

Translations and Transliterations by Eliyahu Mishulovin
Preliminary Preparation by Adam J. Levitin

BAY MIR BISTU SHEYN

Composer: Sholom Secunda Lyrics: Jacob Jacobs

Even if you had a Tatar complexion,
even if you had tomcat eyes,
and even if you had a little limp,
or had wooden legs,
I would say, "It doesn't bother me."

*ven du zolst zayn shvarts vi a toter,
ven du host oygn vi bay a koter,
un ven du hinkst tsu bislekh
host hiltserne fislekh,
zog ikh, "dos art mikh nit."*

Even if you had a foolish smile,
or were an utter simpleton,
even if you were as unrefined as a wild Indian,
even if you were as common as a coarse Galician Jew,
I'd say, "It doesn't bother me."

*ven du host a narishn shmeykh,
un ven du host vayzoses seykh,
ven du bist vild vi an indiyaner,
bist afile a galitsyaner,
zog ikh, "dos art mikh nit."*

"Tell me, how do you explain it?"
Okay, I'll tell you why:

*zog mir vi erklerstu dos?
kh'vel dir zogn bald farvos:*

Because to me you're beautiful,
to me you have grace,
to me you're one of a kind.

*vayl bay mir bistu sheyn,
bay mir hostu kheyn,
bay mir bistu eyner af der velt.*

To me you're great,
to me you have "it,"
to me you're more precious than riches.
Many beautiful girls have wanted me,
and from all of them I chose only you.
Because to me you're beautiful,
to me you have grace,
to me you're one of a kind.

*bay mir bistu gut,
bay mir hostu "it,"
bay mir bistu tayerer fun gelt.
fil sheyne meydlekh hobn shoyn gevolt nemen mikh.
un fun zey ale oysgeklibn hob ikh nor dikh.
vayl bay mir bistu sheyn,
bay mir hostu kheyn,
bay mir bistu eyner af der velt.*

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IKH HOB DIKH TSUFIL LIB

Composer: Alexander Olshanetsky Lyrics: Chaim Tauber

Now I am left alone
with my longings, with my pain.
I have picked the cards,
and I seek my good fortune in them.

*kh'bin atzind aleyn geblibn
mit mayn benkshaft, mit mayn vey.
kh'hob di kortn opgeklibn
un ikh zukh mayn glik in zey.*

He has replaced me with another.
He cannot understand my great love.
He's going off to marry the other one,
while I remain forlorn and alone.

*er hot mikh farbitn af a tsveyter,
mayn groyse libe ken er nit farshteyn.
mit yener tsu der khupe geyt er,
un ikh blayb elnd un aleyn.*

Oh, who needs these cards.
For naught have I waited and yearned.
My youth is already buried.
Fortune has made a fool of me.

*nu ver zshe darf di kortn hobn,
umzist hob ikh gevart, gegart,
mayn yungt iz dokh shoybn bagrobn,
mayn mazl hot mikh opgenart.*

I love you too much.
I do not bear any hatred for you.
I love you too much
To be angry at you.
I love you too much
To be at all angry with you.
They say I'm a fool,
I know. I love you.
I gave my life away to you,
My heart and my soul.
I am sick, but my thoughts
Turn not to revenge.

*ikh hob dikh tsufil lib.
ikh trog af dir keyn has.
ikh hob dikh tsufil lib
tsu zayn af dir in kaas.
ikh hob dikh tsufil lib
tsu zayn af dir gor beyz,
a nar ikh heys,
ikh veys. ikh hob dikh lib.
kh'hob dir mayn lebn avekgegebn,
mayn harts un mayn neshome,
ikh bin krank, nor mayn gedank
trakht nit fun nekome.*

I love you too much...

ikh hob dikh tsufil lib...

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EYN KUK AF DIR

Composer: Alexander Olshanetsky Lyrics: Jacob Jacobs

General Vitalin:

Ever since I first noticed you,
something strange has happened.
What it is I stand here and contemplate.
I'll tell you simply:
Everybody knows that because of you,
I'm a changed man.
You have thrown a spark into me, and it glows.
You have now utterly disrupted my spirit.

Esther:

I cannot understand it,
how it could happen.
And it amazes me without end
that I, a poor Jewish girl
with an old, ragged dress,
should make such an impression on you.
You always keep company only
with rich, beautiful ladies.
How is it you suddenly think of me?

