

JEWISH LIFE "The Old Country"

Ethnic Recordings, Collected and Edited by RUTH RUBIN

"THE OLD COUNTRY"

Ethnic recording, collected, edited and annotated by:
Ruth Rubin.

This record deals with Yiddish secular folksongs of the 19th century, which were brought to the United States from Eastern Europe, during the past fifty-sixty-years.

The 19th century in Eastern Europe, is fraught with historical, social and religious upheavals, repressions and persecutions and the struggle against Czarist oppression. The Yiddish folksongs of that period, mirror vividly the moods, thoughts and sentiments of these occurrences, flowing out of a specific pattern of daily life of the people as a whole.

The religious and secular culture of the East European Jewish community of the 19th century, largest Jewish community of modern times, exerted a lasting influence on Jewish communities the world over. With the devastation of the Jewish communities in East Europe at the hands of Nazi Germany, during World War II, the largest concentration of Jews, numbering five and a half million, now resides in the United States. During the 1940 census, some two million indicated Yiddish as their mother tongue. Thus, our land becomes one of the largest single reservoirs for the study of East European cultural patterns in the Yiddish tongue.

The songs on this disc were sung by men and women who came here from villages, towns and cities in Russia, Poland, White Russia, Galicia, Ukraine and Bessarabia. They include children's rhymes and songs, lullabies, love songs and ballads, work and struggle songs, Chassidic tunes, topical songs, street songs and dances, songs of marriage and wedding tunes. They reflect various phases of the life of the Jews in the "old country", from the beginning of the 19th century to the mass migrations of the 80's and 90's to the New World. The songs are sung in accents native to the particular town, city or province, of each singer. Wherever the pronunciation is not distinct, it is due, either to the individual singer's peculiarity of speech, or to the inroads made upon their native Yiddish, far from its point of origin.

Through the composite picture attempted in this recording, there come alive again, the songs and tunes which were woven into the hearts of the many-millioned Jewish immigrants, who swarmed to these shores several generations ago, fleeing Czarist oppression and poverty, persecution and misery.

These are the songs of a bygone era, which have almost disappeared from our midst, before our very eyes.

SIDE I, Band 1: AM KODOYSH

Holy people,
Arise and go
To serve the Lord
For, for this you were created,
Arise!
How long will you lie there? (lie abed)

אָמֵן דְּבִרְךָ
שְׁתַּיְתָּעַל מִן־בָּבֶן־לְבָבֶן
לְעֹזֵב הַבָּיְתָן
קַי לְכָל־נִזְעָמָן,
עֲזָזָן, יְהִי אָמֵן תִּשְׁחַכָּב!

The singer, a former "badchen" (wedding entertainer) from Glina, Galicia, chants this call to prayer. His comments were: "As a rule the beadle of the town's synagogue would go from house to house, hammering on each door, calling Jews to early morning prayer. On the Sabbath, when a Jew may not carry an object or do labor of any kind, he would walk through the streets, changing this way."

SIDE I, Band 2: A-A LYU LYU

Hushabye
Hushabye
Hush my little kitten בְּבָבֶן יְבָבֶן
Hushabye
Hushabye Patyu
Patyu hushabye

A - A lyu lyu
lyu lyu lyu lyu lyu
Ay lyu lyu lyu Ketsele mayns
lyu lyu lyu lyu lyu
A - A Patyu
Patyu lyu lyu lyu

A woman, born in Zhitomir, Russia, croons to a baby.

SIDE I, Band 3: IN A SHTETELE PITYEPOL

In a little town called Pityepoy,
There stands a hut covered with straw.
A little rain is falling, and it is snowing,
And in it live two little neighbors:
Sotiki, Motiki,
Sotse, Motse,
Abetsotse - that's their names!

In a shtetle Pityepoy,
Shteyt a hayzele badekt mit shtryoy.
Trift a regendl, geyt a shney,
Voymen dortn sh-cheyndelesh tsvey:
Sotiki, Motiki,
Sotse, Motse,
Abetsotse ruft men zey:

אַיִל אַ שְׁמַעְתָּלָע פִּיטְעָפָן

אַיִל אַ שְׁמַעְתָּלָע פִּיטְעָפָן,
 שְׁמַעְתָּלָע אַ הַזְּוּלָע מַזְדְּעָם מֵשְׁפָרְוָן.
 טְרִיפֶט אַ רְעֹנְדָל, וְנִט אַ שְׂמָן,
 אֲוִינְגָן דְּבָרָטָן סְכָנָה עַלְלָע אַנְגָן:
 שְׁפָטְמִיד, שְׁפָטְמִיד
 שְׁפָאָעָע, שְׁפָאָעָע
 מְבָעָאָעָע לְרָפָאָעָע דָלָן

A Warsaw-born woman, sings a children's Finger-play song, similar to the English-American rhyme: "These are mother's knives and forks." Here, the two little neighbors - are the child's two hands. The four fingers are: Sotiki, Motiki, Sotsse and Motse. The thumb is: Abetsotse!

SIDE I, Band 4: CHEDER-BOYS: TAUNTS FROM GALICIA

Oster-Tooter
Talmen-Tooter
Tooter-Talmen
Hersh Zalmen
Zalmen Hersh*
tree cherry
cherry tree
strength peace
peace strength
money wealth
wealth money
people field
field people
Clay fool!

*These are word-plays on boys' names.

Rabbi's helper,
Smashed dumplings,
You be the scapegoat
For all of the girls!

Oh, the Rabbi's coat's on fire,
Let him burn like a conflagration,
Let him know how expensive money is,
Let him learn how to save his money,
Let him learn how to live with his wife!

Ooter tooter	אַוְתֵרְטוֹטֵר
Talmen tooter	תַּלְמֵןְטוֹטֵר
Tooter Talmen	טוֹטֵר תַּלְמֵןְטוֹטֵר
Hersh Zalmen	הַרְשֵׁזָלְמֵן
Zalmen Hersh	זָלְמֵן הַרְשֵׁה
Boym kersh	בּוֹיְם קְרֵשׁ
Kersh boym	קְרֵשׁ בּוֹיְם
G'vure shloym	גְּבִיעָה שְׁלוֹיָם
Shloym g'vure	שְׁלוֹיָם גְּבִיעָה
gelt ashire	וְעַלְמָה עַשְׁירָה
Ashire gelt	עַשְׁירָה וְעַלְמָה
Oylem feld	וּולְם פְּעָלָה
Feld oylen	פְּעָלָה וּולְם
Leymener goylen!	לְיָמְנֵר גּוֹיְלָן!
Belfer gehelper	בְּלֵפֶר גְּהַלְפֵר
Tseknakte kneydlech	צְקָנָקְטָה קְנֵידְלָךְ
Zay a kapore	זָי אַ כָּפּוֹרָה
Far ale meydelech!	פָּרָאָלָה מְיָדְלָה!

Oy dem rebn's spodik brent!
Zol er brenen vi a fayer,
Zol er vissn gelt iz tayer,
Zol er vissn gelt tsai shoynen
Zol er vissn mitn vayb tsai voynen!

אַוְיִל דָּעַם רְבִינְן, אַ שְׁפָטְמִיד קְרֵבָטָן!
אַלְלָע עַר דְּבָעָעָעָע חַיָּה אַ שְׂמָעָעָעָע,
אַלְלָע עַר חַיָּה וְעַלְמָה אַיִל שְׂמָעָעָעָע,
אַלְלָע עַר חַיָּה וְעַלְמָה אַיִל גְּבִיעָה,
אַלְלָע עַר חַיָּה שְׁפָטְמִיד חַיָּה אַיִל גְּבִיעָה!

