mark olf sings
jewish folksongs

IN AN OREM SHTIBELE
(In A Poor Little Home)

HOB ICH A POR OKSEN
(I Have A Pair Of Oxen)

BULBE
(Potatoes)

DER REBBE ELIMELECH
(The Rabbi Elimelech)

OIF'N PRIPITCHIK
(On The Oven)

ROZHENKES MIT MANDLEN
(Raisins And Almonds)

DONA DONA — VEI VOS FUN
MAIN MANTL IZ GEVORN
(Alas What Became Of My Coat?)

A GANEYVEH
(A Robbery)

MARIYASHE

ZLATKE

TUMBA TUMBA
Jewish Folksongs

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TUMBA TUMBA
JEWISH FOLK SONGS
sung in Yiddish
by
MARK OLF

Text in English and Yiddish

IN AN OREM SHEIRELE
[In A Poor Little House]

MOD IG IZ A POR OZEN
[I Have A Pair Of Ores]

BULBE
[Butterfly]

DER RABBI ELIMELECH
[The Rabbi Elelech]

OFF'N PRIP'TCHIK
[On The Oven]

ROZHENKES MIT MANDLEN
[Raisins And Almonds]

DONA DONA—VEI VOS FUN MANDLZ GEYORN
[Also What Became Of My Coat?]

A GAMEYVEH
[As An Answer]

MARYASHE

ZLATKE

TUMBA TUMBA

Side 1, Band 1

IN A POOR LITTLE HOUSE

IN A POOR LITTLE HOUSE, TENDER EVENING AT THE
FIREPLACE,
A LOVING MOTHER WELCOMES THERE FOR HER MIGHT HER
HOPE AND DREAM,
A LOVING MOTHER WELCOMES THERE FOR HER MIGHT HER
HOPE AND DREAM.

SHE BRINGS A LITTLE HAMMER TO HIM, HE SMILES WITH
JOYFUL HANDS,
THE LITTLE HAMMER IS FULL OF SONG, THE BAILS TO
SEEN TO RISE,
THE LITTLE HAMMER IS FULL OF SONG, THE BAILS TO
SEEN TO RISE.

Remain:
SLAP AND SLAP YOUR LITTLE HANDS,
MY JEWEL, MY BEAUX BOY,
DADDY WILL BUY A PAIR OF SHOES,
FOR MY BELVEDER SHE.

DADDY WILL BUY YOU A PAIR OF SHOES,
MAMMY WILL SIT THE BAILS FOR YOU,
DADDY WILL BUY YOU TIME TO HUMBER,
MAMMY'LL SEE LITTLE BELLS ON YOU.

IN A POOR LITTLE HOUSE, REJOICE HAPPINESS AND
JOY,
SIDE BY SIDE WITH POVERTY, BLEED A SONG OF
EARTH.
GREATER IS THE LOVE THAT'S THERE, GREATER THAN
ALL ELSE,
STRONGER IS THE LOVE THAT'S THERE, STRONGER
THAN THE POVERTY.
RAISING AND ALMONDS

IN THE TEMPLE, IN A FAR CORNER,

RITHE THE RIFID, THE DAUGHTER OF ZION ALONE,
HER ONLY CHILD, LITTLE JUDAH, SHE ROCKS
UNCEASINGLY

AND SINGS HIM TO SLEEP WITH A LOVELY TUNE.

BEHIND LITTLE JUDAH'S CRADLE
STANDS A PURE WHITE KID,
THE KID WENT OFF TO TRADE;
THAT WILL BE YOUR CALLING,
RAISING AND ALMONDS.
SLEEP, LITTLE JUDAH, SLEEP.

BULB (POTATOES)

SUNDAY - POTATOES,
MONDAY - POTATOES,
TUESDAY AND WEDNESDAY - POTATOES,
THURSDAY AND FRIDAY - POTATOES,
SATURDAY, FOR A CHANGE, POTATO PUDDING,
SUNDAY, AGAIN POTATOES.

BREAD, WITH POTATOES,
MEAT, WITH POTATOES,
LUNCH AND DINNER, POTATOES,
OVER AND AGAIN POTATOES,
ONCE AS A NOVELTY, POTATO PUDDING,
SUNDAY, AGAIN POTATOES.