Both:

Just one look at you,
is enough, my dear!
You have already won my true love,
and you will remain the crown of my heart.
I know, my dear, that they
will separate the two of us.
But still the moment I first met you
will remain sacred to me.
Just one look at you ...

Vitalin:

*zayt kh'hob dir derzen,
iz epes do geshen.
vos dos iz, shtey ikh un trakht.
ikh zog dir gants prost,
zey veysn az du host
a nayer mentsh fun mir gemakht.
du host a funk arayngevorfn un er glit.
du host tseshtert ingantsn mir yetst mayn gemit.*

Esther:

*kh'ken dos nit farshteyn,
vi es ken geshen.
un es vundert mir on shier.
ikh an orem yidish meyd
mit an alt tserisn kleydl,
zol makhn aza ayndruk gor af dir.
du bist shteyndik nor tsuzamen,
mit di raykhe, shene damen.
vi kenstu plutsem trakhtn gor fun mir?*

beyde:

*eyn kuk af dir, mayn tayere!
iz dokh genug, mayn tayere!
du host gevunen shoyrn, dayn emes fardintn loyn,
un du vest zayn fun mayn hartsn di kroyn.
ikh veys az undz beydn, tayere,
vet men tsesheydn, tayere!
dokh blaybt mir, heylik der moment,
ven ikh hob zikh mit dir bakent.
eyn kuk af dir iz dokh genug ...*

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A MALKE AF PEYSEKH

Composer: Louis Gilrod

Passover is a joyous time;
the Jew is then a king.
He sits with his queen all adorned.
At the seder table along with the *kharoysies* [sweet ritual
condiment]
and the four cups of wine.
The queen lifts the washbasin to him in his "royal" chair.
This king is so happy with his world.
He smiles at his queen, and he beams.

He who has a queen on Passover,
is happy and joyful, that I know.
A queen like a doll,
with her little princesses
in their holyday finery,
with *matza* cakes and with *matza* balls—
a queen on Passover is the best thing.

Listen to this story—to what happened
to a cousin of mine.
Hear just what kind of luck he had;
Oy, what a mess.

He'd had enough of being single,
so he bought a wedding ring
and married a beautiful girl.
He fixed up a flat
with a bed and a table, and prepared a luncheon.
And this happened just before Passover.
The next day after the wedding, listen to this,
she shows up with twins from her first husband.

Oy, now he has a queen on Passover, all right.
He's suffering and is in pain, that much I know.
A queen like a doll
with her little princesses!
Now he has a problem with her,
and he asks her, "What's going on here?"
A queen on Passover, now, what do you think of that?

*peysekhn tsayt iz frelekh,
der yid iz dan a meylekh,
er zitst zikh mit zayn malke,
oysgeputst gants net.
baym seder mit kharoyses,
mit vayn, mit arbe koyses,
di malke heybt di shisl afn he'sebet.
gliklekh iz der meylekh af der velt.
er shmeykhl't tsu der malke un er kvelt.*

*ver s'hot a malke af peysekhn,
dem iz voyl un gut, dos veys ikh.
a malke vi a lalke,
mit kleyne printselekh,
mit yontefdikey kleydelkh,
un mit khremslekh un mit kneydlekh.
a malke af peysekhn iz di beste zakh.*

*nu, hert zikh a mayse
vos hot pasirt mit mayns a kuzin.
hert vos far a mazl er hot,
a brukhe iz tsu mayne yorn...*

*genug gevezn single,
gekoyft a "marriage" ringl.
gegangen tsu der khupe mit a meydl sheyn.
zikh ayngefikst a fletl,
a tish, a "lunch," a betl.
un punkt af erev-peysekhn iz take dos geven.
af morgn tzu der khupe, hert zikh ayn,
brenzt zi im a tsviling fun ir ershter man.*

*oy! hot er a malke af peysekhn
s'iz im vind un vey, dos veys ikh.
a malke vi a lalke,
mit kleyne printselekh.
er hot tsu ir a tayne
un er fregt zi, "ma nishtane?"
a malke af peysekhn vi gefelt dos aykh?*

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GLIK

Composer: Alexander Olshanetsky Lyrics: Bella Meisel

Now I stand and think:
What a strong power
fate holds over everyone.
One moment it makes a joke;
then it quickly turns to rage.
It can damn you and also bless you.

