Jewish Freilach Songs
Played and sung by "Prince" Nazaroff
with octofone and accordion

VANDER ICH MIR LUSTIG
TUMBALA LAIKA
FREGT VOS ICH TRIOER
ARUM DEM FEIER
YIDDLE MIT SEIN FIEDEL
MAIDALACH VIE BLumen
DER KOPTZEN
FISHALACH
A MAZELDICKER YID
FREILACHS

FW 6809
Folkways Records & Service Corp. N. Y.
Jewish Freilach Songs

Played and sung by "Prince" Nazaroff
with octofone and accordion

VANDER ICH MIR LUSTIG
TUMBALA LAIKA
FRET VOS ICH TRIOER
ARUM DEM FEIER
YIDLE MIT SEIN FIEDEL
MAIDALACH VIE BLUMEN
DER KOPTZEN
FISHALACH
A MAZELDICKER YID
FREILACHS

Mr. Nathan "Prince" Nazaroff was born in Middle-Europe and came to the U.S. in 1914. He appeared with the Russian Bal-
let Theater at the old Palace in New York. Ever since radio he is known to countless Jewish listeners as the "Prince". The
tradition of his style is as old as Odessa and other ports where the street musician is "the life of the party" especially at dances
and weddings. "Prince"Nazaroff is still on the radio, vaudeville, musical comedy and television.
WHILE I'M HAPPILY WALKING
Soliers' Dance,
Through the fields I'm strolling,
Full of fun and mirth,
Happily I'm whistling:

Not a care on earth! Dai, dai, dai etc.
Then the notion strikes me
In stocks to speculate,
My money's now in Wall Street
I sit back and wait. Dai, dai, dai etc.

Other stocks are rising,
My friends have all the luck,
Mine go down and under:
I lost every buck. Dai, dai, dai etc.
Comes a storm a-raging,
My dams are blown away,
Now the mill ain't grinding
I find to my dismay. Dai, dai, dai etc.

Bought some land and cattle
Only yesterday,
Wifey didn't like it
So she ran away. Dai, dai, dai etc.

Heifer took a tumble.
Upset and mortified,
She struggled to her feet and then
Lay right down and died. Dai, dai, dai etc.

Now I have no money,
No mill, no cow, no wife,
My hard luck has left me:
I'm enjoying life! Dai, dai, dai etc.

Through the fields I'm strolling,
Full of fun and mirth,
Happily I'm whistling
Not a care on earth! Dai, dai, dai etc.

---

VANDER ICH MIR LUSTIG

Vander ich mir lustig,
In regn in dem feld,
Zing ich mir a freilachs,
Fife ich oif der velt.

Dai, dai, dai, etc.

Hob ich shpekulieren,
In mir amol farvelt,
Gej ich mir oif Wall Street
In leg an ein mein gerd . . . . yai, dai, etc.

Steigen alle aktzies

Alle hobo glick,
Meine ober zinken
Ich krieg a fife zurück . . . . dai, dai, etc.

Nem ich in a rende
Mir a wassermill,
Efscher vird Gott helfen,
Tracht ich in der shittl . . . . dai, dai, etc.

Plitzl in kommt a mobbl,
Shuremnt wild ind schwer,
Platzen mein dombes
In Milt mein mill nit mehr . . . . dai, dai, etc.

Hob a shtrickle erd mir
Mit a kuh gekoif,
Passt es nicht mein veibel,
Nemt sie in entloift . . . . dai, dai, etc.

Fällt es mein behaimer,
In dafun a shreck,
Nemt sie in sie legt sich
In pegiert mir aseck . . . . dai, dai, etc.

Hob ich shoin kein geld nit,
Keinveib und nir kein kih,
Lost mich mein schlimmozzle
Itzersboin zuruck . . . . . dai, dai, etc.

REPEAT FIRST STANZA
TUMBALALAIKA

CHORUS: Tumbala tumbala tumbalalaika,
Tumbala tumbala play balalaika,
Tumbalalaika, play balalaika,
Tumbalalaika, play balalaika,

Once upon an evening in Springtime
When the air was trembling with promise,
Love was so young and murmuring voices
Mingled their tones with fragrance of roses.

CHORUS
Radiantly the eyes of maidens
Beckoned and like stars were twinkling,
Then I felt enchanted and dreamy
As if old wine I had been drinking.

CHORUS
Spring evening, by your beauty,
Man is lifted up to God,
In the evenings of Spring
Men can’t help believing in miracles.

CHORUS
I came to the gypsy girl,
Far from the town I went,
She sat alone in the lane
And listened to the song of the woods.

