PARTISANS OF VILNAS

The Songs of World War II Jewish Resistance
Ghetto Culture

Vilna was in the eastern half of Poland at the outbreak of the war; so in the early part of the war it fell under Soviet domination. During a brief interlude of Lithuanian independence, thousands of Jews fled the Nazi rule of western Poland and stopped in Vilna. The city became a Jewish refugee center, particularly for political activists.

Nazi Germany invaded Soviet-occupied (eastern) Poland in June, 1941. The massacre of Jews began immediately on the heels of the invasion. In Vilna, by the end of 1941 when the mass murders were suspended, some 60,000 Jews had been shot into mass graves near the nearby village of Ponar. The name “Ponar” became a synonym for death. It is referred to in “It Was a Summer Day” (Band 1), and “Hush, Hush” (Band 7). The remaining 20,000 Jews continued to exist in a tiny sealed ghetto. The luckier ones were marched out to forced-labor sites and back each day.

During 1942 and 1943 (the ghetto was liquidated in September, 1943), the Jewish survivors tried to recreate the rich network of communal institutions (e.g., soup kitchen, orphanage) adapted to ghetto conditions.

The cultural life of the Vilna Ghetto developed in this period of relative stability and included a library, theater, concerts, choruses, cafés, lectures, schools, and sports. From the beginning, there were ambivalent feelings about the purpose and appropriateness of cultural pursuits in the shadow of mass murder. The ghetto theater opened to placards of protest—“We don’t play theater on a cemetery”—and the officially sanctioned activities, which could be and were attended by Germans, certainly contained an element of pacifying the ghetto population. But in time, even the elements of escapism became generally accepted as part of a response to normal communal needs in abnormal times. The ghetto library loaned out over 100,000 books, largely lighter reading, but also books related to the predicament of the ghetto Jews (like the very popular 40 Days of Musa Dagh, which describes the Armenian massacres and resistance in World War I). In another respect, the cultural life in the ghetto was a defense of the spiritual dimension of a community whose body and soul were threatened with extinction. Witness the celebration honoring the important Yiddish poet, Yehoash, known for his Yiddish translation of the Bible.

The songs of this album came to life in the social context of the educational, cultural, and political institutions of the ghetto, including, of course, the secret institution of the armed underground.

“Yisrolik” (Band 2) was written and performed in the ghetto theater in February, 1942, just after its establishment. “By One, Two, Three” (Band 9) dates from the late summer of 1943, from a theater review, “Peshe from Reshe,” about the liquidation of smaller provincial ghettos around Vilna.

“Under Your White Stars” (Band 3) was first performed in the Ghetto Youth Club, which was an important source for recruiting younger members into the underground groups.

The ghetto administration instituted poetry and music contests. The winning musical entry subsequently had words set to it—“Hush, Hush” (Band 7) —and became popular in the ghetto. It was performed by one of the several choruses (Slep’s Chorus) of the ghetto.

Two songs by Hirsh Glik—“Silence, the Night” (Band 11) and “Never Say” (Band 12) —were written specifically for the underground movement. “Never Say” became the official anthem of the major underground organization (to which Glik belonged), the FPO (Farbinston Partizan Organizatsye—“United Partisan Organization”). In the Rudniki forest, the Jewish partisan units (under Soviet command) sang “Never Say” each morning at reveille. Around the campfire at night, the Yiddish folk and theater songs of a destroyed home mixed with Yiddish and Russian partisans songs, such as “Dugout” (Band 8).

Shmerke Kaczerginski, a member of the FPO who wrote many songs and collected many more, put it this way:

We sang.
Song united our souls, elevated our feelings, and steeled our muscles.
Introduction

This is an album of songs that were created and sung by members of the Jewish underground of Vilna during World War II. This organized, armed Jewish resistance against the Nazis is an ever inspiring history of young people who refused to accept defeat. The songs express the profound grief and rage, the ordinary longings, the pride in military exploits, the romance of heroism, but most of all the inextinguishable defiance that animated the young fighters. In particular, they relate to events and circumstances that arose in the Vilna Ghetto and nearby forests of White Russia and Lithuania. But they are also a universal expression of the spirit of Jewish resistance that sprouted in the ghettos and forests and camps all over Eastern Europe.

These songs are presented in Yiddish by performers who are dedicated to the ongoing work of fashioning cultural continuity with the murdered world of Yiddish-speaking Jews.

