

SIDE ONE

1. *Bin ikh mir a shnyderl*  
I am a tailor
2. *Tsvishn di berg di grine*  
Between the green mountains
3. *Oyfn brik, intarn brik*  
On the bridge, under the bridge
4. *Libe mentshn, 'ert mikh oys*  
Dear people, hear me out
5. *Nekhtn bay nakht (Di bord)*  
Last night (The beard)
6. *Ikh fur mir aroys (Vyo-vyo ferdalakh)*  
I set out (Giddy-up horses)
7. *Ven ikh bin draytsn yor alt gevorn*  
When I was thirteen years old
8. *I SHUMYT*  
It's noisy
9. *Dus talesl*  
The prayer shawl
10. *Elye-nuve*  
Elijah the Prophet
11. *Shvartsinke karshalakh*  
Black cherries

SIDE TWO

12. *Oyf di veygalakh*  
On the paths
13. *Dortn in veldl*  
There in the forest
14. *PIJE KUBA DO JAKUBA*  
Jim drinks to James
15. *Vinter iz geveyn a groysen shturemvint*  
During winter there was a big gale
16. *Gey mayn zin (Ven di zin veln kumen tsurik)*  
Go my son (When all our sons return)
17. *Geyt a grine katshke*  
Along walks a green duck
18. *Geboyrn bin ikh mir*  
I was born
19. *Ver zhe klapt dort*  
Who is knocking there
20. *Eyn shatkhn (Di mashke)*  
A matchmaker (The whiskey)
21. *Ikh gey mir fin shenk oys*  
I leave the inn
22. *S'iz a mul geveyn a pastekhl (Dos pastekhl)*  
There once was a little shepherd (The shepherd)
23. *AKH ODESSA*  
Oh Odessa

פֿאַלקסלידער אין דער מיזרח-אײראָפּעישער טראַדיציע

פֿונעם רעפערטואַר פֿון

מרים נירענבערג

אַפּקלייבן פֿונעם יװאַ-אַרכיוו פֿון קלאַנג-רעקאָרדירונגען

א"נ מאַקס און פֿרידע ווינשטיין

צוגעגרייט פֿון בריינדל קירשנבלאַט-גימבלעט, מיט

מאַרק סלאָבין און חנה גאַרדאָן-מלאָטעק

FOLKSONGS IN THE EAST EUROPEAN JEWISH TRADITION

from the repertoire of

MARIAM NIRENBERG

Selections from the Max and Frieda Weinstein Archive

of YIVO Sound Recordings

Prepared by Barbara Kirshenblatt-Gimblett,

with Mark Slobin and Eleanor Gordon Mlotek





## PREFACE

Yiddish folksong is one of the most frequently studied genres of East European Jewish folklore. For over a century, the songs have been collected, annotated, and published. Rarely, however, have the songs been examined in relation to specific singers, their cultural context, and the non-Yiddish components of their repertoire. The texts have been most fully studied, the tunes less so, and performance style hardly at all. With the exception of the pioneering efforts of Ruth Rubin, documentary field recordings of traditional East European Jewish singers have not been released, whereas commercial recordings of concertized renderings of the best-known songs have been issued repeatedly.

The present album is a case study of one traditional singer, Mariam Nirenberg, and her repertoire. The selection of twenty-three songs from the more than one hundred songs she sings reflects the heterogeneity of Jewish musical culture in Eastern Europe. Songs in Yiddish, Polish, Russian, and Ukrainian are represented, and they include examples from the oldest strata of the folk repertoire as well as folklorized songs of more recent literary origin.

The recordings on this album span almost four decades and were made in a variety of settings. In 1946, Mrs. Nirenberg cut 78 rpm discs of about seventeen songs in a private studio in Toronto. Two of these recordings have been included on this album: *Ikh fur mir aroys* (#6), a song about a wagonner, is still one of Mrs. Nirenberg's favorites, whereas *Ven di zin veln kumen tsurik* (#16), a popular song of World War I vintage, vanished from her repertoire and is known to us only from this 1946 recording. From 1968 until 1979, Barbara Kirshenblatt-Gimblett recorded her entire repertoire, taped many of her songs several times, and interviewed her extensively. Most of the cuts on this album are from the 1969 recording sessions. In 1975, a recording was made of Mrs. Nirenberg in a concert in New York City co-sponsored by the Balkan Arts Center (now Ethnic Arts Center), The Max Weinreich Center for Advanced Jewish Studies, and Columbia University. In 1983, her son Les Nirenberg, assisted by Peter Sinclair, re-recorded several songs in her home specially for this album.

Because Mrs. Nirenberg is the only traditional East European Jewish singer to have been recorded so often and over so long a period, her material is ideal for studying variation and performance style across the life cycle. However, as a result of the long time span and varying technology of the recordings, there is a noticeable unevenness of sound quality on the album, although care has been taken in remastering to minimize the differences. The complete collection has been deposited in the Max and Frieda Weinstein Archive of YIVO Sound Recordings, where it is available for study.

The musical transcriptions were made by Mark Slobin, with the assistance of Lydia Saxton. The Yiddish texts were transcribed, romanized, and translated by Barbara Kirshenblatt-Gimblett, with the assistance of Bella Gottesman, Paul Glasser, and David

Rogow. The Slavic texts were prepared by Robert Rothstein and Mark Slobin. Eleanor Gordon Mlotek made the annotations and Richard Spottswood identified additional commercial recordings of songs in Mrs. Nirenberg's repertoire. Lucjan Dobroszycki provided toponymic and demographic information and Mordkhe Schaechter and Robert Rothstein advised on translation questions. Mark Slobin wrote the essay on musical style. The other essays were written by Barbara Kirshenblatt-Gimblett, with suggestions by Mark Slobin. The photographs are from the Joseph Obrebski

Collection of the Archives of the University of Massachusetts at Amherst, the YIVO Institute for Jewish Research, and Mrs. Nirenberg's personal collection. Henry Sapoznik was responsible for technical production of the record; Billy Clockel and Frank Cagianno, engineers. Rosaline Schwartz helped bring the project to completion. The field research was conducted since 1968 by Barbara Kirshenblatt-Gimblett, first as part of a survey of Yiddish folklore in Toronto funded by the Folklore Division of the National Museum of Canada and the Canada Council, and from 1972-1975 as part

of the YIVO Yiddish Folksong Project supported by the National Endowment for the Humanities and the Memorial Foundation for Jewish Culture. The production of this record and accompanying booklet was made possible in part by support from the Folk Arts Division of the National Endowment for the Arts, the Zukerman Culture Fund of the Workmen's Circle, Jack Garfein, Jack Lawrence, Bella Linden, and Edward and Hannah Low. We are grateful to Edward M. Cramer of BMI (Broadcast Music Incorporated) for his continued support of YIVO sound recording projects.



Cover: Mariam Nirenberg (née Goldberg). Studio M. Zabłud, Brześć, 1929.

The back of the photograph bears the following poetic dedication in Yiddish:

*My heart flutters in silence / A new feeling is called forth, is awakened / I can give you no better or bigger gift / Than my picture, which I present to you / To remember me by.*

For my cousin Dvoyre Shelishts, from Mariam Goldberg, 1929.

Left: Jewish farmers in the environs of Brześć. YIVO Archives.

## MARIAM NIRENBERG AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A TRADITIONAL SINGER

My grandmother had six children, but five died when they were small. Only my father survived. So she sold my father for six *groshn* (pennies). That was the custom at home. If the children didn't grow up, we thought they were cursed. So we sold them for six *groshn*. And I saw the six pennies. They were put in a handkerchief and hidden—a *zgule* (magical remedy). When my father was born, he was named Alter (Old One). That means he should live to an old age. And of six children, he was the only one to live.

When my father first got married, he moved from Kozitsh (Kosicze Małe) to Tsharnovtshits (Czarnawczyce). He brought his parents to live with him and his wife. Tsharnovtshits was a small town. There were about forty houses, mainly Jewish. The peasants (*mushtshanes*) lived in small houses scattered on the outskirts of town. Jews were mostly wagonners; they hauled produce to Brisk and other towns. Quite a few Jews farmed. There were also two Jewish butchers and a cafe, Khane-Leyes, for the wagondrivers. There were five shops in town—general stores and groceries—all of them owned by Jews. About half the people there were Jews.

The shops were on the marketplace, which was by the river. Across the bridge about ten minutes walk were three mills, all owned by Jews. My family owned one mill, a windmill. It was on an acre of land. We grew hay on that land, and sometimes our animals, two horses and three cows, would graze there. My grandfather was the miller and a Gentile boy helped him. Our house was over a hundred years old. It was on five acres of land. We had a garden for ourselves. On the land we grew wheat, oats, rye, millet, potatoes. We used a scythe to cut the grain. My father was a *podriatshik*—he used to buy and sell grain. He supplied grain and flour for the army and hauled it to the armory not far away. He had his own wagon and two horses. He used to sell grain and potatoes at the market in Brisk (Brześć nad Bugiem) too. We also sold calves and the milk from our cows, and the butter and cheese we made. We used to put a penny into the butter churn so the cream would turn to butter faster. We had about twenty chickens. We sold the eggs. We grew everything we needed in our garden—carrots, beets, onions, cucumbers, and other things.

When my mother was pregnant with me, when she was in labor, she had a very difficult time. They took her from Tsharnavtshits (Czarnawczyce), the town where I grew up, to Warsaw, and in Warsaw she died. She was nineteen years old. She had me and a boy, twins. She

and the boy died, both of them. I weighed three pounds, but I was healthy and strong. They wrapped me in cotton—there were no incubators then—and took me to Brisk and found a woman to nurse me, a wetnurse. This woman kept me for two years. She had five children. My father provided food for the whole family so she would care for me. My father was well off at that time; later he had difficulties. He gave her butter and cheese and eggs; everything she needed for the whole family. Her husband was a shoemaker. He didn't make a living; he was very poor.

Then my father remarried and took me home. They made him a *shidekh* (match) with a beautiful young woman from Bialystok. Her father owned a glass store and her brother was a rabbi. My stepmother, I called her mother, she was very good to me. She did a good job of bringing me up. She used to sing all the time. She sang beautifully, mostly old songs. She used to sing songs in Russian too, but I never learned those songs. I only learned the songs she sang in Yiddish. She used to sing funny little songs to us when we were small. When I got older I learned her old love songs.

My grandfather raised me. Before my father got married, my grandfather was a *posesor* (tenant farmer) and a dairyman in Kozitsh, a village three hours by horse and wagon from Brisk. He had cows and he sold milk as well as



the butter and cheese he made himself. After my father married, my grandfather came to live with us. He used to sing a lot too, and I learned songs from him.

My stepmother had five children with my father. I remember the midwife Tshone-Meyte; we called her the *bohe*, the *heybam*. Besides delivering babies, she knew many home remedies. To get rid of an evil eye, she'd say:

*Dray vayber zitsn af eyn shteyn.  
Eyne zugt zi hot a git eyg fun zikh aleyn.  
Di tsveyte zugt, "Neyn."  
Un di drite zugt, "Fun vanen es iz gekimen  
ahin zol es geyn."*

Three women sit on a rock.  
One says she gave herself an evil eye.  
The second says, "No."  
And the third says, "From whence it  
came, thence should it go."

She knew other remedies. She'd use dew to get rid of pimples and dog's urine to remove warts. For a cut finger she'd apply cobwebs, or aloe, or a plantain (*podorozhnik*) leaf. The barber applied leeches and did cupping.

My stepmother got sick with a lung ailment, with consumption. There were six children, counting me. When the smallest child was a year old, she died. My father lost his money trying to care for my stepmother. She was sick for three years before she died, and he sent her to health spas and tried to get her the best treatment. She was about thirty-eight years old when she died. It was during the First World War.

I was about eleven, twelve years old and I was left with all the kids. I had to sew for them and do the laundry and lots of other heavy work, and I raised the children. When I washed the laundry, I used to go to the lake and take a wooden thing with a handle called a *pratsh*, and I used to beat the laundry until it was white and clean.

I was very young. I had to bake several pounds of bread. To keep the ashes off the bottom of the bread, I put bran or some horseradish leaves on the peel before I put the risen loaves on it. The bread would rest on the leaves in the oven and stay clean. I was so small, I couldn't reach the oven to put the loaves in. I had to pull over a bench to stand on to reach the oven. To make the bread shiny, I would wet it when it was still hot.

I used to feed the animals and work in the fields. All the peasant girls used to be my girlfriends. We used to go to the fields. I used to sing with them. We worked together cutting grain, gathering potatoes. We used to sing; I learned a lot of songs from them. We became very friendly—we were like one family, because it was a small town. I was more involved with them than other Jewish girls were. You know why? Because I worked with them in the fields. I worked in other people's fields to earn a little money. And other Jewish girls didn't work in the fields. They couldn't even do this kind of work, you know. We had fields, and we had cows. We used to have to prepare feed for the cows and horses. We used a machine to cut the straw for the animals. I used to make the feed myself—we called it *hitshke*—and give it to the animals. You mix oats into the straw and

chop in potatoes. Then I used to milk the cows myself. Everything.

In the spring we would get up at four in the morning and be in bed by nine at night. For breakfast we ate milk, cheese, sour milk, and eggs. The eggs we ate raw, still warm from the chicken. I would go with the peasant girls into the forest. We would gather wild raspberries and strawberries. Then we walked barefoot the twelve viorst to Brisk, singing all the way. In Brisk, we sold the berries at the hospital and made a little money. I was about fourteen years old. We also gathered sour sorrel (*shtshav*). Other mornings we worked in the fields. Millet you had to tend when the dew was still on the ground. I did the laundry in the afternoon.

You cannot imagine how different the Old Country was to here, especially the place I came from. It was a miserable life there, a miserable life. In the winter time, you don't see people. Your windows are so iced up that you have to clear a spot to look through, to see the street. You're like in a wilderness. And the snow is up to your roof and you can't go out. We stayed inside and prepared feathers for cushions and featherbeds. You haven't got water in the house. You have to put on a pair of boots and go to the lake and make a hole in the ice, and the ice is so thick. And then you have to get the water. We had to water the animals. That's life? It doesn't matter how miserable it was, I used to sing.

We had a house, it was a very old house with a wooden floor. It was one big room. We all slept there. Altogether there were about ten of us. We had long benches and a table and an old-fashioned built-in oven. On Friday night, we used to put everything into the big oven. And then we patched it up with plaster to seal it. And Saturday everything was cooked and hot, and you opened it up and we had a big pot of *tsholnt* (braised meat and vegetables). We only ate meat on the Sabbath and holidays. Other days we ate potatoes, barley soup, millet gruel with milk, cheese, sour milk, eggs, and bread. We had different kinds of bread—*razeve*, *mezisefke*, and *khale* for holidays. For Rosh Hashanah, Sukkoth, and Simhat Torah, we coiled the *khale* dough in a spiral so it looked like a bird. This bread we called a *foygl* (bird).

I started *kheyder* (Jewish religious primary school) when I was three years old. I went to Shmuel the *melamed* (teacher). We were boys and girls together. We learned to read Hebrew, we read the *khumes* (Pentateuch), we learned to pray and to write. I went to *kheyder* in the afternoons. Mornings I went to the Russian public school. I went to school until I was about fourteen years old. My brother went to a *yeshive* (advanced Jewish religious school) in Brisk.

The children played different games: *tseykhns* (jacks), *farblendenish* (blind man's bluff), *etl-betl* (cat's cradle), and other games. I remember little rhymes we used to say. We used to make dolls from rags. When I was a little older, I used to get together with my friends, boys and girls. We had fun together. There were about twenty, twenty-five kids. We drank tea and ate cake, sunflower seeds, and peanuts. We would sing, dance, tell jokes. And we played games. A favorite was *flirt*, a card game. Each



Jewish musicians at a Polish wedding in Lachwa, Polesie. Forward Art Section, January 9, 1927.

card had a love message—"I love you." "You are nice." "You are beautiful." And when the Sabbath came, there were older girls and we used to go to the *melamed's* house to dance on the Sabbath. He had a new house and it was the nicest house in the town. The *melamed's* wife was very pious. After the Sabbath midday meal, she would take a nap, and all of us used to go there. I don't know if I should say this. She would open the door and say, "This is a bordello!" Boys and girls were dancing. We were about seventeen, eighteen years old. We sang and danced. Other times when we got together we had a gramophone with a big horn. There was only one in the whole town. We would dance to that music. Otherwise we sang the tunes ourselves.

We used to dance at weddings. If it's a wedding in a little town, everybody goes. Everybody goes. It doesn't matter if it's Jews or if it's Gentiles. They brought the *klezmerim* (instrumentalists) from Brisk—Antshl the *klezmer* and his band. They played fiddle, drum, and trumpet, and sometimes there was a *tsimbl* (hammered dulcimer). And a *batkhn* (wedding jester) came too. We did all kinds of dances: *kaketke*, *kozatske*, *krakovyak*, *shrayer*, *sher*, *broyges tants*, *mitsve tants*, quadrille, waltz, parade waltz, Charleston, tango, polka, fox trot, and other ones. Sometimes they would invite me and my brother to sing. We'd sing songs with a marriage theme during the dinner.

I was singing when I was a kid four years old. My grandfather from my father's side used to say I would hide behind the door and sing because I was very shy. Since I was a kid three years old, I sang. I liked to sing. I used to sing together with my brother Shimen and my sister Ike. My other brother didn't sing. We sang songs in Russian, Ukrainian, Polish, Yiddish, Hebrew. When we sang at home, people would stand at our windows to listen. All my friends

used to be Ukrainian girls, so we used to sing all Ukrainian songs mostly. I used to go with girls and young people, and we all sang a lot, so we were always learning different songs.

The town was small after all. If a guest visited, everyone got together. People who came to visit brought songs. When we used to go to another town, we learned new songs and brought them back. We always sang—while we worked, while we walked, when we got together. Sabbath and holidays the family sang *zmires* (table songs) at home, and special holiday songs.

If I like a song, you know, and I hear it, and I really like it, so I can't sing it right away. But when I go home and go to sleep, in the morning I know it. But if I don't like it, no. But if I like it, in the morning I know the whole song. I was good at memorizing in school too. Sometimes I add a stanza, or once in a while I may make up new words to a tune I already know.

I used to go to Brisk almost every week. My father used to go to market there all the time. In Brisk I sometimes saw theater, sometimes silent movies, but not very often. When I went to Brisk, I sometimes stayed over with my cousins, girls my age. We slept together in one bed, and they would keep me up all night begging me to sing to them. My stepmother's sister had a dairy business (*malotsharnye*) in Kamanets-Litevsk (Kamieniec Litewski). I used to go to visit her. I had friends there too, and we used to sit around and sing. Other nearby towns I used to visit were Zshabinke, (Zabinka), Kobrin (Kobryn), Terespole (Terespol), and others. I went to Warsaw, where my real mother's family lived, about ten times a year, whenever someone was going and could take me with. Warsaw was about six hours away from my town by horse and wagon. My mother's parents were well off. My uncle owned a chocolate store and a soda factory. My aunts had fancy delicates-



sens where they sold luxury foods. Whenever I went to Warsaw, my relatives bought me whatever I needed, clothes and food mainly.

