

The Department of Jewish,
Islamic, and Middle Eastern
Studies presents

"Israeli art-song:
between fantasies
and realities"

Iris Malkin, mezzo-soprano
Ido Ariel, piano and moderation

The Stern Family
Lecture Series

Co-sponsored by the Department of Music

Program

M. Milner (1886 - 1953): *To the bird (El Hazipor)*, 1923 (H. N. Bialik)

F. Mendelssohn (1809 - 1847): *Greeting (Gruss)*, 1830 (H. Heine; translated to Hebrew by L. Goldberg, 1936)

P. Ben-Haim (1897 - 1984): *Barren (Akara)*, 1938 - 9 (Rachel)

Z. Avni (b. 1927):

You are beautiful (Hinach yafa), 1957 (*The Song of Songs*)

A star has fallen (Kochav nafal, from: Beside the depths of a river), 1969 (M. Katz)

A. Harlap (b. 1941) from *Letters Weeping in Fire*, 2013 (Y. Barzilai):

Fire in the town square

Forbidden games

I shall never write poems

O. Ben-Amots (b. 1955):

Are you angry with me? (Bistu mit mir broygez?), 1986 (Anonymous)

from: *Shtetl Songs*

Tap, tap (Klip klap), 1986 (Anonymous) from: *Shtetl Songs*

City of my childhood (Sivda de mi chikes), 2012 - 2014 (M. Raymond)

from: *Kantigas Ulvidadas (Forgotten Songs)*

M. Wiesenberg (b. 1950), from *Song of Land – Hebrew songs*
arranged for voice and piano (1988, 2014):

Night by night (M. Ze'ira/N. Alterman)

A Walk to Caesarea (Eli, Eli) (D. Zehavi/H. Szenes)

The Hyacinth (R. Gvili/L. Goldberg)

M. Milner: *To the bird (El Hazipor)*, 1923 (H. N. Bialik)

Welcome back to my window you lovely bird,
 On your return from the south,
 Let me hear thine voice my soul was longing for,
 Since you left my abode for winter.

שְׁלוֹם רַב שׁוֹבֵךְ, צִפְרָה נְחַמְדָּת,
 מֵאַרְצוֹת הַחֹם אֶל-חַלּוֹנִי -
 אֶל-קוֹלְךָ כִּי עָרַב מֵה-נִפְשִׁי כְּלֶתְהָ,
 בַּחֲרֹף בְּעֵזְבְךָ מְעוֹנִי.

Sing and tell me, my dear bird,
 About the far off and wondrous land,
 Is in that warm and beautiful country,
 Much suffering and unhappiness too?

זְמְרִי, סִפְרִי, צִפּוּרֵי הַיְקָרָה,
 מֵאַרְצֵי מְרוֹקִים נִפְלְאוֹת,
 הַגֵּם שָׁם בְּאַרְצֵי הַחֶמֶה, הַיִּפְּהָ,
 תִּרְבִּינָה הַרְעוֹת, הַתְּלָאוֹת?

Did you bring me greetings from my brothers in Zion,
 My brothers the near and the far ones?
 The happy ones! do they know
 How much I suffer, how great are my pains?

הַתְּשֵׂאֵי לִי שְׁלוֹם מֵאַחֵי בְּצִיּוֹן,
 מֵאַחֵי הַרְחוֹקִים הַקְּרוֹבִים?
 הוּא מֵאַשְׁרִים! הִידְעוּ יָדַע
 כִּי אֶסְבֵּל, הוּא אֶסְבֵּל מִכְּאוֹבִים?

Do they know how many enemies,
 And how many, many haters I have?
 Sing me my birdie about wonders from that land,
 The land where spring never ends.

הִידְעוּ יָדוּעַ מַה רַבּוּ פֶה שׁוֹטְנֵי,
 מַה רַבִּים, הוּא רַבִּים לִי קִמִּים?
 זְמְרִי, צִפּוּרֵי, נִפְלְאוֹת מֵאַרְץ,
 הָאֲבִיב בָּהּ יִנּוּה עוֹלָמִים.

F. Mendelssohn: *Greeting (Gruss)*, 1830 (H. Heine; translation: Leah Goldberg, 1936)

Quietly moves through my mind
 Lovely chimes.
 Ring out, little spring song,
 Ring out into the distance.

אֵט זֹרַמַת בְּנִפְשִׁי
 מִנְגִּינֵת הַטֶּהֶר,
 עוֹפָה, שִׁיר אֲבִיב חֲפְשִׁי,
 אֶל מְרוֹחַב שְׁטוֹף זֶהָר.

