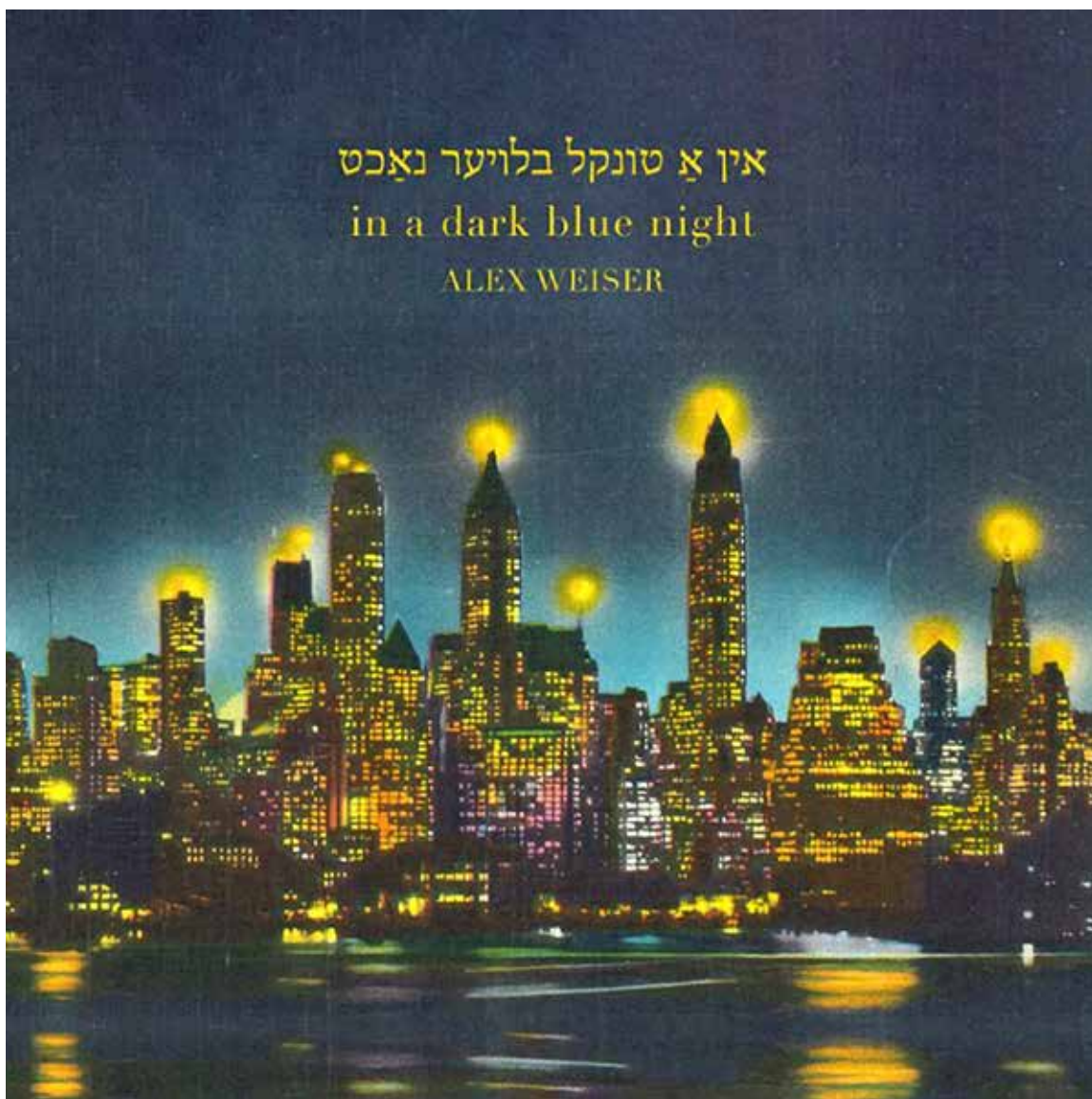


VIRTUAL TENEMENT CONCERT



אין אַ טונקל בלויער נאַכט
in a dark blue night
ALEX WEISER

NEW YORK IN YIDDISH SONG: IN A DARK BLUE NIGHT

March 26, 2024 | 6:30pm ET

Co-presented by

TENEMENT MUSEUM *and* YIVO INSTITUTE FOR JEWISH RESEARCH

Annie Rosen, *Mezzo-Soprano* | Jason Wirth, *Piano*

PROGRAM

שלאָף, מיין קינד

Shlof, mayn kind | Sleep, My Child

WORDS BY SHOLEM ALEICHEM — MUSIC BY MAX PERSIN

אָװנט

Ovnt | Evening

WORDS BY MORRIS ROSENFELD — MUSIC BY ALEX WEISER

פֿרייהייט סטאַטוע

Frayhayt statue | Statue of Liberty

WORDS BY A. LIESSIN — MUSIC BY LAZAR WEINER

ווי די שטערן אויף דעם הימל

Vi di shtern af dem himl | Like the Stars in Heaven

WORDS BY NAFTALI GROSS — MUSIC BY ALEX WEISER

גילדענער האָניק

Gildener honik | Golden Honey

WORDS BY CELIA DROPKIN — MUSIC BY ALEX WEISER

שמואליק, גבֿריאליק

Shmilik, Gavrilik

WORDS BY ISAAC REINGOLD — MUSIC BY G. MENDELSON

בראָדװיי

Brodvey | Broadway

WORDS BY ANNA MARGOLIN — MUSIC BY ALEX WEISER

מיין רוע־פּלאַץ

Mayn rue-plats | My Resting Place

WORDS BY MORRIS ROSENFELD — ADAPTED AND ARRANGED BY SIDOR BELARSKY

איך בענק נאָך דער איסט סייד פֿון אַמאָל

Ikh benk nokh der Ist Sayd fun amol | I Long for the East Side of Long Ago

