**MAYN GOLDELE (My Goldele)**

Composer: Joseph Rumshinsky  
Words: Louis Gilrod

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**Goldele:**
When you were away,
I suffered terribly.

**Misha:**
Me too, me too.

**Goldele:**
I was suffering terribly,
always longing for you.

**Misha:**
Me too, me too,
Always thinking only of you,
both day and night.

**Goldele:**
Me too, me too.

**Both:**
Many times my heart was longing for you,
for just one glimpse of your sweet eyes.

**Misha:**
My heart, my soul.

**Goldele:**
I love, I love only you.

**Misha:**
My Goldele, my dear bride,
my beautiful, sweet little angel,
my only desire is to be with you,
with you forever and ever, I swear.

**Goldele:**
Oh, at this instant I feel
that my happiness has returned to me.

**Misha:**
Me too, me too.
MAYN GOLDELE (My Goldele)
(continued)

Goldele:
Oh my, I feel it burning!
Oh my, I'm so drawn to you!

Misha:
Me too, me too.
I feel in this moment
that am burning to ashes from love.

Goldele:
Me too, me too.

Both:
Oh, you have captured my heart
with those beautiful songs that ring so sweetly.

Misha:
My heart, my soul.

Goldele:
I love, I love only you.

goldele:
oy gv ald! ikh fil es brit!
oy gv ald! tsu dir mikh tsit!

misha:
ikh oykh, ikh oykh!
oy ikh fil in dem moment
fun libre ver ikh ash f arbrent.

goldele:
ikh oykh, ikh oykh!

beyde:
akh, mayn harts hostu, oy, du host gefangen
mit di sheyn lider fun zise klangen.

misha:
harts mayn, neshome mayn,

goldele:
ikh lib, ikh lib nor dikh aleyn.
I hope we will live to see the day, the time should only come, when there will no longer be any bosses and workers; the socialists will make an end to poor and rich. The bosses and workers will share things equally!

Fifty-fifty, oy, fifty-fifty!
Vanderbilt will sit and sweat like an ox, sewing cloaks. Let’s try it everywhere and not waste any time, quickly enacting the “fifty-fifty”!

My brother went around jobless for a long time, but nothing worked for him, no matter what he tried. One day he comes home with money and says to me: “You see, I am a conductor on a trolley car and split it with the company—”

Fifty-fifty, oy, fifty-fifty!
I ring the bell incessantly. It’s a nickel for them, a nickel for me. Fifty-fifty, it goes so smoothly, a tug on the bell rope, and a nickel flies into my pocket.”

ikh hof, mir veln nokh derlebn, kumen zol di tsayt;
ven es veln mer nit zayn keyn bosses un arbetslayt;
di sotsialistn veln makhn a sof tsu orem un raykh,
di bosses mit di arbeter veln zikh teyln glaykh!

fifty-fifty, oy, fifty-fifty!
Vanderbilt vet vi an oks
zitsn, shvitsn, neyen cloaks;
fifty-fifty, lomir tryen umetum,
keyn tsayt farlim, shnel aynfim
fifty-fifty!

fifty-fifty, oy, fifty-fifty ...

mayn bruder iz arumgegangen on arbet a lange tsayt. keyn zakh iz im ober nisht gelungen, vos er hot getryd. eyn mol kumt er aheym mit gelt un zogt tsu mir; you see, ikh bin conductor af a trolleycar un teyl zikh mit der company—

fifty-fifty, oy, fifty-fifty!
ikh kling dem glok gor on a shier.
a nickel far zey, a nickel far mir;
fifty-fifty! es geyt bay mir geshmirt.
a tsi dos shtrikl, fliet a nickel in keshene tzu mir.
IN A KLEYN SHTIBELE (In a Little Cottage)
Composer: Joseph Rumshinsky        Words: Isidore Lillian

Benish:
Day and night I think of you;
you have brought me sunshine, Diana.
I can no longer concentrate on my studies
ever since I noticed you, Diana.

Tell me, beloved, did you miss me?
Oh, have I thought of you a great deal, Diana.
I cannot be without you even for a minute.
With you everything is so good, Diana.

Both:
We will live in a little cottage,
just you and me together in love.
Our love is heavenly; you delight me.
God sent you down from heaven.
We will live in a little cottage,
just you and me together in love.
When I become old and gray
and my final hour comes,
my last words will be, “I love you.”

