

CRJ's Prime Timers Concert

November 1, 2020 | 5-6:30pm

Cantor Bryce's Bio

Cantor Bryce Emily Megdal was born and raised in Tucson, Arizona. She attended a Jewish day school from first through eighth grade, where she developed a lifelong love for Judaism and the Hebrew language. She began her singing journey in fourth grade, when she joined the Tucson Jewish Youth Choir in its first year.

After she had her Bat Mitzvah, through high school, and through college, Cantor Bryce remained involved at her temple with a growing list of roles. In May 2012, she received a Bachelor of Arts in Judaic Studies and a Bachelor of Arts in Studio Art at the University of Arizona. A year later, she moved to Los Angeles to attend the Academy for Jewish Religion California (AJRCA). In May 2015, she received a Master's Degree in Jewish Studies with an Emphasis in Music in Jewish Life from ARJCA, and in August 2015, she transferred into the Cantorial Program. On May 27, 2019, Cantor Bryce was ordained as a Cantor.

While Cantor Bryce fully supports keeping traditional Jewish worship elements alive, such as *nusach* (the traditional mode of Jewish prayer chant) and older pieces of *hazzanut* (the traditional music of the Cantorate), and

sincerely enjoys singing with a classical style, she also believes it is important to teach new and modern musical settings of Jewish liturgy. She is a Jewish music nerd through and through, always eager to learn new renditions of Jewish text. As such, one of Cantor Bryce's passions is writing and composing Jewish music. Creating and sculpting her own musical interpretations of Judaism's ancient text and core Jewish concepts nourishes her soul; she hopes her music nurtures others' souls as well.

She is **SO** happy to be at CRJ, and she thanks you for your warm welcome and open arms these past several months.

Song Lyrics

We Are All Welcome Here (Cantor Rebekah Mirsky)

Some need wheels to get around and some can use our feet. Some eat only vegetables and some of us eat meat. Some need to be sober and some can drink a beer. We are all, we are all, welcome here.

Some of us are brown and some of us are white. Some wake up early and some prefer the night. Some of us wear burkas and some wear headphones in our ears. We are all, we are all, welcome here.

We are all welcome here. Let's fight with every ounce of love to end the senseless fear. We are all, we are all, welcome here.

Some of us are Northern and some are from the South. Some of us believe in God and some of us have doubt. Some of us are straight, some are queer, and some are gay. We are all, we are all, welcome here.

Some of us were slaves and some of us were not. Some remember history; it seems that some forgot. When we choose to hate each other, I fear the end is near. We are all, we are all, welcome here.

Home of the brave, land of the free. Doesn't that mean you, doesn't that mean me? Doesn't that mean all? Never thought it meant the building of a wall. We are all, we are all, welcome here. We are all, we are all, welcome here.

And All That Jazz (Chicago)

Come on, babe, why don't we paint the town? And all that jazz! I'm gonna rouge my knees and roll my stockings down. And all that jazz! Start the car, I know a whoopee spot where the gin is cold, but the piano's hot. It's just a noisy hall where there's a nightly brawl, and all, that, jazz!

Slick your hair and wear your buckled shoes. And all that jazz! I hear that Father Dip is gonna blow the blues. And all that jazz! Hold on, hon', we're gonna bunny hug. I bought some aspirin down at United Drug. In case you shake apart and wanna brand new start, to do, that, jazz!

Ohhh, you're gonna see your Sheba shimmy shake! And all that jazz! Ohhh, I'm gonna shimmy 'til my garters break. And all that jazz! Show me where to park my girdle, ohhh my mother's blood'd curdle! If she'd hear her baby's queer for all, that, jazz!

No, I'm no one's wife, but, oh, I love my life! And all, that, jaaaaaaazz! That jazz!

My Favorite Things (The Sound of Music)

Raindrops on roses and whiskers on kittens. Bright copper kettles and warm woolen mittens. Brown paper packages tied up with strings. These are a few of my favorite things.

Cream-colored ponies and crisp apple strudels. Doorbells and sleigh bells and schnitzel with noodles. Wild geese that fly with the moon on their wings. These are a few of my favorite things.

Girls in white dresses with blue satin sashes. Snowflakes that stay on my nose and eyelashes. Silver-white winters that melt into springs. These are a few of my favorite things.

When the dog bites. When the bee stings. When I'm feeling sad. I simply remember my favorite things and then I don't feel so bad.

Eitz Chayim Hi (Cantor Bryce Megdal)

עץ חיים היא למחזיקים בה ותמכה מאשר.

*Eitz chayim hi, la'machazikim ba,
v'tomcheha m'ushar. (x2)*

The Torah is our Tree of Life; it teaches us what's right. It guides us on our way. Paths to peace, holiness, inspiration, and happiness. The Torah provides it all, *eitz chayim hi!* Yaaaaaaa! (*Eitz...*)

Tumbalalaika (Russian Folk Song)

Shteyt a bocher, shteyt un tracht, tracht un tracht a gantze nacht. Vemen tsu nemen un nit far shemen, vemen tsu nemen un nit far shemen.