When parochial (cheder) school boys attended rival "chadorim" (schools), they would often greet each other, or each other's "behelpers" (Rabbi's helpers) with these taunts.

SIDE I, Band 5: VI AZOY S'IZ NISET GIT TSU GEYN

Vi azoy s'iz niشت git tsai geyn

Zäbn vochn in a hemd,
Azoy is niشت git tsai zan

אַזְוָן אַיִל נִסְמָה גִּיסְמָה צַיְן
נוֹ-וְנוֹדִין זַיְן דָּבָרְבָּדָן.

REFRAIN:

Oy vey iz tsai veynen

Tse veynen oyf mayne yinge yorn,
Vos hob ich bedarf

הַבְּנָה הַמְּבָאָה אַיִל צְמָדָרְבָּדָן

דָּוֹן סְמִינְן הַיְמָן אַמְּעָרְבָּדָן.

Ich zets mir anider

Oy tsai mayn genay

In harten iz fartrikt

Ich vil a glezl tay.

אַיִל צְעַק סִידָן אַנְיִידָן
אַיִל צְעַק סִידָן גַּעֲנָן

אַיִל חַרְצָן אַיִל אַמְּרָטְרִיךְדָּגָן
אַיִל חַלְלָן וְלַלְלָלָן סָטָן.

אַיִל דְּמִין גַּעֲלָה גַּעֲלָה גַּעֲלָה

Un bay mayn balaboste

Ze ich oys a nar

דָּעַרְטִים אַיִל דְּמִין גַּעֲלָה

Dָּעַרְטִים אַיִל דְּמִין גַּעֲלָה

Dָּעַרְטִים אַיִל דְּמִין גַּעֲלָה

Dָּעַרְטִים אַיִל דְּמִין גַּעֲלָה

Mayan balaboste git mir essan

Zogt zi: es um gedenk.

עַזְוָן דִּי שְׁכָנִים וְעַזְוָן זַיְן אַזְוָן

עַזְוָן דִּי שְׁכָנִים וְעַזְוָן זַיְן

SIDE I, Band 6a: HENICH'S VAYB

Henich's wife is cooking a soup
She nods with her head
Three portions she serves up
The fourth she leaves in the pot.

Tidl idl idl idl idl ha ha ha
"Teyglech" and beans.

Henich's vayb kocht a yoych
Dreyt zi mitn kepl
Dray chalokim git zi oyf
A cheylik lozt zi in templ.

טידלidlidlcha cha cha כא כא אידלidlidl
טיגלען כימ פאנאליעס! Teyglech mit fasolyes!

"Teyglech" are small squares (or triangles) made of dough.

Another woman, born in Chotin, Bessarabia, sings two humorous apprentice boys' songs, satirizing the master-craftsman's wife, who often was the overseer.

SIDE I, Band 6b: OT AZOY NEYT A SHNAYDER
THIS IS HOW A TAILOR SEWS

This is how a tailor sews
This is how he sews well.
And at the table, the women fuss,
Oh heavens, nothing seems to suit them!

The "balaboste" stands in the kitchen,
Yelling to the workmen: Let those stitches fly!

Ot azoy neyt a shnayder
Ot azoy neyt er git.
Un tsum tish mishn zich di vayber,
Oy gevuld, es passt zey nit.

Di balaboste shteyt in kech,
Un shrayt tsu di arbeter: Varft mit shtech!

אם איזו ניט א טניידער
אטס איזו ניט א טניידער
אטס איזו ניט א טניידער גוט.
איזו צוֹן סִישׁ פֿישׁ זַיְדָן דִּי חַיבָּר
אוֹן גַּעֲהָלֶד עַם פָּאַסְטִין נִיט.

SIDE I, Band 7: HOB ICH MIR A SEPAN
I HAVE A COACH

I have a coach
Covered with black leather,
I have two horses like lions,
And four wheels.

REFRAIN:
But the wheels don't roll
And the horses won't go
And the wife curses
And I'm parched for a glass of whiskey.
I see a stone standing,
I sit on it and I cry.

I would have been a merchant,
But I have no merchandise.
I would have been a teacher,
But I do not know the Torah.

I could have been a cobbler,
But I do not have an awl,
I could have been a cantor,
So I haven't got a voice.

Hob ich mir a shpan
Gedeckt mit shvartsn ledder
Tsvey leybn ferd
Un fir redder

REFRAIN:

Un di redder dreyen nit
Un di ferd geyen nit
Un di vayb zi shilt sich
Un a glesl bronfn vilt sich
Ze ich mir a shteyn
Zits ich mir un veyn...

Volt ich geven a soycher,
Hob ich nit kayn s'choyre.
Volt ich geven a melamed,
Kon ich nit kayn Toyre.

Volt ich geven a shuster,
Hob ich nit kbyn ol.
Volt ich geven a chazn,
Hob ich nit kbyn kol.

A woman, born in Ivia, Lithuania, sings a song about a coachman.

SIDE I, Band 8: A REDELE IZ DI GORE VELT
THE WHOLE WORLD IS BUT A WHEEL

The whole world is but a wheel,
Spun around by time.
Happiness and sorrow, honor and wealth,
Merely roll on beside it.
One lives his entire life in poverty,
Another lives in wealth,
In the twinkling of an eye, the opposite may be true,
With the spinning of the wheel.

Brother, do not boast of your success,
Nor in failure, lose heart,
Joy is not too far from sorrow,
For both can be changed by the wheel.
Take a good look at everything,
And learn thereby,
Then you will see that rich and poor,
Depend only on the spin of the wheel.

There lies a seed, spread in the field,
She lies quite deep in the earth,
The time comes when she comes out into the world,
And everyone realizes her worth.
The rose too, blooms so beautifully,
And everyone admires her loveliness,
But when the time comes and she loses her charm,
She is thrown out the door.

A redele iz di gore velt,
Gekatahet uz di tsayt.
Glik un umglik, kovid un gelt,
Katshen zich nor bay der zayt.
Eyner lebt op azoy orim zayn velt,
Der anderer lebt azoy breyt,
In eyn cygnblik vert dos farkert,
Dos redele hot zich ubergedreyt.

Shtoltsir nit bruder mit der guter tsayt,
Bay der shlechter fal nit arop,
Glik fun umglik iz gornit vayt,
Mitn redelte bayt zikh dos op.
Tu nor a kuk oyf yederer zach,
Un nem a primer fun zey,
Vestu derkenen fun orim biz raych,
S'iz nor gevindt emm dray.

Dort ligt a zerne farshprayt in feld,
Zi ligt gants tif in der erd.
S'kumt di tsayt vos zi geyt oyf der welt,
Zet yederer ir tayern vert.
Di roze blit oych azoy sheyn,
Yesterer shppigt zich in ir,
Nor kumt on di tsayt vos zi vert on dem cheyn,
Varft men zi aroys far der tir.

וועלט גארע איז דיא רעדעלע

א רעדעלע איז די נארע חעלט,
געמאטסען איז די ציטס.
גאליק אונ אוסטגליך, כבוד אונ
אומטסען זיך נאר בז דער זיטס.
איינער לעם אונ איזן, אררים זיך.

א שודך דראפ טען קערען זין
ום איז פון גאנט א דרכה
AMIL פאָרדיין סידר פון קערבל גרייניג
אי א שומ פלאַכָּה.

