

Translations and Transliterations by Eliyahu Mishulovin

**MAYN GOLDELE (My Goldele)**

Composer: Joseph Rumshinsky    Words: Louis Gilrod

**Goldele:**

When you were away,  
I suffered terribly.

**goldele:**

*ven du bist geven avek  
hob ikh gelitn gor a shrek ...*

**Misha:**

Me too, me too.

**misha:**

*ikh oykh, ikh oykh!*

**Goldele:**

I was suffering terribly,  
always longing for you.

**goldele:**

*kh'bin gevezn shtark gekrenkt.  
imer tsu nokh dir gebenkt.*

**Misha:**

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

**misha:**

*ikh oykh, ikh oykh!  
imer nor fun dir getrakht,  
say bay tog un say bay nakht.*

**Goldele:**

Me too, me too.

**goldele:**

*ikh oykh, ikh oykh!*

**Both:**

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

**beyde:**

*fil mol hot mayn harts mikh tsu dir getsoygn  
nor eyn blik in dayne zise oygn.*

**Misha:**

My heart, my soul.

**misha:**

*harts mayn, neshome mayn,*

**Goldele:**

I love, I love only you.

**goldele:**

*ikh lib, ikh lib nor dikh aleyn.*

**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.

**misha:**

*mayn goldele, mayn kalekh,  
mayn sheyner, ziser malekh,  
mit dir zayn, dos iz mayn bager,  
mit dir af imer, af imer, ikh shver.*

**Goldele:**

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

**goldele:**

*akh in dizen oygnblik fil ikh,  
az ikh hob mayn glik tsurik.*

**Misha:**

Me too, me too.

**misha:**

*ikh oykh, ikh oykh!*

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**MAYN GOLDELE (My Goldele)**  
(continued)

**Goldele:**

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

**goldele:**

*oy gvald! ikh fil es brit!  
oy gvald! tsu dir mikh tsit!*

**Misha:**

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

**misha:**

*ikh oykh, ikh oykh!  
oy ikh fil in dem moment  
fun libe ver ikh ash farbrent.*

**Goldele:**

Me too, me too.

**goldele:**

*ikh oykh, ikh oykh!*

**Both:**

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

**beyde:**

*akh, mayn harts hostu, oy, du host gefangen  
mit di sheyne lider fun zise klängen.*

**Misha:**

My heart, my soul.

**misha:**

*harts mayn, neshome mayn,*

**Goldele:**

I love, I love only you.

**goldele:**

*ikh lib, ikh lib nor dikh aleyen.*

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**FIFTY-FIFTY**

Composer: Joseph Rumshinsky    Words: Louis Gilrod

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!

*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 will sit and  
sweat like an ox, sewing cloaks.  
Let's try it everywhere and not waste any time,  
quickly enacting the "fifty-fifty"!

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

Fifty-fifty, *oy*, fifty-fifty ...

*fifty-fifty, oy, 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—"

*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!  
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."

*fifty-fifty, oy, fifty-fifty!  
ikh kling dem glock 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.*

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**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....

**benish:**

*ikh denk fun dir tog un nakht;  
du host mir zunenshayn gebrakht, diana.  
lernen ken ikh mer nit, neyn,  
zayt dan ven ikh hob dikh derzen, diana.*

*zog, gelibte, hostu gebenkt.  
oy, ikh hob fun dir fil gedenkt, diana.  
on dir zayn ken ikh keyn minut,  
mit dir, mit dir, iz zeyer gut, diana.*

**beyde:**

*mir veln voynen in a kleyn shtibele,  
nor ikh un du mit undzer libele.  
himlish iz di libe; du host mir derkvikt.  
got hot dir fun himl mir arop geshikt.  
mir veln voynen in a kleyn shtibele,  
nor ikh un du mit undzer libele.  
ven ikh vel vern alt un gro,  
un kumen vet mayn letste sho,  
vet mayn letste vort zayn, ikh hob dikh lib.*

**diana:**

*du bist der balzam fun mayn harts,  
du farheylst dem grestn shmerts, mayn beynish.  
in laydn un in freydn,  
nor der toyt ken undz tsusheydn,  
du, mayn beynish.*

*ikh lib dikh mit mayn gantsn fayer.  
du, nor du, bist bay mir tayer, benish.  
du bist, du bist, mayn gants lebn,  
nor far dir vel ikh shtrebn, benish.*

**beyde:**

*mir veln voynen in a kleyn shtibele....*

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**OY, IZ DOS A MEYDL (Oh, What a Girl!)**

Composer: Joseph Rumshinsky    Words: Molly Picon

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:

*yedes meyd! 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:*

Oh, what a girl!  
How lucky am I!  
Oh, what a girl!  
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!

