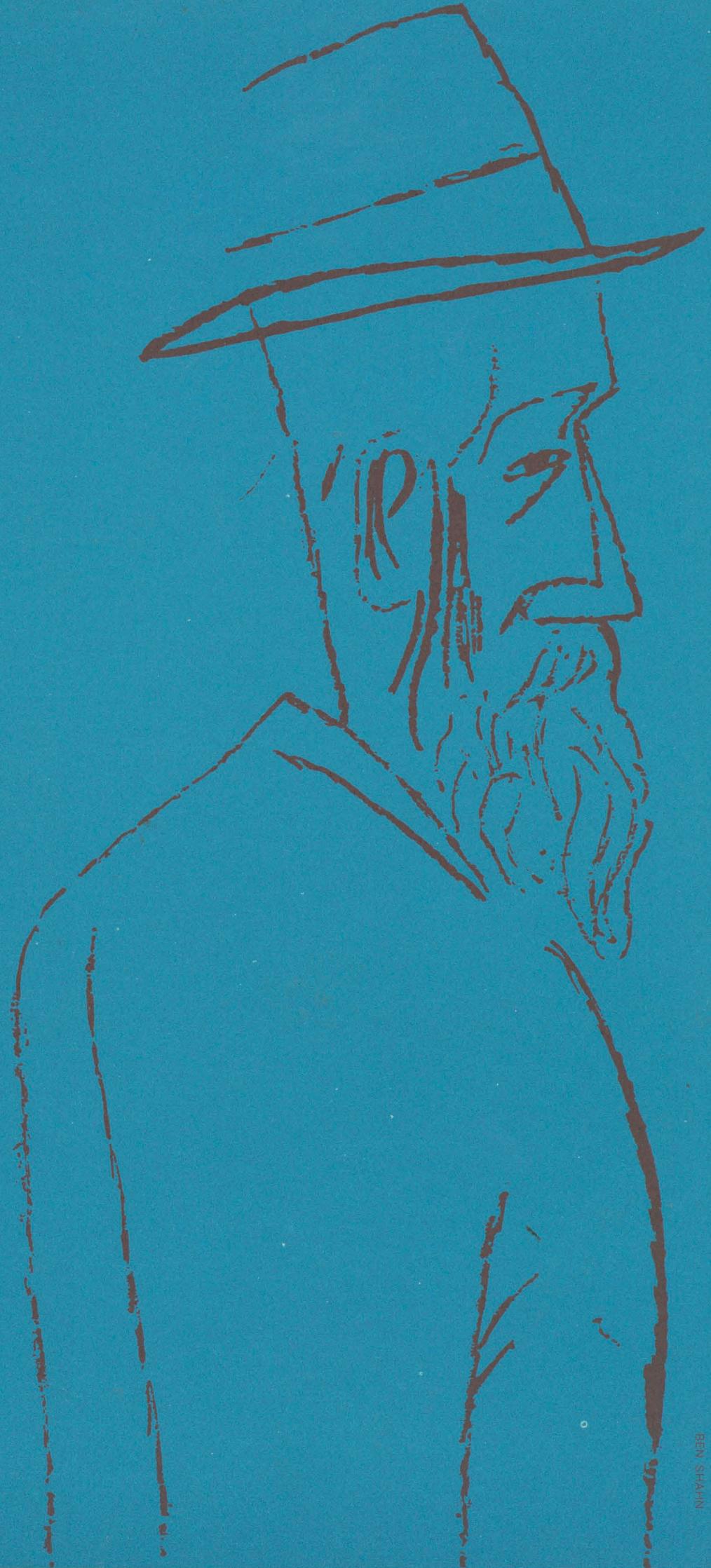


Raasche  
and  
Alan Mills  
sing  
Jewish Folk Songs

Sung in Yiddish

Folkways Records FW 8711



M  
1852  
R112  
R112  
1962

MUSIC LP

BEN SHAHN

With complete Yiddish song texts and English translations.

DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

FOLKWAYS RECORDS AND SERVICE CORP.  
43 W. 61st ST., N.Y.C., U.S.A.