זין ז' ניען
עדבען זאָר פון קערען א בוסה מאָן
באמש פון א האלעדר קווואָרט טפֿירט
ום טעג דער שידוך זין פון די שחערסטע
זאָכָן
עהרט עס איזיסגעטערט.

די כליה טעג זין דראפֿיג יאָר
אנדעָר דער חחן פֿרעהָט דאל פֿיך
נִיג אַיך אַיך אָהָם עַמְּס אַרְמָן פֿון
זאָן דָּמָס אַיְזָעָרְקָעָה נָעַמ אַיך אַוְיָף זִיכָּר
אֹזֶן, אַיְזָעָר אַיך צָעֵן פֿאָר שִׁין
דָּעַרְנָאָכָּדָעָם זָאָג אַיך זִיבְרָה פְּשָׁהָוּ
כָּאָס אַיך בְּדָעַ דָּעַרְנָאָוּ

SIDE I, Band 10: VOS VILSTI MITTER HOBN?
WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM ME, MOTHER?

What do you want, Mother?
Why do you torment your child?
Why do you want to bury me?
Oh, woe unto my sins!

If you only knew,
How unhappy I am,
You would not drain, like water,
My life's blood from me.

I never have known joy,
But only pain and anguish,
I curl up like a leaf,
Winter and summer.

Where are you, my friend?
Come at least for one hour,
Everyone hates me,
And you too, are gone.

Where are you, my soul?
Oh, tell me!
You are my only comfort,
Night and day!

My parents, woe is me,
They drive you away from me,
Listen then to my cry,
And come a-flying to me!

Vos vilsti mitter hobn?
Vos mitcheshti dayn kind?
Vos vilsti mich bagrobn?
Vey tsi mayne zind!

Ach vey, zoleti vissan
Vi azoy s'iz mir nisht git,
Volsti nit getsopt
Vi vosser mayn blit.

Kayn freyd hob ich nisht gehat,
Nor leyd un kimmer,
Ich vikl zich vi a blat,
Vinter un zimmer.

Vi bixti mayn fraynt?
Kim chotsh oyf eyn sho,
Yederer hot mich faynt,
Un di bixt oyf nishtoo..

Vi bixti mayn neshome?
Ach gevold, zog!
Di bixt doch mayn neshome,
Baynacht un baytag!

Mayne eltern, oy vey,
Zey traybn dich fun mir,
Farnem-zhe mayn geshrey,
Un kim tsafli-en tai mir!

וּזְאָמָּה וּזְיִלְלָסָה סְטוּפָעָר הַאֲדָבָּר
וּזְאָמָּה סְטוּפָעָסָה דִּין קִינְדָּר
וּזְאָמָּה וּזְיִלְלָסָה סִיד גַּדְרָאָבָּר
וּזְאָמָּה זָהָב זִיכְרוֹן

זָהָב זָהָב, זָהָלָסָה זָהָב
וּזְאָמָּה זָהָב, אַיְזָעָר זָהָב
וּזְאָמָּה זָהָב זָהָב
וּזְאָמָּה זָהָב זָהָב

קִינְיָן פְּרִידִיךְ הוּא אַיךְ זִישָׂן גַּעֲמָה
נָאָר לְפִידִיךְ זָהָב זָהָב
הַיְּד זְוִיקְלָה זָהָב זָהָב
וּזְאָמָּה זָהָב זָהָב

וּזְאָמָּה בִּיזְצָה סִידָן פְּרִידִיךְ
חוּס כְּרָסָה אַזְּדִיךְ אַיְזָעָר שָׁעָה
יעַזְעָרָעָר האָס פִּידִיךְ
אוֹן דָּו בִּיזְצָה אַזְּדִיךְ גַּעֲמָה

וּזְאָמָּה בִּיזְצָה סִידָן צָבָה
אַזְּזָוּאָלְדָה, זִיכְרוֹן
דוֹ זִיכְצָה דָּעַס סִידָן צָבָה
בִּיזְצָה אַזְּזָוּאָלְדָה

סִידִיךְ עַלְפָּרְדָּן, אוֹזְזִיךְ
וּזְזִיךְ זָהָב דִּין פִּון סִידָן
פְּאָרְגָּעָם; עַל סִידָן זִינְדִּיךְ
אוֹן דָּו בִּזְצָה זָהָב דִּעְסָרָה

A woman sings a love lament, from the Kiever region,
Ukraine.

NOTE: Sung by a man, born in Bershad, Ukraine, this moralistic and philosophic poem, was originally written by the Yiddish poet and writer Yitschok Yo-nell Linetski. The text was first published in 1869 in Odessa and consisted of 18 stanzas. A forerunner of the Yiddish clacissist Mendele Moycher Sforim, Linetski was the author of the brilliant satire on the Chassidic movement and its Rabbis, "Dos Poylishe Yingl" (The Polish Lad), first published in the 70's.

SIDE I, Band 9: A SHADCHEN DARF MEN KENEN ZAYN
A MATCHMAKER'S TRADE IS A SPECIAL SKILL

A matchmaker's trade is a special skill
It's a blessing from the Lord
I earn my "Kerbl" (ruble) easily
Without a bit of effort.

REFRAIN:
But one has to be able to take a drink
Of at least a pint of whiskey
And no matter how hard the match seems to be
It all gets settled finally

The bride may be thirty years old
But the groom asks me about it
I then give her age whatever remains over sixteen
And the rest is my responsibility

Oh, before I bring them both together
I wear out ten pairs of shoes
And then I say: "And Moses fled",
May you both go to the devil now!....

A shadchen darf men kenen sayn
Es iz fun Got a broche
Ich fardin mir mayn kerbl gring
On a shum meloche.

REFRAIN:
Dertszi darf men kenen a koyse machn
Chotsch' fun a halber kvort spirit
Es meg der shidech zayn fun di shverste sachn
Vert es oysegfirt.

Di kale meg zayn draysig'yor
Ober der chosn fregt doch mlch
Gib ich ir vos es geyt arop fun zechtsn yor
Un dos iberge nem ich oyf zich.

Oy, eyder ich por zey beyde tsunoyf
Tserays ich tsen por shich
Dernochdem zog ich "Vayivrach Moyshe"
Chapt aych beyde der ri-ech!

A woman born in Tomashpil, sings a matchmaker's song.

SIDE I, Band 11: INDROYSN IZ FINTSTER
IT IS DARK OUTDOORS

It is dark outdoors,
It is dark outdoors and late at night,
Not a hum, not a stir,
Not a bird is on the wing in the street.
Where were you? I want to have a word with you,
Where were you? I want to walk with you.

Come on out, my sweet darling,
I stand here waiting in the street, bewildered,
Come on out, I want to talk to you,
Come on out, I want to walk with you.

Oh your lovely face and your black little eyes,
Your sweet mouth and pretty white teeth.
Where have you been? I want to talk with you,
Come on out, I want to walk with you.

Indroysn iz fintster,
Indroysn iz finster, s'iz shpet baynacht,
Men hert kavn zhum, kavn shorch,
Kavn feygele fli-en oyf der gass.
Avu biztu geven? Ch'vil mit dir tsvey verter redn,
Avu biztu geven? Ch'vil mit dir tsuzamen geyn.

To kum aroys tsu mir, mayn tayer zis lebn,
Ich shtey un vart in gass, ich veys aleyn nit farvos,
Kum zhe aroys, ch'vil mit dir tsvey verter redn,
Kum zhe aroys, ch'vil mit dir tsuzamen zayn.

