

Evening

Itzig Manger (b. Isidore Helfer)
translated by Leonard Wolf*

Fred Blumenthal

$\text{♩} = 100$ (slower than the midi)

Voice

Even-ing on the roof - tops A weave of the luc-id and dark.

Piano

4

On my face and hair, stars gleam Like blue and gold-en

Pno.

8

sparks. My foot-steps are hushed The mom-ent lights up, then

Pno.

*In [Leonard Wolf, editor]: The World According to Itzik: Selected Poetry and Prose (New Haven and London: Yale University Press/New Yiddish Library, 2002) p. 93

12

dies down, And the re-son-ance of grief _____ in me

Pno.

16

grows With walk-ing through dust and through wind.

Pno.

20

Come with me. Hushed, to the edge of the night. I know that at

Pno.

23

mid-night we'll find The ul-tim-ate light.

Pno.

28

En-fold-ed in light - ning God made His way through my nights.

Pno.

31

His foot-steps mov-ing through me Re-sound-ed with mus-ic and light.

Pno.

34

And the stars _____ light-ed up Gleamed on my face and my hair. If

Pno.

38

God ex - ists in a dream, He _____ ex - ists ev - ery - where.

Pno.

42

The way to Him is through mid-night, dust, and wind We all in-tu-it His

Pno.

46

light The child and the old man who's blind.

Pno.

49

Come with me. Hushed, to the edge of the night. I know that at

Pno.

52

mid-night we'll find The ul-ti-m-ate light.

Pno.