

**[1] Khosn bazingns**

Oh, shimunu raboysay  
ve efte khu pi

Az a batkhn shtelt zikh anider far a khosn  
koydem khipusoy zogn a por verter  
darf men im avade gut oystsuhern.

Khosn doyme le melekh be yom khipusoy,  
zogn di khakhomim.  
Akhosn iz geglikhn tsu a keyser in zayn khupe tog.

Vayl haynt iz a yom kiper tog far dir.  
Haynt shteyn di toyern fun ale himlen ofn far dir.  
Haynt kenstu dir oysbetn alts nor vos dir gefelt.

Un ven du efnst dayn harts farn reboyne-shel-oylem  
mit tren un takhminim,  
gedenkzhe khosn,  
az mekadesh zayn a froy  
iz eyns fun di heylikste gebotn  
fun undzer toyre,  
un eyne fun ire greste mitsves,  
un az dos leygt oyf dir aroyf a khoyn  
zi tsu akhtn un tsu shetsn.

Un biskhus ze  
vert der almekhtiker aykh helfn,  
ir vet zikh eltern in oysher  
un in koved mit mazl  
un mit brokhe,  
un du zolst shoyn mit dayn rikhtikn  
ziveg tsu der khupe geyn.  
omeyn ve omeyn.

*Traditional (As sung by Majer Bogdanski)*

**[2] S'brent**

S'brent briderlekh, s'brent!  
Oy undzer orem shtetl nebekh brent  
beyze vintn mit yirgozn  
raysn, brekhn un tseblozn  
shtarker nokh di vilde flamen.  
Alts arum shoyn brent.  
Un ir shteyt un kukt azoy zikh  
mit farleygte hent.  
Un ir shteyt un kukt azoy zikh,  
undzer shtetl brent.

S'brent ...  
Oy undzer orem shtetl nebekh brent!  
S'hobn shoyn di fayer-tsungen  
dos gantse shtetl ayngeshlungen  
un di beyze vintn hudzhen,  
undzer shtetl brent,  
un ir shteyt...

S'brent...  
Oy, es ken kholile kumen der moment  
undzer shtot mit undz tsuzamen  
zol oyf ash avek in flamen.  
blaybn zol vi nokh a shlakht,  
nor puste, shvartse vent,  
un ir shteyt...

S'brent! briderlekh s'brent!  
Di hilf iz nor in aykh aleyn gevendt  
un oyb dos shtetl iz aykh tayer  
nemt di keylim, lesht dos fayer,  
lesht mit ayer eygn blut,

**[1] Singing for the Bridegroom**

Oh, listen please you good people  
And I shall open my mouth.

When a wedding singer stands before the bridegroom  
to say a few words  
one should listen to him carefully.

A bridegroom is king on his wedding day,  
so say our sages.  
A groom is like a czar on his wedding day.

Because today is a Yom Kippur day for you.  
Today all the gates of heaven open for you.  
Today you can ask for anything You desire.

And when you open your heart to the ruler of the world  
with tears and repentance,  
remember bridegroom,  
that to sanctify a bride  
is one of the holiest commands  
of our Torah,  
and one of its greatest blessings,  
and that this places on you a duty  
to respect and cherish her.

And in return for this,  
the Almighty will help you  
so that you will grow old in prosperity,  
in respect and fortune,  
and with blessing,  
and with your destined bride  
you will go to the *khupe*.  
Amen and Amen.

**[2] S'brent**

It's burning brothers, it's burning  
Oh! Our poor little town is burning  
Angry winds in fury  
Tear, break and spread  
more strongly still the wild flames.  
All around is already ablaze.  
And you stand and look around you  
With folded arms.  
And you stand and look around you,  
Our town is burning.

It's burning...  
Oh, our poor little town is burning!  
The tongues of fire have already  
Enveloped the whole town  
And the angry winds roar,  
Our town is burning,  
And you stand...

It's burning  
Alas, the moment may come  
when our town, and we with it,  
will be turned to ash in the flames  
As in a battle, all that will remain  
Will be empty, black walls,  
And you stand...

It's burning, brothers!  
You alone can help yourselves,  
And if your town is dear to you  
Grab vessels, put out the fire  
Quench it with your own blood

bavayzt az ir dos kent.  
Shteyt nit brider ot azoy zikh  
mit farleygte hent.  
Shteyt nit brider, lesht dos fayer,  
Undzer shtetl brent

*Mordecai Gebirtig*

**[3] A zemer**

Bom bom biribiribom...  
Zogt der rebe, reb Motenyu  
a gut morgn dir gotenyu,  
nem arop fun undz dayn kas  
vet men ton kedin vekidas...  
Tsadikim, tsadikim geyen bom,  
oy, reshoim, reshoim faln bom...