AGAIN - POTATOES,
ONCE AGAIN - POTATOES,
FOREVER AND EVEN POTATOES,
TODAY AND TOMORROW-POTATOES,
AFTER SATURDAY'S SUNLIT DISH, A POTATO PUDDING,
SUNDAY, AGAIN POTATOES.
ON THE OVEN BURNS A LITTLE FLAME
AND IT'S HOT IN THE ROOM.
AND THE REBE TEACHES THE LITTLE CHILDREN
THE ALPHABET.
AND THE REBE TEACHES THE LITTLE CHILDREN
THE ALPHABET.

STUDY CHILDREN WITH GREAT WILL
THAT IS MY REQUEST.
WHICH ONE OF YOU WILL LEARN TO READ HEBREW
WILL GET A FLAG.
WHICH ONE OF YOU WILL LEARN TO READ HEBREW
WILL GET A FLAG.

WHEN YOU CHILDREN WILL GROW OLD
YOU'LL UNDERSTAND YOURSELVES;
HOW MANY TEARS LIE IN THESE LETTERS
AND HOW MUCH SORROW,
HOW MANY TEARS LIE IN THESE LETTERS
AND HOW MUCH SORROW,

ON AN OVEN — AT ONE TIME, IN EASTERN EUROPE,
STOVES WERE MADE OF BRICK, AND BUILT LARGE,
FLAT-TOPPED AND BROAD ENOUGH TO ACCOMMODATE
TWO OR THREE PEOPLE FOR SITTING OR SLEEPING.

DONA DONA
IN A Rabbit LIES A GALF,
WITH ROPES ITS FEET ARE BOUND;
WHILE A SWALLOW HIGH IN HEAVEN
IN FREEDOM JOYFULLY FLIES AROUND.

CHORUS
THEN THE BIRD SO LOUDLY LAUGHED,
LAUGHED AND LAUGHED SOME MORE,
LAUGHED THROUGHOUT THE LIVELONG DAY,
AND HALF THE NIGHT DID ROAR.

DONA, DONA, DONA, DONA, DONA, DONA, DONA, DONA,
DONA, DONA, DONA, DONA, DONA, DONA, DONA, DONA.

"WHY DO YOU SMILE AND LAUGH?
WHEN THE COMPLAINING GALF HEARD,
WHO THEN ASKED YOU TO BE A GALF,
WHEN YOU COULD HAVE BEEN A BIRD ?"

TIMID GALVES ARE ALWAYS CAUGHT,
AND TO THEIR HOME THEY'RE BOUND,
THOSE THAT HAVE WINGS, SOAR THE SKIES,
AND NEVER IN CAPTIVITY ARE FOUND.
Side II, Band 21
ALSO WHAT BECAME OF MY GOAT?
I HAVE A GOAT OF ANCIENT FASHION,
TRAILING ITS TAIL AS IT'S KITTED ON,
IT HABITLY STITCHES THAT IS FAST ON,
TRAILING ITS TAIL AS IT'S KITTED ON.
I HAD A GOAT OF ANCIENT FASHION,
TRAILING ITS TAIL AS IT'S KITTED ON.
I TOO HAD A GOAT OF ANCIENT FASHION,
TRAILING ITS TAIL AS IT'S KITTED ON.
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TRAILING ITS TAIL AS IT'S KITTED ON.
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TRAILING ITS TAIL AS IT'S KITTED ON.

Side II, Band 21
A GAMEYEN (A ROBBERY)
AT MY RABBITS, THERE HAPPENED TO BE,
THERE HAPPENED TO BE, A ROBBERY!
BEHOLD BIRDS SHAPED LIKE SOLETS,
THREE WITH HOLES AND FOUR WITH PATCHES.

A ROBBERY.

AT MY RABBITS, THERE HAPPENED TO BE,
THERE HAPPENED TO BE, A ROBBERY!
SEVEN CANDLESTICKS SHAPED LIKE BEARS,
THREE WITHOUT FEET, AND FOUR WITHOUT HOLDERS.

A ROBBERY.

AT MY RABBITS, THERE HAPPENED TO BE,
THERE HAPPENED TO BE, A ROBBERY!
SEVEN ROOSTERS HARD AS BRICKS,
THREE WITHOUT BEARDS, FOUR WITHOUT WINGS.