Go out to the house
 Where the violets sprout.
 When you look at a rose
 Say hello to her.

עוֹפָה נָא אֶל הַגֶּנֶה
 בַּהּ פְּרִיחָה הַתְּחִילָה,
 אִם תִּפְגַּשׁ בְּשׁוֹשַׁנָּה
 תּוֹ אֶת בְּרַכְתֵּי לָהּ.

P. Ben-Haim: Barren (Akara), 1938 - 9 (Rachel)

If only I had a child,
curly-haired and dark
to take by his small hand
as we slowly walked through the park.
A child.
Uri I'd call him,
a name clear and mild,
a fragment of light,
"Uri!"
I'd call him,
my small dark child.
Still, like Rachel
the mother I mourn,
like Hannah pray
for the unborn,
and wait, still wait
for my child.

בן לו הִיָּה לִי יֶלֶד קָטָן,
שָׁחַר תְּלַתְלִים וְנָבוֹן.
לְאַחֵז בְּיָדוֹ וּלְפָסַע לְאַט
בְּשִׁבְלֵי הַגֶּן.
יֶלֶד.
קָטָן.
אוּרִי אֶקְרָא לוֹ, אוּרִי שְׁלִי!
כִּן וְצֹלוּל הוּא הַשֵּׁם הַקָּצֵר.
רָקִיס נִהְרָה.
לְיֶלְדֵי הַשְּׁחֹרֶחַר
"אוּרִי!" -
אֶקְרָא!
עוֹד אֶתְמַרְמַר כְּרַחֵל הָאֵם.
עוֹד אֶתְפַּלֵּל כְּחַנָּה בְּשִׁילָה.
עוֹד אֶחַכֶּה
לוֹ.

Translation: Robert Friend & Shimon Sandbank

Z. Avni: You are beautiful (Hinach yafa), 1957 (The Song of Songs)

Behold how fair thou art my love, behold how fair; with
eyes of a dove behind thy veil;
thy hair is a flock of goats streaming down
of Mount Gilead.
Pomegranate is thy mouth behind thy veil.
A thread of scarlet thy lips and comely is thy speech;
The tower of David is thy neck, with splendor is it wrought.

הִנֵּן יָפָה רַעֲיִתִי, הִנֵּן יָפָה--עֵינֶיךָ יוֹנִים,
מִבְּעַד לְצַמֶּתֶךָ; שְׁעָרֶךָ כְּעֵדֵר הָעֵצִים,
שֶׁגָּלְשׁוּ מֵהָר גִּלְעָד.
כַּפְלַח הַרְמוֹן וְרִקְתֶּךָ, מִבְּעַד לְצַמֶּתֶךָ.
כַּחוּט הַשָּׁנִי שֶׁפְּתוּתֶיךָ, וּמִדְּבַרְךָ נְאוּה;
כַּמְגִּדֵל דָּוִד צִוְאָרְךָ, בְּנוֹי לְתַלְפִּיּוֹת.

Translation: Gilah Abrahamson

Z. Avni: A star has fallen (Kochav nafal, from: Beside the depths of a river), 1969

Last night,	אמש,
Between Cassiopeia and the Bear,	בין קסיופיאה ועגלה
A star fell down.	נפל כוכב.
The end of some one's life,	פסקו חיי אדם,
The birth of unfledged hopes,	נולדו תקוות חדשות,
Within precisely no fraction of time.	בזמן של בדיוק אפס שניות.
A life coloured grey and rose-coloured hope.	חיים באפור ותקווה בוורוד.
Gazing at a vague eternity,	ניבטים אל נצח מטושטש,
Gazing at a pallid night,	ניבטים אל לילה חיוור,
With a laugh, confronting worlds coloured rose and coloured grey.	צחקים מול עולמות ורודים ואפורים.