Diana:
You are the balm of my heart,
You can heal the greatest pain, my Benish.
In sorrows and in joy,
only death can separate us,
You, my Benish.

I love you with all the fire in me.
You, only you, are so dear to me, Benish.
You are my life.
I will be devoted completely to you, Benish.

Both:
We’ll live in a little cottage....
Every girl hopes that there's somewhere in the world a man just for her. And she weaves her dream: He is good and fine, such a handsome man, everyone will be jealous of her. He will love her, forever love her. With a tender voice he will sing only to her:

Oh, what a girl! How lucky am I! I am in love with you! In your beautiful eyes one glimpses rays like a rainbow when the sun sets. Your heart is beautiful and gentle. Therefore I say to you:

Oh, what a girl! How lucky am I!

yedes meydl hoft az es iz faran
ergets af der velt ongegreyt far ir a man.
un zi vebt ir troym:
er iz gut un fayn,
aza sheyner man,
mekane vet zi yeder zayn.
er vet libn zi,
liben on a shir.
mit a tsarter shtim
zingen vet er nor tsu ir:

oy iz dos a meydl!
aza yor af mir!
oy iz dos a meydl!
kh'bin farlibt in dir.
in dayne sheyne oygn
shtraln men derzet
vi a regn-boyn
ven di zun fargeyt.
dayn harts iz sheyn un eydl.
derfar zog ikh tsu dir:
oy iz dos a meydl!
aza yor af mir!
ES TSIT, ES BRIT (It Tugs, It Burns)
Composer: Joseph Rumshinsky      Words: Isidore Lillian

What is this? I must figure it out already.
What am I thinking? What am I longing for?
Why am I getting hot and cold?
Why am I crying?
It feels like the world is about to end….
I want to shoot myself.
Who knows what’s happened to me?

It tugs, it scorches, it seethes, it burns here, in my heart;
It gnaws, it flicks, it rips, it nips,
It leaves me without a moment’s peace.
I cannot sleep; I cannot eat,
O, it thumps and drains.
I cannot forget that face.
Something knotted itself up in me.
It pricks, it breaks, in short, it’s bad.
I think I’m in love!

Poets have written many sonnets about love, why it makes one crazy, mad.
Vengeance and war it has already brought.
Love’s arrows can travel miles—
It is the greatest power.
He who makes a distinction between the sacred and profane,
Will pardon our transgressions.
A good week, have a good week
A good week, a pleasant week ...

God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob,
watch over Your people Israel,
protect Your people Israel.
The Holy Sabbath is taking leave;
may the new week arrive with good fortune and blessing,
with all things good and with success.
To You alone we pray,
dear God! And let us say: Amen.

He who made a distinction between the sacred and profane,
between the Sabbath and the rest of the week,
"Hamavdil ben kodesh l’ol."
He will multiply our seed and our means
as the sand of the ocean.
We should multiply, and belong only to you,
"Hamavdil ben kodesh l’ol."
O, good Creator, O dear Creator,
Sing the "Hamavdil," sing unto Him.
Praise our Creator. Praise only Him.

God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob,
our belief in You is strong.
Watch over us and protect us from any new disasters.
Give us and send us a new, good week.

hamavdil beyn kodesh, ben kodesh lkhol,
khatosenu, khatosenu, khatosenu hu yimkhol.
gut vokh, gut vokh, gut vokh, a gute vokh,
gut vokh, gut vokh, gut vokh, a tayere vokh.
got fun avrohom un yitskhok un yakov,
bahit dayn folk yisroel,
bashits dayn folk yisroel.
der shabes koydesh geyt avek,
di naye vokh zol kumen tsu mazl un brokhe,
mit alem gut un hatslokhe.
mir betn nor bay dir aleyn,
gotenyu! venomar: omeyn.
der vos makht a tsvisheyn beyn kodesh l’hol,
tsvishn shabes un der vokhs,
hamavdil beyn kodesh ikhol,
oy, zareynu vkhaspeynu yarbe kakhlo,
mir zoln zikh mern, dikh nor gehern,
hamavdil beyn kodesh ikhol.
oy, guter boyre, oy, tayerer boyre,
zingt dem hamavdil, zingt far Im.
loybt undzer boyre, loybt nor Im.
got fun avrohom, yitskho un yakov,
mir zaynen bay dir ale takif.
hit undz un shits undz, oy, fun a nayer brokh.
gib undz, un shik undz a naye, gute vokh.
A BRIVELE DER MAMEN (A Little Letter to Mama)
Solomon Smulewitz

My child, my comfort, you are going away.
Remember to be a good son.
With anxious tears and fear I beg you,
your loyal, dear mother.
You are traveling, my child, my only child,
across distant seas.
Just arrive in good health
and don’t forget your mother.
Oh, travel in health and arrive in good spirit.
Please send a letter every week,
and thus lighten your mother’s heart, my child.

