Mark Olf sings

YIDDISH

gift songs for children
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YIDDISH

folk songs

for children

Baim Breg Yam
Nit Geshtoigen Nit Gefloigen
(Hert a Maise Kinderlech)
A Shpil Aza
Hayda Nu Zurik in Cheider
Yugnt Hymn
In a Kleinem Shtibele
Bai Dem Shtetl
Kestelech
Caruseln
Shmulik, Gavrilik
Yankele
Drai Yingelech
Az Der Rebbe Est

Descriptive notes are inside pocket

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Yiddish Folksongs For Children
Sung by Mark Olf

SIDE I
Band 1: Baim Breg Yarn
Band 2: Mit Geshtoigen Mit Gefloigen
(Hert A Maize Kinderleh)
Band 3: A Shpil Aza
Band 4: Hayde Nu Zurik In Cheshe
Band 5: Yungt Hymn
Band 6: In A Kleinem Shtible
Band 7: Bai Dem Shtetl

SIDE II
Band 1: Kesselecht
Band 2: Caruseln
Band 3: Shmulik, Gavrilik
Band 4: Yankele
Band 5: Drai Yingelech
Band 6: Az Der Rebbe Est

BAIM BREG YAHN

Mit emerl un shufale,
Mit raish um tararam;
Kumen kleine kinderleh,
Tsu dem breg fun yahn.

Rochele un Brochele,
Tzirole un Mirele,
Berele un Shmerole,
Yankele un Perole.

Boi eft a shibile
Grobn ois a gritele,
Gian ohn a taichele,
Leign sich aft baichele.

Shemp swale emerleh
Vaser funem yahn;
Machn runde kugolech
Mit a tararam.

AT THE OCEAN SIDE
(Baim Breg Yarn)

Music: Mark Olf
Text: Alisa Grenblatt

With little buckets and a spade,
With laughter and a shout,
Gleeful ran the little children,
In waves to play about.

Rochele and Brochele,
Tzirole and Mirele,
Berele and Shmerole,
Yankele and Perole.

They build themselves big castles of sand,
Such holes they excavate;
Then fill them full of water foam,
And pause to meditate.

Rochele and Brochele, etc...

Then up they jump with joy to run,
Bring buckets by the score,
To build their castles like mudpies,
And flatten them once more.

Rochele and Brochele, etc...

Shemp swale emerleh
Vaser funem yahn;
Machn runde kugolech
Mit a tararam.
Hert a maise, kinderlech,
Hert mit nohs un eign.

Iber bove yameke's dach
Is a ku gefloign.
Dos is emes, dos is emes,
Dos is emes, alte geven.
Dos is emes, dos is emes,
Ich hob dos alein gezen.

Zumer ovnt in der fri
Is a shnei gegangen,
Un of of a gebrennt a shroi
Is a ber gehangen.

Dos is emes,...etc.

Oif a boin getatst a sher
Hobn genas un tzig;
Un di katz hot zich gesetzt
Oiselmkn' di flihn.

Dos is emes,...etc.

Hot a paves eingeshpant,
Hecht a poir in tseber,
Un hai Yosheke'n oif der roz

Hengt a loong un leber.
Dos is emes,...etc.

A FOLK TALE – THAT'S NEITHER HERE NOR THERE
(Miht geshtoigen un miht gesflogen)

Mus: Joseph Tcheriatsky
Text: Naehum Yood

Gather round me little children,
For a tale of ancient lore,
Hear about a cow that flew
Above [wotch Yahee]'s door.

It's the truth dear, it's the truth,
It's the truth, it happened so,
It's the truth dear, it's the truth,
I saw it myself, and I know.

Summer evening in the morning,
It would start to hail,
Wonders, from a blackened straw,
A bear hung by his tail.

It's the truth, etc....

Over the tree-top, twirling,
swirling,
And a black cat milked some fleece
She hured to her lair.

It's the truth, etc....

Then a peacock flashing brightly,
Harnesssed two poor fish,
While from Yosheke's frightened nose,
A lung and liver hung to his dish.

