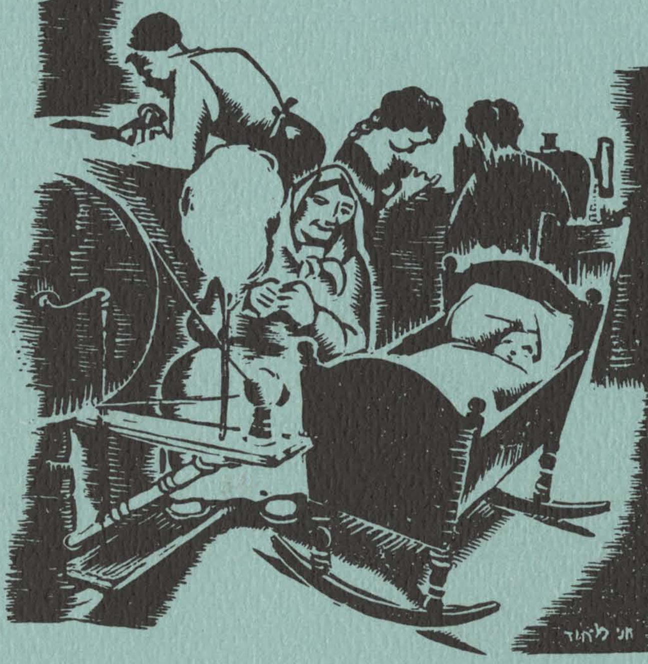
FOLKWAYS RECORDS FG 3801

JEWISH LIFE "The Old Country"

Ethnic Recordings, Collected and Edited by RUTH RUBIN



- Am Kodoysh
- A-a lyu lyu
- In a Shtetele Pityepoy
- Cheder-boys' taunts
- Vi azoy s'iz night
- Henich's Vayb, Ot azoy neyt a shnayder
- Hob Ich mir a shpan
- A redele iz di gore velt
- A shadchen darf
- Vos vilsti mutter hobn?
- Indroysn iz fintster
- Fun groys dasad
- Ich lig unter grattes
- Kadril
- Betler lid
- Chassidic tune
- Husiatiner melody
- Chassidic hopke
- Az Moshi-ach vet kumen
- Zog mir mein shvester
- Vos shloft ir?
- Di Mashines klapn
- In blat gelezen
- Fraytik inderfri
- Zayt mir gezint
- Forn forstu fun mir avek
- Five wedding tunes on a fiddle
- Shlof main kind

Drawings by Zuni Maud   Cover design by Ronald Clyne

JEWISH LIFE "The Old Country"

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JEWISH LIFE "The Old Country"

Ethnic Recordings, Collected and Edited by RUTH RUBIN

"THE OLD COUNTRY"

Ethnic recording, collected, edited and annotated by: Ruth Rubin.

This record deals with Yiddish secular folksongs of the 19th century, which were brought to the United States from Eastern Europe, during the past fifty-sixty-years.

The 19th century in Eastern Europe, is frought with historical, social and religious upheavals, repressions and persecutions and the struggle against Czarist oppression. The Yiddish folksongs of that period, mirror vividly the moods, thoughts and sentiments of these occurrences, flowing out of a specific pattern of daily life of the people as a whole.

The religious and secular culture of the East European Jewish community of the 19th century, largest Jewish community of modern times, exerted a lasting influence on Jewish communities the world over. With the devastation of the Jewish communities in East Europe at the hands of Nazi Germany, during World War II, the largest concentration of Jews, numbering five and a half million, now resides in the United States. During the 1940 census, some two million indicated Yiddish as their mother tongue. Thus, our land becomes one of the largest single reservoirs for the study of East European cultural patterns in the Yiddish tongue.

The songs on this disc were sung by men and women who came here from villages, towns and cities in Russia, Poland, White Russia, Galicia, Ukraine and Bessarabia. They include children's rhymes and songs, lullabies, love songs and ballads, work and struggle songs, Chassidic tunes, topical songs, street songs and dances, songs of marriage and wedding tunes. They reflect various phases of the life of the Jews in the "old country", from the beginning of the 19th century to the mass migrations of the 80's and 90's to the New World. The songs are sung in accents native to the particular town, city or province, of each singer. Wherever the pronunciation is not distinct, it is due, either to the individual singer's peculiarity of speech, or to the inroads made upon their native Yiddish, far from its point of origin.

Through the composite picture attempted in this recording, there come alive again, the songs and tunes which were woven into the hearts of the many-millioned Jewish immigrants, who swarmed to these shores several generations ago, fleeing Czarist oppression and poverty, persecution and misery.

These are the songs of a bygone era, which have almost disappeared from our midst, before our very eyes.

SIDE I, Band 1: AM KODOYSH

Holy people,
Arise and go
To serve the Lord
For, for this you were created,
Arise!
How long will you lie there? (lie abed)

עם קדוש
שטײט אױף און גײט
לעבודת הבורא!
כי לכך נוצרתי,
אוצי, עד מתי תשכב!

Am kodoysh,
Shteyt of un geyt
L'avoydes haboyreh!
Ki l'kach notsarti,
Utsi, ad mosay tishcav!

The singer, a former "badchen" (wedding entertainer) from Glina, Galicia, chants this call to prayer. His comments were: "As a rule the beadle of the town's synagogue would go from house to house, hammering on each door, calling Jews to early morning prayer. On the Sabbath, when a Jew may not carry an object or do labor of any kind, he would walk through the streets, changing this way."

SIDE I, Band 2: A-A LYU LYU

Hushabye
Hushabye
Hush my little kitten
Hushabye
Hushabye Patyu
Patyu hushabye

א־א־ליו ליו
ליו ליו ליו ליו ליו
אי ליו ליו ליו קעצעלע מײנס
ליו ליו ליו ליו ליו
א ־א ־ פאטיו
פאטיו ליו ליו ליו

A - A lyu lyu
lyu lyu lyu lyu lyu
Ay lyu lyu lyu Ketsele mayns
lyu lyu lyu lyu lyu
A - A Patyu
Patyu lyu lyu lyu

A woman, born in Zhitomir, Russia, croons to a baby.

SIDE I, Band 3: IN A SHTETELE PITYEPOY

In a little town called Pityepoy,
There stands a hut covered with straw.
A little rain is falling, and it is snowing,
And in it live two little neighbors:
Sotiki, Motiki,
Sotse, Motse,
Abetsotse - that's their names!

In a shtetele Pityepoy,
Shteyt a hayzele badekt mit shtroy.
Trift a regendl, geyt a shney,
Voynen dortn sh-cheyndelech tsvey:
Sotiki, Motiki,
Sotse, Motse,
Abetsotse ruft men zey!

אין א שטעטעלע פיטיעפוי

אין א שטעטעלע פיטיעפוי,
שטײט א הײזעלע באדעקט מיט שטרוי.
טריפט א רעגנדל, גײט א שנײ,
װױנען דאָרטן שכנה'עלעך צװײ:
סאָטיקי, מאָטיקי
סאָצע, מאָצע,
אבעצאָצע רופט מען זײ!

A Warsaw-born woman, sings a children's Finger-play song, similar to the English-American rhymn: "These are mother's knives and forks." Here, the two little neighbors - are the child's two hands. The four fingers are: Sotiki, Motiki, Sotse and Motse. The thumb is: Abetsotse!

SIDE I, Band 4: CHEDER-BOYS: TAUNTS FROM GALICIA

Oster-Tooter
Talmen-Tooter
Tooter-Talmen
Hersh Zalmen
Zalmen Hersh*
tree cherry
cherry tree
strength peace
peace strength
money wealth
wealth money
people field
field people
Clay fool!

*These are word-plays on boys' names.

Rabbi's helper,
Smashed dumplings,
You be the scapegoat
For all of the girls!

Oh, the Rabbi's coat's on fire,
Let him burn like a conflagration,
Let him know how expensive money is,
Let him learn how to save his money,
Let him learn how to live with his wife!

Ooter tooter	אונטער טוטער
Talmen tooter	טאלמען טוטער
Tooter Talmen	טוטער טאלמען
Hersh Zalmen	הערש זלמן
Zalmen Hersh	זלמן הערש
Boym kersh	בוים קירש
Kersh boym	קירש בוים
G'vure shloym	גבירה שלוים
Shloym g'vure	שלוים גבירה
gelt ashire	געלט עשירה
Ashire gelt	עשירה געלט
Oylem feld	עולם פעלד
Feld oylem	פעלד עולם -
Leymener goylem!	לײמענער גולם!

Belfer gehelfer	בעלפער געהעלפער
Tseknakte kneydlech	צעקנאקטע קנײדלעך
Zay a kapore	זײ א כפרה
Far ale meydlech!	פאר אלע מײדלעך!

Oy dem rebn's spodik brent!
Zol er brenen vi a fayer,
Zol er vissn gelt iz tayer,
Zol er vissn gelt tsi shoynen
Zol er vissn mitn vayb tsi voynen!

אױ דעם רבינ'ס ספּאָדיק ברענט!
זאָל ער ברענען װי א פײער,
זאָל ער װיסן געלט איז טײער,
זאָל ער װיסן געלט צי שוינען,
זאָל ער װיסן מיטן װײב צי װאוינען!

When parochial (cheder) school boys attended rival "chadorim" (schools), they would often greet each other, or each other's "behelfers" (Rabbi's helpers) with these taunts.

