Bravo Bikel

here is the compleat Theodore Bikel

Fired by the presence of a live audience, the incredibly talented folksinger-actor turns in his most varied and vibrant recording performance yet. Bikel's virile baritone voice roams through a potpourri of songs from many countries. He peppers his program with some wonderfully humorous introductions and, for contrast, tosses in a highly amusing reading of Robert Nathan's "Diving The Weans." Plus a surprise or two.

This LP was recorded on-the-scene at a brace of Bikel concerts in New York's Town Hall on October 12th, 1958, and April 5th, 1959. About five weeks before each concert, producer Harold Leventhal placed a small advertisement in the New York Times heralding the events. Within a few days, every seat in the celebrated hall was sold out.

On the evenings of the performances, the rear of the auditorium swarmed with standees. Fifty extra chairs were set on stage—choice seats indeed—to accommodate still more Bikelophiles. And, as the New York Herald Tribune reviewer reported, "lots of people outside the hall were offering any price for any seat."

The lucky ticket-holders inside buzzed with anticipation. They expected an extraordinary treat. They were not disappointed.

A Theodore Bikel concert is an exciting affair because Bikel is an exciting human being. He transmits a brand of magic so very rare that no word can describe it. In a matter of moments, Bikel has an audience completely captivated. He never loses it.

The secret of Bikel's remarkable alchemy might be explained partially by his amazing versatility. This is an artist who sings in twenty languages (speaking six fluently), who plays a splendid guitar and who emotes with uncommon perception and sensitivity.

Theodore Bikel, the actor, is the antithesis of a "type." So diversified have been his characterizations that audiences frequently do not recognize him from one performance to the next. Last year he won an Academy Award nomination for his poignant portrayal of a Southern sheriff in "The Defiant Ones." His twenty-one film credits include such varied roles as an impressario-magician in "The Blue Angel," a knowing psychiatrist in "I Want To Live," a German submarine officer in "The Enemy Below," a kindly country doctor in "The Little Kidnappers."

He has starred on virtually every major dramatic television show (U. S. Steel, Studio One, Dupont Show of the Month, etc.). He was Charles Boyer's elderly uncle on "There Shall Be No Night," (though Boyer is twenty years older than he), Maria Schell's Nazi tormentor on Playhouse 90, a Russian refugee opposite Ann Sheridan on Studio One and the Mad Bomber on CBS-TV's Climax. The list is almost without end.

Bikel on Broadway has won plaudits from audiences and critics for his "euphonic" (that's Brooks Atkinson's word, not ours) performances in "The Rope Dancers," "The Luck" and "Tonight In Samarkand." This fall Rodgers & Hammerstein selected him for the male lead opposite Mary Martin in their "Sound of Music."

Now to Bikel the folksinger, who strums and sings his way through such esoteric tongues as Zulu, Greek, Russian and Hebrew. He has played to SRO houses in every nook and knothole of the U. S. and Canada. His one-man singing stunts on television have elicited unbelievably fanatical responses from viewers. And his seven previous ELEKTRA albums are best sellers.

BRAVO BIKEL manages to fuse all of Theodore Bikel's prodigious accomplishments as singer-actor-guitarist-linguist-showman. If you were at either Town Hall concert, this record will re-create an unforgettable experience. If you weren't there, here's your ticket.

Gene Aronsky
September, 1959
a. As Russian officer with Dana Wynter in *Fraulein* (20th Century Fox)

b. As French farmer with Pier Angeli in *The Vintage* (MGM)

c. A Southern sheriff in *The Defiant Ones* (Stanley Kramer, United Artists) for which Mr. Bikel won an Academy Award nomination

d. With Julie Harris in *The Lark* on Broadway

e. As evil impresario, *The Blue Angel* (20th Century Fox), with Curt Jurgens

f. As Scottish grave digger, *I Bury the Living* (United Artists), with Richard Boone

g. As middle-aged doctor in *The Rope Dancers* on Broadway with Siobhan McKenna, Art Carney and Betsey Luaford