A ROBBERY.

AT MY RABBITS, THERE HAPPENED TO BE,
THERE HAPPENED TO BE, A ROBBERY!
SEVEN DAUGHTERS TALL AS PINE TREES,
THREE WITHOUT TEETH, FOUR WITHOUT THUMB.

A ROBBERY.

Side II, Band 21
MARYAMNE
THERE IN BUKOVINE, NOT FAR FROM THE FOREST,
MARYAMNE LED HER HERD OF CATTLE TO PASTURE,
SHE SAW THE GOAT, AND THEN SHE SIGHED,
"WHERE ARE MY BIG GOATS, WHERE DID THEY HIDE?"

Side II, Band 21
YAH-PER照射ED THE GREEN FIELDS,
AND HE HEARD MARYAMNE'S VERY BAD GRIEF,
"PRETTY ONE, WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO YOU?
ARE YOU MISSING YOUR BIG GOAT, SO TELL ME.
IF YOU SHOULD HAPPEN TO FIND MY GOAT,
YOU WILL RECEIVE A KISS FOR YOUR TROUBLE.
NOT JUST ONE, NOT JUST TWO,
BUT NINETY-NINE KISSES, COUNT THEM DOZ.
YABNE MOST ANXIOUS TO EARN HER REWARD
WENT OUT TO SEE IF HE COULD BUT FIND THEM,
"PRETTY ONE, I'VE FOUND THEM FOR YOU,
YOU'RE PROMISED ME A KISS, AT LEAST ONE OR TWO.
IF MY MOTHER WEREN'T STANDING AT THE DOORSTEP,
THEN I WOULD STICK TO EVERY WORD OF OUR BARGAIN,
"PRETTY ONE, YOU'RE AN UNFAIR ONE,
IT WAS A GYPSY TRICK THAT YOU HAVE DONE."

Side II, Band 21
ELLA
ON THE TOP OF A LITTLE HILL, STANDS A TINY COTTAGE,
IN THAT TINY COTTAGE THERE, DWELLS THE PRETTY ELATE.
TOMA, TOMA, TO, TO, YO, YO, YO,
DWELLS THE PRETTY ELATE.

HER LOVELY HAIR IS WASHED, WORLED BACK FROM THE FACE,
HER BLEACHER HUE IS BARED, TEMPTING AN EMBRACE.
TOMA, TOMA, TO, TO, YO, YO, YO,
TEMPING AN EMBRACE.

HER SPARKLING BLIND EYES, SHINING LIKE THE GEMS,
WHEN SHE TURNS TO SAKE AT YOU, ALL LIFE AWAKENS AHE.
TOMA, TOMA, TO, TO, YO, YO, YO,
ALL LIFE AWAKENS AHE.

HER LOVELY WHITE ARMS, ARE SO BEAUTIFUL EXPRESSED,
AND HER LITTLE NAKED FEET, IN DANCE ARE ALWAYS POWERED.
TOMA, TOMA, TO, TO, YO, YO, YO,
IN DANCE ARE ALWAYS POWERED.

WHEN FITTED FOR A DANCE, HER SIMPLE HEAVY TORSOLES,
ADORNED SHE HIDES HER REPRESENTATION, WITH HER APRON AND HANDS.
TOMA, TOMA, TO, TO, YO, YO, YO,
WITH HER APRON AND HANDS.

Side II, Band 61
TUMBA TUMBA
ON THE OVEN BIT A MAIDEN, TUMBA, TUMBA, TUMBA,
AND SHE SEES A WHITE PETTICOAT,
WHEN A TINY YOUTH MAN DOES SOME BY AND PULLS HER THREAD FROM THE NEEDLE'S EYE,
ON THE YOUTH MAN, OR YOU HOLD ONE,
YOU WILL PAY FOR WHAT YOU HAVE DONE.

I WOULDN'T ASK WHAT YOU DON'T LIKE FROM;
I JUST WOULDN'T LET YOU GO AWAY NOW
BUT WITH ROSES WILL I BIND YOU,
I WILL HOLD YOU AND LOVE YOU FOREVER,
SO THE YOUNG MAN NEVER LEFT HER.

On the oven bit man and maiden
But with roses are their thoughts laden.