I cannot remember everything, I must have been unconscious most of the time;
member only the grandes moments when they all started to sing, as

a tempo (d = 52) meno mosso

if pre-arranged, the old prayer they had neglected for so many years — the forgotten creed!
But I have no re-collection how I got underground to live in the sewers of Warsaw.

so long a time.

The day began as usual.

bpm 1/1
veille when it still was dark —

get out whether you slept or whether worries

kept you a-wake the whole night: you had been separated from your children, from your wife, from your parents, you don't what

ari pizz.
happened to them; how could you sleep?

They shouted again: "Get out! The sergeant will be..."
They came out; very slow, the old ones, the sick men, some with nervous agility. They fear the sergeant. They hurry as much as they can. In vain!
Much too much noise, much too much commotion and not fast enough!

The Feldwebel shouts: “Achtung! Still gestanden! Na wird's mal, oder soll ich mit dem Gewehrkolben nachhelfen? (imitating the manner of speaking and the shrill breaking voice of the sergeant)

The sergeant and his subordinates hit everyone: Young or old, strong or sick, guilty or innocent—
It was painful to hear the groaning and moaning.

I heard it though I had been hit very hard, so hard that I could not help
falling down.

We all on the ground who could not stand up then beaten over the head.
I must have been unconscious. The next thing I knew was a soldier saying, “They are all dead!” Where-up-on the sergeant ordered to do away with us.
There I lay aside half conscious. It had become very still—fear and pain—Then I heard the sergeant shouting: "Abählen!" They started slowly, and irregularly:

Then I heard the sergeant shouting: "Abählen!" They started slowly, and irregularly:
One, two, three, four, "Achtung!"

(pizz.)

archa

SOLI

sul pont.

(pizz.)

archa

SOLO 2 sul pont.

fl. 1, 2

Fl. 1, 2

Ob. 1, 2

Cl. 1, 2

Trp. 2

Nar.

"Ra-scher! Nochmals von vorn an-fangen!"

colla parte

Vi.

Gsaid:

Vcl.

SOLI

TUTTI

ppp sub. pont.

bmp 1/1
They began again, first slowly: one, two, three, four, became faster and faster, so fast that it finally sounded like a stampede of wild horses.
and all of a sudden, in the middle of it, they began singing the Sh'ma