It's the truth, etc....
A SHPIL AZA

Music: Ari Abramson
Text: Aliza Greenblatt

Yidl, yidl, nem dem fidl,
Shpil mir of a freilech lidl,
Eins, tvet, drail,
Cha-cha-cha,
Shpiln mir a shpiel aza.

Zeidl, Freidl, in a ring,
Du a tants un ich a shprung,
Haike-baike piano shpil,
Shpiln shpiel nor mit gefiel.

Velfke, wild one, tumbling down,
Beat along upon the drum.

Itzik, Shpitzik, pluck the base,
Strum the strings and make a face.

Sheindl, Beindl, black-eyed cat,
Grab a broom and dance about.

Yankl, Banks, bang the cymbal,
Cymbaling rhythm with the fiddle,
One, two, three, etc.

Sheindl, Beindl, schwarts Katz,
Nem a shveid, poik in tate.

Yankl bankl, nem oich du,
Of a tsimbil, tsimbil tm.

Eins, tvet, drail,
Cha-cha-cha,
Shpiln mir a shpiel aza.
HAYDA NU TZURIK IN CHEIDER

Music: Folk - Traditional
Text: H. Reisenblatt

Hayda, nu, tsurik in cheider
Un gemunen zich geshmak,
Tsu dem limud, tsu dem alta
Mit a musach, mit a knak.

Un a lichtl mitgebracht.
Lernt, lernt, nit fargeen.

Lernt, lernt, bun, bun.

*Cheyder - Hebrew School

Repeat last two lines of each stanza

Hayda back again in cheyder* is so happy to return.
From his teacher, from his rabbi,
Many lessons will he learn.

And children dear, you haven't forgotten
To bring a little candle along,
For the days grow ever shorter,
And we must study whole nights long.

Study Torah little children,
Remember the wrongs that have been done.
Study, study little children,
Till the candle's flame is gone.

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*Cheyder = Hebrew School
Repeat last two lines of each stanza

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4
### YOUTH HYMN

**Text:** S. Rotenberg

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>English</th>
<th>Yiddishe</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Though our tale is full of sadness,</td>
<td>גוחט דא רױס וואָן בײן תויױר,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Filled with many a bitter tear,</td>
<td>Shturet yugnt mit gezang,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Though the enemy's at the gate,</td>
<td>יונגע ידער, ידער, ידער</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hajcise youth, with song and cheer.</td>
<td>Ver es vil nor,</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Young are we if we wish to be,
The years can't stay our song,
Age can join with youth forever,
When freedom's lamp is strong.

Who would awaken mankind
And step forth heart in hand,
He will find all youth await him,
Youth will greet him through the land.

Young are we if we wish to be,
The years can't stay our song,
Age can join with youth forever,
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Youth will greet him through the land.

**YOUTH HYMN**

Unser lied is full mit troyer,
Dreist is unser munter gang.
IN A TINY LITTLE HOUSE
(In a Kleinen Shitabel)

In a tiny little house, like the
fairy tales of old,
Lived a woman, it's been said, with
seven children, wondrous bold.

With such noses, with such eyes,
With such ears, with such heads,
With such hair, with such beards,
With such bellies, with such backs,
With such sides, with such feet,
With such hands.

Born of such a demon, a sorcerer,
a ghoul,
Children of black magic, bewitched
each little soul.
None of them would eat,
None of them would drink,
But all would dance and spring,
All would shout and sing.

All together children playing,
All together children dancing,
All together children singing,
What a folk song.

IN A KLEINEN SITBELLE
(Folk song)
From a Soviet collection

In a kleinem sitabel,
Voins an alte yidene,
Mit yireh sim kinder,
Ais off bois vaner.

Mit ascine neser
Mit ascine cimern
Mit ascine vagen
IN THE CITY
(Bai Dem Shetel)
Folk Song
In the city stands a house
With a roof of green.
And all around this little house,
Small trees are to be seen.

