

Az di furst avek

Lifshe Schaechter-Widman
A Yiddish Folksinger from the Bukovina



אוֹ דָיְהָאַסְטָן אַזְדֵּעַ
לִיבְנֶעָן שְׁעַבְמָעָרְנוּיְהָמָאָן

Rubin,
Sv

The sun sets at dusk, the girl stands outside.
Her cheeks are wet, her strength is leaving her.
She is standing and waiting at the spot,
Where she always used to meet him.
Now she stands so long, and waits here alone.

די זוֹן פְּאָרָגִיַּט עֲמָצֶת, דָּאַס מִיּוּלָעַ שְׁטוּם אַיְוּ דְּרוּסָוּ;
די בעקעלעך זעגען אוֹר נָאַס, די כוֹחוֹ וְיַעֲן אַיר אַיס.
זַי שְׁטוּם אוֹר וְאַרְטַּה אַחַד רָעַם, אַרְטַּה זַי לְקָעָט אִים מַמְרַעַן זַעַן;

מַתְהָעַ גַּעֲרָעַעַע, וְאַס עַסְטָוּ מִיר מַיְוָן לְעָבָרַן!
דוֹ הַאֲסָט בְּנֵי מִיר גַּעֲגָנוּמָעַן מַלְּן וְעַכְסָעַן,
הַאֲסָט אִים קְאַשְׁלָהָט אַיְוּ אַרְגָּעָה לְאַגָּד.

שְׂיוֹן בִּיטָּו, לִיבְגַּעַן, אַיְלָעַן וְעַס טָאָלַע צַו מַאְלוֹ.
סַיְאַרְתָּן גִּישְׁטָע אַגְּלָעַן שִׁינְגִּיקָּט צַו בְּאַגְּלָעַן.
שְׂיוֹן בִּיטָּו, לִיבְגַּעַן, צַו שְׂיוֹן אַיְלָעַן נַאֲמָעַן,
לִבְגַּעַן שְׁינְגָעַן וְזַי רְיַי שְׁינְגָעַן בְּלַעַמָּן.

מַלְאָגָיוּן, אַיְלָעַן בְּעַט רַיְוָן, בְּרַעְנָג אִים צְוִירִין,
ברַעְנָג מִיר מַיְוָן לְעָבָרַן, בְּרַעְנָג מִיר מַיְוָן גְּלִיךְ.

Mother, dearest, why do you torture me?
You took from me my life, my Gold.
You took from me my right hand,
And sent him off to a strange land.

You are beautiful, my love, to be painted on a slate.
There is no king who can pay for your beauty.
You are beautiful, my love, too beautiful is your name.
Your pretty cheeks are like the pretty flowers.

Mother dear, I beg of you, bring him back.
Bring me my life, bring me my happiness!

DI ZIN FARGEYT FARNAKHT

Di zin fargeyt farnakht, dues meydele shteyt in drousen.
Di bekalekh vorn ir nas, di koykhes geyen ir oys.
Zi shteyt in vart af deym ort, vi zi fleygt im tumid zeyn.
Itat shteyt zi szoy lang un vart du aleyn.

Du vi ikh shtey, in mayne trern tien gisen.

Ot du o iz dus ertele vi mir fleygn mir beyde shmisan.
Ot du o du iz dus ertele vi mir fleygn beyde shteyn.
Itstert bin ikh nebekh geblibn aleyn.

Memenu getraye, vus ekstil mir mayn leybn.
Di host ba mir tsigenem mayn khayes, mayn gold.

Host ba mir tsigenem mayn rekhte hant,
Host im farshikt in a fremd land.

Sheyn bistil lube aif deym tuvl tsai muln.
Se nishtu aza keyser dayn sheynkeyt tsai batzeln.
Sheyn bistil lube, tsai sheyn iz dayn numen,
Dayne sheyne bekalekh, vi di sheyne blumen.

Memenu, ikh beyt dekh, breng im tsirik.
Breng mir mayn leybn, breng mir mayn glirk.

לְשׁוֹן עֲרָבָה

କାହିଁ କାହିଁ କାହିଁ କାହିଁ କାହିଁ କାହିଁ କାହିଁ କାହିଁ କାହିଁ କାହିଁ

- אָמַרְתִּי לְפָנֶיךָ יְהוָה שְׁמַעְמַדְךָ וְשָׁמַעְמַדְךָ.
- אָמַרְתִּי לְפָנֶיךָ יְהוָה שְׁמַעְמַדְךָ וְשָׁמַעְמַדְךָ.

SHISTERL

LAW & KINSHIP

Ekh bin a shisterl gur an antik.
Ekh arbet un arbet in hob kayn glik.
Ekh arbet un arbet ba tug un banakht.
Kin ahtivl hob ekh far mir nicht gemakht..

Oy, di shiterl vu' zhe vi'ste?
A veytik hoste un ladm miste.
Oy di shisterl bavaz dan kheyn,
In ras di dratve mit di tsayn.

二四一

Vidale, shphil mir af dayn fidale.
In s, di vest nicht kennen,
Vel ekh dus fidale tsinemen.

Itaikl, shpil mir mit dayn shmitchikl.
In s', du vest nicht kennen,
Vel ekh s' shmitchikl tsinmen.

YIDALE

Vidale,
Play me your fiddle.
And if you won't be able to,
I'll take the fiddle away.

Itsiki,
Play something with your bow.
And if you won't be able to,
I'll take the bow away.

COBBLER

I am a cobbler, something special.
I work, and work, and have no luck.
I work days, and I work nights,
A pair of boots for myself, I still haven't made.