A. Harlap (b. 1941), from Letters Weeping in Fire, 2013 (Y. Barzilai)

Fire in the town square

And then, during that cursed century,	ואז, במאה הארורה ההיא
at night, He said:	אמר בלילה
Let there be light	יהי יום!
and the town-square went ablaze,	והדליק את הכיכר.
and all eyes watch the sights	וכל העינים נשואות אל
and all ears hearken to the sounds	המראות
and Lo! A mountain arises in the square -	וכל האוזניים קשובות לקולות.
a mountain of books	והנה, צומח הר בכיכר
higher than the summit of the Himalayas!	הר של ספרים
Myriads of words	נישא מעל פסגת ההימלאיה.
crowd all pages	ריבוא מיליון מילים מסתופפות
words composed of thick letters, thin letters,	בין הדפים, עשויות
words of round letters, block letters	מאותיות שמנות, רזות,
all caught in fire	עגולות ומרובעות.
and they cry, they moan	ואש אוחזת באותיות
in vain they beseech.	והן בוכות, נאנקות
Amidst the square, like in the Stone Age	לשווא תחינתן.
a herd of humans dance around the fire.	ובכיכר, כמו בתקופת האבן
One by one the poems bum away	עדר אדם רוקד מסביב לאש.
Verse by verse	אט-אט נדלקים השירים
they suffocate in smoke.	שורה ועוד שורה
For six whole days the words were aflame,	וכל המילים נחנקות בעשן.
on the seventh, as the last of the books expired	שישה ימים בערו המילים
the fire extinguished.	וביום השביעי כתבה האש
and darkness descended on the town square.	וכשאחרון הספרים שבק חיים
	לכל חי
	חושך ירד על פני הכיכר.

Forbidden games

What did the children ever want?
to fly kites,
to chase butterflies,
but it disturbed the neighbours' peace,
so the children got their
well deserved punishment.

I shall never write poems

I shall never write poems
nor vote at election time.
I shall not be awarded the Israel prize
nor see the Earth
from a bird's eye view.
I shall not volunteer for the Reconnaissance Patrol unit
nor die at war.
I will not enter gates of a woman
nor see my firstborn born,
since I myself have not been born.
I was meant to be Yanek's son,
that very same Yanek Greenberg
you've met by the mound of ashes
over there, in Maidanek.

משחקים אסורים

מה כבר רצו הילדים?
להעִיף עִפִּיפּוֹנִים,
לרדוף אחרי פרפרים.
אבל זה הפריע את מנוחת השכנים
והילדים באו
על עונשם הראוי.

לא אכתוב שירים לעולם

לא אכתוב שירים לעולם,
גם לא אצביע בבחירות
ולא אקבל פרס ישראל,
ולא אראה את הארץ
ממעוף הציפור.
לא אתגייס לסיירת,
גם לא אמות במלחמה
לא אבוא בשערי אישה,
ולא אראה את בכורי נולד.
כי גם אני לא נולדתי.
הייתי אמור להיות בנו של יאנק,
יאנק גרינברג,
זה שפגשתם בהר האפר,
שם, במיידנק.

O. Ben-Amots – Three Arrangements

Are you angry with me? (Bistu mit mir broygez?) (Anonymous)

Are you upset with me?
I don't know why.
All day you walk around
With a long face.
ta ra ta ra da da,
ta ra ta ra ...
Maybe you want to know
If I love you—
Let us then take a trip together
To see the rebbe.
ta ra ta ra da da ...

We'll go to the rebbe
And give him a pidyen [token gift],
So that he should pray to God for us
That we may have a good life.
ta ra ta ra da da ...
Oh, the rebbe
He will bless us
So that from now on both of us
Will live like people should.
ta ra ta ra da da ...
And as we journey
Back from the rebbe,
We'll take a detour
Over to the Salva Market.
ta ra ta ra da da ...
There I will buy for you
A watch and chain,
And a large, pretty piece
Of silk for a dress.
ta ra ta ra da da ...
So don't be upset anymore,
And quickly set the table,
And sit down to eat with me,
And get a kiss from me.
ta ra ta ra da da ...

bistu mit mir broyges
veys ich nit farvos,
du geyst a gantse tog arum
aropgelost dem noz.
ta ra ta ra da da,
ta ra ta ra ...
efsher vilstu visn
tsu ich hob dich lib,
lomir bayde ariberforn
zu dem gutn yid.
ta ra ta ra da da ...

zu a gutn yidn
a pidyen im opgebm
zol er far undz got betn
oif a gut leybn.
ta ra ta ra da da ...
oy, der guter yid
er vet dokh undz bentshn
az mir viln beyde fun haynt on
vayter zayn mentshn.
ta ra ta ra da da ...
un az mir veln forn
tsurik fun gutn yid,
veln mir beyde ariberforn
in salve oifn yarid.
ta ra ta ra da da ...
dort vel ikh dir koyfn
a zeyger un a keyt,
un a groyse sheyne shtik
a zaydn oif a kleyd.
ta ra ta ra da da ...
to zay she mer nit broyges,
un greyt sich gich zum tish,
un zetst zich mit mir esn
bakumstu fun mir a kush.
ta ra ta ra da da ...

Tap, tap (Klip klap), from Shtetl Songs, 1986 (Anonymous)

Knock, Knock: Let me in!
Are you asleep? Tell me.
I might not be sleeping,
But I'm certainly not opening up the door!