WORDS BY JACOB JACOBS — MUSIC BY ALEXANDER OLSHANETSKY

Coney Island Days

TEXT AFTER IRENE WEISER — MUSIC BY ALEX WEISER

שלאָף, מיין קינד
Shlof, mayn kind | Sleep, My Child

WORDS BY SOHEM ALEICHEM — MUSIC BY MAX PERSIN

TRANSLITERATION

Shlof mayn kind, mayn treyst, mayn sheyner,
Shlof zhe, lyu-lyu-lyu!
Shlof mayn lebn, mayn kadish eyner,
Shlof zhe, zunenyu.

Bay dayn vigl zitst dayn mame,
Zingt a lid un veynt.
Vest a mol farshteyn mistame
Vos zi hot gemeynt.

In Amerike iz der tate
Dayner, zunenyu,
Du bist nokh a kind lesate,
Shlof zhe, shlof, lyu-lyu!

ORIGINAL YIDDISH

שלאָף מיין קינד, מיין טרייסט, מיין שיינער,
שלאָף זשע, ליו-ליו-ליו!
שלאָף מיין לעבן, מיין קדיש איינער,
שלאָף זשע, זונעניו.

ביי דיין וויגל זיצט דיין מאַמע,
זינגט אַ ליד און וויינט,
וועסט אַ מאָל פֿאַרשטיין מסתמא
וואָס זי האָט געמיינט.

אין אַמעריקע איז דער טאַטע
דיינער, זונעניו,
דו ביסט נאָך אַ קינד לעת-עתה,
שלאָף זשע, שלאָף, ליו-ליו!

ENGLISH TRANSLATION

Sleep my child, my comfort, my beauty,
Sleep, lull-a, lullaby!
Sleep my life, my only Kaddish,
Sleep, my little son.

Your mother is sitting by your cradle,
Singing a song and weeping.
Perhaps you will understand some day
What she was thinking.