Oh, you cobbler, what do you want?
You are miserable and buffer you must.
Oh, you cobbler, show us your charm,
And tear the thread with your teeth.

TSVELEF A ZEYGER SHPEYT BA MAKHT

LC: Vi heyst dos lid?

LSW: Tavellef a zeyger shpeyt ba nekht: a libeslid.

- אַיך אָזָג דִּיר גִּישַׁס, אַיך אָזָג דִּיר,
מַיְן מַתְּמַעַט לְזֹבֵט וְלֹא מַיְן מִיטַּוּד, יְיַיְן,
קְוֹמָט בְּעַנְּגָרָד צַו רִיחָלְעָן,
עַל וַיְלַשְׁׂוֹן חִיסְקָן: יְאָצֵי נְיַיְן.

- אַיז אָזָג דִּיר גִּישַׁס, אַיז אָזָג דִּיר,
מַיְן מַתְּמַעַט לְזֹבֵט וְלֹא מַיְן מִיטַּוּד, יְיַיְן,
מַיְן מַתְּמַעַט מִילְּדָא מַיְן לְעַבְּדָן שְׁפָעָן,
אַיך אָזָג דִּיר גִּישַׁס קִין כְּלָה וְעַרְבָּן.

אַיז אָזָג דִּיר גִּישַׁס זְרֻחָרָעָרָן,
שְׁרוֹן אַיז עַזְוּעָן אַגְּשָׁלָסָן,
אַיז אָזָג דִּיר גִּישַׁס זְרֻחָרָעָן,
אַיז אָזָג דִּיר גִּישַׁס זְרֻחָרָעָן.

אַיז אָזָג דִּיר גִּישַׁס זְרֻחָרָעָן וְעַסְפָּסָן.

Azoy vil er hot zd dershossn,
Shoyn iz er gevyn entshlosn.
Arousegekhept hot er deym revolver,
In hot Rivelen dershossn.

Azoy vi di shtut hot dus derhert,
Avukgefeln iz zd vi a leym.
Ousgedreyt hot er deym revolver.
In hot geshossn zikh bleyn.

Zekh aleyn, hot er nicht dershossn,
Vayl di koul iz fin im antlofn.
Itst helfst mir gite brider veynen,
Me vet mekh firn in keytn geshossn.

Azoy vi di shtut hot dus derhert,
Der miter hot men bald ousgezugt.
Di miter hot dokh geveynt gevahlt, (?)
In hot geveynt in geklugt.

Hert mekh oas mayne libe freynd.
Vus ekh vel sykh zugn.
Az ayere kinder veln a libe shpahn,
Kin deye zolt ir zey nicht zugn.

Kin deye zolt ir zey nicht zugn,
Es meyg sykh lign vi gur deran.
Ekh hob gevolt a deye zugn,
Shlektit iz mir dus ousgegen.

Herts mekh oas mayne live freynd,
Nemst aykh fin mir a raze.
Ekh hob nit gevolt gevyn tsai der khipe,
Gey ekh tsi der leveye.

LC: What's the name of this song?
LSW: Twelve O'Clock Late at Night: a love song

LC: What's the name of this song?
LSW: Twelve O'Clock Late at Night: a love song.

Twelve o'clock, late at night,
Everyone has gone to sleep.

Bernard comes to Rivière!
He wants to know - yes or no.

"I can't tell you yes, I can't tell you no.
My mother won't let me be with you.

"My mother is destroying my life,
She won't let me be your wife."

As soon as Bernard heard these words, he had already made up his mind.

He took out his revolver,
And he shot Rivele.

As soon as he had shot her, she fell down like a lump of clay.

And he shot himself.

For the bullet ran away from him.
Now he'll me cry good people.

I'm to be led away in chains."

They told her mother what had happened. The mother cried out, "Woe is me!"

"Hear me out, my dear friend,"

To what I'm going to tell you.
If your children fall in love,

Don't tell them what to do.

Even if it means a great deal to me,
I wanted to have my say.

Hear me out my good friends,

And I didn't want to go to the wedding,
I didn't want to go to the funeral."

JUR NUHK MAYN KHASENE

LSW: In 1908 bis 1914, bin ikh gevijn in Amerike.

.In yener taat, iz dus gevijn man suksesslid, a lid vus

m'hot gezingen..

LC: Du veyst nicht tai dos iz fun teater tai nit?

LSW: Veys ikh nicht tai dus iz fin teater.

LC: Lomir henn.

S'i noch kin yur nicht nukh man khasene, zeyt vi ekh kik oye.
Tenet a ying vabele in khilpet shtark.

Mayne libe shvesterlek, a sod zug ikh aykh ous,

A man iz nor a tsure af dem kark.

Gevijn bin ekh a meydele, sheyn, lib un moyredik.

Geshtift mit ale yinge layt hob ikh dan.

Haynt bin ikh a yidene, vist un more-skhooyredik,

Ales derfer vayl kh'hob gevolt a man.

A leybn darf er makhn bloyz, in vus bin ekh den nicht in hoyz.

A dinst in a mamele, a kekhne vi a damele,

Ales kimt mir un mit shverer noyt.

Ekh shver aykh bay mayn heylkeyt, az dus iz kayn kleynikeyt.

Liber iz tsai blabn an alte moyd.

Vi zenen mayne glikn? Vus hob ekh zikh geyugt?

Gehofft of nukh a khasene, getroymt fin glik.

A men hob ekh bekimen, af bonim nor gezugt,

A shud vus khaen ken ikh nicht tsirik.

