SONGS FROM THE WALL
GHETTO, PARTISAN, FOLK AND LOVE SONGS
SUN IN YIDDISH BY NORBERT HOROWITZ,
RITA KARIN (Karpinovicz), AND ROCHELLE HOROWITZ
CURRENTLY IN THE BROADWAY PLAY, THE WALL, BY MILLARD LAMEL
THE PLAY ABOUT THE WARSAW GHETTO UPRISING AGAINST THE NAZIS
CONCERTINA AND ACCORDION ACCOMPANIMENT BY ALLAN ATLAS
FOLKWAYS RECORDS FG 3558
songs from
THE WALL

GHETTO, PARTISAN, FOLK and LOVE SONGS

sung in Yiddish by Norbert Horowitz
Rita Karin (Karpinovicz)
Rochelle Horowitz

In the Broadway play THE WALL, by Millard Lampell
The play about the Warsaw Ghetto uprising against the Nazis
This record is dedicated to the cast, producer, author, director, and technical crew of "The Wall," and to Miss Vera Stern, for bringing the heroic story of the Warsaw Ghetto uprising against the Nazis, to American audiences.

- The Horovitz Family

HORWITZ studied with Prof. S. M. Mitkels at the Moscow Drama School. He sang and played leading parts in the Moscow Jewish State Theater and the Ukrainian Jewish State Theater. Co-founder of the first professional Jewish Theater in Poland and Germany after the 2nd World War, he played in the movie, "The Long Road" (Lang Is Der Weg) about the liberated Nazi victims. Horowitz was also featured as a singer on Radio Moscow and had his own radio program in Munich from where the songs were broadcast throughout the U.S. and English zones in Germany. He is well known to Yiddish audiences here and in Canada from plays, concerts, and radio appearances, and is the author of a work published by the Congress of Jewish Culture, "Theater in the D.P. Camps."

RITA KARIN, a graduate of the Moscow Drama School, played in Poland after the war, where, together with Horowitz, she was co-founder of the first professional Jewish Theater. From Poland she traveled to Germany where she soon became a leading and popular actress among the Jews living in the D.P. camps and towns in the United States and English zones. She was narrator for the first documentary movie released by the U.S. Military Information Office about the Nazi concentration camps - "The Mills of Death." In the United States and Canada, Miss Karin made an extended tour performing readings from the Jewish classics and modern writers, and also singing some of the songs which may be heard on this record. She also appeared in plays by Solomon Alexich, T. Bashlor and others and is well known to Yiddish radio listeners for her portrayals in radio-plays.

ROCHELLE HOROWITZ is the third generation of a theatrical family. Her parents were both actors and her grandfather was a well-known theatrical producer in the Yiddish Theater in Europe. She has appeared in plays put on by the Histadruth and in a number of radio plays. Although she was born in New York, Miss Horowitz' first language was Yiddish - which she speaks, reads and writes fluently.


Oy, a nacht a sheynye,
Di nacht is geven asoy sheynye.
Oyf a benkele zenen mir gezessen,
Di levone hot genuem fargeyn.

Oyf a benkele zenen mir gezessen,
Mir hohn tsayazn farbracht;
Viffil reyd mir hohn aygetaynet -
Kayn tolt hohn mir beyde nit gebbracht.

- Yoshe far a talk, libe, vilstu?
Az ich muz tsayn priziv shayn,
Kayn knasom kenen mir nisht mchn,
Dos ken astro aleyt gat farashtayn.

- Oyf bamen vel ich tau dir forn,
Un oyf vasern shvimen tau dir.
Ch'vel avekvarfn mayn foter un muter,
Ch'vel kumen, zis-lebn, tau dir.

- Oyf bamen tau mir zolatru nit forn,
Un oyf vaser nisht shvimen tau mir.
A chup, oy, dushenyu, lomir shvehln,
Un in drey yor vel ich kumen tau dir.

OH, WHAT A LOVELY NIGHT

Oh, what a lovely night,
The night was so beautiful,
As we sat together on a bench,
As the moon began to wane.

On a little bench we sat together,
Spending the sweet hours;
We talked the whole night through -
But could not reach any conclusion.