***Tumbala, tumbala, tumbalalaika.
Tumbala, tumbala, shpiel balalaika.
Tumbalalaika, speil balalaika,
tumbalalaika, freylach zol zayn.***

Maiden, maiden, can you explain? What can grow without any rain? What can burn for many a year? And what can cry and shed not a tear? (***Tumbala...***)

Foolish boy, I can explain; a stone can grow without any rain. True love can burn for many a year. A sad heart can cry and shed not a tear. (***Tumbala...***)

Nolad'ti La'shalom (Uzi Hitman)

אני נולדתי, אל המנגינות,
ואל השירים, של כל המדינות,
נולדתי ללשון, וגם למקום,
למעט להמון, שיושיט יד לשלום.

אני נולדתי לשלום שרק יגיע.
אני נולדתי לשלום שרק יבוא,
אני נולדתי לשלום שרק יופיע.
אני רוצה, אני רוצה להיות כבר בו.

אני נולדתי, אל החלום,
ובו אני רוצה, שייבוא השלום.
נולדתי לרצון, ולאמונה,
שהנה הוא יבוא, אחרי שלושים שנה.

נולדתי לאמה, ולה שנים אלפים.
שמורה לה אדמה, ולה חלקת שמים.
והיא רוצה צופה, הנה עולה היום,
השעה יפה, זוהי שעת שלום.

*Ani nolad'ti, el hamanginot, v'el
ha'shirim shel kol ha'medinot. Nolad'ti
la'lashon, v'gam la'makom, lame'at
l'hamon, sh'yoshit yad la'shalom.*

Ah - ah - ah - ah - ah - ah - ah....

[I was born to the melodies and to the songs of all countries. I was born to the language and the place too, to the few & many who will give peace a hand.]

***Ani nolad'ti la'shalom sh'rak yagi'a.
Ani nolad'ti la'shalom sh'rak yavo.
Ani nolad'ti la'shalom sh'rak yofi'a.
Ani rotzah, ani rotzah lih'iot k'var bo.***

[I was born to peace - let it arrive. I was born to peace - let it come. I was born to peace - let it appear. I want, I want to be in it already.]

*Ani nolad'ti, el ha'chalom, uvo ani
ro'eh/ro'ah sh'yavo ha'shalom. Nolad'ti
la'ratzon v'la'emunah, sh'hinei hu yavo,
acharei shloshim shana.*

Ah - ah - ah - ah - ah - ah - ah....

(Ani Nolad'ti...)

[I was born to the dream and in it I see that peace will come. I was born to the

desire and the belief that it will come
after thirty years.]

*Nolad'ti la'umah v'lashanim alpa'yim,
shmurah la'adama, v'lah chelkat
shama'yim. V'hi ro'a tzofa, hinei oleh
ha'yom. V'hasha'ah yafah, zohi sh'at
shalom. Ah - ah - ah - ah - ah - ah....*

(Ani Nolad'ti...)

[I was born to a people two thousand
years old that have a land, and it has a
piece of heaven. And it sees and
watches the day unfold, and it's a
beautiful moment, a moment of peace.]

Mimkomcha (Zavel Zilbertz)

מִמְקוֹמְךָ מְלַכְנוּ וְתוֹפִיעַ. וְתִמְלוֹךְ עָלֵינוּ כִּי מִחַפְּיִם
אֲנַחְנוּ לָךְ. מִתִּי תִמְלֹךְ בְּצִיּוֹן? בְּקֶרֶב בְּיָמֵינוּ
לְעוֹלָם וָעֶד תִּשְׁכֹּן. תִּתְגַּדֵּל וְתִתְקַדֵּשׁ בְּתוֹךְ
יְרוּשָׁלַיִם עִירְךָ לְדוֹר וָדוֹר, וְלִנְצַח נְצָחִים.
וְעֵינָינוּ תִרְאֶינָה מַלְכוּתְךָ, כְּדַבֵּר הָאֱמוּנָה בְּשִׁירֵי
עֲדָךְ. עַל יְדֵי דָוִד מְשִׁיחַ צְדִיקְךָ.

*Mimkomcha malkeinu tof'iah. V'timloch
aleinu, ki mechakim anachnu lach. Matai
timloch b'tziyon? B'karov b'yameinu,
l'olam va'ed tishkon. Titgadal
v'titkadash, b'toch Yerushalayim ircha,
l'dor vador ul'neitzach n'tzachim.
V'eineinu tir'eina malchutecha, ka'davar
ha'amur b'shrei uzecha.
Al y'dei David, meshi'ach, tsidkecha.*

[Translation: From Your perch, our King,
appear, and rule over us, for we are
waiting for You. When will You rule in
Zion? Soon, in our days, forever may You
dwell. May You become great and holy
within Jerusalem—Your city—from
generation to generation, and forever.]