The members of the resistance recorded their defiance in deeds and also in the songs they wrote and sang. And they hoped that the dawn would come in time to break the Kingdom of Night.

But if the sun and the dawn are late in coming,
May this song go from generation to generation like a password.

— “Never Say” (Band 12)

Pre-war Background

The decades before World War II saw a flowering of Jewish secular life in Eastern Europe—a profusion of movements that advocated revolutionary visions of a Jewish future, “free” of traditional religious observance. Political ideologies, such as socialism, Zionism and folklore, played a prominent role in a wide range of popular organizations—political parties, unions, professional associations, schools, summer camps, clinics, academies, theater groups, and so on. Religious observance was no longer a mandatory element of Jewish identity. Vilna, known as the “Jerusalem of Lithuania,” continued to be a major center of traditional Jewish learning. In the “new age” it also became a prestigious focus of secular Jewish culture.

The Jewish armed underground was predominantly a response to the Nazi onslaught by the secular Jewish world, in particular the political youth movements. This orientation, which was revolutionary in spirit and cosmopolitan in outlook, is reflected in the songs. We hear it in the remarkable reference to the American novel, The Last of the Mohicans, in “Jew, You Partisan” (Band 4). We hear it in the phrase, “our new, free generation,” in “Never Say” (Band 12). “New” and “free,” which rhyme in Yiddish (nay and fray), were a favored pair of words to describe the visionary future, the secular messianic era. There is even an allusion to the variety of competing organizations in “By One, Two, Threes” (Band 9):

Everyone in the land strode so cheerfully,
Each separately on his own way.

The melody to this song was taken from a song by Hans Eisler, current among German Socialists—a sign perhaps that ideological connotations could still be stronger than national ones. Certainly it was ideological faith (for many) that combined with profound national pride to help sustain the spirit of the Jewish fighters.
The Melodies

A man who joined the FPO as a teenager in the summer of 1943 recalled over 40 years later how uplifting, how spiritually attractive, the singing was. He remarked that the FPO members were singing “Russian songs already with Yiddish words.” Indeed it was common to take an existing melody and fit new words to it. Sometimes there was an ironic twist, as in “By One, Two, Threes” (Band 9), where the march refrain is presented three different ways—the pre-war march of youthful idealism, the death march under the Nazis, and the “different rhythm” of a freedom march. The popular Yiddish theater song, “Papirosn” (“Cigarettes”) provided the tune for Rikele Glezer’s “It Was a Summer Day.” (Band 1). The strong Russian flavor of the melodies is not surprising in Vilna, where Russian music was popular with the older generation and which had just lived through two years of Soviet domination before the Nazi invasion.

Even the prize-winning melody by the eleven-year-old Alexander Wolkowycki was characterized by the composer as being in the Russian style, when he was interviewed for the film.

On the other hand, if we look at the “Soviet Russian” melodies, we can also find a Jewish element. For example, the one song sung in Russian on the album, “Dugout” (Band 8), was composed by Konstantin Listov, a Soviet Jew of a musical family, which had organized the first balalaika orchestra in Russia in pre-Revolutionary times. His father, who played the bass balalaika, wrote gypsy romantic ballads.

Band 1

Facing the unbelievable fact of German mass murder was the first critical step in developing an ability to resist. The sunny summer day of this song was September 6, 1941, when the Jews of Vilna were suddenly forced out of residences all over the city and forced into two tiny ghetto districts in the old Jewish section. Many were taken straight to Ponar and shot. Rikele Glezer, then a teenage girl, presented the disaster in its true colors in this song. She kept a journal of poems through the war. She later escaped from a deportation train and joined the partisan camp as its youngest member. She now lives in Israel.

It Was a Summer Day

It was a summer day,
As always, sunnily beautiful,
And Nature was then
So full of charm.
Birds were singing,
Cheerfully hopping around,
We were ordered into the ghetto.

Oh, imagine what became of us,
We understood: all was lost.
Of no help were our pleas
For rescue.
We took leave of our home.

The day was a long one,
It was difficult to walk.
It seems to me that a stone
Seeing us, would burst into tears.
Old people and children walked
Like cattle to the altar.
Human blood flowed in the street.

Now we are all sealed off,
Tortured, deceived by life.
One has no father, one no mother,
Rare is the one who has everyone.
The enemy has reached his great goal.

We were too many,
So the master commanded
Jews to be brought from the vicinity
And be shot at Ponar.
The homes became empty,
But the ditches, therefore, became full.
The enemy has reached his great goal.

