JEWISH LIFE "The Old Country"
Ethnic Recordings, Collected and Edited by RUTH RUBIN

Am Kadoysh
A-a lyu lyu
In a Shtetele Pityepoy
Cheder-boys' taunts
Vi azoy s'iz night
Henich's Vayn, Ot azoy neyt a shnayder
Hob ich mir a shpan
A redele iz di gore velt
A shadchen darf
Vos vilst mutter hobn?
Indroyn 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
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"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 fraught with historical, social and religious upheavals, oppressions 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 lastling 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, Hasidic 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 17th century to the mass migrations of the 50's and 60'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 viven 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, And so! How long will you lie there? (lie ached)

Am kodoys, Shteyt of un gayt L'avoydes haboyre! Kl kach natsarti, Utai, a mosay tischavv! \(\text{Shtayt der Hitnuni} , ^{\text{er} \text{ve} \text{d}}\)

The singer, a former "badchen" (wedding entertainer) from Glin, 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 for the little baby Hushabye Rush my little kitten Hushabye Rushbaby Patsy Patsy hushab"ye

A - A lyu lyu lyu lyu lyu lyu lyu lyu lyu lyu lyu Ketele mayns lyu lyu lyu lyu lyu A - A Patsy Patsy lyu lyu lyu lyu lyu lyu lyu A woman, born in Zhitomir, Russia, croons to a baby.

SIDE I, Band 3: IN A SHETTELE PITYEP

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: Sotik, Motikki, Sotay, Hote, Abetsotse - that's their names! In a shettele Pityepoy, Shteyt a haysele badekt mit shtroy. Trift a regendil, get a shney, Vovnen dorn dorn sh-cheyndelech tavey: Sotik, Motikki, Sotay, Hote, Abetsotse ruft men zey!
A Warsaw-born woman, sings a children's Finger-play song, similar to the English-American rhyme: "These are mother's knives and forks." Here, the two little neighbors - are the child's two hands. The four fingers are: Rotki, Motki, Sote and Motee. The thumb is: Abebotshe!

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:

Oter tooter
talmen tooter
tooter talmen
hersh zalmen
zalmen hersh
boym kersh
kersh boym
G'vure shloym
shloym g'vure
gelt ashire
ashire gelt
oylem feld
feld oylem
Leymeroy oylem!

Belfer gehelfer:
Teenkakte kneydlech
Zay a kapore
Far ale meydlech:

Oy dem rebn's spodik brent!
Zol er brenen vi a fayer,
Zol er vissn gelt is layer,
Zol er vissn galt tsai shoyven:
Zol er vissn mit tay tsi voyven!

When parochial (cheder) school boys attended rival "chodiorim" (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'IR NIGHT GIT TSE GRIN

Vi azoy s'is nicht git tai gryn
Zbn tochn in a heed,
Azy is nicht git tai san
No-v'nod in der fremd.

REFRAIN:
Gy vey is tai veyen
Tsey veyen of yay mayne yinger yorn,
Vos hob ich bedarf?
Fin mayn beym avetstiform?

Ich sets mir aider
Gy t'ai mayn genay
In harten is fanksyent
Ich vil a glesl tay.

Un bay mayn balaboste
Ze ich cys a nar
As ich heys mir gibna a glesl tay,
Dergist zi dem samovar.

Mayn balaboste git mir esan
Zog zi: es un gendek.
Un di sh'chemyms geyt zi sogn
As ich es vi noch a krenk.

As mayn balaboste git mir esan
Zog zi: es un shem sich nite!
Taz sich in harten tracht zi:
Teim brooty nem zich nish:

Mayn mane git mir esan
Zog zi: es mayn lik kind.
Un sich in harten tracht zi:
Sol dir tikelmen a shikt zeint!