SIDE I, Band 5: VI AZOY S'IZ NISHT GIT TSU GEYN

Vi azoy s'iz nisht git tsi geyn	װי אזױ ס'איז נישט גוט צו גײן
Zibn vochn in a hemd,	זיבן װאָכן אין א העמד,
Azoy is nisht git tsi zan	אזױ איז נישט גוט צו זײן
No-v'nod in der fremd.	נע װנד אין דער פרעמד.
REFRAIN:	
Oy vey iz tsi veynen	אױ װײ איז צו װײנען
Tse veynen oyf mayne yinge yorn,	צו װײנען אויף מײנע יונגע יאָרן
Vos hob ich bedarft	װאָס האָב איך באדאַרפט
Fin mayn heym avektsiforn?	פון מײן הײם אװעקצופאָרן.
Ich zets mir anider	איך זעץ מיר אנידער
Oy tsi mayn genay	אױ צו מײן געני
In hartsn iz fartriknt	אין הארצן איז פארטריקנט
Ich vil a glezl tay.	איך װיל א גלעזל טײ.
	און בײ מײן בעל הביתטע
Un bay mayn balaboste	זע איך אויס א נאר
Ze ich oys a nar	אז איך הײס מיר געבן א גלעזל טײ
Az ich heys mir gibn a glezl tay,	דערגיסט זי דעם סאמאװאר.
Dergist zi dem samovar.	
	מײן בעל הביתטע גיט מיר עסן
Mayn balaboste git mir essn	זאָגט זי: עס און געדענק.
Zogt zi: es un gedenk.	און די שכנים גײט זי זאָגן
Un di sh'cheynim geyt zi zogn	אז איך עס װי נאָך א קרענק.
Az ich es vi noch a krenk.	
	אז מײן בעל הביתטע גיט מיר עסן
	זאָגט זי: עס און שעם זיך ניט!
	צו זיך אין הארצן טראַכט זי:
	צום ברויט נעם זיך נישט!
Az mayn balaboste git mir essn	
Zogt zi: es un shem zich nit!	
Tsu zich in hartsn tracht zi:	מײן מאַמע גיט מיר עסן
Tsim broyt nem zich nisht!	זאָגט זי: עס מײן ליב קינד,
	און זיך אין הארצן טראַכט זי זיך:
	זאָל דיר צוקומען א שטיק געזונט!
Mayn mame git mir essn	
Zogt zi: es mayn lib kind.	
Un zich in hartsn tracht zi zich:	
Sol dir tsikimen a shtik gezint!	אפשר מוזט איר װיסן
	אז מײן בעל הבית איז בעסער,
	אז איר מאָן אים געלט
	שטעכט ער אין מײן הארץ א מעסער!
Efsher mizt ir vissn	
Az mayn babbos iz besser,	
Az ich mon im gelt	
Shtetcht er in mayn harts a messer!	

	REFRAIN:
Just as it is not good to wear	Oh, it is to weep,
A shirt for seven weeks,	It is to weep over my young life,
So is it not good	That I had to
To be a stranger away from home.	Go away from home.
	I sit down,
	Alas, to my sewing,
And my "balaboste"	My heart is parched,
Must think me a fool,	I wish for a glass of tea.
For when I ask for a cup of tea,	
She adds water to the samovar...	

My "balaboste" feeds me,
And says: eat and remember!
Then she tells all the neighbors
That I eat like "after a sickness."

When my "balaboste" feeds me,
She says: "Eat, do not be bashful!"
But in her heart she thinks:
"Don't you dare and touch the bread!"

My mother feeds me
and says: "Eat, my dear child."
And in her heart she thinks:
"May you be the stronger for it!"

Perhaps you think
That my "balabos" is better,
When I ask him for some pay,
He stabs a knife into my heart!

The master craftsman is referred to as the "balabos" (the master or the boss); his wife, the "balaboste" usually acted as the forelady, who also fed and housed the apprentice boys.

Note: A woman born in Czernowitz, Bessarabia, sings an apprentice boy's song.

, Band 6a: HENICH'S VAYB

...ich's wife is cooking a soup
...e nods with her head
Three portions she serves up
The fourth she leaves in the pot.

Tidl idl idl idl idl ha ha ha
"Teyglech" and beans.

Henich's vayb kocht a yoych
Dreyt zi mitn kepl
Dray chalokim git zi oyf
A cheylik lozt zi in tepl.

העניך'ס ווײב קאכט א יויך
דרײט זי מיט דעם קעפל
דרײ חלקים גיט זי אויף
א חלק לאזט זי אין טעפל.

Tidl idl idl idl cha cha cha
Teyglech mit fasolyes!

טידל אידל אידל כא כא
טײגלעך מיט פאסאליעס!

"Teyglech" are small squares (or triangles) made of dough.

Another woman, born in Chotin, Bessarabia, sings two humorous apprentice boys' songs, satirizing the master-craftsman's wife, who often was the overseer.

SIDE I, Band 6b: OT AZOY NEYT A SHNAYDER
THIS IS HOW A TAILOR SEWS

This is how a tailor sews
This is how he sews well.
And at the table, the women fuss,
Oh heavens, nothing seems to suit them!

The "balaboste" stands in the kitchen,
Yelling to the workmen: Let those stitches fly!

Ot azoy neyt a shnayder
Ot azoy neyt er git.
Un tsum tish mishn zich di vayber,
Oy gevald, es passt zey nit.

Di balaboste shteyt in kech,
Un shrayt tsu di arbeter: Varft mit shtech!

אָט אזוי נײט א שנײדער

אָט אזוי נײט א שנײדער
אָט אזוי נײט ער גוט.
און צום טיש מישן זיך די ווײבער
אוי געוואלד עס פאסט זײ ניט.

די בעל הביתטע שטײט אין קיך
און שרײט צו די ארבעטער:
ווארפט מיט שטיך!

SIDE I, Band 7: HOB ICH MIR A SHPAN
I HAVE A COACH

I have a coach
Covered with black leather,
I have two horses like lions,
And four wheels.

REFRAIN:
But the wheels don't roll
And the horses won't go
And the wife curses
And I'm parched for a glass of whiskey.
I see a stone standing,
I sit on it and I cry.

I would have been a merchant,
But I have no merchandise.
I would have been a teacher,
But I do not know the Torah.

I could have been a cobbler,
But I do not have an awl,
I could have been a cantor,
So I haven't got a voice.

האב איך מיר א שפאן

Hob ich mir a shpan
Gedekt mit shvartsn ledder
Tsvey leybn ferd
Un fir redder

האב איך מיר א שפאן
געדעקט מיט שווארצן לעדער,
צוויי לײבן פערד
און פיר רעדער.

REFRAIN:
Un di redder dreyen nit
Un di ferd geyen nit
Un di vayb zi shilt zich
Un a glezl bronfn vilt zich
Ze ich mir a shteyn
Zits ich mir un veyn...

רעפרען
און די רעדער דרײען ניט
און די פערד גײען ניט
און די ווײב זי שילט זיך
און א גלעזל בראנפן ווילט זיך
זע איך מיר א שטײן
זיץ איך מיר און װײן.

Volt ich geven a soycher,
Hob ich nit kayn s'choyre.
Volt ich geven a melamed,
Kon ich nit kayn Toyre.

וואלט איך געווען א סוחר
האב איך ניט קײן סחורה
וואלט איך געווען א מלמד
קאן איך ניט קײן תורה.

Volt ich geven a shuster,
Hob ich nit kayn ol.
Volt ich geven a chazn,
Hob ich nit kayn kol.

וואלט איך געווען א שוסטער
האב איך ניט קײן אל
וואלט איך געווען א חזן
האב איך ניט קײן קול.

A woman, born in Ivia, Lithuania, sings a song about a coachman.

SIDE I, Band 8: A REDELE IZ DI GORE VELT
THE WHOLE WORLD IS BUT A WHEEL

The whole world is but a wheel,
Spun around by time.
Happiness and sorrow, honor and wealth,
Merely roll on beside it.
One lives his entire life in poverty,
Another lives in wealth,
In the twinkling of an eye, the opposite may be true,
With the spinning of the wheel.

Brother, do not boast of your success,
Nor in failure, lose heart,
Joy is not too far from sorrow,
For both can be changed by the wheel.
Take a good look at everything,
And learn thereby,
Then you will see that rich and poor,
Depend only on the spin of the wheel.

There lies a seed, spread in the field,
She lies quite deep in the earth,
The time comes when she comes out into the world,
And everyone realizes her worth.
The rose too, blooms so beautifully,
And everyone admires her loveliness,
But when the time comes and she loses her charm,
She is thrown out the door.

A redele iz di gore velt,
Gekatshet iz di tsayt.
Glik un umglik, kovid un gelt,
Katshen zich nor bay der zayt.
Eyner lebt op azoy orim zayn velt,
Der anderer lebt azoy breyt,
In eyn oygnblik vert dos farkert,
Dos redele hot zich ibergedreyt.

Shtoltsir nit bruder mit der guter tsayt,
Bay der shlechter fal nit arop,
Glik fun umglik iz gornit vayt,
Mitn redele bayt zich dos op.
Tu nor a kuk oyf yederer zach,
Un nem a primer fun zey,
Vestu derkenen fun orim biz raych,
S'iz nor gevendt inem dray.