Oy dayn sheyn ponim, mit dayne shvartsinke otshkelech,
Oy un dayn moyl mit dayne sheyne vaysinke tseyn.
Avu biztu geven? Ch'vil mit dir tsvey verter redn,
Kum zhe aroys, ch'vil mit dir tsuzamen geyn.

אַיְנָדְרוֹיִסּן אַיְן בִּינְצָפֶר,
אַיְנָדְרוֹיִסּן אַיְן בִּינְצָפֶר, סְאִין שְׂבֵעָה בִּינְאַכְּפָה,
סְעִן הָעָרֶת קִין, יְזָוָם, קִין שָׁאָלָה,
קִין בִּינְגָעָלָעָלִיָּעָן אַיְבָּעָטָר וְאַמָּסָּעָטָר.
אַחֲרָאָן בִּינְזָוָטָן וְעַזְעָעָן? כְּחַיל סִיט דִּיר אַחֲרָאָן חֻרְטָעָר דָּעָדָן,
אַחֲרָאָן בִּינְזָוָטָן וְעַזְעָעָן? כְּחַיל סִיט דִּיר אַזְוָזָמָעָן וְזָיָן.

תָּמָם קִום אַרְנוֹיִסּ צָו סִיר, סִימָן טַיְעָר זִים לְעָזָן,
אַיְלָעָטָר אַזְנָבָן הָאָרֶת אַיְלָעָטָר וְאַמָּסָּעָטָר, אַיְלָעָטָר אַיְלָעָטָר נְזָמָרָהָמָס.
דִּים זְעָעָר אַרְנוֹיִסּ, כְּחַיל סִיט דִּיר אַחֲרָאָן חֻרְטָעָר דָּעָדָן,
דִּים זְעָעָר אַרְנוֹיִסּ, כְּחַיל סִיט דִּיר אַזְוָזָמָעָן זָיָן.

אַזְוָן דִּין שְׂיָן פְּנִים, סִיט דִּינְעָעָטָה שְׁחַדְרָצִינְדָּה שְׁפָאַדְעָלָעָן,
אַזְוָן שְׂפָטָה אַזְנָבָן סְזָוִיל סִיט דִּינְעָעָטָה שְׁחַדְרָצִינְדָּה צָיָן.

A man born in Grodno, Lithuania, sings a love song about
a small-town Romeo....

SIDE I, Band 12: FUN GROYS DASAD
IN GREAT PAIN

In great pain, I lay me down to sleep,
And place my hands beneath my head,
And though I am full of regrets,
I cannot undo a thing.

Oh, I cannot undo anything,
For my hands are tied,
And were I to open my bitter heart,
One could see the wounds inside.

Oh the wounds of my heart,
I cannot expose to anyone,
And were I to write about my life,
Not enough ink and plumes could be found.

And if enough ink and plumes were found,
Then my hands would not serve me,
And yet for you, my sweet darling,
I shall suffer all my life.

Oh father, arise from your grave,
And listen to my anguish,
Because of a love affair,
I am like a prisoner in chains.

And when a man is chained in prison,
Perhaps he has earned his punishment,

But if I am bound in chains,
Perhaps God has willed it so.

Fun groys dasad leyg ich zich shlofn,
Un mayne hent leyg ich tsukopns,
Un efenen mayn bitter harts,
Aroyszen voltn zich di vundn.

Oy, di vundn fun mayn hertsn,
Ich kom zey kevnem nit entdekn,
Un fun mayn lebn oystsushraybn,
Kayan tint um feder volt nit klekn.

Oyb tint um feder volt shoyn yo klekn,
Dan voltn mayne hent nit shtayenen,
Un far dir, mayn zis lebn,
Vel ich di gantze velt stradayenen.

Oy, foter shtey oyf fun dayn keyver,
Un her zich oys tsu mayne noytn,
Vayl durch a libe gey ich arumet,
Azoj vi an arestant in keytn.

An arestant er geyt in keytn,
Mistome iz er doch take vert,
Un az ich gey in keytn,
Mistome iz doch mir fun Got bashert.

אַזְוָן גְּדוּלָה דָּמָסָךְ לְיָד אַיְלָעָטָר שְׁלָאָפָה,
אַזְוָן סְיָעָטָה הָעָגָט לְיָד אַיְלָעָטָר צִוְמָדָבָה,
אוֹן אוֹן בְּלָעָם הָאָגָע אַיְלָעָטָר חָרָמָה,
נְאָרָן צְוָרִיךְ דָּאָן אַיְלָעָטָר נְאָמָסָה.

אַזְוָן כְּמָפָן, כְּמָפָן צְוָרִיךְ דָּעָן אַיְלָעָטָר נְאָמָסָה,
חַיל סְיָעָטָה הָעָגָט זְיָעָן פְּאָרָזְדָּעָן,
אוֹן עַפְעָנָעָן סְיָעָן בִּיטָּעָר הָאָרָזְדָּעָן,
אַרְנוֹיִסּוֹעָן חַלְטָן זִיכְרָן דִּי חָזָונָדָן.

אַזְוָן, דִּי חָזָונָדָן פְּזָן סְיָעָטָה הָעָגָט,
אוֹן פְּזָן זִיכְרָן זִיכְרָן עַטְפָּעָטָה נְעָזָרָה,
הָעָל אַיְלָעָטָר זִיכְרָן מְעָלָט נְעָזָרָה לְעָזָרָה.

אוֹזְבָּעָטָה זִיכְרָן אוֹן בְּלָעָטָה חָלָטָה שְׁוָיָן,
דָּאָן חַלְטָן זִיכְרָן הָעָגָט נְעָזָרָה סְפָטָעָנָה,
אוֹן פְּאָרָזְדָּעָן זִיכְרָן זִיכְרָן לְעָזָרָה,
הָעָל אַיְלָעָטָר דִּי גְּאַנְעָזָעָן הָעָלָט פְּרָאַרְדִּיְעָנָה.

אוֹזְבָּעָטָה שְׁפָטָה אַזְוָן בְּזָוָן דִּין קָבָר,
אוֹן הָעָרָזְדָּעָן אַזְוָן אַזְוָן צְוָן סְיָעָטָה,
חַיל דָּוָרָק אַלְיָעָן וְאַיְלָעָטָר נְאָרָזְמָעָט,
אוֹזְבָּעָטָה חָרָמָה אַזְוָן דִּינְטָה.

אַזְוָן אַזְוָן פְּאָרָזְמָעָט עַד גְּזִים אַיְלָעָטָר,
סְפָחָה אַזְוָן עַד דָּאָל פְּאָקָדָה חָרָטָה,
אוֹזְבָּעָטָה אַיְלָעָטָר דָּאָל נְעָזָרָה,
סְפָחָה אַזְוָן דָּאָל סְיָרָן נְעָזָרָה.

A woman, born in Lithuania, sings a ballad of a love-sick girl.

SIDE I, Band 13: ICH LIG UNTER GRATTES
I LIE BEHIND BARS

I lie behind bars in a dark cell.
Life means nothing to me anymore.
Oh, how unhappy a thief is in the world,
And how bitter is the goal he pursues.

Many years ago my mother was sent up,
There behind thick walls,
God sent this calamity down upon me,
And my mother gave birth to me in jail.

I met a wanderer on the road,
Five rubles he gave to me,
The wanderer taught me how to steal,
And how to deprive people of their life.

