

Congregation Mishkan Or

New synagogue community of
Anshe Chesed Fairmount Temple and The Temple-Tifereth Israel

Saturday, February 15, 2025 –11 Sh'vat, 5785



The Jewish Heart of the Tango

Presented by Cantor Vladimir Lapin

Featuring:

Alexandre Marr, Piano

Maude Cloutier, Violin

Frankie Zevnik, Dancer

Erika Rogers, Dancer

MUSIC SELECTIONS

El Choclo (The Corn Cob) Music: Angel Villoldo, Arr. Alexandre Marr and Maude Cloutier

Voz Iz Gevorn Mayn Shtetele? (What Has Become of My Little Shtetl?) Music: Abraham Ellstein, Text: Isidore Lillian

Chasdei Hashem Music: Israel Alter, Text: Lamentations 3:22; Arr. Israel Goldstein

Volver (Return) Music: Carlos Gardel, Text: Alfredo La Pera

Yam'schik Ne Goni Loshadei (Coachman, Don't Rush the Horses) Music: Yakov Feldman, Text: Nikolai Von Ritter; Arr. Jevell Katz

Utom'lyonoye Soln'tse (Weary Sun) Music: Jersy Petersburgski, Text: Iosif Alvek

Schast'ye Moye (My Joy) Music: Yefim Rozenfeld, Text: Georgi Namlegin

Cherniye Glaza (Black Eyes) Music: Oskar Strok, Text: Alexander Perflyev

Papirosen (Cigarettes) Music and Text: Hermann Yablokoff

Oyg'n (Eyes) Music: Abraham Ellstein, Text: Molly Picon

Ikh Hob Dikh Tsufil Lib (I Love You Too Much) Music: Alexander Olshanetsky, Text: Chaim Tauber

Mayn Yiddishe Meydele (My Jewish Girl) Music: Sholom Secunda, Text: Anshell Schorr

Der Tango Fun Osvientshim (Slave Tango) Music and Text: Unknown (sung in Auschwitz Concentration Camp)

Friling (Spring) Music: Abraham Brudno, Text: Shmerke Kaczerginski

Hernados Hideaway (from *The Pajama Game*) Music and Text: Richard Adler and Jerry Ross

V'shamru: Music: Cantor Marcelo Gindlin, Text: Shabbat Liturgy

The Jewish Heart of the Tango– Texts & Translations

Vos Iz Gevorn Fun Mayn Shtetele? (What Has Become of My Little Shtetl?)

Ven ikh nem dermonen zikh Ven ikh bin a kind geven

In der heym, in shtetele a mol. In di sheyne vinter nekht Flegn mir shpatsirn geyn un kholemen khaloymes on a tsol.

Oy, vi demolt iz geven Azoy hartsik, azoy sheyn, ven mir flegn geyn farbay di shul, un dem khazns sheyne shtim hot geklungen azoy frum, Bay dem omed mit groys gefil:

“K’vakoras ro’e edro ma’avir tsono tachas shivto.” Aza benkenish fun frier geblibn iz in harts bay mir.

Vos iz gevorn fun mayn shtetele? Vos iz gevorn fun mayn alte heym? Oy, vi es benkt zikh nokh mayn shtetele, Mayn yugnt hob ikh dokh farbrakht in dem. dos gesele, Dos shulkhl, vi hartsik un vi sheyn... Dos beymele, dos milkhl— Vel ikh es ven nokh zen?

Oy, vos iz gevorn fun mayn shtetele? Oy, vos iz gevorn fun der alter heym?

When I reminisce about how it was when I was a child, at home in the shtetl, once upon a time. I recall how in those beautiful winter nights we used to stroll around and dream countless dreams. Oh, how things were so heartfelt, so beautiful then, when we used to pass by the synagogue, and the cantor’s sonorous voice resounded so piously, so emotively, by the lectern: “as when a shepherd takes account of his flock, causing his sheep to pass under his staff one by one.” Such a longing for bygone days has remained in my heart.

Whatever became of my shtetl? Whatever became of my old home? Oh, what a longing I have for my shtetl. That is where I spent my youth. The alleyway, the little synagogue, how heartfelt and how beautiful ... The tree, the little dairy—will I ever see them again?

