



Term	Definition
Chord	A group of (typically three or more) notes sounded together, as a basis of harmony.
Chromatic	Relating to, or using, notes not belonging to the diatonic scale of the key in which a passage is written.
Concentrationary Music	Music created by individuals in ghettos or death camps 1930-1952
Conductor	A person who conducts an orchestra, chorus, opera company, ballet, or other musical group in the performance and interpretation of ensemble works.
Diatonic	(of a scale, interval, etc.) involving only notes proper to the prevailing key without chromatic alteration.
Folk music	Music that originates in traditional popular culture or that is written in such a style. Folk music is typically of unknown authorship and is transmitted orally from generation to generation.
Form	How the various parts of a song or piece are organized.
Harmony	The combination of simultaneously sounded musical notes to produce chords and chord progressions having a pleasing effect.
Major Scale	A scale consisting of a series of whole steps except for half steps between the third and fourth and seventh and eighth degrees.
Melody	A sequence of single notes that is musically satisfying.
Minor	A scale having half steps between the second and third, fifth and sixth, and seventh and eighth degrees, with whole steps for the other intervals.
Orchestra	A group of instrumentalists, especially one combining string, woodwind, brass, and percussion sections and playing classical music.
Philology	The study of human speech especially as the vehicle of literature and as a field of study that sheds light on cultural history
Primary Source	A first-hand or contemporary account of an event or topic.
Roma	An ethnic group of traditionally itinerate people; originating in northern India and settling across the world, particularly Europe.
Scale	Any graduated sequence of notes, tones, or intervals dividing what is called an octave.
Secondary Source	One that was created later by someone that did not experience firsthand or participate in the events in which the author is writing about.
Strophe	A structural division of a poem containing stanzas of varying line-length, especially an ode or free verse poem.



OMAHA SYMPHONY

Concert of Lights Orchestrate Understanding

Przeklte Birkenau	Lyrics by Tadeusz Borowski
1. Drutami okolony skrawek świata, gdzie ludzie numerami tylko są, gdzie brat spodlony gnębi swego brata, a śmierć koścista dłoń wyciąga swą Tam tyle krwi i łez pociekło, Tam z krzykiem trwogi budzisz się ze snu, I gdy ktoś spyta cię gdzie jest, gdzie jest piekło, królestwo zła To śmiało możesz odpowiedzieć mu: (rit) Birkenau, przeklęte Birkenau, Oblane krwią i łzami, Przez Boga zapomniane piekła dno, Birkenau, cierniowa droga, Milionów ofiar wspólny grób, Królestwo zła, gdzie nie ma Boga, To Birkenau. 2. Płomieniem bucha komin krematorium odorem ciał spalonych cuchnie w krąg Cierniowej więźnia ścieżki kres i znoju, wędrówki kres i koniec ludzkich mąk I grobu mieć nie będziesz przyjacielu, Popiołów garść rozwieje polny wiatr, Nieważne to, wszak jesteś jeden z wielu, Wielu, o których dziś zapomniał podły świat.	1. A piece of the world surrounded by wires, Where people are just numbers, Where a brother oppresses his brother, And death's bony hand stretches out its own Where so much blood and tears have spilled, There with a cry of terror you wake up from your sleep, And when someone asks you where is Hell, Then you can boldly answer him: (rit) Birkenau, cursed Birkenau, Doused with blood and tears, By God forgotten; hell's bottom, Birkenau, the thorny road, Of thousands of victims' common grave, A kingdom of evil where there is no God, This is Birkenau. 2. The chimney of the crematorium bursts into flame The stench of burnt bodies reeks in the circle The thorny prisoner's path of end and drudgery, The end of wandering and the end of human torment And you will have no grave, my friend, A handful of ashes will be blown away by the field wind, Never mind that, after all you are one of many, Whom the wicked world has forgotten today.
Tsi itzt mayn harts	Al Marzbachtal
Tsi itst mayn harts, keyn harts fun keyn mentshn tsi hob ikh rekht yo tsi lebn oder neyn. In far vos kind mir nisht fun mayn lebn tzu genisen az mayn yugnt zol a vekgeyn, elnt yomern dik un vist.	Is my heart a human one? Do I have the right to live? And why should I not be allowed to enjoy my life? When my youth disappears desolate.

Iber fremde vegn end	Lyrics by Leibu Levin
Iber fremde vegn blondzhet mayn lid, vet es zikh derfregn ahin vu es tsit? mame mayne tribe kukst aroys oyf mir vifl kh'ob nor libe, geyt zi tsu dir.	Does my song wander by strange paths, or does it ask where it is heading? My sad mother, you look at me, how much love I have, comes from you.
Harbst in Ukraine, sumne un kalt, zise Bukovine, ikh benk nokh dayn vald mit khvalyedike kroynen, mit bsomim duft fun grins s'tret atsin der soyne dayn gold mit di fis.	Autumn in Ukraine, sleepy and cold, sweet Bukovina, I miss your forest with wavy crowns, with the smell of green grass, the enemy tramples your golden feet.
S'iz neplik do arumet...ikh shtey oyf karaul, musert mikh mayn umet: tsi bistu fun shtol? Vakhst, un dort der soyne...tate, mame, heym tsi vet er zey den stoynen?...tsi vestu zey zen?...	It's foggy around... I'm on guard, I'm worried: are you made of steel? He grows up, and there are enemies... father, mother, house, will he kill them?... or will you see them?
Iber fremde vegn blondzhet mayn lid, vet es zikh derfregn aphin vu es tsit? mizrekhn vint, du vey'st dokh durkh shutsgrobn fun leym nem, trog undzer treystvort di mames, der heym.	Does my song wander by strange paths, or does it ask where it is heading? The east wind, you know, take it through the muddy ditch, carry our mother's comfort, home.