Efscher mist ir vissn
As mayn behelos is bessar,
As ich mon in gelt
Shtetcht er in mayn harts a messer:

REFRAIN:
Just as it is not good to wear
A shirt for seven weeks,
It is to weep over my young life,
That I had to

So is it not good
To be a stranger away from home.
Go away from home.

And my "balaboste"
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 "balaboste" is better,
When I ask her for some pay,
He stabs a knife into my heart:

The master craftsman is referred to as the "balaboste"
(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.
A woman, born in Ivis, Lithuania, sings a song about a coachman.

SIDE I, Band 6: A REDELE IS 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 is di goret vel, 
Gekatsbet is di tsayt. 
Glik un umglik, kovid un gelt, 
Katahen sich nor bay der zayt. 
Eyner leht op azoy orim sayn velt, 
Der anderer lebt azoy bryet, 
In eyn oygblik vert dos farkert, 
Dos redele hot zikh ibergedreyt.

Shtoltseir nit bruder mit der guter tsayt, 
Bay der alehchatzl feit nit arep, 
Glik fun umglik is gornit vayt, 
Mit redele bacht zich dos op, 
Tu nor a kuk oyf yederer zach, 
Un nem a primer fun zey, 
Vestu derkenen fun orim biz raych, 
S’is nor gevond nit im raych.

The whole world is but a wheel, 
Spun around by time. 
Happiness and sorrow, honor and wealth, 
Merely roll on beside it. 
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Bay der alehchatzl feit nit arep, 
Glik fun umglik is gornit vayt, 
Mit redele bacht zich dos op, 
Tu nor a kuk oyf yederer zach, 
Un nem a primer fun zey, 
Vestu derkenen fun orim biz raych, 
S’is nor gevond nit im raych.
SIDE I, Band 9: A SHADCHEN DARF MEN KENEN SAYN
A MATCHMAKER’S TRADE IS A SPECIAL SKILL

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.

REFRAIN:
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
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 a broke
Ich fardin mir mayn kerbl grining
On a shun melche

REFRAIN:
Jertsi darf men kenen a koyse machn
Chesem fun a kalter kvort spirit
Es meg der shidche sayn fun di shverste dock
Vert es oysefirt.

Di kale meg sayn drayseig’yor
Ober der choss freygt doch Eich
Gib ich ir vos es get arop fun zechtay yor
Un dos iiberge men ich of yich.

Oy, eyder ich por zey beyde tsanyof
Tserays ich tsen por shich
Derschden zog ich “Wayivreich Moyshe”
Chapt aych beyde der ri-ch!

A woman born in Tomashpol, sings a matchmaker’s song.

SIDE I, Band 10: VOS VILSTI MITTER HORN?
WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM ME, MOTHER?

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 mithorn?
Vos mitshesti dayn kind?
Vos vilshi mich bagrosen?
Vey tei mayne sind?

Ach vey, soleti vissn
Vi azoy s’iz mir nicht git,
Vosli nit getsapt
Vi vosser mayn blit.

Kayn freygt hob ich nicht gehat,
Ner leyd un kemper,
Ich vikl zich vi a blat,
Winter un fimmers.

Vi bisti mayn fraynt?
Kim choteh oys eyn sho,
Yedeker hot mich faynt,
Un di bist och yishtay...

Vi bisti mayn neshome?
Ach gevold, zog?
Di bist doch mayn neshome,
Baynacht un baytoh!

Mayne eltern, oy vey,
Zey trybnu dich fun mir,
Farnesh-he mayn geshrey,
Un kim tesfili-en tei mir!

A woman sings a love lament, from the Kiever region, Ukraine.
**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 warned me so.

Fun groys dasad leyg ich sich shelof, 
Un mayne hent leyg ich tashakh, 
Un efenem mayn biter hare, 
Arzyosen von zik di wund.

Oy, di vundn fun mayn hertan, 
Ich kom zey kevven nit entdek, 
Un fun maynu lehn oyshechta, 
Kayan tint un feder volt nit klekh.