In about 1932 I came to Canada. I was engaged to Lazar at the time. Before I left, my uncle in Warsaw gave me featherbeds to bring with. I also took a few photographs. When I arrived in Canada, I lived in St. Catherine, Ontario, for the first couple of years. I missed Lazar very much. The whole time I sang my favorite Yiddish love songs — *Lomir beyde a libe firm* (Let us go courting) and *Tsi hostu geb-lonzhet tsvishn di derner* (Have you strayed among the thorns?). I acted in a Yiddish play and wrote Yiddish poetry for the Jewish newspapers. Yaddis came in 1933, and we got married.

We moved to Toronto and worked very hard. I had the two boys Les and Harvey. When they were small, I did ten jobs. I sold dresses in the house. And I mended socks my husband brought me from the shop. He used to bring defective socks home from the factory. I would repair them so he could get a better price for them. They paid for piece work. And I sold dresses in the house, and I had two small children. When I had to go to the factory to get the dresses to sell in the house, I took the kids with me. I wouldn't trust them to nobody. So I take them with me, and we come to the factory, and all the dresses are on the hangers, and they start to run after each other and make a mess of the place. They scraped the letters off the windows.

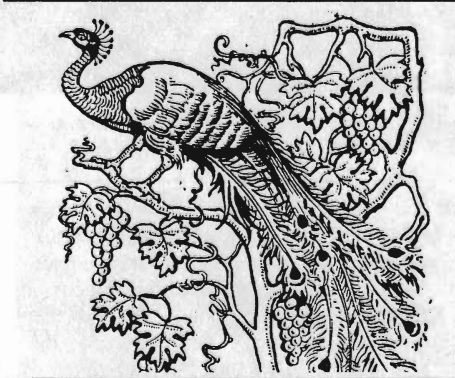
Then we got our own variety store. We sold newspapers, candy, cigarettes, and other things. We worked seven days a week, even to this day. Here I was too busy to sing very much. In Canada if you work in a shop, you can't sing. I used to go to the Yiddish theater all the time, at the Victory and the Strand. I heard Moyshe Oisher, Molly Picon, and other great stars of the Yiddish stage. During the last few years, different Jewish organizations invite me to sing for their luncheons. In the summers I sometimes went to a resort in Muskoka, Ontario for two weeks. There were about three hundred people at the New Acadia summer resort. Each evening people would sing, including me. On Friday evenings, after the Sabbath meal, everybody would sing *zmires* (table songs), mainly in Hebrew, some in Yiddish.

Whoever wanted could sing. People who were good singers, they were invited to sing. They used to ask me to sing at the microphone. The songs they always requested were: *Dostalisl* (The prayer shawl); *Reyzele* (Rosie); *Oyfn veyg shteyt a boym* (On the road stands a tree); *Libe mentshn hert mikh oys* (Dear people, hear me out); *Di mashke* (The whiskey). Other people sang songs from Second Avenue, from *Fiddler on the Roof*. I learned songs at these resorts. I learned *Oyfn veyg shteyt a boym* in 1965 from an old man at the resort, from Mr. Bram. He was eighty-four years old, and he sang so slow and so quiet, an old, old man, very old. And the song, I like it so much, and I said to him, "Can't you give me this song? I want to write it out." So he gave it to me. It's real beautiful. It rhymes. It's sad when you sing, it's so sad. He was a tailor and he used to sing all the time. Very recently I learned a song, *Mayn*

*mame zi hot mir dertseylt az amol* (My mother, she told me that once upon a time), from a woman in the country. I copied out the words from her.

Sometimes I hear songs I like on the radio. I don't listen to records much. At home, I sing to myself all the time when I'm cleaning. If I want to remember a song, I think about it at night just before I fall asleep. In the morning I remember it. My children know every song that I know. They don't sing, but they know, because since they were little kids, I sang to them, so they tell me what to sing. My sons have their own families now. Les, the oldest, is a film and television producer and actor, and Harvey is a real estate broker.

My husband died not long ago. It's hard for me now alone. I joined the Center for Creative Living. I sing in the choir there, and I've learned some beautiful new songs. On Fridays, I sing for the people there. I sing songs they never heard before.



### Czarnawczyce, Polesie

*Czarnawczyce, the town where Mrs. Nirenberg spent her childhood, is in the district of Brześć, province of Polesie, which was a part of the Commonwealth of Poland and Lithuania until the late eighteenth century, when Poland was partitioned and Polesie became part of the northwestern region of Russia. From 1918 until World War II, Czarnawczyce was within the borders of the Second Polish Republic. After World War II, the northern area of Poland, including Czarnawczyce, became a part of the Byelorussian Republic, which has one of the largest concentrations of Jews in the Soviet Union.*

*From their appearance in Polesie as early as the fourteenth century, Jews played an important role in the rural and village economy, particularly as managers of large rural estates, as merchants and craftsmen in the forest industries, and to some extent as farmers. By World War II, Jews constituted nine percent of the province, whose total population numbered 3,624,000, and as much as seventy percent of such urban centers as Brześć, where the total population in 1931 was 29,460.*

*The non-Jewish population of northwestern Polesie was primarily a Byelorussian peasantry, while Ukrainian peasants lived in the south, and Polesian peasants, who made up over half the population of the province, lived in the central area. Czarnawczyce is located in a transitional area between ethnographic Bye-*



## THE SECOND POLISH REPUBLIC 1921-1939

*lorussia and ethnographic Ukraine. Other groups living in the province included Poles, Great Russians, Germans, Czechs, Dutch, and Gypsies. The Poles were concentrated in western Polesie, where they constituted thirty percent of the population. During the interwar years, over eighty percent of the province population was rural.*

*The area, which was known for its extreme cultural conservatism and poverty, is made up of vast expanses of sandy areas, swamps, and forest, and the climate is wet. In many places, archaic agricultural methods, for example, shifting swidden cultivation and an early form of hook plough (sokhe) continued to be used into the early twentieth century to support what was a near-subsistence economy. ("Di sokhe" [hook plough] is the title of a popular Yiddish Zionist song by Eliakum Zunser [1836-1913].)*

*In terms of Jewish cultural geography, Czarnawczyce was in Lite, the northeastern-most region of European Jewish settlement. With re-*

*gard to Yiddish dialect geography, Czarnawczyce was in a transitional area where the major isoglosses of Eastern Yiddish converge.*

*Mrs. Nirenberg's father, a grain merchant, benefited from the town's strategic location at the commercial intersection of two urban centers: Brześć nad Bugiem, which was about ten miles south, and Grodno, which was 132 miles to the northwest. Situated on elevated terrain well-suited for pasture, the town was also a good location for the mill run by Mrs. Nirenberg's grandfather, for their fields of grain, and for their cattle.*

*The town was originally part of the estate of Polish nobility, first the Illnicz family and later the Radziwills. The earlier dominance of Roman Catholicism in the town gave way to Russian Orthodoxy by the late nineteenth century. In 1880, the total population of Czarnawczyce was 800, of which 175 were Jews. By 1931, the Jewish population rose to 428 and constituted about half the total inhabitants of the town.*



## PATTERNS OF THE JEWISH SONG WORLD

The musical culture of East European Jews includes both professional and amateur musicians. Whereas the cantor, *klezmerim* (instrumentalists), classical, cabaret, and theatre musicians try to make their living from their performances and may undergo formal training, traditional singers learn their songs informally from each other and sing for their own enjoyment. The distinction between amateur and professional signifies two distinct types of musical specialists and musical traditions, rather than differences in expertise. A traditional singer such as Mariam Nirenberg is the bearer of a distinctive repertoire of songs and musical delivery. She is recognized by her community as an outstanding exponent of her musical tradition. Though not a professional singer, she is a musical specialist.

As such Mrs. Nirenberg may be added to the growing number of folksingers being studied, most commonly from the rural South. Mrs. Nirenberg's song world is worth comparing with that of other highlighted folksingers. For Jewish carriers of the singing tradition, the pattern of dipping into the commercial recording world, as traditional American performers often did in the 1930s and 1940s, never materialized. Similarly, Jewish folksingers did not experience rediscovery by folk revivalists with subsequent popularity, concert tours, and recordings, a familiar phenomenon in the Anglo-American musical world in the 1960s. Mrs. Nirenberg is the first in her tradition to be "found" and publicized by folklorists.

Nevertheless, she shares a basic pattern common to well-known traditional Anglo-American singers such as Almeda Riddle: constant acquisition of songs via personal contact and, more recently, electronic media, and the attendant continual reassessment and rearrangement of her personal repertoire. As with all traditional performers for whom music is a pillar of life, singing is a dynamic process involving a repertoire and style in flux, not a static recalling of songs learned in childhood. To understand Mrs. Nirenberg's song world, we must look closely at her repertoire in all its diversity.

The cultural and historical complexity of East European Jewish culture, and specifically of Polesie, may be seen in Mrs. Nirenberg's repertoire. The languages of her songs include:

- *Yiddish*, the vernacular of the Jewish community;
- *Ukrainian*, spoken by the peasants of the region;
- *Russian*, the language, before World War I, of Tsarist officials, military personnel, public schools, and urban culture;
- *Polish*, the language of peasants, military colonists who retired to land given them by the government, and during the interwar years, of the Polish administration and schools;
- *Hebrew*, both the *Hebrew-Aramaic* of religious observance (*loshen koydesh*) and *modern Hebrew*;
- *English*, which she learned in Canada.

These languages entered her repertoire in at least two ways: there are songs which Mrs. Nirenberg learned from her non-Jewish friends, and there are macaronic, or mixed-language songs, many of which are examples of Jewish folk creativity in Slavic languages. They appear to have been created from their outset as mixed-language songs. Some may have arisen out of a translation process. The multilingual and multi-cultural nature of Mrs. Nirenberg's repertoire is typical of the eclecticism of traditional Jewish singers in Eastern Europe. Her repertoire is the result of the delicate balance between intercultural contact and cultural independence, factors that played so important a role in East European Jewish culture as a whole.

Despite her rural roots, Mrs. Nirenberg's



Social gathering in a peasant household in Polesie, mid-1930s. Photographer: Joseph Obrebski. Courtesy of University of Massachusetts Archives.

repertoire is essentially urban in character. She had access to major cities such as Brześć, which she visited almost weekly; Warsaw, where she made trips practically every month; and Kobryn, Kamieniec Litewski, and other smaller towns where she spent time periodically. The geographical spread of her transmission network was increased by the Jewish preference for town exogamy (marrying someone from another town). Thus Mrs. Nirenberg's mother came from Warsaw, her stepmother from Bialystok, her father and paternal grandfather from Kosicze Male. Her stepmother's sister lived in Kamieniec Litewski, and she had cousins in Brześć.

In contrast with the peasants, who seldom ranged further than a twelve- to eighteen-mile radius from their villages, Jews travelled over hundreds of miles to reach distant fairs and markets, to engage in international trade, and as wagoners, the profession of most Jews of Czarnawczyce, according to Mrs. Nirenberg. It

is therefore not surprising that Mrs. Nirenberg's network of relatives and friends, both those whom she visited and those who came to her, extended over a radius of some 130 miles from her home.

In the cities, Mrs. Nirenberg was exposed to urban music—in the theatre, in the musical accompaniment to silent movies, and in the song traditions of her city relatives and friends. The advent of the gramophone and sound recordings contributed even further to the dissemination of songs and urbanization of the song repertoire.

Furthermore, musical specialists from big cities came to small towns. Mrs. Nirenberg remembers Antshl, a premier fiddler, and his sons. They were one of two bands of *klezmerim* (traditional instrumentalists) famous in Brześć

among Yiddish singers in the twentieth century, the song appears to have died out among German singers some four hundred years earlier. Y. L. Cahan also finds sixteenth-century German and later Swiss analogues for the night-visit song *Ver zhe klapt dort halbe nakht* (Who knocks there in the middle of the night). *Di bord* (The beard) and *Di mashke* (The whiskey) are "folklorized" songs of literary origin that are over a century old. Both are based on poems by Mikhl Gordon, which were first published in 1868. A song such as *Geyt a grine katshke* (Along walks a green duck) is a folklorized version of a song performed in a Yiddish marionette production. Songs related to the early Yiddish popular tradition spread by wandering songwriters include *Ikh fur mir aroys* (I set out travelling) by Berl Broder (c. 1815-1868) and two songs by Benjamin Wolf Ehrenkrants (1826-1880): *Ikh gey mir fun shenk oys* (I leave the inn) and *Giboyrn bin ikh mir* (I was born). Songs by American Jewish songwriters include Shlomo Shmulevitch's *Dus talest* (The prayer shawl), performed on the Yiddish stage in New York in 1906, and *Petrograd*, from *A Night in California*. Detailed annotations to each song have been prepared by Eleanor Gordon Mlotek.

In Canada, Mrs. Nirenberg continues to add songs to her repertoire, drawing from the Yiddish theater that flourished in the immigrant community of downtown Toronto and from other traditional singers whom she encounters at summer resorts, senior centers, and elsewhere.

Since the death of her husband in 1979, Mrs. Nirenberg has been very active in the choir organized by the Center for Creative Living, where she is often invited to perform as a soloist. Singing has again become a very important part of her social life. She has begun to record herself on cassette, and with the many new opportunities to sing, has expanded her repertoire. The choir has also introduced a formalized singing style, which includes controlled breathing, standardized Yiddish pronunciation, and coordination with other voices and piano accompaniment. The Yiddish choir and chorus have precedents in Eastern Europe and in Jewish immigrant communities in North America dating to the beginning of the century.

## PATTERNS OF MUSICAL STYLE

No serious stylistic study has been made of the folksongs sung by Eastern European Jews. In describing Mrs. Nirenberg's songs, we cannot turn to standard reference works, as we might for the folk music of co-territorial groups such as Rumanians and Hungarians. In the post-Holocaust era, we can collect only fragments of a rich song world, now represented by individuals rather than communities. Since our selections for the present album are intended to show maximum diversity, we cannot construct a simple analytical model. Rather, the following remarks will only highlight a few salient points of style.

Were one to identify a core genre to stand for the older Yiddish-language song, it might be the lyric song with four-line (quatrain) strophe



and a tune most often in the minor mode, perhaps with internal shifts suggesting other tonalities. Extremely common in anthologies of Yiddish folksong, this classic song-type goes back a long way, perhaps to the Renaissance, and serves as a living link between Jewish and non-Jewish European folksong. The strophic lyric quatrain is widespread (with local differences in mode), virtually across the entire continent, and is used for many of the same themes everywhere. On the present disc, we have only two examples of the strophic lyric quatrain (#2 and #15), representing two basic topics: love, often unhappy (in this case disastrous), and separation often due, as in this case, to war. A common melodic contour of rising, then falling, occurs in both songs, as is common in the British ballad tradition, pointing up another area of structural similarity between Yiddish and general European materials.

Departure from this format occurs in three types of songs on the album: a) upbeat songs in major mode, often of non-Jewish origin, such as the Polish *Pije Kuba* (#14), the Ukrainian *I shumyt* (#8) and the Russian-influenced *Oyfn brik/Nad mostu* (#3); b) songs of the popular music world with their harmonic implications, suggesting the standard Euro-American sheet music, piano-accompanied style as opposed to the oral, solo format of the folksong (#4, #7, #9, #16); c) comic songs (#1, #19, #21) or children's songs (#17), which in many traditions are often tonally different from the mainstream, serious lyric or ritual songs.

On the subject of tonality, two other points—first, in the East European world, comic songs need not be in major, as they are in the West (#4, #7); second, in addition to major and minor, other tonal patterns appear. The most common alternate melody-type appears only once here, in #6, where the *g-a-flat-b-natural-c* line highlights the interval of the augmented second. This sound is “foreign” in Western Europe and America, yet is common in Southeastern Europe and the Middle East. In America, it has become stereotyped as “Jewish” through trademark songs such as *Hava nagila*.

As in the case of tonality, verse structure is quite varied in our sample. There is the mini-quatrain of the tiny *Elye-nuve* (#10), the standard quatrain mentioned earlier (#2, #15); and the quatrain with refrain, another folk form (#5, #20). More complex are songs which consist of a number of joined structural units, such as the pop songs *Dus tales!* (#9) and *Ven di zin veln kumen tsurik* (#16), with their verse and chorus structure; and the unique *Pastekhl* (#22) with the melodramatic format, underscored by Mrs. Nirenberg's unusual refrain ending.

In the Yiddish-language song, the spoken phrase and sung phrase are often quite similar. However, in both folk and popular songs significant discrepancies can occur. In a pop song, we find distortions such as “*farlibt hob ikh ZIKH in ir*” instead of “*FARLIBT hob ikh zikh in ir*,” or *GEARbet 'ob IKH tug in nakht*” instead of *GEARbet 'ob ikh TUG in NAKHT*,” which would be the emphatic way of speaking the phrase. Likewise, in folk songs we find *mayNE yuREN*” instead of “*MAYne YUrN*” and “*shvartSINke*” instead of “*SHVARTsinke*.”

The underscoring of important pitches through melodic figures, or “ornaments,” is a more stable aspect of song construction. There are two standard devices: gliding to a pitch (more rarely away from it) or preceding it with an upper-neighbor turn, most frequently as part of a descending line. In #2, the glide up to “*tse-vishn*” and down from “*va-ser*” are typical, as is the turn on “*mi-lyo-*” descending to “*-nen*.” Only rarely are more complex figurations introduced, as in the opening of the Russian-influenced #3 or the middle of the flamboyant #22.

Regarding dynamic fluctuations as a way of underscoring melody and meaning, Mrs. Nirenberg's style seems to match what the ethnomusicologist Moyshe Beregovski observed in his work with folksingers of the 1930s: “the dynamic level is usually in a range between forte and mezzo-forte; very rarely do we meet more diverse dynamic nuances.” (M. Beregovski, *Evreiski muzykal'nyi fol'klor*, vol. 1, Moscow: Gosmuzizdat, 1934, page 25.) Beregovski also notes that singers usually accelerate the tempo towards the second half of a song, which Mrs. Nirenberg sometimes does, though in the context of public performance or for special effect she may slow down right at the end. Generally speaking, Mrs. Nirenberg's range of tempo is quite similar to that found in Beregovski's carefully annotated song collections. Mrs. Nirenberg is like the singers recorded by Beregovski in yet another respect: “It sometimes happens that the performer is not immediately at home in the appropriate scale and the first musical phrase or half phrase is performed a bit tentatively . . .” (Beregovski 1934: 25). See #18, #19, and #20.

