

I. Overture

II. Birthday

On Friday, I awoke at 6 o'clock.
And no wonder - it was my birthday.
But never mind that, I must not get up so early,
I had to keep quite still on birthday until 6:45.
I couldn't bear it any longer.
So I went right into the dining room,
then started to unwrap my presents.
And you, my diary, I found you the first of all,
that was my best gift on my birthday.
Father and Mother got me such fine presents,
bunches of presents.
So long now!
I'm so happy that you are here with me!

III. School

Now it's Sunday,
it's the twenty-first of June
in the year nineteen forty-two.
Our whole class is frightened and trembling!
Soon now the teachers' meeting will be held.
Old Mister Keptor, the old math master,
has for a long time been annoyed with me.
He has said that I chatter too much.
But I told him that talking is a trait of women, a trait of women.
Mama talks as much as I, or more,
and what can one do about it?
You can't deny your very nature.
Mister Keptor just chuckled at my reasons, then he made such fun:
"Quack, Quack, Mademoiselle Duckling!"
My class howled with laughter.

IV. Conversation with Father

My Father often stays at home now,
my Father may not go to work now.
How sad not to live a full life and to be unwanted!
Today, as he and I went walking,
Papa told me all the plans about the "Hiding Place."

He said it would not be a good life in such a place,
where the world would be cut away far from us.
"We must escape the dreaded Fascist hand.
That is why we must hide away,
we must not wait and let them capture us."
Oh how I do wish this day were so far away.

V. Summons to the Gestapo

Today, the eighth of July.
So many things have happened,
it seems that the whole world is turned over!
My Father opened up a notice from the Gestapo.
And that means concentration camp...
Mama went to see the Van Danns to ask if now we should go to our hiding place,
to hide up in the attic of my Father's warehouse.
The Van Danns and we are seven,
seven in all,
seven in that tiny attic.

VI. The Hiding Place (The Bell Tower West)

Saturday, the eleventh of July.
"Our Hiding Place."
Papa, Mama, and Margot just can't get used to the sound of the bell in the tower,
of the striking.
But I loved it from the start,
so very pretty, especially at night.
Our Secret Annex is such an ideal hiding place.
It's no matter that it is damp and leans to one side.
In all of Holland you won't find a better hiding place from the storm.
It is the silence,
when I get so very frightened at night,
especially at night.
I think we shall never see the daylight,
never live,
to be free!
If they find us, they will shoot us.

VII. At the Little Window

I stand by the window and watch the world go whirling by.

People scramble and disappear.
It is so strange to see how they run.
How they hurry into the darkness,
hurry into nothingness.
My window opens just enough to let me wonder.
This quarter near us is poor working folk.
The children are covered in filth.
Through the window there are many things to see:
There are cars,
barges,
raindrops...
and all hiding under black umbrellas.

VIII. I Was Told

Friday now, it's October sixteenth.
Now in the news they call for diaries to be published after the war, and novels too.
I wonder if it's true.
Yes, I'll write a novel of my own:
"My Hiding Place."
How silly such a title,
how very bad,
they'd think of some detective story,
some Sherlock Holmes!
When the war is done,
when we are free
they won't believe me if I write my story,
and if I describe how we were forced to live?
Now the news is dreadful.
We're told a worker in the warehouse beneath the attic suspects we are hiding here.
Who knows if we can trust such a person or not...
They won't believe me if I write my story,
and if I describe how we were forced to live?

IX. Despair

The weight upon my heart presses always and pulls to a deep chasm.
A songbird am I with her song quiet,
a songbird with no voice.
How she struggles,
never free to sing,
never free to leave her cage,
never.

"Oh freedom, oh freedom!"
I cry deep inside.
I want to, to breathe, to laugh out!
But I know it.
I will never be free.
I'm off to bed now.
It's all I can do to shorten the hours of silence and fear of silence.

X. Memory

When I think about my life,
my life before Germans came to Holland,
all was so ideal,
all is so distant.
Another Anne was living inside me.
Now peace is gone.
Peace is no more.
So carefree, such a lighthearted child, so happy.
That Anne never will return.

XI. Dream

Last night, deep asleep,
I had such a dream, such a nightmare.
I saw her there before me.
My friend, my girlfriend Liess.
In silence, and in tears,
exhausted, dressed in rags.
Hope was gone...
Even in the darkness, she appeared,
emaciated, a skeleton.
Her eyes so sad
they stared at me, they reproached me.
It was as if she spoke to me:
"Anne, oh Anne, stay with me!
Don't abandon me!
Take me away out of this torment!"
I cannot help her now, I cannot help...
I pray to God to save her,
to give her peace, save her.
Amen.

XII. Interlude

XIII. Duet of Mr. and Mrs. Van Daan

Today I'll describe a very common squabble of Mrs. Van Daan and her husband.

"Dearie (That is what she calls him), I do not know why the English stopped the bombing?"

"Because the weather now is so bad, don't you see that?"

"Oh dearie, no! The sky was lovely yesterday!"

"Ah, please don't say it, please don't repeat the same old thing!"