Knock, knock on the golden door:
Open up for me, my love!
You should not be knocking.
I will not open for you!

Such a wind's blowing; such a rain's falling;
I will drench my silk outfit.
Take off your silk outfit
And lay it under the little trees.

With what should I cover myself,
And who will awaken me?
The little tree will cover you;
The little bird will awaken you.

klip klap effn mir!
shlofstu? to zog zshe mir!
shlofn, shlofn afile nit,
nor efenen vel ich avade nit!

klip klap on goldn tir,
mayne libe effn mir!
klappn klappn zolstu nit!
effnen vel ich dir nit!

sarr a vind es veyt, sarr a regn es geyt,
'chvell aynnetsn mayn zaydn kleyd.
dos zaydn kleyd vest du oyfheybn,
untern beyemele avek leygn.

mit vos soll ich sich zudecken,
un ver ved mich oyfvecken?
dos beyemele ved dich zudecken,
dos veygele ved dich oyfvecken.

**City of my childhood (Sivda de mi chikes) from: Kantigas Ulvidadas
(Forgotten Songs), 2012 - 2014 (M. Raymond)**

City of my childhood, I came to visit you,
City of my childhood, to you I have returned.
Known and forgotten streets there,
I arrived with a streetcar and a train.

In the place where my house once stood
The friends and neighbors are long gone.
But when I look at the window
I think I can see my father and my mother.

The candy factory has closed down,
The baker doesn't bake his bread anymore.
I smell the scent of bread with chocolate,
The taste of my childhood returns to my palate.

Only the bar is still open;
I am already drunk without getting in,
"What are you looking for?" they ask me,
"I am looking for my childhood that has disappeared"

Sweet and precious memories,
The time remained there, yes, for me.
City of my childhood, I came to visit you,
City of my childhood, to you I have returned.

Sivdá de mi chikés vini a toparte,
Sivdá de mi chikés torní a ti.
Kalejas konosidas ulvidadas,
En tram i en metró yo vini akí.

En el lugar ke era la mi kaza
Amigos i vizinos no stan mas.
A mí sólo mirando la ventana
Me paresió de ver papá i mamá.

La fabriká de dulses sta serrada,
El panadero pan no aze mas.
Golor siento de pan i chokolata,
Savor de mi chikés al paladar.

Sólo la meaná st`aínda avieta.
Ya sto burracha mizmo sin entrar.
"Sinyora, kualo bushkas?" me demandan.
"Yo bushko mi chikés ke no sta mas".

Rekordos tanto dulses i keridos.
El tiempo se kedó ay para mí.
Sivdá de mi chikés vini a toparte,
Sivdá de mi chikés torní a ti.

M. Wiesenberg from *Song of Land* – Hebrew songs arranged for voice and piano (1988, 2014)

Night by night (M. Ze'ira/N. Alterman)

(Night, night) The wind blows,
(Night, night) The treetops hum,
(Night, night) A star sings,
(Sleep, sleep) Blow off the candle.

(Night, night) Close your eyes,
(Night, night) On your way,
(Night, night) Rode, carrying weapons,
(Sleep, sleep) Three horsemen.

(Night, night) One was a prey,
(Night, night) The second died by sword,
(Night, night) And the remaining one,
(Sleep, sleep) Your name does not remember.

לַיְלָה, לַיְלָה, הַרוּחַ גּוֹבֶרֶת,
לַיְלָה לַיְלָה, הוֹמָה הַצְּמֵרֶת,
לַיְלָה לַיְלָה, כּוֹכֵב מְזַמֵּר,
נוֹמִי, נוֹמִי, כְּבִי אֶת הַנֵּזֶר.

לַיְלָה, לַיְלָה, עֲצַמִּי אֶת עֵינַיִךְ,
לַיְלָה, לַיְלָה, בְּדֶרֶךְ אֱלֹהֶיךָ,
לַיְלָה, לַיְלָה, רָכְבוּ חֲמוּשִׁים,
נוֹמִי, נוֹמִי, שְׁלֹשָׁה פָּרָשִׁים.

לַיְלָה, לַיְלָה, אֶחָד הָיָה טָרֵף,
לַיְלָה, לַיְלָה, שְׁנֵי מֵת בַּחֶרֶב,
לַיְלָה, לַיְלָה, זוֹה שְׁנוּתָהּ,
נוֹמִי, נוֹמִי, אֶת שְׁמֶךָ לֹא זָכַר.

