

DANIEL
KAHN

& THE
PAINTED
BIRD

THE
BUTCHER'S
SHARE





Daniel Kahn & The Painted Bird:
THE BUTCHER'S SHARE

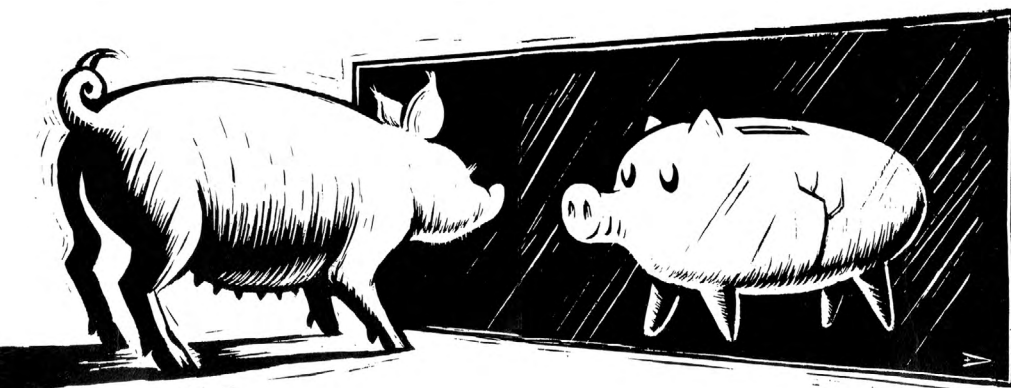
1. Shimke Khazer
2. The Butcher's Sher
3. Freedom Is A Verb
4. Arbeter Froyen - Working Women
(Edelshtat/Kahn)
5. Sheyres Hora
6. The Ballad Of How The Jews Got To Europe
(Cooper/Wex/London C NuJu Music)
7. Children In The Woods
8. Shtil Di Nakht Iz Oysgeshternt - Silent Stars
(Glick/Kahn)
9. 99% - Nayn-Un-Nayntsik
(Waletzky/Kahn C Waletzky Music)
10. Tzivkever Nign
11. No One Survives

Bonus Tracks: Sons Of Abraham

12. Two Brothers
(Davis/DelMariani C Redpine 9 Music ASCAP)
13. Avrom Ovinu Sharft Dos Meser -
Abraham The Patriarch Sharpens The Knife
(Manger/Kahn)

"Nur die allerdummsten Kälber
Wählen ihren Metzger selber"
("Only the dumbest calf would vote
For the butcher who will cut its throat")

-Old SPD slogan, adopted by B. Brecht, English by D. Kahn



1. SHIMKE KHAZER intro

Trad Yiddish gangster ballad / Featuring Michael Alpert

Shimke Khazer iz keyn Stambol geforn
Er hot gevolt zikh farlengern di yorn
Er hot gevolt dos lebn makhn beser
Hot men im arayngelegt a zagranitshne meser
(Simon the Pig went to Istanbul
He wanted to extend his years
He wanted to make his life better
He ended up stabbed with a foreign knife)

2. THE BUTCHER'S SHER

English: Daniel Kahn / Music: Daniel Kahn, trad

Sher: A Yiddish square dance

Well the world has never been so very small,
Though they say there's not enough to feed us all.
So you better save a nickel while you can,
But it needn't come from someone else's hand.
Just take a little extra every day,
For honest work deserves an honest pay.
You can tell the world you did it by yourself,
But there's someone you must thank for all his help:

YOU GOTTA GIVE THE BUTCHER HIS SHARE.
YOU'D LIKE TO MAKE BELIEVE HE ISN'T THERE.
YOU'D LIKE TO MAKE BELIEVE YOU JUST RECEIVE WHAT'S ONLY FAIR,
THAT NO ONE HAS TO SUFFER TO KEEP YOU IN YOUR CHAIR,
BUT YOU GOTTA GIVE THE BUTCHER HIS SHARE.