*oy iz dos a meyd!  
aza yor af mir!  
oy iz dos a meyd!  
kh'bin farlibt in dir.  
in dayne sheyne oygn  
shtraln men derzet  
vi a regn-boygn  
ven di zun fargeyt.  
dayn harts iz sheyn un eydl.  
derfar zog ikh tsu dir:  
oy iz dos a meyd!  
aza yor af mir!*

Translations and Transliterations by Eliyahu Mishulovin

**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?

*vos iz dos, ikh muz dos  
shoyn oysgefinen bald.  
vos denk ikh? vos benk ikh?  
vos vert mir heys un kalt?  
vos veyn ikh? ot meyn ikh  
di velt vet untergeyn...  
kh'vil mikh shisn. ver ken visn  
vos mit mir iz geshen.*

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!

*es tsit, es brit, es kokht, es brent  
in hertsele ot a do!  
es nogt, es plogt, es rayst, es bayst,  
ikh hob nit keyn fraye sho!  
ikh ken nit shlofn, ikh ken nit esn.  
oy, es tyokhket un es tsapt.  
Ikh ken dos ponem nit fargesn  
epes hot zikh do farknipt.  
es shtekht, es brekht, a klal s'iz shlekht,  
dakht zikh ikh bin farlibt!*

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.

*poetn, sonetn geshribn hobn fil  
fun libe, di sibe, vos makht meshuge, dull.  
nekomes, milkhomes hot dos shoyn gebrakht.  
libes fayln treft far mayln—  
s'iz di greste makht.*

Translations and Transliterations by Eliyahu Mishulovin

**HAMAVDIL**  
Joseph Rumshinsky

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 ...

*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.*

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.

*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.*

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.

*der vos makht a tsvishnsheyd beyn kodesh l'hol,  
tsvishn shabes un der vokhns,  
hamavdil beyn kodesh lkhol,  
oy, zareynu vkhaspeynu yarbe kakhol,  
mir zoln zikh mern, dikh nor gehern,  
hamavdil beyn kodesh lkhol.  
oy, guter boyre, oy, tayerer boyre,  
zingt dem hamavdil, zingt far Im.  
loybt undzer boyre, loybt nor Im.*

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.

*got fun avrohom, yitskhok 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.*

Translations and Transliterations by Eliyahu Mishulovin

**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.

*mayn kind, mayn treyst, du forst avek,  
ze zay a zun a gutter;  
dikh bet mit treyn un mit shrek,  
dayn traye libe muter.  
du forst mayn kind, mayn eyntsik kind,  
ariber vayte yamen,  
akh! kum ahin nor frish gezunt,  
un nisht farges dayn mamen...  
oy, for gezunt, un kum mit glik,  
ze yede vokh a brivl shik.  
dayn mames harts, mayn kind, derkvik.*

*a brivele der mamen  
zolstu nit farzamen.  
shrayb geshvind,  
libes kind,  
shenk ir di nekhome.  
di mame vet dayn brivele lezn,  
un zi vet genezn.  
heylst ir shmerts,  
ir biter harts,  
derkvikst ir di neshome.*

*dos akhte yor ikh bin aleyne,  
mayn kind iz veyt farshvumen.  
zayn kinders harts iz hart vi shteyn.  
keyn eyntsik briv bakumen.  
vi ken mayn kind gor hobn mut?  
vi geyt im ayn dos lebn?  
es muz im geyn dort zeyer gut...  
vayl er keyn nakhrikht gebn.  
kh'hob im geshikt a hundert briv  
un er hot nokh keyn shum bagrif,  
az mayne shmertsn zenen tif...*

*a brivele der mamen ...*

*in shtot New York, a raykhe hoyz,  
mit hertser on gefiln.  
dort voynt ir kind, er lebt gor groys.  
a gliklekhe familye.  
a sheyne froy un kinder tsvey  
mit likhtike geshtaltn.*



Translations and Transliterations by Eliyahu Mishulovin

**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 kvelt 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.  
heylist ir shmerts, ir biter harts,  
derkvikst ir di neshome.*

Translations and Transliterations by Eliyahu Mishulovin

**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 *khale* 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....

