

*M'Chorban L'Binyan
From Destruction to Rebuilding,
Lament as a Petakh Tikvah:
A Doorway of Hope*



A Senior Recital given by Lauren Furman

with Joyce Rosenzweig, Piano

3rd of Adar, 5773, February 13, 2013

Given in Partial fulfillment of the requirements for Cantorial Ordination

Program Notes

This recital poses the idea that lament both allows one to sit with their grief and despair, and move toward healing and hope. Each song set echoes an element of lament. The first song set *Lamentation* echoes tears of grief. The text in this set includes liturgical settings such as Eicha and Al Naharot Bavel, biblical texts which emulate grief over the destruction of the first and second Temples. Among this music are a traditional Spanish-Judeo Endecha (funeral song) and a response to the tragedy of 09/11. *Remembrances* echoes the idea that in order to process grief, we must be able to tell our stories. We tell our stories so that others witness our tragedy, and so that our loved ones may continue to live on in our hearts. We begin to move towards a new normal, taking our first steps towards healing. *Searching and Finding* echoes the desperation we may feel as we search for God in our grief and tragedy. Ultimately, this section teaches us that although we may feel alone and lost, God is always with us. Though we may feel we are in unfamiliar territory, having lost someone, or something dear to us, God is with us, helping us to find holiness in the most unlikely of places. Finally, *The Old Shall be Made New and the New Shall be Made Holy* touches upon the idea that we who suffer loss, have the ability to move towards healing and renewal. This musical set reminds us that we have the strength to go on and to rebuild our lives. We may never fully understand our loss, yet we never truly lose what we have lost, our loved ones and dreams will always remain in our hearts. When we reach healing we embrace the idea of a new normal, that we may continue to create holy moments in our lives. Although we live on with the memories of those and that which we have lost, those memories become holy, and a part of who we are and who we will become.

Dedication

This recital is dedicated to the memory of my grandfather, Phillip Subar, and to his sister, my great aunt Shirley Sklash. My grandfather passed down his love of Judaism and music to my mother and to me. My great aunt taught my mother piano, and gave her the ability to pass down a love of music to me as well. My time with her during my first year in Israel singing and playing piano together was precious. Today I hold both of them close in my heart. This recital is also dedicated to all those who have lost someone or something they have loved dearly. I also dedicate this recital to all of my teachers, I would not have reached this milestone without you.

Musical Collaborators

Keyboard Collaborator Extraordinaire	Joyce Rosenzweig
Conductor	Pedro d'Aquino
Narration	Rachel Maimin
Narration Jeremiah 09/11	David Mintz
Choir:	
Soprano	Rayna Dushman and Andrea Rae Markowicz
Alto	Rachel Rhodes and Faryn Kates
Tenor	Kenneth Feibush and David Mintz
Bass	Vladimir Lapin and Dave Malecki
Percussion	Benny Koonyevsky
Cello	Elizabeth Thompson
Shruti Box	Rachel Rhodes
Harbstlid	Piano Arrangement by Joyce Rosenzweig Choral Arrangement by Pedro d'Aquino Choir: Beautiful women of the Class of 2013

Program

Lamentation

Al Naharot Bavel

Lamentation, *Finale Jeremiah Symphony*

Como La Rosa en la Guerta

Jeremiah 09/11

Ofer Ben-Amots

Leonard Bernstein

Traditional arr. by Alberto Hemsí

Jack Gottlieb

Remembrances

Cantare, *Shema*

Yosl Klezmer

If I Sing You are the Music, *Closer than Ever*

Passover, *Elegies*

Simon Sargon

Lazar Weiner

David Shire

William Finn

Searching and Finding

Mima'amakim

Harbstlid

K'vodcha

Vinaver

Beyle Schechter-Gottesman

Heinrich Schalit

The Old Shall be Made New, and The New Shall be Made Holy

Sure on this Shining Night

Shir Hamaalot

Hayashan Yitchadesh

Dream with Me, *Peter Pan*

Samuel Barber

Marc Lavry

Aminadav Aloni

Leonard Bernstein

Lamentation

עַל־נְהָרוֹת בָּבֶל

By the Waters of Bablyon

Ofer Ben-Amots, b.1988

Text: Psalm 137:1,5,6

By the waters of Babylon, we sat down and we wept
as we remembered Zion.

עַל־נְהָרוֹת בָּבֶל שָׁם יִשְׁבְּנוּ גַם־בְּכִינוּ בְּזָכְרֵנוּ
אֶת־צִיּוֹן.

If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget
her cunning...if I remember you not.