Father is in America
Your father, my son,
Meanwhile, you are still a child,
So sleep, sleep, lullaby.

(Text and translations from the Yosl and Chana Mlotek Yiddish Song Collection at the Worker's Circle)

אַװנט Ovnt | Evening

WORDS BY MORRIS ROSENFELD — MUSIC BY ALEX WEISER

TRANSLITERATION

Af di Palisadn rut di zun,
Varfndik ir letstn, zisn blik
Dem farlozenem Hodson, velkher ligt
In zayn kalter zilber-bet fartrakht,
Murmlendik an umetik "gut nakht."

Gute nakht dir, likht-printsessin, shtum
Vi a yugnt-kholem in di berg
Zinkstu, nemendik mit zikh di freyd!
Laykhtndik fargeystu in dayn prakht,
Lozndik di velt aley — gut nakht!

Bald blaybt iber nor a royter flek
Afn horizont vi blut, a shmerts
Veht zikh oys in mayrev un a vey
Vigt di felder shleferdik un zakht
Un es sheptshet umetum: "gut nakht"...

ORIGINAL YIDDISH

אויף די פאליסאדן רוט די זון,
וואַרפֿנדיק איר לעצטן, זיסן בליק
דעם פֿאַרלאָזענעם האָדסאָן, וועלכער ליגט
אין זײַן קאַלטער זילבער־בעט פֿאַרטראַכט,
מורמלענדיק אַן אומעטיק „גוט נאַכט.“

גוטע נאַכט דיר, ליכט־פּריןצעסין, שטום
ווי אַ יוגנט־חלום אין די בערג
זינקסטו, נעמענדיק מיט זיך די פֿרייד!
ליכטנדיק פֿאַרגייסטו אין דיין פֿראַכט,
לאָזנדיק די וועלט אַליין — גוט נאַכט!

באַלד בלייבט איבער נאָר אַ רויטער פֿלעק
אויפֿן האָרײַזאָנט ווי בלוט, אַ שמערץ
וועבט זיך אויס אין מערבֿ און אַ וויי
וויגט די פֿעלדער שלעפֿערדיק און זאַכט
און עס שעפטשעט אומעטום: „גוט נאַכט“...

ENGLISH TRANSLATION

The sun rests on the Palisades
Casting her last, sweet glance
To the forlorn Hudson, which lies
In its cold silver-bed lost in thought,
Murmuring a lonely "good night."

Good night to you, princess of light, silent
As a dream of youth on the shore
You're sinking, taking joy with you!
Luminously setting in your splendor,
Leaving the world alone — good night!

Soon only a red spot remains
On the horizon like blood, an ache
Takes shape in the West and a pain
Rocks the fields sleepy and calm
And whispers everywhere: "good night"...

פֿרייהייט סטאַטוע

Frayhayt statue | Statue of Liberty

WORDS BY A. LIESSIN — MUSIC BY LAZAR WEINER

TRANSLITERATION

O kumt ir farvoglte,
Kumt ir gedrikte,
Fun veltn gepakte,
Fun veltn farshtikte,
Aher in di vaytn an endl
Kumt tsu di brave,
Kumt tsu di fraye,
Ir vet zikh mit koykhes
Do onnemen naye,
Mir gibn aykh hartsikn di hent.

ORIGINAL YIDDISH

אָ קומט איר פֿאַרוואָגלטע,
קומט איר געדריקטע,
פֿון וועלטן געפֿאַקטע,
פֿון וועלטן פֿאַרשטיקטע,
אַהער אין די ווייטן אָן ענדל
קומט צו די בראַווע,
קומט צו די פֿרייע,
איר וועט זיך מיט כוחות
דאָ אָנגעמען נייע,
מיר גיבן אייך האַרציקן די הענט.

ENGLISH TRANSLATION

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 — join us!