And may our eyes see Your Kingdom as
it is written in the songs of Your glory by
David, Your sacred, anointed one.]

Sing Lessons (Judy Collins)

God of the rivers and the waterfalls. God
of thunder and lightning. God of the
plains and the mountains of rainbows
and prairies. God of birth and death,
of love and hope.

**God of sun and moon. God of ocean
tides. You who drive the stars, You of
perfect light. Teach me how to sing.**

And it came to pass on a cloudy night
that I found myself lost in the dark. And
the wind blew cold, and I was afraid, and
if love were lost how would I live?
You were like some mist in the fading
light, and my broken dreams wept in the
night. Where was all the love we had
known before? In this sea of tears,
would I reach the shore?

(God of sun and moon...)

I was on my knees, I was at the end.
There was nothing left, I would never
mend. When I heard a song in the waves
that tossed: "Death is not the end,
there is nothing lost."

(God of sun and moon...)

Music of the spheres through eternity.
Say that through your tears you will
always see. Say the more you lose that
the more you own, and the more you
love, that the more you've own. Say the
pain you feel, opens up your heart.

Where the swallows flew there was once a cloud. Now the sun was bright and the river smiled. And I heard you say, "Death is just a dream. Make your songs again you must always sing."

God of sun and moon. God of ocean tides. You who drive the stars, You of perfect light. Teach me how to sing, God of everything. Teach me how to sing, God of everything.

A Parent's Bedtime Prayer (Cantor Bryce Megdal)

Close those little eyes of yours. (x2)

Sleep warm, sleep deeply. Sweet dreams, arise. If you awaken I will comfort your cries.

It's a scary world out there.
But you can find me everywhere,
even when I'm gone.

Peaceful and quiet; precious, you are.
Glowing in moonlight, my shining star.

I love you with all my heart and soul.
My joy, my pride, a blessing, a miracle.
Always remember you can do anything.
And when you're troubled,
let your voice out and sing.

'Cuz what's inside matters. Ohhhhh.
What you think matters. Ohhhhh.
What you say matters. Ohhhhh.
What you do matters. Ohhhhh.

Close those little eyes of yours. (x4)

Always Look On The Bright Side Of Life (Monty Python)

Some things in life are bad; they can really make you mad. Other things just make you swear and curse.

When you're chewing on life's gristle, don't grumble, give a whistle. And this'll help things turn out for the best.

And always look on the bright side of life. Always look on the light side of life.

If life seems jolly rotten, there's something you've forgotten. And that's to laugh and smile and dance and sing. When you're feeling in the dumps, don't be silly chumps. Just purse your lips and whistle, that's the thing. And...

Always look on the bright side of life.
Always look on the right side of life.

For life is quite absurd and death's the final word. You must always face the curtain with a bow. Forget about your sin, give the audience a grin. Enjoy it, it's your last chance anyhow. So...

Always look on the bright side of death.
Just before you draw your terminal breath.

Life's a piece of shit when you look at it. Life's a laugh and death's a joke, it's true. You'll see it's all a show. Keep 'em laughin' as you go. Just remember that the last laugh is on you. And...

Always look on the bright side of life.
Always look on the right side of life.
Always look on the bright side of life.

Always look on the bright side of life!

To Life! (Fiddler On The Roof)

To life, to life, *l'chayim!*
L'chayim, l'chayim, to life!

If you've been lucky, then Monday was
no worse than Sunday was. Drink
l'chayim, to life, to life, l'chayim!
L'chayim, l'chayim, to life!

One day it's honey and raisin cake;
next day, a stomach ache.
Drink *l'chayim, to life!*

Our great men have written words of
wisdom to be used when hardship must
be faced. Life obliges us with hardship,
so the words of wisdom shouldn't go to
waste.

To us and our good fortune! Be happy,
be healthy, long life! And if our good
fortune never comes, here's to
whatever comes, drink *l'chayim, to life!*

To life, to life, *l'chayim!*
L'chayim, l'chayim, to life!

Life has a way of confusing us, blessing,
and bruising us. Drink *l'chayim, to life, to
life, l'chayim! L'chayim, l'chayim, to life!*
A gift we seldom are wise enough ever
to prize enough, drink *l'chayim, to life!*

God would like us to be joyful, even
though our hearts lie panting on the
floor. How much more can we be joyful
when there's really something to be

joyful for?

To life, to life, *l'chayim! L'chayim,
l'chayim, to life!* It gives us something to
think about, something to drink about.
Drink *l'chayiiiiiiiiiiiiim, to life!*



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Today! תודה!