Dort ligt a zerne farshprayt in feld,
Zi ligt gants tif in der erd.
S'kumt di tsayt vos zi geyt oyf der velt,
Zet yederer ir tayern vert.
Di roze blit oych azoy sheyn,
Yederer shpiglt zich in ir,
Nor kumt on di tsayt vos zi vert on dem cheyn,
Varft men zi aroys far der tir.

א רעדעלע איז די גאנצע וועלט

א רעדעלע איז די גארע וועלט,
געקאטשעט איז די צײט.
גליק און אומגליק, כבוד און געלט,
קאטשען זיך נאר בײ דער זײט.
אײנער לעבט אפ אזוי ארים זײן וועלט,

דער אנדערער לעבט אזוי ברײַט,
אין אײַן אויגנבליק ווערט דאס פארקערט,
דאס רעדעלע האט זיך איבערגעדרײַט.

שטאלציר ניט ברודער מיט דער גוטער צײַט,
בײַ דער שלעכטער פאל ניט אראָפּ,
גליק פון אומגליק איז גארניט ווײַט,
מיטן רעדעלע בײַט זיך דאס אָפּ.
טו נאָר א קוק אויף יעדערער זאך,
און נעם א פּריסער פון זײַ,
וועסטו דערקענען פון ארים ביז רײַך,
ס'איז נאר געווענדט אינעם דרײַ.

דארט ליגט א זערנע פארשפּרײַט אין פעלד,
זי ליגט גאנץ טיף אין דער ערד,
ס'קומט די צײַט וואס זי גײט אויף דער
וועלט,
זעט יעדערער איר טײַערן ווערט.
די ראָזע בליט אויך אזוי שײַן,
יעדער שפּיגלט זיך אין איר,
נאָך קומט אן די צײַט וואס זי ווערט אן
דעם חן,
ווארפט מען זי ארויס פאר דער טיר.

NOTE: Sung by a man, born in Bershad, Ukraine, this moralistic and philosophic poem, was originally written by the Yiddish poet and writer Yitshok Yo-el Linetski. The text was first published in 1869 in Odessa and consisted of 18 stanzas. A forerunner of the Yiddish clacissist Mendele Moycher Sforim, Linetski was the author of the brilliant satire on the Chassidic movement and its Rabbis, "Dos Poylishe Yingl" (The Polish Lad), first published in the 70's.

SIDE I, Band 9: <u>A SHADCHEN DARF MEN KENEN ZAYN</u>
<u>A MATCHMAKER'S TRADE IS A SPECIAL SKILL</u>

A matchmaker's trade is a special skill
It's a blessing from the Lord
I earn my "Kerbl" (ruble) easily
Without a bit of effort.

<u>REFRAIN</u>:
But one has to be able to take a drink
Of at least a pint of whiskey
And no matter how hard the match seems to be
It all gets settled finally

The bride may be thirty years old
But the groom asks me about it
I then give her age whatever remains over sixteen
And the rest is my responsibility

Oh, before I bring them both together
I wear out ten pairs of shoes
And then I say: "And Moses fled",
May you both go to the devil now!

A shadchen darf men kenen sayn
Es iz fun Got a broche
Ich fardin mir mayn kerbl gring
On a shum meloche.

REFRAIN:
Dertsi darf men kenen a koyse machn
Chotsh fun a halber kvort spirt
Es meg der shidech zayn fun di shverste sachn
Vert es oysgefirt.

Di kale meg zayn draysig yor
Ober der chosn fregt doch mich
Gib ich ir vos es geyt arop fun zechtsn yor
Un dos iberige nem ich oyf zich.

Oy, eyder ich por zey beyde tsunoyf
Tserays ich tsen por shich
Dernochdem zog ich "Vayivrach Moyshe"
Chapt aych beyde der ri-ech!

A woman born in Tomashpil, sings a matchmaker's song.

...דכן דארף מען קענען זײַן
...ס איז פון גאָט א ברכה
איך פארדין מיר מײַן קערבל גרינג
אן א שום מלאכה.

<u>צו זינגען</u>
דערצו דארף מען קענען א כוסה מאכן
כאָטש פון א האלבער קוואָרט ספּירט
עס מעג דער שידוך זײַן פון די שווערסטע
זאכן
ווערט עס אויסגעפירט.

די כלה מעג זײַן דרײַסיג יאר
אבער דער חתן פרעגט דאָך מיך
גיב איך איר וואָס עס גײט אראפּ פון
זעכצן יאָר
און דאס איבעריקע נעם איך אויף זיך.

אוי, אײדער איך פאר זײ בײדע צונויף
צורײַס איך צען פאר שיך
דערנאכדעם זאג איך „ויברח משה!"
כאפּט אײַך בײדע דער רוח!

SIDE I, Band 10: <u>VOS VILSTI MITTER HOBN?</u>
<u>WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM ME, MOTHER?</u>

What do you want, Mother?
Why do you torment your child?
Why do you want to bury me?
Oh, woe unto my sins!

If you only knew,
How unhappy I am,
You would not drain, like water,
My life's blood from me.

I never have known joy,
But only pain and anguish,
I curl up like a leaf,
Winter and summer.

Where are you, my friend?
Come at least for one hour,
Everyone hates me,
And you too, are gone.

Where are you, my soul?
Oh, tell me!
You are my only comfort,
Night and day!

My parents, woe is me,
They drive you away from me,
Listen then to my cry,
And come a-flying to me!

Vos vilsti mitter hobn?
Vos mitchesti dayn kind?
Vos vilsti mich bagrobn?
Vey tsi mayne zind!

Ach vey, zolsti vissn
Vi azoy s'iz mir nisht git,
Volsti nit getsopt
Vi vosser mayn blit.

Kayn freyd hob ich nisht gehat,
Nor leyd un kimmer,
Ich vikl zich vi a blat,
Vinter un zimmer.

Vi bizti mayn fraynt?
Kim chotsh oyf eyn sho,
Yederer hot mich faynt,
Un di bizt oych nishto..

Vi bizti mayn neshome?
Ach gevold, zog!
Di bizt doch mayn nechome,
Baynacht un baytog!

Mayne eltern, oy vey,
Zey traybn dich fun mir,
Farnem-zhe mayn geshrey,
Un kim tsefli-en tsi mir!

וואס ווילסטו מוטער האבן?
וואס מוטשעסטו דײַן קינד?
וואס ווילסטו מיך באגראבן?
ווײ צו מײַנע זינד!

אך ווײ, זאלסטו וויסן
ווי אזוי ס'איז מיר נישט גוט,
וואלסטו ניט געצאפּט
ווי וואסער מײַן בלוט.

קײן פרײד האב איך נישט געהאט
נאר לײד און קומער,
איך וויקל זיך ווי א בלאט
ווינטער און זומער,

וואו ביזטו מײַן פרײַנט?
קום כאטש אויף אײן שעה,
יעדערער האט מיך פײַנט,
און דו ביזט אויך נישטא..

וואו ביזטו מײַן נשמה?
אך געוואלד, זאג!
דו ביזט דאך מײַן נחמה!
בײַנאכט און בײַטאג,

מײַנע עלטערן, אוי ווײ,
זײ טרײַבן דיך פון מיר!
פארנעם-זשע מײַן געשרײ,
און קום צופליען צו מיר!

A woman sings a love lament, from the Kiever region, Ukraine.

d 11: INDROYSN IZ FINTSTER
IT IS DARK OUTDOORS

dark outdoors,
s dark outdoors and late at night,
t a hum, not a stir,
Not a bird is on the wing in the street.
Where were you? I want to have a word with you,
Where were you? I want to walk with you.

Come on out, my sweet darling,
I stand here waiting in the street, bewildered,
Come on out, I want to talk to you,
Come on out, I want to walk with you.

Oh your lovely face and your black little eyes,
Your sweet mouth and pretty white teeth.
Where have you been? I want to talk with you,
Come on out, I want to walk with you.

Indroysn iz fintster,
Indroysn iz finster, s'iz shpet baynacht,
Men hert kayn zhum, kayn shorch,
Kayn feygele fli-en oyf der gass.
Avu biztu geven? Ch'vil mit dir tsvey verter redn,
Avu biztu geven? Ch'vil mit dir tsuzamen geyn.

To kum aroys tsu mir, mayn tayer zis lebn,
Ich shtey un vart in gass, ich veys aleyn nit farvos,
Kum zhe aroys, ch'vil mit dir tsvey verter redn,
Kum zhe aroys, ch'vil mit dir tsuzamen zayn.

Oy dayn sheyn ponim, mit dayne shvartsinke otshkelech,
Oy un dayn moyl mit dayne sheyne vaysinke tseyn.
Avu biztu geven? Ch'vil mit dir tsvey verter redn,
Kum zhe aroys, ch'vil mit dir tsyzamen geyn.

אינדרויסן איז פינצטער,
אינדרויסן איז פינצטער, ס'איז שפעט בײנאכט,
מען הערט קײן זשום, קײן שארך,
קײן פײגעלע פליִען אויף דער גאס.
א וואו ביזטו געווען? כ'וויל מיט דיר צװײ ווערטער רעדן,
א וואו ביזטו געווען? כ'וויל מיט דיר צוזאמען גײן.