Oh, whatever became of my little shtetl? Oh, whatever became of the old home?

Chasdei Hashem - יהודי חסדי (God’s Mercies)

חסדי יהודה כי לא-תמנו, כי לא-כלו רחמי

The kindness and mercies of God surely does not cease, nor does divine compassion fail.

Volver (Return)

Yo adivino el parpadeo de las luces que a lo lejos van marcando mi retorno...

Son las mismas que alumbraron con sus pálidos reflejos hondas horas de dolor. Y aunque no quise el regreso, siempre se vuelve al primer amor. La quieta calle donde el eco dijo tuya es su vida, tuyo es su querer, bajo el burlón mirar de las estrellas que con indiferencia hoy me ven volver.

Volver... con la frente marchita, las nieves del tiempo platearon mi sien. Sentir... que es un soplo la vida, que veinte años no es nada, que febril la mirada, errante en las sombras, te busca y te nombra. Vivir... con el alma aferrada a un dulce recuerdo que lloro otra vez...

Tengo miedo del encuentro con el pasado que vuelve a enfrentarse con mi vida... Tengo miedo de las noches que pobladas de recuerdos encadenan mi soñar. Pero el viajero que huye tarde o temprano detiene su andar...

Y aunque el olvido, que todo destruye, haya matado mi vieja ilusión, guardo escondida una esperanza humilde que es toda la fortuna de mi corazón.

I imagine the flickering of the lights that in the distance will be marking my return...They’re the same that lit, with their pale reflections, deep hours of pain. And even though I didn’t want to come back, you always return to your first love. The tranquil street where the echo

said yours is her life, yours is her love, under the mocking gaze of the stars that, with indifference, today see me return.

To return...with withered face, the snows of time have whitened my temples. To feel... that life is a puff of wind, that twenty years is nothing, that the feverish look, wandering in the shadow, looks for you and names you. To live...with the soul clutched to a sweet memory that I cry once again...

I am afraid of the encounter with the past that returns to confront my life... I am afraid of the nights that, filled with memories, shackle my dreams. But the traveler that flees sooner or later stops his walking and although forgetfulness, which destroys all, has killed my old dream, I keep concealed a humble hope that is my heart's whole fortune.

Ямщик, не гони лошадей (Yam'schik Ne Goni Loshadei - Coachman, Don't Speed Up the Horses)

Как грустно, туманно кругом, Тосклив, безотраден мой путь, А прошлое кажется сном, Томит наболевшую грудь.

Ямщик, не гони лошадей, Мне некуда больше спешить, Мне некого больше любить, Ямщик, не гони лошадей.

Как жажду средь мрачных равнин измену забыть и любовь, Но память, мой злой властелин, всё будит минувшее вновь!

Всё было, лишь ложь и обман, Прощай и мечты и покой, А боль не закрывшихся ран Останется вечно со мной.

How sad, all-around foggy, Dreary, dismal my path is,
And the past seems like a dream, It presses its sore chest.

Coachman, don't speed up the horses, I have nowhere to hurry anymore,
I have nobody to love anymore, Coachman, don't speed up the horses.

How I long amidst the gloomy plains to forget betrayal and love,
But memory, my evil master, keeps awakening the past again!

Everything was only a lie and deception, the farewell and the dreams, and peace, but the pain of uncovered wounds stays forever with me.

Утомленное солнце (Utom'lyonoye Solntse - Weary Sun)

Утомленное солнце нежно с морем прощалось.

*В этот час ты призналась, что нет любви. Мне немного взгрустнулось,
Без тоски без печали, в этот час прозвучали слова твои. Расстаемся я не стану злиться,
Виноваты в этом ты и я... Утомленное солнце нежно с морем прощалось,
В этот час ты призналась, что нет любви. Расстаемся я не стану злиться,
Виноваты в этом ты и я. Утомленное солнце нежно с морем прощалось
В этот час ты призналась что нет любви.*

The weary sun was saying a tender farewell to the sea. At this time you confessed that there's no love. I felt a bit sad, there was no depression or sorrow, in how you said it at this time. We are parting, I won't nurse a grudge, The fault lies with you and me...the weary sun was saying a tender farewell to the sea, at this time you confessed, that there's no love. The fatigued sun, was saying a tender farewell to the sea. At this time you confessed, that there's no love.