Zogt der rebe...  
a got helf dir gotenyu,  
der tog iz heys, di milkhome iz shver  
nor men lozt nit aroys dos gever...  
Tsadikim, tsadikim geyen bom,  
oy, reshoim, reshoim faln bom...  
*Aaron Zeitlin (1889-1973)*

Zogt der rebe...  
a gutn ovnt dir gotenyu,  
der tog iz heys, ikh hob alts gemakht  
gib mir a shtile nakht...  
Tsadikim, tsadikim geyen bom,  
oy, reshoim, reshoim faln bom...

**[4] Vilne**

Vilne, shtot fun gayst un tmimes,  
Vilne, yidishlekh fartrakht,  
vu es murmlen shtile tfiles,  
shtile soydes fun der nakht.  
oft mol ze ikh dir in kholem  
heys gelibte Vilne mayn  
un di alte Vilner geto  
in a nepdikn shayn.

Vilne, Vilne undzer heymshtot  
undzer benkschaft un bager.  
Akh, vi oft es ruft dayn nomen  
fun mayn oyg aroys a trer.  
Vilner geslekh, Vilner taykhn  
Vilner velder, barg, un tol.  
Epes noyet, epes benkt zikh  
nokh di tsaytn fun amol.

Kh'ze dos veldele Zakreter  
in zayn shotn ayngheilt,  
vu geheym es hobn lerer  
undzer visndorsht geshtilt.  
Vilne hot dem ershtn fodem  
fun der frayhaytsfon gevebt  
un di libe kinder ire  
mit a tsartn gayst balebt.

Vilne, Vilne...

*A.L. Wolfson (1867-1946)*

**[5] Oyfn pripetshik**

Oyfn pripetshik brent a fayerl,  
un in shtub iz heys.  
Un der rebe lernt kleyne kinderlekh  
dem alef-beys.  
Zetshe kinderlekh, gedenktzhe tayere  
vos ihr lernt do,

Prove you can do it.  
Don't stand like that, brothers,  
With folded arms  
Don't stand there, brothers, put out the fire.  
Our town is burning

**[3] a zemer**

Bom bom biribiribom...  
Rabbi Motenyu says:  
Good morning to you, my God.  
Remove your anger from us  
and we will do according to your law.  
The righteous shall rise,  
Oh! The wicked shall fall, bom...

Rabbi Motenyu says  
Good health to you, my God  
The day is hot, the war is bitter  
Only man will not lay down his arms..  
The righteous shall rise  
Oh! The wicked shall fall...

Rabbi Motenyu says:  
Good evening to you, my God .  
The day is hot, I've done all I had to,  
Give me a peaceful night...  
The righteous shall rise,  
Oh, the wicked shall fall...

**[4] Vilna**

Vilna, city of spirit and innocence  
Vilna, pensive in a Jewish way,  
Where quiet prayers are murmured,  
by quiet secrets of the night.  
Often have I dreamt about you  
Most beloved Vilna of mine  
And the old Vilna ghetto  
In a misty glow.

Vilna, Vilna our home town  
Our longing and desire.  
Ah, how often your name calls forth  
From my eye a tear  
Vilna streets, Vilna rivers  
Vilna woods, mountains and valleys.  
Something gnaws and makes me long  
For the times that have gone.

I see the Zakret forest  
Wrapped in its shadow,  
Where teachers secretly  
Quenched our thirst for learning.  
Vilna sewed the first thread  
Of the flag of freedom  
And imbued her beloved children  
With a gentle spirit.

Vilna, Vilna...

**[5] Oyfn pripetshik**

On the hearth burns a little fire  
And the room is warm.  
And the rabbi teaches the little children  
The alphabet.  
See now, little ones, remember dears  
What you're learning there

zogtze nokh amol  
un take nokh amol  
komets alef o.

Lernt kinderlekh mit groys kheyshek,  
azoy zog ikh aykh on,  
ver s'vet gikher fun aykh kenen ivre  
der bekumt a fon...  
Zetshe kinderlekh...

Az ir vet, kinder, elter vern,  
vet ir aleyn farshteyn,  
vifl in di oysyes lign trenn,  
un vi fil geveyn...  
Zetshe kinderlekh...

Az ir vet, kinder, dem goles shlepn,  
oysgemutshet zayn,  
zolt ir fun di oysyes koyekh shepn  
kukt in zey arayn...  
Zetshe kinderlekh...