*ikh shtey atsind un trakht:
vos far a shtarke makht
der shikzal hot af yedn mentshn.
ot makht er zikh a shpas;
ot vert er bald in kaas.
er ken dikh shtrofn un oykh bentshn.*

If it was up to me,
if only I could
change your strange fate,
I would set you free,
renew your life as well,
and for your happiness I would pray.

*ven s'iz on mir gevent,
ven ikh volt nor gekent,
dayn modnem shikzal do fartretn.
volt ikh dikh yetst bafrayt.
dayn lebn oykh banayt,
un far dayn glik volt ikh gebetn.*

Happiness, you've come to me,
but a bit too late.
Good fortune, you have arrived
and filled my heart with such joy.
I do not want to think now
what fate will bring me tomorrow,
so long as I have at least one moment
when fortune is in my hands,
and I get to dance the last dance with you.

*glik, du bist gekumen tsu mir,
ober a bisl tsu shpet.
glik, du host gekumen
un farshaft mayn harts azoy fil freyd.
kh'vil yetst gornit klern
vos der morgn vet brengen far mir.
azoy lang ikh hob khotsh eyn moment
dos glik yetst in mayne hent,
un ikh tants dem letstn tants mit dir.*

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LEBN ZOL KOLUMBUS

Composers: Arnold Perlmutter and Herman Wohl Lyrics: Boris Thomashevsky

America is a *shtetl*
Where, I swear, life is great.
The Divine rests on her;
we should all get to live so.
Wars, guns, or bloodshed
we need like a hole in the head.
Who needs an [imperial] ruler?
The hell with kings.

Ay, it's great,
everyone sing along:
Long live Columbus!
Brothers, drink a toast to life—*!hayyim!*
Oh, long live Columbus
for discovering this new land!
Be merry!
Pay no heed to the grumblers.
Jews, shout:
Long live Columbus!

For girls, America
is a great place, a paradise,
for boys here are plentiful like the sands of the sea,
a pleasure, Oh, what a life.
You don't need a dowry,
The hell with matchmakers.
And if a chump wants to marry for money,
he's liable to wind up with a wife no one else would marry.
Oh, it's good,
girls sing along:

Long live Columbus!...

*a shtetl iz amerike
a mekhaye khlebn.
es rut af ir di shkhinele;
mir zoln azoy lebn.
milkhomes, biksn, mentshnblut
darfn mir af tsores.
a gubernator darf men nit,
a keyser af kapores.*

*ay, s'iz gut,
zingt zhe ale mit:
lebn zol kolumbus,
trinkt briderlekh lekham!
o lebn zol kolumbus
far dem land dem nayem!
zayt tsufridn,
gleybt nit in di trombes.
shrayt zhe yidn:
lebn zol kolumbus!*

*far meydlekh iz ameritshke
a glik, nor a ganeyden,
vayl boyz iz do kekhoh hayam,
a tayneg, oy a lebn.
un keyn nahn darf men nit,
shatkhonim af kapores.
un az a trombonik vil gelt,
krigt er a moyd mit tsores.
ay s'iz gut,
zingt zhe meydlekh mit:*

lebn zol kolumbus!...

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A GUTE HEYM

Composer: Alexander Olshanetsky Lyrics: Jacob Jacobs

I have written many songs,
but in my heart
only the song of the old country remains.
It is full of soul, and it brings me great solace
whenever I remember it.
A home is love, as everyone knows.
And one who has never had a home
feels a deep longing and realizes
that only he who has a home is happy.

A good home is a blessing from God.
A good home, whatever kind a person has.
What can be lovelier
than being in your own home
together with your mother and father?

Life can be all right elsewhere,
but it's nothing like home.
Only life at home
with father and mother
is truly good.

*kh'hob fil lider ongeshribn,
nor in mayn harts farblibn
iz nor dos lidl fun der alter heym.
es iz ful mit neshome, un es brengt mir fil nekhome
ven nor ikh dermon zikh in dem.
a heym iz lib, a yeden veyst men ale mol.
un nokh eynem vos hot nit gehat keyn heym keyn mol,
derfilt er aza benken un er nemt nokhdenken
az gliklekh iz nor der mentsh vos hot [a heym].*

*a gute heym iz a brokhe nor fun got.
a gute heym velkher mentsh nor es hot.
vos ken den nor zayn liber
vi in eygene shtiber
tsuzamen mit tate mame zayn.*

*in der fremd meg afile zayn vi gut.
dokh tsu keyn heym iz dos gor keyn glaykhn nit.
gut un bakvem iz dokh nor take ot dem
vos ken zikh voynen mit tate mame
in an eygener heym.*

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NU, ZOG MIR SHOYN VEN

Composer: Alexander Olshanetsky Lyrics: Jacob Jacobs

Misha:

You can trust me,
I will build a future for you.

