

The Mordechaj Gebirtig Memorial

It was here, in a Modest courtyard apartment at 5 Berek Joselewicz Street, that Mordechaj Gebirtig - a poet, songwriter, actor, and Carpenter who made his living at a furniture renovation shop - once lived with his family.

He was the bard of Jewish Kazimierz, a world which we've irretrievably lost.

We would like to create a place, where Gebirtig's songs and poems will be heard and read, and where we will be telling forgotten tales about people who once lived among us. In this way, Mordechaj and Bluma Gebirtig with their daughters - Szyfra, Basia, and Lola - will symbolically return home to their old address.

We are searching the world over for information about the exact apartment in this building in which the Gebirtig family used to live.

Support us, if you can!

Any and all assistance in finding documents, letters, souvenirs, or information is worth its weight in gold; every form of financial support for our project is greatly appreciated.

Mordechaj Gebirtig Memorial
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www.mordechaj-gebirtig.pl

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The only place in the world where
one can hear Mordechaj Gebirtig's
songs by night and day...

I had a home.

In the corner of poverty I had a home, once upon a time.
A private haven, a place in the world that was my very own.
Like a tree connected to a root, I felt a part of it
I thought I will never leave.

I had a home like any other man
One room, a kitchen - my whole little world
Together with friends - the most precious gift of all
I sang, I lived as I wished

Then came the enemy who destroyed my world
The meaning of my life stomped to the ground by his boots
He had hatred in his heart and Black Death was reflected in his eyes
My world, my home - defenseless against him

Like a bird who lost his nest carrying fear on his wings,
I walked my wife, my children into the storm of tears
Banned from paradise, I walk into an alien world
Not knowing what sin have I committed

In the corner of poverty I had a home, once upon a time.
The smoke is fading, the criminals scornful laughter echoes in the air.
There is no choice now; I have to walk among the mockery, cursing and
sneers
Though I feel that even God does not know where.

Mordechaj Gebirtig, Kraków - Łagiewniki, May 1941