*Mark Warshavsky*

**[6] Vos vet zayn az meshiekh vet kumen**

Zogzhe rebenyu  
vos vet zayn az meshiakh vet kumen?  
Az meshiekh vet kumen  
veln mir makhn a sudenyu.  
Vos veln mir esn af der sudenyu?  
dem shorabor mitn levyosn.  
Vos veln mir trinken af der sudenyu?  
dem yain hamshumer.

Zogzhe rebenyu...  
Ver vet uns toyre zogn?  
Moshe rebeyne vet uns toyre zogn.  
Ver vet uns shpiln?  
Oy, Dovid hameylekh vet uns shpiln.

*Traditional*

**[7] Der rebe hot geheysn freylekh zayn**

Der rebe hot geheysn freylekh zayn,  
trinken bronfn un nit keyn vayn.  
Der rebe hot geheysn freylekh zayn...  
Yoshke, Yoshke, shpan dem loshek  
lomir gikher loyfn  
tomer vet er zikh opshteln  
veln mir im nit koyfn.

*Jüdische Volkslieder, Sammlung III, No. 5*

**[8] Rozhinkes mit mandlen**

In dem beys hamikdesh  
in a vinkl kheyder,  
zitst di almone bas-tsien aleyn.  
Ir ben-yokhedl Yidele vigt zi keseyder  
un zingt im tsum shlofn  
a lidele sheyn, ah!

Unter Yideles vigele,  
shteyt a klor vays tsigele.  
Dos tsigele iz geforn handlen.  
Dos vet zayn dayn baruf,  
rozhinkes mit mandlen  
shlofzhe, Yidele, shlof.

In Slobodker yeshive  
in geto fun Lite,  
zitst zikh an alter shames aleyn.  
Er zitst un zogt zayn letste vide

Repeat it once more  
And once more again  
Aleph with a kametz equals 'O'.

Learn my children with great desire  
As I say to you,  
The first one to learn Hebrew  
Wins a flag...  
See now little ones...

As you become older, children,  
You yourselves will understand  
How many tears lie in the letters  
And how much weeping  
See now little ones...

When you come to bear the exile,  
And are persecuted, children,  
You will take strength from the letters  
Examine them again...  
See now little ones...

**[6] What will happen when Messiah comes?**

Tell me rebbe: what  
Will happen when messiah comes?  
When messiah comes  
We will make a big feast.  
What will we eat at the feast?  
The messianic bull with Leviathan.  
What will we drink at the feast?  
Wine from the days of Creation.

Tell me rebbe...  
Who will expound the Tora?  
Moses our teacher will do so.  
Who will play for us?  
Oh! King David will play for us.

**[7] The rabbi has bid us be happy**

The rabbi has bid us be happy,  
Drink whisky and not wine.  
The rabbi has bid us be happy...  
Yoshke, harness the horse  
Let us run quickly  
If he stops  
We won't buy him.

**[8] Raisins and Almonds**

In the temple,  
In the corner of the room,  
the widow, Zion's daughter sits alone.  
She rocks her son Yidele  
And sings him to sleep  
With a lovely song: ay, lyu, lyu...

Under Yidele's cradle  
Stands a milk-white kid.  
The kid has been to market.  
That will be your occupation,  
Raisins and almonds.  
Sleep, Yidele, sleep.

In the Slobodker seminary  
In the Lithuanian ghetto  
An old beadle sits alone.  
He sits and utters his last prayer

un shraybt zayn tsavoye  
farn briderlekh heim.

Az ir vet bafrayt vern, libe yidelekh,  
zolt ir dertseyln di kinderlekh  
fun undzer payn un gehenem,  
undzer laydn un mord.  
Vayzt di kvorim, di nemen,  
dortn baym nayntn fort.

*Abraham Goldfaden*

**[9] Yerusholayim**

Droysn blozt a vint a kalter  
a shreklekher kislevnakht.  
Baym lempl zitst an alter  
in kemerl farmakht.  
Zayn bord shneyvays,  
Zayne oygn glien.  
Er veynt azoy heys baym schaaretsien  
oys hartsn tifn tut er rufn  
eyntsik un aleyndos vort,  
Yerusholayim, du mayn tayer ort.

Amol flegt mikh mayn tate libn  
geven zayn eyntsik kind.  
Itst hot er mikh fartribn,  
durkh mayne groyse zind.  
Ikh trog zayn tson shoyn a sakh yor  
un vays gevorn zaynen mayne hor.  
Ikh muz vandern  
fun eyn land tsum andern,  
ikh bin bald do bald dort.  
Yerusholayim, du mayn tayer ort.