In terms of overall conception and approach to performance, Mrs. Nirenberg seems closest to type one of Beregovski's suggested three-part categorization of folksingers: 1) moderate tempo, modest ornamentation and improvisation; 2) significant tempo fluctuations, dramatization of text involving more improvisation and ornamentation; 3) stable interpretation by a collector-performer who gathers the songs of others and sings them unchanged as “authentic.” Although Mrs. Nirenberg's texts and tunes are quite stable over time, they do vary; the versions on this album are worth studying in relation to her other renditions, some of which contain additional stanzas. Of course, due to the great time span and variety of technology involved in recording the songs on the present album, we have even more complex factors of fluctuation here. Age brings changes in pitch, tempo, and conception of songs, and the speeded-up sound of the 1946 discs gives an entirely different impression than the live or taped performances of later years.

Finally, there are idiosyncracies. Of course, with our scanty knowledge of Yiddish folksong and folksingers, we can hardly say what “typical” really is. Is Mrs. Nirenberg's habit of flattening the next to last pitch of a song highly unusual, a regionalism, or part of a cultural pattern? Beregovski mentions that lowerings of pitch seem “less accidental” than raisings and suggests that while repeating a musical phrase, a singer may lower the pitch. If this is indeed a general trend (and Beregovski only worked in the Ukraine), it does not necessarily occur only

at a song's end, where Mrs. Nirenberg likes to flatten pitches. These and many other questions await intensive study and, like many other queries about the musical habits and tastes of East European Jewish folksingers, may always elude us due to the destruction of the life-styles, communities, and singers during World War II.

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ווארשא

## NOTE ON TRANSCRIPTION

The Yiddish transcription follows standard orthography. Basic features of dialect pronunciation and language use are reflected in the romanization, which follows the system of the YIVO Institute for Jewish Research and the Library of Congress. The inconsistencies which appear are in part attributable to Mrs. Nirenberg's region, a border-area in which all the major Yiddish dialects meet, her long residence in Canada, and most recently, her involvement with a choir.

The Slavic transcriptions and romanizations also follow the Library of Congress system. Non-standard features are noted. All "-ye" and "-e" endings are pronounced as "ii" and "i".

## KEY TO SYMBOLS USED IN TRANSCRIPTIONS OF MELODIES

- ↑ = pitch slightly higher than written
- ↓ = pitch slightly lower than written
- ˘ = pitch slightly longer than written
- ˙ = pitch slightly shorter than written
- / = glide between pitches
- ∩ = glide up to pitch
- ∪ = glide away from pitch
- ˆ = breath
- v = slight pause
- (o) = pitch of performance. All songs transcribed for g final pitch to facilitate comparative reading.

## ANNOTATION

An asterisk \* indicates that the tune is published as well as the text.

## SIDE ONE

### 1. BIN IKH MIR A SHNAYDERL

♩ = 80-92

Bin ikh mir a shnay-derl a gi-tar  
ikh ney mir if a-te mul a fi-tar  
Dar-i bor git mir gi-te va-te  
Kh'leyg im a-rayn a far-foyl-te shma-te  
Ta-ra-ra... etc.

### בין איך מיר א שניידערל

בין איך מיר א שניידערל א גוטער  
איך ניי מיר אויף אלע מאל א פוטער  
דעריבער גיט מיר גוטע וואַסע  
כיליג אים אַרײַן אַ פאַרפּוילטע שמאַטע.  
טאַ-ראַ-ראַ . . .

אַבי איך האָב מיר מײַן שער און נאַדל  
אַזוי לעב איך מיר אָפּ בכּוּח גדול  
און אַזוי ווי איך גיב מיטן אַבײַן אַ זעץ  
אַזוי לעב איך מיר אָפּ ווי דער גרעסטער קופּעץ.  
טאַ-ראַ-ראַ . . .

אַזוי ווי איך הייב מיר אָן מיטן קרינדל צו קרינטן  
די סחורה טו איך אויך פאַרבײַטן  
און איך דריי מיר מיטן קרינדל אַהער און אַהין.  
איך זע, ס'זאַל מיר אַראָפּ אַרום אַ האַלבע אַרשין.  
טאַ-ראַ-ראַ . . .

אַזוי ווי עס קומט פּרײַטיק נאָך האַלבען טאַג  
אַזוי גיי איך שוין מײַנע שטיוועלעך אָפּגעפּרופּט  
און אַזוי ווי איך קום אין שיל צו דער טיר  
לירפּט שוין דער שמש אַנטקעגן מיר.  
טאַ-ראַ-ראַ . . .

bin ikh mir a shnayderl a gitar  
ikh ney mir if ale mul a fitar  
daribor git mir gite vate  
kh'leyg im arayn a farfoylte shmate  
ta-ra-ra. . . .

abi ikh 'ob mir mayn sher-in-nudl  
azey leyb ikh mir up bekuved-gudl  
in azey vi ikh gib mitn ayzn a zets  
azey leyb ikh mir up vi der grester kupyets  
ta-ra-ra. . . .

azey vi ikh 'eyb mir un mitn kraytl tse kraytn  
di skhere ti ikh oykh farbaytn  
in ikh drey mir mitn kraytl a'er in a'in  
ikh zey, s'zol mir arup arim a'albe arshin  
ta-ra-ra. . . .

azey vi es kimt fraytek nokh 'albn tug  
azey gey ikh shoyrn mayne shtibalakh ugepits  
in azoy vi ikh kim in shil tsi der tir  
loyft shoyrn der shames antkeygn mir  
ta-ra-ra. . . .

### I AM A TAILOR

I'm a good tailor  
I always make fur coats  
Therefore give me good cotton  
I'll replace it with a rotten rag  
Ta-ra-ra. . . .

As long as I have my scissors and needle  
I can live it up with panache  
As soon as I slam the iron down  
I live it up like the biggest businessman  
Ta-ra-ra. . . .

As soon as I start to mark with my chalk  
I also switch the cloth  
And I twist and turn with the chalk  
I make sure that about half a yard is left for me  
Ta-ra-ra. . . .

As soon as Friday afternoon arrives  
I go out in my polished boots  
As soon as I arrive at the synagogue door  
The sexton runs to meet me  
Ta-ra-ra. . . .

This version of a lively tailor's song contains new stanzas, a melodic variant and a new melodic refrain. Other versions were published in Bastomski 117,

Dobrushin-Yuditski 261, 100 naye folkslider 41, Kipnis 1925: 110\*, Rubin 1963: 197.

In the third stanza other versions state: "Ikh ganve arop a halbn arshin" (I appropriate for myself half an arshin—about 14 inches). A variant of the last stanza is found in a different song of a tailor in which, instead of the tailor's being greeted in the synagogue by the shames (sexton) as in Nirenberg's version, a customer enters and asks for a tailor. See Skuditski, 1933: 89, Dobrushin-Yuditski, 232: "Me klingt mir on in der tir / Geyt a zakashtshik ankegn mir / Un di shtivelekh oysgeputst / Un er fregt, vu a shnayder zitst" (My doorbell rings and a customer enters wearing polished boots and asks where a tailor can be found).

Mrs. Nirenberg learned this song from her grandfather when she was about ten years old. Her grandfather used to sing the song often.

Recorded September 26, 1969 in Toronto. BKG 1969: 20/3.

## 2. TSVISHN DI BERG DI GRINE

♩ = 104-112

Tse-vish-n di berg di gri-  
ne Shtromt a va-ser zey-er  
tif In dor-in zen-en fi-shn mil-  
yo-nen In zey,shv-i men dort a-rim.

### צווישן די בערג

צווישן די בערג די גרינע

שטראַמט אַ וואַסער זייער טיף  
און דאַרטן זענען פֿיש מיליאָנען  
און זיי שווימען דאָרט אַרום.

און דער פֿישער שווימט דאָרט אַרום  
מיט זײַן לאַטקע אויף דעם ברייטן טיף  
זעט ער יוצנידיק אַ מיידל אַ שיינע  
שיין געקליידט און זייער ריך.

אַ קינד האַלט זי אויף אירע הענט  
צוויי טעג איז דאָס אַלט  
אַליין איז זי אַ מיידל אַ שיינע  
שיין איז דאָס גאָר אין איר געשטאַלט.

אוי פֿיש, פֿיש, הערט נאָר צו  
כִּיהאַב אייך געבראַכט אַ מתנה צו פֿירן  
אַליין איז דאָס אַ גוטער ביסן  
איר זאָלט פֿון דעם אויך געניסן.

אוי, קינד, מײַן קינד, נעם אָן די ברוסט  
דאָס לעצטע מאל טוסטו זייגן  
פֿון אַ מוטערס אויגן טרערן פֿליסן  
איך טו דיך דאָ, מײַן קינד, אוועקלייגן.

אוי, דער פֿאַטער דער מערער  
וואָס ער האָט דאָס קינד אויף דער וועלט געבראַכט  
אַליין ויצט ער אין זײַן צימער פֿאַרשלאָסן  
און איך דאַרף טרויערן, סײַ טאַג סײַ נאַכט.

ער האָט מיר צוגעוואָגט גאַלדענע בערג  
און גאַלדענע שלעסער  
ער האָט מיך אָפּגעקוילעט אָן אַ שווער  
און אַן אַ מעסער.

ער האָט מיר געשוואָרן בײַ זײַן איידלקייט  
און בײַ זײַנע אַדעלע אַבנות  
בײַ זײַנע עלטערן אין ווייניגאַרטן  
האַב איך געלעבט אַזוי אין טעות.



tsvishn di berg di grine  
shtromt a vaser zeyer tif  
in dorn zenen fishn milyonen  
in zey shvimen dort arim.

in der fisher shvimt dort arim  
mit zayn lotke oyf dem breyt'n taykh  
zeyt er zitsndik a meyd' a sheyne  
sheyn gekleydet in zeyer raykh.

a kind 'alt zi oyf ire hent  
tsvey tug iz dus alt  
aleyn iz zi a meyd' a sheyne  
sheyn iz dos gor in ir geshtalt.

oy, fishn, fishn, hert nor tsi  
kh'ob aykh gebrakht a matune tsumfirn  
aleyn iz dos eyn gitar bisn  
ir zolt fin deym oykh genisn.

kind, mayn kind, nem on di Brust  
dos letste mol tiste zeygn  
fin a miters oygn trem flisn  
ikh ti dir du, mayn kind, avekleygn.

oy, der foter der merder  
vos er 'ot dos kind oyf der velt gebrakht  
aleyn zitst er in zayn tsimer farshlosn  
in ikh darf troyarn, say tug say nakht.

er 'ot mikh tsigezugt goldene berg  
in goldene shleser  
er 'ot mikh upgekoylet un a shverd  
in un a meser.

er 'ot mir geshvorn ba zayn eydlkayt  
in ba zayne adele uves  
ba zayne eltern in vayngortn  
'ob ikh geleybt azoy in toyes.

### BETWEEN THE GREEN MOUNTAINS

Between the green mountains  
Flows a very deep stream  
Millions of fish are there  
And they are swimming along.

And the fisherman sails along there  
With his boat on the wide river  
He sees a pretty girl sitting there  
Nicely dressed and very rich.

She holds a child in her arms  
It is two days old  
She herself is a pretty girl  
The beautiful baby takes after her.

Oh fish, fish, do listen to me  
I have brought a present for you  
It is a singularly dainty morsel  
You too should partake of it.

Oh my child! Take my breast  
This is the last time you will suckle  
From a mother's eyes flow tears  
I lay you down here, my child.

Oh your father, the murderer,  
Who brought the child into the world  
He sits alone, locked in his room  
And I have to grieve both day and night.

He promised me golden mountains  
And golden castles  
He slaughtered me  
Without a sword and without a knife.

He swore to me by his honor  
And by his noble ancestors  
In his parents' vineyard  
Did I go astray.

Variants of this song of the unwed mother casting her  
infant into the river are found in Cahan 1938: no. 12;  
1957: nos. 31\*-32, Ginsburg-Marek no. 235, Pipe  
no. 38, Rozntal 369, *Tsaytshrift* 817. The last stanza  
in the Ginsburg-Marek version reads: "Ikh hob im  
gegleybt oyf ernst vort / Un oyf zayn eydeln soyvest, /  
Bay mayne eltern in vayngortn / Hob ikh gelebt in  
toves (toes)." (I trusted his word / and his noble coun-  
sel, / In my parents' vineyard / I lived in error.) The  
word "soyvest" is replaced here with "oves" (pat-  
riarchs).

Mrs. Nirenberg learned this song from her step-  
mother shortly after World War I.

Recorded September 23, 1969 in Toronto. BKG  
1969: 19/1.

### 3. OYFN BRIK, INTARN BRIK

$\text{♩} = 108$

Oy-fn brik, in-tarn brik shtey-en  
toy-bn par-n Nokh kayn nakh-as nit ge-  
hat avek di yin-ge-yo-m, nokh kayn  
nakh-as nit ge-hat a-vek di yin-ge-yo-m

#### אויפן בריק

אויפן בריק, אונטערן בריק,  
שטייען טויבן פארן, שטייען טויבן פארן  
נאך קיין נחת ניט געהאט  
(2) [ אָוועק די יונגע יאָרן.

שפאנטס איין, ברידער, שפאנטס איין גיכער  
שפאנטס איין פערד אין פארן, שפאנטס איין פערד  
אין פארן

מיר וועלן לויפן, נאכיאגן  
(2) [ אונדזערע יונגע יאָרן.

מיר האבן דערייאגט אונדזערע יאָרן  
אויפן איינזענעם בריק, אויפן איינזענעם בריק  
(2) [ יאָרן, קומט אויף צוריק,  
אויף איין אויגנבליק.

ניין, ניין, ניין, מיר וועלן ניט גיין  
עס איז ניטאָ צו וועמען, עס איז ניטאָ צו וועמען  
(2) [ האָט איר אונדז יונגערהייט  
ניט געדאַרפט פאַרשעמען.

די פיר רוסישע טראָפּעט געפֿינטן זיך אין דער  
ווייטערדיקער טראָפּעטקריפּציע.

oyfn brik, intarn brik  
shteyen toybn porn (2)  
nokh kayn nakhas nit gehat (2)  
avek di yinge yorn

shpantz ayn brider, shpantz ayn gikher  
shpantz ayn ferd in porn (2)  
mir veln loyfn, nokhyogyn (2)  
indzere yinge yorn.

mir 'obn deryogt indzere yorn  
oyfn ayze'nem brik (2)  
yorn, yorn, kumt oyf ts'rik (2)  
oyf eyn oygnblik.

neyn, neyn, neyn, mir veln nit geyn  
s'i nito tsi vemen (2)  
'ot ir indz yingareyt  
nit gedarft farshtemen. ] (2)

NAD MOSTU, POD MOSTU  
GOLUBI SIDELI (2)  
ESHCHE RADOST' NE VIDAL  
GODY POLETELI ] (2)

ZAPRIAGAITE KHLOPSTY KONI  
KONI GOLUBYE (2)  
MY POEDEM DOGONIAT ] (2)  
GODY MOLODYE

MY DOGNALI NASHI GODY  
NA SHIROKII MOSTIK (2)  
GODY GODY VOROTITES' ] (2)  
VY K NAM V GOSTI

NET, NET, NET, NE POIDEM  
VY NE ZASLUZHILI (2)  
NADO BYLO RASPOL 'ZOVAT'SIA ] (2)  
KOGDA MY U VAS BYLI

### ON THE BRIDGE, UNDER THE BRIDGE

On the bridge, under the bridge  
Stand pairs of doves (2)  
Still no gratification  
The young years have passed. ] 2

Hitch, brothers, hitch faster  
Hitch the horses in pairs (2)  
We will run and chase  
The years of our youth. ] 2

We have overtaken our years  
On the iron bridge (2)  
Years, years, come back  
For an instant. ] 2

No, no, no, we will not go  
There is no one to go to (2)  
You should not have shamed us  
In our youth. ] 2

Over the bridge, under the bridge  
Pigeons were sitting (2)  
Still no happiness  
The years have passed by. ] 2

Boys, hitch the horses  
My trusty steeds (2)  
We are going to chase  
The years of our youth. ] 2

We have overtaken our years  
On the wide bridge (2)  
Years, years, come back  
You would be a welcome guest. ] 2

No, no, no, we will not go  
You do not deserve it (2)  
You should have enjoyed us  
When you had us. ] 2

In Mrs. Nirenberg's version of this macaronic song,  
the Yiddish lyrics are followed by a loose Russian  
translation. In some variants Yiddish and Ukrainian  
stanzas alternate; in others the lyrics appear only in  
Yiddish or only in Ukrainian. Mixed-language vari-  
ants and Slavic parallels may be found in Ansky 184,  
Beregovskii 1930:49, Skudiitski 1935: 121, 1936:  
362, and *Tsaytshrift* 790, no. 6. Yiddish variants ap-  
pear in Cahan 1957: no. 560\*, Dobrushin-Yuditski

227, Gelbart 1945: 58\*, Idelsohn no. 33 II\*, Kipnis  
1918: 40\*, Mlotek 1972:132\*, Rubin 1950: 108\*,  
1965:51\*.

Mrs. Nirenberg learned this song from children in  
Czarnawczyce.

Recorded June 25, 1983 in Toronto, BKG 1983:4/  
18.



Mariam Nirenberg. Wedding portrait. Toronto, 1933.

### 4. LIBE MENTSHN 'ERT MIKH OYS

$\text{♩} = c. 80$  *Parlando-rubato*

Li-be men-tshn, 'ert mikh oys  
ikh bin ge-vey-zn a me-la-med  
A-le may-ne yu-m ge-ley-gn tif in dr'erd  
rit.  
tse-lib dem kom-ets, pa-sakh, la-med.  
Gear-bet 'ob ikh tug in nakht, ikh 'ob  
nit ge-'at kayn par-nu-se Kh'bin ge-ki-men  
kayn a-me-ri-ke, a "stor" zikh ge-makht in fin deym  
'ob ikh ge-tsey-gn di 'akh-nu-se. Nor end.  
likh der-zeyn a 'el-di-she moyd a shey-ne  
broadly  
fru-ge-veyn un-tse-ki-kn oy, far-  
frukht 'ob ekh zikh in ir biz tsem toyt  
a tempo  
yets'ert oys mayne a-mar-ka-nar-gli-kn.



ליבע מענטשן

ליבע מענטשן, הערט מיך אויס  
איך בין געווען א מלמד  
אלע מיניע יארן געלעגן טיף אין דר'ערד  
צוליב דעם קמץ, פחה, למד.

געארבעט האב איך טאג-און-נאכט  
איך האב נישט געהאט קיין פרנסה  
כיבין געקומען קיין אמעריקע, א „סטאר“  
זיך געמאכט  
און פון דעם האב איך געצויגן די הכנסה.

נאך ענדלעך דערוען א העלדישע מויד  
א שיינע פרוכט געווען אַנצוקוקן  
אוי, פאַרליבט האָב איך זיך אין איר ביז צום טויט  
יעצט הערט אויס מיניע אמעריקאנער גליקן.

א צייט איז אריבער, איך גיי ארום און טראכט  
איך טראכט נאך אלץ וועגן דער בתולה  
אין חלום פלעג איך מיט איר ריידן אלע נאכט  
געווען איז אויף מיר א גדולה.