- What dear one, can you expect?
When I must go into the army.
We cannot be betrothed as yet,
You understand that yourself.

- On trains I'll come to you,
And swim across the waters.
I'll leave both my father and mother,
And come to you, my sweet love.

- Do not come to me on trains,
And do not swim across the waters.
But let's be married, my dear love,
And in three years I'll come to you.

11. 4. נאום א שיר

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SIDE I, Band 1:

SHEYN BIN ICH, SHEYN
(Pretty am I, so pretty)

Sheyn bin ich, sheyn,
Sheyn iz mayn nomen,
Redt men mir shidichim
Fun same rabonim.
Rabanische Toyre
Is doch zeyer groys -
Bin ich bay mayn namen
A lichtige roys.

REPEAT:
A sheyn meydele bin ich,
Noyte zekelech trog ich -
Gelt in di tashn,
Vayn in di flashn,
Milech in di kriglech,
Kinder in di vigelech,
Shrayen als sheyn -
Sheyn bin ich, sheyn.

PRETTY AM I, SO PRETTY

Pretty am I, so pretty,
Pretty is my name,
Matchmakers come to arrange a marriage
For me, with rabbis of great fame.
Rabbinical knowledge
Is indeed very great -
And I am my mother's
Bright rose.

A pretty little girl am I,
I wear little red socks -
Money in the purses,
Wine in the bottles,
Milk in the little pitchers,
Children in the cradles,
All cry, pretty -
Pretty am I, so pretty.

Its better to be a teacher
Even though an angry one,
Than a little student
With torn pants.
Its better to be a teacher's helper
With a dozen little children,
Than to be a doctor
With a broken top-hat.

Its better to be a Talmudic student,
Even though a mean one,
Rather than a pharmacist,
Who fries his meat in butter.
I will marry a Chosid,
With two long sideburns,
And he will bring me magic charms
From our Chassidic rabbi.

The above children's song is more than a hundred years old. It relates to the struggle between the protagonists of the Chasidic movement and their opponents - followers of the Haskalah (Enlightenment) movement. Since the Haskalah followers tended to assimilate and reject the religious practices of the orthodox, believing in secular education and worldly ways of life, the pious Chassidim bitterly attacked them for their "heresies."

The above reflects the opinion of the child, and the opinions of the religious and pious Chassidim.

SIDE I, Band 2:

SHEYN BIN ICH, SHEYN
(Pretty am I, so pretty)

Besser a melamed
Afle a beyn, eyder a student
Mit tserisene hoyzn.
Besser a baheifler,
Mit a tuts kleyn kinder,
Eyder gor a dokter
Mit a teebrochenem tsolinder.

REPEAT:
Besser a proster kloyznik,
Afle nisht kayn guter,
Eyder an apteker,
Vos preglt fleysah oyf puter.
Ich vil nemen a chosid,
Mit a por lange payes,
Un er vet mir bragen
Fun unzer rohn kemeyens.

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SIDE I, Band 3: TSIPPELE

Words: M. Broderzon
Music: I. Glatstein

Es hot di kleyne tsippele
Parsian zikh a lripele.
-Tsippele, vos vegnutu?
An epele - dos maynutu?
-Neyn, neyn, neyn,
Ver zogt dos, as ich veg?

Es hot di kleyne tsippele,
Parnknipt ir mooyl - a knipele.
Tsvey epelch - dos maynutu?
-Neyn, neyn, neyn,
Ver zogt dos az ich veg?

Un s'treyalt sich ir kepele,
Tsuzamen mit it tsippele.
-Tsipele, vos vegnutu?
Dray epelch - dos maynutu?
-Neyn, neyn, neyn,
Ich vil a kush, nisht mayn.

LITTLE TSIPPELE

Little Tsippele,
Bit her little lip.
-Tsippele, why are you weeping?
Is it a little apple that you want?
- Ne, no, no, who says I'm crying?
**Little Taipela**

Pucker up her mouth -
-Taipela, why are you crying?
Is it two little apples you want?
- No, no, no,
Who says that I am weeping?

And she shakes her little head,
Tossing her little braid.
-Taipela, why then do you weep?
Is it three little apples that you want?
- No, no, no,
A kiss is all I want.