Gemeint hob ekh avde az lib hot mech man tayerer,

Kh'o doch im azoy fil mi upgekost.

Kh'vel leybn nukh man khasene glikhlekher in frayerer,

Tsim sof hot zikh a boydem oyagelozt.

Nokh eyder ekh hob zikh arimegezen.

Ken ikh shoyn in gas aroys nicht geyn.

Bashert fin got a zibele, a kind groys vi a tsibele.

Fin deym kleynem leyd ekh shvere noyt.

Dus bakhele, dus fiselle, dus hissele,

Liber shoyn tsai blabn an alte moyd.

Mayn man leybt zekh in freydn, er veyst nicht vus ekh layd.

Er est zikh up di vettshere in geyst avek.

Er geyt zikh in tester, nemt a zits a tayern,

Mekh mitnemen vil er nicht.

A vab iz nor bashain tau kokhn, vashn, shayern,

Tai zeyn a mame in a dinst in shtib.

Tomer heysa ikh im nicht geyn,
Er khaft zeyn hut, dus ahtekale,
In lost mikh mitn brekale,
Fin deym kleynem layd ekh gur bittere noyt.
Dus kakhele, dus hissele, dus bakhele, dus fiselle,
Shoyn liber iz tau blaybn an alte moyd.

A YEAR AFTER MY WEDDING

LSW: From 1908 to 1914 I was in America. At that time, this was my hit song, a song that was sung... .Do you know whether it's from the theater or not?

LC: Do you know whether it's from the theater or not?

LSW: I don't know whether it's from the theater.

LC: Let's hear it.

"It's not yet a year after my wedding, and look at me now,"

Laments a young wife and sobs bitterly.

"My dear sisters I'll tell you a secret:

A husband is just a pain in the neck.

I was once a pretty girl, lovely and shy.

I flirted with young men.

Now I'm an old woman, worn out and saddened,

All because I wanted a man.

A living is all he has to make, and what am I not at home?

A maid, and a mother, a cook, and a lady.

I do it all with great hardship.

I swear to the heavens, that it's no trivial matter.

I should have remained an old maid.

Where is my good fortune? Why did I rush?

After the wedding I dreamed of happiness.

I got me a husband -- I wish him on my enemies.

Too bad I can't change my mind.

I thought, of course, that my dear one loved me;

He made such an effort for me.

I thought that after my wedding I'd be happier, more free.

But all that came to naught.

Before I knew what happened.

I couldn't go out in the street.

God sent me a premature child, no bigger than an onion.

And I suffer from this child terribly.

His belly, his legs, his wheezing, his cough-

Better to have remained an old maid.

My husband has a good time, he doesn't know how I suffer.

He eats his supper and goes away.

He goes to the theater, takes an expensive seat,

But doesn't want to take me along.

A wife was created only to cook, wash, clean,

To be another servant in the house.

If I tell him not to go.

He tells me I can yell all I want.

He grabs his hat, his cane,

And leaves me with the little one.

I suffer from the child terribly.

His wheezing, his coughing, his belly, his legs.

Better to have remained an old maid.

ପ୍ରକାଶକ ମେଟ୍ରୋପିଲିଟନ୍

THE KIRKENEY PAPER

ମୁଁ ଦିନପାଇଁ କେବଳ ଏକାନ୍ତ ପାଇଁ ଆଜି ହସିବା
ରୀ କିମ୍ବା ଏକାନ୍ତ କେବଳ ଏକାନ୍ତ ଦସିବାରେ ଆଜି
ଆଜି ମନୁଷ୍ୟ ନ ରାଖୁଣ୍ଡ ନେବାରେ ନେବାରେ ଆଜି

On the night of the last day of Passover,
A new ordinance was issued,
That Jews should lay hidden,
They shouldn't come out in the street.

ପାଇଁବିନି କରିବାକୁ ଅନ୍ତରେ ଏହାରେ ମଧ୍ୟରେ
କିମ୍ବା କିମ୍ବା କିମ୍ବା କିମ୍ବା କିମ୍ବା କିମ୍ବା କିମ୍ବା

אל ה' מיהי ור' פָּנָא בְּדַעַת גָּדוֹלָה.

କରୁଣାରେ ହରିଜନ ମନ୍ଦିର ମଧ୍ୟ ପାଇଁ ଆମିରାମ ମନ୍ଦିର
ମାତ୍ରରେ ପାଇଁ ଏହା ହେଉଥିଲା ।

ପାଇଁ ୱାରି କାହାର କାହାର କାହାର
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DER KESHEN NEVER POGROM

*Khriñ shel peysekh af der nakht,
iz aroys a nayer ruzkaz.
z yidn zoln lign bahaltin,
sey turn zikh nisht dreyen in gas*

Y, ziser got in him,
lik shoyn arup af der erd.
ey nor deym rash in getiml.
us hobn di yidn far a vert.

houz fin dray gurns,
ot men geleyg btsai deym grind.
gevegan hot men gerian,
fauvann gelot af deyn vint.

n di feydern iz men gegangen,
zoy vi vinter in shney.
aber hot men geshlugn,

ener ts'erish si tavey.

us zey hobn gur kayn vert.

יונה הנביא

VOYNE HANUVI
 Voyne hanuvi iz fin got antlofn,
 Er hot nicht gevolt kayn shlikhes geyn.
 Af der shif hot es im getrofn,
 Ven di shif hot ungehoybn intergeyn.

Gevalt, verft goyrl oust (?)
 Veymen men zoi in yan araynverfn.
 Goyrl iz arys, Voyne hanuvi minhastam.