Undzer Nigund'l  
Roshinkes mit Mandlen  
Bay dem Shtetl  
Yankel  
Ot Azei Neyt a Schneider  
Nem Arcis a Ber Fun Vald  
Her Nar Du Shein Meidele  
In An Orem Shtibele  
Reizele  
Dayeinu  
Rebbenu  
Zol Ich Zein a Rov?  
Leyg Ich Mein Kepele  
Vos Zhe Vilstu  
Dem Milner's Treren  
Du Du  
Lama Suka Zu?  
A Vinter Lied  
Tiere Malke  
Ein Mol

Raasche and Alan Mills sing Jewish Folk Songs

M  
1852  
R112  
R112  
1962

MUSIC LP

LIBRARY  
UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA

# RAASCHE AND ALAN MILLS

## SING JEWISH FOLK SONGS



RAASCHE

RAASCHE was born in Chicago, Illinois. When she was quite young her family moved to Southern California and it was there that she received her first training.

RAASCHE began her musical career at an early age and her forte was to have been the piano. Being blessed with a natural aptitude for musical expression and a glorious voice as a vehicle for that expression, singing became her first choice.

When she was but fourteen years of age her capabilities began to attract attention for it was at a recital that she was awarded a scholarship to further her pianistic studies. At this same recital she was asked to sing in order to round out the program and the result of that effort was an offer of an operatic scholarship. Although she has since achieved notable successes in the field of classical song, her heart and thoughts have always been with the people and their songs and to that end she has bent all her energies.

Testimony to that feeling was evidenced very dramatically during the last great world conflict when she voluntarily made repeated tours of military hospital establishments. Her appearances and her singing became the highlights in the daily lives of the sick and the wounded. She is still to this day remembered by countless patients who have enjoyed her songs. Greater praise can be given no artist than a lasting memory of his performance.

(1)



ALAN MILLS

One of Canada's outstanding interpreters of folk songs, Alan Mills lives in Montreal, where he started singing and collecting his vast library of folk songs as a hobby in the early thirties, while working as a police reporter for Montreal newspapers.

He left newspaperwork to join the noted English musicologist and singer, the late John Goss, and his quintet of "London Singers", with whom he toured Canada and the United States for two years, during which time his "hobby" became his "profession".

Since 1947, he has been a regular broadcaster of folk songs in Canada's two "official languages" (English and French) on the network of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, has transcribed many of Canada's folk songs for the International Service of the CBC, and has appeared frequently in both French and English television programs, as well as in a variety of films of the National Film Board of Canada.

He has compiled and edited several song books, including "FOLK SONGS FOR YOUNG FOLK", published by Canadian Music Sales Corp., Ltd., Toronto; "FAVORITE SONGS OF NEWFOUNDLAND", published by BMI-Canada, and "SING A LITTLE", a volume of 30 French-Canadian folk songs for children with his own English translations, also published by BMI-Canada.

Photo: Zarov, Montreal

SIDE I, Band 1: UNDZER NIGUNDL

English Adaptation by Jossie Levey

Hobn mir a nigndl  
In naches un in freidn (2)  
Zingen mir es ba die zmires  
Klingt es azoi shein  
Dos hot noch gezungen  
Di Bobe mit dem Zeidn  
Ven zei zainen kinderlach geven.  
Tra, la, la, etc.

Hobn mir a nigndl  
Zingen mir tzuzamen (2)  
Zingen mir es, ba di zmires  
Klingt es azoi shein,  
Dos hot noch gezungen  
Der Tate mit der Mamen  
Ven zei zainen kinderlach geven.  
Tra, la, la etc.

SIDE I, Band 2: ROSHINKES MIT MANDLEN

(2)



Words and music by Abr.  
Goldfadden

English Translation by Alan Mills

In dem beis hamikdosh in a vinkel cheider  
Sitzt di almone Bas Zion alein.  
Ihr ben yochidl yidele  
Vigt zie k'seider  
Un zingt ihm tzushlofen a lidele shein.  
Lu- lu- lu- lu- lu- lu- lu.

## CHORUS:

Unter Yidele's vigele  
Shteht a klor vais tzigele,  
Dos tzigele iz geforen handlen,  
Dos vet zein dein beruf,  
Roshinkes mit Mandlen  
Shlofzhe, Yidele, shlof.

In the holy temple in a little corner  
Sits a young widow alone with her child.  
And gently she rocks him in her arms soft and tender  
And sings him to sleep with this sweet lullaby.  
Lu- lu- lu- lu- lu- lu.