"Why can't a woman share her opinions just like men?"

"Stop it!"

"Why say 'stop it'?"

"Oh hell, just shut up, idiot!"

"But now I know the Allies won't come, they won't come at all!"

"Stop it!"

"Why say 'stop it', why say 'stop it'?"

"Shut up! You stupid blabbermouth, I'll strangle you!"

"Someday I'll make you sorry, sorry you were ever born! You godforsaken fool!"

"I can't stand this nonsense! You should rub your nose into your filth, rub it in rubbish!"

The curtain falls on this drama.

I couldn't keep myself from laughing.

I was laughing so hard!

Peter and Mama could not hold it back.

XIV. Thieves

Today, the fourth of August,
nineteen hundred forty-three.

A robber in the warehouse.

Below us, just below us.

The robber, who can it be,
what can he want?

But what if he tells the Gestapo that he heard us?

Just to save himself!

XV. Recitative

One day Peter and I found a quiet place.

There in the attic, we sat down together on a box.

We were sitting very close.

His hand found mine in the silence.

How lovely the trees coming out this year.

Sunlight calls us to come out a while,

sky so blue, such crystal blue.

I long to go out and touch the world.

XVI. I Think of Peter

Late every night I lie awake and wonder,
I wonder if he dreams of me.
I think of his earnest glance, tender glance,
when our eyes meet,
and of our fear to speak the truth:
of love, future years, happiness.
And then I think about,
not our sadness,
but of all the wonders of lovely nature, of life in the world.
In spite of evil and fear, this world is still beautiful.
And as for man,
he too, is good at heart...
In life there's no pleasure,
in life there's no beauty like greeting the morning
and knowing that nature is waiting for you to come sing,
and feeling the sun, and watching the moon,
and loving each other, and caring for someone,
and silently waiting.

XVII. On the Russian Front

We hear in the news the Russians are winning!
At the Polish border they will come,
all the Allies.
They take many captives.
And now all the Nazi boys know about defeat. Tra la la, hooray for freedom!
All we hidden ones are in a happy mood.
Any moment now we hear something wonderful,
that the Allies are at hand.
In Moscow shouting,
in London there's laughter,
and in Washington, they cheer like thunder!
I do not know why they make such noise,
like thunder, cries and shouts, laughter.
You could say they can't express any other way after all the joy of all the world.

XVIII. Razzia

Knocking beneath us there.

It's quiet again...
Again,
knocking,
terror.
They're there walking...
Gestapo...
In the warehouse...
Beneath our hiding place...
We didn't dare to breathe.
All you could hear was the frantic beating of seven hearts.
Steps...
Steps...
They're stopping at our stair!
Closer!
They're at the cupboard that hides our stair, oh God!
Again, they shake it again...
Something's falling down...
The steps, now they move away.
We are burning with fever.
And never since that very night such a danger as on this night.
The Gestapo stood right at the cupboard, but nothing did they find.

XIX. Loneliness

Actually in youth, all is far more lovely than old age.
The young have passion and ideals.
The old are far more practical,
and they know what they must do in life.
But as for youth,
when life is new,
it is hard to be so sure in times like these.
When we see all ideals collapse before us,
when all about is falsehood,
justice is forsaken,
happiness!
Ideals and dreams,
shining expectations cannot be still in our hearts, and if hope comes to us,
the horrible reality will destroy hope utterly...

XX. Passacaglia

It's a wonder that up to now I still have hope and keep my spirit high.
I see how now the world is becoming nothing but a desert.

Now the thunder of war is here,
it threatens to find and destroy us.
It seems to me that we exist in a patch of blue sky,
between the black hateful storm clouds.
But it is coming closer and closer,
it will absorb us in our desperate struggle for freedom.
How we shove and strangle each other.
We see how people down in the street,
they struggle too.
We see how hatred overcomes us all.
And now the dark surrounds us,
blackens us,
and separates like a curtain.
The darkness ever pressing on us ever like a wall,
moving to us to crush us.
And now all I can do is pray,
to pray:
"Adonai, Eluhenu, make our way!
Open our path to freedom!"

XXI. Finale

Now the sun shines, skies are clear and blue.
One can't even take in the beauty.
Each morning I go to the roof to breathe deep the fresh air.
The roof has become my favorite place.
I see before me canals like ribbons,
chestnuts bare of leaves,
and the sparkling diamonds of dew.
I watch seagulls soaring in the blue sky,
their wings seem as silver sails on the horizon.
I gaze out from my open roof top perch,
from where I see all of Amsterdam,
a sea of roofs that stretch out all the way to the horizon.
So long as I have this sunlight,
so long as I have the earth,
and all nature that exists for me to love,
I can never be sad!
And if the Lord wills that I should survive,
I shall give myself to serve the world.
For now I realize that courage and loving kindness must be dearer than ever!
Power.
Glory.

That is as nothing.

But a joyous heart will falter for a moment only.

Evermore hope will awaken and make your heart full of happiness all your life.

For now you can look up without fear to the sky!