Inter dray misles, hot got bashert a nes,
 A fish not im oysgeshpign tsairik.

Hobn di yidn gezeyn, vus se iz gesheyen,
 Nisim fin got aleyn.

Azoy zosti mir vazn, vi man man tsai shpazn,
 Uptschitn zikh finem toyt.

Dus ken nicht keyner, nor di got eyner,
 Uptsiirateven yoynen finem toyt.

LC: Ven flygg men dus zingen?
 LSW: Az s'iz af eynem geveyn epis a tsure, in dernokh

s'hot zikh ousgedreyt di tsure in s'i git gevorn,
 hot men gedankt got in men hot gezingen dus lid.

JONAH THE PROPHET

Jonah the prophet ran away from God.
 He did not want to fulfill his mission.
 It happened to him on the ship,
 When the ship began to sink.

"Help! Throw lots, whom we should cast into the sea." "The lot was decided: Jonah the prophet of course. In less than three days, God made a miracle - A fish spit him back out. The Jews thus saw what had occurred, Miracles from God.

"So should you show me, how to feed my husband, To protect him from death. No one can do this, only you God alone -- Could save Jonah from death.

LC: When vas this song bung?
 LSW: When someone had a problem, and the problem vas resolved, we thanked God and sang this song.

ISVEY SHVESTERLEKH

S'a mul geveyn tsvey shvesterlekh glakh,
 Eyne fin deer anderer gresser.
 Eyne hot tsu mezzl, khasene gehst,
 Di andere iz a meydele gezzen.

"Shvuggerl man sheyns, shvuggerl man fayns,
 Her vus ekh vel dir zugn.
 Ekh ho', dekh lib shoyn a lange tsayt,
 Ekh ken dus mer nit fartrugn."

"Shveygerin mayn sheyne, shveygerin mayn kleyne,
 Her vus ekh vel dir zugn.
 Ekh ken mit dir keyn libe nit shpiln,
 Vus vet dayn shvesterl shoyn zugn."

"Shvuggerl mayn sheyns, shvuggerl mayn fayns,
 Her vus ekh vel dir zugn.
 Mayn shvester meysti opgetn shoyn,
 Un zolet mit mir khasene hubn."

אוי שועטערלעך
 אונגע טויל געוען צאו שועטערלעך גלייך,
 איינגע האט מיט מל מהוינה געלאטן.
 ר' אונדרער איז א לויישעל געצעטן.

- שועטערל מילו שינס, שונגערל מילו קליינע,
 העד וואט איר וועל דילו זאגא;
 אריל קען מיט ריד קיין ליבען שיפילו,
 וואט ווין שונגערל שילן (דעראצ) זאגא?

- שועטערל מילו שינס, שונגערל מילו זאגא;
 העד וואט איר וועל דילו זאגא;
 מיל שונגערל מילו אנטגטן זאגא;
 או זאלט מיט מיר חונה האבן!

TWO SISTERS

There once were two sisters alike,
One bigger than the other.
One got married, praise God.
The other remained a maiden.

"My handsome brother-in-law, my fine brother-in-law,
Listen to what I will tell you.
I have loved you for a long time,
I can't stand it anymore."

"My pretty sister brother-in-law, my little sister-in-law,
Listen to what I will tell you.
I can't have an affair with you,
What would your sister say?"

"My handsome brother-in-law, my fine brother-in-law,
Divorce my sister immediately,
And get married to me."

POTIFERS WIFE

Potifers vab hot mekh ungeredt,
Ekh zol mit ir shlufn.
Kho' mikh getin a bore, mitn yeytse-hore,
Az got vet mekh shtrufn.

Potifers vab hot mekh ungeredt,
Mir zoln zayn tsizamen.
Mir zoln zayn tsizamen.
Kho' mikh getin a bore, mitn yeytse-hore,
Az Rukhl iz man meme.

LSW: Dus fileygn di yossef-shpilers zingen, di pirem-shpilers.

Potifers vab hot mekh ungeredt,
Mir zoln zayn tsizamen.
Mir zoln zayn tsizamen.
Kho' mikh getin a bore, mitn yeytse-hore,
Az Rukhl iz man meme.

POTIPHAR'S WIFE

Potiphar's wife tried to convince me,
That I should sleep with her
I wrestled with the evil impulse,
God would punish me.

Potiphar's wife tried to convince me,
We should sleep together.
I wrestled with the evil impulse,
Isaac is my grandfather.

Potiphar's wife tried to convince me,
That we should be together.
I wrestled with the evil impulse,
Rachel is my mother.

LSW: The "Yossef-shpilers" used to sing this, the Purim players.

פוטיפר טעב

פוטיפר טעב התאָט אַגְּנוּעָסֶט,
איַלְּאַלְּאַלְּ שְׁלֵמָדֶן.
כ'חֲבֵב מִיר גַּעֲטָו אַבְּרָאָם.
מִיטָּלָע, עַזְּהָרָעָע,
איַלְּעַט מִיר שְׂרָפָעָן.

פוטיפר טעב תְּחַטֵּט מִיר אַגְּנוּעָסֶט,
מִיר זְלִילָה שְׁלֵמָדֶן בְּיַדְעָן.
כ'חֲבֵב מִיר גַּעֲטָו אַבְּרָאָם.
מִיטָּלָע, עַזְּהָרָעָע,
איַלְּעַט מִיר זְלִילָה.

