[1] Khosn bazingns
Oh, shimunu raboysay
ve efte khu pi
Az a batkhn shettl zikh anider far a khosn
koydem khipusoy zogn a por verter
darf men im avade gut oytsuhem.

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

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

Un ven du efnst dayn harts fam reboyne-she'i oylem
mit trem un takhminim,
gedenkhe khosn,
aez mekadesh zayn a froy
iz eyns fun di heylkhste gebotn
fun undzer toyre,
un eyne fun ir gre ste mitzves,
un az dos leygt oyt dir aroiy a khoyv
zi tsu akhn un tsu shetsn.

Un biskhus ze
vert der almekhtiker aykh helfn,
ir vet zikh eltern in oyster
un in koved mit mazf
un mit brokhe,
un du zolst shoyn mit dayn riktln
ziveg tsu der khipus 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 vint mit irgozn
raysn, brekhn un tseblozn
sharker nokh di vilde flamen.
Alts arum shoyn brent.
Un ir shetyt un kukt azoy zikh
mit farleygte hent.
Un ir shetyt un kukt azoy zikh,
undzert shtetl brent.

S'brent …
Oy undzer orem shtetl nebekh brent!
S'hobn shoyn di fayer-tsungen
doqantse shtetl ayngeshtungen
un di beyze vintn hudzhen,
undzert shtetl brent,
un ir shetyt …

S'brent…
Oy, es ken khoilee kumen der moment
undzer shtot mit undz tsuzamen
zol oyf ash avek in flamen.
blayn zol vi nokh a shlakh,
nor puste, shvartse vent,
un ir shetyt …

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

S'brent…

[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,
thatsacriify 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 khipus.

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 asoy 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,
em arop fun undz dayn kas
vet men ton kedin vekidas...
Tsadikim, tsadikim geyen bom,
oy, reshoim, reshoim fain bom...

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

[4] Vilne
Vilne, shtot fun gayst un tmimes,
Vilne, yidishekh fartrakht,
vu es murmlen shtile tfiles,
shtile soydes fun der nakht.
oft mol ze ikh dir in kholem
heys gelilbe Vilne mayn
un di alte Vilner geto
in a neplidkhn shayn.

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

Kh'ze dos veldele Zakreter
in zayn shoto ayngehilt,
vu geheym es hobn lerer
undzer viendorshgt gestilt.
Vilne hot dem ershn foder
fun der frayhaytshfn gevebt
un di libe kinder ire
mit a tsarnh gayst balebt.

Vilne, Vilne...

A.L. Wolfson (1867-1946)

[5] Oyfn pripetshik
Oyfn pripetshik brent a fayerl,
in in shtub iz heys.
Un der rebe lernt kleyne kinderleh
dem alfat-beys.
Zetshe kinderleh, 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...

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
Vocal Recital: Glanville, Mark (A Yiddish Winterreise - A Holocaust Survivor's Inner Journey Told Through Yiddish Song) 8.572256

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Mark Warshavsky

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

Zogzhe rebenyu...
Ver vet uns toyre zogn?
Moshe rebeyeve vet uns toyre zogn.
Ver vet uns shpilin?
Oy, Dovid hameylekh vet uns shpilin.

[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.

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 giker loyfn
tomer vet er zikh opshteln
veln mir im nit koyfn.

[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.

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 lidle 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.

[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 briderlekhn heyym.

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

Abraham Goldfaden

[9] Yerusholayim
Droyns blozt a vint a kalter
a shreklekher kislevnakht.
Baym lempl zitst an alter
in komet farmakht.
Zayn bord shneyvays,
Zayne oygn glien.
Er veynt azoy heys baym shaareasens
oys hartsn tifn tut er rufn
eyntsik un aleyn dos vort,
Yerusholayim, du mayn tayer ort.

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

Jüdische Volkslieder, Sammlung I, No.26

[10] di lipe
Baym brunem fam toyer,
do shiteyt 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 hayntob 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 avekgeflyogtn,
k'hob zikh nit umgedreyt.

Istbin ikh in der fremd do
gor vayt fun yenem ort,
nor kh'her di lipe roysnh:
“volst ru gefunen dort.”

Wilhelm Müller, tr. Heather Valencia and Khayele Beer

Shteyt a bokher un er trakht,
trахт ун тражт а гантся накхот,
вемен тсу немен ун нит фаршемен.
tумбалаляйке, шпил балалаляйке

Мейдл, мейдл, кх’вл бай дир фргн,
vos kon vaksн, vaksн on регн,
vos kon brenen un nit oyfhern,
vos kon benken, veynen on tren?
tумбалаляйке...