טא קום ארויס צו מיר, מײן טײער זיס לעבן,
איך שטײ און ווארט אין גאס, איך ווײס אלײן ניט פארוואס.
קום זשע ארויס, כ'וויל מיט דיר צװײ ווערטער רעדן,
קום זשע ארויס, כ'וויל מיט דיר צוזאמען זײן.

אוי דײן שײן פנים, מיט דײנע שווארצינקע אָטשקעלעך,
אוי און דײן מויל מיט דײנע שײנע ווײסינקע צײן.
א וואו ביזטו געווען? כ'וויל מיט דיר צװײ ווערטער רעדן,
קום זשע ארויס, כ'וויל מיט דיר צוזאמען גײן.

A man born in Grodno, Lithuania, sings a love song about
a small-town Romeo....

SIDE I, Band 12: FUN GROYS DASAD
IN GREAT PAIN

In great pain, I lay me down to sleep,
And place my hands beneath my head,
And though I am full of regrets,
I cannot undo a thing.

Oh, I cannot undo anything,
For my hands are tied,
And were I to open my bitter heart,
One could see the wounds inside.

Oh the wounds of my heart,
I cannot expose to anyone,
And were I to write about my life,
Not enough ink and plumes could be found.

And if enough ink and plumes were found,
Then my hands would not serve me,
And yet for you, my sweet darling,
I shall suffer all my life.

Oh father, arise from your grave,
And listen to my anguish,
Because of a love affair,
I am like a prisoner in chains.

And when a man is chained in prison,
Perhaps he has earned his punishment,
But if I am bound in chains,
Perhaps God has willed it so.

Fun groys dasad leyg ich zich shlofn,
Un mayne hent leyg ich tsukopns,
Un efenen mayn bitter harts,
Aroyszen voltn zich di vundn.

Oy, di vundn fun mayn hertsn,
Ich kon zey kevnem nit entdekn,
Un fun mayn lebn oystsushraybn,
Kayn tint un feder volt nit klekn.

Oyb tint un feder volt shoyn yo klekn,
Dan voltn mayne hent nit shtayenen,
Un far dir, mayn zis lebn,
Vel ich di gantse velt stradayenen.

Oy, foter shtey oyf fun dayn keyver,
Un her zich oys tsu mayne noytn,
Vayl durch a libe gey ich arumet,
Azoy vi an arestant in keytn.

An arestant er geyt in keytn,
Mistome iz er doch take vert,
Un az ich gey in keytn,
Mistome iz doch mir fun Got bashert.

פון גרויס דאסאר ליג איך זיך שלאָפן,
און מײנע הענט ליג איך צוקאפנס,
און אויף אלעס האב איך חרטה,
נאָר צוריק קאָן איך ניט כאפן.

אוי כאפן, כאפן צוריק קען איך ניט,
ווײל מײנע הענט זײנען פארבונדן,
און עפענען מײן ביטער הארץ
ארויסזען וואלטן זיך די וואונדן.

אוי, די וואונדן פון מײן הערצן,
איך קאָן זײ קײנעם ניט ענטדעקן,
און פון מײן לעבן אויסצושרײבן,
קײן טינט און פעדער וואלט ניט קלעקן.

אויב טינט און פעדער וואלט שוין
יאָ קלעקן,
דאן וואלטן מײנע הענט ניט שטײענען,
און פאר דיר, מײן זיס לעבן,
וועל איך די גאנצע וועלט סטראדײענען.

אוי, פאטער שטײ אויף פון דײן קבר,
און הער זיך אויס צו מײנע נויטן,
ווײל דורך א ליבע גײ איך ארומעט,
אזוי ווי אן ארעסטאנט אין קײטן.

אן ארעסטאנט ער גײט אין קײטן,
מסתמה איז ער דאָך טאקי ווערט,
און אז איך גײ אין קײטן,
מסתמה איז דאָך מיר פון גאָט באשערט.

A woman, born in Lithuania, sings a ballad of a love-sick girl.

SIDE I, Band 13: ICH LIG UNTER GRATTES
I LIE BEHIND BARS

I lie behind bars in a dark cell,
Life means nothing to me anymore.
Oh, how unhappy a thief is in the world,
And how bitter is the goal he pursues.

Many years ago my mother was sent up,
There behind thick walls,
God sent this calamity down upon me,
And my mother gave birth to me in jail.

I met a wanderer on the road,
Five rubles he gave to me,
The wanderer taught me how to steal,
And how to deprive people of their life.

Ich lig unter grattes in fintstern getselt,
S'geyt mir nit aynet mayn lebn.
Ach, vi umgliklich s'iz a ganev oyf der velt,)
Un tsu vos fara tsil er tut shtrebn.) 2

Mit yorn tsurik hot men mayn mamenyu farshikt
Dortn tsvishn grobe moyern,
Got hot aropgeshkt an umglik oyf mir,)
Un in tfise hot mich mayn mamenyu geboyrn.) 2

Ich hob mir bagegnt a tsugayner oyfn veg,
Finf rubl hot er mir gegebn,
Der tsugayner hot mir oysgelernt ganvenen tsu geyn,)
Un tsunmen bay mentshn dos lebn.) 2

איך ליג אונטער גראטעס אין פינצטערן געצעלט
ס'גײט מיר ניט אײנעם מײן לעבן.
אך װי אומגליקלעך ס'איז א גנב אויף דער װעלט,
און צו װאָס פארא ציל ער טוט שטרעבן.

מיט יאָרן צוריק האט מען מײן מאמעניו פארשיקט,
דאָרטן צװישן גראָבע מויערן,
גאָט האט אראָפּגעשיקט אן אומגליק אויף מיר,
און אין תפיסה האט מיך מײן מאמעניו געבוירן.

איך האב מיר באגעגנט א צוגײנער אויפן װעג,
פינף רובל האט ער מיר געגעבן,
דער צוגײנער האט מיר אויסגעלערנט גנב'ענען צו גײן,
און צונעמען בײ מענטשן דאס לעבן.

A man born in Grodno, Lithuania, sings a song of a thief, reflecting on his past.

SIDE I, Band 14: QUADRILLE

Tamdaydayday yadididdam,
Yadididi, yadidi dam bam bam.
One, two, three, four,
One step forward and advance towards me.
You take Chashke,
You take Bashke,
Stand in a row near the door.
Now, Tamara, make way,
And Berele, watch me:
This way, this way,
Grab your girl and swing her around,
Trararam, Sorke pass through in the center,
Traram, Yankele stand near the wall,
Trararam, and Mendl, you take Gitl,
Trararam, and grab her by the hand.

Oh, Mendl, Chasye, Gnendl,
Woe unto you,
Burch-tshe, Doodl, Yente, Hodl,
Where in the devil did you go?
Quickly, turn this way,
Yosl coachman,
Grab Chane-sosl around the waist
And lead her through slowly.

One, two, this way,
Grab Yentl there and swing her around!
Oh woe is me, God help me,
Come on now, quickly, turn this way,
What are you standing like a fool for?
Good heavens!
Now, Tamara, make way,
And Berele. watch me as I go:
One two, this way,
Pair after pair, pair by pair,
This way and this way,
This way and this way,
Yadl didl didl didl dam.
A Quadrille!

Tamdaydayday Yadididdam,
Yadididi, Yadidi dambambam.
Eyns, tsvey, dray, fir,
Gib a trot un kum tsu mir.
Du nem Chashken,
Du nem Bashken,
Shtelt zich oyset bay der tir.
Ot ze Tamare, mach a vare,
Ot ze Berele vi ich gey:
Ot azoy, ot azoy
Chap dayn meydl un gib zi a drey,
Trararam, Sorke Durchn mitn,
Trararam, Yankele shtey baym vant.
Trararam, un Mendl nem du Gitlen,
Trararam, un chap zi on baym hand.

Oy Mendl, Chasye, Gnendl,
Vey iz ayere yorn,
Burch-tshe, Doodl, Yente, Hodl,
Vuhin zayt ir farforn?
Gib zich gich aher a drey,
Yosl Balagole,
Nem baym talye Chane-Sosl,
Un fir zi adurch pavolye.

Eyns, tsvey, ot azoy,
Nem dort Yentlen un gib zi a drey,
Oy vey iz mir, Reboyncy shel oylom!
Nu, gib zich gicher aher a drey,
Vos shteystu vi a goylem?
Oy gevald!
Ot ze Tamera, mach a vare,
Ot ze Berele vi ich gey,
Eyns tsvey, ot azoy,
Por noch por, por noch por,
Ot azoy, eyns, tsvey,
Ot azoy un ot azoy,
Yadl, didl didl didl dam.
A Quadrille!

טאמדײדײ יאדידידאם
יאדידידי, יאדידי דאמבאמבאם.
אײנס, צװײ, דרײ, פיר,
גיב א טראט און קום צו מיר.
דו נעם כאשקען
דו נעם באשקען
שטעלט זיך אויסעט בײ דער טיר.
אָט זע טאמארע, מאך א װארע,
אָט זע בערעלע װי איך גײ:
אָט אזוי אָט אזוי,
כאפ דײן מײדל און גיב זי א דרײ,
טראראראם, שרהקע דורכן מיטן,
טראראראם, יאנקעלע שטײ בײם װאנט.
טראראראם, און מענדל נעם דו גיטלען,
טראראראם, און כאפ זי אן בײם האנט.