At Ponar one now sees on the roads
Things, hats, soaked through with rain.
These are things of those who died
Sacrificial deaths,
Of holy souls.
The earth has covered them forever.

And now it’s sunnily beautiful once more,
Everything around here smells splendid.
And we are tortured ones
And all suffer without a word.
Cut off from the world,
Hidden behind high walls.
A ray of hope barely stirs.

Band 2

The Nazi slaughter created an “overflow” of orphans in the ghetto, many of whom had to look after themselves. Smuggling food into the ghetto from the city and selling it was one way to survive. And the smuggling of food was essential to the ghetto since the meager official rations could not sustain a population which included many “illegal” residents.

The feisty orphan peddler was introduced to ghetto audiences by Chaya Rosenthal, who also recorded the song in Paris after the war. She lived in South Africa after the War, where she continued to perform in Yiddish theater.

Yisrolik

Buy your cigarettes here,
Buy your saccharin here,
Merchandise is down in value today.
A life for a penny,
The smallest coin is an earning,
But haven’t you heard of the ghetto peddlers?
I'm called Yisrolik,
I'm the child of the ghetto,
I'm called Yisrolik,
A youth no one looks after.
Though left stripped bare,
I still offer up
A whistle and a song.
A coat without a collar,
Underwear made out of a sack,
I've got galoshes—all I'm missing is
the shoes.
And whoever dares
To have oh such a good laugh—
Well I'll just show them who I am!

I'm called Yisrolik...

Don't think I was born
Of the lawless street—
I was a father and mother's child like
everyone else.
I lost them both,
Don't think it's a joke.
I was left like the wind in the field.

I'm called Yisrolik,
But when nobody's looking
I quietly wipe
A tear from my eye...
But it's better not to talk
About my sorrow.
What's the use of bringing it up
And making my heart heavy.

Band 3
This prayerful lyric is the only one of
Abraham Sutskever's many wartime
poems that was set to music and is still
widely sung. It was first sung in the ghetto
in the spring of 1943 by Zlate Bornstein-
Kaczerginski.

Abraham Sutskever, the world's
leading Yiddish poet, took up residence in
Israel after the War. He lives in Tel Aviv,
where he edits the literary quarterly Di
Goldene Keyt ("The Golden Chain") and
continues to add to his personal creative
output that now spans over half a century.

Under Your White Stars
Under Your white stars
Stretch Your white hand to me.
My words are tears,
Want to rest in Your hand.
See, their sparkle dims
In my cellars view,
And I have no corner
To send them back to You.

And I do want, God, my true one,
To entrust You with my possessions,
For inside me a fire demands,
And in the fire—my days.
But in cellars, in holes,
The murderous silence weeps,
So I run higher, over roofs,
Searching: Where are You, where?

Steps and courtyards
Begin to chase me weirdly.
I hang—a burst string
Singing to You:
Under Your white stars
Stretch Your white hand to me.
My words are tears,
Want to rest in Your hand.

Jew, You Partisan
From the ghetto's prison walls
Into the free forests,
Instead of chains on my hands
I carry a new rifle.
On the missions, my friend
Kisses me, throat and shoulder,
From this day I've become
Fast with the rifle.

We are few in number,
We are bold as millions,
Over hill and dale we blow up
Bridges and echelons.
The fascist is struck with fear,
Knows not where, from where,
Jews are storming from beneath the
earth—
Jews—partisans.

The word "revenge" makes sense
When you write it in blood,
Before the sacred dawn
We carry out our strikes.
No, we will never be
"Last of the Mohicans."
Bringing sunshine to the night—
The Jew—the partisan.

Band 4
Shmerke Kaczerginski, a member of
the poet group "Young Vilna," was a
veteran songwriter before the war. Several
of his songs (like "Fathers, Mothers, Little
Children") acquired popularity. This song
was written in the Narocz forests, where
Kaczerginski was also collecting songs
and folklore as a member of the partisan
brigade. He was one of several people
responsible for transmitting a large
amount of what was created during the
war by Jewish inmates all over Eastern
Europe.

Kaczerginski died in a plane crash in
South America in 1952.

Band 5
A stunning metaphor for the way that
awareness and pride in the Jewish
achievements of the past and present were
converted into the strength to resist the
Nazi's anti-Jewish genocide. The publishing
house of Romm was one of the most
important Jewish presses in Europe, noted
particularly for its edition of the (Babylon-
nian) Talmud. Sutskever recorded this
poem on a Folkways album of his Yiddish
poetry.