פוטיפר טעב תְּחַטֵּט מִיר אַגְּנוּעָסֶט,
כ'חֲבֵב מִיר גַּעֲטָו אַבְּרָאָם.
מִיטָּלָע, עַזְּהָרָעָע,
איַלְּעַט מִיר זְלִילָה.

٤١٦

զ, միտք համ ուժաւութ և պահ .
Հաս՝ Հաս առ ի ասցը Թուղար,
Տն պէտ Լին առներ Իր պարզ կը բար .
Հաս՝ Հաս առ ի ասցը Թուղար,

କାହିଁ କାହିଁ କାହିଁ କାହିଁ କାହିଁ କାହିଁ କାହିଁ କାହିଁ କାହିଁ କାହିଁ

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SEF, YOSEF

seß, Yosbel is a voyler Ying,
meyg doch trugh deym keyssers ring.
sef, Yosbel is a voyler parshoyn,
kint im untsbitin di kroyn.

EPH, JOSEPH

eph, Joseph is good kid,
should wear the king's ring.
eph, Joseph is a good guy,
deserves to wear the crown.

WITH EACH PASSING DAY

Vus a tug brent dus fayer greiser,
Az ekh zey dekh mit a tavyter geyn.
Shtekhn vel ekh mekh mit a meser,
Mer vil ikh fin dir dus nischt zeyn.

Shtekh dekh nischt, mayn tayer zis leybn.
Vayl dsyn plage iz dokh gur imzist.
Ekh bin tsai mszl a khusn gevorn,
In dir loz got bashern veymen di vi'st.

Di vi'st dokh meynen, di bist di shenste
In di engeneymste af der velt.
Dan sheynkeyt vet fargeyn,
Azoj vi di rose sin frayen feld.

And may God give you the one you want.

"With each passing day, the fire burns stronger, when I see you standing with another. I will stab myself with a knife. I don't want to see this any more."

"Don't stab yourself, my sweet love, For your suffering is in vain. Fortunately, I am engaged. And may God give you the one you want.

You want to think that you are the fairest, And the sweetest on this earth. Your beauty will fade away, like the dew upon the open field."

אך זו גֶּמֶרְטָס אַמְעֵק

- אֲךָ רֹי גֶּמֶרְטָס אַמְעֵק, אֲךָ רֹי
אַמְעֵק עַמְמָעוֹ שֶׁלְאַרְטָס פְּלִוּקָע, אֲךָ רֹי
אַרְטָס טַרְמָעָן, אֲךָ רֹי גֶּמֶרְטָס וַיְדָעָן,
עַמְעַן וְעַלְמַן מַרְזַיךְ, נַאֲךָ אֲךָ זָעַן בַּילְדָן,

לֹאֲךָ מַירְזַיךְ בַּילְדָן, אֲךָ לֹאֲךָ מַירְזַיךְ בַּילְדָן,
אַפְּנַיְשׁוּלְעַל אַיְלָמִיךְ, קַעַדְעַן, סְרִוְיסְטָן,
אֲךָ אַיְלָמִיךְ עַלְלָאַל אַיְלָמִיךְ, מַיְנָעָן, דַּו שְׁוִוְוִיטָס גְּזַעְרָן,
אַסְפָּרָן וְעַלְלָאַל אַיְלָמִיךְ קַעַדְעַן. אַסְפָּרָן וְעַלְלָאַל אַיְלָמִיךְ קַעַדְעַן.

- אֲךָ מַירְזַיךְ לִיְבִּיכְשָׂרוֹן, אֲךָ זָעַן נִישְׁטָן, דַּו שְׁעָנִינוֹ,
מַתְּסַלְלָן גַּדְעָן, זָגְלָסְטָן עַזְמָעָן; מַירְזַיךְ רַיְוָן;
אֲךָ אַיְלָמִיךְ זָעַן שְׁוֹרָן גַּעַמְעָן רַיְוָן שְׁטוֹנוֹרָן,
אֲךָ מַירְזַיךְ בַּיְלָעָן מוֹזְמִירָן זָעַמְזָן.

- אֲךָ אֲךָ זָעַן גַּעַנְעָן דַּעַם רַשְׁטָן תַּעַנְפִּין,
מִיכְסָרָעָן גַּעַנְעָן מִינְגָּעָן אַגְּן.
עַלְלָט בִּינְסָט גַּעַעָעָן עַוְתָּשׁ הַאֲבָאַיְלָמִיךְ רַיְוָן,
אַיְלָמִיךְ אַיְגָעָן גַּעַעָעָן מִינְגָּטָבָסְטָן תַּאֲגַלְלָהָן.

AZ DI FURST AVEK

Az di furst avek, oy, az di furst avek,
Az veymen zhe lozzi mekh iber.
Az di furst avek, az di furst avek,
Ven veln mir zikh nukh a mol zeyn vider.

Loz mir dayn bild, oy, loz mir dayn bild.
Efsher vel ekh mekh kenen treystn.
Az ekh vel es unkihn, vel ekh meynen az di shteyst far mir.
Efsher vel ekh un dir kenen fargeen.

Du veyst lubetshku, oy, veyn nisht dusheenyu.
Mit keyn geveyn zo'sti tai mir nit reydn.
Es iz shoyn gekimen di imglilekhe shtunde,
Az mir beyde miz' mir zikh taesheydn.

Un az di ban, oy, hot gegeben deym ershtn fas,
Mit ttern zenen farlofn mayne oygn.
Ersht bisti geveyn, ersht hob ekh dekh gezeyn.
In eyne, tsvey minitn bistil farfloygn.