*Jüdische Volkslieder, Sammlung I, No.26*

**[10] di lipe**

Baym brunem farn toyer,  
do shteyt a lipe-boym.  
oft hob ikh in zayn shotn  
getroymt a zisn troym.

In kore hob ikh oft mol  
geshnitst a libe vort:  
in freyd un tsar es benkt zikh  
tsu zayn bay der lipe dort.

Oykh haynt hob ikh gevandert  
farbay in mitn nakht.  
un kh'hob in tifn khoyshekh  
di oygn tsugemakht.

Der shorkh fun zayne tsvaygn  
geshushket hot tsu mir:  
"kum aher, du trayer khaver,  
mayn ru iz nor far dir."

Der vint hot vild geblozn,  
in ponem mir geveyt.  
Der hut avekgefloygn,  
kh'hob zikh nit umgedreyt.

Itst bin ikh in der fremd do  
gor vayt fun yenem ort,  
nor kh'her di lipe royshn:  
"voltst ru gefunen dort."

*Wilhelm Müller, tr. Heather Valencia and Khayele Beer*

**[11] Tumbalayke**

Shteyt a bokher un er trakht,

And writes his testament  
For the brotherly home.

When you become free, dear Jews,  
Tell the children  
Of our pain and hell  
Our suffering and death.  
Show them the graves and inscriptions  
There at the Ninth Fort.

**[9] Jerusalem**

A cold wind blows outside  
On a bitter January night.  
An old man sits by a lamp  
Shut away in his cell.  
His beard snow-white  
His eyes gleaming  
He weeps so hard at Zion's gates  
From the bottom of his heart he cries  
One only word  
Jerusalem, my dear place.

Once my father loved me.  
I was his only child.  
Now he has driven me out  
For my great sins.  
I have borne his anger for many a year  
And my hair has become white.  
I must wander  
From one land to another  
I go from here to there.  
Jerusalem, my dear place.

**[10] Der Lindenbaum (The Lime Tree)**

At the well by the gate  
There stands a lime tree  
Often have I in dreamed  
A sweet dream in its shadow

In its bark I have often  
Carved a word of love.  
In joy and in sorrow it is my desire  
To be by the lime tree.

Today too I wandered  
By there in the middle of the night.  
And in deep darkness  
Closed my eyes.

The rustling of her branches  
Whispered to me:  
'Come here, dear friend  
Here you will find rest!'

The wind blew wildly  
Right in my face.  
My hat blew away,  
I did not turn around.

Now I am in a foreign land  
Very far from that place,  
But still hear the lime tree murmur:  
'You would have found rest here!'

**[11] Play, Balalaika**

A lad stands and thinks,

trakht un trakht a gantse nakht,  
vemen tsu nemen un nit farshemen.  
tumbalalayke, shpil balalayke

Meydl, meyd, kh'vil bay dir fregn,  
vos kon vaksn, vaksn on regn,  
vos kon brenen un nit oyfhern,  
vos kon benken, veynen on trem?  
tumbalalayke...

Narisher bokher, vos darfstu fregn?  
A shteyn kon vaksn, vaksn on regn  
libe kon brenen un nit oyfhern  
a harts kon benken, veynen on trem.  
tumbalalayke...

*Traditional*

**[12] Moyshele, mayn fraynd**

Vos makhstu epes, Moyshele?  
Kh'derken dikh nokh on blik.  
Du bist geven mayn khaverl  
mit yorn fil tsurik.  
Un oykh in kheyder hobn mir  
gelernt lang banant,  
ot shteyt der rebbe nokh far mir,  
der kantshik in zayn hant.  
Oy vi nemt men tsurik di yorn,  
yene sheye tsayt?  
Oy, dos yunge, sheyne lebn  
iz fun undz shoyn vayt.  
Oy vi nemt men tsurik di yorn,  
Moyshele mayn fraynd?  
Oy nokh yenem beyzn rebn  
benkt dos harts nokh haynt.

Vos makstu, zog, mayn khaverl?  
Dayn smeykhele atsind  
dermont mir dayn akhshoneskayt  
nokh zayendik a kind.  
Der rebe shmayst in dir arayn,  
bist oyfgeregt un blas,  
nor im tselokhes shmeykhlstu,  
der rebe shpringt fun kas.  
Oy vi nemt...  
Oy nokh yene shmits fun rebn  
benkt dos harts azoy.