Misha:

*du megst zikh af mir fartroyen,
kh'vel far dir a tsukunft boyen.*

Tootsie:

Tell me when, tell me when.

Tootsie:

zog mir ven, zog mir ven.

Misha:

You are my beloved, and you are precious to me.
I would walk through fire for you.

Misha:

*du bist bay mir lib un tayer,
ikh vel geyn far dir in fayer.*

Tootsie:

Tell me when, tell me when.

Tootsie:

zog mir ven, zog mir ven.

Misha:

There is no other woman in the world
who would interest me,
even if she should give me
millions of dollars and diamonds.
If ever I should even come close to being
unfaithful to you, may I drop dead.

Misha:

*nishto keyn froy mer af der velt
zol mikh interesirn,
ven zi zol mit milyonem gelt
un daymonds mir batsirn.
oyb ikh zol a mol probirn
dir vern falsh, zol ikh mayn kop farlirn.*

Tootsie:

So tell me already, when will my heart will be quieted?

Tootsie:

nu, zog mir shoyrn ven vet zayn mayn harts geshtilt.

Misha:

So tell me already, when will my happiness be
complete?

Misha:

nu, zog mir shoyrn ven vet zayn mayn glik farfilt.

Tootsie:

In the middle of the night I often abruptly awake.

Tootsie:

in mitn nakht plutslem khap ikh zikh fil mol oyf.

Misha:

For hours I ponder what will become of me.

Misha:

shtunden ikh trakht vos vet zayn fun mir der sof.

Both:

So tell me already when; answer me already and say it.
Just tell me when the date will be set,
when I will live to see myself standing
under the wedding canopy with you.
So just tell me when, just tell me when, just say it.

beyde:

*nu, zog mir shoyrn ven; entferr mir shoyrn un zog.
nu, zog mir shoyrn ven vet zayn bashtimt der tog.
vel ikh derlebn mikh tsu zen
mit dir unter der khupe tsu shteyn.
nu, zog mir shoyrn ven, zog mir shoyrn ven, nu zog.*

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DOS YIDISHE LID

Composer: Sholom Secunda Lyrics: Anshel Schorr
Translation of prayers by Rabbi Morton M. Leifman

The Jew might be poor; still he's very wealthy,
for he's rich with spiritual treasures.
The Jew is patient; his faith in God is great.
Even the inferno doesn't consume him.
He is considered a descendant of kings, of honored
lineage and wealth,
yet every country slams the door in his face.

He laments and he weeps; he can't take any more.
Even his laughter, *oy*, is mixed with a tear.
When it sometimes happens that things go well for
him,
the world soon reminds him that he is a Jew,
and they again hand him his "wandering stick,"
and he must search for a new home.

When their New Year arrives, all other people
sing and dance until they drop from exhaustion.
But the Jew on Rosh Hashana sits in the synagogue
with pious intent
and hears the cantor sing a different kind of song:
"Standing in the presence of Him who dwells in the
midst of the glorious praises of the people of Israel, I
become more and more aware of the poverty of my
deeds and abilities and am overwhelmingly frightened
and humbled. Nevertheless, I am here before You
pleading on behalf of Your people Israel, for it is they
who have sent me."

Enter the synagogue on Yom Kippur eve
and you will hear the cantor sing
with great emotion:
"We declare that any and all personal vows, oaths,
obligations, undertakings, or pledges that we might
make as a commitment to God and involving only our
relationship to Him—that if subsequently the oath be
forgotten or is not able to be fulfilled, then let it be that
beginning on this Yom Kippur and extending to next
year's Yom Kippur, these vows are abandoned and
made null and void."