אִם־אֲשַׁכַּחְךָ יְרוּשָׁלַיִם תִּשְׁכַּח יְמִינִי... אִם־לֹא
אֶזְכְּרֶכִי.

Lamentation

Leonard Bernstein, 1981-1990

Text: Eicha Ch.1:1,2,3,8, Ch.4:14,15, Ch.5:20,21

Finale, Jeremiah Symphony, 1942

Lonely sits the city, once great with people she has
become like a widow that was among the great
nations. The princess among the states has become a
thrall.

א אֵיכָּה יִשְׁבָּה בְּדָד הָעִיר רַבָּתִי עִם הָיְתָה
כְּאֶלְמָנָה רַבָּתִי בְּגוֹיִם שָׁרְתִי בְּמַדְיָנוֹת הָיְתָה
לְמַס:

Bitterly she weeps in the night, her cheek wet with
tears. There is no one to comfort her, all her allies
have betrayed her, they have become her foes.

ב בָּכוּ תִבְכֶּה בְּלַיְלָה וְדַמְעָתָה עַל לַחֲיָהּ
אֵין־לָהּ מְנַחֵם מִכָּל־אֲהָבֶיהָ כָּל־רַעֲיָהּ בְּגָדוּ
בָּהּ הָיוּ לָהּ לְאֵיבִים:

Judah has gone into exile because of misery and
oppression, when she settled among the nations she
found no rest. All of her pursuers overtook her in the
narrow places.

ג גָּלְתָה יְהוּדָה מֵעֲנִי וּמֵרַב עֲבֹדָה הִיא יִשְׁבָּה
בְּגוֹיִם לֹא מָצְאָה מְנוּחַ כָּל־רֹדְפֶיהָ הַשִּׁיגוּהָ
בֵּין הַמְּצָרִים:

Jerusalem has greatly sinned.

ח חַטָּא חַטָּאָה יְרוּשָׁלַם

They wandered blindly through the streets, defiled by
blood, so that no one was able to touch her garments.

יד נָעוּ עֲוָרִים בְּחוּצוֹת נִגְאָלוּ בַדָּם בְּלֹא יוֹכְלוּ
יְגַעוּ בְּלִבְשֵׁיהֶם:

Away! Unclean! People shouted at them Away,
Away!
Dont touch!!!

טו סוּרוּ טָמֵא קְרָאוּ לָמוּ סוּרוּ סוּרוּ
אֶל־תִּגְעוּ

Why have You utterly forgotten us? Why have You
forsaken us?

כ לָמָּה לִנְצַח תִּשְׁכַּחֵנוּ תִעַזְבֵנוּ

Return us to You, Adonai...

כא הַשִּׁיבֵנוּ יְהוָה אֱלֹהֵינוּ

**Como la Rosa en la Guerta
Like a Rose in the Garden**

Traditional melody, arr. Alberto Hemsí, 1898-1975 Op. 8 1932 **Text: Traditional Funeral Song, as spoken by Josef Benatar, Rhodes, 1926.**

Like the rose in the garden
And flowers not yet in bloom
There lies a young maiden
At the hour of death.

That day, sad were the hours
As she fell ill.
Like the queen on her bed
She lost her strength and fainted.

Como la Rosa en la Guerta
Y las flores sin avrir
Ansi es una donzella
A las horas del murir.

Tristes horas en el dia
Que hazina ya cayo.
Como la reina en su lecho
Ya cayo y se desmayo.

**Jeremiah 09/11
In Memory of the 2,749 Lost Ones**

**Jack Gottlieb, 1930-2011
1976 and 2004**

**Text: The Lamentations of Jeremiah 1:1,2
Jack Gottlieb**

“How lonely the city that was full of people! Now she is like a widow. All night long she weeps, tears roll down her cheeks.”

Not a soul remains, even those who came to her rescue! *“Her beauty is no more.”*

She remembers the full splendor of soaring towers.

Gone the sun to warm her sons and daughters, only deep, bone-chilling misery! *“Her pride and joy!”*

“Why?” Now her adversaries scheme and plan on more calamity! *“Grim, determined!”*

But the phoenix rises above the ashes to avenge her! *“So enough of this misery!”*

My country ‘tis of thee, right or wrong when you’re strong you can go it alone, well, to a degree! *“Gung Ho!”*

From sea to shining sea, open door but no more if you’re down on a list, a statute of liberty!

“On with the show!”

Go, Yankee Doodle Dandy! Your leaders are mocking democracy and the two parties lack accountability.

The donkey is impotent and up a tree!! And the elephant, alas, is also...an ass!!!

