettos and in concentration camps, in gas chambers and fiery furnaces, in forests and fields, all over Europe...

Earth, conceal not the blood shed on thee!