נאך ענדלעך אַנטדעקט האָב איך איר מיין בקשה  
מיט פרייד האָט זי מיר אויסגעהערט  
א פלל איך געפֿעל איר נאָר נישקשה  
זי פֿרעגט מיך, צי בין איך איר באַשערט.

געלאָפֿן בין איך אין א „סטאר“  
איר מתנות קויפֿן  
און געקויפֿט האָב איך איר אוירינגען, א פֿאַר  
כֿהאָב אַפּגערעדט אַ חתונה אין גיכן.

די חתונה איז אַפּגערעדט אין אַ מולדיקע שעה  
איך גיי מיר צו אַ רב, אַ באַקאַנטן  
אַז חופּה-קידושין זאָל ער מיר געבן דאָ  
און אַ גט זאָל ער אַפּשיקן יענטען.

דער רב האָט דעם גט נישט אַפּגעשיקט  
ווייל דער גט איז אים נישט געלונגען  
די חתונה-נאָכט האָט זיך אונטערגערוקט  
און פֿון פרייד האָב איך אונטערגעשפרונגען.

נאָר ענדלעך אַנטדעקט די חופּה-שעה  
אונטערפֿירערס נעמען מיר אונטערפֿירן  
נאָר פּלוצלינג דערוען איך, מיין יענטע איז דאָ  
אויס חתונה, אויס חופּה-קידושין.

און פֿאַר שרעק האָב איך פֿאַרלאָרן מיין געדאַנק  
אַפּגענומען איז מיר געוואָרן דאָס לשון  
איך טו אַ קוק, מיין יענטע, זי פֿירט מיר פֿאַר  
דער האָנט

אויס חתונה, אויס חופּה-קידושין.

גענומען בין [האָב] איך מיין יענטע, איך בין אַוועק  
ווייל געהאַט האָב איך נישט קיין ברירה  
ווייל דאָרט איז שוין געשטאַנען אַ פּאַליסמאַן  
בני דער טיר  
און ער פֿרעגט מיך: ווער איז די סחורה?

הינט איז בני מיר הישעה-באָב אין הויז  
ס'לאָכן פֿון מיר אַלע באַקאַנטע  
אַזא מול זאָל האָבן דער אמעריקאַנער רב  
איך לעב מיר מיט מיין גריניטשקער יענטע.

libe mentshn, 'ert mikh oys  
ikh bin geveyzn a melamed  
ale mayne yurn geleygn tif in dr'erd  
tselib dem komets, pasakh, lamed.

gearbet 'ob ikh tug in nakht  
ikh 'ob nit ge'at kayn parnuse  
kh'bin gekimem kayn amerike, a "stor" zikh  
gemakht  
in fin deym 'ob ikh getseygn di 'akhnuse.

nor endlikh derzeyn a 'eldishe moyd  
a sheyne frukht geveyn untsekikn  
oy, farlibt 'ob ekh zikh in ir biz tsem toyt  
yetst 'ert oys mayne amarkanar glikn.

a tsayt iz fariber, ikh gey arim in trakht  
ikh trakht nokh alts veygn der psile  
in khulem fleyg ikh mit ir reydn ale nakht  
geveyzn iz oyf mir a gedile.

nor endlikh endekt 'ob ikh ir mayn bakushe  
mit freyd 'ot zi mir oysgeheret  
a klal, ikh gefel ir gur nishkushe  
zi freygt mikh, tsi bin ikh ir beshert.

gelofn bin ikh in a "stor"  
ir matunes koyfn  
in gekoyft 'ob ekh ir oyringen, a pur  
kh'ob upgeret a khasene in gikhn.

di khasene iz upgeret in a mazldike shu  
ikh gey mir tsi a ruv, a bakantn  
az khipe-kedishn zol er mir geybn du  
in a get zol er upshikn yenten.

der ruv 'ot dem get nisht upgeshikt  
vayl der get iz eyrn nisht gelungen  
di khasene-nakht 'ot zikh intargerikt  
in fin freyd 'ob ikh intargeshpringen.

nor endlikh endekt di khipe-shu  
intarfirars nemen mir intarfirn  
nor plitsling darze ikh, mayn yente iz du  
oys khasene, oys khipe-kedishn.

in far shrek 'ob ikh farlorn mayn gedaynk  
upgenimen iz mir gevorn dus lushn  
ikh ti a kik—mayn yente, zi firt mir far der 'ant  
oys khasene, oys khipe-kedishn.

genimen bin (= hob) ikh mayn yenten, ikh  
bin avek  
vayl ge'at 'ob ikh nisht kayn breyre  
vayl dort iz shoyrn geshtanen a plismen bay der  
tir  
in er fregt mikh: "ver i' di skhoyre?"

'aynt iz bay mir tishe-buv in 'oyz  
s'lakhn fin mir ale bakante  
aza mazl zol 'ubn der amarkanar ruv  
ikh leyb mir mit mayn grinitshker yente.

DEAR PEOPLE, HEAR ME OUT

Dear people, hear me out  
I used to be a *milamed*  
I was miserable the whole time  
Because of the A,B,C's.

I worked day and night  
I couldn't make ends meet  
I came to America, I opened a store  
And from that I made a living.

But finally I noticed a robust girl  
A beautiful woman to look at  
I fell in love with her for ever and ever  
Now listen to the luck I had in America.

Time has passed and I wander and think  
I am still thinking about the maiden  
I would talk with her in my dreams every night  
I was overcome with happiness.

Finally I proposed to her  
She listened to me joyfully  
In short, she likes me quite a bit  
She asks if I am destined to be hers.

I ran into a store  
To buy her gifts  
I bought her a pair of earrings  
I made wedding arrangements immediately.

We decided to get married at an auspicious time  
I go to a rabbi I know  
To perform the marriage ceremony  
And send the divorce to Yente.

The rabbi did not send the divorce  
Because he could not work it out  
The wedding night approached  
And I jumped for joy.

Finally the wedding hour arrives  
Escorts come to escort me  
But all of a sudden I see that Yente is here  
The marriage is off, the ceremony is off.

The shock was so great I lost my mind  
I was left speechless  
I cast a glance—my Yente is leading me by the  
hand  
The marriage is off, the wedding is off.

I took my Yente, I went away  
Because I had no choice  
For a policeman was standing there at the door  
And he asks me, "Who is the broad?"

Today is a day of mourning in my house  
My acquaintances laugh at me  
May the American rabbi have such luck  
I'm living with my greenhorn Yente.

This song tells of an immigrant's thwarted hopes of taking a bride in America without first divorcing his wife in Europe, and of the latter's unexpected appearance at his wedding. The theme is also found in the popular song *Moike fun slobotke*, words and music by Morris Rund, New York, 1922. Variants appeared in the *Forward* 11/2/75 and 6/19/77, without the melody.

Mrs. Nirenberg learned this song in Brześć during the 1920s from Henye Shushanoff, who learned it during a visit to New York and brought it back with her to Brześć. Mrs. Shushanoff later immigrated to Toronto.

Recorded October 24, 1969 in Toronto. BKG 1969: 2/7.

5. NEKHTN BAY NAKHT (DI BORD)

$\text{♩} = 80$  *Parlando-rubato*

Nekh-tn bay nakht bin ikh kan pal-ta-ve  
ge-fo-m A- zey 'ob ikh dort mayn man  
 $\text{♩} = 76$  *Giusto*  
nisht dar-kont Er 'ot zikh zayn ber-dl a-rin-  
ter-ge-nimen A- zey'ob ikh ge-makht a lya-rem, a  
ge-vald. Oy ge-vald! ov ge-vald! di bord zol mir zayn.  
*rit.*  
oy ge-vald! oy ge-vald! di bord zol mir zayn.

די באָרד

נעכטן בני נאכט בין איך קיין פּאַלטאַווע געפֿאַרן  
אַווי האָב איך דאָרט מיין מאָן נישט דערקאַנט  
ער האָט זיך זיין בערדל אַרונטערגענומען  
אַווי האָב איך געמאַכט אַ ליאַרעם, אַ געוואַלד.  
אוי געוואַלד! אוי געוואַלד! די באָרד זאָל מיר זיין. (2)

וואָס האָט דיר די באָרד געטאַן פֿאַר אַ רעה?  
צי האָט זי דיר פֿאַרגרעסערט דיין הוצאַה?  
צי האָט זי זיך געמישט אין דינע אינטערעסן?  
צי האָט זי בני דיר געבעטן עסן?  
אוי, געוואַלד . . .

זאָג מיר, מיין מאָן, צי ביסטו נאָך דער קאַכער?  
דו וועסט זאָך נאָך אויס ווי אַ יונגיטשקער כּחור  
כּיוואַלט קיין מאָל נישט געוואַלט אויף מיין לעבן  
דאָס גלייבן  
אַז דו זאָלט דיין בערדל דעם צערולניק אַפּגעבן.  
אוי, געוואַלד . . .

נעכטן בני נאכט האב איך געזען צו חלום  
דיין גאַנץ בערדלעע עלייהרשום  
אַ האָר אַהין, אַ האָר אַהער  
צוקאַפּנס איז געלעגן אַ גאַלמעסער מיט אַ שער.  
אוי, געוואַלד . . .

די באָרד זאָל מיר זיין, די אייגענע גרייס  
די באָרד זאָל מיר זיין, איך האַלט עס נישט אויס. (2)

nekhtn bay nakht bin ikh kan paltave geforn  
azey 'ob ikh dort mayn man nisht darkont  
er 'ot zikh zayn berdl arintergenimen  
azey 'ob ikh gemakht a lyarem, a gevald.  
oy gevald! oy gevald! di bord zol mir  
zayn. (2)

vos 'ot dir di bord geton far a roye?  
tsi 'ot zi dir fargresart dayn 'atsoye?  
tsi 'ot zi zakh gemisht in dayne interesn?  
tsi 'ot zi bay dir gebeten esn?  
oy gevald . . .

zug mir, mayn man, tsi biste nokh der kukhar?  
di zeyst zakh gor oys vi a yingitshker bokher  
kh 'volt keyn mol nisht gevolt oyf mayn leybn  
dus gleybn  
a' di zolst dayn berdl dem tserulnik opgeybn.  
oy gevald. . .

nekhtn ba nakht 'ob ikh gezeyn tsi kholem  
dayn gants berdele olev-asholem  
a 'or a'in, a 'or a'er  
tsekopns iz gelegn a golmeser mit a sher  
oy gevald. . .

di bord zol mir zayn, di eygene groys  
di bord zol mir zayn, ikh alt es nisht oys. ] 2

LAST NIGHT (THE BEARD)

Last night I went to Poltava  
I didn't recognize my husband there  
He had shaved off his beard  
So I sounded an alert, raised a hue and cry,  
Help! Help! Bring back the beard. (2)

What harm did the beard do you?  
Did it increase your expenses?  
Did it interfere in your affairs?  
Did it ask you to feed it?  
Help! Help! Bring back the beard. (2)



Tell me my husband, are you still Kukher?  
You really look like a young lad  
I would never in my life have believed  
That you would give your beard up to the barber,  
Help! Help! Bring back the beard. (2)

Last night I saw in a dream  
Your whole beard, may it rest in peace  
A hair here, a hair there  
At your head lay a razor and a scissors.  
Help! Help! Bring back the beard. (2)

Bring back the beard, the same size  
Bring back the beard, I can't stand it. ] 2

A folklorized version of Mikhl Gordon's (1823-1890) perennial favorite "Di bord," published originally in his anonymous collection *Di bord un dertsu nokh andere sheyne yidishe lider ale fun a groysn khosid*, Zhitomir, 1868, and reprinted, with revisions, in his *Shirey M. Gordon yidishe lider*, Warsaw, 1889. The original version was reprinted in J. and C. Mlotek 27. Different folk versions were published in Idelsohn no. 752\*, Mlotek 1951, 1972: 128\*, Rubin 1963: 259. Mrs. Nirenberg sings a closer, longer, and earlier version of the song: like the original, it contains the one-line refrain and the word *koker*, which Gordon explains in his *Shirey* . . . is a made-up surname, apparently to rhyme with *bokher*. Poltava also appears in Gordon's song *Der get (Tsi zayt ir, reb yid, in poltave geven)*, in which a wife asks a traveller if he has seen her husband, who has shorn off his beard. Mrs. Nirenberg's melody is unlike the others; its opening line resembles the recruit song "Nayn khadoshim." See Beregovski-Fefer 116\*.

Mrs. Nirenberg learned this song from a relative in Kamieniec Litewski when young people got together socially.

Recorded June 25, 1983 in Toronto. BKG 1983: 6/27.

## 6. IKH FUR MIR AROY'S (VYO-VYO FERDALAKH)

$\text{♩} = 60-92$  *Parlando-rubato* *Moderate*

ikh fur mir a-roys in a-za en-ger boyd  
mit fer-da-lakh fir in der breyt s'iz a kho-y-shakh, la vyi-

$\text{♩} = 63-66$  *slower*  
ge, men zeyt nit di vel't di veyg iz fer-shneyt

*faster*  
un fer-veyt. Vyo-vyo, fer-da-lakh,  
vyo-vyo, ud-la-lakh heybt zhe di ke-pa-lakh

oyf Firt di par-sheyn-da-lakh, 'strey-slt zikh  
di beyn-da-lakh Vyo, az geyn zol a-roykh.

Pitch and tempo level imprecise for 1946 recordings.  
Pitch slightly lower.

איך פֿאַר מיר אַרויס

איך פֿאַר מיר אַרויס אין אַזאַ ענגער בויד  
מיט פֿערדעלעך פֿיר אין דער ברייט  
ס'איז אַ חושך, אַ וויגע, מע זעט ניט די וועלט  
די וועג איז פֿאַרשניט און פֿאַרווייט.

וויאַ-וויאַ, פֿערדעלעך, וויאַ-וויאַ, אַדלערלעך  
הייבט זשע די קעפעלעך אויף  
פֿירט די פֿאַרשוינדעלעך, טרייסלט זיך די ביינדעלעך  
וויאַ, אַז גיין זאָל אַ רויד.

איין פֿאַרשוידל בעט מיר: „ר, ידל, פֿאַרט גיך  
איך דאַרף צום גוטן-יידן“  
דער צווייטער בעט מיר: „ר, ידל, פֿאַמעלעך פֿאַרט  
אוי, כּוועל זיין שפעט צו די יידן.“

יאַ, יאַ, ידעלעך, יאַ-יאַ, ידעלעך  
הערט ניט וואָס ס'ריידן די לביט  
וואָס מיר גוטע ידעלעך, וואָס מיר ידעלעך  
וויאַ — אַ קרעטשמע איז ניט ווייט.

געקומען אין קרעטשמע שפעט אין דער נאַכט  
געטראָפֿן דאָרט אַ דייטש ביי דער וואָג  
אַ יד, אַ בעל-חשבון, אַן אַמזערנערקאַפּ  
ער מאַכט אַ לחיים ביז טאָג.

יאַ, יאַ, דייטשעלע, יאַ, יאַ קרעטשמעלע  
לעבן זאָלט איר לאַנגע יאַר  
גיט מיר אַ פּוסע, טאַקע אַ גרויסע  
יאַ — גיט נאָך אַ פֿאַר.

גענומען אַ פּוסע, אַ צווייטע און יאַ  
ער שמייכלט און טרינקט, מײַן דייטש  
פֿאַרטרוקען די בויד און פֿאַרטרוקען דאָס פֿערד  
און געקומען אַהיים מיטן בייטש.

יאַ, יאַ, וויבעלע, יאַ, יאַ, טיבעלע  
קיין גראָשן אויף שבת ניטאַ  
שאַ, שאַ, זאָרג נאָר ניט, שאַ, שאַ, קלאַג נאָר ניט  
יאַ, אַ גאַט איז נאָך דאָ.

ikh fur mir aroys in aza enger boyd  
mit ferdalakh fir in der breyt  
s'iz a khoyshakh, a vyuge, men zeyt nit di vel't  
di veyg iz fershneyt un ferveyt.

vyo-vyo, ferdalakh, vyo-vyo, udla'lakh  
heybt zhe di kepalakh oyf  
firt di parsheyndalakh, 's treyslt zikh di  
beyndalakh  
vyo, az geyn zol a roykh.

eyn parsheyndl beyt mir, "rab yidl, furt gikh  
ikh darf tsim gitn yidn"  
der tsveyter beyt mir, "rab yidl, pameylakh furt  
oy, kh'vel zayn shpeyt tsi di yiridn."

yo, yo, yidalakh, yo, yo, yiridalakh  
hert nit vos reyd'n di layt  
vus mir gite yidalakh, vus mir yiridalakh  
vyo—a kreytshme'z nit vayt.

gekimen in kreytshme shpeyt in der nakht  
getrofn dort a daytsh bay der vog  
a yid, a bal-khezbn, a hayze'ne kop  
er makht a lekhayem biz tog.

yo, yo, daytshele, yo, yo kreytshmele  
leybn zolt ir lange yor  
git mir a koyse, take a groysse  
yo—git nokh a por.

genimen a koyse, a tsveyte in yo  
er shmeykhlt un trinkt, mayn daytsh  
fartrinken di boyd in fartrinken dos ferd  
in gekimen aheym mitn baytsh.

yo, yo, vaybele, yo, yo, taybele  
kayn groshn oyf shabes nitu  
sha, sha, zorg nor nit, sha, sha, klog nor nit  
yo, a got iz nokh do.

## I SET OUT (GIDDY-UP HORSES)

I set out in my crowded wagon  
With my horses four abreast  
It's pitch dark in a blizzard, I can't see a thing  
The road is snow covered and windy.

Giddy up, my horses, giddy up, my eagles  
Hold your heads high  
Carry the passengers, the bones are shaking  
Giddy up, raise up a cloud.

One passenger requests: "Mister, hurry  
Hurry, I must get to my *rebe*!"\*  
The other requests: "Mister, take your time  
I'd rather be late for the fair."

Yes, yes, my good men, yes, yes, my good fair  
Don't listen to what people say  
What do I care about the *rebes* or about the fairs  
Giddy up, an inn is nearby.

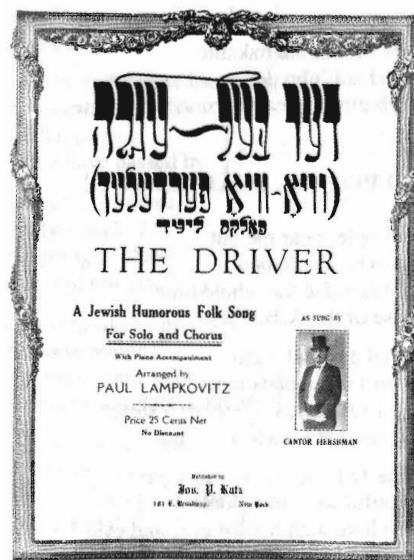
We get to the inn late at night  
I meet a modern guy  
Good with figures, a real smart guy  
He drinks to long life until daybreak.

Yes, yes, my man, yes, yes, my inn  
Long life to you!  
Give me a drink, make it a big one  
Yes, give me a couple more.