Let's take a walk around the old bazaar
Where every little thing has traveled far.
Every pair of pants and grain of rice
Contains a horror story in its price:
A story of the power people wield,
A story about factories and fields,
Of which you'll never have to be aware,
Just as long as the butcher gets his share

YES YOU GOTTA GIVE THE BUTCHER HIS SHARE,
NO MATTER WHAT YOU BUY OR WHAT YOU WEAR.
CAUSE NO ONE EVER SAID THE DISTRIBUTION WOULD BE FAIR.
THERE'S BLOOD AND GUTS ENCODED IN THE VALUE OF THE WARE,
BUT YOU GOTTA GIVE THE BUTCHER HIS SHARE.

So here's another soldier on the train.
You hope you won't be seeing him again.
You tell yourself "my god, he looks so young."
And you find that you are staring at his gun.
And you wonder what this soldier does for fun.
And you wonder 'bout the things he might have done.
Well he was doing them for people just like you.
So you'd better give the butcher his due.

YOU GOTTA GIVE THE BUTCHER HIS DUE,
CAUSE YOU'RE LUCKY THAT IT'S HIM INSTEAD OF YOU,
WHO DOES THE DIRTY THINGS YOU HOPE YOU'LL NEVER HAVE TO DO,
AND HAS TO KEEP HIS FILTHY LITTLE FINGERS OUT OF VIEW,
SO YOU BETTER GIVE THE BUTCHER HIS DUE.

You can build yourself a garden,
 You can cover it in green.
 But my dear, I beg your pardon,
 How do you keep your little fingers clean?
 Now you don't have to rally round a flag.
 You may as well salute a dirty rag.
 And this isn't a defense of evil deeds,
 It's just a little a song about our needs.

Our need to feel enlightened and secure,
 And civilized and rational and pure,
 To feel that we are decent, good, and nice,
 Just as long as the butcher gets his price.



YOU GOTTA GIVE THE BUTCHER HIS PRICE,
 NO MATTER WHAT YOU THINK OF HUMAN RIGHTS.
 YOU GOTTA GIVE THE BUTCHER HIS LOT,
 FOR BEING EVERYTHING YOU THINK YOU'RE NOT.
 YOU GOTTA GIVE THE BUTCHER HIS SHARE,
 NO MATTER HOW YOU SAY YOU REALLY CARE.
 'CAUSE HE'S THE ONE WHO DID THE STEALING
 AND THEN NAMED YOU AS THE HEIR,
 WHOSE FILTHINESS PROVIDED YOU THE PRIVILEGES YOU BEAR,
 YOU GOTTA GIVE THE BUTCHER HIS SHARE.

3. FREEDOM IS A VERB

Text & Music: Daniel Kahn. Featuring Michael Alpert,
 Ilya Shneyveys, Lorin Sklamberg, Psoy Korolenko

You can fight a war with drones, you can fight a war with loans,
 You can fight a war with gas, or cans of paint.
 But don't you realize that the game is compromised
 If you think that this is something that it ain't.
 Cause we got images of murder that don't manage to disturb,
 An international order that is bordering absurd,
 And no one gets the freedom they were told that they deserve
 Til they realize that freedom's not a noun:

IT'S A VERB, IT'S A VERB, FREEDOM IS A VERB,
 SOMETHING NEVER FINISHED, NEVER DONE.
 IT'S SOMETHING YOU MUST MAKE, IT'S SOMETHING YOU MUST TAKE,
 IT'S SOMETHING YOU MUST CONSTANTLY BECOME.

This weekend revolution is a radical inclusion,
 It's a holiday of popular revolt.
 It's the social interaction of inconsequential actions,
 Using faces to replace a final vote.
 But lower pay and higher rent's another kind of violence:
 The violence of silence and of greed,
 The violence of feeling your irrelevance revealing
 Every way in which you never will be freed.

IT'S A VERB, IT'S A VERB, AN ACTION AND AN URGE,
 AS FERTILE AS THE BARREL OF A GUN.
 IT HAPPENS OUT OF NEED, IT'S A FIRE AND A SEED,
 AND ITS TERRIBLE POTENTIAL HAS BEGUN.