Vos makht dayn shvester Rokhele?  
Vi kh'volt zi itst gezen.  
Zi iz amol, gedenkstu nokh,  
mir noent tsum harts geven,  
nor zi gelibt hot Berelen,  
gehast mikh on shum grunt,  
geblibn iz in hartsn lang  
a nit farheylyte vund.  
Oy vi nemt...  
Oy nokh yener sheyner Rokhele  
benkt dos harts nokh haynt.

Vi geyt es epes Berelen?  
Avremele vos makht?  
un Zalmele, un Yossele  
zeyer oft fun aykh getrakht.  
Gekholemt fun aykh kinderlekh,  
gezen zikh in der mit.  
Gevorn alte yidelekh,  
vi shnel dos lebn flit.  
Oy vu nemt...  
Oy nokh yene yunge laydn

Thinks and thinks all night,  
Whom to take and not shame himself.  
Play balalaika...

Maiden, I want to ask you,  
What can grow without rain,  
What can burn and not go out,  
What can yearn and cry without tears?  
Play balalaika...

Foolish boy, what are you asking?  
A stone can grow without rain,  
Love can burn and not go out,  
A heart can yearn and cry without tears.  
Play balalaika...

**[12] Moyshele, my Friend**

How are you, Moyshele?  
I knew you in an instant.  
You were my friend  
Many years ago  
And in religious school too  
We studied a long time together.  
The rabbi still stands before me,  
His cane in his hand.  
Oh where have those years gone,  
That happy time?  
Oh, the young, lovely life  
Is far from us now.  
Oh where have those years gone,  
Moyshele my friend?  
Oh for that angry rabbi  
My heart still yearns today.

How are you, tell me, my friend?  
Your smile now  
Reminds me of your stubbornness  
When you were a child.  
The rabbi thrashes you,  
You are upset and pale  
But in spite of him you smile  
The rabbi jumps with rage  
Oh where...  
Oh for those lashes from the rabbi  
My heart so yearns today.

How is your sister Rochele?  
How I'd like to see her now.  
She once, do you remember  
Was close to my heart,  
But she loved Berele,  
Hated me without reason,  
In my heart has long remained  
An unhealed wound.  
Oh where...  
Oh for that beautiful Rochele  
My heart still yearns today.

How is Berele doing?  
What's Avremele up to?  
And Zalmele, and Yossele,  
I've often thought about you  
Dreamt of you as children  
Saw myself with you all.  
We've become old Jews,  
How quickly life flits by.  
Oh where...  
Oh for every youthful woe

benkt dos harts nokh haynt

*Mordecai Gebirtig*

**[13] Hot a yid a vaybele**

Hot a yid a vaybele  
Ven men hot mir nor khasene gemakht,  
hot men shoyfn fun mir geshpast un gelakht.

Sorenyu mayn vayb hot dem kigl gemakht,  
fun montik in der fri bis fraytik oyf der nakht.

Vi es iz gekumen Shabes tsu dem esn  
hot Sorenyu dem kigl in oyvfn fargesn, oy!

Hot a yid a vaybele  
hot er groyse tsores  
oyb zi hot keyn kinder nit  
toyg zi af kapores!

*Morris Goldstein*

**[14] Unter dayne vayse shtern**

Unter dayne vayse shtern  
shtrek tsu mir dayn vayse hant.  
Mayne verter zaynen tremn  
viln ruen in dayn hant.

Ze, es tunklt zeyer finkl  
in mayn kelerdikn blik.  
Un ikh hob gornit keyn vinkl  
zey tsu shenken dir tsurik.

Un ikh vil dokh, got getrayer,  
dir fartroyen mayn farmeg.  
Vayl es mont in mir a fayer  
un in fayer - mayne teg.

Nor in kelem un lekher  
veynt di merderishe ru.  
Loyf ikh hekher, iber dekher  
un ikh zukh: vu bistu, vu?

Nemen yogm mikh meshune  
trep un hoyfn mit gevoy.  
Heng ikh, a geplatste strune  
un ikh zing tsu dir azoy:

Unter dayne vayse shtern  
shtrek tsu mir dayn vayse hant.  
Mayne verter zaynen tremn  
viln ruen in dayn hant.

*Abraham Sutzkever (b. 1913)*

**[15] Khatskele**

Khatskele, shpil mir a kazatskele  
khotsh an orema, abi a khvatskele.  
Orem iz nit gut, orem iz nit gut,  
lomir zikh nit shemen  
mit undzer eygn blut.