A letter to your mother
you shouldn’t delay.
Write right away,
dear child.
Grant her this consolation.
Your mother will read your little letter
and she will recover.
You’ll heal her pain,
her bitter heart.
You’ll delight her soul.

These eight years I’ve been alone.
My child has sailed far away.
His childish heart is hard as stone:
Not a single letter has arrived.
How can my child go on?
How is his life going?
He must be doing very well there,
since he’s forgotten me.
I’ve sent him a hundred letters,
and he still has no sense
that my pain is so deep.

A letter to your mother ...

In the city of New York there’s a wealthy home,
with hearts that have no feeling.
Her son lives there in lavish style.
He has a lovely family:
a beautiful wife and two children
with radiant faces.
A BRIVELE DER MAMEN (A Little Letter to Mama)
(continued)

And as he sits and beams with pride at them, he receives a letter:
"Your mother is dead," it has happened.
In life you neglected her. This was her last wish:

Say a little Kaddish for your mother, don't delay.
Say it now, dear son.
Grant her this consolation.
Your mother will hear the Kaddish from her grave.
You'll heal her pain, her bitter heart.
You'll delight her soul.

un vi er zitst un kvet fun zey,
hot er a briv derhaltn:
"dayn muter toyt,"— es iz geshen;,
in lebn hostu ir farzen,
dos iz ir letster vuntsh geven:

a kadishl der mamen
zolstu nisht farzamen,
zog geshvind,
libes kind,
shenk ir di nekhome...
di mame vet ir kadish hern
in ir keyver gern.
heylst ir shmerts, ir biter harts,
derkvikst ir di neshome.
WATCH YOUR STEP

Composer: Joseph Rumshinsky      Words: Sam Lowenworth

America, a land of nothing but “hurry up!”
One is running to do business, one is running to the shop.
One has a date, she’s running late.
One is running to pinochle, then pays “double bête.”
One is running to a poker game.
One is running to pawn his watch and chain.
One is running to a play, one is running to a cabaret.
One is running to the drugstore because of his upset stomach.

“Watch your step,” they shout out plain and simple,
“Watch your step,” you can see it everywhere.
In the subway—in the car, up and down the steps—
One is shouting loudly with all his might, “Watch your step!”

America, a land of nothing but “hurry up!”
One is running to do business, one is running to the shop.
One is running to the store, one is running to the train.
One is running to pawn his watch and chain.
One eats khaled every day of the week.
One eats only the hole of the bagel.
One is running to a play, one is running to a cabaret.
One is running to the drugstore because of his upset stomach.

Watch your step....
Throughout his life the Jew has a word of consolation for his misfortunes, and this was passed down to him through the generations. And whatever misfortune befalls him, whatever happens to him, he bears it all and is content, as though it were nothing at all. But his face becomes pale, his eyes become wet, his heart gets drained of blood. To uplift his heart and to ease his suffering, he consoles himself with this:

God and His judgment are just!
One may never say that God is wrong; God knows what He is doing; He punishes no one without just cause. God and His Judgment are just...

The Jew never finds happiness; He has always suffered. Broken into little pieces is the Jewish nation. He has no home, no land, no friend; no warm, consoling words. The beautiful sun doesn't shine on him, He is hated everywhere. An accursed stranger, he is a foreigner; everywhere he is tormented. He has countless sorrows. Yet he bears his sufferings in silence; he cries his eyes out and he says:

God and His Judgment are just....