Well they tell you that your liberty is constantly in jeopardy,
 It's something you must loyally defend.
 But isn't it demeaning when your well-intended meanings mean
 Your means will have to justify your ends?
 So improvise a barricade of furniture cascading
 As a carnival of helmets in the flood.
 For bottles can be filled with either gasoline, or lager,
 Or detergent that'll wash away your blood.

IT'S A VERB, IT'S A VERB, FREEDOM IS A VERB,
 SOMETHING NEVER FINISHED, NEVER DONE.
 IT'S SOMETHING YOU CAN FAKE, AND IT'S SOMETHING THAT'LL BREAK
 IF IT AIN'T SOMETHING THAT YOU CONSTANTLY BECOME...





4. ARBETER FROYEN - WORKING WOMEN

Yiddish & Music: Dovid Edelshtat (1866-1892), pub. 1891

English: Daniel Kahn

Featuring Sarah Gordon, Lorin Sklamberg, Sasha Lurje,
Sveta Kundish, Patrick Farrell.

For Adrienne Cooper z"l, who was the song.

Arbeter froyen, laydende froyen,
Froyen, vos shmakhn in hoyz un fabrik,
Vos shteyt ir fun vaytn? Vos helft ir nit boyen
Dem templ fun frayhayt, fun mentshlekhn glik?

Helft undz trogn dem baner dem roytn,
Forverts, durkh shturem, durkh finstere nekht!
Helft undz vorhayt un likht tsu farbreyn,
Tsvishn umvisende, elende knekht!

Hard-working women, Arbeiterinnen,
Women who labor in factories and homes,
Join in their fight, for it's only beginning,
And no one should stand in the struggle alone.
Let us all carry the red flag together,
Weathering storms in the dark of the night,
Building a temple of freedom forever,
Helping each other to carry the light.

How many daughters, sisters and mothers
Have given their lives for the things they believe?
Mighty as lions they fight for each other,
For freedom, and justice, and equality.
We'll carry the banner as sisters and brothers,
Waking the world to the light of the day,
As friends and companions, as comrades and lovers.
Arbeter froyen, show us the way.

Helft undz di velt fun ir shmutz tsu derheybn,
Ales opfern, vos undz iz lib.
Kemfn tsuzamen, vi mekhtike leybn
Far frayhayt, far glaykhhayt, far undzer printsip!

5. SHEYRES HORA

Text: Daniel Kahn* / Music: trad Romanian "Saraca inime mea"
Note: "Sheyres-hapleyte", a Yiddish term for a holocaust survivor, is related to the words for remnant and refugee.

Sheyres-hapleyte, the remnant, the rest,
Snatches of ashes, unburned and unblest,
Disgraced and displaced, the remains of remains,
The refugee leftovers, broken and stained

Sheyres-hapleyte, the people of dust,
Alone with their language, their anguish and lust,
Ibergeblibn, left over, alive,
After survival, how to survive?

Sheyres-hapleyte, die Reste, der Rest,
Die Traumatisierten, vertrieben, verletzt,
A brokh un a shande, vi mentshlekher shtoyb,
A folk vos a volk hot gemakht far a royb

Sheyres-hapleyte, the people of dust,
Alone with their language, their anguish and lust,
Ibergeblibn, left over, alive,
After survival, how to survive?

*-"Sheyres Hora", "Children In The Woods", "Tzivkever Nign" and "No One Survives" were written (and performed with Hampus Melin & Christian Dawid) for Maxim Gorki Theater's "Feinde - die Geschichte einer Liebe", Yael Ronen's 2016 staging of Isaac Bashevis Singer's "Enemies, a Love Story".



"Although I did not have the privilege of going through the Hitler holocaust, I have lived for years in New York with refugees from this ordeal ... The characters are not only Nazi victims but victims of their own personalities and fates."