Nit keyn gebetene, aleyn gekumen,  
khotsh an orema, fort a mume.  
Orem iz nit gu

*Jüdische Volkslieder, Sammlung III, No. 2*

**[16] habeit mishomayim**

habeit mishomayim, ure  
ki hoinu lag v keles bagoyim  
nekhshavnu katzon latevakh yuval  
leharog ula bed, ulmako, ulcherpo  
habeit mishomayim, ure.

My heart still yearns today.

**[13] If a Jew has a wife**

If a Jew has a wife  
When I was made a bridegroom  
People joked and laughed at me.

Sorenyu my wife baked a pudding  
From Monday morning till Friday night.

When it was time to eat it on Shabbes,  
Sorenyu had forgotten the pudding in the oven. Oh!

If a Jew has a wife  
He has great distress  
If she can't produce a child  
She's no damn good!

**[14] Under Your White Stars**

Under Your white stars  
Extend to me Your white hand  
My words are tears,  
They long to rest in Your hand.

See how their brilliance has darkened  
In the glimpse from my cellar,  
And I have no corner  
To give them back to You

And yet I want, dear God,  
To entrust You with my possessions.  
Because a fire burns within me  
And in fire my days.

Only in cellars and holes  
Weeps the murderous rest.  
I run higher over rooftops  
And I search: where are You, where?

Howling, the stairs and courtyards  
begin to hunt me down.  
I hang, a broken string  
And sing to You thus:

Under Your white stars  
Extend to me Your white hand  
My words are tears  
The long to rest in Your hand

**[15] Khatskele**

Khatskele, play me a kazatskele  
Even though she's poor, as long as she has spirit.  
Poverty's not good  
Let us not be ashamed  
Of our own flesh and blood.  
She wasn't invited but came alone,  
Though she's poor she's still an aunt.  
Poverty's not good...

**[16] Look down from the heavens**

Look down from the heavens and see  
How the gentiles mock and scorn us,  
Regard us as sheep led to the slaughter  
To kill, destroy, eliminate and curse.  
Look down from heaven and see

Kuk arop fun himl un ze: dayne kinder shlogt men,  
dayne kinder plogt men,  
men makht a tel fun zey.  
Nem fun zey rakhe geshvind  
far di blut fun dayn oremen kind.  
tu zey ibertsagygn,  
az du vest zey mer nit shvaygn  
habeit mishomayim ure.

Zayt s'iz geboyrn  
di yidishe emune,  
zaynen mir imer  
in gefar un sakone.  
Zayt Got hot gegebn  
di yidn di toyre  
zaynen mir imer in shrek  
un mit moyre.  
Mir shrekn zikh far yedn  
vos vil uns ton vey  
habeit mishomayim ure...

*S. Gozinsky (fl. c. 1928)*

**[17] Der rebe Elimeylekh**

Az der rebe Elimelekh  
iz gevorn zeyer freylekh  
hot er oysgeton di tfiln  
un hot ongeton di briln  
un hot geshikt nokh  
di fidler di tsvey.  
Un az di fiddlike fidders  
hobn fiddlik gefidlt  
hobn fiddlik gefidlt hobn zey...

Az der rebe Elimeylekh  
iz gevorn nokh mer freylekh  
hot er opgemakht havdole  
mit der shames reb Naftole  
un hot geshikt nokh  
di payklers di tsvey.  
Un az di paykldike payklers  
hobn paykldik gepayklt  
hobn paykldik gepayklt hobn zey...

Az der rebe Elimeylekh  
iz gevorn gor shtark freylekh  
hot er oysgeton dos kitl  
un hot ongeton dos hitl  
un hot geshikt nokh  
di tsimblers di tsvey.  
Un az di tsimbdike tsimblers  
hobn tsimbdik getsimblt  
hobn tsimbdik getsimblt hobn zey...

*Moshe Nadir*

**[18] Der zeyger**

Zog mir du gildene sho,  
vos iz dayn zorg un payn?  
Dertseyl mir dayn krankayt nor,  
vos ken dir azelkhes zayn?  
Du bist gekleydt in gold un brilyantrn  
du bist getsirt in tayere diamantn.  
Men hit dir op, du  
zolst nit vern shvarts.  
To vos iz dir, vos felt dir,  
vos klapt dir dayn harts?