## CHORUS:

Under Baby's cradle at night,  
There's a little goat, oh, so white.  
This goat will go to market  
Soon my babe will go too.  
And buy some raisins and almonds  
Lully, little one- loo.

SIDE I, Band 3: BAY DEM SHTETL

English translation by Ruth Rubin

Bay dem shtetl shteyt a shtibl  
Mit a grinem dach (2)  
Un arum dem shtibl vaksn (2)  
Beymelech a sach.

Un der tate un di mame  
Chanele mit mir, (2)  
Shoyn a lange tsayt ineynem  
Voynen ale fir.

Un der tate horevet, horevet,  
Ale yorn zayne, (2)  
Un er koyft undz un er brengt undz (2)  
Zachn sheyne, fayne!

Brengt a hintl vos se havket,  
Mitn nomen Tsutsik. (2)  
Brengt a ferdl vos se hirzhet,  
Mitn nomen Mutsik! (2)

Brengt a gandz mit a langn haldz,  
Federlach vays vi shney, (2)

There's a hut on the edge of town  
And its roof is green  
And all around the hut  
Trees are to be seen

And my father and my mother  
My sister Chanele and me,  
We have all been living here  
A long time, happily.

Oh, how hard my father works,  
Winter, summer, fall and spring.  
Yet whenever he comes home,  
He brings us gifts and things!

Bringing a puppy dog that barks,  
And its name is Tsutsik.  
Bringing a little pony that neighs,  
And its name is Mutsik!

Bringing a goose with a long white throat  
Snow-white feathers and white legs.

Brengt a hun vos kvoket, kvoket, (2)  
Biz zi leygt an ey!

Nemt di mame, ot di eyer,  
Oy, iz dos a moyfes! (2)  
Zehtst zi oyf oyf zey a kvoke:  
Hobn mir sheyne oyfes! (2)

Bringing a hen that cackle-cackles,  
When she is laying eggs.

Then my mother takes the eggs  
And sets them under a setting hen.  
And-miracles of miracles-  
We have baby chickens then!

Nu shlof-zhe mir, mayn kluger  
chosn-bocher-  
Dervayl listig du in vigele bay  
mir-  
S'vet kostn noch fil mi un mame's  
trern,  
Bizvanen s'vet a mentsh arois fun  
dir!

Sleep then, sleep, my groom that  
is to be  
Right now you're in the cradle,  
sad but true -  
It will cost much toil and many  
tears,  
Before anything comes of you!

SIDE I, Band 4: YANKELE

Words and Music by Mordecai  
Gebirtig

Shlof-zhe mir shoyyn, Yankele mayn  
sheyner,  
Di eygelech di shvartsinke mach  
tsu.  
A yingele vos hot shoyyn ale  
tseyndelech  
Muz noch di mame zingen: ay-lu-lu.

A yingele vos hot shoyyn ale  
tseyndelech,  
Un vet mit mazl bald in cheder  
geyn,  
Un lernen vet er, chumesh un  
gemore,  
Zol veynen ven di mame vigt im  
syn?

A yingele vos lernen vet gemore,  
Ot shteyt der tate, kvelt un  
hert zich tsu.  
A yingele vos vakst a talmid-  
chochem,  
Lozt gantse necht der mamen nit  
tsuru?

A yingele vos vakst a talmid-  
chochem,  
Un a geniter soycher oych  
tsuglaych.  
A yingele, a kluger chosn-bocher,  
Zoi lign azoy nas, vi in a taych?

English translation by Ruth Rubin

Sleep, Yankele, my darling little  
baby,  
Shut your big black eyes.  
A big boy who has all his teeth,  
Ought Mother sing him lullabies?

A big boy who has all his teeth,  
And will go to school by and by,  
And study Torah and Gemorah,  
Ought he, when his Mother rocks  
him, cry?

A big boy who soon will study  
Gemora,  
While Father stands by, nodding  
happily.  
A big boy, who's growing up a  
scholar,  
Ought he nights not let his Mother  
be?

A big boy growing up a scholar  
And an enterprising merchant yet.  
A big boy who will make a nice  
girl happy,  
Ought he be lying here so wet?

SIDE I, Band 5: OT AZEI NEYT A SCHNEIDER

English adaptation by Alan Mills

CHORUS:  
Ot azei neyt a schneider,  
Ot azei neyt er doch!  
Ot azei neyt a schneider,  
Ot azei neyt er doch!