*amerike—a land nor fun hurry up!*  
*eyner loyft in business, eyner loyft in shop.*  
*eyner hot a date, gekumen iz tsu shpet.*  
*eyner loyft tsu pinochle, tsolt double bête.*  
*eyner loyft tsu a poker game.*  
*eyner loyft farzetsn zayn watch un chain.*  
*eyner loyft tsu a play, eyner loyft in cabaret.*  
*eyner loyft in drugstore, vayl der boykh tut im vey.*

*watch your step! shrayt men oys gants plain.*  
*watch your step! iberl kent ir dos zen.*  
*in der subvey—in der kar, aroyf un arop di trep—*  
*shrayt eyner hoykh mit gantsn koyekh, watch your*  
*step!*

*amerike— a land nor fun hurry up!*  
*eyner loyft in business, eyner loyft in shop.*  
*eynder loyft in store, eyner loyft in train*  
*eyner loyft farzetsn zayn watch un chain.*  
*eyner es a khale yedn tog in vokh*  
*eyner es fun beygl nor dem lokh*  
*eyner loyft tsu a play, eyner loyft in cabaret.*  
*eyner loyft in drugstore, vayl der boykh tut im vey.*

*watch your step...*

Translations and Transliterations by Eliyahu Mishulovin

**GOT UN ZAYN MISHPET IZ GEREKHT (God and His Judgment Are Just)**

Composer: David Meyerowitz    Words: Louis Gilrod

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.

*der yid hot in zayn lebn  
a treystvort af zayn brokh,  
un dos hot im gegeben zayn alter zeyde nokh.  
un vos far a shlekhts es treft dem yidn  
vos zol im nit geshen,  
trogt er durkh un iz tsufridn,  
glaykh vi gornit geven.  
nor zayn ponem vert blas,  
di oygn vern nas,  
zayn harts vert fargosn mit blut.  
tsu shtarkn zayn harts  
un tsu shtiln zayn shmerts,  
nemt er zikh treystn dermit:*

*got un zayn mishpet iz gerekht!  
men tor keyn mol nit zogn got iz shlekht.  
got veys vos er tut:  
umzist shtroft er keynem nit.  
got un zayn mishpet iz gerekht ...*

*der yid iz keyn mol gliklekh;  
er laydt fun eybik on.  
gebrokhn in shtik-shtiklekh  
iz di yidishe natsyon.  
er hot keyn heym, keyn land, keyn fraynd nit.  
keyn treysten, varem vort.  
di sheyne zun far im, zi shaynt nit.  
me hast im do un dort.  
a farsholtener ger,  
a fremder iz er.  
iberal vert er geplogt.  
er hot tsores fil.  
un dokh laydt er shtil;  
er veynt zikh gut oys un er zogt:*

*got un zayn mishpet iz gerekht ...*

*kimat in ale doyes  
shteyt a homon uf  
un zukht mit kol hamoyres  
dem shvakhn yidls sof.  
oykh yetst in tsvontsikstn yorhundert  
on fraynd, erinert aykh.*

Translations and Transliterations by Eliyahu Mishulovin

**GOT UN ZAYN MISHPET IZ GEREKHT (God and His Judgment Are Just)**

(continued)

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 ...*

Translations and Transliterations by Eliyahu Mishulovin

**HU-TSA-TSA**  
Fischel Kanapoff

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 ...*

*ikh zing far aykh itst a lid, hu-tsa-tsa.*  
*ikh gloyb dos lidl iz zeyer gut, hu-tsa-tsa.*  
*oyb dos lidl vet gefeln, hu-tsa-tsa.*  
*vel ikh aykh tsufridn shteln, 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?"