In az di ban, oy, iz avekgegen,
Geblichen bin ekh aleyn shteyn.
Oy gevalt ekh khalesh, oy gevalt ekh shterb.
Oy gevalt kh'bin elnt vi a shteyn.

WHEN YOU LEAVE

When you leave, oh, when you leave,
With whom are you leaving me?
When you leave, oh, when you leave,
When will we see each other again?

Leave me your picture, oh, leave me your picture.
Maybe it will comfort me.
When I will look at it, I'll think you're standing before me.
Maybe I will be able to forget you.

You are crying sweetheart, oh, don't cry darling,
You should not speak to me with tears.
For the unhappy hour has arrived,
When we both must part.

And, oh, when the train blew the first whistle,
My eyes filled up with tears.
You were just here, I just saw you.
And in one or two minutes, you flew away.

And oh, when the train had just departed,
I was left standing alone.
Woe is me, I'm fainting. Woe is me, I'm dying.
Woe is me, I'm as lonely as a stone.

דאש יהומיט-לייר

זילבר, גולד זענער ערדר,
בריליאנטס אונט זענער ערדר,
פֿערשטערן פֿער, ווערט
קָעַר פֿערט אַיגְעַד אַיגְעַד.

אַבְעַר וְעוֹ, אַזְגַּט מִיר, ?
קָעַר אַבְעַר מִילְאָגְעַר
אַרְעַד אַרְעַד זַיְנָעַד פְּלָאַגְעַד.

עַלְנַט אַסְטַּמְאָד אַסְטַּמְאָד,
עַלְנַט אַסְטַּמְאָד אַסְטַּמְאָד.
עַלְנַט אַסְטַּמְאָד אַסְטַּמְאָד
עַלְנַט אַסְטַּמְאָד אַסְטַּמְאָד.

אַבְעַר אַזְגַּט מִאַפְּלָאַגְעַד,
אַבְעַר אַזְגַּט מִאַפְּלָאַגְעַד.
אַבְעַר אַזְגַּט מִאַפְּלָאַגְעַד,
אַבְעַר אַזְגַּט מִאַפְּלָאַגְעַד.

עַלְנַט אַסְטַּמְאָד אַסְטַּמְאָד,
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... : עַלְנַט אַסְטַּמְאָד

YESOYIM-LID

LSW: Dus iz a yesoyim-lid.

Zilber, gold zenen erd,
Brilyanten zenen shteynen.

Uptsiashaten zeyer vart,
Ken kimat a yeyder eyner.

Ober ver, akh zugt mir ver,
Ken a mames vert, upshaten?

Urim iz der milyoner,
Eint, synzam in zayne palatn.

Tomer hosti vens farloyn gelt,
Gelt kensti nokh vider hubn,

Ober az dayn mame feylt,
Host si eybik zi farloyn.

**Meygast di gantse velt ouslayfn,
Neyn, di kenst far kin shim oyfn,
Dir far gelt a mame koyfn.**

**Yuseml, yesoyomele,
Dekh hot men fin dayn beymele,**

**Upgerien ven di host geblit,
Eint shvakhez feygle, shtil zay in makh a shvaygele,**

A' di host keyne mame, hosti keynem nicht.

**Ken a mame vern mid,
Ir kind di gantse naskht tsai vign.**

**Eynzam zitst zi, in zingt a lid,
Mit a imendikn nign.**

**Vert-dus kind khollie krank,
Vil di mame besser laydn.**

Mir far dir is ir gedank.

Zi volt gelozt ir fleysh zikh shneydn.

Tseritlekh drukt zi dekh tsai der brist,

In mirmilt shtil, "Zolst mir gevern."

Zi beyt tai got, in dekh zi kisht,

In es fahn heyse terner.

Di meygast di gantse velt...

לְאֵם אַלְפִּי-בִּיתָה-לִידָר

ORPHAN SONG

Silver, gold are merely earth,
Diamonds are just stones.
Almost all can
Appreciate their worth.

But who, oh tell me who,
Can grasp a mother's value?
Poor is the millionaire,
Lonely in his castles.

If you've ever lost money,
Money can be had again.
But when your mother is gone,
You have lost her forever.

You can run the world over,
No, there is no way,
To buy a mother for money.
Orphan, poor orphan,
You were broken off your tree,
When you were still in bloom.
Lonely, weak little bird,
Hush and be silent.
For when you have no mother, you have no one.

Can a mother become tired
Rocking her child the whole night through?
Lonely, she sits and sings a song
With a sorrowful tune.
If the child, heaven forbid, falls ill,
The mother would rather suffer.
Better me than you, she thinks.
She would let her flesh be cut.
Tenderly, she hugs you to her chest,
And whispers: "Long may you live."
She prays to God and kisses you,
And hot tears fall.

You can run the world over...

ALEF-BEYS-LID

Di alef makht: av rakhamim meroyim.
Di alef makht: av rakhamim meroyim.
Got iz a futer tsu ale yesoyim.
Ya-le-la-la...

Di beys makht: beys a hous, lozt men shteyn.
In az men rift, miz men geyn.
Ya-le-la-la...

Di giml makht: gold in zilber zenen blot.
In e' der malekh-hamues kint, fargeyt di ukhote.
Ya-le-la-la...

THE ALPHABET SONG

The aleph reads: Merciful Father of the Heavens,
God is a father for all of the orphans.
Ya-le-la-la...

The beys reads: beys, a house, is left to stand,
And when we're called we have to go.
Ya-le-la-la...

The gimel reads: gold and silver are worthless,
And when the angel of death comes all desire is lost.
Ya-le-la-la...