Isaac Bashevis Singer, Author's Note,
1972 English edition of "Enemies, A Love Story"
originally serialized in Yiddish daily Forverts, 1966

6. THE BALLAD OF HOW THE JEWS GOT TO EUROPE

English: Adrienne Cooper / Yiddish: Michael Wex
Music: Frank London. For Great Small Works' "Glückel", 1999
Recorded on "Enchanted", Golden Horn Records, 2010

Sing, oh muse, of how the Jews migrated to this place,
And how the force of history has creolized the race.
Our modest disquisition is burdened by the weight
Of European history and epic Jewish fate.
The story of a people who, displaced from ancient lands,
Became the slaves of Greece and Rome and Gaul's marauding bands,
Who planted little languages all along the Rhine,
With odd stiff-necked customs that defy the test of time.
They don't eat this, they won't wear that.
Invite them in, they always wear their hats.
Worse, they refuse to recognize
The one true god in his earthly guise.

Dos folk vos hot amol farmogt Yehude un Shomron,
Es vandert itst di velt adurkh on land un on a fon.
Mir zenen keyn tsigayner nisht, kholile nisht gedakht.
Nishto, nisht dort, nisht far keyn yidn mitn mindstn pakhd.
Eyrope heyst haynt undzer heym, a goles sheyn vi gor,
Vos ligt tsheshpreyt in veltl tsvishn hondl un teror.
Di zkhus fun undzere oves, dos iz alts vos shteyt undz bay,
Abi mir hitn toyre op un blaybn ir getray.
S'iz treyf undz, feh, un shatnes loy,
Mir maydn oys dem veg fun goy.
Trogn mir di hit bay aykh in hoyz,
Keyn koved gebn mir nit op dem Yoyz.

Sing, oh muse, of how it was decided we would do
The work that goyim weren't allowed, "leave it to the Jew."
We lent at interest to the princes whom we sought to please,
And went among the peasants to collect the royal fees.
Ver hot bashlosn az mir zoln lebn reyshis-kol
Fun dem vos kristn torn nisht- ay loz es reb yisroel?
Bay printsn nemen mir protsent, un zenen nose-kheyn,

Un monen op bay poyerim, vos veynen vi fun khreyn.
Mir hitn nit keyn gertner op, flantsn keyn geviks,
Mir hondlen, borgen, dingen zikh, s'vert an idee fixe!
Tsi makhnes darf? Tsi felt a shklaf? Bay undz farkoyft zikh alts!
Mir zenen kontsert mayster fun Eyropes hondl-vals.
We did not cultivate our gardens, we did not grow fruit.
We hondled, lent and dickered all along the trading routes.
The prince needs men, the New World slaves, have we got stuff to sell!
We are the middlemen of Europe's modern earthly hell.

In seed time learn, in harvest teach,
in winter enjoy.

Drive your cart and your plow over the bones of the dead.



Prisons are built with stones of Law,
Brothels with bricks of Religion

Excess of sorrow laughs. Excess of joy weeps.
- from "The Marriage of Heaven and Hell" by William BLAKE



7. CHILDREN IN THE WOODS

Text & Music: Daniel Kahn*

The bones of children in the woods
The broken branches of a tree
The feel of pounding in your blood
The smell of earth beneath your feet

Don't forget to wear your gloves
Don't forget to wear your shoes
It's started hailing from above
The sky is purple as a bruise

And so it gets under your nails
And so it gets into your nose
And so it gets into your eyes
You'll never get it out your clothes

We have to even up the piles
They'll see the earth is freshly turned
They're bound to be here in a while
They'll find whatever isn't burned

All these children in the woods
What does it matter here today?
It isn't bad, it isn't good
They'd only grow up anyway

8. SILENT STARS - SHTIL DI NAKHT IZ OYSGESHTERT

Music & Yiddish: Hirsh Glick, Vilna ghetto partisan, 1942

English: Daniel Kahn

Featuring Sasha Lurje

Silent stars are shining o'er you.
In the frost your hands are numb.
Remember, sweet comrade, how I showed you
How a soldier holds her gun.

A girl, a coat of fur and leather,
Holding a pistol in her hand,
Waiting and watching for the German
Convoy to come around the bend.

Shtil di nakht iz oysgeshternt
Un der frozt hat shtark gebrent,
Tsi gedenkstu vi ikh hob dikh gelernt,
Haltn a shpayer in di hent.