I have a drink, another and, yes  
He's smiling and drinking, my man  
I drank away the wagon, I drank away the  
horses  
And headed home with only the whip.

Yes, yes, my wife, yes, yes, my dove  
We don't have a penny for the Sabbath  
Sh, don't worry, sh, don't complain  
Yes, we still have God.

\*Hasidic rabbi



Widely distributed in oral tradition, many folksongs entered the popular repertoire through repeated publication in new musical arrangements, concert performances, and commercial recordings. Included in the series *Folksongs Collected and Arranged by Leo Low* is "Vyo-vyo ferdele", also known as "Der bategole" (*The waggoner*). In *Leo Low's 1922 arrangement*, the passenger is concerned about getting to market as in Mrs. Nirenberg's 1946 rendition.

Partly derivative of Berl Broder's (Ber Margolyus, 1815-1868) "*A lid fun eyn balagole*", *Shirey zimre*, published 1860?. The *daytsh* (literally the German) in this song refers to an enlightened person, usually in a disparaging sense. In Mrs. Nirenberg's later renditions of this song, *meridn* (hemorrhoids) appears instead of *yiridn* (fairs): "*rab yidl, pameylakh fortloy ikh layd oyf meridn*" (Mister, take your time/I suffer from piles). Other folklorized versions in Beregovski-Fefer 64\*, Dobrushin-Yuditski 276, Ginsburg-Marek no. 328, Idelsohn no. 527\*, Kipnis 1918: 109\*, 90 *geklibene lider* 26, etc. Incidentally Broder's song is quoted by the eminent Ukrainian writer Ivan Franko (1856-1916), who knew Broder personally, in his memoirs about his Jewish acquaintances, cf. Mlotek, *Forward* 10/3/1976.

Mrs. Nirenberg learned this song in Czarnawczyce when she was 12 years old, from a cousin who was visiting from Miedzzyrzec (Mezritsh). Mrs. Nirenberg heard the song at a party that was made in her cousin's honor.

Recorded 1946 in Toronto. BKG 1979: 2/24.

## 7. VEN IKH BIN DRAYTSN YOR ALT GEVORN

$\text{♩} = 96-112$

Ven ikh bin dray- tsn yor alt ge- vo- m bin ikh ge-  
vorn bal-mits- ve Ikh bin ge- gayn- gen ar- bay- tn  
nisht ki- men tsi kayn kits- ve Tsi kits- ve bin. ikh  
ge- ki- men in tsu- res fil ge- hat Der shat-  
khn ot mir di kop far-dreyt mitn far-flukh-tn 'a- rey- at.

ווען איך בין דרייצן יאָר

ווען איך בין דרייצן יאָר אַלט געוואָרן  
בין איך געוואָרן בעל-מיצווה  
איך בין געגאַנגען אַרבעטן  
נישט קומען צו קיין קיצבה  
צו קיצבה בין איך געקומען  
און צרות פֿיל געהאַט  
דער שרעק האָט מיר די קאַפּ פֿאַרדרייט  
מיטן פֿאַרפֿלוקטן הריי-אַת.

איך האָב געשריבן תּנאים  
און באַלד געשטעלט די חופּה  
טרעפֿן זאָל די שונאים  
ווי ס'האַט מיך געטראָפֿן די קליפה  
קוים וויל מען חתונה האָבן  
איז מען ערגער ווי געשמרט  
מע ווערט שוין באַלד באַגראָבן  
ווען מע זאָגט דעם הריי-אַת.

מיינע איין און צוואַנציק יאָר  
זענען מיר אַנגעקומען  
פֿאַר אַ זעלנער גאָר  
האַט מען מיך צוגענומען  
ביי אַלעקסאַנדערן דעם דריטן  
בין איך געווען אַ סאַלדאַט  
כ׳האַב אַזוי פֿיל נישט געליטן  
ווי כ׳האַב געזאָגט דעם הריי-אַת.

ven ikh bin draytsn yor alt gevorn  
bin ikh gevorn bal-mitsve  
ikh bin gegayngen arbaytn  
nisht kimen tsi kayn kitsve  
tsi kitsve bin ikh gekimen



in tsures fil gehat  
der shatkhn 'ot mir di kop fardreyt  
mitn farflukhtn 'areyat.

ikh 'ob geshribn tnoyim  
in bald geshtelt di khippe  
trefn zol di sonim  
vi s'ot mir getrofn di klippe  
kom vil men khasene 'ubn  
iz men erger vi geshmat  
me vert shoy'n bald bagrubn  
az me zugt dem 'areyat.

mayne eyn in tsvantsik yur  
zenen mir ungekimen  
far a zelnar gur  
'ot men mikh tsigenimen  
ba aleksandarn dem drin  
bin ikh geveyzn a soldat  
kh'ob azoy fil nisht gelitn  
vi kh'ob gezugt dem 'areyat.

### WHEN I WAS THIRTEEN YEARS OLD

When I was thirteen years old, I came of age  
I went to work to avoid the dole  
I ended up on relief and had lots of troubles  
The matchmaker confused me with the cursed,  
"I do."

I got engaged and immediately got married  
May my enemies be cursed with a shrew like  
the one I got  
No sooner does a person want to marry, he is  
worse off than converted  
He is sunk the minute he says, "I do."

When I became twenty-one years old  
I was drafted into the army, of all things  
I was a soldier for Alexander the Third  
Nothing has made me suffer as much as saying,  
"I do."

Part of a song entitled "Hareyat" by M. Zavadnik  
printed in *Tsvey hundert lider* 104, without the  
melody. Other versions were printed in *Forward* 5/9/  
71 and 5/30/71.

Mrs. Nirenberg learned this song in her teens in  
Czarnawczyce.

Recorded September 23, 1969 in Toronto. BKG  
1969: 18/60b.



### 8. I SHUMYT

$\text{♩} = 108-112$  (3d stanza)

A khtozh me-ne, mo'-le-du-ii do-do-men'-ku za-'ve-de?

I SHUMYT, I HUDE  
DROBNY DOSHCHYK IDE  
A KHTOZH MENE, MOLODUIU ] 2  
DO DOMEN' KU ZAVEDE?

NE VEDY TY MENE  
NE PROSHU IA TEBE  
IES'TS' U MENE LYKHY MUZH ] 2  
BUDE BYTY MENE.

NE ZA KHLIB, NE ZA SUL  
NE ZA KVARTU MUKY  
NO ZA TOIE, NO ZA TOIE. ] 2  
SHO LUBYLA DVORAKY.

NA BOK, KHLOPSTY, NA BOK S'E  
BO CHORT MUZHA NESE  
IAK POBACHE MENE Z VAMY ] 2  
AZHO SAM I ZATRASE.

### IT'S NOISY

It's noisy and buzzing  
A light rain is falling  
And who will take me ] 2  
Young thing, home?

You don't take me  
I'm not asking you  
I have a bad-tempered husband ] 2  
He'll beat me.

Not for bread, not for salt  
Nor for a quart of flour  
But because ] 2  
I loved servants.

Step aside, boys, step aside everyone  
Because an ill wind [literally the devil] is  
bringing my husband  
If he sees me with you ] 2  
He'll have a fit.

Variant of a well-known Ukrainian song found in  
various versions in many collections, including *Uk-  
rains'ki narodni pisni*, vypusk 5 (Kiev, 1965, p. 140)  
and *201 ukrains'kykh narodnykh pisen'* (New York,  
1971, pp. 45 and 123). It can also be found in two  
volumes of Oskar Kolberg's collected works *Dziela  
wszystkie*, vol. 52 (*Białoruś-Polesie*, Wrocław, 1968,  
as #572, pp. 362-3) and vol. 57/II/1 (*Rus' Czerwona*,  
Wrocław, 1978 as #1411, p. 468). Michal Federowski  
includes it among the Byelorussian songs published  
in his *Lud białoruski* (vol. 5, Warsaw, 1958, as #1299,  
and vol. 6, Warsaw, 1960 as #2564). Kolberg cites it  
from the oldest published collection of Polish folk-  
songs (i.e. songs from Polish territory), *Pieśni polskie i  
ruskie ludu galicyjskiego* (Lwów, 1833). [Both Fed-  
erowski and Kolberg are, of course, reprints of much  
earlier editions.]

The song here is sung in Ukrainian with features of  
the northern (Polesie) Ukrainian dialect. Although  
Czarnawczyce is administratively within the Byelo-  
russian S.S.R., the area is south of the traditional  
Byelorussian-Ukrainian linguistic border (roughly  
the Narev and Yaselda Rivers).

Most of the Ukrainian and Byelorussian versions  
make it clearer that the singer is making merry with  
the boys. Yiddish versions also are missing a second  
verse in which a Cossack offers to take her home.  
(Robert Rothstein)

Fragments of a Yiddish version of the song appear  
in Sholem Aleichem's play and the Maurice  
Schwartz film *Tevye der milkhiker*. The song is sung  
by Khave, an apostate. Although sung in Yiddish, the  
stage directions call for a "goyish lidl mit a bakanter

melody" (peasant song with a familiar melody), and  
Golda reprimands Khave: "Host shoy'n gor keyn an-  
dere lidl nit gekont gefinen, nor ot dos, vos ale  
shiks'es zingen? (Could you not find any other song  
except this one, of all things, which all the Gentile  
girls sing?).

On Yiddish sheet music published by the Hebrew  
Publishing Company in 1911, *I Shoomit i goodie* ar-  
ranged by L. Friedsell appears in a list of favorite  
Russian songs advertised by the publisher for what is  
clearly an East European Jewish audience. The song  
was also published in Ukrainian as sheet music  
around 1921 also by the Hebrew Publishing Com-  
pany in Louis Friedsell's arrangement.

Recorded March 20, 1975 in New York in concert.  
BKG 1975:14.



Sheet music for "Der talis" (*The prayer shawl*),  
sung by K. Juvelier in the operetta *The Jew in  
Sabiesky's Times at the Kalich Theatre*. Words by  
S. Smulewitz and music by A. Perlmutter and  
A. H. Wohl. Copyright 1906 by Leopold Spachner  
and published by Theodore Lohr, New York.

### 9. DUS TALESL

$\text{♩} = 63-69$

Dus ta-le-sl iz dokh eyn tay-e-re zakh  
oy, dus ge-hert dokh tsim yi-dn  
Yey-der-er 'ot in deym u-fe-ning a sakh  
in yey-der-er iz in deym tsu-fri-dn  
Oy, tay-er-er, ta-le-sl, herts-likh-e treyst

fil tft-les 'ers-ti zikh ayn  
Fin-a-le-bi-te-re her-tser-du-veyst  
di veyst gants git deym yi-de-les payn.  
In di bins, to-mid mi-tn yi-de-le  
fin zayn bris on 'ot-er dir  
In-a-zey vi men grobt mi-tn ri-de-le  
broadly  
vi-klt men eym ayn in dir.  
giusto  
Be-gloy-tat im in gloy-be-kayt  
broadly giusto  
Di bist mayn ey-bi-kayt Oy, dus  
ta-le-sl iz dokh di  
eyn-tsi-ke kleyd oy, fun dem  
yi-de-le in leyd un in freyd.  
Fin zayn ge-birts-tog biz tsum key-ver-geyt  
dus mit mit im Er vert i-ber-al-ge-yogt.





dus talesl iz dokh eyn tayere zakh  
oy, dus gehert dokh tsim yidn  
yeyderer 'ot in deym 'ofening a sakh  
in yeyderer iz in deym tsufridn.

oy, tayerer, talesl, hertslikhe treyst  
fil tfiles 'ersti zikh ayn  
fin ale bitere hertser du veyst  
di veyst gants git deym yideles payn.

in di binst tomid mitn yidele  
fin zayn bris on 'ot er dir  
in azey vi men grobt mitn ridele  
viklt men eym ayn in dir.

begloytat in gloybekayt  
di bist mayn eybikayt  
oy, dus talesl iz dokh di eyntsike kleyd  
oy, fun dem yidele in leyd un in freyd.

fin zayn gebirtstog biz tsum keyver geyst dus  
mit mit im  
er vert iberall geyogt, zayn leybn vert geplogt  
ales vos er farmogt nemt men tsi fun yid  
ales, ales, nor deym tales, dus nemt men nit.

ven ikh bin nor alt gevorn draytsn yor  
'ot men mikh ongeton a tales  
oy, vi veynik ikh 'ob nokh fershtanen dan  
var es mir tayerer fin ales.

oy, ikh 'ob dokh dan in mayn drushe tsigezugt  
az kh'vel 'altn mayn talesl reyn  
'aynt bin ikh layder in goles geplogt  
imer in trem in geveyn.

ayngezapt iz er mit mayn trer  
er triknt zikh keyn mol nit oys  
in oykh iz im mayne tsoures shver  
mayn payn vi zayn payn iz im groys.

ven er vert nor mit mazl tsi der khiphe gefirt  
der gliklikhster tog in zayn lebn  
in tayere kleyder vert er oysgetsirt  
nor a talesl muz men im gebn.

oy, naye gefiln be'ersh'n deym yingn-man  
ven er tit un deym tales mit freyd  
dan blaybst shoy'n, talesl, mayn, oyf evik mayn  
di blaybst shoy'n mayn evike kleyd.

di vest zayn raykh, vest 'obn milyonon gelt  
ales vet dir farshtanen  
elnt vestu zayn, in dayn evikn getselt  
nor mir, talesl, veste mitnemen.

### THE PRAYER SHAWL

The prayer shawl is really a precious thing  
Oh, it belongs of course to the Jew  
Everyone has much hope in it  
And everyone is pleased with it.

Oh, dear prayer shawl, heartfelt comfort  
You listen to many prayers  
From all the bitter hearts you know  
You know full well the Jew's anguish.

And you are always with the Jew  
He has you from his circumcision on  
And when they dig with a shovel [to make  
a grave]  
They wrap him up in you [as a burial shroud].

Accompanying me faithfully  
You are my eternity  
Oh, the prayer shawl is the only garment  
Oh, of the Jew in sadness and joy.

From the day of his birth until the grave,  
it goes along with him  
He is chased everywhere, he is harassed  
Everything the Jew owns is taken away  
Everything except the prayer shawl, it is not  
taken away.

When I was only thirteen years old  
They put a prayer shawl on me  
Oh, how little I understood then  
It became the most precious thing to me.

Oh, even then I promised in my  
bar mitzvah speech  
That I would keep my prayer shawl clean  
Today, sadly, I suffer in exile  
Forever in tears, crying.

The prayer shawl is soaked with my tears  
It never dries out  
My troubles are also hard on it  
It feels my anguish like its own.

When he [the groom] is led to the wedding  
canopy under a lucky star  
The happiest day of his life  
He will be decked out in expensive clothes  
But he will be given a prayer shawl.

Oh, new feelings overcome the young man  
When he joyfully dons the prayer shawl  
Then at last you remain my prayer shawl,  
forever mine  
You remain my eternal garment.

You will be rich, you will be a millionaire  
But it won't amount to anything  
You will be lonely in your eternal resting place  
Only me, [your] prayer shawl, will you take  
along.

A version of a popular song by Shlomo Shmulevitch (Solomon Small, 1868-1943), author and composer of the popular "A brivele der mamen." Poem printed in his *Lider*, New York, 1913, but written much earlier; the melody was printed in Idelsohn no. 228\*. The text also appears in *Kvutsat shirim* 205 and *Tsvey hundert lider* 178. Both the sheet music and early recordings attribute the music to A. Perlmutter and H. Wohl. Sheet music and records of *Dos talesl* have appeared often since K. Juwelier sang the song in *The Jew in Sobiesky's Times* at the Kalisch Theatre in New York. In 1906 Theodore Lohr published the sheet music and Juwelier recorded the song on United Hebrew Disc and Cylinder Record Company 1260. Juwelier issued two more recordings in 1907: on September 17 for Edison 19128 and around December for Zonophone 3032 and Victor 65250. Numerous recordings of *Dos talesl* were made in the 1920s as well. In none of the printed sources mentioned including Shmulevitch's poem, does the stanza about receiving a *talesl* at his wedding appear.

Mrs. Nirenberg learned this song from her grandfather when she was in her teens.

Recorded September 26, 1969 in Toronto. BKG 1969: 21/20.

In this edition of "Dos talis", copyright in 1960 by Stanley L. Lefkowitz, a note explains that "This beloved and emotional song, often sung at Bar Mitzvah ceremonies, indicates the high regard and deep reverence felt for the sacred Tollis." The English lyrics are not a strict translation but rather "express in a wider sense the feeling that the faith and meaning represented by the Tollis will grow through the years."

# THE TOLLIS

## דאס טליתל

### DUS TOLLIS'L



*Lyrics*

IN YIDDISH and ENGLISH

*English Lyrics by*  
Stanley L. Lionel

*yiddish Lyrics by*  
S. Smulewitz

*Music by*  
Perlmutter & Wohl

PRICE:

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**METRO MUSIC CO.**  
54 SECOND AVE. NEW YORK, N.Y.

**דאס טליתל**

דאס טליתל איז דאך א טייערע זאך  
אוי, דאס געהערט דאך צום יידן  
יעדערער האט אין דעם האפענונג א סך  
און יעדערער איז אין דעם צופרידן.

אוי, טייערער טליתל, הערצלעכע טרייסט  
פיל תפילות הערסטו זיך אביין  
פון אלע ביטערע הערצער דו ווייסט  
דו ווייסט גאנץ גוט דעם יידעלעס פנין.

און דו ביסט תמיד מיטן יידעלע  
פון זיין ברית און האט ער דיר  
און אזוי ווי מע גראבט מיטן רידעלע  
וויקלט מען אים אביין אין דיר.

באגלייט אין גלייביקייט  
דו ביסט מיין אייביקייט  
אוי, דאס טליתל איז דאך די איינציקע קלייד  
אוי, פון דעם יידעלע אין ליד און פרייד.

פון זיין געבורטסטאג ביז צום קבר גייט עס מיט מיט  
אוי, דאס טליתל איז דאך די איינציקע קלייד  
אוי, פון דעם יידעלע אין ליד און פרייד.

אוי, איך האב דאך דאן אין מיין דרשה צוגעזאגט  
אז כוועל האלטן מיין טליתל ריין  
היינט בין איך ליידער אין גלות געפלאגט  
אימער אין טרערן און געוויין.

אינגעזאפט איז ער מיט מיין טרער  
ער טריקנט זיך קיין מאל ניט אויס  
און אויך איז אים מינע צרות שווער  
מיין פנין ווי זיין פנין איז אים גרויס.

ווען ער ווערט נאך מיט מול צו דער חופה געפירט  
דער גליקלעכסטער טאג אין זיין לעבן  
אין טייערע קליידער ווערט ער אויסגעצירט  
נאך א טליתל מו מען אים געבן.

אוי, נייגע געפילן באהערשן דעם יונגן מאן  
ווען ער טוט אן דעם טליתל מיט פרייד  
דאן בלייבסט שוין טליתל, מיין אויף אייביק מיין  
דו בלייבסט שוין מיין אייביקע קלייד.