**WHO WILL BE THE FIRST TO LAUGH**

I'm certain, Avreml, that I'll not be the first to laugh,
I'll bet you, no matter how funny you'll be.
I'll think only about the saddest things,
Even if you tickle me.
- You'll laugh, I'll bet you Shloymele, you'll laugh,
I have a method, a very good trick,
Even if you think about the saddest things,
You'll be the first one to laugh.

Then first, oh, Avreml, I'll think about
My father, so poor and so frail,
Who's been looking for work and still hasn't found it,
Do you think I'll want to laugh then?
- You'll laugh, I'll bet you, you'll laugh Shloymele,
For I have a very good trick:
I'll new like a cat and bark like a dog,
And you'll be the first one to laugh.

Then I will remember how yesterday,
In cheder I forgot the lesson we'd learned,
And the angry rebe who always wants us to study
And doesn't know how hungry I am all the time.
- Oh you'll laugh, you'll laugh, hand over your button,
See Shloymele, what I have brought you:
A little roll with butter and a fine herring-head,
Now then, Shlumke, who will be the first one to laugh?

- A little roll of butter and fine herring-head,
Tomorrow, I will bet with you again!
Geburtig reflected the life of the poor. In the above, he treats in warm human terms, the plight of the poor lad, ill-fed and hungry most of the time, who is compelled to concentrate on his Talmudic learning, when his mind is really on a "roll and butter."

SIDE I, Band 5: SHTIL, DI NACHTZ OYGESHERTN.
(Silent, the starry night)

Words: Hirsh Glick.

(poet-partisan 1920-1942, author of the famous partisan hymn Zog bit Kyesol, Vilno ghetto. Died in action against the Germans.)

Shtil, di nacht iz oygosheirn,
Un der frost er hot gebrent.
Tsi gedonikstu vi ich hob dicht geleirt,
Haltn a shpayer in di hent.

A moyd, a peltz un a beret,
Un halt in hant fest a nagan.
A moyd mit a sametem ponim,
Mit op dem soynes karavan.

Getali, geshon un getrofn
Hot ir kleyminter pistoyl
An oyt a fulinkn vit voyn,
Foraltu hot zi mit eyn koyl.

Farteig fun veld aroysgekrochn,
Mit shnoy girldin ovf di hor,
Gemuitivek fun kleyminken n'tsoochn,
Par undor rayn, frayen dor.

SILENT, THE STARVY NIGHT

Silent, the starry night,
And the frost was sharp and crisp.
Do you remember when I taught you
How to use an automatic pistol?

A girl in a short coat and a beret,
Holding her pistol firmly in her hand,
A girl with a face as soft as velvet,
Watching for the enemy's caravan.

She aimed and shot and found her mark,
With her little pistol.
A truck loaded with ammunition,
She stopped in its tracks with one shot.

At dawn we crept out of the woods,
With snow garlands clinging to her hair,
Encouraged with our little victory,
For our new, free generation.

Glik, in this song, commemorated the deed of two Vilno partisans - Itzik Matskevitch and Vitke Kemper, who, in 1942, launched the first attack of the partisans of the Vilno ghetto, against the German army, blowing up an ammunition column on the outskirts of the city.

SIDE I, Band 6: YISROLIK

Words: L. Rosenthal (Vilno ghetto)
Music: M. Weksler (Vilno ghetto)

Nu, koyfs-tshe papiraun, nu koyfs-tshe scharin,
Gvorn iz haynt s'choyres biliq vert,
A lebn far a groshn, a bute - a fardinist,
Fun geto-hendler, hot ir doch gehernt.

Refrain: (1)
Ch'heyys yisrolik, ich bin dos kind fun geto,
Ch'heyys yisrolik, a heyerdeiker yung.
Chotsh farblithn gule neto,
Der zlank ich noch iseter a'sviftshe un a sun.

A mants on a krog, tachtoynim fun a zaks,
Kalosnun hob ich, s'feln nor di shich.
Un ver es vet nor vagen tsu lachn ey, a sach,
Dem vel ich noch vayzn ver ein ich!
(Refrain 1)

Nit meyn mich hot geboyn di heyerdeiker gas,
Bay tate-name oych peven a kind.
Ch'ob beyd ongevoygn, mit meyn tsis iz a shpas,
Ch'bin geblin vi in feld der vint.