In nearly every generation a Haman arises and attempts with all kinds of terror to destroy the weak, defenseless Jew. Now too, in the twentieth century, recall how he is without friends.
They rob the Jew and plunder him,
in the Czar's empire.
An evil Ivan,
a dog, Krushevan,
has spilled the blood of the Jew.
A sea of blood
was caused by the pogrom.
Yet the Jew keeps on singing his song:

God and His judgment are just....

men hot dem yid geroybt, geplundert
dort in tsarn–raykh.
a shlekhter ivan,
a hund, krushevan,
hot fargosn dos blut fun dem yid.
a blutikn yam
hot gemakht dem pogrom.
dos yidl zingt vayter zayn lid:

got un zayn mishpet iz gerekht ...
I'm going to sing a song for you now, hu-tsa-tsa...
I believe this song is very good, hu-tsa-tsa...
If the song pleases you, hu-tsa-tsa...
I'll be making you happy, hu-tsa-tsa...

It's a cold night, frosty, raining, and hailing...
A wind is blowing in all directions. It's slippery.
I wouldn't even wish such a night upon my enemies.
At a bakery, there's a knock on the door,
And the baker runs to answer the door.
Before him stands a Jew, soggy and frozen, and then he says:
"Mister baker, would you be so kind as to give me one roll with caraway seeds."
The baker looks at the man and asks, "Mister, what are you, crazy?
You went out in such weather, such cold,
such rain and snow just for one roll with caraway seeds?
Tell me, are you married?"
The man replies, "What do you think?
My mother would have sent me out on a night like this."

I went into a restaurant, hu-tsa-tsa...
And ate very well, hu-tsa-tsa...
The food was very tasty, hu-tsa-tsa...
But at night it woke me up, hu-tsa-tsa...

At the cemetery I see a Jew lying prostrate on a grave.
He's beating his chest, pounding and sobbing; he's crying hysterically:
"Oy, oy, why did you die, why? Why did you die?"
I go up to him and ask, "Mister, who died?"
He answers me: "My wife's first husband.
Oy, why did you die, why?"

My neighbor says she's in love with me, hu-tsa-tsa...
So I went over to her house, hu-tsa-tsa...
She gave me quite a welcome, hu-tsa-tsa...
But her husband walked in right in the middle, hu-tsa-tsa...
Two old Jews are sitting in a steam bath.
One stirs from his place. "Oy, oy, oy, oy ..."
And he picks up his cane and says again, "Oy, oy, oy, oy ...
He slowly draws himself to his feet: "Oy, oy, oy, oy ..."
until finally he’s standing upright.
The second one says to him, "Moshe, where you’re running?"

I was sitting on the upper bench of the steam bath, hu-tsa-tsa ...
Singing with all my might, hu-tsa-tsa ...
With boiling water some Jew, hu-tsa-tsa ...
Scalded me all over, hu-tsa-tsa ...

My grandma bumps into her doctor while taking a stroll.
The doctor says, "Grandma dear, how're you doing?"
She says: "Oy, doctor, oy, doctor,
I don't feel very well. I ache everywhere
from my head to my feet; I can barely walk or stand."

He says to her, "So, come see me at my office."
She replies, "Perhaps next week, when I feel a bit better."

True story, true story:
On the way here I see an old Jew sitting on the curb.
He’s weeping bitterly: "Oy gevalt!"
Oh God, what should I do? My people, save me!

I run up to him and ask, "Hey Gramps, what happened?
Why are you crying? Is life that bad?"
He says, "No, on the contrary, things are good for me. Oy, are things good for me!
Last week I got married to a twenty-eight-year-old girl.

I’m already ninety-three. Oy, things are good for me!
She’s so pretty, so good, my bride. She does everything for me.
HU-TSA-TSA
(continued)

She cooks for me, she cleans for me, she makes hanky-panky with me.
It’s heaven on earth.
Oy vey, things are good for me. Things are so good for me....”
I ask him, “So what are you crying about?”
He replies, “I can’t remember where I live!”

hu-tsa-tsa, hu-tsa-tsa...

I've now finished my song, hu-tsa-tsa...
And if it you want some more, hu-tsa-tsa...
If the song is to your liking, hu-tsa-tsa...
Then you can all do “hu-tsa-tsa”...

zi kokht far mir, zi roymt far mir, zi makht mit mir kotsenyu-motsenyu...
s’mir a ganeydn af der velt.
oy vey s’mir gut, s’mir gut...
freg ikh im: to vos-zshe veynt ir?
zogt er: ikh gendenk nisht vu ikh voyn!

hu-tsa-tsa, hu-tsa-tsa...