דו וועסט זיין ריך, וועסט האבן מיליאנען געלט  
אלץ וועט דיר פארשעמען  
עלנט וועסטו זיין אין דיין אייביקן געצעלט  
נאך מיך, טליתל, וועסטו מיטנעמען.



## 10. ELYE-NUVE

♩ = 112

El-ye-nu-ve zitst a- fn ley-ta' in git a- tro-  
mey-ta' A tro-mey-ta' nokh s'zol zayn a  
gi- te vokh.

### אליהו הנביא

אליהו הנביא זיצט אויפ'ן לייטער  
און גיט אַ טרומייטער  
אַ טרומייטער נאָך  
ס'זאל זיין אַ גוטע וואָך.

elye-nuve zitst afn leyta'  
in git a tromeyta'  
a tromeyta' nokh  
s'zol zayn a gite vokh.

## ELIJAH THE PROPHET

Elijah the Prophet sits on a ladder  
And trumpets out  
And trumpets out again:  
"May there be a good week ahead."

A variant of a Sabbath "God of Abraham" prayer.  
Other versions in Ginsburg-Marek no. 32 and Prilutski 1911: nos. 28, 29.

Mrs. Nirenberg learned this song when she was a young child.

Recorded September 23, 1969 in Toronto. BKG 1969: 19/6c.

## 11. SHVARTSINKE KARSHALAKH

♩ = 72

Shvar-tsin-ke kar-sha-lakh rayst men  
in roy-tin-ke lost men shteyn Oy, shey-  
ne mey-da-lakh nemt men in mi-se  
lost men geyn. Oy, vey iz tse  
mir vey iz tse may-ne yu-ren  
ikh 'ob a li-be ge-firt  
ekh-ar shoy'n dray fen- if yur-en.

### שוואַרצע קארשעלעך

שוואַרצינקע קארשעלעך ריכטט מען  
און רויטינקע לאָזט מען שטיין  
אוי, שיינע מיידעלעך נעמט מען  
און מיאוסע לאָזט מען גיין.

אוי, וויי איז צו מיר  
וויי איז צו מיינע יאָרן  
איך האָב אַ ליבע געפֿירט  
העכער שוין דרומ פֿערטל יאָר.

וואָס טויג מיר די פֿאַלקע-קאַקעטקע  
אַז טאַנצן קען איך זי ניט  
וואָס טויג מיר די שיינע ברונעטקע  
אַז נעמען קען איך זי ניט.

אוי, וויי איז צו מיר.

וואָס טויג מיר די שיינע קאָזאַקע  
אַז טאַנצן קען איך זי ניט  
וואָס טויג מיר די מיידל די כוואַטקע  
אַז נעמען קען איך זי ניט.

אוי, וויי איז צו מיר.

וואָס טויג מיר מין „העט“ אויף מין קאַפּ  
און מיינע געפּרעכטע שך  
אַז קיינער וויל מיך נישט נעמען  
נעמען זאָל מיר נאָר דער רוח.

אוי, וויי איז צו מיר.

shvartsinke karshalakh rayst men  
in royntinke lost men shteyn  
oy, sheyne meydalakh nemt men  
in mise lost men geyn.

oy, vey iz tse mir  
vey iz tse mayne yuren  
ikh 'ob a libe gefirt  
'ekhar shoy'n dray fertl yuren.

vos teyg mir di polke-kaketke  
az tantsn ken ikh zi nit  
vos teyg mir di sheyne brunetke  
az nemen ken ikh zi nit.

oy, vey iz tse mir. . . .

vos teyg mir di sheyne kozatske  
az tantsn ken ikh zi nit  
vos teyg mir di meydll, di khvatske  
az nemen ken ikh zi nit.

oy, vey iz tse mir. . . .

vos teyg mir mayn "et" oyf mayn kop  
in mayne gepitste shikh  
az keyner vil mikh nisht nemen  
nemen zol mir nor der rikh.

oy, vey iz tse mir. . . .

## BLACK CHERRIES

Black cherries get picked  
And red ones get left alone  
Oh, pretty girls are taken  
And ugly ones are let go.

Oh, woe is to me  
Woe is to my years  
I courted someone  
More than three-quarters of a year.

What good is the polka-coquette  
If I can't dance it  
What good is the pretty brunette  
If I can't have her.

Oh, woe is to me . . . .

What good is the pretty Cossack dance  
If I can't dance it  
What good is the girl, the dashing one  
If I can't have her.

Oh, woe is to me . . . .

What good is the hat on my head  
And my polished shoes  
If no one wants to take me  
May the devil take me.

Oh, woe is to me . . . .

Popular folksong with new ending in this version.  
The melody and rhythm also differ from the usual  
versions. Parts of the text stem from the oldest song  
repertoire of the 16th century (see Cahan 1952:85).  
Published in Cahan 1957: nos. 107-8, Mlotek 1972:  
28\*, etc. The drifting stanza beginning with "Vos  
toyg mir mayn sheyner vayngortn" or "Vos toyg mir  
der sheyner kadril" in Bastomski 52, 54, Brunoff no.  
22\*, Cahan 1938: no. 56, 1957: no. 170, Ginsburg-  
Marek no. 192, Niger 379, no. 10, Rubin 1963: 191,  
Tsayishrift no. 10, etc. Variants of the stanza about  
the black cherries in Beregovski-Fefer 136\*, 143\*,  
Cahan 1957: nos. 127, 207, 281, Dobrushin-  
Yuditski 68, Gelbart 1937-8: 33, 1945: 28, 1951: no.  
40\*, Ginsburg-Marek nos. 170, 171, Jaldati-Rebling  
52\*, Noy 58\*, Rozntal 365, Rubin 1965: 64\*.

Mrs. Nirenberg learned this song in Brześć when  
she was in her teens.

Recorded September 26, 1969 in Toronto. BKG  
1969: 20/4.

## SIDE TWO

## 12. OFY DI VEY GALAKH

♩ = 100

Oyf di vey-galakh vi di vint-lakh vyey-en,  
oyf di vey-galakh vi di vint-lakh vyey-en, oyf di vey-  
gn vi di vint-in | vyey-en, geyt yan-in-ke  
kor-n zey-en, geyt yan-in-ke ko-m : zey-en.

### אויף די וועגעלעך

(2) אויף די וועגעלעך וווּ די ווינטלעך ווייען  
אויף די וועגען וווּ די ווינטן ווייען  
(2) גייט יאָנינקע קאָרן זייען.

(3) אויף די וועגען וווּ ס'פֿאַרן וועגן  
(2) קום, יאָנינקע, ועץ זיך לעבן מיר.

(3) איך וועל זיך לעבן דיר ניט ועצן  
(2) ווייל מענטשן זאָגן, אַז דו ליבסט מיך.

(2) וואָס אַרט דאָס דיר וואָס מענטשן זאָגן?  
וואָזשע אַרט דיר וואָס מענטשן זאָגן?  
(2) לויף, יאָנינקע, כּוועל דיר יאָגן.

(3) קיים כאָפּ איך דיר, בליבסטו מיינע  
(2) ווייל, יאָנינקע, ביסט אַ שיינע.

oyf di veygalakh vi di vintlakh vyeyen (2)  
oyf di veygn vi di vintn vyeyen  
geyt yanyinke korn zeyen. (2)

oyf di veygn vi s'furn veygn (3)  
kim, yanyinke, zets zakh leybn mir. (2)

ikh vel zikh leybn dir nit zetsn (3)  
vayl mentshn zogn, az du libst mikh.

vos art dos dir vos mentshn zogn (2)  
vo 'zhe art dikh vos mentshn zogn?  
loyf, yanyinke, kh'vel dir yog'n.

koy'm khap ikh dir, blaybste mayne (3)  
vayl, yanyinke, bist a sheyne. (2)

## ON THE PATHS

On the paths where the breezes blow (2)  
On the path where the winds blow  
Yanyinke goes to sow rye. (2)

On the roads where wagons travel (3)  
"Come Yanyinke and sit down near me." (2)

"I won't sit near you (3)  
Because people say you love me."

"What do you care what people say? (3)  
Run Yanyinke, I'll chase you. (2)

As soon as I catch you, you are mine (3)  
Because, Yanyinke, you are beautiful." (2)

This song about Yaninka appeared previously in  
*Lomir ale zingen* 51\*, with a melodic variant, and in a  
mimeographed collection *Lider vos vern gezungen in  
der arbeter-ring shul*, Nov. 1937, no. 79 with a note  
that the song is from Russian. The same melody with  
other words "Oyf di felder vu s'veyen vintn" in: Be-  
regovski-Fefer 456\*, Saculet no. 125\*.

Mrs. Nirenberg learned this song in the 1920s in  
Czarnawczyce.

Recorded September 26, 1969 in Toronto. BKG  
1969: 21/8.

## 13. DORTN IN VELDL

♩ = 69-76 Giusto

Dor-in in vel-dl tsu-vi-shin di boy-mier  
a pu-re le shieyt dort ler-trakht  
Di he-le le-vo-ne der eyn-tsi-ker shoy-mer  
oy, in der fer-ki-shif-ter nakht.  
Zey shiey-en ler-trakht, di 'er-tser be-tribt  
di tre-m, zey fli-sn gants vayt  
Tsvey yur nukh in-nd ge-libt un ge-libt  
vi troy-erik iz der yetst-iker op-sheyd.

### דאָרטן אין וועלדל

דאָרטן אין וועלדל צווישן די ביימער  
אַ פֿאַרעלע שטייט דאָרט פֿאַרטראַכט  
די העלע לִבְנָה דער איינציקער שומר  
אוי, אין דער פֿאַרשישטער נאַכט.

זיי שטייען פֿאַרטראַכט, די הערצער באַטריבט  
די טרערן, זיי פֿליסן גאַנץ ווייט  
צוויי יאָר נאָך אַנאָנד געליבט און געליבט  
ווי טרויעריק איז דער איצטיקער אָפּשייד.



פֿאַרוואַלקנט דער הימל, מען זעט נישט קיין שטערן  
א נאַס ווינטעלע בלאַזט פֿון וואַלד  
„אוי, זאָג מיך, געליבטער, וואָס קען פֿון מיר ווערן  
דו פֿאַרסט שוין אַוועק פֿון מיר באַלד.“

„אוי, זאָרג ניט און וויין ניט, מײַן טײַערע געליבטע  
טאָ שווער איך דיך צו אויף דעם אָרט  
אַז קוים וועל איך נאָר קיין אַמעריקע אַנקומען  
אַ בריוועלע שרײַב איך דיר זאָפֿאַרט.“

מאַנאַטן אַוועק, צוויי יאָר איז שוין באַלד  
ער איז שוין אַ בירגער אַצינד  
ער האָט שוין פֿאַרגעסן די נאַכט פֿון דעם וואַלד  
ער האָט שוין אַ פֿרוי מיט אַ קינד.

אַבער די געליבטע פֿאַרגעסן קען זי ניט  
דאָס האַרץ איז איר טרויעריק, און שווער  
אוי, פֿון צו פֿיל זאָרגן זי שפּײַט שוין מיט בלוט  
און לעבן קען זי שוין ניט מער.

צוויי יאָר אָפּגעלעבט אין דעם גאַלדענעם לאַנד  
איצט קומט מײַן געליבטער אַצינד  
עס האָט אים געטראָפֿן אַ שטראָף פֿון גאָטס האַנט  
געשטאַרבן זײַן פֿרוי מיט זײַן קינד.

געבליבן איז ער אַליין, עלנט ווי אַ שטיין  
אַן אַ פֿרוי, אָן אַ קינד  
באַשלאָסן האָט ער, כּוועל ניט זינדיקן מער  
אַהיים איז ער געקומען געשווינד.

ווי ער איז נאָר צו דעם שטעטל געקומען  
געהאַפֿט און געצוויפֿלט דערלעבט  
נאָך ערגער ווי פֿרײַער ווערט זײַן האַרץ פֿאַרשטייט  
ווי ער האָט דאָרט אַ לוויה דערזען.

„אוי, זאָגט מיך, ליבע מענטשן, ווער איז דאָ געשטאַרבן?  
אוי, זאָגט נאָר מיר, מײַנע ליבע ליבט.“  
„אַ בילד־שיינעס מיידל, פֿון ליבע אַ קרבן  
געשטאַרבן אין שטעטל איז הינט.“

ווי ער האָט נאָר די בשורה דערהערט  
געבליבן איז ער טויט אויף דעם אָרט  
דעם זעליקן טאָג איז ער צו קבורה געקומען  
זײַ ליגן שוין ביידע, אוי, דאָרט.

dortn in veldt tsuvishn di boymer  
a purele shteyt dort fertrakht  
di hele levone der eyntsiker shoymer  
oy, in der ferkishifter nakht.

zey shteyen fertrakht, di 'ertser betribt  
di tren, zey flisn gants vayt  
tsvey yur nukh anand gelibt un gelibt  
vi troyerik iz der yetstiker opsheyd.

fervolknt der 'iml, men zeyt nit kayn shtern  
a nas vintele blost fin vald  
"oy, zug mikh, gelibter, vos ken fin mir vern  
di forst shoyen avek fin mir bald."

"oy, zorg nit un veyn nit, mayn tayere gelibte  
to shver ikh dikh tsi oyf deym ort  
az koyim ikh vel nor kayn amereke onkimen  
a brivele shrayb ikh dir zofort."

monatn avek, tsvey yur iz shoyen bald  
er iz shoyen a birger atsind  
er 'ot shoyen fergesen di nakht fun deym vald  
er 'ot shoyen a froy mit a kind.

ober di gelibte, fergesen ken zi nit  
dus 'arts iz ir troyerik un shver  
oy, fin tsi fil zorgn zi shpayt shoyen mit blit  
un leybn ken zi shoyen nit mer.

tsvey yur upgeleybt in deym goldenem land  
yetst kumt mayn gelibter atsind  
es 'ot im getrofn a shtrof fin gots 'ant  
geshtorbn zayn froy mit zayn kind.

geblibn iz er aley, elnt vi a shteyn  
on a froy, on a kind  
beshlosn 'ot er, kh'vel nit zindikn mer  
a'eym iz er gekimen geshvind.

vi er iz nor tsi dem shteytl gekimen  
gehofit un getsveyft derleybt

nokh erger vi freyer vert zayn 'arts farshteynt  
vi er 'ot dort a levaye derzeyn.

"oy, zugt mikh, libe mentshn, ver iz du  
geshtorbn

oy, zugt nor mir, mayne libe layt"  
"a bild-sheynes meyd l fun libe a korbn  
geshtorbn in shteytl iz 'aynt."

vi er 'ot nor di psire de'ert  
geblibn iz er toyt oyf deym ort  
deym zelibkn tug iz er tsu kvire gekimen  
zey lign shoyen beyde, oy, dort.

### THERE IN THE FOREST

There in the forest among the trees  
A couple stands deep in thought  
The bright moon, the only guard  
Oh, in the bewitched night.

They stand deep in thought, their hearts  
troubled  
Their tears, they do flow forth  
Two successive years they have loved and  
loved

How sad is the present separation.

The sky clouds over, no stars can be seen  
A damp breeze blows from the forest  
"Oh, tell me beloved, what will come of me?  
You are leaving me shortly."

"Oh, worry not and weep not, my dear beloved  
I swear to you on the spot  
That the instant I arrive in America  
I will write you a letter forthwith."

The months pass, it has already been two years  
He is now a citizen  
He has already forgotten the night in the forest  
He now has a wife and child.

But his sweetheart, she cannot forget  
Her heart is sad and heavy  
Oh, from too much worry, she now spits blood  
And she can live no longer.

After two years in the golden land  
My beloved now returns  
He has been punished by God's hand  
His wife and his child have died.

He has been left alone, solitary as a stone  
Without a wife, without a child  
He promised not to sin again  
He rushed home.

No sooner did he arrive in town  
Filled with hope and doubt  
Worse than before, his heart turned to stone  
When he spotted a funeral there.

"Oh, tell me dear people, who has died here?  
Oh, tell me dear people."  
"A girl, pretty as a picture, a victim of love  
Died in the town tonight."

The moment he heard the news  
He dropped dead on the spot  
The very same day he was brought to his burial  
place  
They lie together there.

A shorter version of this song, describing the calamity following the lover's breaking of a vow, as treated in Abraham Goldfaden's operetta *Shulamis*, was previously published in Noy no. 13\* with a different melody. A version of the text also appeared in the *Forward* 2/1/76. The motifs of the young man returning home on the day of his love's funeral, his dying of remorse and being buried in the same grave with her appear in other Yiddish ballads: Prilutski 1913: no. 124, second version.

Mrs. Nirenberg learned this song from her stepmother before 1918, and sang it often after her death. It was one of the most popular songs in her town. Love songs were favorites.

Recorded September 26, 1969 in Toronto. BKG 1969: 20/8.

### 15. VINTER IZ GEVEYN A GROYSER SHTUREMVINT

$\text{♩} = 108 \text{ rubato}$

Oy, vin-ter iz "ge-veyn a groy-ser shtu-rem  
vint Oy-fn shlakht-feld 'ot men mikh a-ve' ge-  
shikt A far-sam-le pul-ye't mir ge-tro-  
fn In 'os-pi-tul firt men mir ge-shvind.

#### ווינטער איז געווען

אוי ווינטער איז געווען אַ גרויסער שטורעמווינט  
אויפֿן שלאַכטפֿעלד האָט מען מיר אַוועקגעשיקט (2)  
אַ פֿאַרסטע פֿוליע האָט מיך געטראָפֿן  
אַן שפּײַטאַל פֿירט מען מיר געשווינד.

אין שפּײַטאַל האָט מען מיך גענומען  
אויפֿן בעטל האָט מען מיך אַוועקגעלייגט (2)  
צוויי דאָקטוירים און אַ סאַניטאַרקע  
זיי האָבן מיך געראַטעוועט פֿון טויט.

אוי, ראַטעוועט מיר שוין, יע און ניין  
מײַן לעבן איז מיר שוין אַלץ איינס (2)  
אַ נאָר איין זאָך איז מיר אַ שאַד  
פֿון אַזאַ געטרײַע פֿלה אַוועקצוגיין.

מײַן פֿלה, זי איז צו מיר געקומען  
זי האָט מיך געגעבן אַ קוש (2)  
„מײַן משהלע ליגט אָן געדאַנקען  
דערקאַנען דערקאַנט ער מיך שוין ניט.“

oy, vinter iz geveyn a groysere shturemvint  
oyfn shlakhtfeld 'ot men mikh ave'geshikt (2)  
a farsamte pulye't mir getrofn  
in 'ospitul firt men mir geshvind.

in 'ospitul 'ot men mir genimen  
oyfn betl 'ot men mikh ave'geleygt (2)  
tsvey dokteyrem in a sanatarke  
zey 'obn mikh geratevet fin toyt.

oy, ratevet mir shoyen, ye un neyn  
mayn leybn iz mir shoyen alts eyns (2)  
anor eyn zakh i' mir a shud  
fin aza getraye kale avektsigeyn.

mayn kale, zi iz tsi mir gekimen  
zi hot mikh gegeybn a kish (2)  
"mayn moyshelike likt on gedaynkem  
derkonen derkont er mikh shoyen nit."