In this house, my father, mother,
Chanele and I,
Dwell all four of us together,
And the years rolled by.

And my father always working,
as the years rolled by,
Sver shopped for us to please us,
And such gifts he'd buy!

Then a dog that barked and loved us,
Named it "Tututik" dear.
A neighing horse he bought
And brought us.
Called him "Tututik" dear.

A wondrous goose he thought to bring us,
With a neck like snow.
And a hen that cackled a-laying,
Cackled so high and low.

When my mother, wonder of wonders,
Gathered up the eggs,
Cackling loud just like the chicken,
They hatched ten chicks with legal

RAI DEM SHETEL
(Folk song)
Bai dem shetel shtetl a shibbl
Mit a greins dach.
Un a rum dem shibbl vaken
Beimetsch a saach.

Un der tate mit der memen,
Chanele mit mir,
Shoden a lange tsait tsaamen
Vodem ale fir.

Un der tate arbet, arbet
Ale yorn mine,
Un er kroft un um er brengt und
Zaehm sheine, fainel.

Koif a hintl vos se hanket
Mtn menen "Tututik"
Koif a ferdl vos se hirshet
Mtn menen "Tututik".

Koif a gants mit a langh halds,
Federsch vais vi shmel,
Koif a hun vos kvoket, kvoket,
Bis zi leigt an eli

Netz di memen, ot di eier,
Oi, is dos a moifesi!
Zetst si oif oif sat a kvoke:
Hohn mir sheine oifesi!
Indik, indik, vos gis'tu tsu?
Ich gib main krop.
Dem indik's krop, etc...
Shpiln mir vaiter asci.

Shpiln mir in kestelch, kestelch,
Geit ards a hund,
Bon, bon, vos gis'tu tu?
Ieh gib main krop.

Zi git an el, zi git an el,
Shpiln mir vaiter asci (2x)

Dem hon's krej, der hun's el,
Shpiln mir vaiter asci (2x)

Shpiln mir in kestelch, kestelch,
Geit ards a hund,
Bon, hon, vos gis'tu tu?
Ieh gib main krop.

Shpiln mir in kestelch, kestelch,
Geit ards a hund,
Bon, bon, vos gis'tu tu?
Ieh gib main krop.

She gives an egg, (repeat)
So we play again, so we play again.

Let us play a play-party square,
a play-party square,
Out comes a rooster,
Rooster, rooster what do you give?
I give a crow.
The rooster a crow, the hen an egg.
So we play again, so we play again.

Let us play a play-party square, etc.
Out comes a goose.
Goose, goose, what do you give?
I give my head...
The goose a head, the rooster a crow,
the hen etc...
So we play again, so we play again.

Let us play a play-party square, etc.
Out comes a turkey.
Turkey, turkey, what do you give?
I give my comb.
The turkey a comb, the goose a head,
the rooster etc...
So we play again, so we play again.

Let us play a play-party square, etc.
Out comes a maid.
Maid, maid, what do you give?
I give my braid.
The maid a braid, the turkey a comb,
the goose etc...
So we play again, so we play again.
A fellow - a pey...
A nobleman - his laws...

ON THE CAROUSEL

Music: Ben Yomen
Text: I. Golberg

Round and round and round about.
The carousel will run,
Yankl, tankle, bul, bul, bul,
Is filled with joyous fun:

C A R U S E L

Music: Ben Yomen
Text: I. Golberg

Runda-Runda-Rund arum -
If di karuseln.
Yankl-bankl, bul-bul-bul -
Hert nit of tsu kvain.

One foot here, and one foot there,
And the horse between,
Yankl, tankle, shooting by
Can scarcely be seen.

Faster fly the carousel wheels,
Racing on a head,
Yankl, tankle, prays his horse
As though a demon led.

A fus aher, a fur ahin,
Un dos ferd in mit,
Yankl-bankl, fater-film,
As rain iz gerin.