Счастье мое (Scha'st'ye Moya - My Happiness)

*Счастье мое, Я нашел в нашей дружбе с тобой, Всё для тебя —
И любовь, и мечты...*

*Счастье мое,
Это радость цветения весной, Всё это ты,
Моя любимая, всё ты.*

*Счастье мое,
Посмотри — наша юность цветет, Сколько любви
И веселья вокруг...*

*Радость моя,
Это молодость песни поет,
Мы с тобой неразлучны вдвоем, Мой цветок, мой друг!*

*My happiness,
I found in our mutual friendship, All for you —
Love, and dreams...*

My happiness, that is the joy of spring that is all you, my love, all you.
My happiness, behold - our youth blossoms, How much love and celebration around us...
My happiness, youth sings songs, together we're inseparable, my flower, my companion.

Черные глаза (Cherniye Glaza - Black Eyes)

*Был день осенний, и листья грустно опадали.
В последних астрах печаль хрустальная жила.
Грусти тогда с тобою мы не знали,
Ведь мы любили, и для нас весна цвела.*

*Ах! Эти черные глаза меня пленили.
Их позабыть нигде нельзя - они горят передо мной.
Ах! Эти черные глаза меня любили. Куда же скрылись вы теперь?
Кто близок вам другой? Ах! Эти черные глаза меня погубят,
Их позабыть нигде нельзя, Они горят передо мной.*

*Ах! Эти черные глаза! Кто вас полюбит, Тот потеряет навсегда И
сердце и покой.*

It was an autumn day, and the leaves were falling sadly. In the last asters crystal sadness lived. We were not aware of sadness at that time, after all, we loved, and spring bloomed for us.

Oh! These black eyes captivated me. They were nowhere to be forgotten - they burn in front of me. Oh! These black eyes loved me. Where do you hide now? Is there another that is close to you? Oh! These black eyes ruin me, They were nowhere to be forgotten, They are burning in front of me. Oh! These black eyes! Whoever falls in love with you, He will lose it all: his heart and his peace.

Papirosen (Cigarettes)

*A kalte nakht, a neblidike finster umetum, sheyt a yingle fartroiert un kukt zikh arum. Fun regn shtist
im hor a vant, a koshikl trogt er in hant, un zayne oygn betn yedn shtum.*

Ikh hob shoy'n nit keyn koyekh mer arumtsugeyn in gaz, hungerig un opgerizn fun dem regn naz. Ikh shlep arum zikh fun baginen, keyner git nisht tsu fardinen, ale lakhn, makhn fun mir shpaz.

Kupitye koyft zhe, koyft zhe papirosn, trukene fun regn nisht fargozn. Koyft she bilik benemones, koyft un hot oyf mir rakhmones, ratevet fun hunger mikh atsind. Kupitye koyft she shvebelakh antikn, dermit verd ir a yosiml derkvikn. Umzixt mayn shrayen un mayn loyfn, keyner vil bay mir nit koyfn, oysgeyn vel ikh muzn vi a hunt.

Mayn tate in milkhome hot farloyrn zayne hent, mayn mame hot di tsores mer oyshaltn nisht gekent. Yung in keyver zi getribn, bin ikh oyf der velt farblibn, ungliklekh un elnt vi a shteyn. Breklekh klayb ikh oyf tsum ezn oyf dem kaltn mark, a harte bank iz mayn geleger in dem kaltn park. In dertsu di politziantn, shlog mikh shvern kantn, z'heft nit mayn betn, mayn geveyen.

A cold night, foggy, and darkness everywhere, A boy stands sadly and looks around. Only a wall protects him from the rain he holds a basket in his hand, and his eyes beg everyone silently: I don't have any strength left to walk the streets hungry and ragged, wet from the rain, I shlep around from dawn. Nobody gives me any earnings, everyone laughs and makes fun of me.

Buy my cigarettes, dry ones, not wet from the rain. Buy real cheap, buy and have pity on me. Save me from hunger now, buy my matches, wonderful ones, the best, and with that you will uplift an orphan. My screaming and my running will be for naught. Nobody wants to buy from me—I will have to perish like a dog.