*Jüdische Volkslieder, Sammlung I, No. 5*

Look down from heaven and see  
How your children are beaten  
How your children are struck  
They are driven to ruin.  
Take swift vengeance upon them  
For the blood of your poor children  
Convince them that You  
Will no longer stay silent  
Look down from heaven and see

Since Jewish faith  
Was born.  
We have ever been  
In danger and peril.  
Since God gave  
The Jews the Torah,  
We are ever in terror  
And in fear.  
We are afraid of everyone  
Who wants to hurt us.  
Look down from heaven...

**[17] Rabbi Elimelekh**

When rabbi Elimelekh  
Became happy  
He threw off his phylacteries  
And put on his glasses  
And called for  
His fiddlers twain,  
When the fiddling fiddlers  
Fiddled fiddlingly  
They really fiddled fiddlingly...

When rabbi Elimelekh  
Grew happier still  
He celebrated Havdale  
With his beadle Reb Naftole  
And called for  
His drummers twain,  
And when the drumming drummers  
Drummed drummingly  
They really drummed drummingly...

When rabbi Elimelekh  
Grew even happier  
He took off his gown  
Put on his cap  
And called for his  
Cymbalon players twain,  
And when the cymbalanging cymbalonists  
Cymbaloned cymbalangingly  
They really cymbaloned cymbalangingly...

**[18] The Clock**

Tell me, gilded hour ,  
What is your anguish and pain?  
Explain your illness to me,  
What can be the matter with you?  
You are clad in gold and jewels,  
Studded with expensive diamonds  
People take care to make sure  
That you don't get tarnished.  
So what is the matter, what's wrong with you? Why is  
your heart beating?

**[19] Kinder yorn**

Kinder yorn, zise yorn,  
eybik blaybt ir in mayn sinen.  
Ven ikh trakht fun ayer tsayt  
tut mir dan bang un layd  
oy, vi shnel ikh hob aykh ongevoyn.

Kinder yorn, zise blumen  
tsurik tsu mir vet ihr shoyn mer nit kumen  
yorn kalte troyrike  
alte, moreshoyredike  
hobn ayer sheynem plats farnumen.

Langzam, fil ikh, vert farflosn  
yener glik vos ikh hob amol genosn,  
yeder glik fun yeder tsayt  
blaybt bay mir in eybikayt  
tif in hartsn blaybt es ayngeshlosn.

ot ze ikh di shtub far mayne oygn  
vu ikh bin geboyrn un ertsoygn.  
Mir dukht ikh ze mayn vigl dort  
shteyt nokh oyf dem zelbn ort  
vi a kholem iz ales farfloygn.

*Mordecai Gebirtig*

**[20] Kleyner yosem**

Veyn nisht kleyner yosem.  
Shpor di tren khotsh dikh kvelt,  
vayl dos lebn hot nor tsores,  
oy, vi shlekht ven tren felt.

Shpor di tren vi brilyantn.  
Vest amol zey darfn zeyer.  
Ven dayn hartsn geyt shoyn iber,  
loz fun oyg arop a trer.

Shlof shoyn, kleyner yosem  
tsi nisht mer aroys mayn blut.  
S'vet der hunger dikh nisht kveln  
vest in shlof dikh filn gut.

S'volt gor efsher zayn fil beser  
dir mayn yosem un oykh mir  
du zolst eybik, eybik shlofn,  
ikh dayn tate lebn dir.

Veyn nisht kleyner yosem  
oy, vi shlekht ven s'felt a trer,  
ven dos harts iz ful mit laydn  
un di oygn zenen ler.

*Mordecai Gebirtig*

**[21] Un a yingele vet zey firn**

Dayn kholem groysen novi kholem vider,  
bavayz zikh vider iber khorevdike vent  
Nit kuk vos der vos ruft dikh zitst a mider,  
dos klogt er oyfn yingele vos ligt farbrent.

A volf darf voynen mit a sheps tzusamen,  
dos yingele darf firn zey mit zayne hent.  
Dervayl kum, novi, brengen treyst der mamen,  
vos klogt-baklogt ir yingele vos ligt farbrent.

Tsum lempert darf a tsigele zikh tulyen  
zey zoln hobn beyde zikh derkent;  
di mame vigt a puste vig, tut lulyen, lulyen  
dos yingele ligt toyt, oyf ash farbrent.

**[19] Childhood Years**

Childhood years, sweet years  
You will ever remain with me  
When I think of that time  
I feel sad and wretched.  
O, how quickly I have lost you.

Childhood years, sweet flowers  
You will never come back  
To me cold, sad  
Old, gloomy, melancholy years  
Have usurped your lovely place.

Slowly I see flying away  
Every joy I once knew  
Every pleasure from that time  
Remains with me forever,  
Deep in my heart it stays buried.