h. As sympathetic psychiatrist in *I Want to Live* (United Artists), with Susan Hayward

i. Interviewing Archbishop Makarios on his own radio program, *At Home with Theodore Bikel*

j. As elderly Uncle Lefes in *There Shall Be No Night* (Halmark Hall of Fame, NBC), with Charles Boyer and Katharine Cornell

k. A German submarine officer in *The Enemy Below* (20th Century Fox)

l. As Dutch doctor, *The Little Kidnappers* (J. Arthur Rank)

m. With Jack Paar, *Jack Paar Show*, NBC-TV

production supervisor — Jack Holzman
editing — Mark Abrams and Jack Holzman
recorded by — David Hancock
art director — William Harvey

The Theodore Bikel Town Hall Concerts featured in those recordings were produced by Harold Leventhal.
SIDE ONE

PROSCHAY (FAREWELL)
Proskey te nveva dewmaya
Proskey te teegansgya yubew
Proskey proschay podagya darogaya
Beg znayt wjiwaya tebya.
Proskey Mosya maya radnya
Proskey Krengsiyka cupola
Btj mojel bakha ya baahle yu ustelita
Krengsiyka trii kelakola.
Proskey Kavkaz te nay dalyk
Proskey guntya sa onten.
Proskey Kamentsa rodaya
Beg znayt wjiwaya tebya.

Forayall, my girl, farewell, my gypsy love.
Forayall, my empress dancing.
God knows if ever I'll see you again.
Forayall, my winds, my home.
Forayall, my cupples of the Krengsiyka.
Alas it may well be
That never again I shall hear: the tinkling of your bells.
Forayall, wayway Caucasus.
Forayall, Eastern land.
Forayall, my devil's chariot.
God knows if ever I'll see you again.

BUFFALO BOY

When we gonna be married —
My dear old buffalo boy!
I guess we'll marry on Sunday —
That is if the weather be good.
How will you come to the wedding —
My dear old buffalo boy!
I guess I come in my ox cart —
That is if the weather be good.
Why don't you come in your buggy —
My dear old buffalo boy?
Cause an ox won't fit in my buggy
Not even if the weather be good.
Who you gonna bring to the wedding —
My dear old buffalo boy?
I guess I bring my children —
That is if the weather be good.
I didn't know you had no children —
My dear old buffalo boy!
Oh yes, I have five children —
Maybe six if the weather be good.
Well, there ain't gonna be no wedding —
Not even if the weather be good!

DOCE CASCABELS (TEN BELLS)

Doce cascabels lleva mi caballo
Por la carretera
Y a par de estrellas al pelo prendo
Lleva mi moneda.
Y a carretas que va adelante
Mí compañeiro lindo
Hasta las noches hacen su canto
Porque las ruinas van despacio.
Suelo catarrea con crayanes
Al paso al giro de mi moneda.
Hay muchos parates y amores
Pa' que seya la tierra entera.

My horse wears ten bells.
As we go down the highway,
Two crows are caught in the hair
Of my pilgrim-love.
And the road ahead
Is filled with the sound of a thousand little bells.
Even the axles make a song,
Even the wheels are singing.
The ground is covered with thorns,
As my pilgrim-love passes by.
There are songs and kisses and loves,
And all the world seems here.

MUL HAR SINAI (IN FRONT OF MT. SINAI)

Lo agada re'si
Vela chalam over.
Hive mul bur Sinai
Maske boer
Vele eli labir
Beli gedel ludun
Vesta'reni ba'ir
Beyd abishimheen

Ho shalhevet ya
Emri beur arin
Ho shalhevet ya
Bir'om hamondin
Od yeasar al ze hayam echai
Deshav halam ol
Mamad Sindai.
Re'si ze le chalam
Vela cheyon heze
Mo' az vzad hayam
Bor buhmar
Lehot boon bakhe
Bilvarot ha'el
Shel na'arvi talon
Vereshch golov

There is no legend, my friends,
Nor a passing dream.
Here, in front of Mt. Sinai.
The bush is aflame again.
The fire is in
The hearts of the brave,
The soul of Samsam
Are at the gates of Gaza.
God's flame is in
The boy's eyes,
As the engine roars
It will be told
How on this day once more,
The nation stands
At the foot of Mt. Sinai.