Oy, tint un feder volt aheyn yo klekh, 
Dan voltn mayne hent nit sbtayn, 
Un far dir, mayn lebn, 
Vel ich di ganzes volt stradayn.

Oy, foter sbtey oyf fun dayn keyver, 
Un her zikh oys taz mayne noytn, 
Vayl durch a libe guy ich arunem, 
Ahs yi a arastant in keytn.

An arastant er geyt in keytn, 
Mistome is er doch take vert, 
Un az ich gei in keytn, 
Mistome is doch mir Fun Got baychert.

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

**SIDE I, Band 13: ICH LIG UNTER GRATTERS I LIKE BEHIND BARS**

I lie behind bars in a dark cell, 
Life means nothing to me anymore. 
Oh, how unhappy a thiner 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 gratter in fintasert geteel, 
S'gents mir nit ayenmoy lehn. 
Ach, vi umliklich s'is a gamev oyf der velt, 
Un taz vos fara tell et tut shtreb.
A man born in Grodno, Lithuania, sings a song of a thief, reflecting on his past.

SIDE I, Band 14: QUADRILLES

Tumadayday yadidididam,
Yaddidid, yaddid dam bam bam.
One, two, three, four,
One step forward and advance towards me.
You take Chasheke,
You take Basheke,
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,
Burch-tehe, Doodl, Yente, Hodl,
You take over, you:
One, two, this way,
Grab Tsvay there and swing her around!
Oh woe unto you,
Burch-tehe, Doodl, Yente, Hodl,
Where in the devil did you go?
Quickly, turn this way,
Yosl coachman,
Grab Chashe-sool around the waist
And lead her through slowly.

Oh, Mendi, Chashey, Gendel,
Woe unto you,
Burch-tehe, Doodl, Yente, Hodl,
Where in the devil did you go?
Quickly, turn this way,
Yosl coachman,
Grab Chashe-sool around the waist
And lead her through slowly.

Oh, 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 fort?
Good heavens!
Now, Tamara, make way,
Ann 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,
Yadi did didl dam.
A Quadrille!

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

SIDE I, Band 15: BETTER 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 so much a powerful anguish,
In a little, little fiddle.

Help a poor beggar!

Oy hert zich ayn mayne libe mentshah,
Oy hert zich aynet vos ich vel ayach fregn do:
Ayi vi kunst es aza veytig,
In a kleynem, kleynem fidel.

Ayi, hert zich aynet ale libe mentshah,
Hert zich aynet vos ich vel ayach fregn nochamol:
Ayi, vi kunst es aza shakterer veytig,
In aza kleynem, kleynem fidel.
A Polish-born man sings a beggar's song.

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 Chassidic 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 Chassidism. His father was a Luyabhvitcher Chassid and told him, that when their Rabbi, Reb Shmeyer Selmen from Lyadi sang this tune, the highbacked 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 Podoli 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 "Hasidim" (holy men), each had his set of followings (Chassidim), chassidism set pietly above learning and regarded "joy in worship" as a chief religious duty. Affected by the belief in the supernatural, the Chassidic Rabbis acted as "walkers" 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 Hasidatiner melody, which he had heard from the Rishiner Rabbi.

SIDE II, Band 3:

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

SIDE II, Band 4: AZ MISHI-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 Minaglim, Hasidim, and other opponents of Chassidism. Such songs ridiculed 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-Horenkrants (1826-1883) who was born in East Galicia. Wolf J. Horenkrants 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 wealth, 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. We 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, Trasydiraydiraydiray, diraydiraydiray, When the Messiah will come.

No king will ever possess, The beautiful, precious coach, Which the Rabbi will receive, When the Messiah will come. The chassid will be covered with prayer-shawls instead of leather, The wheels will be made of acacia wood, The axles and posts of resins 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 carpeted 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!