*s'iz a kalte nakht, a frost, es regnt, es hoglt.*  
*a vint blozt in ale rikhtungen. s'iz gliktshik,*  
*a nakht af mayne sonim gezogt gevorn.*  
*in a bekeray hert men a klap in tir.*  
*un der beker loyft tsu un enfent di tir.*  
*un s'shteyt far im a yid, durkhgeveykt un*  
*farfrorin un zogt der yid:*  
*mister baker, zayt azoy gut un gib mir eyn bulke*  
*mit kiml.*  
*kukt af im der beker un er fregt: reb yid, vos*  
*bistu, a meshugener?*  
*bist aroys in aza veter, aza kelt,*  
*aza regn un shney far eyn bulke mit kiml?*  
  
*zog mir, ir zent a farhayrate?*  
*enfert der yid: vos den?*  
*mayn mame volt mikh aroys geshikt in aza*  
*nakht!*

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 ...*

*in a resteran bin ikh arayn, hu-tsa-tsa.*  
*un hob gegesn zeyer fayn, hu-tsa-tsa.*  
*dos esn hot mir gut geshmekt, hu-tsa-tsa.*  
*bay nakht hot dos mikh ufgevekt, 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?"

*afn besoylem ze ikh a yid, un er ligt af a keyver,*  
*un er klapt un er shlogt un er khlipet. er veynt*  
*histerish:*  
*oy, oy, farvos bistu geshtorbn, farvos? farvos*  
*bistu geshtorbn?*  
*gey ikh tsu tsu im un ikh freg: reb yid, ver iz*  
*geshtorbn?*  
*enfert er mir: mayn vaybs ershter man.*  
*oy farvos bistu geshtorbn, farvos?*

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 ...*

*mayn shkheyne zogt zi hot mikh lib, hu-tsa-tsa.*  
*ikh kum arayn tsu ir in shtub, hu-tsa-tsa.*  
*zi hot mikh fayn ufgenumen, hu-tsa-tsa.*  
*iz ir man in mitn ongekumen, hu-tsa-tsa.*

Translations and Transliterations by Eliyahu Mishulovin

**HU-TSA-TSA**  
(continued)

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?"

*tsvey alte yidn zistn in a shvitsbod.  
eyner rirt zikh fun ort: oy! oy, oy, oy...  
un er nemt a shtekn un nokh a mol zogt: oy!  
oy, oy...  
er tsit zikh langsam tsu di fis: oy! oy, oy, oy...  
biz er shtelt zikh oyf.  
zogt der tsveyter:  
moyshe, vu loyfstu? vu?*

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 ...*

*in bod bin ikh gezesn hoykh, hu-tsa-tsa.  
gezungen mitn gantsn koyekh, hu-tsa-tsa.  
mit heyse vaser hot a yid, hu-tsa-tsa.  
mir in gantsn opgebrit, 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."

*mayn bobbe treft ir doktor af a shpatsir.  
un der doktor zogt: bobishe, vos makht ir?  
zogt zi: oy, doktor, oy, doktor,  
s'mir nit gut. s'tut mir vey umetum  
fun kop biz di fis, koym vos ikh gey, kum vos ikh  
shtey  
zogt er tsu ir: nu kum arayn tsu mir in office.  
entfer zi: efsher nekste vokh ven ikh fil zikh a  
bisl beser.*

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.

*emese, emese mayse...  
afn veg aher ze ikh an altn yid zitsndik af a  
trotuar.*

He's weeping bitterly: "Oy gevalt!  
Oh God, what should I do? My people, save me!"

*un er veynt bitere trern: oy gvald!  
reboyne-sheloylem, vos zol ikh ton? yidn  
ratevet!*

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.

*loyf ikh tsu un ikh freg, zeydenyu, vos iz  
geshen? farvos veynt ir? iz dos lebn azoy  
shlekht?  
zogt er, neyn farkert. s'mir gut. oy s'mir gut.*

I'm already ninety-three. Oy, things are good for me!  
She's so pretty, so good, my bride. She does everything for me.