Refrain 2:
Ch'heyys yisrolik, nor ven keyner zet nisht,
Vish ich chitl zisch fun oye arop a treer,
Nor vun mayn troyer - biser as men redt nisht,
Tsy vos dersmanen un machn s'harts zoch sivter.

Here, buy my cigarettes and buy my sukkerin,
Merchandise is very cheap these days -
A life is worth a penny, and profit's but a penny,
These are the ghetto-businessmen, you know.

Refrain:
My name is Yisrolik, I'm the child of the ghetto,
I'm called Yisrolik - a free and easy lad.
And although I'm "clean" and haven't got a thing -
I still can whistle and I still can sing!

My coat it has no collar and my trousers are for sacking,
I wear rubbers since I've lost my shoes.
But whoever dares to laugh at my appearance,
I'll show him a thing or two, you bet!

Now don't you think that I was born into a life of squalor,
I once was loved and raised my mother and father too,
But I lost them both and don't think that was funny -
And I was left alone just like the homeless wind
that blows.
Refrain:
I am called Yisroelik and when nobody's looking,
I wipe away my tears so silently.
But it is much better not to speak about my sorrow.
To mention it just makes my heart ache more.

A former teacher, Osepskin popularized a number of
Soviet songs in his Yiddish translations, for Jewish
choirs in Vilno. In the ghetto, he was one of the
founders of the partisan movement. As a poet, some
of his poems in the ghetto, were selected for their
excellence and he enjoyed, with Hirsh Glik, a
position of prominence. He was killed in action
against the Germans, in an attempt to break out of
a concentration camp, on the very eve of the Soviet
liberation of the city.

SIDE I, Band 8: OYF DEN ZAMN FUN NEGEV
(On the sands of the Negev)

Yiddish text by: M.L. Gisser, based on Israeli Hebrew

Oyf dem zamn fun negev, blanket der tov tashelt.
Oyf dem zamn fun negev, geflinz iz a held.
Ogezelt dem otem, dos harts iz shilt atsind.
Un di lozne yayne, lastshet tsart der vint.

Ful mit payn un troyer, baym frishn keyver ahteyt
Di alta nome yayne un reyd mit sholtes reyd:
Az vey der names yorn, kind meyns, s'iz a groy.
Az dayn harts tseelechert hot dem afent's a koyt.

Mayn eltsn zu gorfahlnung hot yam in shturim-brand.
Un dich hob ich der tsaygn tsum kamf farn folk un land.
Men vet undz mer nisht mord, farnichtn undz in payn.
Lebchis ale sonim, mir veln veyter zayn.
ON THE SANDS OF THE NEGEV

On the sands of the Negev, the dew glistens bright.
On the sands of the Negev, a hero has fallen.
His breath has flown, his heart forever stilled,
And his locks are gently caressed by the wind.

Sorrow-laden at his fresh grave there stands
His old mother speaking words of pride and pain:
Oh, woe to your mother, to see her child lie there,
Her heart torn sunder by the enemy’s bullet.

My eldest was swallowed up by the raging storm.
And you, I’ve raised to fight for his people and his land.
No longer will we let them destroy us in pain,
To spite our evil foes, we will live on again.

Proudly stepping forward, a stalwart from the ranks,
Said to the mother: wipe your tears away.
Look upon us proudly, defending hill and vale,
Young fighters standing staunchly against the evil foe.

Refrain:
A mother’s tune, sung at the cradle’s side,
Ay-lyu-li-lyu-li, never growing tired.
It will forever stay within my heart,
My mother’s lullaby, sung to me as I slept.

Life has gone by in tune with all these songs,
And many, many have long since passed away.
A tailor sang and welders too did sing,
And all the songs have vanished with the wind.
But one song only has remained with me,
My mother’s song, enchanting like the birds’
The melody still rings with holiness,
And follows me and all of us - through life.