The Lead Plates of Romm's Printing
House
We, like fingers stretched through bars
To capture the shining air of freedom,
Drew through night to take the plates,
The lead plates of Romm's Printing
House.
We, dreamers, must now turn soldiers
And melt down the spirit of the lead
into bullets.
And once more we opened the seal
To some kind of secret, eternal cave.
Shielded by shadows, working by flashlight,
We poured the letters — measure by measure,
As our grandfathers once in the Temple
Had poured oil into gilded menorahs.

The lead blazed as the bullets were poured out,
Thoughts — dissolving letter by letter.
A verse of Babylon, a verse of Poland,
Seethed, flamed up in the self-same measure.
Jewish courageousness, sanctified in words,
Must now blow up the world with a bang!

And whoever saw arms in the ghetto
Gripped in heroic Jewish hands —
Witnessed the struggle of Jerusalem,
The fall of those granite walls,
Was aware of the words recast into slugs,
And in his heart recognized their voices.

Itsik Vitnberg
Lying somewhere concealed
Is the enemy like an animal,
The Mauser keeps watch in my hand,
But suddenly—the Gestapo
Leads a prisoner in chains
Through the darkness: our Commander!

The night tore the ghetto
With lightning flashes,
"Danger!" shouts a gate, a wall.
Loyal comrades
Free him from his chains —
Disappear with the Commander.

The night flew by,
Death before our eyes,
The ghetto is burning fever.
The ghetto in turmoil,
The Gestapo threatens:
"The Commander or death!"

Then Itsik said—
And it penetrated like a bolt of lightning—
"I don’t want you on my account
To have to surrender your lives
To the enemy...”
Proudly to his death goes the Commander.

Once more lying concealed
Is the enemy like an animal,
I hold you tighter in my hand, Mauser.
Now you are dear to me,
You be my liberator,
Now you be my Commander.

Band 7
Kaczerginski wrote, after the war,
"Even when we sang a sad song... the sad song developed hatred and wrath in us—healthy feelings which summoned us to action, to revenge!" This exquisite lament was so effective in just this way that in some Soviet partisan units Jews were actually not permitted to sing it.

Earlier, in performances in the ghetto, the references to Ponar had to be replaced with less "offensive" phrases. It was first sung in the ghetto by Keyle Krizewski; it is still one of the most widely sung Holocaust songs.

Alex Wolkowycki, the boy who, at his piano teacher's insistence, wrote this accomplished melody in the Vilna ghetto, survived to become a widely recognized concert pianist and teacher in Israel. Now known as Alexander Tamir, he lives and works in Jerusalem.

Hush, Hush
Hush, hush, let's be quiet,
Graves are growing here.
They were planted by the enemy,
They grow green towards the blue sky.
There are roads that lead to Ponar;
There are no roads back.
Daddy vanished somewhere,
And good fortune went with him.
Hush, my child, don't cry, my darling,
Wailing doesn't help,
Our misfortune will in any case
Not be understood by our enemies.
Even seas have shores,
And prisons, fences;
But our anguish
Hasn't even a bit of light.

Spring came to the earth
And brought us autumn;
If the day is filled with flowers,
It is only night that sees us.
Now autumn is growing golden on the stalks,
So it is grief that blossoms in us,
Somewhere a mother is left orphaned,
Her child headed for Ponar.
The Vilnius, in prison chains,
Also yoked in anguish, 
Now ice floes race through Lithuania 
And empty into the sea. 
Somewhere the gloom is breaking, 
Suns are shining from the darkness. 
Come quickly, horseman, 
Your child is calling you.

Hush, hush, springs are swelling with delight 
Around our hearts; 
Until the gate falls, 
Silent we must be. 
Don’t be joyful, child, 
Your smile 
Is treachery for us now, 
May the enemy see the spring 
Like a leaf in autumn. 
Let the spring flow calmly, 
Hush and hope. 
With freedom comes your Daddy, 
So sleep, my child, sleep. 
Like the freed Vilye, 
Like the trees renewed with green, 
Freedom’s light is already shining 
On your countenance.

Band 8
This song was written in Moscow in the winter of 1941-42 when there was an evacuation of women in the face of a threatened German attack. It reflected the gloomy mood of that time and became immediately popular.