*letste vokh hob ikh khasene gehat mit a meyd!  
fun akht un tsvantsik yor.  
ikh bin shoyrn alt dray un nayntsik. oy s'mir gut...  
aza sheyne, aza gute, mayn kalenyu. zi tut alts  
far mir,*

Translations and Transliterations by Eliyahu Mishulovin

**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 roynt 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?*

*zagt er: ikh gedenk nisht vu ikh voyn!*

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

*gendikt hob ikh shoyrn 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 ale aleyrn makhn, hu-tsa-tsa, hu-tsa-tsa.*

Translations and Transliterations by Eliyahu Mishulovin

**OYB S'IZ GEVEN GUT FAR MAYN MAMEN  
(If It Was Good Enough for My Mother)**

Composer: Joseph Rumshinsky    Words: Molly Picon

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.  
ot di ale vos zogn:  
"for the old world I don't care,"  
fargin ikh zey dos naye,  
mir gefelt di alte mer.  
oyb s'iz geven gut far mayn mamen,  
iz es gut far mir.*

*s'iz komish haynt tsu zen  
in gas di vayber 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,  
nor a kind hobn hot zi keyn tsayt.  
un mayn mame, on shum vunder,  
hot geboyrn elf kinder,  
un zi iz geven alright.*



Translations and Transliterations by Eliyahu Mishulovin

**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 gegeben 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.*

Translations and Transliterations by Eliyahu Mishulovin

**SHMA YISRO'EL**

from *Di Khaznte (The Cantorress)* (1918)

Composer: Joseph Rumshinsky      Words: Boris Thomashefsky

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

*shma yisroel!* her mikh oys.  
*elohim!* dayn velt iz groys.

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.*"

*eyn geshank bet ikh bay dir;*  
*gotenyu, oy, shenk es mir.*  
*ikh bet dikh haynt un ale mol.*  
*kh'shray un ruf, 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.

*shma yisroel*—an alt gezang,  
*eybik nay iz der klang.*  
*shma yisroel, shrayt der yid in noyt.*  
*shma yisroel, shrayt der yid farn toyt.*

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

*kh'ruf tsu dir atsind,*  
*shenk mir got dos yidishe kind.*

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

*shma yisroel*—a vanderlid.  
*oy, shma yisroel*—s'vandert der yid.  
*zog mir nisht dayn tokhokhle, zog mir nor dayn*  
*brokhele.*

[Variant: Make Rukhele my bride. Give me your  
blessing.]

[*a kale zay mir rokhele. gib mir dayn brokhele.*]  
*shma yisroel*—a vanderlid.  
*oy, shma yisroel*—s'vandert der yid.  
*shma, shma, shma yisroel!*

Translations and Transliterations by Eliyahu Mishulovin

**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 farshtelt;  
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  
brenge zunenshayn af eyn minut.  
a bisl libe un a bisele glik,  
di zun zol shaynen nor af eyn oygnblik.  
der liber got hot yedn gegeben  
azoy fil glik in lebn, nor mir keyn zakh nit.*

Translations and Transliterations by Eliyahu Mishulovin

**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!"

*yeder ken mikh;  
ven men zet mikh git men a geshrey:  
fishl der conductor! fishl der conductor!  
men ken mikh af delancey street,  
men ken mikh af broadway  
fshl der conductor! fishl der 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, Fischele ...

*kh'kling nit op a yedn nikl ,  
muz ikh zogn aykh,  
kh'hob ayngezen di company  
hot nikls zayer a sakh.  
hob ikh bashlosn  
kh'vel zikh mit zey teyln glaykh af glaykh  
fishl, fischele...*

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

*dir a nikl , oy, oy, oy ...  
mir a nikl , oy, oy, oy ...  
dos iz a plan—farshteyt ir dokh ...*

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

*dir a nikl , oy, oy, oy ...  
mir a nikl , oy, oy, oy ...  
khotse sheli, khotse shelokh ...*

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

*di company zi darf  
zikh shteln tantsn  
danken got ikh nem nit tsu in gantsn.*

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

*dir a nikl , oy, oy, oy ...  
mir a nikl , oy, oy, oy ...  
khotse sheli, khotse shelokh ...*

Translations and Transliterations by Eliyahu Mishulovin

**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...

**malkele:**

*a shvester bin ikh dir a traye,  
oy bruder! her zikh nor ayn...*

**Shloymele:**

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

**shloymele:**

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

**Malkele:**

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

**malkele:**

*a bruder kh'vel dir tomid akhtn  
un hitn dikh af shrit un trit.*

**Shloymele:**

Oh, kiss me and don't think of me  
as your brother.

**shloymele:**

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

**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!

**beyde:**

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