(Text and translations from Songs of the American Jewish Experience by Neil Levin)

ווי די שטערן אויף דעם הימל

Vi di shtern af dem himl | Like the Stars in Heaven

WORDS BY NAFTALI GROSS — MUSIC BY ALEX WEISER

TRANSLITERATION

Vi di shtern af dem himl
In a tunkl-bloyer nakht,
Tsindn dayne gasn zikh,
Tsindn dayne turems zikh
Groyse royshndike shtot.
Tsindn dayne turems zikh,
Tsindn dayne fentster zikh,
Tsindn vi di shtern zikh
In a tunkl bloyer nakht.

ORIGINAL YIDDISH

ווי די שטערן אויף דעם הימל
אין אַ טונקל-בלויער נאַכט,
צינדן דינע גאַסן זיך,
צינדן דינע טורעמס זיך,
גרויסע רוישנדיקע שטאָט.
צינדן דינע טורעמס זיך,
צינדן דינע פֿענצטער זיך,
צינדן ווי די שטערן זיך
אין אַ טונקל בלויער נאַכט.

ENGLISH TRANSLATION

Like the stars in heaven
In a dark blue night,
Your streets are illuminated,
Your towers are illuminated
Great noisy city.
Your towers are illuminated,
Your windows are illuminated,
Illuminated like the stars
In a dark blue night.

גילדענער האָניק *Gildener honik* | Golden Honey

WORDS BY CELIA DROPKIN — MUSIC BY ALEX WEISER

TRANSLITERATION

In di kamern fun dayne volkn-kratsers
Rint gildener honik, — dos likht,
Durkh di milyonen fentster,
Vi durkh di kamern fun giganteshe honik-nestn,
Zet men dem gildenem honik,
Dem mentshns honik, dos likht.
Rizike binen hobn geboyt do zeyere binshtokn,
A vald fun binshtokn,
Un iberfult zey mit honik,
Mentshlekhon honik, — dos likht.
Shvarts vi pekh, iz der Hodson baynakht,
Un der honik shtromt ahin,
Un shlingt dem pekh bay di bregn fun Nyu-York.

☆☆

Beymer azelkhe mit gildene frukht,
A vald mit gildene frukht,
Rizike tsedern,
Bahongen mit lamtern.

ORIGINAL YIDDISH

אין די קאָמערן פֿון דינע וואָלקן-קראַצערס
רינט גילדענער האָניק, — דאָס ליכט,
דורך די מיליאָנען פֿענצטער,
ווי דורך די קאָמערן פֿון גיגאַנטישע האָניק-נעסטן,
זעט מען דעם גילדענעם האָניק,
דעם מענטשנס האָניק, דאָס ליכט.
ריזיקע בינען האָבן געבויט דאָ זייערע בינשטאָקן,
אַ וואָלד פֿון בינשטאָקן,
און איבערפֿולט זיי מיט האָניק,
מענטשלעכן האָניק, — דאָס ליכט.
שוואַרץ ווי פֿעך, איז דער האַדסאָן בינאַכט,
און דער האָניק שטראָמט אַהין,
און שלינגט דעם פֿעך ביי די ברעגן פֿון ניו-יאָרק.

☆☆

ביימער אַזעלכע מיט גילדענע פֿרוכט,
אַ וואָלד מיט גילדענע פֿרוכט,
ריזיקע צעדערן,
באַהאָנגען מיט לאַמטערן.

ENGLISH TRANSLATION

In the rooms of your skyscrapers
Golden honey runs, — the light,
Through the millions of windows,
As if through the rooms of a gigantic honey-comb,
You can see the golden honey,
The honey of mankind, the light.
Giant bees have built their beehives here,
A forest of beehives,
And overfilled them with honey,
Mankind's honey, — the light.
The Hudson is pitch black at night,
And the honey flows over there,
And engulfs the blackness of the shores of New York.

☆☆

Such trees with golden fruit,
A forest with golden fruit,
Giant cedars,
Covered with hanging streetlights.