A moyd, a peltsl un a beret,
Un halt in hant fezt a nagan,
A moyd mit a sametenem ponim,
Hit op dem soyne karavan.

She aims her trusty little weapon,
Breathes, and pulls the trigger back.
A transport full of ammunition,
One shot stops it in it's tracks.

Getsilt, geshosn un getrofn,
Hot ir kleyninker piztoyl,
An oyto a fulinkn mit vofn,
Farhaltn hot zi mit eyn koyl.

At dawn, she crawls out of the forest
With garlands of snow all in her hair.
One more little victory for freedom,
One more comrade brave and fair.

Fartog fun vald aroysgekrokh,
Mit shney girlandn oyf di hor,
Gemutikt fun kleyninkn nitsokhn,
Far undzer nayem frayen dor.



9. 99% - NAYN-UN-NAYNTSIK

Yiddish, Music: Josh Waletzky, 2015 / English: Daniel Kahn

Featuring Psoy Korolenko, Lorin Sklamberg, Sasha Lurje

(Thanks to Jenny Levison for the "community" rhyme)

They're driving us out of town
'Cause luxury makes the world go round.
Read it in papers every morning,
"How could all this trouble come to pass?
Years and years we listened to the warning
That luxury is just a golden calf."
And you say the rich are parasites,
You say they are a curse,
But as soon as you get yourself a little money
In your purse, you're worse.

Me traybt undz aroys fun shtot
Vayl ashires iz der nayer got.
Shraybn tsaytungen arum di temes:
"vi zhe ken dos hayntsutog nokh zayn?
Doyres lang farshteyen mir dem emes,
Az ashires iz a falsher vayn!"
Un me ruft dem oysher a paskudnyak
Un me halt im far a brokh,
Nor vi bald me fardint a bisl mezumen,
Makht men dem oysher nokh. Oy nokh:

"Oy, vi sheyn iz mayn mashindele!
Zet vi es halt in kepele di gantse velt!"
Oy my little phone-y thing is beautiful.
See how fast it captures simply everything!

NAYN-UN-NAYNTSIK, NAYN-UN-NAYNTSIK, 99% ARE WE.
99% don't measure up these days
To one who lives in luxury.
Nayn-un-nayntsik in der vog fun oylem-haze
Kunt nit tsu tsu eyn gevir. NAYN-UN-NAYNTSIK ZENEN MIR.

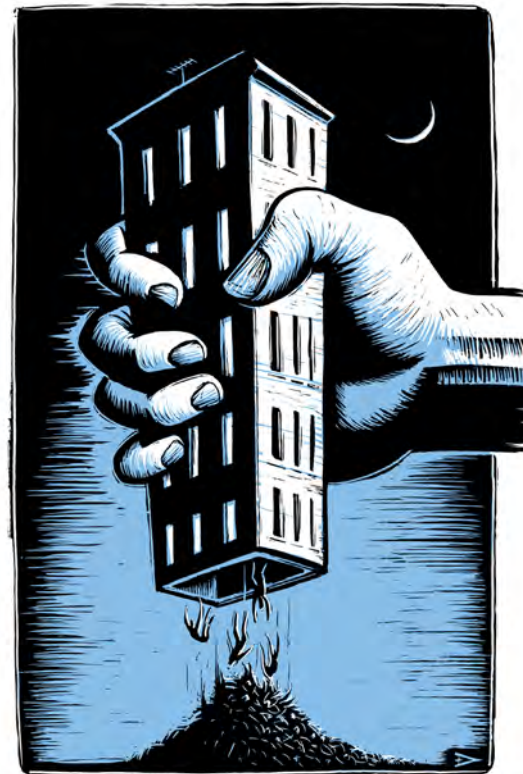
You wanna join the one percent?
Just gather ninety-nine good friends:
Take from them the best they have to offer,
Let them eat the leavings of your meal.
Soon you will be filling up your coffers,
Scraping heaven with your glass and steel.
And if they say that you're a dirty bum
Who takes without restraint,
Just make a little donation
And they'll say that you're a saint, a saint!