CHORUS
From afar the wind had carried
My anxious questions to her,
Dark beauty, wandering maiden,
Told me my future sorrows.

CHORUS
Sweetly she was smiling at me,
All mysteries were unraveled,
Then my hand she took in hers
And predicted my future truly.

TUMBALALAIKA

CHORUS: Tumbala tumbala tumbalalaika,
Tumbala tumbala shpiel balalaika,
Tumbalalaika, shpiel balalaika,
Tumbalalaika, shpiel balalaika.

Is gevjein a frillingsobend
Hot gezittert in der luften,
Yugendliebe, lippenmurmeln,
Oisgemisht mit rosenduften.

CHORUS
Shermenlicht in maideloigen
Hoben shtrahlendick gevunkun,
Ist mein (ganz geliebt?) gevorden
Vie fon altenvine getrunken.

CHORUS
Frillingsobend fondein shenkeit
Vird der mensch zu Gott behoiben,
In die obenden fun frilling
Muss man oich in kishev glauben.

CHORUS
Bin ich zum tzigoinermaidel gekommen
Veitfon stod achek gegangen,
Zie ist beim gessel allein gezessen
Hingehert dem valdgesangen.

CHORUS
For aveiten hot dussvindel
Mein ferlang zu ihr getroffen,
Shvartzze shainheit, vandermaidel,
Mir gesagt mein tzuunftsorten.

CHORUS
Lieb hot sie geton a shmeichel
Kimm’ far mir is (allding offen?),
Dann hot sie mein hand genommen
In die tzuunft mir getroffen.
YOU ASK ME WHY I'M MOURNFUL?
You ask me why I'm mournful,
Why alone I sit and pine?
Two friends I've lost forever,
And both of them at one time!
One of them is my beloved,
She is fair and she is fine,
She solemnly had promised
That forever she'd be mine.
And the other is my comrade,
Dearest friend I've ever known,
Tomorrow he'll be married
To the girl who said she'd be my own.
Don't ask me why I'm mournful,
Why alone I sit and pine?
Two friends I've lost forever,
And both of them at one time!

AROUND THE FIRE
Around the fire we all are happy,
The night is lovely, we're singing gaily,
And should the flames of the fire sink lower
Our sky will send us its brilliant starlight.
Our heads are decked with garlands of flowers,
Aroun the fire we're merrily dancing,
For dancing and singing is our very life
And even in sleep our songs are echoing.

IHR FREGT MICH VOS ICH TROIER
Ihr fregt mich vos ich troier,
Vos vehn ich oif'n koll,
Tzveb freind hob ich ferloren,
In beide auf einmol.
Der ershe is mein liebste,
A maidel lieb and fein,
Vos hot mir obgeshvoren
Oif evig troi tzu zein.

Chorus

Der tzveite is mijn chaver,
Mein bester, giter freind,
Mit velcher, mein getraier
Geht zu der chippe heint.

Chorus

Nit fregt mich vos ich troier,
Vos vehn ich oif'n koll,
Tzveb freind hob ich ferloren
In behde auf einmol.

ARUM DEM FEIER
Arum dem feier is alles lieber,
Die nacht is teier, vir zingen lieder,
In sol der feier ferloshen veren,
Sheint inser himmel mit seine sheren
Bakroint die kep mit blumenkrantzen,
Arum dem feier mir freilach tantzen,
Veil tentz und lieders unser leben
Demnoch in schluf chaloimes weben.

[Hebrew text]

[Arabic text]
GIRLS ARE LIKE FLOWERS
Girls are like flowers,
Enticing and lovely,
Say, where do they capture
Their magic and charm.
Tra la la, tra la la,
Tra la la, tra la la,
Tra la la, la la la,
Tra la la la la.
Eyes with their brilliance,
Accustomed to dreaming,
I see in their beauty
The fate of the world.
Girls are like flowers,
They make my head dizzy,
They charm you and hold you
With power divine.
With laughter that's hearty,
And singing subdued,
They smile and their voices
Are ringing like silver.
Girls are like flowers,
They've my admiration,
They're fresh as the dewdrops,
I know what I'm saying.
Life would be dismal
And dark as a dungeon,
If girls didn't give us
Their beauty and light.

MAIDLACH VIE BLUMEN
Maidlach vie blumen.
Reitzend ind shein,
Zogt mir vie nemmt ich
Den ziober ind shein:
Tra la la, tra la la,
Tra la la, tra la la,
Tra la la, la la la,
Tra la la la la.
Ogen fiel kishev,
Un tromien (bavelt?),
Ich zei in (sei daktich?)
Den soff fon der veld.