שמואליק, גבריאליק Shmilik, Gavrilik

WORDS BY ISAAC REINGOLD — MUSIC BY G. MENDELSON

TRANSLITERATION

Shmilik, Gavrilik, khaveyrimlekh tsvey
Shpiln zikh beyde, keyn glaykhn tsu zey —
In ferdlekh, mit shverdlekh, in zamd un in erd,
Shmilik der shmayer, Gavrilik der ferd.

Shmilik, Gavrilik, zey vaksn gikh oys,
Kumt zey in zinen: Amerike iz groys.
Gekumen tsu shvimen tsu der goldener erd —
Shmilik der shmayer, Gavrilik der ferd.

Shmilik, Gavrilik in goldenem land:
Shmilik a "bosl," Gavrilik zayn hant.
Shmilik in himl, Gavrilik in d'rerd —
Shmilik der shmayer, Gavrilik der ferd.

ORIGINAL YIDDISH

שמואליק, גבריאליק, חבֿרימלעך צוויי
שפילן זיך ביידע, קיין גלייכן צו זיי —
אין פֿערדלעך, מיט שווערדלעך, אין זאָמד און אין ערד,
שמואליק דער שמיַסער, גבריאליק דער פֿערד.

שמואליק, גבריאליק, זיי וואַקסן גיך אויס,
קומט זיי אין זינען: אַמעריקע איז גרויס.
געקומען צו שווימען צו דער גאָלדענער ערד —
שמואליק דער שמיַסער, גבריאליק דער פֿערד.

שמואליק, גבריאליק אין גאָלדענעם לאַנד:
שמואליק אַ „באָסל," גבריאליק זיין האַנט.
שמואליק אין הימל, גבריאליק אין ד'רערד —
שמואליק דער שמיַסער, גבריאליק דער פֿערד.

ENGLISH TRANSLATION

Shmilik, Gavrilik, two little friends
Playing together like nobody else —
At horses, with swords, in sand and in dirt,
Shmilik the driver, Gavrilik the horse.

Shmilik, Gavrilik, they grow up fast,
Stuck on the idea: America is great.
Off they swim to the Golden Land,
Shmilik the driver, Gavrilik the horse.

Shmilik, Gavrilik in the Golden Country:
Shmilik a "little boss," Gavrilik his hired hand.
Shmilik in heaven, Gavrilik buried under —
Shmilik the driver, Gavrilik the horse.

(Text and translations from the Yosl and Chana Mlotek Yiddish Song Collection at the Worker's Circle)

בראָדוויי
Brodvey | Broadway

WORDS BY ANNA MARGOLIN — MUSIC BY ALEX WEISER

TRANSLITERATION

Der ovnt blit. Di gas roysht hel vi toyznt kvaln.
Es shvimen fayern aroyf fun zunshtoyb un koraln.
Vitrines — flamendike heyln. Vaserfaln
Fun tifn samet, zaydns shver un kil.
Un mentshn in umendlekhn kadril,
Bagegenen zikh un vern vu farfaln.
Un s'zukhn oygn, oygn zingen, lakhn,
Ober mir dakht, es knien ale zakhn.

Bloy blit der vint. Bloye shotns faln.
Es flit a kar farbay af lange shvartse shtraln.
A reklame shnaydt zikh ayn in himl vi a shverd.
Un shtimen shorkhn, kushn zikh, i yo i nit derhert,
Un viklen zikh aroyf vi likhtike spiraln.
Un oygn zukhn, oygn zingen, lakhn.
Ober mir dakht, es iz a troyern,
es iz dos letste vakhn,
Di letste sho fun gezegnen mit der erd.