gendikt hob ikh shoyn mayn lid, hu-tsa-tsa, hu-tsa-tsa.
un oyb es makht aykh apetit, hu-tsa-tsa, hu-tsa-tsa.
oyb ir vet dos lidl glaykhn, hu-tsa-tsa, hu-tsa-tsa.
kent ir aleyn makhn, hu-tsa-tsa, hu-tsa-tsa.
Everyone is always saying,
everyone is always whining:
"These are new times, these are new times!"
In response to anything you ask
they get annoyed and say to you:
"These are new times, these are new times!"
They laugh at the old
and even mock them.
"It's old-fashioned," they say. "It's passé."
And I say to you: That's not so.
Who cares what they think.
And that's why I think to myself thus:

If it was good enough for my mother,
it's good enough for me.
Everything she did or said
was in such good taste;
People didn't put on airs.
Everyone was happy back then.
To all those who say,
"For the Old World I don't care,"
I don't begrudge them the new one,
but the old one is more appealing to me.
If it was good enough for my mother,
it's good enough for me.

It's comical these days to see
women walking in the street—
"These are new times, these are new times!"
A woman wouldn't even think of settling down and
starting a family.
She is "busy" day and night—
"These are new times."
She has a poodle, a canary,
and a bulldog named Mary,
but she has no time for a child.
And my mother, to no one's amazement,
gave birth to eleven children;
and she was all right.

a yeder eyner zogt;
a yeder eyner klogt:
s'iz naye tsaytn, s'iz naye tsaytn!
af ales vos ir fregt
zogt men aykh ufgeregt:
s'iz naye tsaytn, s'iz naye tsaytn!
fun altn tut men lakhn,
un afile khoyzek makhn.
s'iz altmodish, zogt men, s'iz passé.
un ikh zog aykh: s'iz nit rikhtik.
zeyer meynung iz nit vikhtik.
un derfar trakht ikh tsu mir azoy:

oyb s'iz geven gut far mayn mamen,
iz es gut far mir.
ire shayles, ire mayles
iz geven batamt on shir.
keyn khokhmes iz nit geven faran.
yeder iz geven tsufridn dan.

s'iz komish haynt tsu zen
in gas di vyber geyen—
s'iz naye tsaytn, s'iz naye tsaytn!
fun takhles nit zi trakht.

zi iz busy tog un nakht—
s'iz naye tsaytn, s'iz naye tsaytn!
zi hot a poodle, a canary,
un a bulldog, vos heyst Mary,

un mayn mame, on shum vunder,
hot geboyn elf kinder,
un zi iz geven allright.
DU BIST DOS LIKHT FUN MAYNE OYGN
(You Are the Light of My Eyes)
Composer: Joseph Rumshinsky    Words: Isidore Lillian

"Oh my dear Yosele,
you are fine and good."
So Reyzele would sing
into my ears.
"When I feel you're next to me,
my heart pounds.
You have given me heart.
Do not take it back.
I cannot live without you;
I want you to know.
Do you know what you mean to me?
Yosl, listen to this:

You are the light of my eyes.
Only you illuminate my world for me.
You have seduced me,
so that I cannot live without you.
You make my night shine so brightly.
You bring me the blue sky.
You are my bright morning star.
So shine for me, I beg of you.
When you are not near me,
everything feels so dark, so gloomy;
and then when I hear your voice,
it's as if it were daylight everywhere.
You are the light of my eyes.
Only you illuminate my world for me."

oy, mayn tayer Yosele,
du bist gut un fayn.
azoy flegt zingen Reyzele,
mir in oyer arayn.
ven ikh fil dikh lebn mir,
git mayn harts a pik,
du host mayn harts gegebn mir,
nem es nit tsurik.
lebn ken ikh nit on dir,
zolstu visn zayn.
veystu vos du meynst tsu mir?
yosl, her zikh ayn:

du bist dos likht fun mayne oygn.
nor du bashaynst mayn velt far mir.
du host mikh tsu zikh tsugetsoygn,
az lebn ken ikh nit on dir.
du makhst mayn nakht zol likhtik vern.
dem bloyen himl brengstu mir.
du bist mayn heler morgnshtern.
nu shayn far mir, ikh bet bay dir.
bistu nit lebn mir,
iz mir khoyshekh-finster, tunkl,
un derher ikh dayn shtim,
vert tog in a yedn vinkl.
du bist dos likht fun mayne oygn.
nor du bashaynst mayn velt far mir.
**SHMA YISRO’EL**

from *Di Khaznte (The Cantoress)* (1918)
Composer: Joseph Rumshinsky      Words: Boris Thomashefsky

*Shma Yisro’el!*  Hear me out!
*Elohim,* Your world is great!