Ich lig unter grattes in fintstern getselt,
S'geyt mir nit aynt mayn lebn.
Ach, vi umgliklich s'iz a ganev oyf der velt,
Un tsu vos fara tsil er tut shtrebn.) 2

Shenkt a nedove:

אָזִי הַעֲרֹךְ זֶה אֵין סִינְגָּעַ לִפְנֵי מַעֲנָצָן. אָזִי הַעֲרֹךְ זֶה אֵין סִינְגָּעַ וְזֶה זֶה זֶה אֵין פְּרָעָן דָּבָר. אֵין זֶה דִּסְמָן בְּזֶה אֵין זֶה וְזֶה. אֵין זֶה קְלִינָעָם, קְלִינָעָם בְּזֶה.

אָזִי הַעֲרֹךְ זֶה אֵין סִינְגָּעַ אָלָּו לִפְנֵי מַעֲנָצָן. אָזִי הַעֲרֹךְ זֶה אֵין סִינְגָּעַ וְזֶה אֵין זֶה וְזֶה. אָזִי הַעֲרֹךְ זֶה אֵין סִינְגָּעַ וְזֶה אֵין זֶה קְלִינָעָם, קְלִינָעָם בְּזֶה.

A Polish-born man sings a beggar's song.

שְׁעָדָה אֲלֵהָ!

SIDE II

CHASSIDIC SONGS WITHOUT WORDS, occupy a most important place in East European song. Chassidic Rabbis, often as the Puritans in colonial America, sought to "rescue a tune" from the secular world and put it to the service of the Lord. Such Rabbis borrowed freely from the surrounding country-side, often incorporating into their chants and songs, shepherd tunes, march rhythms of passing regiments, songs of peasants working in the field. The belief, that whereas the life of a text may be circumscribed while the melody can live forever, resulted in a predominance of songs without words.

Each Rabbi-composer created according to his particular mood and temperament, seeking to achieve maximum communion with the Creator. These tunes, carried into every corner of the Czarist Pale, by his devoted followers - the Chassidim - resulted in a mass of tunes, dances and their numerous variants.

SIDE II, Band 1:

This tune is sung by a man born in Poland, brought up in a home of ardent Chassidim. His father was a Lubavitcher Chassid and told him, that when their Rabbi, Reb Shneyer Zalmen from Lyadi sang this tune, the high-backed hand-carved chair upon which he sat, would rise gently and float about in the air, with the exalted singing Rabbi in it.

NOTE: Chassidism founded by Israel Baal-Shem-Tov (Galicia and Podolia 1700-1760), gained momentum during the 18th and 19th centuries in East Europe, assuming the character of a mass movement. Constructed along a pattern of "tsakikim" (holy men), who each had his set of followers (Chassidim), Chassidism set piety above learning and regarded "joy in worship" as a chief religious duty. Affected by the belief in the supernatural, the Chassidic Rabbis acted as "saints" and intermediaries between their followers and the Creator.

SIDE II, Band 2:

Sung by a man born in Lodz, Poland, who described this tune as a Husiatiner melody, which he had heard from the Rishiner Rabbi.

SIDE II, Band 3:

Sung by a man born in Poland, of Koydenover Chassidim. This is a "hopke" or dance.

SIDE II, Band 4: AZ MOSHI-ACH VET KUMEN WHEN THE MESSIAH COMES

NOTE: During the decline of the Chassidic movement, in East Europe during the last quarter of the 19th century, a number of anti-Chassidic songs and satires were current. Many of these were composed by Misnagdim, Maskilim, and other opponents of Chassidism. Such songs derided the bureaucratic rule of the Rabbis, pointing up their wealth as contrasted with the poverty, backwardness and ignorance of their disciples.

Such a song is the one on this band, in its Bessarabian variant. Originally, the text consisted of six stanzas and was written by Wolf Zbarsher-Ehrenkrants (1826-1883) who was born in East Galicia. Wolf Z. Ehrenkrants was perhaps the first Yiddish Bohemian of his day, who not only wrote the texts to his songs, but also set tunes to them, performing them also, for a time, professionally. His themes dealt with his struggle against general ignorance and superstition, although he tempered his expressions with a good deal of humor and compassion. However, his most important songs were directed against Chassidic Rabbis, their false piety, their belief in miracles and their blind superstition.

The wicked ones may talk until they burst,
But we will tell about it in joy,
And when we do: the sinners will be struck dumb -
When the Messiah will come.
Woe unto the sinners,
When the Rabbi shouts at them
They will tremble with fear!
Oh sweet father, the rainfall will be of wine and
brandy,
And it will all be for us Chassidim!

CHORUS:

Oh, we Chassidim, we are exalted,
And we shall always praise the Lord,
And when the sinners will witness this,
They will quake with anger!
Oh, may we live to see it all,
Traydiraydiraydiray, diraydiraydirom,
When the Messiah will come.

No king will ever possess,
The beautiful, precious coach,
Which the Rabbi will receive,
When the Messiah will come.
The chassis will be covered with prayer-shawls instead
of leather,
The wheels will be made of acacia wood,
The axels and posts of resinous lumber,
And the whip shall be made of holy fringes tied on to a
ram's horn.
A kosher, pure beast will be chosen to pull it,
Not a horse, but a young heifer.
Oh Lordy, the coachman will be a scribe or a reader
(of the holy writ),
And the Rabbi will preach the Torah!

Wait until you see the lovely and precious prayer-house,
Which will be built near the Rabbi's house,
Which the Rabbi will get,
When the Messiah will come.
Not of stone and brick will it be built,
But of sweetmeats, dainty stews and puddings,
The eternal light will be fed by brandies,
And the rostrum will be made of egg-cakes.
The ground will be tiled with salted fish,
And the walls will be smeared with fish-sauce,
Oh Lordy, wine and brandy will be pouring from all sides,
And we Chassidim will be licking the fish-sauce off
the walls!

Di resho-im megn tsuzetzterheyt reydn,
Mir veln dertzeyln bald in freydn,
Di resho-im vet es avade farshimen,
Az Moshi-ach vet kumen.
Di resho-im vet zayn vind un vey,
Es vet zey sayn zover un bitter,
Der Rebe vet oyf zey gibn a geshrey:
Vet zey onchapl a shrek un a tsitter!
Oy tate ziser, mit vayn un mit bronfn vet geyn der regn,
Nor far undz ch'sidim's vegn!

CHORUS:

Oy, mir ch'sidim, mir zenen gehoybn,
Mir veln tomid Got loybn,
Az di resho-im veln dos tsuzen,
Vet zey an ochtik geshen!
Oy, vi derlbt men shoyn dos,
Traydiraydiraydiray diraydiraydirom,
Az Moshi-ach vet kumen.

Es kon doch kayn keyser gornit farmogn,
Dem shaynem, dem tayern vogn,
Vos der Rebe vet bakumen,
Az Moshi-ach vet kumen.
Der boyd fun taleysim un nit fun kayn leder,

Un Atsey-shitim veln zayn di redder,
Di aksn, di fleker, fun atsey-goyfer,
Un a baytsh fun tsites vet zayn ongeknipt in a shoyer.
Men vet oyaklaybn a b'heyme, a koshere a frume,
Nit kayn ferd, nor a poro adomo,
Oy tate ziser, a shmayser vet sasyn a soyfer oder a bal-
koyre,
Un der Rebbe vet zogn Toyreh!