I see the house before me  
Where I was born and raised  
I seem to see my cradle there  
Standing in the same place.  
Like a dream it has all flown away.

**[20] Little Orphan**

Don't cry little orphan.  
Save your tears although you suffer  
Because life has only misery.  
Oh! How horrid when tears fail you.

Store your tears like diamonds.  
One day you will need them badly.  
When your heart overflows,  
Let a tear fall from your eye

Sleep now, little orphan,  
Drain my blood away no more.  
Hunger will not torment you  
In sleep you will feel good.

It might be much better  
For you, my orphan, and for me  
If you slept forever,  
And I your father beside you.

Don't cry, little orphan  
Oh! How horrid when tears fail you  
When your heart is full of sorrow  
And your eyes are empty.

**[21] And a Little Boy will Lead Them**

Dream your dream again, Great prophet  
Appear again above ruined walls.  
Don't worry that the one who's calling you sits weary  
He is weeping for the little boy who was burned.

A wolf shall dwell together with a sheep  
The little boy will lead them by the hand.  
Meanwhile come prophet, bring comfort to the mother  
Who weeps and weeps for her burned child.

A leopard will lie down with a kid  
Both should recognise each other  
The mother rocks an empty cradle, sings lullabies  
The little boy lies dead, burned to ash.

A ku darf shprayzn mit a ber oyf fiter,  
mit gutskeyt tsu a kind zol zayn a shlang genent,  
nor mir zaynen geven biz itster shlekhte hiter  
dos yingele ligt toyt, oyf ash farbrent.

Di mame shtaygt aroyf fun bunker-t'homen  
mit ire vigndike hent tsu dir gevendt;  
o novi, novi, breng dem akhris hayomim  
makh lebedik dos yingele vos ligt farbrent.

*Leivick Halpern (1886-1962), after Isaiah*

**[22] Iz dos emes, mamenyu**

iz dos emes, mamenyu,  
der zeyde hot geshvoyrn  
fun yedn kadish vos ikh zog  
a malekh iz geboyrn,

un mit di malokhimlekh  
der tate tut bafeln?  
Oy mame, kh'vel kayn eyntsik mol  
keyn kadish nisht farfeln.

Iz dos emes, mamenyu  
gehert dos fun dem zeydn  
s'badinen di malokhimlekh  
dem tatn in gan eydn,  
un der tate kvelt fun zey  
vi er fun mir flegt kveln?  
Oy mame, kh'vel keyn eyntsik mol  
keyn kadish nisht farfeln.

*Mordecai Gebirtig*

**[23] kadish**

yisgadal v'yiskadash shmey rabbo,  
b'olmo divro chirusay v'yamlich malchu'say,  
b'chayayeychon uvyomeychon, uv'chayey d'chol bais yisroel,  
ba'agolo uvizman koriv; v'imru omeyn.  
y'hay shmey rabbo m'vorach l'olam ul'olmay olmayo. yisborach.  
yisborach, v'yishtabach v'yispoar v'yisromam v'yisnasay, v'yishador, v'yisaleh, v'yisalal,  
shmay d'kudsho, brich hu, l'aylomin kol birchoso  
v'shroso, tushbechoso v'nechamoso, daamiron b'olmo; vimru omein.

*Traditional*

A cow will look for food with a bear,  
A snake will approach a child with good will,  
But we have been poor guardians up to now  
The child lies dead, burned to ash.

The mother climbs out of the depths of the bunker  
Turns to you wringing her hands,  
Oh prophet bring the End of Days  
bring to life the boy who lies burned.

**[22] Is it True, Mummy**

Is it true, mummy,  
Grandpa swore it,  
That with every Kaddish I say  
An angel is born

And with the little angels  
Daddy is talking?  
Oh mummy, never again will I  
Forget to say Kaddish.

Is it true, mummy,  
I heard it from grandpa,  
That the little angels are playing  
With daddy in Paradise,  
And daddy delights in them  
As he used to delight in me?  
Oh mummy, never again will I  
Forget to say Kaddish.

**[23] Kaddish**

Glorified and sanctified be God's great name throughout  
the world which He has created according to His will.  
May He establish His kingdom in your lifetime and  
during your days, and within the life of the entire House  
of Israel, swiftly and soon; and say Amen.  
May His great name be blessed forever and to all  
eternity.  
Blessed and praised, glorified and exalted, extolled and  
honored, adored and lauded be the name of the Holy  
One, blessed be He, beyond all the blessings and  
hymns, praises and consolations that are ever spoken  
in the world; and say, Amen.