

LP B-119 ARTISTIC ENTERPRISES INC.

PRESENTED BY THE FORWARD ASSOCIATION
AND THE WORKMEN'S CIRCLE

AT THE PIANO
LAZAR WEINER

SONGS SELECTED BY
JOSEPH MLOTEK

SIDOR BELARSKY

SINGS OF THE HOPES AND DREAMS OF THE EAST SIDE

ארויסגעגעבן פון דער „פארװערטס-אסאסיאציע“
און ארבעטער-רינג



סידאר בעלארסקי-לידער לכבוד 70 יאר
פאררזזערמם

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SIDOR BELARSKY

It is a rare thing, in our age of specialization for a vocal artist to excel in many separate fields. It is rarer still when the virtuoso becomes a restorer of native popular and folk material, as well as its interpreter.

The career of Sidor Belarsky displays a full range of musical

experience, united with the selfless urge to recreate songs of the people.

To these songs he brings an altogether great expression, fresh, vibrant and meaningful tone, inspires the forthright diction of his every phrase, with breathtaking mobility and ease.

SIDE ONE

- 1 — ICH VIL NIT KAYN AYZERNE KEYTN — B. Vladek —
music by M. Gelbart

Break the chains of enslavement, its bitterness must vanish forever.
May the enemies' hatred and dulled swords be beyond our reach.
Our flag is spun with hope, and those who believe and have courage
. . . The future is theirs.

- 2 — DOS LID FUN GOLDENEM LAND — M. Gebirtig —
arr. V. Heifetz

Visions of childhood crystalize when the poet remembers the songs
his mother sang to him. The image of her beauty, her comforting
smile, eyes that filled with devotion for him, are everlasting in his
memory. He has yet to find the golden land of his dreams . . .
Only his mother's songs linger with him always.

- 3 — SHNEL LOYFN DI REDER — D. Edelshtat — L. Weiner
A song which depicts the suffering in the sweatshop at the turn of
the century. The conditions unbelievably bad, sickness prevails.
The workers lament, "How long must we endure this suffering?"
The time has come to awaken to hardships — conditions must
change — Awaken!

- 4 — MAYN RU PLATZ — M. Rosenfeld — arr. S. Belarsky
The lovelorn song of a sweatshop worker, singing to an unknown
lover. Don't seek me where the myrtles bloom, the birds sing, or
fountains spray, not there, my love, can I be found. Come find me
in the shop where I am chained, and take me to a warm, peaceful
place to rest.

- 5 — ICH UN DI VELT — A. Reisen — music S. Belarsky
If all the world did suffer and I alone knew joy, then would my
door be open to give comfort and love. If she would know my joy
and I her grief, then I would ask for comfort. But, since we both
do suffer, the world and I myself, then the world has no place to
come to . . . and I no place to go.

- 6 — YIDDISH — Mani Leib — Wolowitz
Many languages are spoken the world over. Jews throughout the
world speak its seventy languages. Yiddish is the universal language
in which Jews understand each other, whether in the heat of Africa
or in the cold of Siberia. Yiddish prevails.

SIDE TWO

- 1 — DEM PEDLERS BRIVL — Leiserowitz — arr. S. Belarsky

A recently arrived imigrant attempting to find his way in the
golden land, writes to his mother of his toils — He writes attempt-
ing not to deceive her, yet finds it difficult to write the truth.
Describing his new found world, he dreams of better days, and hopes
his mother will then join him.

- 2 — SHMILIK, GAVRILIK — I. Reingold — arr. S. Belarsky

Two little boys Shmilik and Gavrilik play in their native land. One
is the horse, the other—the rider. When they grow up and come to
America, Shmilik remains the boss and Gavrilik the shopworker.

- 3 — MAYN YINGELE — M. Rosenfeld — arr. S. Belarsky

A sweatshop worker stands at the sleeping son's bedside, expressing
his love for the boy, whom he never sees awake. He leaves for work
too early and comes home too late.

- 4 — VI LANG, O, VI LANG

Revolutionary song — calling for the people to arise and regain
their freedom.

- 5 — MILCHOME — A. Reisen — M. Gelbart

A War Song . . . The mother being helpless to feed her child, com-
forts him and attempts to explain that the torments of war have
taken his father to defeat the enemy.

- 6 — O KUMT IR, FARVOGELTE — M. Rosenfeld — L. Weiner

The Statue Of Liberty welcomes the new arrivals.

Come you oppressed!

Come to the brave!

Come to the free!

Our courage will strengthen yours.

With outstretched arms we beckon you . . . Join Us!

(notes by Elizabeth P. Gordon)