DROSSHO-MEGN TAUSETTBEHTY REYDN, MIR VAEN DERTSEYIN BALD IN FRYDN,
DROSSHO-MEGN ETS EYVAVADE FAREHTSEMN, AZ MISHI-ACH ETS KUMEN.
DRESSHO-MEGN MEY VAYN VIND UN VAYN, EY VAYN SEY ZAYN ZOVER UN BITTER,
DER REBE VET OYF ZAYN GESHEYREY: VET SEY OZCHAYN A SHREK UN A TATTER,
DY TATE ZISER, VIT VAYN UN MIT BROMN VEY KETN DER REGN, NOR FARR UNDS CHASIDIM'S VEGN!

CHORUS: OY, MY CH'SIDIM, MY ZENEN GEYBHDN, MIR VAEN TOMID GUT LOWYN,
AZ DI RROSSHO-MEGN WIN DE TASENN, VET SEY ECHTSHIV GEMEY:
OY, VI DAERBT MENT SHOVN DOS, TRAZYGRIDYDRAZIDYDRAZIDYDRAZ, AZ MISHI-ACH ETS KUMEN.

KES KON DACH KAYN KEYSER GONIT FARMOGN, DEM SEYMEN, DEM TAYERN VOGN,
VOS DER REBE VET BAKHEN, AZ MISHI-ACH ETS KUMEN, DER BOYD FUN TALEYSIS UN MIT FUN KAYN LERED,
I will plough and sow,
The machines are clattering,
Oh, to be free, to be free,
I vant to plough and sov,

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

The machines are clattering, the wheels go round,
The factory is full of noise and cries!
Oh, let's 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 your work with your tears!
Oh, soon, an Odessa merchant will come in
And will take all the work away to Odessa.

Di machines klamp, di reder zey dreyen sich,
In fabri-ke is a rash mit a gevald;
Oy, vey, nemt zich teunoyt, shvester un brider,
Un lomir al bafrayen unter land.

Dem arbetor's lebn is a gematalt lebn,
Er arbet doch tog asey viacht,
Oy, er hot nit koyneh koypeh di beyner oys-tsglaychn,
Di balebatim muten in baymacht.

Her shoyn oyf tsay weynem, her shoyn oyf tsay klozn!
Un nakh mit oyf der arbet koyne flek!
Oy, s'vetshild araykumen an Odesser soycher
Un nemt di arbet kan Ades Avey.
SIDE II, Band 8: VER ES HOT IN BLAT GELEWN
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 } Biz
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

Mmurderers 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
Bucking her cold, dead breast. } Biz

Ver es hot in blat gelewn,
Vegn der bamter unt shof Ates,
Ach vos faran umglak s’hot getrofn,
In eyne tavey-dray meales.

Flautling hot men oygezahri-en:
Ay shloig der Yidn vi vyert in kont!
Oy, shveyner in di fenster hohn gemumen fil-en,
A pogrom hot zich oppliger in eyn moment.

Mderer zenen in di goen gefloog,
Mit di bek, mit di messers in di bent gegreyt,
Ay, vu nor a Yidn getrofn,
Oy, glaych in of an ort getoyt.

Dortn ligt a kale a sheyne,
Zl ligt ongeton in chupe kleyd,
Oy lehn ir ligt a merder eyner,
Un holt dem shartsh chalef ongegreyt.

Dortn ligt a froy a sheyne,
Zl ligt farvorn in di mist.
Lehn ir ligt a kind a kleyne,
Un seygt ir kalte teyte brist.

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 INDERFRIH
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 musn’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.

Fraytk inderfr, zetet men zich nisht tei,
Aisesele optseru-en.
Iberal tau loytn, ales aysnteukoyfn,
Achitse in axtib, vos iz do do tu-en?

Chale bakn, kaylischer bakn,
Fish opshorn, a bulbenik machn,
In a real wet men hohn,
Hit fargessen do bulbs shoybn.
Un a taimen ful mit flamen,
Nisht fargessen do yoych tei shoymen,
Doch mayne like, zol ir aych nit zoygn,
Bald koch dem kigl nertsem morgn.