I plead with You for one gift.
Dear God, grant her to me.
I pray to you today and at all times;
I cry and scream "Shma Yisroel."

"Shma Yisro’el"—an old song,
sounding forever new.
"Shma Yisro’el," the Jew cries out when in distress.
"Shma Yisro’el," the Jew cries out before death.

I’m now calling out to You,
Grant me, God, the hand of this Jewish girl.

"Shma Yisro’el"—a wanderlied.
O "Shma Yisro’el"—the Jew wanders.
Don’t rebuke be, just give me Your blessing.

[Variant: Make Rukhele my bride. Give me your blessing.]
A BISL LIBE UN A BISELE GLIK (A Bit of Love and a Bit of Luck)
Composer: Joseph Rumshinsky  Words: Molly Picon

When I was a child, I remember it so clearly.
My life was good then;
I had no cares.
When I grew up and went out into the world,
I saw how false people can be:
My world became a dark place.

A bit of love, and a little bit of luck,
the sun shall shine for just one blink of an eye.
If I could only bring sunshine into my heart
for just one minute.
A bit of love and a little bit of luck,
let the sun shine for only the blink of an eye.
Dear God gave to all
so much joy in life, but for me, nothing.

ven ikh bin geven a kind, gedenk ikh punkt vi atsind,
geven iz mir demolt gut.
gevust hob ikh dan fun keyn zorg nit.
ven ikh bin gevorn groys, ikh bin in der velt aroys.
gezen vi mentshn zey zaynen farshelt;
gevorn iz mir fintster mayn velt.

a bisl libe un a bisele glik,
di zun zol shaynen nor af eyn oygnblik,
ven ikh zol kenen in mayn harts arayn
brengen zunenshayn af eyn minut.
a bisl libe un a bisele glik,
di zun zol shaynen nor af eyn oygnblik.
der liber got hot yedn gegebn
azoy fil glik in lebn, nor mir keyn zakh nit.
DIR A NICKEL, MIR A NICKEL (A Nickel for You, a Nickel for Me)
Composer: Joseph Rumshinsky        Words: Isidore Lillian

Everybody knows me;
when they see me, they give a shout:
"Fishl the Conductor! Fishl the Conductor!"
They know me on Delancey Street,
They know me on Broadway.
"Fishl the Conductor! Fishl the Conductor!"

I don’t ring up each and every nickel,
I must confess.
I’ve noticed that the company
already has lots and lots of nickels,
so I’ve decided that
I’ll split things with them evenly.
Fishl, Fishele …

A nickel for you, oy, oy, oy …
A nickel for me, oy, oy, oy …
That’s the plan—you get it of course.

A nickel for you, oy, oy, oy …
A nickel for me, oy, oy, oy …
Half is mine, half is yours.

The company should
be getting up and dancing,
thanking God I don’t take it all.

A nickel for you, oy, oy, oy …
A nickel for me, oy, oy, oy …
Half is mine, half is yours.
SHLOYMELE—MALKELE
from Dos galitsianer rebele (The Galician Rabbi) (1937)
Composer: Joseph Rumshinsky      Words: Isidore Lillian

Malkele:
I am a loyal sister to you,
Oh brother, just listen to me...

Shloymele:
You’re like a picture—a joy to look at.
Must I really be your brother?

Malkele:
Brother, I will always protect you
and look out for you at every step.

Shloymele:
Oh, kiss me and don’t think of me
as your brother.

Both:
Oh, Shloymele, Shloymele, brother, come closer to me!
Oh, Malkele, O, Malkele, sister, come closer to me!
Oh, Malkele (Shloymele), I’m crazy for you!

malkele:
a shvester bin ikh dir a traye,
oy bruderl her zikh nor ayn...

shloymele:
a piktshe bist du a mekhaye,
tzu darf ikh gor dayn brider zayn?

malkele:
a bruder kh’vel dir tomid akhtn
un hitn dikh af shrit un trit.

shloymele:
oy kush mikh un zol zikh dikh dakhtn
az ikh bin dayn bruder nit.

beyde:
oy shloymele (malkele), bruder (shvester) kum nenter
tsu mir;
oy shloymele (malkele),ikh bin meshuge far dir.