### DURING WINTER THERE WAS A BIG GALE

During winter there was a big gale  
I was sent to the battlefield (2)  
I was hit by a poisoned bullet  
I was rushed to a hospital.

They took me to the hospital  
They laid me on a bed (2)  
Two doctors and a nurse  
Rescued me from death.

Oh, save me right away, yes or no  
My life doesn't matter to me anymore (2)  
I regret only one thing—  
Leaving so true a bride.

### 14. PIJE KUBA DO JAKUBA

$\text{♩} = 132$

Pi-je 'ku-ba do ja-ku-ba ja-kub do-mi-  
Pi-je ja pi-jesz ty kom-pa-ni-ja  
cha-fa Ach'to nie wy-pi-je Łu-pu  
ca-fa te-mu we dwa-ki-je  
Cu-pu fu-pu cu-pu, te-mu we dwa-ki-je

#### PIJE KUBA DO JAKUBA

JAKUB DO MICHAŁA  
PIJU JA, PIJESZ TY  
KOMPANJA CAŁA  
A CHTO NIE WYPJIE  
TEMU WE DWA KIJE  
ŁUPU CUPU, ŁUPU CUPU  
TEMU WE DWA KIJE.

Jim drinks to James  
James to Michael  
I drink, you drink  
The whole company [drinks]  
But he who doesn't drink up  
[Should get] beaten up  
ŁUPU CUPU, ŁUPU CUPU\*  
He should get beaten up.

\*Onomatopoeia for sound of beating

Variant of the first verse of a longer Polish drinking song, cited in Julian Tuwim's *Polski słownik pijački i antologia bachiczna* (Warsaw, 1959, pp. 187-9) in eight verses.

The version sung here is in normal Polish except for the Ukrainianisms/Byelorussianisms *piju* for *pije* and *chto* [khto] for *kto*. (Robert Rothstein)

Recorded October 24, 1969 in Toronto. BKG 1969: 24/5.





My betrothed came to me  
And she kissed me (2)  
"My Moyshele lies unconscious  
He no longer recognizes me."

Variant of a soldier's song, published without the melody, in Bastomski 109. Cahan 1957: no. 33, Van-vild 101, nos. 16, 17. In the melody sung here a trace of the song of the Titanic is discernible: see *Yidisher folklor* 6\*.

Mrs. Nirenberg learned this song from soldiers who sang it when they came back from World War I.

Recorded October 24, 1969 in Toronto. BKG 1969: 24/5.

## 16. GEY MAYN ZIN (VEN DI ZIN VELN KUMEN TSURIK)

$\text{♩} = 72$  rubato

Gey, mayn zin, gey mit glik in, far-tey-dik dayn land  
men vet shi-ken di shi-fn far dir  
oyf dayn veyg nem mayn brukhe mit dir.

*slower*  
Di so-nim fin der velt fer-yogt

$\text{♩} = 92$  Chorus  
Ven mayn zun vet ku-men tsu-rik  
Ven di zin ve- in  
Az s'vet shoy'n 'er-shn dan fri-dn un glik  
me vet zey oyfn-men mit freyd un muzik  
S'vet nisht zayn mer kayn mil-kho-me nor ey-she-er un nek-ho-  
ta-tes, ma-mes in di ma-sn vel-n tan-tsn in di ga-  
me bay kri-sin, yi-dn, yey-dn, oy-gn blik.  
-sn ven di zin vel-n ku-men tsu-rik.

Pitch and tempo level imprecise for 1946 recordings.  
Pitch slightly lower.

gey, mayn zin, gey mit glik  
in farteydik dayn land  
men vet shikn di shifn far dir  
gey, mayn zin, gey mit glik  
in farteydik dayn land  
oyf dayn veyg nem mayn brukhe mit dir.

di sonim fin der velt feryogt  
in dayn tate vet shoy'n vartn oyfn tog.

ven mayn zun vet kumen tsurik  
az s'vet shoy'n 'ershn dan fridn in glik  
s'vet nisht zayn mer kayn milkhome  
nor eysher in nekhome  
bay kristn, yidn, yeydn oygnblik.

ven di zin veln kumen tsurik.  
me vet zey oyfnemen mit freyd in muzik  
tates, mames in di masn  
veln tantsn in di gasn  
ven di zin veln kumen tsurik.

derum, mame, veyn shoy'n nit mer  
[vi]sh up fin dayne oygn deym trer.

vayl men darf nit veynen, troyern  
es vet shoy'n lang nisht dojern  
ven di zin veln kumen tsurik. ] (2)

## GO MY SON (WHEN ALL OUR SONS RETURN)

Go, my son, go with good fortune  
And defend your country  
Ships will be sent for you  
Go, my son, go with good fortune  
And defend your country  
Take my blessing along with you.

Miriam Nirenberg and her husband, Lazar, in  
their variety store on St. Clair Avenue in Toronto,  
c. 1957.



The foes of the world will be driven away  
And your father will be waiting for the day  
When my son returns  
Peace and happiness will then prevail  
There will no longer be war  
Only wealth and well-being  
For Christians, Jews, all the time.

When all our sons return  
They'll be greeted with joy and music  
Crowds of mothers and fathers  
Will dance in the streets  
When our sons return.

So, Mother, don't cry anymore  
Wipe that tear from your eye  
There's no need to weep and be sad  
It won't be long  
Until all our sons return. ] (2)

"Wen Die Boys Welen Komen Zurik" was recorded by Anna Hoffman (King's Orchestra directed by Nat Shilkret) on March 19, 1918 for Victor (69976) and by Louis Berman during October 1918 for Columbia (E4170). The composer is Isidore Lillian. Though of World War I vintage, the song was also recorded after World War II: in an unpublished discography the song entitled "Ven di zin veln kumen tsurik," which is the refrain of this song, appears on a 78 r.p.m. record sung by Cantor Leibele Waldman, Asch no. 6026, issued during the mid-1940s.

Mrs. Nirenberg no longer remembered this song by the 1960s, when her repertoire was systematically recorded.

Recorded 1946 in Toronto. BKG 1970: 2/22.

## 17. GEYT A GRINE KATSHKE

$\text{♩} = 120$

Geyt a gri-ne kash-ke mit a roy-te nuz  
Vil zi shme-ken ta-bak, 'ot zi nit mit vus  
Gri-ne kash-ke, roy-te nuz  
In ikh veys nit in ikh veys nit vos iz dus.

גייט א גרינע קאטשקע

גייט א גרינע קאטשקע מיט א רויטע נאז  
וויל זי שמעקן טאבאק, 'וט זי ניט מיט וואס  
גרינע קאטשקע, רויטע נאז  
און איך ווייס ניט און איך ווייס ניט וואס איך דאס.

geyt a grine kashke mit a royte nuz  
vil zi shmekn tabak, 'ot zi nit mit vus  
grine kashke, royte nuz  
in ikh veys nit in ikh veys nit vos iz dus.

## ALONG WALKS A GREEN DUCK

Along walks a green duck with a red nose  
She wants to sniff tobacco, but she has nothing  
to do it with  
Green duck, red nose  
And I don't know and I don't know what it is.

This is a fragment of a song by Zuni Maud (1891-1956) who, with Yosel Cutler, founded the Yiddish marionette theatre "Modicot" in New York in 1925. The entire song, containing three stanzas, was printed in the *Forward* 12/19/82 without music.

Mrs. Nirenberg used to sing this song to her children when they were very young.

Recorded June 14, 1968 in Toronto. BKG 1968: 2/12.

## 18. GEBOYRN BIN IKH MIR

$\text{♩} = 63$

Ge-boy-ern bin ikh mir in a-le-men ifl gits  
In zaykh bin ikh oykh et ge-nie Vos kimt mir  
fin a-le-men a-roys Az me  
lost mikh nisht isi isi mayn glik. Me-ka-ne  
bin ikh dem u-re-man Vos er far-  
dint zikh zayn shi-ke-ke troyt in  
ley-ibn iklybt er xi er kon  
In di li-be fi-m makht em nit dem toyt.

גיי מײן זון

גיי, מײן זון, גיי מיט גליק  
און פֿארטיידיק דיין לאַנד  
מע וועט שיקן די שיפֿן פֿאַר דיר  
גיי, מײן זון, גיי מיט גליק  
און פֿארטיידיק דיין לאַנד  
אויף דיין וועג נעם מײן ברכה מיט דיר.

די שונאים פֿון דער וועלט פֿאַריאַגט  
און דיין טאַטע וועט שוין וואַרטן אויפֿן טאַג

ווען מײן זון וועט קומען צוריק  
אַט וועט שוין הערשן דאַן פֿרידן און גליק.  
ס'וועט נישט זײַן מער קיין מלחמה  
נאָר עושר און נחמה  
בײַ קריסטן, יידן, יעדן אויגנבליק

ווען די זין וועלן קומען צוריק.  
מע וועט זיי אויפֿנעמען מיט פֿרייד און מוזיק  
טאַטעס, מאַמעס אין די מאַסן  
וועלן טאַנצן אין די גאַסן  
ווען די זין וועלן קומען צוריק.

דערום, מאַמע, וויין שוין ניט מער  
וויש אָפֿ פֿון דינע אויגן העם טרער

ווייל מע דאַרף ניט וויינען, טרויערן  
עס וועט שוין לאַנג ניט דויערן  
ווען די זין וועלן קומען צוריק. ] (2)



## געבוירן בין איך

געבוירן בין איך מיר אין אלעמען פיל גוט  
און ריך בין איך אויכעט גענוג  
וואס קומט מיר פון אלעמען ארויס  
אז מע לאזט מיך נישט צו צו מין גליק.

מקנא בין איך דעם ארעמאן  
וואס ער פארדינט זיך זיין שטיקלעע ברויט  
און לעבן לעבט ער ווי ער קאן  
און די ליבע פירן מאכט אים נישט דעם טויט.

איך בין מקנא דעם וואס ער קען זיך אליין דערנערן  
און אויף די צרות ווערט יעדער מענטש געבוירן  
כ'האב א מאל געהאט צוויי שיינע פארבן  
פון דער ליבע פירן האב איך דאס פארלוירן.

כ'האב געבליט ווי א שיינע בלום  
אומויסט האב איך פארשפילט מין וועלט  
איצט מאכן מיך מיינע עלטערן דול  
וואס טויג מיר מין לעבן אויף דער וועלט!

„אוי, טאכטער, וואס באקלאגסט זיך אויף דיין וועלט?  
און דו ביסט דאך ביי מיר נאך איינע  
א מאן וועל איך דיך געבן מיט פיל געלט  
אוי, וואס טויג דיר מיט דעם זשוליק צו גיין?“

„אוי, טאטע, דו עושר, דו גביר  
וואס נעמסט זיך מיט דיין ריכטום איבער?  
כ'האב געזען פיל ריכטערע פון דיר  
און צו קיצבה זענען זיי געקומען.“

„אוי, טאכטער, דיין משל איז מיר געפאלן  
דיינע רייד איז ביי מיר צוקער-זיס  
וואס טויג דיר מיט דעם זשוליק צו רעדן  
ער איז נאריש און ארעם און מיאוס.“

„קום אהער, מין געליבטער, צו מיר  
מיט דיר וועל איך אויספירן מין וועלט.“  
שערבלעך איז דעם מענטשן לעבן  
צי דען שפילט די האלע דאס געלט!

geboyrn bin ikh mir in alemen fil gits  
in raykh bin ikh oykhnet genig  
vos kimt mir fin alemen aroys  
az me lost mikh nisht tsi tsi mayn glik.

mekane bin ikh dem ureman  
vos er fardint zikh zayn shtikele broyt  
in leybn leybt er vi er kon  
in di libe firm makht em nisht dem toyt.

ikh bin mekane deym vus er ken zikh aley  
'ernern  
in oyf di tsures vert yeyder mentsh geboyrn  
kh'ob a mul gehat tsvey sheyne ferbn  
fin der libe firm 'ob ikh dus farloymr.

kh'ob geblit vi a sheyne blum  
imzist 'ob ikh farshpilt mayn velt  
yetst makhn mikh mayne eltern dul  
vos toyg mir mayn leybn oyf der velt?

“oy, tokhter, vos baklogst zakh oyf dayn velt?  
in di bist dokh bay mir nor eyne  
a man vel ikh dikh geybn mit fil gelt  
oy, vos toyg dir mit dem zhulik tsi geyn?“

“oy, tate, di oyshe, di gevir  
vos nemst zikh mit dayn raykhtum iber?  
kh'ob gezeyn fil raykhere tsu dir  
in tsi kitsve zenen zey gekimen.“

“oy, tokhter, dayn moshl'z mir gefeln  
dayne reydz iz bay mir tsikar zis  
vos toyg dir mit dem zhulik tsi redn  
er iz narish in urem in mis.“

“kim aher, mayn gelibter, tsu mir  
mit dir vel ikh oysfirm mayn velt.”  
sherbalkh iz dem mentshns leybn  
tsi den shpilt di rolye dus gelt?

## I WAS BORN

I was born into good circumstances  
And I was plenty rich too  
What does all this amount to  
If I'm not allowed to enjoy my good fortune?

I envy the poor man  
Who earns his piece of bread  
He lives according to his means  
And courting is not his death.

I am envious that he can sustain himself  
Everyone is born into trouble  
I once had two beautiful rosy cheeks  
I lost them through courting.

I bloomed like a beautiful flower  
In vain did I forfeit my lot  
Now my parents are driving me crazy  
What good is life on this earth?

“Oh daughter, why do you lament your lot?  
You are my one and only  
I'll give you a husband with lots of money  
What's the good of going with that rogue?”

“Oh father, you rich man, you wealthy man,  
You pride yourself on your fortune  
I've seen much wealthier than you  
And they wound up on the dole.”

“Oh daughter, your comparison pleases me  
Your words are sugar sweet to me  
What's the good of talking with that rogue?  
He's foolish and poor and ugly.”

“Come to me, my beloved  
With you will I live out my lot.”  
A person's life is pottery shards.\*  
So what good is money?

\*It is customary to place a piece of broken pottery  
over each eye of the corpse before burial.

A few stanzas are folklorized from a poem by Velvl  
Zbarzher (Benyomen-Volf Ehrenkrants, 1826?-  
1883), “Der umgliklekher farlibter,” *Mekol noam* 4  
(Lemberg, 1878). See Cahan 1952:209, which is  
about a man. Textual and melodic variants in: Cahan  
1957: no. 4\*, Dobrushin-Yuditski 105, Idelsohn no.  
247\*. The stanza “Mekane bin ikh dem oreman” is  
also the beginning of a song of the underworld with a  
similar melody: Idelsohn no. 367\*, Lehman 46\*. A  
song of an *agune* (deserted wife) is sung to the same  
melody: see Lehman 220. The stanzas about a father  
casting off his daughter for wanting to marry a scoundrel  
are also part of a different song, in which the  
couple elopes to America: Niger 402, no. 8.

Mrs. Nirenberg learned this song from her step-  
mother when she was about ten years old.

Recorded September 23, 1969 in Toronto. BKG  
1969: 18/59e.



## 19. VER ZHE KLAPT DORT

♩ = 144

“Ver zhe klapt dort 'al- be nakht?” Yan-ke-le  
der shi- ker “Rif- ke- le. he- fn mir  
Zay mayn dar-kvi-ker.” “Kh'volt dir ge-vest e- fe-  
nen Kh'ob me-re far dayn ta- tn.” “Rif-ke-  
le. he- fn mir S'vet dir gurnit sha- tn.”

### ווער זשע קלאפט דאָרט

„ווער זשע קלאפט דאָרט האַלבע נאַכט?  
יאַנקלע דער שיכור  
„רבקהלע, עפן מיר  
זיין מיין דערקוויקער.“

„כיוואָלט דיר געוועסט עפענען  
כ'האָב מורא פֿאַר דיין טאַטן.  
„רבקהלע, עפן מיר  
ס'וועט דיר גאַרניט שאַטן.“

„ווער זשע קלאפט דאָרט האַלבע נאַכט?  
יאַנקל דער קאַרטיאַזשיניק  
„רבקהלע, עפן מיר  
כיוויל זיין דיין ליובאַוויניק.“

„כיוואָלט דיר געוועסט עפענען  
כ'האָב מורא פֿאַר דיין מאַמען.  
„רבקהלע, עפן מיר  
אַניט וועל איך זיך פֿאַרסמען.“

“ver zhe klapt dort 'albe nakht?”  
yaynkele der shiker  
“rifkele, hefn mir  
zay mayn darkvikier,”

“kh'volt dir gevest efenen  
kh'ob mere far dayn tatn.”  
“rifkele, hefn mir  
s'vet dir gurnit shatn.”

“ver zhe klapt dort 'albe nakht?”  
yaynkl der kartyezchnik  
“rifkele, hefn mir  
kh'vil zayn dayn lyubovnik.”

“kh'volt dir gevest efenen  
kh'ob mere far dayn mamen.”  
“rifkele, efn mir  
anit vel ikh zikh fersamen.”

## WHO IS KNOCKING THERE

“Who is knocking there in the middle  
of the night?”  
Yankele the drunkard  
“Rifkele, open up for me  
Be my delight!”

“I would like to open up for you  
I am afraid of your father.”  
“Rifkele, open up for me”  
No harm will come to you.”

“Who is knocking there in the middle  
of the night?”

Yankele the cardsharp  
“Rifkele, open up for me  
I wish to be your lover.”

“I would like to open up for you  
I am afraid of your mother.”  
“Rifkele, open up for me  
If not, I'll poison myself.”

A new version of a popular dialogue song, ending  
here with the boyfriend's threat to “do himself in” if  
Rifkele refuses him admittance. Other popular ver-  
sions sing of girls with names like Brayndeke,  
Brontshele, Nekhamele, Khaye-Sorele, Shifkele,  
Rokhele in: Beregovski no. 19\*, Brunoff no. 29\*,  
Cahan 1938: no. 45, 1957: nos. 93\*-94, Dobrushin-  
Yuditski 59, Ginsburg-Marek no. 138, *100 naye  
folkslider* 32, Idelsohn nos 285\*, 522\*, Kaufmann  
no. 28\*, Kipnis 1918: 21\*, Rubin 1963: 89. The  
folksong variant “*Klip-klap in goldn tir*” belongs to  
the oldest song repertoire (see Cahan 1952: 79-82).  
The melody of this version is unlike the others; it is  
slightly interwoven with strains of “La donna e  
mobile.”

Mrs. Nirenberg learned this song from her friends  
when she was a child.