ORIGINAL YIDDISH

דער אָונט בליט. די גאַס רוישט העל ווי טויזנט קוואַלן.
עס שווימען פֿייערן אַרויף פֿון זונשטויב און קאַראַלן.
וויטרינעס — פֿלאַמענדיקע היילן. וואַסערפֿאַלן
פֿון טיפֿן סאַמעט, זינדנס שווער און קיל.
און מענטשן אין אומענדלעכן קאַדרייל,
באַגעגענען זיך און ווערן וווּ פֿאַרפֿאַלן.
און ס'זוכן אויגן, אויגן זינגען, לאַכן,
אַבער מיר דאַכט, עס קניען אַלע זאַכן.

בלוי בליט דער ווינט. בלויע שאַטנס פֿאַלן.
עס פֿליט אַ קאַר פֿאַרביי אויף לאַנגע שוואַרצע שטראַלן.
אַ רעקלאַמע שניידט זיך אין הימל ווי אַ שווערד.
און שטימען שאַרפֿן, קושן זיך, אי יאָ אי ניט דערהערט,
און וויקלען זיך אַרויף ווי ליכטיקע ספּיראַלן.
און אויגן זוכן, אויגן זינגען, לאַכן.
אַבער מיר דאַכט, עס איז אַ טרויערן,
עס איז דאָס לעצטע וואַכן,
די לעצטע שעה פֿון געזעגענען מיט דער ערד.

ENGLISH TRANSLATION

The evening blooms. The street rustles bright as a thousand springs.
Fires swim up from sundust and coral.
Shop windows — fiery caves. Cascades
Of deep velvet, silks heavy and cool.
And people in an endless quadrille,
Meeting each other and losing themselves.
And there are searching eyes, eyes singing, laughing,
But to me, everything is kneeling.

The wind blossoms blue. Blue shadows fall.
A car soars by on long black rays.
A billboard takes shape in heaven like a sword.
And voices rustle, kissing each other, heard and unheard,
And wind upward together like spirals of light.
And eyes searching, eyes singing, laughing.
But to me, it's tragic, the last watch,
The final hour of farewell on the earth.

מיין רוע-פלאץ

Mayn rue-plats | My Resting Place

WORDS BY MORRIS ROSENFELD — ADAPTED AND ARRANGED BY SIDOR BELARSKY

TRANSLITERATION

Nit zukh mikh vu di mirtn grinen!
Gefinst mikh dortn nit, mayn shats;
Vu lebns velkn bay mashinen,
Dortn iz mayn rue-plats.

Nit zukh mikh vu di feygl zingen!
Gefinst mikh dortn nit, mayn shats;
A shklaf bin ikh, vu keytn klingen,
Dortn iz mayn rue-plats.

ORIGINAL YIDDISH

ניט זוך מיך ווו די מירטן גרינען!
געפינסט מיך דאָרטן ניט, מיין שאַץ;
ווו לעבנס וועלקן ביי מאַשינען,
דאָרטן איז מיין רוע-פלאַץ.

ניט זוך מיך ווו די פֿייגל זינגען!
געפינסט מיך דאָרטן ניט, מיין שאַץ;
אַ שקלאַף בין איך, ווו קייטן קלינגען,
דאָרטן איז מיין רוע-פלאַץ.

ENGLISH TRANSLATION

Seek me not where myrtles grow green!
You'll not find me there, my prize;
Where lives wither at machines,
There is my resting place.

Seek me not where birds sing!
You'll not find me there, my prize;
I am a slave, where chains clang,
There is my resting place.

איך בענק נאך דער איסט סייד פֿון אַמאָל

Ikh benk nokh der Ist Sayd fun amol | I Long for the East Side of Long Ago

WORDS BY JACOB JACOBS — MUSIC BY ALEXANDER OLSHANETSKY

TRANSLITERATION

Yidn flegn kumen fun der gantser velt
In der Ist Sayd
Bald fun Kestl-Gardn hot zikh yeder opgeshtelt
In der Ist Sayd
Dort flegt men ale grine ufnemen zeyer fayn
Fun der shif zey firn glaykh in bod arayn
Nokh dem vi s'hobn gevashn zikh dem haldz
Bald hot men zey traktirt mit biter zalts.