SIDE II, Band 1: A NAME’S HIGH
(A mother’s melody)

Words: R. Lifshitz (Lodz ghetto)
Music:

Kinder yorn, sheyne kinder yorn,
Vi a cholem loyft ir gisch farhay.
Noy eyn sakh farblaybt tif in z’korn,
Undszer nemes nign: bay un bay.
Teg un necht Farmatert fun dem vign,
Mit a simchicht ful mit treyst un mut,
Zingt zi dem eybign nign,
Vos vakst zich ayn in fleysh un cych in blut.

Refrain:
A nemes nign, gezungen bay dem vig.
Ay-lyu-li, lyu-li, un nisht gevorn mid.
Dos vet oyf eybik farblaybn in mayn blut,
Mayn nemes nign gezungen im taum shloif.

SIDE II, Band 2: FINDJAN

Yiddish words by: R. Karpinovitch, based on an
Israel Hebrew text by: H. Peiner.
Music: Anonymous.
A kalter vint bluot in der nacht,
Mir ziten baen fayer fartracht.
Nor pludeling derhart sich a lid,
Un ale mir zingen bald mit.
Di nacht iz ums tayer, ven arum dem fayer
Mir zingen dos lid fun findjan.

Refrain:
Ay-didi day, dididay, dididay,
dam-dam-dam, ay-day-day, etc.

S'deromenen sich mir istat di teg,
Ven chrevre teum kann iz aven.
Avey mit der bicks in der hant -
Bashtien fun soyne dos land.
Dem soyne fartribn, un fun yone teg
Iz fartribn dos lid fun findjan.

Mir boyen mit freyd istat dos land,
Mit aker un ayzn in hant,
Un dan noch der arbet in feld -
Geyt yeder aroy fun geteit -
Un bald men teeslingt zich, a lid es teeslingt zich
Arun un arum dem findjan.

FINDJAN

A cold wind is blowing tonight,
We sit round the fire, deep in thought.
When suddenly we hear a song,
And soon everyone sings along.
How dear is the night when around the bright flame,
We all sing the song of Findjan.*

I still remember those days,
When fellows went off to the front.
They left with their guns in their hands,
To defend from the foes this fair land.
They were victorious, and from that day on -
The song of Findjan has remained.

We cultivate our land with joy,
With sickle and plough in our hand.
And after the labor in green fields,
Each returns to his own tent.
And soon round the fire the music rings out -
The song of Findjan, of Findjan.

* Findjan: An Arabic term for the steaming kettle.

SIDE II, Band 3: OY, DORTN, DORTN IBERN VASERL
(Oh, there across the water)

Oy, dortn, dortn ibern vaserl,
Oy, dortn, dortn ibern brik.
Farrtribn bostu mich in di vaytene lender,
Un benken benk ich noch dir taurik.

Oy, half mir gotenyu, oy, got in himl,
Oy, half mir gotenyu, s'iz mir nicht gut.
Shoytn tsayt dray yorelech vi mir shpilin a libe,
Un oys-shpilin di libe konen mir nit.

Oy, dayne oyelech, vi shvartse karskeletalch,
Un dayne lypelch, vi ro inve papir,
Un dayne fingerlech, tint um feder,
Oy, shraytn zolstu ofte briiv tsu mir.

OH, THERE ACROSS THE WATER

Oh, there across the water,
Oh, there across the bridge.
You've driven me off into strange lands,
And I yearn to be with you again.

Oh, good Lord above, oh help me,
Oh, good Lord above, I am so sad.
For three years now we love each other,
And our love has not yet been fulfilled.

Oh, your eyes are like little black cherries,
And your lips as pink as pink crepe paper,
And your little fingers, like quill and ink,
Oh, may they write many letters to me.

SIDE II, Band 4: FRUNZE VERDE
(Green leaves)

Words: I. Horowitz.
Music: from a Rumanian doina.

Frunze verde - shvartse oyez,
'S'iz sayn tayerster farfloyg.
Ch'veys nisht ven, ch'veys nisht vu,
Ch'veys nor az ich hov kayn ru.
Frunze verde – feygl fli-en,
Un mayn harts noch zeyt bu tsien.
S’is mayn eynteiger neutrinen,
Un ich kon im nisht gefin.

Frunze verde – roytte blumen,
Mir s'ot dos harts er velt nisht kumen,
Biter is mir oy, oy, oy,
Usemig un past azoy.