*der yid meg zayn orem, dokh iz er zeyer raykh,
vayl gaystike oytsres hot der yid zeyer a sakh.
der yid iz geduldik, zayn bitokhn iz groys,
fun a brenendikn oyvn kumt er lebedik aroys.
men ruft im ben-meylekh, a yakhsn, a gvir,
yedes land farshlist far im di tir.*

*er klogt un er veynt, er ken shoyn nit mer,
afile zayn gelekhter, oy, iz gemisht mit a trer.
makht zikh a mol s'geyt im shoyn gut,
dermont men em bald, az er iz a yid.
un men git im vider a shtekn in der hant,
un er zukht a naye land.*

*ot kumt a nay yor, ale felker biz gor,
zingen un tantsn un vern azsh mid,
un der yid, rosheshone zitst in shul, mit kavone
un hert fun zayn khazn an ander min lid:
"hineni he'oni mima'as,
nirash v'nifhad mipahad,
yoshev t'hilot yisra'el.
boti la'amod ulhishanen
l'fanekha al ammkha
yisra'el, asher sh'lakuni."*

*haynt yomkipper baynakht, geyt arayn in shul,
vet ir hern dem khazn zingen,
dort mit a gefil:
"kol nidre, ve'esarei, ush'vuei, vaharamei,
v'konamei, v'khinnuy'ei, v'kinusei,
[d'indarna, ud'ish'taba'yna, ud'aharim'na,
ud'asar'na al nafshatana]
miyom kippurim ze
ad yom kippurim haba aleinu l'tova."*

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But it also happens at times
that Israel is merry
and sings joyously, with abandon,
as it happens on the holy day of Simhat Torah:

"Celebrate, be happy on Simhat Torah.
Torah is our treasure, our honor.
Its value is beyond any reckoning.
Its precious worth is more than can be perceived.
So exult over this, our Torah.
It is our strength and our light."

*ober se makht zikh oykh a mol,
ven oykh freylekh iz yisroel,
un er zingt zikh freylekh, on moyre,
ven es kumt on simkhes to'yre:*

*"sisu v'simḥu b'simḥat tora,
utnu kavod latora,
ki tov saḥ'ra mikal sh' hora
mipaz umip'ninim y'kara.
nagil v'nasis b'zot hatora
ki hi lanu oz v'orah."*

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MIT DIR IN EYNEM

Composer: Ilia Trilling Lyrics: Isidore Lillian

What was, was;
now wipe away your tears
and look toward the future.

*vos geven, iz geven.
vish oys dayne trern,
in der tsukunft kuk arayn.*

Over bygone days
I continue to brood,
which causes me great pain.
I was missing a life partner
until I met you.

*fun di teg, vos farbay,
halt ikh in eyn klern,
dos farshaft mir groysen payn.
gefelt hot mir a fraynd in lebn
biz ikh hob bagegnt dikh.*

Believe me that
I would give my life for you.

*gloyb es mir, az far dir,
mayn lebn vel ikh gebn.*

You make me truly happy now.
I will sweeten your life.
My love, I want you to know that.

*emes gliklekh itst makhstu mikh.
ikh vel dayn lebn farzisen,
libste, ikh vil du zolst visn.*

Together with you—
and other than you I need no one.
It's my greatest joy
When I take a look at you.
Together with you
in a fine little love nest.
You are like sweet wine
right here in my heart.
Your face shines and glows like the moon.
You are a gift sent from God, my love.
Together with you,
as with my father with my mother.
Say it, my heart and soul,
say that you will always be with me.

*mit dir in eynem,
un on dir darf ikh keynem.
s'iz dos greste glik,
ven ikh gib a kuk af dir.
mit dir in eynem
in a libes-nest a sheynem,
bist vi ziser vayn,
do in harts arayn bay mir.
dayn ponem laykht un shaynt vi di levone,
du bist geshikt fun got mir a matone, neshome.
mit dir tsuzamen,
vi mayn tate mit mayn mamen.
zog neshome mayn,
zog vestu tomed zayn mit mir.*

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MAYN YIDISHE MEYDLE

Composer: Sholom Secunda Lyrics: Anshel Schorr

I have seen many women;
among every people they are different.
But none is as beautiful
as a Jewish woman.

*froyen fil hob ikh gezen.
bay yedn folk zaynen zey farshidn.
nor keyne iz nit azoy sheyn
vi di froy bay di yidn.*

A Jewish girl immediately enchants you
with her glance.
And if you just take a peek at her,
you feel that "Jewish feeling" inside of you.

*a yidish meyd, mit ir blik,
farkisheft bald in gantsn dikh.
un gibstu nor af ir a kuk,
filstu a yidishn tam in zikh.*

My Jewish girl, she is so pretty.
My Jewish girl, she has a certain Jewish charm.
Her golden hair, her teeth like pearls—
only a Jewish girl could be so beautiful.
A million dollars won't help you find among other peoples
a girl with that Jewish charm.