OMAHA SYMPHONY

Concert of Lights Folk & Classical Instruments

Lontan de ti Milan

Mario Vezzosi

Quand a la sera ven scur
Me ven frecc adoss e pensi a cà.
Sti sentinej tucc sui mùr
Me strengen el goss, me fan magonà.

Milàn... Milàn...
Che nostalgia senti in coeur per ti!
Milàn... Milàn...
Te se 'l ricord de tucc i mè bej dì.
Te set la vita pei tò ambrosian;
La gioia infinita, Milàn.

Milàn... Milàn...
Nanca pu 'l sòl lusiss senza de ti
Milàn, te sogni nott e dì.
Podi no viv e me par de morì, Podi no viv e me par
de morì,
Se guardi intorna a chi gès
D'on alter paes lontan de ti.
Pensi che a cà di mè vecc, Sora milla tecc, vedi 'l
Dom lusi.

Milàn... Milàn...Che nostalgia senti in coeur per ti!
Milàn... Milàn...Te se 'l ricord de tucc i mè bej dì.
Te set la vita pei tò ambrosian;
La gioia infinita, Milàn.

Senza pù ti, davanti ai oeucc me senti pù che
l'omm.
O Domm. fa Madonnina, ti
Che un dì s'avvera ch'el sogn che in coeur go,
Milàn, ritornerò!

When the evening comes dark,
I feel a chill creeping in and I think of home.
On these walls, I feel all the weight
They tighten around my throat,
They make me feel suffocated.

Milan... Milan..
What a nostalgia I feel in my heart for you!
Milan... Milan...
Do you remember all my beautiful days?
You set life for your Ambrosian;
The infinite joy, Milan.

Milan... Milan...
Not even the sun shines without you.
Milan, I dream of you night and day.
I can't live and I can't die, if I'm far from you.
If you look around at those who are from another
Country far from you.
Do you think at my place, Sister Milla,
You see the Lord shining?

Milan... Milan...
What nostalgia I feel in my heart for you!
Milan... Milan...
Do you remember all my beautiful days?
You set life for your Ambrosian;
The infinite joy, Milan.

Without you anymore,
In front of your eyes, I felt more than a man.
Oh God. Oh Madonna, I adore you.
Oh, one day the dream that I hold in my heart
Will come true, Milan, I will return!

Piosenka dla Mamy	Stanistawa Lempart-Gaskowa
Mamo, nie jesteś Ty ze mną, nie słyszysz Ty moich słów, Mamo, nie jesteś Ty ze mną, nie słyszysz Ty moich słów, w oczach mi strasznie jest ciemno, czy będę wolna znów? Mamo, Twa córka dziś za Tobą płacze; Mamo, a kiedyż ja Ciebie zobaczę? Tak smutno, tęskno i tak bensłonecznie, kiedy Twa przecućna twarz nie śmieje się sordecznie. Mamo, Twa córka dziś za Tobą płacze. Ach, kiedyż wrócę, by zobaczyć Twą twarz? Mamo, Twa córka dziś za Tobą płacze; Mamo, a kiedyż ja Ciebie zobaczę? Tak smutno, tęskno i tak bensłonecznie, kiedy Twa przecućna twarz nie śmieje się sordecznie. Mamo, Twa córka dziś za Tobą płacze. Ach, kiedyż wrócę, by zobaczyć Twą twarz? Mamo.	Mother, you are not with me, You do not hear my words, Mother, you are not with me, You do not hear my words, It is terribly dark in my eyes, Will I be free again? Mother, your daughter is crying for you today; Mother, when will I see you? So sad, so sad, Longing and so sunless, When your face is transfixed It does not laugh heartily. Mother, your daughter is crying for you today. Oh, when will I return to see your face? Mother, your daughter is crying for you today; Mother, when will I see you? So sad, so sad, Longing and sunless, when your face is transfixed It does not laugh heartily. Mother, your daughter is crying for you today. Oh, when will I return to see your face? Mother
But Fačunge	Lyrics by anonymous in Birkinau
1. But fačunge, but maro pekal igem šukar čaja sinal šei ma činen, šei ma maren kaj mra da gropo lakhlom. 2. Igem šukar čaja sinal kai me vi da lakhlom šej ma činem, šej ma maren kale romen Auschwitz tarden.	1. But you heard, but fighting evil I, a good daughter Did not work, Did not fight while I was in a white fog. 2. I was a good daughter, But I was white mist Not working, not fighting now, The powerful brought Auschwitz
	Concert of Lights Poetry as Lyrics
Abschiledslied	Lyrics by Ilse Herlinger Weber
Aus der Heimat müssen wir fort, müssen wander wohl an ein an fremde Ort.	We have to leave our homeland, Must migrate, must migrate, to a strange place.