But, oh say can you see? Be aware and be fair, don’t invent what isn’t there. When you lie or distort, and deny a day in court, then the guilt is presumed and the innocent are doomed.

In the Land of the Free!

Remembrances

Cantare Singing

Simon Sargon b.1938
Shema, 1994

...But when we began singing
Our good, foolish songs
It would happen that everything
Was just like it had always been.

A day was only a day:
Seven days made a week.
To kill someone seemed a terrible thing;
To die-something far off.

An the months passed so very quickly,
But there were still so many ahead of us!
Once again we were only young people:
Not martyrs, not criminals, not saints.

This and other things came into our minds
As we continued to sing
But these thoughts were like clouds,
And so difficult to explain.

Lazar Weiner 1897-1982
14 Songs by Lazar Weiner, 1939

When Yosl the Fiddler plays at their parties
His jolly gang dances like waves in the ocean.
They revel, they drink and sing:

Hay taydiri, taydiri dam!

He dances in circles hugging his fiddle
and helps the jester to rhyme

When Yosl the Fiddler plays on his fiddle
His jolly gang dances like waves in the sea.

In 120 years, when it is Yosl's hour to go
He will stand before God's throne

Humble, and alone.

When his gang spots him there --

Hay taydiri! Here is Yosl the Fiddler! And they'll
dance like waves of the sea.

Text: Five poems of Primo Levy 1919-1987
January 3, 1946

...Ma quando poie cominciammo a cantare
Le buone nostre conzoni insensate,
Allora avvenne che tutte le cose,
Furono acora com'erano state.

Un giorno no fu che un giorno:
Sette fanno una settimana.
Cosa cattiva ci parve uccidere;
Morire, una cosa lontana.

E i mesi passano piuttosto rapidi,
Ma davanti ne abbiamo tanti!
Fummo di nuovo, solatano giovani:
Non martiri, no infami, non santi!

Questo ed altro ci veniva in mente
Mentre continuavamo a cantare;
Ma erano cose come le novole,
E difficili da speigare.

יאָסל קלעזמער

Yosl the Fiddler

Naftoli Gross 1896-1956

אז יאָסל קלעזמער שפילט אָפּ אַ שמחה,

טאַנצט חברה ווי אַ כווליע אין ים

מע הוליעט, מע טרינקט, און מע זינגט

היי טאידירי, טאידירי, דם

ער טאַנצט מיט זיין פידל אין רעדל,

דעם מארשעליק העלפט ער צום גראַם

אז יאָסל קלעזמער שפילט אָפּן פידל

טאַנצט חברה ווי אַ כוואַליע אין ים.

איבער הונדרט-און-צוואַנציק, אַז ס'וועט קומען

אויך יאָסלס שעה צו גיין, וועט ער פאַרן כסא-הכובד

זיך שטעלן און קליין

נאָר אַז חברה וועט אים דאָרט דערזן

היי טאידירי, טאידירי, דם! אַז איז ער יאָסל דער

קלעזמער! טאַנצט חברה ווי אַ כווליע אין ים!

If I Sing You are the Music
Closer than Ever, 1989

David Shire b. 1937

My father's pride was in his hands, the piano was his soul.
I watched in wonder as he played show tunes, miles off from rock and roll.
What he loved, he taught me. Now music's what I do.
And often when I am writing, in my hands, Dad's there too.
If I sing, you are the music. If I fly, you're why I'm good.
If my hands can find some magic, you're the one who said they could.
When the child who's still inside me, finds a song in empty air,
when there is joy in making music, it is you who put it there.
My Dad grew old, his hands grew numb, and now he cannot play.

Lyrics: Richard Maltby, Jr. and David Shire

I came to visit, he sat and asked me, "how could it be this way?"
I could'nt find an answer, I played this tune for him instead.
My father sat there smiling, for he knew what it said.
If I sing, you are the music. If I love, you taught me how.
Every day your heart is beating in the [wo]man that I am now.
If my ears are tuned to wonder, if when I reach the chords are there,
if there is joy in making music, it's a joy that we both share.
I never told you, it took time till I could see that if I sing,
you are the music, and you'll always sing in me.
Yes, you'll always live in me.