Ir zolt zen di sheyne un tayere kloyz,
Vos vert gebovet baym Rebn in hoyz,
Vos der Rebe vet bakumen
Az Moshi-ach vet kumen.
Nit gebovet fun kayn shteyner un nit fun kayn tsigl,
Nor fun zise macholim, fun tsimes un kugl,
Spirtes vet brennen der ner-tomid,
Un fun eyer-kichlech vet zayn gemacht der omid.
Mit gezalsene fish veln zayn di brikn gebrakirt,
Mit drelyes fun fish di vent oysegshmidt,
Oy tate ziser, vayn un bronfn vet zich gisn in ale ekm,
Un mir ch'sidim veln drelyes lekn!

SIDE II, Band 5: ZOG MIR MAYN SERVESTER
TELL ME, MY SISTER

Tell me, my sister,
I want to ask you something:
What will you do in Palestine?

I will plough and sow,
And be joyous with my brothers,
Just to be in Palestine!

Tell me, my sister,
I want to ask you something:
What will you wear in Palestine?

I will wear a cotton dress,
And I'll be called "Jewish girl,"

ואנו ישב בפ' ציון שחשטער,
העל דען פרעומן א פאר וערטער:

Zog mir mayn, shvester, ?yj Ich vel dich fregn a por verter:

Vos vestu ton in Palestina?

Ich vel akern un zeyen,
Un zich mit mayne brider freyen,

Abi nor in Palestina!

זערטער:
עסטינען?

Zog mir mayn shvester,
Ich vel dich fregn a por verter:
In vos vestu geyn in Palestina?

אָמֵן צְבָעַל בְּנֵי אִישׁ אֶל-חַנְמָן קָלְדָּיָל
אָמֵן צְבָעַל בְּנֵי רְבֹעַן זְדִישׁ סָדִידָל
אָמֵן נָאֵר אִישׁ מְלַעֲמָה יְהָיָה

A woman born in Chotin, Bessarabia, sings a song she sang some sixty years ago, in her Zionist organization the "Bnos Tsiyon" (Daughters of Zion).

SIDE II, Band 6: VOS SHLOFT IR, IR SHLEFTER?
WHY DO YOU SLEEPER, YOU SLEEPERS?

Why do you slumber, you sleepers? Arise, Arise,
Why do you slumber, you sleepers, so long?
Just look up to the sky,
And see how beautiful is the sunrise.

Enough, keeping your shutters closed,
Why do you slumber, you sleepers in the dark night?
Enough of sleeping, you sisters and brothers,
Arise, awake,
Softly, silently, without noise,
See that everyone is equal.

Vos shloft ir, ir shlefer? Shteyt oyf, shteyt oyf,
Vos shloft ir, ir shlefer zo lang?
Git nor a kuk tsum himl aroyf,
Vis sheyn iz di zone noch ir oyfgang.

Genug shoyntz haltn di lodn farmacht,
 Vos shloft ir, ir shtelefer in der fintsterer nacht?
 Genug shoyntz shlofn, ir abvester um brider,
 Shteyt oyf, derumuntert aych,
 Shiller, shtiller, on a geruder,
 Zet az ale zoln sayn glaych.

טפסט איזוֹף, טפסט איזוֹף,
 חאָם שלאָט אַיד, אַיד שְׁלַעֲפָר זֶה לאָנְבוֹן
 גִּיט נָאָר אַקְוָק צָום הַיְלָד אַרוֹן.
 זֶה אַיזְוָן דֵּין זָאנָע נָאָך אַיד אַזְגָּאנָנוּ.
 גַּעַנְגָּו שְׂוִין צָו האַלְטָן דֵי לאָדָן פָּארָסְטָן
 חאָם שלאָט אַיד, אַיד שְׁלַעֲפָר אַיְן דָּער סִינְצְטָעָרָעָר נָאָכְטָן
 גַּעַנְגָּו שְׂוִין צָו שְׁלַעֲפָר אַיד שְׁחַעַטְפָּר אַוְן דְּרִידָעָר,
 טפסט איזוֹף, דְּקָרְטָן זְנוּטָרָט אַיד
 טַעַטְלָעָר, טַפְלָעָר, אַוְן אַגְּרָזָעָר,
 עַמְּ אַזְוָלָעָר זְאָרָעָר, וְאַזְגָּלָעָר.

A Lithuanian-born woman sings a revolutionary working-men's hymn.

SIDE II, Band 7: DI MASHINES KLAPPN
THE MACHINES ARE CLATTERING

The machines are clattering, the wheels go round,
The factory is full of noise and cries!
Oh, lets get together, sisters and brothers,
And let us liberate our land.

The workingman's life is a tormented life,
He works by day and by night,
Oh, he has no strength to straighten his bones,
The employers work him at night.

Stop your crying and stop your weeping!
Don't stain your work with your tears!
Oh, soon, an Odessa merchant will come in
And will take all the work away to Odessa.

Di mashines klapn, di reder zey dreyen zich,
In fabri-ke iz a rash mit a gevuld;
Oy vey, memt zich tsunoyf, shvester un brider,
Un lomir ale bafrayen unzter land.

Dem arbetorer's lebn iz a gemutshet lebn,
Er arbet doch tog azoy vi nacht,
Oy, er hot nit kmayn koyech di beyner oys-tsuglaychn,
Di balebatim mutshen im hamaakt.

Her shoyn oyf tsu veynen, her shoyn oyf tsy klogn
Un mach nisht oyf der arbet kayn flek!
Oy, s'vet**b**ald araykumen an Odesser soycher
Un nemt di arbet kan Ades Aver

די מאשיכעס קלאפּן, די רעדער זיך דריינען זיך
איזן אונדריךעך אָרְצַן סִיס אַ גָּרוּלֶדֶן
אוֹרְדֵּן ווֹוִי, נְעָסֵק זיך צוֹבְּדִיךְ. שׂוֹרְסָטָר אוֹרְנָה בְּרִידָרָה
אוֹרְנָה לאַפְּרִיר אלְעָלָה אַפְּרִירְיעָן אַזְּבָדְּלָעָד לְאַכְּרָה.

דעָס אַרְדְּעַס אַרְדְּעַרְעָס לְעָגָן אוֹזְזָא גַּעֲמָסָתָעָס לְעָגָן
עד אַרְדְּעַס דָּרְדָּרְס אַזְּוֹזְזָא וּזְזָאָבָס,
אוֹרְדֵּן, עד האָס נִיכְזָאָר קִינְזָאָן כְּה דיַ זִּיכְיָרָע אַוְיָסְגּוּלִיכְיָן,
די גַּעַל הַגְּחִים סְמָשָׁעָן אַיְם בִּזְדָּבָאָס.
הַעֲרָד שְׂדֵין אוֹזְזָא גַּזְגָּדְעָן, הַעֲרָד שְׂדֵין אוֹזְזָא גַּזְגָּדְעָן
אוֹזְזָא שְׂדֵן נִישָׁס אַזְּבָדָה דָּרְדָּרְס קִינְזָא מְלָעָם,
אוֹרְדֵּן סְסָס וּזְעָלָה אַנְדָּר אַרְדְּעַס קִינְזָא מְלָעָם
אוֹרְנָה גַּעַם דיַ אַרְדְּעַס קִינְזָא אַדְּסָעָה אַזְּרָעָה!

A workingman's song of the Ukraine, of the 90's.

SIDE II, Band 8: VER ES HOT IN BLAT GELEZN
OH HAVE YOU READ IN THE
NEWSPAPERS?