Vilst vern an oysher haynt?
 Iz zaml nayn-un-nayntsik fraynd.
 Nem tsu bay zey dos shenste un dos beste.
 Zoln zey lebn a bisl eng un shmol.
 Du'st zikh boyen fundamentn feste,
 Kratsn volkns mit dayn gloz-un-shtol.
 Az me't dikh rufn a pust-un-paskudnyak,
 A megushemdiker shtik,
 Zolst shenken a sheyne nedove,
 Vestu vern an antik, antik!

"Oy, vi klug iz undzer oysherl.
 Zet vi er veyst vi ostsuhayn di gantse velt!"
 "Oh how smart is our philanthropist.
 How he heals the whole wide world with charity!"

NAYN-UN-NAYNTSIK, NAYN-UN-NAYNTSIK, 99% ARE WE.
 One percent's a lonely number,
 Lonely with his riches and his luxury.
 Eyn-un-eyntsik iz der oysher,
 Eyn-un-eyntsik mit zayn ashires on a shir.
 NAYN-UN-NAYNTSIK ZENEN MIR.

But if the wheel should turn,
 And the stock market should crash and burn,
 Bloody murder scream the ruling classes,
 "It's not our fault, we put the money down,"
 While the rest of us are thrown out on our asses,
 Looking for apartments out of town.
 So be a pal and not a pig,



You'll have yourself to thank.
 Don't make your home a slot machine.
 Don't turn your town into a bank.

Tomer git zikh dos redl a drey,
 Un di berzhe falt biz okh un vey,
 Shrayt der eyn-protsentnik khay vekayem,
 "Loz di tsore nit tsum kern tsu!"

Beys mir vos esn gvirishe shirayem
 Zukhn naye dires ober vu?!Oyb a khaver un nit keyn
 khazer zayn, Iz dos lebn a geshank.
 Me makht nit fun a voynung a konte,
 Me makht nit fun a shtot a bank!

NAYN-UN-NAYNTSIK IZ A KHAVERSHAFT.
 EYN-UN-EYNTSIK IZ A KHAZERSHAFT.
 NINETY-NINE IS A COMMUNITY,
 ONE PERCENT IS A FUCK-YOU-NITY.
 NAYN-UN-NAYNTSIK, 99% ARE WE.
 99%, WE ARE THE 99%, WE SING OUR MELODY.
 NAYN-UN-NAYNTSIK, NAYN-UN-NAYNTSIK,
 LOMIR, 99 ZINGEN UNDZER SHIR.
 NAYN-UN-NAYNTSIK ZENEN MIR.



10. TZIVKEVER NIGN

Music: Daniel Kahn*

11. NO ONE SURVIVES

Text & Music: Daniel Kahn*

And in the end, no one survives
No one at all gets out alive

And in the end, no one prevails
Everyone falls, everyone fails

There is no love, there is no trust
The sky above is made of dust

So lay on down and close your eyes
No one survives

And in the end, there is no land
No Holy Place where you can stand

The towers high, the rivers low
Beneath the sky, you're on your own

You take your shot, you take your time
You cast your lot, reel in your line

There ain't no catch, there ain't no prize
No one survives



BONUS TRACKS: SONS OF ABRAHAM

12. TWO BROTHERS

Text: Joshua Davis & Ann DelMariani / Music: Joshua Davis
From the album "A Miracle of Birds", Earthwork Music 2013
Arranged by Daniel Kahn

"Then Abraham breathed his last and died at a good old age, an old man and full of years; and he was gathered to his people. And Isaac and Ishmael, his sons, buried him in the cave of Machpelah" - Genesis 25:8,9