Frunze verde – korn zangen,
S’hot a shef mayn harts gefangen,
Ch'ob gegloybt dem vint in feld,
Un azoy farshpilt mayn velts.

GREEN LEAVES

Frunze verde* - eyes so black,
My dearest has flown away from me.
I know not when, I know not where,
I only know I have no peace.

Frunze verde - birds fly high,
And my heart it yearns and sighs.
My only one has disappeared,
And I cannot find him anywhere.

Frunze verde - crimson flowers,
My heart tells me he'll never return.
I am unhappy, oh, oh, oh,
So sad and empty is my heart.

Frunze verde - ears of corn,
A demon now is in my heart.
I put my trust in the wind in the field
And so did lose my one true love.

* Frunze verde - Romanian for green leaves.

ANOTHER LITTLE CUP OF TEA

Berele, my dear, I've a favor to ask of you.
- Perele, my darling, what is it you wish?
With God's will, when I give birth to a little boy,
I'd like to name him after my pious grandfather.
- After your grandfather? It seems to me,
That we just named one of our girls after your grandmother Leah!

Berele, dear husband, let me remind you now -
- Perele, dear wife, what do you wish to remind me?
You forgot that our Leybke bears your grandfather's name,
Why do you pick all the boys and leave the girls for me?
- But you forget that our Nochem was named after your father,
Perhaps thats why he's not so smart, since he takes after him!

Berele my dear one, I want to tell you something.
- Perele my darling, what do you want to say?
Why must we quarrel now, we might as well wait,
Since I intend to name the child after my grandfather anyway!
- True, there's no point in arguing so much ahead of time,
Perhaps t'will be a twin at that and both of them just girls!

SIDE II, Band 5: NOCH A GLEZLE Tsy
(Another little cup of tea)

Words and Music by: M. Gebirtig.

Berele mayn libinkey, ch'ob tsu dir a bakohe.
- Perele mayn libinkey, vos iz dayn bakohe?
Ven mit mail ich vel hobn a yinglele in freydn,
Vil ich unzter kold hol eygen noch mayn frumen seydn.
Refrain:
Play, play, little bandleader,
You can understand just what I want.
Play, play a little tune for me,
With all your heart.

Play the song without sighs and tears,
Play it so that all may hear it clearly -
That all may see that I'm alive and sing -
Better yet and lovelier than before.

Play the song and let it be of peace,
A peace that should be more than just a dream,
That nations big and small may at long last,
Stop their quarrelling and cease their wars.

Let us sing this song then all together,
Like good friends and children of one mother,
May this song ring out so clear and free,
Ringing out through all the world for me.

A charming conversation-song, between a husband and
his pregnant wife - parents of many children - on the
problem of "whose side of the family, the next-born
shall be named after"

SIDE II, Band 6: IDISH
(Yiddish)

Words: I. Kotliar. (This tango tune was popular in
Eastern Europe before the war. This particular text,
is based on another Yiddish text, set to the same tune,
which was current in a number of the ghettos under
the German occupation.)

Zing-seh mir a lidlele in yiddlesh,
Dervek zol es freyd un nicht koyn chideish -
Az ale mentshn groys un kleyn, zoln es farshetyn,
Fun moyl tsoy moyl dos lidlele zol geyn.

Refrain:
Shpil, shpil, klezmerl shpil,
Veyesht doch vos ich meyn un vos ich vil.
Shpil, shpil a lidlele far mir -
Shpil a nidgel mit harts un mit gefil.

A lidlele on ziften un on trern,
Shpil azoy, az ale zoln bern,
Az ale zoln zan, ich leb un zingen ken,
Shener noch un beser vi geven.

Shpil-sheh mir a lidl vegn shoylem,
Zol shoyn zayn shoylem un nicht kayn sholem,
Az ale felker groys un kleyn, zoln take zich farshetyn,
On krign un on milchomze sich bageyn.

Lomir zingen s'lidlele tsauzamen,
Vi gute fraynt, vi kinder fun eyn mamen.
Mayn eyntsiger farlang, s'zol klingen frayn un frank,
Un alemens gezang oych mayn gezang.

YIDDISH

Sing me a little song in Yiddish,
So that it brings joy and not surprise -
Understood by young and old,
Passed along from mouth to mouth.

