

Anne Frank: A Living Voice

Text nach dem Tagebuch der Anne Frank, vertont von Linda Tutas Haugen

I. It Is the Silence

It is the silence that frightens me so in the evenings and at night.
It is the silence that frightens me so in the evenings and at night.
I can't tell you how oppressive it is to never go outdoors. I'm very afraid that we shall be discovered and shot. It is the silence that frightens me so. We have to whisper and tread lightly during the day, or the people in the warehouse might hear us. Someone is calling me, someone is calling me.

Terrible things are happening outside. At any time of day, helpless people are being dragged out of their homes. Families are torn apart; men, women, and children are separated. Ah – Ah Ev'ryone is scared, the entire world is at war, and the end is nowhere in sight. Ah Ah Ah ooh ooh All we can do is wait for it to end. Jews and Christians alike are waiting for it to end. The whole world is waiting and many are waiting for death. The whole world is waiting and many are waiting for death. It is the silence, it is the silence that frightens me so. Someone is calling me. Ah

II. My Nerves

My nerves often get the better of me, especially on Sundays ...The atmosphere is stifling, sluggish, heavy as lead. Outside you don't hear a single bird, and a deathly ... silence hangs over the house and clings to me as if it were going to drag me into the deepest regions of the underworld ...I wander from room to room, climb up and down the stairs and feel like a songbird whose wings have been ripped off, and who keeps hurling itself against the bars of its dark cage. Let me out, where there's fresh air and laughter! a voice within me cries. I don't bother ... to reply anymore, but lie down ... Sleep makes the silence and the terrible fear go by more quickly, sleep sleep helps pass the time, since it's impossible, since it's impossible to kill it.

I simply can't imagine that the world will ever be normal for us again.

III. Hanneli

Last night, just as I was falling asleep, Hanneli suddenly appeared before me. I saw her there, dressed in rags, her face thin and worn. She looked at me with such sadness ... in her enormous eyes ... And I can't help her. I can only stand by and watch while other people suffer and die ... Merciful God, comfort her so at least she won't be alone. Hanneli, Hanneli, Hanneli. Merciful God, if only you could tell her I'm thinking of her with compassion and love, it might help her go on. Hanneli, Hanne, Hanneli, Hanne, Hanneli, Hanneli.

IV. Sunshine and Cloudless Sky

I go to the attic almost ev'ry morning... This morning Peter was cleaning up. He finished quickly, and came over to where I was sitting on the floor. The two of us, Peter and I looked out at the blue sky, the bare chestnut tree glist'ning with dew, the seagulls and other birds glinting with silver; they swooped through the air, and we were so moved and entranced that we could not speak. We breathed in the air and looked outside, and both felt the spell should not be broken... As long as this exists, this sunshine and this cloudless sky and as long as I can enjoy it, how can I be sad?

I lie in bed at night after ending my prayers with the words, 'thank you God for all that is good and dear and beautiful,' and I'm filled with joy. At such moments I don't think about all the misery, but about the beauty that still remains.

V. My Work

For a long time now I didn't know why I was bothering to do any work. The end of the war seemed so far away, so unreal, like a fairy tale... Until Saturday night I slid to the floor and began saying my prayers, I drew my knees to my chest, lay my head on my arms and cried. I finally realized that I must do my work to get on in life to become a journalist, because that's what I want, I know I can write! I don't want to have lived in vain... I want to go on living even after my death. I'm so grateful to God for giving me this gift which I can use to express all that's inside me. When I write I can shake off my cares., my sorrow disappears, my sorrow disappears and my spirits are revived!

One day this terrible war will be over. The time will come when we'll be people again, and not just Jews.

VI. Peter

Is there anything more beautiful in the world than to sit before an open window and listen to the birds singing, feel the sun on your cheeks, and have a darling boy in your arms? It is so soothing and peaceful to feel his arms around me, to know that he is close by and yet to remain silent... this tranquility is good. Oh, never to be disturbed again.

VII. Ideals and Hopes

It's twice as hard for us young people to hold on to our opinions, when ideals are being shattered and destroyed, when the worst side of human nature predominates, when ev'ryone has come to doubt truth, justice, and God. We're much too young to deal with those problems... Dreams and cherished hopes, dreams and hopes rise within us, dreams and cherished hopes rise within us, only to be crushed by grim reality. It's impossible for me to build my life on a foundation of chaos, suffering and death; I see the world being slowly transformed into a wilderness, I hear the approaching thunder that one day will destroy us, I feel the suffering of millions. I hear the thunder that will destroy us, I feel the suffering of millions. I feel the suffering of millions. And yet, when I look up at the sky, I somehow feel that ev'rything will change for the better, that this cruelty hold onto my ideals I somehow feel that end, that peace will return once more. In the meantime I must hold on to my ideals. Perhaps the day will come when I'll be able to realize them. Perhaps the day will come when I'll be able to realize them. I must hold onto my ideals. Perhaps the day will come when I'll be able to realize them.