My friends, it is neither
A visitor nor a fool's tale
Since that day long ago,
The bush is still aflame.
And the song is still
Shining in these hearts
Of Zion's sons.
And Israel's charging columns.

Two Brothers

This haunting Civil War song was written by Irving Gordon. Theo has performed it widely in private gatherings and at concerts where it has become one of his most requested numbers. Unfortunately, prior commitments by the copyright owners prohibit our inclusion of the full text.

HARMONICAS

In addition to his skillful handling of the guitar, Theo recently picked up the harmonica. In the second of these solos he switches back and forth between a major key and minor key harmonica and in the final segment he plays harmonica and guitar simultaneously!

MO'TL

You vet der saf zein Mo'tl, zog es mir
Eist arger noch fink frah gever
Geklingt hot zich der robbe heint off dir
Az de bergyst in zein yam.
Richt gangst du in tseren wint
Tichte noch dem robh desheren
D'legest arm un sechter in best
Un abster jod kindelesch dem tseren.

S'et exes, Tete, vos der reha zogt
A aboostar mantsch, unt de zein glizishon
Fanev certeyst oret vil oot ve micht shigt
Ich hao noch heint a bun toeken.
Ich boch zoch mit Aronelce tuvoertelt bys
Velt oor mir mein kinndlesh teyret
Hot mik de reha teel yef zein shoa
Rock mit a manigdi eygeishon.

You vet der saf zein Mo'tl, zog es mir
Eist arger noch fink frah gever
Geklingt hot zich der robbe heint off dir
Az de bergyst in zein yam.
Richt gangst du in tseren wint
Tichte noch dem robh desheren
D'legest arm un sechter in best
Un abster jod kindelesch dem tseren.

S'et exes, Tete, vos der reha zogt
A aboostar mantsch, unt de zein glizishon
Fanev certeyst oret vil oot ve micht shigt
Ich hao noch heint a bun toeken.
Ich boch zoch mit Aronelce tuvoertelt bys
Velt oor mir mein kinndlesh teyret
Hot mik de reha teel yef zein shoa
Rock mit a manigdi eygeishon.

S'et exes, Tete, vos der reha zogt
A aboostar mantsch, unt de zein glizishon
Fanev certeyst oret vil oot ve micht shigt
Ich hao noch heint a bun toeken.
Ich boch zoch mit Aronelce tuvoertelt bys
Velt oor mir mein kinndlesh teyret
Hot mik de reha teel yef zein shoa
Rock mit a manigdi eygeishon.

LE CARRIER (THE BAND CLERK)

Le caroser compte des billets
Desirera son petit guichet.
Et les lasses du dix millions francs,
Goulvint entre ses doigts tremblants.
Et dans un rire halucinant,
Il se voit riche, désireux.
Famines, champagnes, coulant à frot,
C'est le roi des fous.
A moi Fara le mende entier,
La richesse et la veulété,
D'être servi, de commander,
D'être adoré, de posséder.
Le caissoir compte...

Un rêve chasse l'autre.
Il se voit maîtrisant,
A la roulette jaunissant,
Soutenant et fumant son cigare,
Je suis le maître vous n'adorer.
La colere cao des cailloues,
Qu'il tient entre ses genoux,
Avec un petit marteau, une chaise aux pieds,
Sur la tete un calot.
El dans un rive, qui nait, maintenant,
Est bien plus calme, car il a le temps,
Il se reveut derriere us guichet,
Les chocs tremblants, comptant des billets.

The bank clerk is counting bills
Behind his little grill
And bundles of banknotes, 10,000 francs notes,
Skip through his fingers.

And in a favorious dream
He sees himself rich, seductive,
Champagne and women at his call
In a universe that calls him King,
It is all his, Paris, the entire world,
The rich voluptuous sensation of being served,
To command and be obeyed and to possess.