Passover
Elegies , 2003

Words and Music: William Finn, b. 1952

Passover at Auntie Honey's and Uncle Harvey's in New Jersey.
My sister would hold her breath, over the George Washington bridge and we would laugh at her- she'd frown.
Everyone including Nana Ida, would be standing at the front door when we pulled up. And we'd count down: 4-3-2-1! And we'd fight to be the first out of the car, having come this far, having come this far for this feast, this feast of no yeast.
And the matzah balls are so hard when you cut them, they just fly! Why? Passover.
On this day, we read of plagues and misfortunes, then start eating.
Uncle Harvey's the cook, Ma laughs so loud that she shook. Cousin Gary is reading porn.
We've run out of skull-caps.
Some men are wearing Acapulco beach club bandanas that really, really, really should not be worn.
We are Jews like from the first five-thousand years, laughing through our tears.
Joyous, vulgar, anything goes.
But we wear nice clothes.

That's the way I like remembering this scene, manic and high. Why? Passover.
In the Passover prayer book, we read about what Pharaoh did to the Jews.
About how Pharaoh wore those big gold platform shoes.
Wait- wait! I think that was a movie...
Anyway, when I tell the story of Passover, as I am instructed to do.
I will include how the Jews of Natick traveled over the Hudson River. And had an unforgettable Seder. More details about that later...its later!
Michael as the youngest sings out the four old questions. What they mean is unknown- my father is playing trombone! Then we go to meet Elijah at the door.
I can see the faces round the table, and the grins are getting larger, and the voices- begin to sour.
1-2-3-4! And I think that we will never laugh so hard, never feel so free.
I think life that night was more perfect than it will ever be.
Uncle Bernie and my Mother overwhelmed begin to cry.
Why? Passover.
Uncle Bernie passed over, Uncle Harvey passed over.
Nana Ida passed over. And my Mother, my Mother, Passed over. Passover.
Passover.

Searching and Finding

שִׁיר הַמַּעֲלוֹת מִמַּעַמְקִים

Shir Hamaalot, Mimaamakim

Chemjo Vinaver, Anthology 1895-1973

Text: Psalm 130

A song of ascents. Out of the depths I have called to You, Adonai.

א שִׁיר הַמַּעֲלוֹת מִמַּעַמְקִים קָרָאתִיךָ יְהוָה:

God, hear my voice, let Your ears be attentive to the voice of my supplications.

ב אֲדַנִּי שְׁמְעָה בְּקוֹלִי תְהַיינָה אֲזַנְיֶךָ קִשְׁבוֹת לְקוֹל תַּחֲנוּנָי:

If You mark our sins, who could stand before You Adonai?

ג אִם-עֲוֹנוֹת תִּשְׁמְרֶנָּה אֲדַנִּי מִי יַעֲמֹד:

Because within You there is forgiveness, that You may be feared.

ד כִּי-עַמְדָה הַסְּלִיחָה לְמַעַן תִּתְּנָה:

I will wait for Adonai, my soul waits, and in God's word I hope.

ה קוֹיִתִּי יְהוָה קוֹתֶה נַפְשִׁי וְלִדְבָרוֹ הוֹחֵלֵתִי:

My soul waits for God, more than the watchmen wait for the morning.

ו נַפְשִׁי לְאֲדֹנָי מִשְׁמָרִים לְבָקֵר שְׁמָרִים לְבָקֵר:

Israel, hope in God, because with God there is great mercy, love, and redemption.

ז יַחַל יִשְׂרָאֵל אֶל-יְהוָה כִּי-עַם יְהוָה הַחֶסֶד וְהַרְבֵּה עֲמוֹ פְדוֹת:

God will redeem Israel from all her iniquities.

ח וְהוּא יַפְדֶּה אֶת-יִשְׂרָאֵל מִכּוֹל עֲוֹנוֹתֶיהָ:

Harbstlid Autumn Song

Words and Music: Beyle Schechter-Gottesman b.1920

See, its fall, all that greened is yellowed, withered.

Ze s'iz harbst, un vos gegrint fargelt farvyanet.

See, it's fall- and all that bloomed is gone.

Ze s'iz harbst, un vos geblit fargeyt.

And I who thought that spring would last forever,

Un ikh vos kh'hob gemeynt s'iz shtendik friling

And in my hand I hold eternity.

Un kh'alt in hant di gantse eybikeyt.

Oho, falling leaves! Oho, flying days!

Oho, Falindike Bleter! Oho, fliyendike teg!

Oho, how will I wander now, when thick fog settles on my way...

Oho, vi vel ikh itstert blondzen, ven s'ligt gedikhter nepl af mayn veg.

Sadly cawing birds say "goodbye!"

Kraken fagel, zogn troyerik "Zay gezunt dir!"

At the window the moaning wailing wind:

Krekhst in fenster, un se klogt der vint:

"I wish that I could get away from here

"O, vi volt ikh itst avek fun danen,

to a shore where there is still green spring..."