Neyt un neyt a gantze voch,  
Fardint a gulden mit a loch!

(CHORUS)

Neyt un neyt un neyt un neyt,  
Fardint kadoches, nit kein  
breit!

(CHORUS)

Az di mame volt es wissen  
Vi ich lieg doh ohn a kissen!

(CHORUS)

Az der Shabbes vet doch kummen  
Vet di veib zich veiter krumen!

(CHORUS)

If my mother only knew  
All the hardships I go thru.

(CHORUS)

When the Sabbath comes around  
Then my wife will wear her frown.

(CHORUS)

SIDE I, Band 6: NEM AROYA BER FUN VALD

SHE:  
Nem aroys a ber fun vald  
Un lern im oys shraybn.  
Demlt vestu, demlt vestu  
Eybig mayner blaybn!

HE:  
Ich vel aroysnemen a ber fun vald  
Un vel im oyslernen shraybn.  
Mach-zhe mir zibn hemder  
On nodl un on zaydn.

SHE:  
Ich vel dir machn zibn hemder  
On nodl un on zaydn.  
Boy mir oys a leyter hoych,  
Tsum himl zol er shtaygn.

HE:  
Ich vel dir oysboyen a leyter  
hoych  
Tsum himl vet er shtaygn.  
Hob-zhe mir zibn kinder,  
A meydl zolstu blaybn!

SHE:  
Ich vel dir haben zibn kinder  
Un a meydl blaybn.  
Boy mir oys zibn vign  
On holts un on getsaygen.

HE:  
Ich vel dir oysboyen zibn vign  
On holts un on getsaygn.  
Bizt doch a kluge, un ich kayn  
nar -  
To lomir beyde blaybn!

English translation by Ruth Rubin

Lead a bear out of the woods  
And teach him how to write.  
You'll be mine forever more  
If you are that bright!

I'll lead a bear out of the woods  
And he will write, you'll see;  
But you must use no cloth or thread  
Making seven shirts for me.

Oh I will use no cloth or thread  
And make your shirts, all seven.  
Build me then a ladder tall,  
That reaches up to heaven.

I shall build you a ladder tall  
To reach the sky at will.  
Bear me seven children, and  
Remain a maiden still.

I shall bear you seven children  
And still remain a maid.  
Make me seven cribs without  
Wood or tools to aid.

Seven cribs I'll make for you  
And use no wood or tool.  
Let us put our hearts together,  
For you are wise-and I'm no fool!

Her nor, du shein meidele,  
Her nor, du fain meidele,  
Oif vos vestu schlafen in asa  
veiten veg? (2)

Ich bin noch a junge froi  
Ich ken schlafen oif a bintel shtroi.  
Abi mit dir tzuzammen zein. (2)

Her nor, du shein meidele,  
Her nor du fain meidele,  
Mit vos ves du zich tzudecken in asa  
veiten veg? (2)

Der toi fun himel vet mich tzudecken  
Die feigelech vellen mich  
oifvecken.  
Ahi mit dir tzuzammen zein. (2)

SIDE I, Band 8: IN AN OREM SHTIBELE

SIDE I, Band 7: HER NOR, DU SHEIN MEIDELE

Her nor, du shein meidele,  
Her nor, du fain meidele,  
Vos vestu ton in asa veiten veg? (2)

Ich vel gehen in alle gassen  
Un vel schreien "Vesh tzu vashen".  
Abi mit dir Tzurammen zein. (2)

Her nor, du shein meidele,  
Her nor, du fain meidele,  
Vos vestu essen in asa veiten veg? (2)

Breit mit zaltz vel ich essen,  
Tatte-Mamme vel ich fargessen;  
Abi mit dir tzuzammen zein. (2)

In an orem shtibele  
Gvnt tzait baim koimen  
Slipint a libe mame dort  
Far dem kind ire troimen (2)  
Zingt zi im a lidele  
Patcht er mit di hentlech  
Zingt dos gantze shtibele  
Zingen mit di ventlech. (2)

Patche, patche, kichelech,  
Oitzerl main kleiner,  
Pape't koifen shichelech,  
Zunele main sheiner.  
Pape't koifen shichelech,  
Mame't shtrikn zekalech,  
Pape't koifen ferdelech,  
Mame't onton glekelech.