*mayn yidishe meydle, zi iz azoy sheyn.
mayn yidishe meydle, mit ir yidishn kheyn.
fun gold ire herlekh, di tseyner vi perelekh
nor a yidishe meydle ken zayn azoy sheyn.
ir vet far milyonen, bay andere natsyonon,
nisht gefinen a meydle, mit a yidishn kheyn.*

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SLUTSK

Composer: Herman Wohl Lyrics: Aaron Lebedeff

I recall now my little town:
Where I first glimpsed the light of day—
where I was born and where I grew up,
and how as a child I would go to school there.

*ikh dermon zikh itster
in mayn shtetele dem kleynem:
vu ikh hob di shayn tsuersht derzen,
vu ikh bin geboyrn dortn,
vi ikh bin dertsoygn,
vi ikh fleg als kind in kheyder geyn.*

Slutsk, oh Slutsk, my *shtetl*,¹ how I long for you.
Deep in my heart you lie, my home,
a cradle suspended on a string, and a broken bed,
yet you're still dear to me,
Slutsk, oh Slutsk, my *shtetl*.

*slutsk, oy, slutsk, mayn shtetele, vi ikh benk nokh dir.
tif in hartsn, heym du mayn, ligstu do bay mir,
a vigl af a shtrikele un a tsubrokh'n betle,
un dokh tayer bistu mir,
slutsk, oy slutsk mayn shtetele.*

On Friday night Mother used to light the Sabbath
candles.
Father would go to the synagogue
and return with Sabbath guests,
and they would sing beautiful table hymns.
Slutsk, oh Slutsk, my *shtetl* ...

*fraytik nakht di mame flegt di likht zikh bentshn.
der tate in besmedresh flegt zikh geyn.
un fun shul af shabes flegt er brengen fremde mentshn
zmires zingen flegt men zeyer sheyn.
slutsk, oy, slutsk, mayn shtetele ...*

¹ A small market town of 500–10,000 people.

Translations and Transliterations by Eliyahu Mishulovin
Preliminary Preparation by Adam J. Levitin

SAMET UN ZAYD

Composer: Herman Wohl Lyrics: Louis Gilrod

A pretty, innocent girl from a poor family
blossoms like a pretty flower.
She gives herself to a wealthy man,
for she longs for glamour and grandeur.
The rich man buys her innocence for a velvet dress
and her love for a silk blouse.
He breaks her spirit
and satisfies his passions;
then he deserts her.

Velvet and silk cannot heal
the pain and suffering of tormented souls.
How terrible to sell virtue,
to lose one's youth for velvet and silk.
What good are silks that bring suffering?
They utterly destroy innocence.
A cheap dress and a virtuous girl,
people admire more
than velvet and silk.

The ambulance is at the hospital
late at night
carrying a girl elegantly adorned.
Her fate drove her to drink poison,
for a rich man had seduced her.
She was dressed in velvet and silk.
Her face, however, was as pale as chalk.
When the night glimpsed the break of day,
she was already dead—
falling prey to velvet and silk.

*a meydl, sheyn un umshuldik, fun oremen shtand,
blit vi a sheyne blum.
git zikh iber tsu a raykhn man in hant,
vayl zi dursht nokh glants un rum.
der raykher koyft ir umshuld far a samet kleyd,
ir libe far a zaydn hemd.
er farshvundt ir lebnzaft,
er shtilt zayn laydnshaft,
dan vert er tsu ir gor fremd.*

*samet un zayd ken nit farheyln
di shmerts un layd fun kranke zeyln.
vi biter klugnt farkoyft di tugnt
farshpilt di yugnt far samet un zayd.
vos toygn zaydn, vos brengen laydn?
di umshuld shnaydn zey tsum toyt.
a bilike kleydl, nor an erlikh meydl,
dos iz mer geshetst bay layt,
vi samet un zayd.*

*der ambulans in hospital
hot shpet bay nakht
gebrakht a meydl sheyn fartsirt.
gift tsu trinken hot der shikzal ir gebrakht,
vayl a raykher man hot ir farfirt.
in samet un in zayd iz zi geven bakleyd,
ir ponem, ober, blas vi kreyd.
ven di nakht hot dem tog derzen
iz zi shoyn toyt geven,
a korb fun samet un zayd.*

Translations and Transliterations by Eliyahu Mishulovin
Preliminary Preparation by Adam J. Levitin

HUDL MITN SHTRUDL

Anonymous

"Oh Hudl, Hudl, Hudl,
What's up with your strudel?
It's delicious; I really love it.
I don't need any meat or stew,
for I've had enough of them.
Oh Hudl, Hudl, serve the strudel.
Serve it."