Нарisher бокхер, vos дарстfu фргн?
A shteyn kon vaksн, vaksн on регн
libe kon brenen un nit oyfhern
a harts kon benken, veynen on tren.
tумбалаляйке...

Traditional

[12] Moyshele, mayn fraynd
Vos makhsstu epes, Moyshele?
Kh’derkнn dikh nokh on blik.
Du bist geven mayn khaverl
mit yorn fil tsurik.
Un оykh in kheyder hobn mir
gelertn lang banant,
от shteyt der rebe nokh far mir,
der kantshik in zayn hant.
Oy vi nemт men tsurik di yorn,
yene sheye tsayт?
Oy, dos yunge, sheyne lebn
iz fun undz shoyн vayт.
Oy vi nemт men tsurik di yorn,
Moyshele mayn fraynd?
Oy nokh yenem beyzn rebn
benkt dos harts nokh haynt.

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.

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...

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 flies 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 fraylik oyf der nakht.

Vi es iz gekumen Shabes tsu dem esn
hot Sorenyu dem kigl in oyvn fargesn, oyi!

Morris Goldstein

[14] Unter dayne vayse shtern
Unter dayne vayse shtern
strek tsu mir dayn vayse hant.
Mayne verter zaynen trenn
vil ruen in dayn hant.

Zei, es tunkt zeyer finki
in mayn keledikn blik.
Un ikh hob gornit keyn vinkl
zey tsu shenken dir tsurik.

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

Abraham Sutzkever (b. 1913)

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

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

Unter dayne vayse shtern
strek tsu mir dayn vayse hant.
Mayne verter zaynen trenn
vil ruen in dayn hant.

[16] habeit mishomayim
habeit mishomayim, ure
ki hoinu lag v keles bagoyim
nekshavnu katzon latevakhyuval
leharog ula bed, ulmako, ulcherpo
habeit mishomayim, ure.

Abraham Sutzkever (b. 1913)
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 ibertasagygn, 
az du vest zey mer nit shvaygn
habeit mishomayim ure.

Zayt s’iz geboyrn 
di yidische emune, 
zaynen mir imer 
in gefar un sakone. 
Zayt Got hot gegebhn 
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 Elimeylekh
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 fidldike fidlers
hobn fidldik gefidlt
hobn fidldik gefidlt hobn zey...

Az der rebe Elimeylekh
iz gevorn nokh mer freylekh
hot er opgemakht havdole
mit der shames reb Naftole
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 tsimblidike tsimblers
hobn tsimblidik getsimblt
hobn tsimblidik 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 azeikhes zayn?
Du bist gekleydt in golde un brilyantn
du bist s'iz in tayerne 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 Havdahle
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 cymbalonging cymbalonists
Cymbalonized cymbalongingly
They really cymbalonized cymbalongingly...

[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 tamished.
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 ongevorn.

Kinder yorn, zise blumen
tsrnik tsu mir vit ih 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 geboyn un ertosygn.
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 trern khotsh dikh kvelt,
vayl dos lebn hot nor tsorens,
oy, vi shlekhkt ven tren felt.

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

Shlof shoyn, kleyner yosem
tsi nisht mer arosys mayn blut.
S’vet der hunger dikh nisht kveln
vest in shlof dikh finl gut.

S’volt gor esfher 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 shlekhkt ven s’felt a trer,
ven dos harts iz ful mit laydn
un di oygn zenen ler.

Mordecai Gebirtig

[21] And a yingle vet zey firn
Dayn kholem groyser novi kholem vider,
bavayz zikh vider iber kherevdike vent
Nit kuk vos der vos ruft dikh ziltst a mider,
dos kloft er oyfn yingle vos ligt farbrent.

A volf darf voyen mit a sheps tzsamen,
dos yinglede darf firn zey mit zayne hent.
Dervayl kum, novi, brengten treyst der mamens,
vos kloft-baklogt ir yinglede vos ligt farbrent.

Tsum lempert darf a tsigele zikh tulyen
zez zoln hobn beyde zikh derkernt;
di mame vigt a puste vig, tut tulyen, tulyen
dos yinglede ligt toyt, oyf ash farbrent.

Mordecai Gebirtig
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] Iz dos emes, mamenu
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] Kadish
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.

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.