A Walk to Caesarea (Eli, Eli) (D. Zehavi/H. Szenes)

My Lord, My Lord
May it never end
The sand and sea,
Murmur of the water,
Shine of the sky,
Prayer of Man.

The Hyacinth (R. Gvili/L. Goldberg)

Nighttime, Nighttime, the moon looks
At the flowers that sprouted in the garden,
At the flowery hyacinth, in our little garden
Nighttime, Nighttime, the moon looks.

And the moon speaks to the clouds
Give a droplet, and another one, to the gardens
That the hyacinth can blossom, in our little garden
Thus the moon speaks to the clouds.

The rain that splashes on my window
Is singing a happy tune to the garden flowers
And the hyacinth answers, happily and gaily
The rain splashing on my window.

לַיְלָה לַיְלָה מִסְתַּכְלֶת הַלְּבָנָה
בְּפָרְחִים אֲשֶׁר הִנְצוּ בַגֶּנֶה,
בְּצִיֵּי הַיְקִינְתוֹן בְּגִנְנוֹ הַקָּטָן
לַיְלָה לַיְלָה מִסְתַּכְלֶת הַלְּבָנָה.

וְאוֹמֶרֶת הַלְּבָנָה לְעַנְנִים
תֵּנוּ טֶפֶף וְעוֹד טֶפֶנֶת לַגִּנִּים
שִׁיפֶרַח הַיְקִינְתוֹן בְּגִנְנוֹ הַקָּטָן
כִּךְ אוֹמֶרֶת הַלְּבָנָה לְעַנְנִים.

בֶּא הַגֶּשֶׁם וְצִלְצַל בְּחַלּוֹנִי
שֶׁר נִגּוֹן עֲלֵיז לַפֶּרַח בְּגִנִּי
וְעֵנָה הַיְקִינְתוֹן בְּשִׂמְחָה וּבְשִׂשׂוֹן
לְמֶטֶר אֲשֶׁר צִלְצַל בְּחַלּוֹנִי.

Biographies



Dr. Ido Ariel is a pianist, accompanist, corepetitor, lecturer, translator, and is a leading figure in the field of art-song in Israel. He chaired the vocal department at the Jerusalem Academy of Music and Dance where he later served as Dean. He founded and directed concert series such as "Singing Words" and "Shira-Shir," presenting concerts dedicated to classical as well as Israeli art-song with prominent Israeli singers. Dr. Ariel has accompanied many acclaimed singers in Israel and abroad, and directed and artistically advised related concert series. He lectured and

gave masterclasses on Lied and Israeli art-song in leading music academies in Israel, Europe, and the U.S. Dr. Ariel completed his doctoral studies at the RCM, London, researching coaching of the songs of Arnold Schoenberg. Recently, he has been active in translation-for-singing of the art-song repertoire, publishing, and performing art-songs in new Hebrew translations. He teaches at the JAMD and many of Israel's prominent singers are among his students.



Israeli-born mezzo-soprano, pianist, and vocal coach **Iris Malkin** graduated from the Jerusalem Academy of Music with a Master's Degree in Vocal Performance and an Artist Diploma in Piano – with a Vocal Coaching emphasis. Iris has performed widely both as a singer and as a pianist in concerts and festivals in Israel, Europe, and the United States, and her performances have been broadcast worldwide.

In addition to the mainstream operatic repertoire, Iris has distinguished herself in the world of Hebrew and Jewish works as well as the highly nuanced Spanish song repertoire. She is dedicated to sharing her passion for art song performance with audiences around the world. Iris performed under the baton of Pierre Boulez during the 2006 Lucerne Festival, including collaboration with Boulez' celebrated Ensemble Intercontemporain, and in 2011 was a guest soloist with the Chamber Orchestra of the South Bay performing songs from Mahler's *Des Knaben Wunderhorn* and De Falla's *El Amor Brujo*. In January 2012 she released her CD *Cadencia*, with songs from England, Spain, and Puerto Rico with award-winning guitarist Edward Trybek and she is the featured soloist on Stig Jonas Pettersson's Album *The Dracula Letters* which was released in 2015. Iris is in demand as a vocalist in recordings for films, video games, and movie trailers. She is a featured soloist on the soundtrack of the film *Kill Zone*, which was nominated for Best Original Score at the Hollywood Music in Media Awards in 2009. Recently, Iris performed as a soloist with the Los Angeles Jewish Symphony in a concert dedicated to works by Jewish women composers conducted by Dr. Noreen Green.

Iris is currently on the faculty of the UCLA Herb Alpert School of Music as a vocal coach-lecturer in the voice department.

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