## 20. EYN SHATKHN (DI MASHKE)

♩ = 76-88 *Parlando*

“Eyn shat- khn, eyn shat- khn iz ge- kim- en tsi mayn zey- dn  
Mayn ta- tn in mayn ma- men a shi- dakh rey- dn  
Mi oi a- zoy layng ge- ret in ge- shmist  
Biz- i va- ne' di mash- ke't zakh a- rayn- ge- mishit  
In az di mash- ke'z ge- vo- m ge- shlo- sn mayn ta-  
te iz ge- vom mayn ma- mes kho- sn. Hay yay- yay, etc.  
rit. slower ↑

### די משקה

א שדכן, א שדכן איז געקומען צו מין זיידן  
מין טאטן און מין מאמען א שידוך ריידן  
מע האָט אַזוי לאַנג גערעדט און געשמעסט  
ביז וואָנעט די משקה האָט זיך אַרביינגעמישט  
און אַז די משקה איז געוואָרן געשלאָסן  
מין טאָטע איז געוואָרן מין מאַמעס חתן.  
הייִ-אַייִ-אַייִ . . .

כ'געדענק נאָך ווען מין מאַמע האָט מיר געקאַרמעט  
מיט קאַשקע (= קאַשע)

און איך האָב אַלץ געשריגן, אַז איך וויל נאָר משקה  
פֿון משקה האָט מין טאָטע מין מאַמען גענומען  
און פֿון משקה בן איך אויף דער וועלט געקומען.  
הייִ-אַייִ-אַייִ . . .

איך געדענק נאָך אויף מין בריִת  
אַז די משקה איז נישט אַראָפֿ פֿון טיש  
אַלע האָבן געשריגן: „מזל־טובֿ!  
דאָס קינד זאָל לעבן און זיין אַ רבֿ!  
הינט טרינק איך אַרבעיט  
משקה טרינק איך גאָר אָן אַ מאָס.  
הייִ-אַייִ-אַייִ . . .



איך געדענק נאך, איך געדענק נאך אויף מינע תנאים  
האט מען געשיפורט אזוי ווי ביי די גוים  
מע האט געטרונקען בראַנפֿן און געטרונקען וויין  
און מע האט געהוילעט אין טאָג אַרבען.  
הי'אני'אני' . . .

איך געדענק נאך, ווען מע האט מיר צו דער חופה געפֿירט  
אזוי האבן מיר גענומען צו ביסעלעך ספֿירט  
דער רבי האט געמאכט די ברכות  
און אין בעכער געלאָזן אַ גרויסן קדחת.  
הי'אני'אני' . . .

אַז מן וויב, אַז זי זאָגט אַ וואָרט  
טרינק איך אויס אַ גאַנצע קוואַרט  
און אַז מן וויב, זי גיט אַ געשריי  
אזוי טרינק איך אויס איינס און צוויי  
זי מעג שוין שרייען, אַלע זאָלן הערן  
איך מיט די גלעזלעך טו איך קערן.  
הי'אני'אני' . . .

eyn shatkh, eyn shatkh iz gekimen tsi mayn  
zeydn  
mayn tatin in mayn mamen a shidakh reydn  
m'ot azoy layng geret in geshmist  
bizl vane' di mashke't zakh arayngemisht  
in az di mashke'z gevorn geshlosn  
mayn tate iz gevorn mayn mames khosn.  
hay-yay-yay. . . .

ikh gedenk nokh ven mayn mame't mir  
gekormet mit kashke (= kasha)  
un ikh 'ob alts geshrign, az ikh vil nor mashke  
fin mashke 'ot mayn tate mayn mamen  
genimen

in fin mashke bin ikh oyf der velt gekimen.  
hay-yay-yay. . . .

ikh gedenk nokh oyf mayn bris  
az di mashke i' nit arop fin tish  
ale 'obn geshrign, "mazl-tov  
dos kind zol leybn in zayn a rov"  
'aynt trink ikh arbe-kos  
mashke trink ikh gor on a mos.  
hay-yay-yay. . . .

ikh gedenk nokh, ikh gedenk nokh oyf mayne  
troyim  
'ot men geshika't azey vi ba di goyim  
me't getrinken bronfn in getrinken vayn  
in me 'ot ge'ulyet in tog arayn.  
hay-yay-yay. . . .

ikh gedenk nokh, ven me't mir tsi dar khipe  
gefirt  
azey 'obn mir genimen tsi bisalakh spirt  
der rebe 'ot gemakht di brokhes  
in in bekher gelozn a groysn kadokhes.  
hay-yay-yay. . . .

az mayn vayb az zi zogt a vort  
trink ikh oys a gantse kvort  
in az mayn vayb, zi git a geshrey  
azey trink ikh oys eyms in tsvey  
zi meyg shoy'n shrayen, ale zoln 'ern  
ikh mit di gleyzlakh ti ikh kern.  
hay-yay-yay. . . .

#### A MATCHMAKER (THE WHISKEY)

A matchmaker, a matchmaker came to my  
grandfather  
To arrange the marriage of my father and  
mother

They talked and chatted for so long  
Until the whiskey mixed in  
And once the whiskey was polished off  
My father became my mother's groom.  
Hay-yay-yay. . . .

I remember when my mother fed me cereal  
And all I did was scream that I want only  
whiskey  
Whiskey made my father take my mother  
And whiskey brought me into the world.  
Hay-yay-yay. . . .

I still remember my circumcision  
The whiskey never left the table  
Everyone cried, "Mazl tov!  
May the child grow up to be a rabbi."  
Today I drink the 'four glasses'\*  
Whiskey I drink without limit.  
Hay-yay-yay. . . .

I still remember, I still remember at my  
engagement party  
We got as drunk as peasants  
We drank liquor, we drank wine  
And we caroused until dawn.  
Hay-yay-yay. . . .

I still remember when I was escorted to the  
wedding canopy  
We sipped booze  
The rabbi recited the blessings  
And left a big nothing in the goblet.  
Hay-yay-yay. . . .

"Di mashke" (*The whiskey*), Muzik far alemen,  
no. 10, Vilna: H. Mac, 1924. This arrangement  
by A. Slipe was made from a version of the song  
in Y. Gershteyn's collection as heard from Boyez  
Volfson in Homel. Gershteyn explains in a note  
that the song is a folklorized version of Mikhl  
Gordon's poem and is widespread. The text is  
very similar to Mrs. Nirenberg's version.

When my wife says a word  
I knock back a whole quart  
And when my wife raises her voice  
I drink up one-two-three  
She can scream for all to hear  
I am in my cups.  
Hay-yay-yay. . . .

\*Four glasses of wine required at the Passover seder.

Folklorized version of a popular song by the Maskilic  
poet Mikhl Gordon (1823-1890). The text was first  
printed in the author's anonymous collection *Di bord  
un dertsu nokh andere sheyne yidishe lider ale fun a  
groysn khosid*, Zhitomir, 1868, and reprinted in his  
*Shirey M. Gordon yidishe lider*, Warsaw, 1889. The  
original poem was reprinted in J. and C. Mlotek 23  
and compared with folk versions in Mlotek 1951.  
Other textual and melodic variants in: Bastomski  
118, Belarsky 1970: 250\*, Bugatch 100\*, Idelsohn  
no. 375, I\* and II\*, Kipnis 1925: 59\*, 90 *geklibene  
lider* 14\*, Rubin 1963: 259, *Tsvey hundred lider* 271.  
Mrs. Nirenberg learned this song from her grand-  
father.

Recorded March 20, 1975 in New York in concert.  
BKG 1975: 1/3.

#### 21. IKH GEY MIR FIN SHENK OYS

איך גיי מיר פֿון שענק

איך גיי מיר פֿון שענק אויס  
די קאַפּ דרייט זיך מיר  
גייט אַרויס מן פּלונחטע  
און שעלט מיר.

וואָס איז דין דאָגה  
דין דאָגה איז צום טאַפּ  
כינעם באַלד אַ בענקל  
און איך גיב דיר אין קאַפּ.

לבנה, לבנה  
וואָס לאַכסטו פֿון מיר?  
צי ביסטו נישט שיכור  
נאָך ערגער פֿאַר מיר?

אַז איין אויג האַלטסטו אָפֿן  
און דעם צווייטן פֿאַרמאַכט  
אַ לבנה זאָל זיך שיכור  
אין אַזאַ ליכטיקע נאַכט?

ikh gey mir fin shenk oys  
di kop dreyt zakh mir  
geyt aroys mayn pleyneste  
in shelt mir.

vus iz dayn dayge  
dayn dayge'z tsim top  
'khnem bald a benkl  
in ikh gib dir in kop.

levune, levune  
vos lakhstu fun mir?  
tsi bisti nisht shiker  
nokh erger far mir?

az eyn eyg 'altsti 'ofn  
in dem tsveytn farmakht  
a levune zol zayn shiker  
in aza likhtike nakht?

#### I LEAVE THE INN

I leave the inn  
My head is spinning  
My missus comes out  
And curses me.

"What business is it of yours?  
Your business is cooking."  
"I'll take a stool  
And hit you over the head."

Moon, moon  
Why are you laughing at me?  
Are you not even  
Drunker than I am?

You keep one eye open  
And the other one closed  
How come the moon is drunk  
On such a bright night?

Variants of this song of a drunkard are found in the  
*Forward* 8/27/72, 11/17/74 and Skuditski 259, 261  
without the melody. The text possibly derives from  
Heinrich von Mühler's (1813-1874) German song  
"Grad aus des wirthaus" or from the Russian song  
"Ulitsa, ulitsa", music by Aleksandr Ivanovic Djub-  
juk (1812-1897). The melody sung here differs from  
both.

Mrs. Nirenberg learned this song in Czarnawczyce  
during her childhood.

Recorded September 26, 1969 in Toronto. BKG  
1969: 20/7.

"A pastekhl," arranged for voice and piano by Henry  
Lefkowitz and copyrighted by him in 1929. Published  
by Metro Music, New York.

#### A SHEPHERD'S LAMENT (FOLK SONG)

ARRANGED  
For VOICE and PIANO  
BY  
HENRY LEFKOWITZ

Price 35 Cents, net







## 23. AKH ODESSA

**♩ = 116 Slower at first**

AKH O-DE-SSA, PROSH-CHAI O-DE-SSA PROSH-ICHAI-TE  
**a tempo**  
 VY RE-BIA-TA, A DU-SHEN-KA MO-IA MIR TRIN-KEN  
 dor-tin vot-ke, me far-bayst mit a-se-lot-ke EI  
 O-DE-SSA LIU-BA, IA LIU-BLIU, TE-BIA  
 Di shik-ses oy-fn shli-tin, van-ke zitst |in mi-tin  
 Er shpilt oyf der |gra-mosh-ke "VOL-GA TY MO-IA"  
 Di shik-ses a |me-khay-e, di li-be iz a fray-e  
 זי O-DE-SSA LIU-BA, IA LIU-BLIU TE-BIA  
**B ♩ = 126**  
 Yetst li-be- layt in zu-mer- tsayt ven der  
 os-yen 'eybt dem zi-mer on tsi shlin-gen  
 In fray-en feld, in 'its, in kelt  
 ven di shkot-sem mit di shik-ses dor-tin zin-gen  
 c  
 "Hei, hei, hei, hei chub-chik' ku-che-ria-vyi  
 Raz-ve mozh-no chub- chika ne liu-bit'  
 Raz-ve de-vush-ka chub-chi-ka ne nra- vit-sia  
 Do sikh por ne |mo-gut po- 'a-byt'.  
**D ♩ = 132**  
 Ey, pet-re-grad, di shey-ne pet-re-grad  
 Vi sheyn in vi fayn zey ikh dir dort shteyn  
 Di shen- ste fan-taz-yes vus ikh 'ob a mul ge-  
 hat Bis-ti dokh, mayn sheyn pet-re-grad.

### אַך אָדעסאַ

אַך אָדעסאַ, פּראָשטשײ אָדעסאַ  
 פּראָשטשײ טײע ווי רעביאַטאַ, דושענקאַ מאַיאַ  
 מיר טרינקען דאַרטן וואָדקע, מע פֿאַרביסט מיט אַ  
 סיעליאַדקע  
 עי אָדעסאַ ליובאַ, יאַ ליובליו טעביאַ.

די שיקסעס אויפֿן שליטן, וואַנקע ויצט אין מיטן  
 ער שפּילט אויף דער גאַרמאַשקע, וואָלגאַ טי מאַיאַ  
 די שיקסעס אַ מחיה, די ליבע איז אַ פֿרייע  
 עי אָדעסאַ ליובאַ, יאַ ליובליו טעביאַ.

איצט ליבע לייט, אין זומערצייט  
 ווען דער אָסיען הייבט דעם זומער אָן צו שלינגען  
 אין פֿרייען פֿעלד, אין היץ און קעלט  
 ווען די שקסעס מיט די שיקסעס דאַרסן זינגען:

העי, העי, העי טשובטשיק קוטשטראווי  
 ראָווויע מאָזשאַ טשובטשקאַ ני ליוביט  
 ראָווויע דויעוווישאַק טשובטשיקו ויע וראָוווטסאַ  
 דאַ טיך פֿאַר ויע מאָגוט פֿאַזאַביט(ס).

עי, פעטראָגראַד, דו שיינע פעטראָגראַד  
 ווי שייך און ווי פֿיין זע איך דאַרט שטיין  
 די שענסטע פֿאַנטאַזיעס וואָס איך האָב אַ מאָל געהאַט  
 ביסטו דאָך, מײן שייך פעטראָגראַד.

AKH ODESSA, PROSHCHAI ODESSA  
 PROSHCHAI TE VY REBIATA, DUSHEN'KA MOIA  
 mir trinken dortn votke, me farbayst mit a  
 selotke

EI ODESSA LIUBA, IA LIUBLIU TEBIA  
 di shikses oyfn shlitn, vanke zitst in mitn  
 er shpilt oyf der gramoshke "VOLGA TY MOIA"  
 di shikses a mekhaye, di libe iz a fraye  
 EI ODESSA LIUBA, IA LIUBLIU TEBIA

yetst libe-layt in zumertsayt  
 ven der osyen 'eybt dem zimer un tsi shlingen  
 in frayen feld, in 'its, in kelt  
 ven di shkotsem mit di shikses dortn zingen:

"HEI, HEI, HEI, HEI CHUBCHIK KUCHERIAVYI  
 RAZVE MOZHO CHUBCHIKA NE LIUBIT'  
 RAZVE DEVUSHKA CHUBCHIKU NE NRAVITSIA  
 DO SIKH POR NE MOGUT POZABYT'."

ey, petregrad, di sheyne petregrad  
 vi sheyn in vi fayn zey ikh dir dort shteyn  
 di shenste fantazyes vus ikh 'ob a mul gehat  
 bistu dokh, mayn sheyn petregrad.

### OH ODESSA

Oh Odessa, goodbye Odessa  
 Farewell my friends, my sweetheart  
 We drink vodka there, eat herring right after  
 Hey my dear Odessa, I love you so much.

Girls on the sled, Vanka in the middle  
 He plays "Volga, My Dear River" on the  
 accordion

The girls are wonderful, love is free  
 Hey my dear Odessa, I love you so much.

Now dear people, in summertime  
 When the autumn begins to swallow up the  
 summer

In the open field, in heat or cold  
 When the peasant boys and girls sing:

Hey, hey, hey, hey Chubchik pompadour  
 Who can resist Chubchik?  
 Does the girl not strike Chubchik's fancy?  
 To this day I cannot forget.

Oh Petrograd, beautiful Petrograd  
 I see you before me looking so beautiful  
 The most wonderful reveries I've ever had  
 Have been of you, my beautiful Petrograd.

Mrs. Nirenberg has integrated the Russian "Proshchay Odessa" and the Yiddish "Petrograd", which incorporates a segment of the popular Russian folksong "Chubchik". In the citations which follow, song titles are spelled as they appear on record labels and sheet music. "Proshchay Odessa" was recorded by Pesakh Burstein on Asch 6017 during the mid-1940s. "Petrograd", words by Jacob Jacobs and music by A. Olshanezky, was performed by Aaron

Lebedeff in *A nakht in kalifornye* (A Night in California), which opened September 27, 1927 at the National Theatre in New York. On October 31, 1927, Lebedeff's performance of the song was released simultaneously on two labels: Brunswick 67078 and Vocalion 13060. "Chubchik" itself was recorded many times by Jewish artists: "Tchupchik" (translated as "Village Sheik" and "Peasant Chic" on the label and in the recording company files) was recorded by Munia Serebroff on July 19, 1927 (Brunswick 59013); "Tchubtshik" (translated as "Pompadour") was recorded by David Medoff (under the alias Ivan Pretrenko) on December 13, 1927 (Victor 80408); "Tchubtshik Kucheriavyj" was recorded by David Medoff in December 1927 (Columbia 20126-F). Russian artists had recorded the song even earlier: (Columbia 20042-F), to mention but one. By about 1937, sheet music for "Tchoobtchik", "as sung by the popular Russian artist David Medoff" and arranged by Henry Lefkowitz for voice and piano, was published by Metro Music, a company that catered primarily to a Jewish clientele. The text of

"Chubchik" also appears in Alexis J. Chernoff, *Russian Folk Songs*, vol. 2 (New York, 1953, pp.150-1).

Perhaps the most recent version of "Chubchik" is a parody that is sung on a disc "Di farbotene lider" (The Forbidden Songs) in Yiddish translation, by David Eshet, issued in Israel, that tells of Chubchik's exile to Siberia for unknown crimes: "Keyner veys nit vos geven iz dayn farbrekhn / S'loyft di tsayt—un keyner fregt nit mer" (No one knows what your crimes were / Time passes and no one asks anymore). "In sibir hostu oykh nit keyn moyre. / S'flamt nokh alts dayn fayerdiker blik, / Vayl fun dort vet men dikh vayer nit farshikn, / Vayl fun dort kumt zeltin ver tsurik" (In Siberia you also are unafraid / Your fiery glance still burns, / For from there they won't exile you to any other place, / For from there, hardly anyone ever returns).

Recorded March 20, 1975 in New York in concert. BKG 1975: 1/5.







יידישער וויסנשאַפֿטלעכער אינסטיטוט – י״וואַ  
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דער יידישער וויסנשאַפֿטלעכער אינסטיטוט י״וואַ, זינט זיין גרינדונג אין ווילנע אין 1925, גיט זיך אָפּ מיט פרעזערווירן און שטודירן אלע אַספעקטן פֿון מירח־איראָפּעישן ייִדישן לעבן.

אונדזערע אַרכיוון פֿאַרמאָגן איבער 22,000,000 איינסן און אונדזער פֿילשפּראַכיקע ביבליאָטעק ציילט איבער 300,000 בענד און נעמט אַרײַן די גרעסטע ייִדיש־קאָלעקציעס אין דער וועלט.

ביים הינטיקן טאָג שולט דער י״וואַ אויס סטודענטן אין אַמעריקאַנער און איראָפּעישער ייִדישער געשיכטע, פֿאָלקלאָר, ייִדישער שפּראַך און ליטעראַטור, פֿירט אָן און פּובליקירט פֿאַרשאַרבעטן און אַרגאַניזירט ליטעראַריש־קינסטלערישע פּראָגראַמען.

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