Zemlyanka (Dugout)
A fire is crackling in the narrow stove, 
On the logs the pitch flows like tears, 
In the zemlyanka (dugout) an accordion is singing to me 
About your smile, your eyes.

The bushes whispered to me about you 
On the snow-white fields near Moscow. 
If only you could hear 
The lament of my voice that still lives.

You’re so very far away, 
Endless snows separate us. 
You are so difficult to reach 
But death is just four steps away. 
Sing, accordian—and the blizzard be damned! 
Summon that illusive happiness. 
In the cold dugout, your inextinguishable love 
Keeps me warm.

Band 9
The end of the Vilna Ghetto was already in sight in the summer of 1943 when this stirring song was presented in the ghetto theater by the actor Jacob Beregalski.

By One, Two, Threes
Life summoned us, 
The life of sunny days, 
Everyone in the land trod so cheerfully, 
Each separately on his own way. 
By one, two, threes— 
By one, two, threes— 
Off to work! 
Every step has its sound, 
Every road its song, 
When you know where you’re going and why.

Now sidewalks are forbidden to us, 
Though others walk there freely, 
And we—take a look on the cobblestone, 
Under the iron blows of the scourge. 
By one, two, threes— 
By one, two, threes— 
They left only the roadway for us. 
One’s step has a sound, 
An entirely different song, 
When you walk without knowing why.

Band 10
An important feature of the German strategy of extermination was the total isolation of the ghetto inmates. For the Jewish underground, communication with the outside was indispensable, psychologically as well as materially. Jewish girls (who could not be betrayed by circumcision) largely assumed the vital and exceedingly dangerous role of contacting sources of aid and comfort in the Nazi-ruled world outside the ghetto. Assuming a variety of “Aryan” disguises, they forget contact with other Jewish ghettos, with friendly forces in the city, and, when the time came, with the partisan bases in the forest.

The reference to a nun in the second stanza recalls an extraordinary episode of the Vilna underground. A Polish Mother Superior, who had permitted a group of young Jewish men to hide in the convent she headed in the Vilna vicinity, suddenly appeared one day at the ghetto gate. Concealed in her habit was a weapon for
the underground which she had brought out of loyalty to her former “charges” — the men in hiding had dressed as nuns — and her conviction that “God is in the ghetto.”

Abraham Sutzkever left the Vilna Ghetto in September, 1943, with an FPO group joining the partisans in the Narocz Forest. In 1944, the Soviets air-lifted him to Moscow where he continued to write the tragic story of his murdered Jewish world—including this romantic tribute to the brave messengers of hope.

The Girl from the Woods

And no one can solve the secret:
Who is this girl, what’s her name?
She comes in the angry ghetto-autumn,
Spreading the scent of revenge, consolation.
And like the green herald of spring
Is sensed by grass beneath the ice—
One hears, shackled in wrath,
The salvation-melody of her stride.

Sometimes her locks dyed blonde
Like a hangman’s lover.
Sometimes twisted up, bent over,
Sometimes disguised as a soldier.
Sometimes in a nun’s clothes.
Sometimes a rogue with a dove,
Who leaps over danger
And comes from the outside through a water pipe.

And she comes — frozen as before her mask.
But she becomes embodied by every hanging attic.
She breathes the air like daggers.
And before she has time to think
The quota is ready. And soon,
Shielded by so many stars,
She leads out into the woods.

All remain in the free woods.
And she — back through swamp and underbrush.
A little sack of cyanide
Clings to her bosom.
She gulps the distance with her nostrils
Through the very length of night — her step.
And as the shadows glow pink —
The city swims through haze-fire.

And yet again — a second, third,
A peasant woman from the village, or who?
She lands in the thick of a slaughter,
Surrounded, caught by armed force.
But through the filthy sewage lines
She leads a host like a banner.
And as the woods begin to shine,
A battalion already lives in them!

Band 11

The first act of sabotage against the Nazis in the Vilna region was the mining of a train in July, 1943. This extraordinary feat was accomplished by a trio from the FPO: a girl (Vitka Kempner) and two boys (Istok Mackiewicz and Moyshe Brause).

Hirsh Glik based his song on this episode, though the references to frost and snow were his embellishments. (It’s been suggested that the then-current story of a heroic partisan girl connected with the defense of Stalingrad may have influenced Glik.)

Hirsh Glik was deported from the Vilna Ghetto to a work camp in Estonia, where he was active in the resistance. He perished in 1943.