My father lost his hands in the war, my mother couldn't bear her troubles anymore. And was driven to her grave at a young age - I was left on this earth unhappy and alone like a stone. I gather crumbs to eat in the cold market, a hard bench in the cold park is my bed and on top of that, the police beat me with the edges of their swords and sticks, my pleas and my cries are of no use.

Oyg'n (Eyes)

S'iz a finstere nakht un ikh zits mir un trakht mayn lebn hot gornisht keyn vert.

S'iz leydik un pust, mayn shtrebn umzist; keyn mazl iz mir nisht bashert.

Nor plutsem a shtral, a likhtiker kval: tsvey oyg'n hob ikh derzen.

Ikh hob bald derfult, mayn harts iz farshpilt, Nor ikh bin tsufridn geven.

Oyg'n ...far dayne shvartse oyg'n ... far zey shteyt ayngeloygn di likhtike zun.

Oyg'n ... far dayne shvartse oyg'n ...Zey hobn tsugetsoygn mayn harts, un ikh bin farshklast gevorn af mayn gants lebn, fargaft gevorn ...un ikh vel shtrebn ales zey tsu gebn. oyg'n...

far dayne shvartse oyg'n... di velt vet mer nisht oyg'n on dayne shvartse oyg'n.

It's a dark night, and I sit and think that my life is worthless.
It's empty and hollow, my aspiration for naught. There's no luck in my cards...
But suddenly a ray of light, a bright source: I caught sight of two eyes.
I soon felt that my heart was lost, but I was happy.
Eyes ...for your dark eyes ... before them the bright sun bows down.
Eyes ...for your dark eyes ...
they pulled my heart to you, and I became enslaved for life, captured and amazed...
And I will aspire to fulfill all their desires. Eyes ...for your dark eyes ...
the world will no longer have any worth without your dark eyes.

Ikh Hob Dikh Tsufil Lib (I Love You Too Much)

Ikh hob dikh tsufil lib. ikh trog af dir kayn has. Ikh hob dikh tsufil lib tsu zayn af dir in kaas.

*Ikh hob dikh tsufil lib tsu zayn oyf dir gor beyz, A nar ikh heys,
ikh veyz, ikh hob dikh lib.*

*Kh'hob dir mayn lebn avekgegebn, mayn harts un mayn neshome,
ikh bin krank, nor mayn gedank trakht nit fun nekome.*

I love you too much
I do not bear any hatred for you. I love you too much
To be at all angry with you. I love you too much
To be angry with you. They say I'm a fool,
I know. I love you.
I gave my life away to you, My heart and my soul.
I am sick, but my thoughts Turn not to revenge
I love you too much.

Mayn Yiddishe Meydele (My Jewish Girl)

*Mayn Yiddishe meydele, Zi iz azoy sheyn.
Mayn Yiddishe meydele Mit ir Yiddishn kheyne Fun gold ire herelekh
Di tseyne ner vi perelekh
Nor a Yiddishe meydl ken zayn azoy sheyn Ir vet far milyon*

My Jewish girl, she is so pretty. My Jewish girl,
she has a certain Jewish charm. Her golden hair, her teeth like pearls— only a
Jewish girl could be so beautiful.
A million dollars won't help you find among other peoples a girl with such Jewish charm.

Der Tango Fun Osvientshim (Slave Tango)

*Mir hobn tangos, foxtrots un melodies Gezungen un getanzt noch far dem krig. Di tsarte lider,
tseklugene, farbenkte Hobn mit libe undz dem kop farvigt. Un yest milchome, keyner shaft keyn
lider Fun yen yunge yorn in der shtet. Zing-oyf, o meydl, an ander lidl fun teg un necht in lager
hinter drot.*

*Undzer shklafn tango unter Knut fun shleger, O der shklafn tango fun oshvientshimer lager. Shtolene
shpizn fun der vechter-chayes - O, es ruft di fryhayt un di tsayt di fraye.*

We have tangos, foxtrots and melodies Sung and danced even before the war. The
gentle songs, melodious, longed for With love lulled our minds. And now war, no one
writes any songs about those other young years in the city. Sing out, Oh maiden,
another song about days and nights in the camp behind wires.