(Korus)

Ikh benk nokh der Ist Sayd fun amol
Vi alts hot geblit gor on a tsol
Ayeder hot geredt nor Yidish dort
Zikh gekvikt mit yedn vort
S'iz geven punkt vi in Erets-Yisroel
Ir meg't zikh voynen in raykhkayt nokh vi
Git es aykh baym harts a tsi
S'benkt zikh nokh der Ist Sayd fun amol.

ORIGINAL YIDDISH

יידן פֿלעגן קומען פֿון דער גאַנצער וועלט
אין דער איסט סייד
באַלד פֿון קעסל-גאַרדן האָט זיך יעדער אָפּגעשטעלט
אין דער איסט סייד
דאָרט פֿלעגט מען אַלע גרינע אויפֿנעמען זייער פֿיין
פֿון דער שיף זיי פֿירן גלויב אין באַד אַרײַן
נאָך דעם ווי ס'האַבן געוואָשן זיך דעם האַלדז
באַלד האָט מען זיי טראַקטירט מיט ביטער זאַלץ.

(קאָרוס)

איך בענק נאָך דער איסט סייד פֿון אַמאָל
ווי אַלץ האָט געבליט גאַר אָן אַ צאַל
איעדער האָט גערעדט נאָר ייִדיש דאָרט
זיך געקוויקט מיט יעדן וואָרט
ס'איז געווען פֿונקט ווי אין ארץ-ישראל
איר מעגט זיך וווינען אין רײַכקייט נאָך ווי
גיט עס איך ביים האַרץ אַ צי
ס'בענקט זיך נאָך דער איסט סייד פֿון אַמאָל.

ENGLISH TRANSLATION

Jews used to come from the whole world
To the East Side
Straight from Castle Garden everyone stopped
In the East Side
There people would attract all of the greenhorns
From the ship they would go straight to the bathhouse
After they had washed their neck
They'd be treated with bitter salts.

(Chorus)

I long for the East Side of long ago
How everything flourished without measure
Everyone spoke Yiddish there
And enjoyed every word
It was just like the Land of Israel
You could live in wealth
It's giving your heart a tug
It longs for the East Side of long ago.

Coney Island Days

TEXT AFTER IRENE WEISER — MUSIC BY ALEX WEISER

1. Coney Island

I was very young. We used to go to the beach ourselves. We ran in the water. We came out. We were there all day. There was no limit. We were there without an adult. The adult was Morty, and he didn't pay any attention. I'd go out with Bea. We went to Nathan's. They used to give us fifteen cents or a dime to go on the boardwalk, and get something... custard and a ride. I used to go with Marlene, nine times out of ten she dropped hers on the boardwalk, so I had to share my fifteen cents with her. I had good times. All my family was loving to me.

2. Pennies

My mother, she had a pot, a commercial pot, and she filled it with pennies, so Bea and I, you know, Bea was a little bit of a devil, I was younger, I only followed whatever she did, so, we bought candies, we went to the movies with that money... Years later I was fully grown, I said, I knew we were doing wrong, that's stealing. But if I asked my mother she'd say you could have it, but we didn't ask, we just took. But, you know, Morty was a goody-goody. My brother was an angel. I found out he did it too. I was so shocked, because he was so good, you know? I thought we were very bad.

3. Knish Store

We had a knish store. We waited on customers. My uncle Joe stood by the oil. When we came over to get the knishes, he said in Jewish, avek! Avek! He was so nervous that I'd get hurt. We had a room in the back of the store. They had one bathroom. Just a toilet. Maybe a sink, no bathtub. All of us slept in one room, except Morty. There was a hotel attached to the store, for Morty they gave him a tiny room, but for us we all slept in one room.