CHORUS
Maidlach vie blumen,
In zei mich ferhatt,
Reitzen in tzien
Mit goettlicher macht.
Hoicher gelechter
Ind stiller gesang,
Shmeichlen gechvalle
Fon zilbernen klang.
Maidlach vie blumen
In zei mich (fertog?),
In toi aufgefrisht
Ich shver als ich zog.
Dos leben vollt mies
In finster zein,
Venn ihr vollt nicht breiten
Kein licht ind kein shein.

LITTLE JEW WITH HIS FIDDLER
Shmarel with a fiddle,
Toiye with a bass,
Play a little, song
In the middle of the lane.

A little Jew with his fiddle
Is worth a million dollars,
His bow is the very best
There is in all the world.

CHORUS: Oi, oi, oi, etc.

YIDDLE MIT SEIN FIEDEL
Schmarye mit 'n fiedel
Toiye mit 'n bass,
Shpiel je mir a liedel,
Oif 'n mitten gass:

A Yiddel mit sein fiedel,
Is vert millionen geld,
Er hot den besten schmitshik
Vus gibt nur oif der velt.

CHORUS: Oi, oi, oi, etc.
THE POOR MAN

The poor man has a lot of kids,
Kids should bring him blessings,
But he's got more debts than hair
And not a "cent in pocket".

When he comes home from the shop,
He comes home so tired,
Then to him the children start
Singing children's songs.

Papa, buy some shoes for me,
Pa, I want a "penny",
Shmildig wants a "bicycle"
And Fanny wants a blouse.

in a poor man's house
Everything is lacking.

LITTLE FISH

A fisherman's rowing around on the sea,
It's early in the morning,
And the fisherman wants (?)
To catch the little fish.

Little fish he's catching,
I'm walking along the bank,
And spinning out my daydreams,
Maybe somewhere hereabouts
I can find my sweetheart.

Swallows murmur dolefully,
And the sea is gloomy,
And I'm thinking, maybe it
Also is in love.

Fisherman comes sadly back,
Not a fish caught he,
He's so sad and sick at heart,
And my dream is over.

FISHALACH

Furt a fisher oif'n yam,
Erfurt arim bagainin,
S'vill der fisher (minasam?)
Fishalach gefinnen:

Tra la la la la la
Fishalach gefinnen,
Tra la la la la la
Fishalach gefinnen.
OH, AM I A MAZELDICKER MAZELDICKER JEW

CHORUS:  
OH, AM I A MIGHTY LUCKY, MIGHTY LUCKY JEW,  
OH, AM I A MIGHTY LUCKY, MIGHTY LUCKY JEW!  
FROM TODAY 'TIL I DIE  
YOU WILL ALWAYS HEAR ME CRY:  
OH, AM I A MIGHTY LUCKY, MIGHTY LUCKY JEW!  

I have lots of little kids,  
They should bring us "naches" (*)  
But I've got more debts than hair.  
Nothing in my pockets:  
When I'm finished at the shop,  
I come home so tired,  
Kids are singing children's songs,  
Then they start a riot:

CHORUS

"Papa, buy some shoes for me",  
"Pop, I want a penny",  
Shmildick wants a bicycle,  
"A blouse I need," cries Fanny:  
Quietly my wife does weep,  
And her tears she's drying.  
For she doesn't like to hear  
The children always crying.

*Naches: Pleasure you feel when something wished for very deeply comes true

ICH A MAZELDICKER YID

Oy bin ich a mazeldicker mazeldevker yid,  
Oy bin ich a mazeldeker mazeldeker yid,  
Vie ich gei, vie ich shay,  
Hev ich nur un ein geshrei:  
Oy bin ich a mazeldeker mazeldeker yid!

Hob ich kinder kleine fied,  
Kinder haileen naches,  
Hob ich choives mehr wie hor  
Ind kein "cent in pocket".  
Kimm (?) ich nor fin dem shop,  
Kimm shoim a miedier,  
Fangen un die kinder mir,  
Zingen kinderlieder:

CHORUS

Tatte, koif mir shchalach,  
Tatte, gib a "penny",  
Shmilchick vill a "bicycle",  
A vaistale vill Fanny.  
Und mein veibel yammert still,  
Veint zie shon die treten,  
Veil es is a niye shoin,  
Dus kindele tsu heren:

CHORUS

TRANSLATED BY: INTER-LINGUA  
Associated translators: A. Kevess, H. Kevess, I. Giles.