Our slave tango, under the knout of the whipper, Oh the slave tango of Auschwitz. Steep
spears from the sentry posts, oh, freedom and the call of free times.

Friling (Springtime)

*Ich blondzhe in geto Fun gel tsu gesl
Un ken nit gefinen keyn ort: Nito iz mayn liber,
Vi trogt men ariber?
Mentshn, o zogt chotsch a vort. Es loycht oyf mayn heym yetst Der himl der bloyer -
Vos zhe hob ich yetst derfun? Ich shtey vi a betler
Bay yetvidn toyer Un betl, a bisele zun.*

*Friling, nem tsu mayn troyer, Un breng mayn libstn,
Mayn trayen tsurik.
Friling, oyf dayne fligl bloye. O nem mayn harts mit
Un gib es op mayn glik.*

*S'iz hay-oyr der friling Gor fri ongekumen
Tseblit hot zich benkshaft noch dir, Ich ze dich vi itster
Balodn mit blumen, A freydiker geystu tsu mir. Di zun hot fargosn
Dem gartn mit shtraln, Tseshprotst hot di red zich in grin. Mayn troyer, mayn libster,
Vu bistu farfaln? Du geyst nit aroys fun mayn zin.*

I wander in the ghetto From street to street And can't find any place:

My beloved isn't here, How can one stand it? People, please, speak to me. Now on my house shines The blue skies—what does it mean to me now? I stand like a beggar by every gate and beg, a little sun.

Springtime, take away my grief, And bring my loved one,
My true one back. Springtime, on your blue wings, Take my heart with you
And return my happiness.

It is springtime again this year And it came quite early.
My yearning for you has blossomed. I see you as if you were here
Laden with flowers, Happily you come to me. The sun has spilled
The garden with sunbeams, the earth has spread out in green.
My true one, my darling, where have you gotten lost? You never leave my memory.

V'shamru

וְשָׁמְרוּ בְּנֵי־יִשְׂרָאֵל אֶת־הַשַּׁבָּת, לַעֲשׂוֹת אֶת־הַשַּׁבָּת לְדֹרֹתָם בְּרִית עוֹלָם
בֵּינִי וּבֵין בְּנֵי יִשְׂרָאֵל, אוֹת הִיא לְעוֹלָם, כִּי־שָׁשֶׁת יָמִים עָשָׂה יְהוָה אֶת־הַשָּׁמַיִם וְאֶת־הָאָרֶץ, וּבְיוֹם הַשְּׁבִיעִי שָׁבַת וַיִּנָּפֶשׁ

The children of Israel shall keep the Sabbath, observing the Sabbath throughout their generations as an everlasting covenant. Between Me and the children of Israel, it is a sign forever, for in six days God made the heavens and the earth, and on the seventh day, God ceased from work and was refreshed.

Gratitude

With deep appreciation, I extend my heartfelt thanks to the incredible staff and clergy of Congregation Mishkan Or for making this evening possible. Your dedication and hard work help create a space where music, community, and tradition flourish.

To all who have joined us tonight—thank you for being here. Your presence fills this space with warmth and meaning. May we have many more opportunities to study, celebrate and share special moments with each other.

To Alexandre and Maude: thank you for your musical partnership, artistry, and friendship. Your dedication, talent and passion elevate every note we share. To many more collaborations in the future! To our wonderful dancers, Frankie and Erika, thank you for sharing your gifts with our community.

A special note of gratitude to Ghostlight Productions for their expertise in sound and streaming support, ensuring that our music reaches both near and far.

I invite you to continue exploring and celebrating with us at Congregation Mishkan Or. Join us for future events, including our Purim Annual Fundraiser, Esther's Bat Mitzvah on Thursday, March 13, 2025, more details at www.mishkanor.org.

Finally, this program is dedicated to the memory of my beloved grandparents, Masha and Israel Rayfeld (z"l), who instilled in me a love for Judaism, music, humor, and dance. Their spirit continues to guide and inspire me.

With gratitude, Cantor Vladimir Lapin