SIDE II, Band 7: NOTERE

Words and music by: M. Gebirtig.

(Gebirtig was the most popular folk bard in Poland,
between the two World Wars. Dozens of his
Yiddish songs were current among Yiddish-speaking
Jews on both sides of the Atlantic.)

Vos yet der sof zayn, motl, zog-sheh mir:
Bist ergor noch fun frier gevorn.
Baklogt hot zich der rebel haynt oyf dir,
As du dergeyat im zayne yorn.
S'is nei genug du vilist nicht lernen gor,
Dem rebn nebech tustu dertseren,
Shlogt sich arum un shpilat zich nor,
Un sharter di kinderlech dos lernen.

- Nisht emes tate, vos der rebel sorgt,
A shlechter mensah, nishto zayn glaychyn.
Farvos dertseylt er nicht, vi er unds shlogt,
Ze tatenyu, dem blo-en tseychn.
Ch’nib mit avremlen sich tsevertl bloyz,
Er hot mayn chumeshl tsieran,
Derdfer hot uniz der rebe oyf zayn shoyz,
Noch mit a niggl geshimen.

Vos vet der sof sayn, motl enter deroyf:
di oh’cheynim zogyn, ich mas zey gloyyn.
Du yosht zant gansh tag arum in hoyf,
Un chaverst zich mit yank’s toyn.
Tsi is dos sheyn far yldn, zog aleyn,
Mit toyn zich arumsbyogn.
Host mchna, motl, videt mit a shteyn,
Dem shochn’s shoybny oygeashlog:

- Mist enes, late, s’zik koym aroyn
A shhtikl shoyb, men ken es tawklep.
Ich yocg zicht nish un kik zich tsu nor bloyz
Vi sheyn di taybenech zich shvebn.
Vi fray sny shprenzyn zich arum in hoyf,
Vi sheyn di kernelech zik pikan,
Vi shnell zey gihn zich a lox aroyn,
Ven zey a fremde toyb derbikln.

Vos vet der sof sayn, motl, ch’freg dich nor?
A groysur yung, kayn ayin-ore.
Ven ich bin alt geven draytn yor,
Gekenti vi a vaser di gamora.
A yid mus lenen toyre mit groys freyd,
Nisht hoyn mariksheyn ir zinen -
As vov dem mentsh, vos iz tau got, tsu leyt,
Vos ken gut lenen un gelt Fardin.

- Der zayde hot amol dertseylt fun dir,
Flegt oych noch taybenech zich yogn.
Bist oych fil beser nisht geven Fun mir,
Dayn rebe hot dich oych geshlog.
Haynt kenstul lenen un host gelt dertau,
Rob, tatennyu, far mir kayn noyre,
Ven ich vel vern groys, vel ich, vi du,
Fardin gelt un lenen toyre.

Now Motl, tell me, what'll become of you?
You're much worse now than you have ever been.
The rebe has complained about you too,
That you are giving him a lot of trouble.
Not only do you fail to concentrate,
But you cause his aggravation.
He says you waste your time in naughty pranks,
And interfere with other children's studies.

- Its not true what the rebe's told you, dad,
He's such a mean man, there is no one worse -
Why doesn't he tell you how he beats us all,
See daddy how black and blue I am all over.
I only quarreled with Avremele,
When accidentally he tore my little Bible -
And then the rebe took us both upon his knee,
And hummed a tune, as he was spanking me!

What will become of you, oh Motl, answer me:
The neighbors-say and surely I believe them -
That all day long you chase about the courts,
Pooling around with Janek's pigeons.
Is that the proper thing for a pious Jew to do?
To waste his time at chasing pigeons?
And yesterday, I'm told, you once again
Did break a neighbor's window with a stone!

- Its not true, dad, only a little piece of windowpane
Was loosened and it could be put together.
I do not fool around, but carefully observe
How beautifully the little pigeons float above.
How happily they hop about the courtyards,
How prettily they peck at everything,
How suddenly they rise and fly away.
To join another pigeon in the sky.

Oh Motl, what will then become of you, I ask,
You're quite grown now you know, and well-built too.
Why, when I was your age, all of thirteen,
I already knew the holy write quite fluently.
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