ABOUT THE PARTICIPANTS

Broad gestures and rich textures are hallmarks of the “compelling” (*The New York Times*), “deliciously wistful” (*San Francisco Classical Voice*), music of composer **ALEX WEISER**. Born and raised in New York City, Weiser creates acutely cosmopolitan music combining a deeply felt historical perspective with a vibrant forward-looking creativity hailed as “personal, expressive, and bold” (*I Care If You Listen*).

Weiser’s debut album and all the days were purple, was named a 2020 Pulitzer Prize Finalist and cited as “a meditative and deeply spiritual work whose unexpected musical language is arresting and directly emotional.” Released by Cantaloupe Music in April 2019, the album includes songs in Yiddish and English.

Active as an opera composer, Weiser is currently working on two operas. *Tevye’s Daughters*, written with librettist Stephanie Fleischmann, is a commission from American Lyric Theater. Based on Sholem Aleichem’s iconic Yiddish stories, it explores the tragic death of Tevye’s lesser-known daughter, Shprintse and traces the lasting impact of Shprintse’s fate on her sisters after immigration to New York. *The Great Dictionary of the Yiddish Language* with librettist Ben Kaplan is set in 1950s post-war New York and follows linguist Yudel Mark as he sets out to write the world’s first fully comprehensive Yiddish dictionary — an effort of linguistic preservation, and a memorial to the dead.

An advocate for contemporary classical music, Weiser co-founded Kettle Corn New Music, an “ever-enjoyable” concert series (*The New York Times*), and was a director of the MATA Festival, “the city’s leading showcase for vital new music by emerging composers” (*The New Yorker*). Weiser is now the Director of Public Programs at the YIVO Institute for Jewish Research where he curates programs and has commissioned over fifteen works from some of today’s leading composers. Visit www.ALEXWEISER.COM for more information.

Mezzo-soprano **ANNIE ROSEN**’s performances have been acclaimed as “fearless,” “intensely present,” and “soul-crushingly vulnerable.” Rosen has performed the title role of *The Maid of Orleans* (Opera Company of Middlebury) and of *L’enfant et les sortilèges* (Florentine Opera) and as Ankhesenpaaten/Akhnaten at the Metropolitan Opera. She is also an eager participant in the wide world of video game music. Her voice has appeared on numerous arrangements of game soundtracks across platforms and as a featured soloist on the original games *Ambition: A Minuet In Power*, *12 Labors*, and *Plateau Melody*. Rosen is a 2022 Grammy nominee for *Akhnaten*.

JASON WIRTH has performed on the piano extensively from a very young age, including appearances with the Moscow Philharmonic and the St. Paul Chamber Orchestra as a soloist. Wirth has performed with soprano Lynn Spurgat at Carnegie’s Zankel and was honored to be a guest artist at workshop performances of Santa Fe Opera and Arizona Opera, presenting new works by Paul Ruders and Clint Borzoni. Wirth is an expert performer of the operatic repertoire and has a deep love and affinity for art song, cabaret, musical theatre and jazz.



We tell the stories of working-class tenement residents who moved to New York City from other countries and other parts of the country. Their work helped build the city and nation, and their stories help us understand our history. While textbooks often overlook the stories of ordinary people, our tours immerse visitors in the tenement hallways, kitchens and parlors where families carved out new lives. We share primary sources and research that help us explore the stories of tenement families. Public programs, curricula and our Your Story Our Story website continue the conversation, using our stories as points of departure to connect the past to present.

We aim to build an inclusive and expansive American identity and believe that the exploration of our complex history—one with moments of both inclusion and exclusion—helps prepare us to recognize and discuss today’s complex issues with empathy and nuance.

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The YIVO Institute for Jewish Research is dedicated to the preservation and study of the history and culture of East European Jewry worldwide. For nearly a century, YIVO has pioneered new forms of Jewish scholarship, research, education, and cultural expression. Our public programs and exhibitions, as well as online and on-site courses, extend our global outreach and enable us to share our vast resources. The YIVO Archives contains more than 24 million original items and YIVO’s Library has over 400,000 volumes—the single largest resource for such study in the world.

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