Tsun a breg vu nokh der friling grint..."

Driving rain gallops on a wild horse, Whispers secret love into my ear: "why do you need to wait for spring when autumn offers baskets full of gold?"

Flit der regn-a galop af vildn ferdl. Roymt mir ayn a sod: er hot mikh holt. "Tsu vos zhe darfstu vartn afn friling, az s'hot der osyen fulen koyshns gold."

**K'vod'cha
Your Glory**

Heinrich Schalit 1886-1976
Visions of Yehuda Halevi, 1970

Text: Yehuda Halevi 1075-1141

My reflections have awakened the awareness of Your holy name and they display Your gracious deeds before me.

Y'i-ru-ni v'shimcha, ra-ayonai v'yaseemu.
Chasadecha l'fanai.

They make me understand the subject of the soul which you have created. It connects to me and yet it is beyond my comprehension.

Havinu-ni d'var nefesh y'tzarta, k'shuravi
V'hi niflat b'aynai.

My heart believed in You with such certainty as if it had been one of those standing at Sinai.

V'libi ra'acha vaya'amen bach, k'ilu ma'amad haya
b'Sinai.

Seeking you in my most mystical memories, Your glory passed before me.

D'rashticha v'chezyonai. V'avar k'vod'cha bi

And the cloud of Your presence descended.

V'yarad ba'ananei.

These deep reflections have prompted me to leave from my bed to bless Your glorious name, Adonai.

Ha-ki-muni s'ee-pei mi-y'tzu-ei. L'vareich shem
k'vod'cha, Adonai.

The Old Shall be Made New, and the New shall be Made Holy

Sure on This Shining Night

Samuel Barber 1910-1981

Permit Me Voyage Op. 13 No. 13 1938

Sure on this shining night of star-made shadows round High summer holds the earth.

Kindness must watch for me, this side the ground. Hearts all whole.

The late year lies down the north,

All is healed, all is health.

Text: James Agee 1909-1955

Sure on this shining night, I weep for wonder,
Wand'ring far alone of shadows on the stars.

שיר-המעלות Shir Hamaalot

Marc Lavry 1903-1967

Alei-D'vai, 1951

A song of ascents to the father, I lift my eyes to the clouds.

I ask to come to the abode of the stars. Place me please, on its ladder.

From a lofty garden, my son will look at me from the other side of the gate of tears.

Not like the reddening leaves, the wonders of his greatness will grow the wonder.

The song of songs of his life- his song, heroism, strength exalted.

God, allow me to understand the virtues of reason, the heart of a father will not surpass them.

Text: Reuven Avinoam 1905-1974

שיר המעלות לאב, אָפּאָ עֵינַי אֶל הָעָבִים
אָבוֹאָה יְזָבוּל פּוֹכְבִים. הַצֵּב נָא לִי אֶת סִלְמִי.
בְּגַן עֲלִיוֹן בְּנִי יִצַּף לִי מַעְבָּר שַׁעַר הַדְּמָעוֹת
לֹא כַעֲלִי הָאֲדָמוֹת. פְּלֹאִי גָדְלוֹ יִגַּל הַפְּלֹאִי
שִׁיר הַשִּׁירִים שְׁלַחֲנֵי זְמֵרוֹ גְּבוּרוֹת עַז הַתְּעִלוֹת
זַכְּנֵי יְהוָה הִבֵּן מַעְלוֹת הִבֵּן לֹא יִשְׁיגוּ לְבָ אָב

הַיִּשָּׁן יִתְחַדֵּשׁ Hayashan Yitchadesh

Aminadav Aloni 1928-1999

May the old be renewed and may the new be holy.

Renew our days as of old.

Bring us back to you, Adonai and we'll return.

Text: Rav Cook, 1865-1935, Eicha Ch.5:21

הַיִּשָּׁן יִתְחַדֵּשׁ וְהַיִּשָּׁן יִתְקַדֵּשׁ
חַדָּשׁ יִמִּינֵנוּ כְּקִדְּם
הַשִּׁבְנוּ יְהוָה אֱלֹהֵינוּ וְנָשׁוּבָה

Dream with Me

Music: Leonard Bernstein 1918-1990

Peter Pan, 1950

Dream with me tonight, tonight and every night

Wherever you may chance to be, we're together if we dream the same sweet dream.

And though we may be far apart, keep me in your heart and dream with me.

Text: Leonard Bernstein

The kiss we never dared we'll dare in dreaming.

The love we never shared, can still have meaning,

If you only dream a magic dream...

Close your lovely eyes, and...dream with me.

Thank You

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