The bank clerk is counting...
One dream changes another, and now
He is at the Casino, a gambler risking
And winning — no one will pit their skill against his.
Not once but twice he broke the bank.
Such is fortune, such is his heart's desire.
The pieces of blue paper have conquered the world;
"All is mine, get on your knees,
I am your Master, come and worship me!"

Our bank clerk is breaking records now
With a little hammer, wearing a striped suit.
A pistol cap and a chain on his ankle.
And in his dream now, which is much calmer
For he has plenty of time.
He sees himself behind his grill
With trembling fingers counting bank notes.

Words and Music by Stéphane Golmann

THE BARNYARDS' O' DELIGHT

A charming song with an enigmatic refrain. Even some Scots may be surprised to learn that "Linnet adie toorin adie" is really nothing more than the Scottish equivalent of "la, la, la, la."

As I cam in by Tarra market,
Tarra market for to see,
I fell in love fair shiel,
By the Barnyads' O' Delight.

Linnet adie toorin adie,
Linnet adie toorin se,
Linnet lowin, lowin, lowin,
The Barnyads' O' Delight.

He promised me the an best pair
I ever laid my e'en upon;
As I used to the Barnyads
There was nothing there but skin and bone.

The said black horse eft on his rump,
The said white mare lay in her woe.
For' at' that I could whip and crack.
They would rise at yoking times.

As I go to the Kirk on Sunday,
Many's the home we lass I see,
Sitting by her father's side
And winking over the pews at me.

I can drink and 'no ' be crook
And I can fecht and 'no' be slain.
I can lie with either man's lass
And he'll be welcome to my a.

Noo my caullie is brust oot,
The snorter's fairly on the wane;
See fare ye well, ye Barnyads,
Ye'll never catch me here again.

Chile verde me pediste
Chile verde te dare
Venemos par la huerta
Que alia te lo cortara.

Digan que los de ta casa
Ninguna me podra var
Digan que no batan 'l agua
Que al cabo lo han de beber.

La mujer que quier e dos
Las culere como hermanitas.
Al sen le pene cuernos
Y al otro la pilericas.

La mula que yo rostie
La mula hay mi compan
de a mi no me importa,
Pues yo la miente primer.

La noche que me caso
No puede dormitar un ratito.
Pero estoy toda la noche
Corriendo detras de un gato.

Mi diliste que fue un gato
En que entre por su balcon
Yo no he visto gato p rico
Con tres barriles de gama.

You asked for green pepper,
I'll give you green pepper;
Let's go to the garden
And I'll pick it for you.

They say your family
Can't stand to see me,
Tell them not to muddy water
In the end they'll have to drink it.

The women who loves two men
Leaves them like brothers,
She put big boots on the
And pudding bones on the other.

The mule I used to ride
Is ridden now by my friend.
I don't care
Because I broke her in.

The night I got married
I couldn't sleep at all,
I spent the whole night
Chasing a black cat.

You said it was a black cat
That came in through your balcony;
I've never seen a black cat before
Wearing a hat and treasurers.

Shana my beloved, Shana my dear
Open your door for me
Open your door, Shana
There'll be some dudee for thee.

Alas oh oh oh oh oh
If am burning for you,
Fare you my Shana,
My heart is aglow.

The night is beautiful, Shana,
But I am full of sorrow,
Your beauty, my dear Shana,
Keeps me awake until morn.

Alas oh oh oh ...

CHEMDATTI MY BELOVED)

Chemdatt el hamshoilet
Ba'l
Al ragkhuwash hukoulat
Kum
Nerakhab rjukh pazie
Weleltsch bankir al
Chemdatt el hamshoilet
Ba'l

Chemdatt el hasadat
Ba'l
Raw lach halag slamat
Kum
Hakib yarok rochw
Nebayla to yachdaw
Chemdatt el hasadat
Ba'l

Uraloyia bashkhari
Ba'l
Raw lach nuni, nuni, nuni
Kum
Ya xin nechkh
Veaz
Ba'nufia eechash hal raz
Uraloyia bashkhari
Ba'l

My beloved, come to the dance
Get on your feet, get up.
Let us dance a dance of joy,
And sing a song of gaiety,
My beloved,
Come to the dance.
My beloved, come to the fields.
You have had enough of
The girl's gossip,
The field is wide and green
And we shall walk it together.
My beloved,
Come to the fields.