Brother-mine, I've missed you. Your beard, it grows so long
Your eyes are wetted mirrors and I've known you all along
Do you recall our laughter? The boyish games we'd play?
As lion cubs we'd brawl and boast
At once hunter and his prey
Oh sweet brother: hunter and prey
I was with you on the hillside, I did not understand
Felt the burden of wood upon my back,
The threat of the blade in his hand
Bound and splayed upon the altar, that dry and cloudless day
But as he reached to strike the match
I looked the other way
Oh sweet brother, I've looked the other way
Father of fathers- oh, Ibrahim- hear our humble words
As we bind you in this silken cloth
Anointed with sweet oils and herbs
And shoulder your body down into the tomb
And lay you supine upon a stone
We the sons of Abraham, two wings of one bird
Together and alone
I heard you in the wilderness but I did not understand
Why you'd been released afar and promised many lands
When you cried I ran for water, and I drank 'til I could burst
And with greed and glut I cursed your name
When I could not quench the thirst
Oh sweet brother, I did not quench your thirst.
I've whispered your name with each drawing of my bow
And releasing every arrow, it was our father's name I spoke
And as if by magic, the fogs and winds withdrew
You were there behind me as the birds were cleaved in two
Oh, sweet brother the birds cleaved to
Though our past is fraught with heartache
And our futures are unclear,
Today I kneel before you and I wash your feet in tears
In the name of our good father, brother, we have done our best
To bear his holy promise as wings, two sons abreast
We shall meet once more in Machpelah
Sing with me before we part
Great Seeds of Many Nations and boys, of a father's shrouded heart
When our mouths are bound in gauze with no more need for words
Let us meet once more in death - as a miracle of birds
Oh sweet brother: a Miracle of Birds

13. AVROM OVINU SHARFT DOS MESER -

ABRAHAM THE PATRIARCH SHARPENS THE KNIFE

Yiddish: Itzik Manger (1901-1969) from "Midrash Lider"
Music: Daniel Kahn
Featuring Sasha Lurje & Jake Shulman-Ment

Di muter Sore in ir vayser hoyb zitst af der prizbe fartrakht.
Ir nakhes vi a yunge shvalb flatert ibern dakh.

Zi shmeykhlt: shoy'n a khoyses tsayt, zint Hoger iz avek
Mit ir mamzeruk Ishmoel, af yenem shmoln veg.

Yitskhokl, ir oyg in kop shpilt zikh in geln zamd
Un s'nidert fun di noente berg a bloe nakht in land.

Zi kukht af Yitskhoklen un kvelt: S'iz kholem tsi s'iz vor-
Er iz der tate oysn oyg, zayn noz un zayne hor.

Nor vos iz mit Avrumtshen haynt? Er zitst in hoyf aleyn
Un sharft fun zint nokh varemes dos meser oyf a shteyn.

S'tsitert im di groe bord un er murmlt modne reyd:
"Vilstu mir tun a zbitke, Got? Iz meyle, ikh bin greyt."

Un fun dem noentn eplsod, farshmekt mit tsvit un vint,
Mit a-a-a un ay-lyu-lyu, vos shlefert ayn a kind.

Un mitn meser in der hand shteyt Avrum un er hert,
Vi s'nemt dos shtile vignlid arum di gantse erd.

(The matriarch Sarah, in her white bonnet,
Sits on the bench, deep in thought.
Her joy flutters like a young swallow over the roof.

She smiles. Already a month has passed since Hagar went away,
Taking her little bastard Ishmael down that narrow road.

Little Isaac, the apple of her eye, plays in the yellow sand.
And from the nearby mountains, a blue night descends.

She gazes on little Isaac with delight: Is it a dream or real?
He is his father's spitting image, his nose and his hair.

But what is going on with Abraham tonight?
He's sitting alone in the yard, and ever since dinner,
He's been sharpening his knife on a stone.

His gray beard trembles, and he murmurs strange mutterings,
"Are you playing with me, God? Anyway, no matter, I am ready."

And from the nearby apple orchard, scented with blossoms and wind,
With "ay-ay-ay and ay-lyu-lyu," a child is drifting off to sleep.

And with the knife in his hand, Abraham stands and hears
How the quiet lullaby wraps itself around the whole earth.)