SIDE I, Band 9: REIZELE

Words and Melody by Mordecai  
Gebirtig

Shtehzt zikh dort in gesele  
Shtil fartracht a haizele  
Dort'n oif'n boide-m-shtibl  
Voint main tayer Reizele.

Yed'n ovn't far'n haiz'l  
Drei ich zikh arum,  
Ch'git a faif un ruf ois: Reiz'l  
Kum, kum, kum.

Efn't zikh a fenster'l  
Vacht oif s'alte haizele  
Un bald klingt in shtil'n ges'l  
A zis kol, - a'redt Reizele  
"Noch a vaile, wart main liber,  
Bald vel ich zain frai,  
Gei zikh noch a por mol iber,  
Eins, tzvei, drai."

Gei ich mir a freilecher,  
Zing un knak mir niselech,  
Her ich oif di treplech loif'n  
Ihre drobne fiselech,  
Shoin arop fun letzt'n trepl,  
Ch'nemzi lib arum,  
Ch'gib ir shtil a kush in kep'l:  
Kum, kum, kum.

Ch'vil dir beten - Dovid'l  
Zolst aruf nit feifen mer,  
"Herst, er feift shoin,", zogt die  
mam-e  
Zi is frum, s'fardrist ihr zeier  
Feider, zogt zie is nit yiddish  
S'past nor bloiz far "Zei"  
Gib a tzaichen prost oif yiddish  
Eins, tzvei, drei.

Ch'vil fun heint nit feifen mer  
Droif gib ich a shvu-yele  
Dir tzulib vel ich a-fileh  
Veren frum mein tznu-yele.  
Ch'wel zein ven du vilst nor, Reizel  
Vie dein mam-e frum  
Yeden shabbos gein in kleizel  
Kum, kum, kum.

Ch'gleib es dir mein librinker  
Un derfar dir, Dovid'l  
Shtrik ich a shein tfillin zek'l  
Mit a Mogen Dovid'l  
Ven gefelen s'vet in kleizel  
Zogen zolst-u zei  
S'hot geshtrik't mein leibe Reizel  
Eins, tzvei, drei.

Ch'dank far dein matonele  
Ch'leib azoi dir Reizele  
Ch'leib dein mamen, Ch'leib dein  
gesel  
Ch'leib dos alte heizele  
Ch'leib die shteyndlach leben  
heizel  
Tret'st oif zei arum  
Her! - Dein mame ruft shein  
Reizel,  
Kum, kum, kum.

Gei ich mir a freilecher  
Zing un knak mir niselech  
Her ich oif di treplech loif'n  
Ire drobne fiselech  
Vider shtet fartracht dos haiz'l  
S'ges-l vider shtum,  
Kum zu mir in cholem, Reizel,  
Kum, kum, kum.

Ilu hotzi hotzionu  
Hotzionu mi Mitzrayim,  
Hotzionu mi Mitzrayim,  
Dayeinu!  
Da-da-yeinu.....

Ilu natan natan lanu  
Natan lanu et hashabat  
Natan lanu et hashabat  
Dayeinu!  
Da-da-yeinu.....

Ilu natan natan lanu  
Natan lanu et ham'dina  
Natan lanu et ham'dina  
Dayeinu!  
Da-da-yeinu.....

Ilu natan natan lanu  
Natan lanu et ham'dina  
Natan lanu et ham'dina  
Dayeinu!  
Da-da-yeinu.....

SIDE II, Band 1: REBBENU

Rebbenu, Rebbenu, "Vos iz?"  
Rebbenu, Rebbenu, "Vos iz?"  
S'iz nito kain chale oif Shabes (2)  
Lekoved Shabes bim  
Lekoved Shabes bom  
Lekoved dem heilikn Shabes.

Rebbenu, Rebbenu, "Vos iz?"  
Rebbenu, Rebbenu, "Vos iz?"  
S'iz nito kain flesh oif Shabes (2)  
Lekoved Shabes bim  
Lekoved Shabes bom (2)  
Lekoved dem heilikn Shabes.

SIDE II, Band 2: ZOL ICH ZEIN A ROV

Zol ich zein a rov,  
Kenn ich nit kein Toire;  
Zol ich zein a soycher,  
Hob ich nit kein s'choire.