Silence, the Night

Silence, the night is all be-starred
And the frost burned strong.
Do you remember when I taught you
To hold a machine-gun in your hands?
A lass, a fur jacket and a beret,
Holding a pistol tight in her hand.
A lass with a velvet face
Watches over the enemy’s caravan.

Aimed, fired and—hit,
With her dear little pistol.
She stopped a car—a nice one full of arms—
With one bullet.

At daybreak, she crawled out of the woods
With snow-garlands on her hair.
Encouraged by the precious little victory
For our new, free generation.

Band 12

News of the uprising in the Warsaw Ghetto had an electrifying effect when it reached Vilna via clandestine radio in the spring of 1943. Hirsh Glik expressed the new spirit of defiance and determination in this song, which was quickly adopted as the official hymn of the FPO. Young people joining the organization in the summer of 1943 heard this song at their swearing-in ceremony. FPO commander, Istok Vinnberg, is said to have sung this song shortly before he surrendered himself to the Germans on July 17, 1943. The underground fighters carried this song with them into the forest and the Jewish partisan unit in the Rudniki forest sang this song at reveille each morning. “Never Say” spread rapidly among the surviving Jews of Eastern Europe. Former Jewish partisans of Vilna who arrived in Italy in 1945 found that the resistance hymn had preceded them. It has been translated into a dozen languages. It is still sung to commemorate the Holocaust at gatherings, where it is customary to stand for the singing.
Never Say

Never say you are walking your last road;
Leaden skies conceal blue days!
The hour we have longed for with all our longing will yet come—
Our step will beat out like a drum: we are here!

From the green land of palms to the land of white snow,
We arrive with our pain, with our hurt,
And wherever a spurt of our blood has fallen
Our might and our courage will sprout.

The morning sun will gild our today
And yesterday will vanish with the enemy,
But if the sun and the dawn are late in coming,
May this song go from generation to generation like a password.

This song is written with blood and not with pencil-lead,
It's no song of a free-flying bird,
A people among collapsing walls
Sang this song with pistols in their hands.

Never say you are walking your last road;
Leaden skies conceal blue days!
The hour we have longed for with all our longing will yet come—
Our step will beat out like a drum: we are here!
Back Row (left to right): David J. Waletzky, Adrienne Cooper,
Seated: Josh Waletzky, Irena Klepfisz, Michael Alpert, Henry Sapoznik

1. S’Iz Geven A Zumertog
   [It Was a Summer Day]
2. Yisrolik
3. Unter Dayne Vayse
   Shtern [Under Your
   White Stars]
4. Yid, Du Partizaner [You
   Jewish Partisan]
5. Blayene Platn [Lead
   Printing Plates]
6. Itzik Vitnberg
7. Shtiler, Shtiler [Quiet,
   Quiet]
8. Zemlyanka [Dugout]
9. Tsu Eyns, Tsvey, Dray
   [It’s One, Two, Three]
10. Dos Meydl fun Vald
    [The Girl from the
    Forest]
11. Shtil Di Nakht [A Quiet
    Night]
12. Zog Nit Keynmol [Never
    Say]
1. S'iz Geven A Zumertog [It Was a Summer Day] (words: Rkle Glezer; music: traditional) Michael Alpert
2. Yisrolik (words: Leyb Rozenthal; music: Misha Veksler) David J. Waletzky
3. Untr Dayne Vayse Shtern [Under Your White Stars] (words: Abraham Sutzkever; music: traditional; arrangement: Josh Waletzky) Adrienne Cooper
4. Yid, Du Partizaner [You Jewish Partisan] (words: Shmerke Kaczerzinski; music: traditional) Josh Waletzky
6. Itzik Vitmberg (words: Shmerke Kaczerzinski; music: traditional) Henry Sapoznik
7. Shtiler, Shtiler [Quiet, Quiet] (words: Shmerke Kaczerzinski; music: Alexander Volkoviski) Adrienne Cooper
9. Tsu Eyns, Tsvey, Dray [It’s One, Two, Three] (words: Leyb Rozenthal; music: traditional; arrangement: Pete Sokolow-Josh Waletzky) Henry Sapoznik
10. Dos Meydl fun Vald [The Girl from the Forest] (Abraham Sutzkever) Irena Klepfisz
11. Shtil Di Nakht [A Quiet Night] (words: Hirsh Glik; music: traditional) Josh Waletzky

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