

[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 aleyen 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.