And at night come quietly, come.
You've slept enough,
Get up.
I will hold your hand in mine,
And in the dark I'll tell you
A secret.
And at night, Come quietly, come.

Words and Music by Amilai Neuman. © Copyright 1959 by Nina Music Corporation BMI.

NITCHEOV, NITTBOEV, NITCHEOV

A tormented soul laments the emptiness of his life after silently parting from his beloved. This song was composed by Daniel Amfiteatrof and was sung by Theo in the 20th Century Fox film, "Frieda." Copyright by Robbins Music Corp.

KRECHMA

Krechma was written by Professor Gene Raskin, an unreconstructed romantic who was a charter customer of the old Krechma restaurant on Fourteenth Street in New York and kept hating himself for the sentimentality that drove him there.

When you hear Russian songs do you suffer?
Does your heart start to pound in your chest?
If you do then come down to the Krechma,
It costs plenty but it's from the heart.
And there is singing and there is dancing,
And the Russian voice is all right.
Come to the Krechma, that's where you'll ketcha,
Drinking vodka every night.

In the corner is standing Natasha,
You can see him from way down the block,
And inside the candles are gleaming,
But, except for candles it's dark.
And there is singing and there is dancing,
And the horsh and piroshki's all right.
Come to the Krechma that's where you'll ketcha,
Drinking vodka every night.

In the middle is standing Natasha,
All the men are beginning to pant,
When she's dancing her shoulders they vibrate,
And when she's singing you see that she can't.
And there is singing and there is dancing,
And the Russian bartenders all right.
Come to the Krechma that's where you'll ketcha,
Making whoopee every night.

Words and Music by Eugene Raskin. © Copyright 1959 by Nina Music Corporation BMI.

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Back in 1955 Bikel, then a relatively unknown actor, arrived in the United States from England to appear on Broadway in “Tonight in Samarkand.” On the night of his arrival he found himself at a party in Greenwich Village. Someone, who had heard of Bikel’s prowess with a folk song, handed him a guitar. Also present at the party was Jac Holzman, president of ELEKTRA Records, who was greatly impressed with the impromptu performance.

Holzman invited Bikel to his apartment to record a few sample tapes. One tape led to another and a few months later “Folk Songs Of Israel” was released. Since then Bikel has recorded seven additional albums (including this one). As loyal as he is talented, Bikel has refused to take his guitar and his vocal chords elsewhere. He and ELEKTRA remain happily married, and herewith are listed their progeny...

FOLK SONGS OF ISRAEL (EKL-132) — Bikel, who was raised in Israel, sings in Hebrew of the spirit and aspiration of its people. Album is not meant as a "work of reference," but first and foremost to be vastly entertaining.

A YOUNG MAN AND A MAID (EKL-189) — Together with celebrated folk singer Cynthia Gooding, Bikel sings love songs of many lands. Complete spectrum of the subject is covered, from whimsical to tender tales of love.

JEWS OF THE LAND (EKL-160) — The songs here, which Bikel learned from his many Gypsy friends, are old ones... ballads of nostalgia or "romance" and happy-and-furry Gypsy tunes. They are rendered with brilliance, fervor and authenticity.

JEWISH FOLK SONGS (EKL-141) — Many of the melodies here were learned by Bikel as a child before he could say the words at all. His love of the material permeates the entire album.

MORE JEWISH FOLK SONGS (EKL-150) — The unprecedented demand for Bikel singing in Yiddish prompted Elektra to issue this superb sequel. These two albums, orchestrated by Fred Hellerman, have become "classics" of Jewish music recordings.

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