אוי מענדל, כאסיע, גנענדל,
װײ איז אײערע יאָרן,
ברוך'טשע, דודל, יענטע, האדל,
װאוהין זײט איר פארפארן?
גיב זיך גיך אהער א דרײ,
יאסל בעל עגלה,
נעם בײם טאליע חנה־סאסל,
און פיר זי אדורך פאװאליע.

אײנס, צװײ, אט אזוי,
נעם דארט יענטלען און גיב זי א דרײ!
אוי װײ איז מיר רבונו של עולם,
נו, גיב זיך גיכער אהער א דרײ,
װאס שטײסטו װי א גולם?
אוי געװאלד!
אָט זע טאמארע, מאך א װארע,
אָט זע בערעלע װי איך גײ,
אײנס, צװײ, אט אזוי,
פאר נאָך פאר, פאר נאָך פאָר,
אָט אזוי, אײנס, צװײ,
אָט אזוי און אָט אזוי,
יאדל דידל דידל דאם.
א קאדריל!

A 19th century square dance caller teaches the young workingmen and women of a small town, a big-city "Quadrille." Sung by a woman born in Grodno, Lithuania.

SIDE I, Band 15: BETLER LID
BEGGAR SONG

Oh listen to me my good people,
Oh listen to what I am going to ask you:
Oh, how can there be so much anguish
In a little, little fiddle.

Oh, listen to me all you good people,
Listen to what I am going to ask you again:
Oh, how can there be such a powerful anguish,
In such a little, little fiddle.

Help a poor beggar!

Oy hert zich ayn mayne libe mentshn,
Oy hert zich aynet vos ich vel aych fregn do:
Ay, vi kumt es aza veytig,
In a kleynem, kleynem fidl.

Ay, hert zich aynet ale libe mentshn,
Hert zich aynet vos ich vel aych fregn nochamol:
Ay, vi kumt es aza shtarker veytig,
In aza kleynem, kleynem fidl.

. a nedove!

אוי הערט זיך איין סיינע ליבע סענטסן,
אוי הערט זיך איינעס וואס איך וועל אייך פרעגן דא:
אי ווי קוסט עס אזא ווייסיק,
אין א קליינעם, קליינעם פידל.

אי הערט זיך איינעס אלע ליבע סענטשן,
הערט זיך איינעס וואס איך וועל אייך פרעגן נאכאמאל:
אי ווי קוסט עס אזא שטארקער וויסיק,
אין אזא קליינעם, קליינעם פידל.

A Polish-born man sings a beggar's song. שענקט א נדבה!

SIDE II

CHASSIDIC SONGS WITHOUT WORDS, occupy a most important place in East European song. Chassidic Rabbis, often as the Puritans in colonial America, sought to "rescue a tune" from the secular world and put it to the service of the Lord. Such Rabbis borrowed freely from the surrounding country-side, often incorporating into their chants and songs, shepherd tunes, march rhythms of passing regiments, songs of peasants working in the field. The belief, that whereas the life of a text may be circumscribed while the melody can live forever, resulted in a predominance of songs without words.

Each Rabbi-composer created according to his particular mood and temperament, seeking to achieve maximum communion with the Creator. These tunes, carried into every corner of the Czarist Pale, by his devoted followers - the Chassidim - resulted in a mass of tunes, dances and their numerous variants.

SIDE II, Band 1:

This tune is sung by a man born in Poland, brought up in a home of ardent Chassidim. His father was a Lyubavitcher Chassid and told him, that when their Rabbi, Reb Shneyer Zalmen from Lyadi sang this tune, the high-backed hand-carved chair upon which he sat, would rise gently and float about in the air, with the exalted singing Rabbi in it.

NOTE: Chassidism founded by Israel Baal-Shem-Tov (Galicia and Podolia 1700-1760), gained momentum during the 18th and 19th centuries in East Europe, assuming the character of a mass movement. Constructed along a pattern of "tsakikim" (holy men), who each had his set of followers (Chassidim), Chassidism set piety above learning and regarded "joy in worship" as a chief religious duty. Affected by the belief in the supernatural, the Chassidic Rabbis acted as "sailts" and intermediaries between their followers and the Creator.

SIDE II, Band 2:

Sung by a man born in Lodz, Poland, who described this tune as a Husiatiner melody, which he had heard from the Rishiner Rabbi.

SIDE II, Band 3:

Sung by a man born in Poland, of Koydenover Chassidim. This is a "hopke" or dance.

SIDE II, Band 4: AZ MOSHI-ACH VET KUMEN
WHEN THE MESSIAH COMES

NOTE: During the decline of the Chassidic movement, in East Europe during the last quarter of the 19th century, a number of anti-Chassidic songs and satires were current. Many of these were composed by Misnagdim, Maskilim, and other opponents of Chassidism. Such songs derided the bureaucratic rule of the Rabbis, pointing up their wealth as contrasted with the poverty, backwardness and ignorance of their disciples.

Such a song is the one on this band, in its Bessarabian variant. Originally, the text consisted of six stanzas and was written by Wolf Zbarsher-Ehrenkrants (1826-1883) who was born in East Galicia. Wolf Z. Ehrenkrants was perhaps the first Yiddish Bohemian of his day, who not only wrote the texts to his songs, but also set tunes to them, performing them also, for a time, professionally. His themes dealt with his struggle against general ignorance and superstition, although he tempered his expressions with a good deal of humor and compassion. However, his most important songs were directed against Chassidic Rabbis, their false piety, their belief in miracles and their blind superstition.

The wicked ones may talk until they burst,
But we will tell about it in joy,
And when we do: the sinners will be struck dumb -
When the Messiah will come.
Woe unto the sinners,
When the Rabbi shouts at them
They will tremble with fear!
Oh sweet father, the rainfall will be of wine and
brandy,
And it will all be for us Chassidim!

CHORUS:
Oh, we Chassidim, we are exalted,
And we shall always praise the Lord,
And when the sinners will witness this,
They will quake with anger!
Oh, may we live to see it all,
Traydiraydiraydiray, diraydiraydirom,
When the Messiah will come.

No king will ever posses,
The beautiful, precious coach,
Which the Rabbi will receive,
When the Messiah will come.
The chassis will be covered with prayer-shawls instead
of leather,
The wheels will be made of acacia wood,
The axels and posts of resinous lumber,
And the whip shall be made of holy fringes tied on to a
ram's horn.
A kosher, pure beast will be chosen to pull it,
Not a horse, but a young heifer.
Oh Lordy, the coachman will be a scribe or a reader
(of the holy writ),
And the Rabbi will preach the Torah!

Wait until you see the lovely and precious prayer-house,
Which will be built near the Rabbi's house,
Which the Rabbi will get,
When the Messiah will come.
Not of stone and brick will it be built,
But of sweetmeats, dainty stews and puddings,
The eternal light will be fed by brandies,
And the rostrum will be made of egg-cakes.
The ground will be tiled with salted fish,
And the walls will be smeared with fish-sauce,
Oh Lordy, wine and brandy will be pouring from all sides,
And we Chassidim will be licking the fish-sauce off
the walls!

Di rosho-im megn tsuzetzterheyt reydn,
Mir veln dertzeyln bald in freydn,
Di resho-im vet es avade farshtimen,
Az Moshi-ach vet kumen.
Di resho-im vet zayn vind un vey,
Es vet zey sayn zover un bitter,
Der Rebe vet oyf zey gibn a geshrey:
Vet zey onchapn a shrek un a tsitter!
Oy tate ziser, mit vayn un mit bronfn vet geyn der regn,
Nor far undz ch'sidim's vegn!

CHORUS:
Oy, mir ch'sidim, mir zenen gehoybn,
Mir veln tomid Got loybn,
Az di resho-im veln dos tsuzen,
Vet zey an ochtik geshen!
Oy, vi derlbt men shoyn dos,
Traydiraydiraydiray diraydiraydirom,
Az Moshi-ach vet kumen.

Es kon doch kayn keyser gornit farmogn,
Dem sheynem, dem tayern vogn,
Vos der Rebe vet bakumen,
As Moshi-ach vet kumen.
Der boyd fun taleysim un nit fun kayn leder,

Un Atsey-shitim veln zayn di redder,
Di aksn, di fleker, fun atsey-goyfer,
Un a baytsh fun tsitses vet zayn ongeknipt in a shoyfer.
Men vet oysklaybn a b'heyme, a koshere a frume,
Nit kayn ferd, nor a poro adomo,
Oy tate ziser, a shmayser vet sayn a soyfer oder a bal-
koyre,
Un der Rebe vet zogn Toyreh!

Ir zolt zen di sheyne un tayere kloyz,
Vos vert gebovet baym Rebn in hoyz,
Vos der Rebe vet bakumen
Az Moshi-ach vet kumen.
Nit gebovet fun kayn shteyner un nit fun kayn tsigl,
Nor fun zise macholim, fun tsimes un kugl,
Spirtes vet brenen der ner-tomid,
Un fun eyer-kichlech vet zayn gemacht der omid.
Mit gezaltsene fish veln zayn di brikn gebrakirt,
Mit drelyes fun fish di vent oysgeshmirt,
Oy tate ziser, vayn un bronfn vet zich gisn in ale ekn,
Un mir ch'sidim veln drelyes lekn!