Dos kepele getavogn,
Shonyn tsi di kleyt mit akrobos,
Ir met mir ole yellow:
Chave-Leye, Git Shobes!
Git Shobes.

A woman, born in Czernovitz, 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 GELENT, CHOVERTES OLE
FAREWELL, ALL MY FRIENDS

(FAREWELL TO HIS BRIDE)

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 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 gezaint, chovertes ole,
Mayn lehtat adye sogn ich aych.
Nis zayt am hekane mit mayn noxen kale,
Vayn it far ayen shaynt dos glaych.

Tzi dar chipe vert men gefirt,
Men vert Obergegebem tay a taveyn person,
Un dama vert men restkiert,
Un dos lebn shteyt vi in kon.

Men mus sich stayen un alas fartsayen,
Un fun lebn nit nemen keyn adye, adye,
Un fun lebn nit nemen keyn adye.

Dos skpederdige lehn dorf erskt baachtuk,
Tzi is dos a glaychm, tay is dos a por.
Durchspeeren vos men hot untergenimen,
Farn gantan lebn gor:

Oy lehn un lymbn, vi es shteyt geshribn,
Dos is doch bloys a mail az,
Oy lehn un lymbn, un sayn gelibt,
Dos is a mail az, az,
Dos is a mail az.

A song from White Russia, about a girl whose fiancé has
report to military duty to his Czarist “draft Board.”

SIDE II, Band 11: PORN 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.

Porn forstu fun mir avek, oy tayer lehn mayna,
Tay der priziv dartau zich shoyt shteltn,
Oy half-ze mir shoyt Gotsenyu, solst arous fun
Keyser’s hent,
Un der gantsz tevisztute solst nait gefaln:

Vos-sha hostu mir axyna opgeton, oy tayer lehn mayna,
Vos ich benk axo noch dir, oy noch dir?
Ich hob dir gorniht opgeton, oy tayer lehn mayna,
Ich hob sich poshet aygelish in dir, oy in dir.

Porn forstu fun mir avek, oy tayer lehn mayna,
Baybun tarm vel ich fargism.
Oy half-ze mir shoyt Gotsenyu, solst arous fun
keyser’s hent,
Un mir zoln shoyt komen fun a chassene alman.

A woman, born in Chotin, Bessarabia, sings a bride’s fare-
well 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....
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 send 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 treyt mayn sheynner,
Shlof mayn suneynu,
Shlof mayn kroynt, mayn kadish eyner,
Lyulimke lyulyu.

Bay dayn vigl zitst dayn name,
Zingt a lid un veynt,
Vest wold farshteyn mistame,
Vos xi hot gemeynt.

In Amerike dayn tate,
Dayer suneynu,
Bist a kind noch, shlof le-sate,
Shlof-she shlof, lyulyu.

Dos Amerike far yden,
Zogt men, is a glitk.
Un far ydnt a gan-eydn,
Epes an antik!

Dortn est men indvornoch,
Chale suneynu,
Taychlech vel ich dir dortn kochn,
Shlof-she shlof, lyulyu.

Nor deravye loamir hofn,
Oy vos kom men ton?
Ch’vokl shnym lang tae im getrofn,
Veynt ich nit vuhin.

Got vet beynt, vet er shikn,
Briveley, suneynu,
Gor ingichn umz baglikn,
Shlof-she shlof, lyulyu.
assembled to bear 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 190’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 being selected as a Governor of the American Folklife Center. She has written numerous articles and essays for publication in the Journals of American Folklife, the New York Folklore Quarterly, and various 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 FOLKSONGS" (Shosten Books, New York, 1950) contains 310 Yiddish and Hebrew folk songs, 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 has kept her place 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 immeasurably add to and enrich our knowledge of Yiddish folksongs.