*"oy, hudl, hudl, hudl,
vos hert zikh mitn shtrudl?
es iz geshmak, ikh hob es zeyer lib.
ikh darf keyn fleysh, keyn tsimes,
vayl ales iz mir nimes.
oy, hudl, hudl gib dem shtrudl,
gib!"*

I have a *landsman* named Dudl,
who has a wife named Hudl,
and Hudl-Dudl live together really well.
And Dudl's pretty wife Hudl
bakes an outstanding strudel.
What a great pleasure as it melts in your mouth.
Every Friday, when Dudl has a bit of time,
he comes home to his wife and he shouts:

*ikh hob a landsman, heyst er dudl.
hot er a vaybl, heyst zi hudl,
un hudl dudl lebn zikh gants voyl.
un zayn sheyne vaybl, hudl,
bakt dokh oysgtseykhnt shtrudl.
a mekhaye mamesh az tzugeyt es aykh in moyl.
yeder fraytik, ven dudl hot nor tsayt,
kumt er aheym tsum vaybl un er shrayt:*

"Oh Hudl, Hudl, Hudl ..."

"oy, hudl, hudl, hudl..."

My *landsman* Dudl has a boarder,
who's in love with his Hudl,
for she cooks him a very good supper.
And the boarder, as should be,
delights in the supper,
and he truly devours Hudl with his eyes.
And when this Hudl serves the tea,
he smiles and says to her:

*a "boarder" hot mayn landsman dudl,
iz er farlibt gor in zayn hudl,
vayl zi kokht im "supper" zeyer fayn.
un der "boarder," vi geshikt zikh,
mit der supper er derkvikt zikh,
un er shlingt dokh hudln mamesh mit di oygn arayn.
un ven di hudl brengt tsum tish dem tey,
shmeykhlt er un zogt tsu ir azoy:*

"Oh Hudl, Hudl, Hudl,
bring your strudel to the table.
It's delicious; I love it so much.
It's quite a delicacy,
as it goes down so smoothly.
Oh Hudl, Hudl, Hudl, give the strudel,
give it already!"

*"oy, hudl, hudl, hudl,
tsum tish gib dayne shtrudl.
es iz geshmak, ikh hob es zeyer lib.
gvald, ikh hob es lib,
es iz dokh gut a maykhl.
vayl es tzugeyt in baykhl.
oy, hudl, hudl, gib dem shtrudl, gib
gib shoyn!"*

Translations and Transliterations by Eliyahu Mishulovin
Preliminary Preparation by Adam J. Levitin

UNTER BEYMER

Composer: Alexander Olshanetsky Lyrics: Moishe Oysher

Beneath the trees the grass grows,
Ay-lu-lu-lu-lu ...
And the harsh winds blow.
Sleep, my little son.

*unter beymer vaksn grozn,
ay-lu-lu-lu lu,
un di beyze vintn blozn,
shlof zshe, zunenyu.*

Do not sit beside the window, my child,
for you can feel the draft there,
and I do not want you, my beautiful one,
to catch a cold, God forbid.

*zits, mayn kind, nit bay dem fentster,
vayl du kenst dem vint derfiln;
un ikh vil nit, du, mayn shenster,
zolst kholile zikh farkiln.*

Dark clouds already fill the sky,
just as here in my heart.

*himl iz shoyn khmarne shvarts,
punkt azoy vi do bay mir in harts.*

Beneath the trees the grass grows...

unter beymer vaksn grozn...

Ay-lu-lu, ay-lu-lu ...
Sleep, my child, oh my heart.
Ay-lu-lu, ay-lu-lu ...
Stay healthy and be well.

*ay-lu-lu, ay-lu-lu,
shlof zshe, mayn kind, oy, harts mayns.
ay-lu-lu, ay-lu-lu,
blayb mir gezunt.*

Translations and Transliterations by Eliyahu Mishulovin
Preliminary Preparation by Adam J. Levitin

IKH BIN FARLIBT

Composer: Alexander Olshanetsky Lyrics: Jacob Jacobs

Fanitshke:

You evoke for me an idyllic scene,
I now have in my heart such a longing for home.
I long for those meadows there, with their green grass.
Oh, what I would give to gaze at them again.