די רשעים מעגן צוזעצטערהײט רעדן,
מיר װעלן װערצײלן גאלד אין פרײדן,
די רשעים װעט עס אודאי פארשטוסן
אז משיח װעט קומען.
די רשעים װעט זײן װינד און װײ,
עס װעט זײ זײן זױער און ביטער,
דער רבי װעט אױף זײ געבן א געשרײ!
װעט זײ אנכאפן א שרעק און א ציטער!
אוי טאטע זיסער, מיט װײן און מיט בראנפן װעט גײן דער רעגן,
נאר פאר אונז חסידים'ס װעגן!

צוזינגען: אוי מיר חסידים, מיר זײנען געהױבן,
מיר װעלן חסיד גאט לױבן,
אז די רשעים װעלן דאס צוזען,
װעט זײ אן אכפיק געשען!
אוי, װי דערלעבט מען שוין דאס,
טרײדידירײדירײדירײ דירײדירײדירײדאם,
אז משיח װעט קומען.

עס קאן דאך קײן קײסר גארניט פארמאגן,
דעם שײנעם, דעם טײערן װאגן,
װאס דער רבי װעט באקומען,
אז משיח װעט קומען.
דער בױד פון חליחים און ניט פון קײן לעדער,
די אקסן, די פלעקער, פון עצי כפר,
און א בײטש פון ציצות װעט זײן אנגעקניפט אין א שופר.
מען װעט אױסקלײבן א בהמה, א כשרה, א פרומע,
ניט קײן פערד, נאר א פרה אדמה,
אוי טאטע זיסער, א שמײסער װעט זײן א סופר אדער א בעל קורא,
און דער רבי װעט זאגן תורה!

איר זאלט זען די שײנע און טײערע קלױז
װאס װערט געבױט בײם רבין אין הױז,
װאס דער רבי װעט באקומען,
אז משיח װעט קומען.
ניט געבױט פון קײן שטײנער און ניט פון קײן ציגל,
נאר פון זיסע מאכלים, פון צימעס און קוגל,
ספירטעס װעט ברענען דער נר־תמיד,
און פון אײער־קיכלעך װעט זײ געמאכט דער עמיד.
מיט געזאלצענע פיש װעלן זײן די בריקן געבראקירט,
מיט דרעליעס פון פיש די װענט אױסגעשמירט,
אוי טאטע זיסער, װײן און בראנפן װעט זיך גיסן אין אלע עקן,
און מיר חסידים װעלן דרעליעס לעקן!

SIDE II, Band 5: <u>ZOG MIR MAYN SHVESTER</u>
<u>TELL ME, MY SISTER</u>

Tell me, my sister,
I want to ask you something:
What will you do in Palestine?

I will plough and sow,
And be joyous with my brothers,
Just to be in Palestine!

Tell me, my sister,
I want to ask you something:
What will you wear in Palestine?

I will wear a cotton dress,
And I'll be called "Jewish girl,"
Oh to be in Palestine!

Zog mir mayn, shvester,
Ich vel dich fregn a por verter:
Vos vestu ton in Palestina?

Ich vel akern un zeyen,
Un zich mit mayne brider freyen,
Abi nor in Palestina!

Zog mir mayn shvester,
Ich vel dich fregn a por verter:
In vos vestu geyn in Palestina?

זאג מיר מײן שװעסטער,
איך װעל דיר פרעגן א פאר װערטער:
װאס װעסטו טאן אין פאלעסטינע?

איך װעל אקערן און זײען,
און זיך מיט מײנע ברידער פרײען,
אבי נאר אין פאלעסטינע!

זאג מיר מײן שװעסטער,
איך װעל דיר פרעגן א פאר װערטער:
אין װאס װעסטו גײן אין פאלעסטינע?

Ich vel geyn in a layvnt kleydl,
Un vel zich rufn Yidish meydl,
Abi nor in Palestina!

גײן אין א לײװנט קלײדל
ל זיך רופן ײדיש מײדל
נאר אין פאלעסטינע

A woman born in Chotin, Bessarabia, sings a song she sang some sixty years ago, in her Zionist organization the "Bnos Tsiyon" (Daughters of Zion).

SIDE II, Band 6: <u>VOS SHLOFT IR, IR SHLEFER?</u>
<u>WHY DO YOU SLUMBER, YOU SLEEPERS?</u>

Why do you slumber, you sleepers? Arise, Arise,
Why do you slumber, you sleepers, so long?
Just look up to the sky,
And see how beautiful is the sunrise.

Enough, keeping your shutters closed,
Why do you slumber, you sleepers in the dark night?
Enough of sleeping, you sisters and brothers,
Arise, awake,
Softly, silently, without noise,
See that everyone is equal.

Vos shloft ir, ir shlefer? Shteyt oyf, shteyt oyf,
Vos shloft ir, ir shlefer zo lang?
Git nor a kuk tsum himl aroyf,
Vis sheyn iz di zone noch ir oyfgang.

Genug shoyn tsu haltn di lodn farmacht,
Vos shloft ir, ir shlefer in der fintsterer nacht?
Genug shoyn tsu shlofn, ir shvester un brider,
Shteyt oyf, dermuntert aych,
Shtiller, shtiller, on a geruder,
Zet az ale zoln sayn glaych.

װאס שלאפט איר, איר שלעפער?
שטײט אױף, שטײט אױף,
װאס שלאפט איר, איר שלעפער זא לאנג?
גיט נאר א קוק צום הימל ארױף,
װי שײן איז די זאנע נאך איר אױפגאנג.

גענוג שוין צו האלטן די לאדן פארמאכט,
װאס שלאפט איר, איר שלעפער אין דער פינצטערער נאכט?
גענוג שוין צו שלאפן, איר שװעסטער און ברידער,
שטײט אױף, דערמונטערט אײך,
שטילער, שטילער, אן א גערודער,
זעט אז אלע זאלן זײן גלײך.

A Lithuanian-born woman sings a revolutionary workingmen's hymn.

SIDE II, Band 7: <u>DI MASHINES KLAPN</u>
<u>THE MACHINES ARE CLATTERING</u>

The machines are clattering, the wheels go round,
The factory is full of noise and cries!
Oh, lets get together, sisters and brothers,
And let us liberate our land.

The workingman's life is a tormented life,
He works by day and by night,
Oh, he has no strength to straighten his bones,
The employers work him at night.

Stop your crying and stop your weeping!
Don't stain <u>your work</u> with your tears!
Oh, soon, an <u>Odessa</u> merchant will come in
And will take <u>all</u> the work away to Odessa.

Di mashines klapn, di reder zey dreyen zich,
In fabri-ke iz a rash mit a gevald!
Oy vey, memt zich tsunoyf, shvester un brider,
Un lomir ale bafrayen undzer land.

Dem arbetorer's lebn iz a gemutshet lebn,
Er arbet doch tog azoy vi nacht,
Oy, er hot nit kayn koyech di beyner oys-tsuglaychn,
Di balebatim mutshen im baynacht.

Her shoyn oyf tsu veynen, her shoyn oyf tsy klogn!
Un <u>mach</u> nisht oyf der arbet kayn flek!
Oy, s'vet bald araynkumen an Odesser soycher
Un <u>nemt</u> di arbet kan Ades Avek.

די פאשינעס קלאפן, די רעדער זיי דרייען זיך,
אין פאבריקע'ר א רעש סיס א געוויולר!
אוי ווײ, נעמט זיך צוגריף. שוועסטער און ברידער,
און לאמיר אלע באפרייען אונדזער לאנד.

דעם ארבעטארער'ס לעבן איז א געטוסעטע לעבן,
ער ארבעט טאג אזוי ווי נאכט,
אוי, ער האט ניט קיין כח די בייזער אויסצוגלייכן,
די בעל הבתים סוסטען אים בייגאכט.

הער שוין אויף צו וויינען, הער שוין אויף צו קלאגן,
און מאך ניטט אויף דער ארבעט קיין פלעק,
אוי סע וועט באלד ארייגקומען אן אדעסער סוחר,
און נעמט די ארבעט קיין אדעס אוועק!

A workingman's song of the Ukraine, of the 90's.

SIDE II, Band 8: VER ES HOT IN BLAT GELEZN
OH HAVE YOU READ IN THE NEWSPAPERS?

Oh, have you read in the newspapers
About the famous city Odessa?) Biz
Oh, what a calamity befell it)
In only two-three days.) Biz

Suddenly, someone yelled:
Hey, beat the Jews with all your might!) Biz
Oh, stones began flying through the windows,)
And a pogrom was raging in a moment.) Biz

Murderers flew through the streets,
With axes and knives ready in their hands.) Biz
And wherever they found a Jew)
They killed him on the spot.) Biz

There lies a beautiful bride,
She lies there in her wedding gown,) Biz
Oh, near her stands a murderer)
And holds his dagger poised to strike.) Biz

There lies a handsome woman,
She lies crumpled up in the dirt.) Biz
Near her lies a little babe)
Sucking her cold, dead breast.) Biz.

Ver es hot in blat gelezn,
Vegn der barimter shtot Ades,
Ach vòs faran umglik s'hot getrofn,
In eyne tsvey-dray mesles.

Plutsling hot men oysgeshri-en:
Ay shlog dem Yidn vi vayt ir kont!
Oy, shteyner in di fenster hobn genumen fli-en,
A pogrom hot zich oypgerisn in eyn moment.