Oh, have you read in the newspapers
About the famous city Odessa? } Biz
Oh, what a calamity befell it }
In only two-three days. } Biz

Suddenly, someone yelled:
Hey, beat the Jews with all your might!) Biz
Oh, stones began flying through the windows,)
And a pogrom was raging in a moment.) Biz

Murderers flew through the streets,
With axes and knives ready in their hands. } Biz
And wherever they found a Jew
They killed him on the spot. } Biz

There lies a beautiful bride,
She lies there in her wedding gown, } BIZ
Oh, near her stands a murderer }
And holds his dagger poised to strike. }

There lies a handsome woman,
She lies crumpled up in the dirt. } BIZ
Near her lies a little babe
Sucking her cold, dead breast. } BIZ.

Ver es hot in blat gelez'n,
Vegn der barimter shtot Ades,
Ach vós faran umglik s'hot getrofn,
In eyne tvey-dray meales.

Plutsling hot men oysgeshri-en:
Ay shlog dem Yidn vi vayt ir kont!
Oy, shteyner in di fenster hobn genumen fli-en,
A pogrom hot zich oygerism in eyn moment.

Merder zenen in di gasn gefloygn,
Mit di hek, mit di messers in di hent gegreyt,
Ay, vu nor a Yidn getrofn,
Oy, glaych im oyf an ort getoyst.

Dortn ligt a kale a sheyne,
Zi ligt ongeton in chupe kleyd,
Oy lebn ir ahteyt a merder eyner,
Un halt dem sharfn chalef ongesrevt.

Dortn ligt a froy a sheyne,
Zi ligt farvorfn in di mist.
Lebn ir ligt a kind a kleyne,
Un zeygt ir kalte teyten brist.

העד עם האם אין בלטם געלעיזן.
הובען דעד גאריסטער טאטמאן אידען.
איך ענק פאראראַ [אומגליכַ] ס האם געטראָפַן,
איו אידען צוּיַּדְרַי סעה לעעה.

פלואצ'לנו גו האט סען איז'ט בעשרין,
או, שלפֿלוּ דעם זֶהן זַיִן, חַיְס אֵיד קָרְנוֹן
או, טַבְנָעָר אַיִן דַי עַזְעַטָּעָר הַבָּן גַּעֲזָעָן פְּלִיעָן,
אַ פָּגָרָם האט זַיִך אַוְיכְבָּרִיס אַיִן אַיִן סָמְפָנָן.

סערדרער זינגען איז די ואוּן געפלוייגן,
סיט די היך, סיט די סומסערם איז די העט געדרט,
אי חאו נאָר אַידן גוטראָט,
אוֹ, גליַּיך אַיס אוֹוִיך אַן אַרט געטוויט.

דארטן ליגט אַכְלָה אַשְׁנָעַן,
ז' ליגט אַגְּנָעַטָּן אִין חוֹתָה קְלִידַן.
אוֹן לְעֵגֶן אַיְרָטָם אַסְרְדוּדָר אַינְגָּעַר,
אוֹן האַלְמָדָם דָּעַם שָׁאָרְטָן חַלְבָּן אַנְגְּבָּרִיטָן.

דָּרְתָּן לִיגֶם אַפְרוֹן אַ שִׁינְעָן,
זַי לִיגֶם פָּאָרָהָרָפָן אֵין דִּי סִיסְטָן.
לְעֵגֶן אַיְרָן לִיגֶם אַקְינְדָן אַ קְלִינְעָן,
אוֹן זְזִיגֶם אַיְדָן קָלְטָן, סְוִיטָן גְּרוֹסְטָן.

NOTE: A pogrom song, sung by a man born in Vilna, Lithuania - far North of the city of Odessa, of which he sings. He heard the song from a poor "blind beggar in blue glasses", who played the fiddle as he sang this "broadside" about the Odessa pogrom of 1871.

SIDE II, Band 9: FRAYTIK INDERFRI
FRIDAY MORNING

Friday morning, not a moment to sit down
And rest a bit.
There's running everywhere and marketing to do,
Besides cleaning the house, what else is there to do?

Bake the twisted loaf, chop the meat-balls,
Scrape the fish, make the potato-pudding,
And we must have a stew,
And we mustn't forget to pare the potatoes,
And of course the compote full of prunes,
And don't forget to skim the soup,
Yet my dear ones, don't you worry,
Right after I make the pudding,
Tomorrow,
With hair washed clean,
And the rag-stall shut,
You can all say to me:
Chave-Leye, Good Sabbath!
Good Sabbath.

Fraytik inderfri, zetst men zich nisht tsi,
Abisele optsuru-en.
Iberal' tsu loyfn, ales syntsukoyfn,
Achits in shtib, vos iz do tsu tu-en?

Chale bahn, kaylicher hahn,
Fish opshohn, a bulbenik machn,
In a rosal nuz men hohn.
Nit fargeessan di bulbes shoybn.
Un a taimes ful mit flomen,
Nischt fargeessan di yocht tsai shoymen,
Doch mayne libe, zolt ir aych nit zorgn,
Bald noch dem kigl mertshem morgn,

Dos kepele getsvogn,
Shoyn tsi di kleyt mit shkrobes,
Ir megt mir ole zogn:
Chave-Leye, Git Shobes!
Git Shobes.

אֲקִיםְעַלְעָם אֶמְצֹדְרֹעַן .
אֵי בְּעַרְאלָ צָו לְוִימָן , אַלְעָם אַיְנָצֹקְוִיבָן ,
אַפְּחַזְעַן אַיְסְטוּבָן , כְּפָאַס אַיְזְעַדְעָן צָו טָאוֹן .

דָּקָם דַּעֲפָעַלְעַ גַּעֲצָהָגָן,
שָׂוִין אֶזְרָאֵלִים סִיטְ שְׁקָרָבָעָם,
אַיְרָסְעַמְטָסְרָאֵלָעַ זָגָן:
חוֹהָלָהָנָהָגָן, גַּוְתְּשָׁחָן.

A woman, born in Czernowitz, Bessarabia, sings a song about a woman, stall-keeper of old clothes, who is hurrying on Friday, to complete all her chores in time for the Sabbath.

SIDE II, Band 13: SHLOF MAYN KIND MAYN TREYST MAYN
SHEYNER
SLEEP MY CHILD, MY LOVELY COMFORT

Sleep my child, my comfort, my beauty,
 Sleep my little son,
 Sleep, my crown, my precious "kaddish",
 Hushabey, lyulyu.

Your mother sits beside your cradle,
 Weeping as she sings,
 Perhaps someday you'll understand,
 The meaning of her tears.

Your father's in America,
 Your father, little son,
 But you're a child yet, sleep awhile,
 Hushabey, lyulyu.

America for everyone,
 Is a source of happiness,
 A Garden of Eden, so they say,
 A place of wonderment!

There they eat even in the weekdays
 Chale, ** little son
 I will cook broth for you there,
 Sleep then, hushabey.

In the meantime, let us hope,
 What else can we do?
 I would have gone to Daddy long ago,
 But I don't know where he is.

The Lord will tell him, then he'll write,
 Sweet letters to us, little son,
 And very soon, he'll bring us joy,
 Sleep then, hushabey.

He will sent us twenty dollars,
 And his picture too,
 And he'll take us, long life to him,
 Both to America!

* "kaddish" - is a prayer that is said for the dead.
 Usually the first male child is the one to say this
 prayer for his parents - thus assuring their living
 memory over another generation.