Leybke:

How the ducks on their bellies would swim in the
streams,
catch crumbs and not tire.
We both used to sit in the summer heat,
cuddled together, singing this song:

Both:

"I'm in love with a pretty, lovely, sweet little girl.
I'm in love, for you are really so refined.
Every smile and every glance of yours
bring my heart much happiness and joy.
I'm in love, I'm in love
with such a pretty girl."

Just tell me, my Fanitshke,
do you still remember how beautifully
the sun would reflect on the river when it set?
How a beautiful, sweet sound used to emanate from
the woods?
That was a divine song from the birds.

Fanitshke:

The nightingale used to trill and delight in us,
and he used to sing his sweet tones without end.
He would listen to the two of us with much joy
and then sing, perfectly mimicking us.

Fanitshke:

*dos, vos du dermonst mikh itst, iz a getlekh bild.
az ikh hob do in hartsn aza benkenish derfilt.
es benkt zikh nokh di lonkes dort mit dem grinem groz,
oy, vi volt ikh nokh a mol gevolt onkukn dos.*

Leybke:

*vi katskes af di baykhlekh shvimen in di taykhlekh,
khapn brekelekh un vern gor nit mid.
mir flegn beyde zitsn zumer in di hitzn,
tsugetuliyet zingendik dos lid:*

*"ikh bin farlibt, in a kleyn sheyn, zis, lib, meydle,
ikh bin farlibt, vayl du bist dokh aza eydele.
dayn yeder shmeykhl un dayn yeder blik,
brengt mir in hartsn arayn fil freyd un glik.
ikh bin farlibt, ikh bin farlibt,
in aza sheyn meydle vi du."*

*zog mir nor, mayn fanitshke,
gedenkstu nokh vi sheyn,
vi di zun flegt zikh opshpigln afn taykh baym
untergeyn?
fun velder flegt zikh hern nokh a sheyne ziser klang?
dos iz geven fun feygelkh a getlikher gezang.*

Fanitshke:

*di nakhtigal flegt treln un fun undz onkveln,
zingen tener zis gor on shier.
er flegt ful mit freydn, undz oyshern beydn,
un dan zingen punkt azoy vi mir.*

Translations and Transliterations by Eliyahu Mishulovin
Preliminary Preparation by Adam J. Levitin

SKRIP, KLEZMERL, SKRIPE

Composer: Sholom Secunda Lyrics: Chaim Tauber

Rearing children, now that is a wonder,
much more so than just giving birth.
Neither day nor night
did I rest my eyes,
until I lived to see you all grown up.

*oyftsutsien kinder, ot dos iz a vunder
fil mer vi geboyrn zayn aleyrn.
kh'hob dokh tog un nakht
mit keyn oyg nit tsugemakht,
biz ikh hob derlebt dikh groys tsu zen.*

Now I will drink like a fish
and dance by the wedding canopy.
I say it plain and clear,
I will jump up onto the table
and celebrate wildly like the closest relation.

*kh'vel trinken vi a fish,
un vel tantsn bay der khupe.
kh'zog es yasne veyavne:
kh'vel shpringen afn tish
un komandeven vi a mekhutn a glavne.*

Fiddle, klezmer, scrape away.
Play a *freylekh* [cheerful tune] for the wedding.
The faces of all the
relatives are shining;
let's go to the *hupa* [wedding canopy].

*skrip klezmerl, skripe!
shpil a freylekhs tsu der khupe
s'laykht a yeder ponem
fun di mekhutonim.
tsu der khupe lomir geyn*

Drummer, strike the cymbals.
Fiddler, let the strings split.
Everyone is merry.
Just look at the bride.
She is so full of grace.
Oy, oy, more, livelier.
Make the circle bigger.

*klop, poyker in di tatsn
fidler, zoln strunes platsn
freylekh zaynen ale
kukt nor on di kale
zi iz mole kheyn.
oy, oy, shtarker, beser
makht dos redl greser*

Oy, oy, bring the bride into the dance.
Oy, look at Aunt Leah;
she's telling everyone what to do.
And Aunt Masha,
who doesn't let herself be pushed around,
is pushing to the head of the table.
Mazel tov!

*oy, oy, nemt arayn di kale in dem kon
oy, kukt on di mume leya.
zi zogt yedern a deya.
un di mume mashe
lozt nit shpayen in kashe.
shtupt zikh oybn on
mazltov!*