Merder zenen in di gasn gefloygn,
Mit di hek, mit di messers in di hent gegreyt,
Ay, vu nor a Yidn getrofn,
Oy, glaych im oyf an ort getoyt.

Dortn ligt a kale a sheyne,
Zi ligt ongeton in chupe kleyd,
Oy lebn ir shteyt a merder eyner,
Un halt dem sharfn chalef ongegreyt.

Dortn ligt a froy a sheyne,
Zi ligt farvorfn in di mist.
Lebn ir ligt a kind a kleyne,
Un zeygt ir kalte teyte brist.

חער עס האט אין בלאט געלעזן
חעגן דער באריםטער שטאט אדעס.
אך חאס פארא'ן אומגליק ס'האט געטראפן,
אין איינע צוויי־דריי מעת לעת.

פלוצלינג האט מען אויסגעשריען,
אי שלאג דעם ייִדן חי חײט איר קאנט!
אוי שטיינער אין די פענצטער האבן גענומען פליען,
א פאגראם האט זיך אויסגעריסן אין איין מאמענט.

מערדער זיינען אין די גאסן געפלויגן,
מיט די העק, מיט די מעסערס אין די הענט געגרייט,
אי חאו נאר א ייִדן געטראפן,
אוי, גלייך אים אויף אן ארט געטויט.

דארטן ליגט א כלה א שיינע,
זי ליגט אנגעטאן אין חופה קלייד.
אוי לעבן איר שטייט א מערדער איינער,
און האלט דעם שארפן חלף אנגעגרייט.

דארטן ליגט א פרוי א שיינע,
זי ליגט פארוואָרפן אין די מיסט.
לעבן איר ליגט א קינד א קליינע,
און זויגט איר קאלטע, טויטע ברוסט.

NOTE: A pogrom song, sung by a man born in Vilna, Lithuania - far North of the city of Odessa, of which he sings. He heard the song from a poor "blind beggar in blue glasses", who played the fiddle as he sang this "broadside" about the Odessa pogrom of 1871.

SIDE II, Band 9: FRAYTIK INDERFRI
FRIDAY MORNING

Friday morning, not a moment to sit down
And rest a bit.
There's running everywhere and marketing to do,
Besides cleaning the house, what else is there to do?

Bake the twisted loaf, chop the meat-balls,
Scrape the fish, make the potato-pudding,
And we must have a stew,
And we mustn't forget to pare the potatoes,
And of course the compote full of prunes,
And don't forget to skim the soup,
Yet my dear ones, don't you worry,
Right after I make the pudding,
Tomorrow,
With hair washed clean,
And the rag-stall shut,
You can all say to me:
Chave-Leye, Good Sabbath!
Good Sabbath.

Fraytik inderfri, zetst men zich nisht tsi,
Abisele optsuru-en.
Iberal tsu loyfn, ales ayntsukoyfn,
Achits in shtib, vos iz do tsu tu-en?

Chale bakn, kaylicher hakn,
Fish opshobn, a bulbenik machn,
'm a rosl muz men hobn,
Nit fargessn di bulbes shoybn.
Un a tsimes ful mit flomen,
Nisht fargessn di yoych tsi shoymen,
Doch mayne libe, zolt ir aych nit zorgn,
Bald noch dem kigl mertshem morgn,

Dos kepele getsvogn,
Shoyn tsi di kleyt mit shkrobes,
Ir megt mir ole zogn:
Chave-Leye, Git Shobes!
Git Shobes.

פרייטיק אינדערפרי, זעצט מען זיך נישט צו
אביסעלע אפצורוען.
איבעראל צו לויפן, אלעס איינצוקויפן,
אחוץ אין שטוב, חאס איז דא צו טאן?

חלה באקן, קיילעכער האקן,
פיש אפשויבן, א בולבעניק מאכן,
און א ראסל מוז מען האבן,
ניט פארגעסן די בולבעס שויבן,
און א ציםעס פול מיט פלאמען,
נישט פארגעסן די יויך צו שוימען,
דאך מיינע ליבע, זאלט איר אייך ניט זארגן,
באלד נאך דעם קוגל מערטשעם מארגן.

דאס קעפעלע געצחאגן,
שוין צו די קליים מיט שקראבעס,
איר מעגט מיר אלע זאגן:
חוה־לאה, גוט שבת!
גוט שבת.

A woman, born in Czernowitz, Bessarabia, sings a song about a woman, stall-keeper of old clothes, who is hurrying on Friday, to complete all her chores in time for the Sabbath.

SIDE II, Band 10: ZAYT MIR GEZINT, CHOVERTES OLE
FAREWELL, ALL MY FRIENDS
(THE BRIDE'S FAREWELL)

Farewell, all my friends,
I bid you my last good-bye.
Do not envy me, that I am now a bride,
For no one's fate is the same for all.

One is led to the canopy,
And one is given to another person,
And thereby is the risk,
And one's life hangs in the balance.

But one must be content and forgive everything,
And not bid adieu to life.

Life itself will later decide,
Whether these two are well mated,
Whether these two will be able to carry through
That which they have undertaken:

To live and love, as it is written,
That is all a matter of luck,
Oh to live and love and be loved,
That is all a matter of fate.

Zayt mir gezint, chovertes ole,
Mayn letstn adye zog ich aych.
Nit zayt mich mekane mit mayn nomen kale,
Vayl nit far ayedn shaynt dos glaych.

Tsi der chipe vert men gefirt,
Men vert ibergegebn tsi a tsveytn perzon,
Un dermit vert men rezikirt,
Un dos lebn shteyt vi in kon.

Men muz zich stayen un ales fartsayen,
Un fun lebn nit nemen kayn adye, adye,
Un fun lebn nit nemen kayn adye.

Dos shpeterdige lebn darf ersht bashtimen,
Tsi iz dos a glaychn, tsi iz dos a por.
Durchtsufirn vos men hot untergenimen,
Farn gantsn lebn gor:

Oy lebn un libn, vi es shteyt geshribn,
Dos iz doch bloyz a mazl aza,
Oy lebn un libn, un zayn gelibt,
Dos iz a mazl aza, aza,
Dos iz a mazl aza.

ז״ט סיר געזונט, חבר׳טעס אלע,
ס״ן לעצטן אדיע זאג איך א״ך.
ניט ז״ט סיר סקנה סיט ס״ן נאָסען כלה,
ח״ל ניט פאר א יעדן ש״נט דאָס גל״ך.

צו דער חופה חערט סען געפירט,
סען חערט איבערגעגעבן צו א צח״טן פערזאָן,
און דערסיט חערט סען ריזיקירט,
און דאס לעבן שט״ט חי אין קאָן.

סען סוז זיך סט״ען און אלעס פארצ״ען,
און פון לעבן ניט נעסען ק״ן אדיע, אדיע,
און פון לעבן ניט נעסען ק״ן אדיע.

דאס שפעטערדיגע לעבן דארף ערשט באשטיסען,
צי איז דאס א גל״כן, צי איז דאס א פאר.
דורכצופירן חאס סען האט אונטערגענוסען,
פארן גאנצן לעבן גאר.

אוי לעבן און ליבן, חי עס שט״ט געשריבן.
דאס איז דאָך בלויז א סזל אזא,
אוי לעבן און ליבן, און ז״ן געליבט,
דאס איז א סזל אזא, אזא,
דאס איז א סזל אזא.

A woman, born in Chotin, Bessarabia, sings a bride's farewell to her friends. Sad songs or plaintive tunes on the violin, were often performed for the bride before the ceremony, to put her in a contemplative mood....

SIDE II, Band 11: FORN FORSTU FUN MIR AVEK
YOU ARE LEAVING ME

You are leaving me, oh my dear life,
You must report to the service,
Oh help me Lord, may you yet elude the Czar,
And displease all the examiners!

What have you done to me, oh my dear life,
That I long so for you, for you!
I've not done a thing to you, oh my dear life,
I've only fallen in love with you, with you.

You are leaving me, oh my dear life,
Rivers of tears will I be shedding,
Oh help me Lord, may you yet elude the Czar,
And then we could talk about our wedding.

Forn forstu fun mir avek, oy tayer lebn mayns,
Tsu dem priziv darfstu zich shoyn shteln,
Oy helf-zhe mir shoyn Gotenyu, zolst aroys fun
Keyser's hent,
Un der gantser prisutstve zolstu nisht gefeln!

Vos-zhe hostu mir azoyns opgeton, oy tayer lebn mayns,
Vos ich benk azoy noch dir, oy noch dir?
Ich hob dir gornisht opgeton, oy tayer lebn mayns,
Ich hob zich poshet ayngelibt in dir, oy in dir.

Forn forstu fun mir avek, oy tayer lebn mayns,
Taychn trern vel ich fargissn,
Oy helf-zhe mir shoyn Gotenyu, zolst aroys fun
keyser's hent,
Un mir zoln shoyn kenen fun a chassene shmisn.

פאָרן פאָרסטו פון סיר אחעק, אוי ט״ער לעבן ס״נס,
צו דעם פריזיוו דארפסטו זיך שוין שטעלן,
אוי העלף־זשע סיר שוין גאָטעניו, זאָלסט ארויס פון קיסר׳ס הענט,
און דער גאנצער פריסוטסטחע זאָלסטו נישט געפעלן!