רֵי אַלְפִּי מַאכְלָטָן:
אֲגַת הַחֲמִימִים מְרוֹמִים
אֲגַת אַיִלָּה קֶדֶעָמִים
גָּדוֹלָה יְחוּמָה...

רֵי בִּיתָה-לִידָר:
בִּיחָה - אֲגַת לְאֵם שָׁעָל
אָוֹז מַעַרְקָת,
מוֹז מַעַרְקָת גַּיְוָן...

רֵי גַּדְעָל מַאכְלָטָן:
אֲגַלָּד וּוֹז לִילְבָנָעָד יְעָגָעָעָד בְּלִיסָּעָד,
אָוֹל אָז דַּעַר מַאוֹ-הַמְּמֹת קָוָמָת,
שְׂגָגָת אַתָּה אַזְכָּרָתָה...

WHERE ARE THE YEARS THAT ONCE WERE?

ԱՆ ԱՆ ՎՐԱ ՎՐԱ ՎՐԱ ՎՐԱ
ԱՆ ՎՐԱ ՎՐԱ ՎՐԱ ՎՐԱ ՎՐԱ ՎՐԱ

That you were mine.
And today I cry and lament,
Why did such a misfortune befall me?

ወደና እነት በኋላ የገዢ ጥሩ እና እና ዘመን መሠረት የገዢ
ለገዢና ተገዢና እና የገዢና ይገዢ ምርመራ
እና ቤትና የገዢና ይገዢ .

I bathe myself in a river.
Oh, people watch me with their eyes.
Where is my beloved now?
Oh, far from me has he flown,
Away from me,
To a foreign land.
I'll not tell anyone of my woes,
For I do not want people to know my shame.

VI NEHT HEN BI AHOlike YURN?

Vi nemt men di amulike yurn?
Oy, ver iz gevayn tsai mir glaykh?
Ven mir hot geshant mayn olik,
Mit a yeydun mentshn tsai glaykh.
Kh' o gemeygt dentasmul zugn,
Az di bist mane gevayn.
In hant ti ekh veynen in klugn,
Far vus iz mir sza brokh gesheyen.

Ikh bud dokh mikh in a tsakh.
Oy mentshn tien kikn mit di oygn.
Vi iz mayn gelibter atsind?
Oy vat fin mir avekgefloygn.
Avek, iz er fin mir,
In a fremd land.
Dertseyln, dertseyl ikh nit far k
Vayl ikh vil nit me zol visn maynn

ל' אוגוסט

Dus yinge meydele bekint di sukhote.
Zi ken nicht nukhgeyn der mode.
Di rote bekleidk vern fin tsures bl

ଲେଖି କର୍ତ୍ତରଙ୍ଗ ରୋ ପାନ୍ଦି ହେ ମନୁଷ୍ୟରେ ଯେତେବେଳୀ
ହେଲା ହେ ଅନ୍ତରେ ନେବା ମନୁଷ୍ୟରେ ଯେତେବେଳୀ,
ଅମ୍ବ ହେଲା ଅଶ୍ରୁରେ ଥିଲା ଆଜି ଏହା ମନୁଷ୍ୟ ହେଲା:
ଦିନଦିନ ଏହା ଏହା ଏହାରେ ହେ ଏହାରେ

Or A rikh in der mode arayn! a rikh in der mode arayn!
Vus zeneen derkh ir gesheyen.

Oyl Arikh in der moe a a y i
vus es zenen derkh ir geheyn.

FASHION

Come, oh people, and raise an outcry.
That much a plight has arisen in today's world.

*Since fashion has appeared,
All good things have disappeared!*

DI MODE

*Oh, this is the fashion, this is the fashion,
Which has brought us misfortune.*

When the coat is good and ready,
It does not yet look grand.
It is not quite well stitched.
The buttons are somewhat off to the side.
But as soon as Paris introduces a new twist,
The old coat is trashed.

Kintat oy yldn in dervekts a klug.
Aß der hantiker velt iz erous aza plug.
Zayt di mode iz aroosgekmen,
Dus gentse gits hot zi avsekjenimen!

Az der mantl iz dokh gur fartik,
Iz er nocht nicht groyssartik.
Epis iz er nischt sheyn geshtept.
Epis zenen in der zayt di knep.
In bald git Pariz a nayem kneyt,
Trotz men deym mantl shoyn af deym tandeyt.

רי יירושה קרגנטע זיין

מײַן זײַדֶה הָט מִיר גָּלוֹזְתָּ אַטְּשֵׁוּס
מַנְּיָה זְיַדְּעָה אַיְזָה גְּעוּלָה אַגְּרִיסְטָר
עַל זְיַדְּעָה מִיר מִיְּנָה
מַלְּוּעָה מִאַלְּגָדָה כְּרָגְדָּוָה אַקְּרָבָה,
מַלְּוּעָה - אַיכְּבָּעָה דְּאַלְּגָדָה.
סְרִינְקָעָה טְרִינְקָה דְּאַלְּגָדָה, אֲגְּזָעָה
זְבָּבִי נְאָרָה אַלְּגָדָה. גְּאַגְּזָעָה
אוֹ רָאָס אַיְזָה מִיר גָּבְּרִיבָה,
זְרוּנוֹ גָּבְּרִיבָה,
אוֹ רָאָס אַיְזָה מִיר גָּבְּרִיבָה...