** Chale - the twisted loaf, which was eaten only at
 the Sabbath meals.

Shlof mayn kind, mayn treyst mayn sheyner,
 Shlof mayn zunenu,
 Shlof mayn kroyn, mayn kadish eyner,
 Lyulinke lyulyu.

Bay dayn vigl zitst dayn nasse,
 Zingt a lid un veyst,
 Vest smol farshteyn mistesse,
 Vos zi hot gemynt.

In Amerike dayn tate,
 Dayner zunenu,
 Birt a kind noch, shlof les-ate,
 Shlof-zhe shlof, lyulyu.

Dos Amerike far yden,
 Zogt men, iz a glik.
 Un far yeden a gan-eydn,
 Epes an antik!

Dortn est men indervochn,
 Chale zunenu,
 Yachlech vel ich dir dortn kochn,
 Shlof-zhe shlof, lyulyu.

Nor dervayle lomir hofn,
 Oy vos kon men ton?
 Ch'volt shoyen lang tsu im getrofn,
 Veys ich nit vuhin.

Got vet heyfan, vet er shikn,
 Brivelech, zunenu,
 Gor ingichn undz baglikn,
 Shlof-zhe shlof, lyulyu.

Er vet shikn tsavantsig dollar,
 Zayn portret dartsu,
 Uh vet nemen, lebn zol er,
 Undz ahintutsu!

שְׁלַמְּךָ כִּי נְדַבֵּר כִּי נְדַבֵּר,
 שְׁלַמְּךָ כִּי נְדַבֵּר כִּי נְדַבֵּר,
 שְׁלַמְּךָ כִּי נְדַבֵּר כִּי נְדַבֵּר,
 שְׁלַמְּךָ כִּי נְדַבֵּר כִּי נְדַבֵּר,

בְּזַיְתְּךָ כִּי נְדַבֵּר כִּי נְדַבֵּר,
 בְּזַיְתְּךָ כִּי נְדַבֵּר כִּי נְדַבֵּר,
 בְּזַיְתְּךָ כִּי נְדַבֵּר כִּי נְדַבֵּר,
 בְּזַיְתְּךָ כִּי נְדַבֵּר כִּי נְדַבֵּר.

אֲמַעֲרִיךְ דִּין סְמָךְ,
 דִּינָעָר זְנוּעָר,
 בְּזַיְתְּךָ כִּי נְדַבֵּר כִּי נְדַבֵּר,
 שְׁלַמְּךָ כִּי נְדַבֵּר כִּי נְדַבֵּר.

דָּם אֲמַעֲרִיךְ פָּנָר יְצָרָה,
 זְנוּעָר סְמָךְ, אֲיָז אַגְּדָה,
 אֲיָז פָּנָר יְצָרָה, בְּזַיְתְּךָ כִּי נְדַבֵּר,
 שְׁלַמְּךָ כִּי נְדַבֵּר כִּי נְדַבֵּר.

דָּרְטָן יְסָמֶחֶת צָהָן אַיְלָרָהָבָן,
 חַלְלָה, זְנוּעָנָה,
 אֲיָכְלָעַן חָלָל אַיְלָן דָּרְטָן דָּקָן,
 שְׁלַמְּךָ כִּי נְדַבֵּר כִּי נְדַבֵּר.

נָאָר דָּרְרָהָלָעַ לְאָמֵר גְּמָפָן,
 אֲיָז אָמֵן דָּעָן מְפָן?
 כְּאַלְלָט שְׁוֹן לְאָנוּ צִוְּמָה וְעַטְרָהָן,
 חַיָּם אַיְלָן נִימָּט חַזְוָהָיִן.

וְאָמֵן חַמְּפָה הַיִּמְּן, וְאָמֵן עַד שִׁיקָּן,
 בְּזַיְתְּךָ כִּי נְדַבֵּר כִּי נְדַבֵּר,
 אַיְגָיְיכָן אוֹנוֹן בְּאַלְלִידָן,
 שְׁלַמְּךָ כִּי נְדַבֵּר כִּי נְדַבֵּר.

וְעַד חַמְּפָה שִׁיקָּן צְהָמָנִיּוֹן דָּלָלָאָר,
 וְזַיְתְּךָ כִּי נְדַבֵּר כִּי נְדַבֵּר,
 אֲזָן חַמְּפָה נְסָעָן, לְעַזְן וְאַל עַד,
 אֲזָן אֲזָן נְזָזִין.

A woman born in White Russia, sings one of the many variants of the well-known lullaby by Sholem Aleichem, current on both sides of the Atlantic Ocean during the mass migrations to America in the 90's. The song reflects the sentiments of a young married woman, whose husband has journeyed to the New World to seek new roots for his family.

ABOUT THE COLLECTOR AND EDITOR OF THIS ALBUM

RUTH RUBIN, a native of Montreal, Canada, became interested in the folklore of many lands at an early age, acquainting herself with the songs of England, Ireland, Scotland, the United States and the American Negro, French Canada, France and Germany.

Seventeen years ago, she embarked on a serious study of secular Yiddish folksongs of Eastern Europe, which, in turn, led her into pioneering work in this country, collecting, collating, transcribing texts and tunes, researching the historical background of the material, and acquainting herself with the work that had been done by such folklorists as Sh. Anaki, S. Ginzburg, P. Marek, N. Prilutski, S. Lehman, Dobrushin, M. Beregovski, Yehude-Leyb Cahan (whose works have been published in this country), and others.

Mrs. Rubin has performed in many lecture recitals across the country, entertaining and informing avid listeners in community centers, clubs, synagogues, old age homes, schools, hospitals, lecture halls, college campuses, and on concert platforms wherever people

assembled to hear her particular presentation of the "song and Tale" of Yiddish folksong. In these lecture recitals, she succeeded in recreating aspects of nineteenth-century Jewish life and reviving the songs which were brought to this land by the many millions of immigrants who came here in the 80's and 90's of the last century.

Today, Mrs. Rubin is recognized as the leading American scholar in the field of Yiddish folksongs, and has been honored for her contributions to the study of this subject by twice having been selected as a Councillor of the American Folklore Society. She has written numerous articles and essays for publication in the Journal of American Folklore, the New York Folklore Quarterly, and other scholarly journals and magazines, her work appearing in publications in the United States, Canada, South America, Europe and Israel.

Included among her many contributions to the study and appreciation of Jewish folklore is the compilation and editing of one of the finest general collections of Jewish folksongs published in this country. "A

TREASURY OF JEWISH FOLKSONG" (Shoekan Books, New York, 1950) contains 110 Yiddish and Hebrew folksongs, and includes texts (transliterated and translated), tunes (melodic line), background information and piano arrangements.

At a time when there were few recordings of Yiddish secular folksongs, Mrs. Rubin issued her first album of Yiddish and Israeli folksongs. Since then, many more of her recordings have been issued by various companies and are heard regularly on radio programs from coast to coast. Mrs. Rubin may be heard on a FOLKWAYS recording of JEWISH CHILDREN'S SONGS AND GAMES (FC 724), accompanied by Pete Seeger.

In this album, Mrs. Rubin gives us many selections of Yiddish folksongs collected by her from singers in this country and Canada. These recordings form but a small part of her library of field recordings, collected on disc and tape over a period of many years. She is now in the process of preparing a compilation of her collected material, and, when eventually published, it should immeasurably add to and enrich our knowledge of Yiddish folksongs.

FOLKWAYS RECORDS

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