חאס־זשע האסטו סיר אזוינס אפגעטאן, אוי ט״ער לעבן ס״נס,
חאָס איך בענק אזוי נאָך דיר, אוי נאָך דיר?
איך האב דיר גאָרנישט אָפגעטאן, אוי ט״ער לעבן ס״נס,
איך האב זיך פשוט א״נגעליבט אין דיר, אוי אין דיר.

פארן פאָרסטו פון סיר אחעק, אוי ט״ער לעבן ס״נס,
ט״כן טרערן חעל איך פארגיסן,
אוי העלף־זשע סיר שוין גאָטעניו, זאָלסט ארויס פון קיסר׳ס הענט,
און סיר זאָלן שוין קענען פון א חתונה שסועסן.

A song from White Russia, about a girl whose fiancee has to report for military duty to his Czarist "draft Board."

SIDE II, Band 12: FIVE WEDDING TUNES ON A FIDDLE

A former "badchen" (wedding entertainer) from Galicia, playes five wedding tunes on his fiddle, interspersing them with his own comments:

(This first tune is intended to "put the bride in a pensive mood" and was used in Glina, Galicia.)

"In other parts (of the province), they played this type of tune quite differently."

"...then the "marshalik" (another term for "badchen" - wedding entertainer) would call each woman out separately, naturally beginning with the closest relatives of the bride, to the most distant, to dance with the bride!"

"And then the groom came in, and we played a "hora" - the bridegroom is coming!"

"Then the "marshalik" said: Get ready, we are going, in a most happy moment, to perform the marriage ceremony!"

אין אנדערע געגנטן האט
סען גאנץ אנדערש צוגעשפילט.

... פלעגט דער סארשאליק אויס
רופן יעדער פרוי סעפעראט,
נאטירלעך פון די נעענטסטע ביז
די פרעסדע סחותנתטעס, צו
טאנצן סיט דער כלה!

און דערנאָך איז אר״נגעקוסען
דער חתן און סען האט געשפילט
א „הורה"... דער חתן ג״ט!

דערנאָך האט דער סארשאליק
געזאגט: ז״ט פערטיק, סען
ג״ט אין א סזלדיגער שעה
צו דער חופה!

SIDE II, Band 13: **SHLOF MAYN KIND MAYN TREYST MAYN SHEYNER**
SLEEP MY CHILD, MY LOVELY COMFORT

Sleep my child, my comfort, my beauty,
Sleep my little son,
Sleep, my crown, my precious "kadish",*
Hushabye, lyulyu.

Your mother sits beside your cradle,
Weeping as she sings,
Perhaps someday you'll understand,
The meaning of her tears.

Your father's in America,
Your father, little son,
But you're a child yet, sleep awhile,
Hushabye, Lyulyu.

America for everyone,
Is a source of happiness,
A Garden of Eden, so they say,
A place of wonderment!

There they eat even in the weekdays
Chale, ** little son
I will cook broth for you there,
Sleep then, hushabye.

In the meantime, let us hope,
What else can we do?
I would have gone to Daddy long ago,
But I don't know where he is.

The Lord will tell him, then he'll write,
Sweet letters to us, little son,
And very soon, he'll bring us joy,
Sleep then, hushabye.

He will sent us twenty dollars,
And his picture too,
And he'll take us, long life to him,
Both to America!

* "kadish" - is a prayer that is said for the dead. Usually the first male child is the one to say this prayer for his parents - thus assuring their living memory over another generation.

** Chale - the twisted loaf, which was eaten only at the Sabbath meals.

Shlof mayn kind, mayn treyst mayn sheyner,
Shlof mayn zunenyu,
Shlof mayn kroyn, mayn kadish eyner,
Lyulinke lyulyu.

Bay dayn vigl zitst dayn mame,
Zingt a lid un veynt,
Vest amol farshteyn mistame,
Vos zi hot gemeynt.

In Amerike dayn tate,
Dayner zunenyu,
Bizt a kind noch, shlof les-ate,
Shlof-zhe shlof, lyulyu.

Dos Amerike far yden,
Zogt men, iz a glik.
Un far yedn a gan-eydn,
Epes an antik!

Dortn est men indervochn,
Chale zunenyu,
Yaychlech vel ich dir dortn kochn,
Shlof-zhe shlof, lyulyu.

Nor dervayle lomir hofn,
Oy vos kon men ton?
Ch'volt shoyn lang tsu im getrofn,
Veys ich nit vuhin.

Got vet heysn, vet er shikn,
Brivelech, zunenyu,
Gor ingichn undz baglikn,
Shlof-zhe shlof, lyulyu.

Er vet shikn tsvantsig dollar,
Zayn portret dertsu,
Un vet nemen, lebn zol er,
Undz ahintsutsu!

שלאָף מײַן קינד מײַן טרײסט מײַן שײנער,
שלאָף מײַן זונעניו,
שלאָף מײַן קרוין, מײַן קדיש אײנער,
ליולינקע ליוליו.

בײַ דײַן װיגל זיצט דײַן מאַמע,
זינגט אַ ליד און װײנט,
װעסט אַמאָל פֿאַרשטײן מסתּמא
װאָס זי האָט געמײנט.

אין אַמעריקע דײַן טאַטע,
דײַנער זונעניו,
ביזט אַ קינד נאָך, שלאָף לעת עתּה,
שלאָף־זשע שלאָף ליו ליו.

דאָס אַמעריקע פֿאַר יעדן,
זאָגט מען, איז אַ גליק.
און פֿאַר יעדן אַ גן־עדן,
עפּעס אַן אַנטיק!

דאָרטן עסט מען אינדערװאָכן,
חלה, זונעניו,
יאַיכלעך װעל איך דיר דאָרטן קאָכן,
שלאָף־זשע שלאָף, ליו ליו.

נאָר דערװײַלע לאָמיר האָפֿן,
אױ װאָס קאָן מען טאָן?
כ'װאָלט שױן לאַנג צו אים געטראָפֿן,
װײס איך ניט װוּהין.

גאָט װעט הײסן, װעט ער שיקן
בריװעלעך זונעניו,
אײַנגיכן אונדז באַגליקן,
שלאָף־זשע שלאָף, ליו ליו.

ער װעט שיקן צװאַנציק דאָלאַר,
זײַן פּאָרטרעט דערצו,
און װעט נעמען, לעבן זאָל ער,
אונדז אַהינצוצו!

A woman born in White Russia, sings one of the many variants of the welo-known lullaby by Sholem Aleichem, current on both sides of the Atlantic Ocean during the mass migrations to America in the 90's. The song reflects the sentiments of a young married woman, whose husband has journeyed to the New World to seek new roots for his family.

ABOUT THE COLLECTOR AND EDITOR OF THIS ALBUM

RUTH RUBIN, a native of Montreal, Canada, became interested in the folklore of many lands at an early age, acquainting herself with the songs of England, Ireland, Scotland, the United States and the American Negro, French Canada, France and Germany.

Seventeen years ago, she embarked on a serious study of secular Yiddish folksongs of Eastern Europe, which, in turn, led her into pioneering work in this country, collecting, collating, transcribing texts and tunes, researching the historical background of the material, and acquainting herself with the work that had been done by such folklorists as Sh. Anski, S. Ginzburg, P. Marek, N. Prilutzki, S. Lehman, Dobrushin, M. Beregovski, Yehude-Leyb Cahan (whose works have been published in this country), and others.

Mrs. Rubin has performed in many lecture recitals across the country, entertaining and informing avid listeners in community centers, clubs, synagogues, old age homes, schools, hospitals, lecture halls, college campuses, and on concert platforms wherever people

assembled to hear her particular presentation of the "song and Tale" of Yiddish folksong. In these lecture recitals, she succeeded in recreating aspects of nineteenth-century Jewish life and reviving the songs which were brought to this land by the many millions of immigrants who came here in the 80's and 90's of the last century.

Today, Mrs. Rubin is recognized as the leading American scholar in the field of Yiddish folksongs, and has been honored for her contributions to the study of this subject by twice having been selected as a Councillor of the American Folklore Society. She has written numerous articles and essays for publication in the Journal of American Folklore, the New York Folklore Quarterly, and other scholarly journals and magazines, her work appearing in publications in the United States, Canada, South America, Europe and Israel.

Included among her many contributions to the study and appreciation of Jewish folklore is the compilation and editing of one of the finest general collections of Jewish folksongs published in this country. "A TREASURY OF JEWISH FOLKSONG" (Shocken Books, New York, 1950) contains 110 Yiddish and Hebrew folksongs, and includes texts (transliterated and translated), tunes (melodic line), background information and piano arrangements.

At a time when there were few recordings of Yiddish secular folksongs, Mrs. Rubin issued her first album of Yiddish and Israeli folksongs. Since then, many more of her recordings have been issued by various companies and are heard regularly on radio programs from coast to coast. Mrs. Rubin may be heard on a FOLKWAYS recording of JEWISH CHILDREN'S SONGS AND GAMES (FC 724), accompanied by Pete Seeger.

In this album, Mrs. Rubin gives us many selections of Yiddish folksongs collected by her from singers in this country and Canada. These recordings form but a small part of her library of field recordings, collected on disc and tape over a period of many years. She is now in the process of preparing a compilation of her collected material, and, when eventually published, it should immeasureably add to and enrich our knowledge of Yiddish folksongs.

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