מיַר זְיַדְּעָה תְּזֵבָה, זְיַדְּעָה
מַיְּנָה זְיַדְּעָה גְּעוּלָה פְּרָשָׁעָה,
עַל זְיַדְּעָה מִיר מִיְּנָה.
שְׂכָלָה בְּלָלָה תְּזֵבָה, דִּין
זְעָגָנָה עַמְּלָה תְּזֵבָה.
אוֹ רָאָס אַיְזָה מִיר גָּבְּרִיבָה,
זְעָגָנָה אַיְזָה מִיר גָּבְּרִיבָה,
אוֹ רָאָס אַיְזָה מִיר גָּבְּרִיבָה, זְעָגָנָה
אוֹ רָאָס אַיְזָה מִיר גָּבְּרִיבָה...

dry vaber tsai hubn, in dray tsai bagruba,
dus hot ekh men zeyde gekent.
in mit yeider a halb tits kinder tsai hubn,
dus iz dukh in meazl gevendt.
Be zibetsik yur a psile tsai nemen
in hubn a ben-zukher in freydn,
dus iz mir geblibn, zikhroyne livrukhe,
di yerishe fin mayn zeydn.

MY GRANDFATHER'S LEGACY

My grandfather was a gresset drunk,
May he rest in peace.
My uncle used to make kiddush with whiskey,
My aunt with aqua vitae.
To drink - the whole family drinks,
God bless them.
And this was left us, may he rest in peace,
In my grandfather's legacy.

My grandfather took from charity boxes,
May he rest in peace.
He drove his debtors crazy,
That's what my grandfather did too.
To take from all the factory owners,
And leave them holding the bag,
This was left for us, may he rest in peace,
In my grandfather's legacy.

My grandfather left me a will,
That no comb should ever touch my head.
My uncle had a growth on his throat,
My aunt also had a wart.
To scratch - the whole family scratches,
God bless them.
This was left us, may he rest in peace,
In my grandfather's legacy.

My zeyde iz geveyn a groyser shikker,
Er zol zikh far mir mi'n.
Mayn fetter fleyg makhn ibar bronfn a kiddish,
Mayn mime ibar okovin.
Trinkn trinkt dokh di gentse mishpokhe,
Ab'l nor in freydn.
In dus iz mir geblibn, zikhroyne livrukhe,
Di yerishe fin mayn zeydn.

My zeyde hot genimen fin tsduke-pishkes,
Shlechte bal-khoyves tsaeasn di kishkes,
Dus hot dokh mayn zeyde getin.
Tsitsenemem ba a sekh fabrikantn,
In ontsefesn eyeydn.
In dus i, mir geblibn, zekhroyne livrukhe,
Di yerishe fin mayn zeydn.

Notes on Songs

Side One

- 1) Oy vey, name. For other versions, see Cahan 1957, pp. 136-137, pp. 139-140; Skuditski p. 163.
- 2) Di zin fargeyt. Compare with Skuditski p. 153.
- 3) Dem tatns reyd. Written by David Apotheker (1855-1911). Published in his book, Hanevel-di layer, Chernovitz 1881. Originally entitled "Der foter mit dem zun." See Mlotek and Mlotek pp. 501-503; Rubin pp. 261-262, p. 509.
- 4) Ekh volt mekh gern erkindikt. No other versions known.
- 5) Shisterl. No other versions known.
- 6) Yidale. No other versions known.
- 7) Tavelef a zeyger. See Pipe and Pipe 1971, pp. 104-105, notes on p. 298. LSW's version published in Yidisher Folklore (1962) vol. 1, no. 3, p. 51 with different sixth verse.
- 8) A yur nukh mayn khasene. Written by Vitakhok Reingold (1873-1903). Reprinted in Geklibene Lider, Chicago: L. M. Stein Publishing Co., 1952. Recorded versions: Kapelye "Future and Past," Flying Fish Records, 1981; (in an English adaptation) Klezmer Vo'd "Klez Encounters of the Yiddish Kind" Global Village Music, 1986. LSW sang another of Reingold's songs, "Un di muzik shpilt."
- 9) Keshenev pogrom. See Mlotek 1972, p. 137; Rubin p. 220; Yidisher Folklor (1955) vol. 1, no. 2, pp. 29-30. LSW's version published in Yidisher Folklor (1962) vol. 1, no. 3, p. 68.
- 10) Yoyne hanuvi. No other versions known.

Side Two

- 1) Tevey shvesterlekh. See Prilutski, pp. 144-149.
- 2) Potifers vab and Yosef, Yosef. No other versions known.
- 3) Vus a tug. See Pipe and Pipe 1971, pp. 122-123, notes on p. 302.
- 4) Az di furst avek. See Cahan 1957, pp. 114-115, p. 118; Berggovski pp. 313-314, p. 339; Pipe and Pipe 1937, p. 260.
- 5) A baymelle. Written by Avrom Goldfaden (1840-1908). Appears in his play Meylitz yoysher, 1883. See Mlotek and Mlotek pp. 484-487; Goldfaden pp. 218-219.
- 6) Yesoyim-lid. Written by S. Shmulevitch (Solomon Smill 1868-1943). Printed in his Lider, New York 1913. A 78 rpm recording was produced.
- 7) Alef-beys-lid. See Prilutski pp. 15-20; Cahan 1938, pp. 91-93, notes on p. 308.
- 8) Vi nemt men di amulike yurn. See Cahan 1957, pp. 89-90; Skuditski pp. 235-236.
- 9) Di mode. No other versions known.
- 10) Di yerishe fin mayn zeydn. Also by Goldfaden. From the play Moshiyakha tsaytn, Craov, 1899. See Goldfaden, p. 237.