Daniel KAHN: vocals, accordions, acoustic & electric guitars,
piano, tenor banjo, bird whistle, harmonica
Michael TUTTLE: upright & electric basses, back vocals
Hampus MELIN: drums, percussion, pan, back vocals
Christian DAWID: Bb & bass clarinets, alto & tenor saxophones,
valve trombone on Shtil, back vocals
Jake SHULMAN-MENT: violin
Dan BLACKSBERG: trombone
Sasha LURJE: vocals on Arbeter Froyen, Shtil di Nakht, 99%, Avrom
Lorin SKLAMBERG: vocals on Arbeter Froyen, Freedom, 99%
Sarah GORDON: vocals on Arbeter Froyen*
Michael ALPERT: vocals on Shimke Khazer, Butcher, Freedom
Psoy KOROLENKO: vocals on Freedom, 99%*
Ilya SHNEYVEYS: back vocals on Freedom, 99%
Sveta KUNDISH & Patrick FARRELL: back vocals on Arbeter Froyen

Produced, engineered, and mixed by Thomas STERN
at Sternstaub Studios, Berlin-Kreuzberg, 2016-2017
Piano recorded at Karl-Marx-Strasse 78, Berlin-Neukölln
*-NY overdubs recorded by Michael WINOGRAD
Mastered by Ingo KRAUSS, Candy Bomber Studio, Tempelhof Airport
Cover based on silver colloidal photo by Oleg FARYNYUK
Band photo by Esra ROTHOFF
All graphic art by Eric DROOKER

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A HARTSIKN DANK: Marcia Kahn, Eva Lapsker, Eric Drooker, Uma
Kahn, Laurie Dodge, Rowes, Goldbergs, Sasha Marianna Salzmann,
Maxim Gorki Theater, Studio R, Monica Marotta, Shermin Langhoff,
Michael Alpert, Alan Bern, Merlin & Polina Shepherd, Bob Cohen,
Geoff Berner, Nora Haakh, Ida Momennejad, Charlotte Nell, KM 78,
Frank London, Tine, Katherina & Pit Kindermann, Tabea Nixdorff,
mad koved to Jenny Romaine for Glückel, Ryan Powell, Simon Fagan,
Oleg Farynyuk, Shadowland Theatre Toronto, Volkan T, Ashkenaz
Foundation, Eric Stein, Akemi Tamago, VSD, Paul Brody, Psoy, Sarah
Gordon, Michael Wex, Yuriy Gurzhy, Eleonore Weill, Nahma Sandrow,
Nurkan Erpulat, Moishe Rosenfeld, Karen Underhill, Hanna Slak,
Patricia Bateira, Yaeli Ronen, Necati Öziri, Michael Ronen, Irina
Szodruck, Marina Frenk, Till Wonka, Tom Kellner, Sveta Kundish,
Patrick Farrell, Julia Dudzinska, Janina Wurbs, YIVO, Jeff & Deb,
Seth & Eseohe & Osato, Sara & Clay & Wilder, Seth Bernard, Ann
DelMariani, May Erlewine, Joshua Davis, Earthwork, Geoff Berner,
Sesede Terziyan, Yoni Goldstein, Aimee Ginsburg Bikel, Socalled,
Till Schumann, Gigi Backes, Alex & Dimi Schaad, Brendan McMahon,
TFF Rudolstadt, Friedl Preisel, Bandistaz, Jüdisches Museum, BFR,
Csaba Bereczki, Jan Tengeler, Julian Kytasty, Jenny Levison, Patti
Smith, Berthold Seliger, Christoph Borkowski, Richie Barshay,
Michael Winograd, Josh Waletzky, & all, Feinde, Fraynt, & Birds.

IN MEMORY, DEBT, AND LOVE: Beatrice Rowe, Agnes Durst, Theodore
Bikel, Sol Frieder, Robert Kahn, Tamara Tabb, Franka Lampe, Ömür
Kiliçaslan, Arkady Gendler, Dorothea Greve, Iossif Lapsker, Sara
Booth, Fedor Mashinzhinov, William Blake, Isaac Bashevis Singer,
Leonard Cohen, Allen Ginsberg, Pete Seeger, Bulat Okudzhava,
Philip Levine, Peter Rohland, Beyle Schaechter-Gottesman, Ryland
Tuttle, Adrienne Cooper & A. David Kahn z"l. Koved zeyer ondenk.