Un kein hey hob ich nit,  
Un kein hober hob ich nit,  
Un a trunk branfen vilt zich,  
Un dos weib schilt zich  
Zeh ich mir a sht eyn  
Zetz ich mir un veyn.

Zol ich zein a schoychet,  
Halt ich nit kein chalof;  
Zol ich zein a m'lamed,  
Kenn ich nit kein alef.

Refrain: Un kein hey---  
  
Zol ich zein a koval,  
Hob ich nit kein kovadle;  
Zol ich zein a schenker,  
Iz mein Veib a padle.

SIDE II, Band 3: LEYG ICH MEIN KEPELE

Leyg ich mein kepele  
Oif mein mame's beteles.  
Geyt di mame farbei,  
Noch a-hand zi tut un kvellt! (2)

Shlof mein kind mein hartzink,  
Eygelach hostu shvartzingke,  
Shlof gezunterheyt..(2)

Leyg ich mein kepele,  
Oif mein tate's beteles.  
Geyt der tate farbei,  
Noch a-hand er tut un kvellt! (2)

Shlof mein kind, mein feininke,  
A neshome host du a sheininke  
Shlof gezunterheyt..(2)

Leyg ich mein kepele  
Oif mein shviger's beteles.  
Geyt di shviger farbei,  
Noch a-hand zi tut un shilt! (2)

Mein shnoor iz kein berye nit.  
Kein meloche tut zi nit.  
Nor zi shloft a gantzen tog! (2)

Ober leyg ich mein kepele  
Oif mein man's beteles.  
Geyt mein man farbei,  
Noch a-hand er kukt un kvellt! (2)

Shlof mein weib, mein hartzink,  
Eygelach hostu shvartzingke.  
Shlof gezunterheyt..(2)

SIDE II, Band 4: VOS ZHE VILSTU

Vos zhe vilstu (2)  
A schnaider far a man?

A schnaider far a man vil ich nit  
A schnaiders a tochter bin ich nit  
Kleider neyen ken ich nit.  
Zeh ich mir a shtein  
Zetz ich zich un vein  
Ale meidelech hobn chasesne (2)  
Nor ich blaib alein....

Vos zhe vilstu (2)  
A shuster far a man?

A shuster far a man vil ich nit  
A shusters a tochter bin ich nit  
Dravtes tzien ken ich nit.  
Zeh ich mir---

Vos zhe vilstu (2)  
A Rebbe far a man?

A Rebbe far a man vil ich doch  
A Rebben's a tochter bin ich doch  
Toire lernen ken ich doch  
Zitz ich oifn dach  
Un kuk arop un lach  
Alle meidelech haben chasene (2)  
Ich mit zei beigleich---

SIDE II, Band 5: DEM MILNER'S TREREN

Ach vi di yoren sainen farforen  
Zeit ich bin milner oto doh;

Di rader drehen sich,  
Di yoren gehen sich,  
Ich bin schoin alt un greiz un groi.

S'iz teg farhanen, ch'vill mich  
dermonen  
Tzi ch'hab gehat a shtikl glick;

Di rader drehen sich,  
Di yoren gehen sich,  
Kein entfer iz nito zurick.

Ich hob gehert sogen, m'vill mich  
faryogen,  
Arois fun dorf un fun der mill;

Di rader drehen sich,  
Di yoren gehen sich,  
Oi ohn an eck un ohn a tziel.

Vu vel ich voinen, ver vet mich  
schoinen?  
Ich bin schoin alt, ich bin schoin  
mid:

Di rader drehen sich,  
Di yoren gehen sich,  
Un oich mit zei geyt ois der Yid.

SIDE II, Band 6: DU, DU





SIDE II, Band 10:

EIN MOL TU ICH ZICH BANAYEN

Ein mol (3)

Ein mol tu ich zich banayen (2)  
A gantze voch horevet men doch (2)  
Un Shabes darf men layen....

Layen (3)

Layen zol men nit badarf (2)  
On fish, on chrein, ken men zich bagein (2)  
Ober nit on bronfn

Bronfn (3)

Bronfn dos iz doch der icker (2)  
Un az ich nem a kos noch a kos (2)  
Ver ich teikef shiker....

Shiker (3)

Shiker iz a gute mide  
Un az ich nem a kos noch a kos (2)  
Tanz ich mit a ch'side...



LITHO IN U.S.A.