Rud arein un rud arois,
Asah der kop fardrisz zich,
Yankl-bankl yogt sain farf,
Yogt sain farf un fruit zich.
Klingen gläklech, poikt di poln!
Di shoynikshe shnet,
Tendant di vel a karabod,
Drejt sich alts arumet.
Runda-runda-runda arum - , etc.

Repeat the first stanza.

SHMULIK, GAVRILIK

Music Adaptation: Mark Olfs
Text: Mendelsohn

Shmulik, Gavrilik, choveirinlech tsvei,
Shpiln sich beide, kain gleichn tru sei,
In ferdelach, mit shverdelach,
In zand un in ord,
Shmulik — der shmazer.
Gavrilik — der ferd.

Shmulik, Gavrilik, sei vakam sich ois
Ligt sei in einen Amerike iz grois.
Gekumen tru ahvishen tru der goldener ord,
Shmulik — der shmazer.
Gavrilik — der ferd.

Shmulik, Gavrilik in goidemen land.
Shmulik — a boz, Gavrilik — zain hant.
Shmulik in himl.
Gavrilik in der ord.
Shmulik bliibt shmazer.
Gavrilik bliibt ferd.

Shmulik, Gavrilik, kain fraint shoyn mit mer.
Shmulik — a landlord, a yachen is er.
Gavrilik zain shochn, in beisemt, in der ord.
Shmulik bliibt shmazer.
Gavrilik der ferd.
SHMALIK, GAVRILIK

SHMALIK, Gavrilik were two little friends,
Always together at play or with chores,
At horses and swords, in dirt or in sand,
SHMALIK's the driver, GAVRILIK the horse.

SHMALIK, Gavrilik grew up in due course,
Longing for America, the new golden land,
They skimped and they saved till they came to these shores,
SHMALIK the driver, GAVRILIK the horse.


YANKEL

Music and Text: M. Gebirtig

Shlof-she mir shoin, Yankel, mein shainer,
Di aigelech, di shvartsinke nach tsu,
A yingele, vos hot shoin alle tzaendlech
Nus noch di mane singen al-lu-lu-

A yingele, vos hot shoin alle tzaendlech,
Un vet mit maal bade in cheder gain,
Un lernen vet er chumesh un gemorreh.

Zohl vainen ven di mane vigt ihm ein?

A yingele, vos lernen vet gemorreh
Oht shteit der tate, kvolt un hert sich tsu,

A yingele, vos vakst a talasch-chochem,
Lost gentshe necht der menen nicht tsurw

A yingele vos vakst a talasch-chochem,
Un a gemiter socher och tsynglech

A yingele, a kluger chosen-bocher,
Zohl ligan a sovi in a teich?

Nu, shlof-she mir, mein kluger chosen-bocher,
Dervil ligstu in yingele by mir.

S'vet kosnach noch fiel mi un names tern
Bis vangen s'vet a mentah arois fun dir.

Repeat first verse.
YANKELE

Music and text: M. Gebirtig

Go to sleep my Yankele my sweet one,
Your eyes are still so very wide
awake.
A boy whose baby teeth have all
come shining through,
Wan't you fall asleep for mother's
sake?
A boy whose baby teeth have all
come shining through,
And will with luck to Chedar go
instead.
A boy who will be learning Torah,
Why do you cry when put into your
bed.
A boy who will be studying Gamorrah,
See your father's proud glance in
the light.
A boy who will be known for his
Talmud learning,
Wan't you stop your crying through
the night?

A boy who will be known for his
talmudic learning,
And be a master craftsman all
around,
A boy who'll be a clever chosen-
bocher.
Should lie wet and dripping as in
a pond?
So go to sleep my clever chosen-
bocher,
Though you're still in the cradle
lying here,
It will cost me many a sorrow and
bitter tear,
Till you've grown to manhood,
little dear.

Chosen-bocher - a fellow of mar-
rriageable age.

Repeat last two lines of each
verse.

DRAI YINGELECH

Music: M. Gelbart
Text: I. Goichberg

Di mane hot drai yingelech
Drai yingelech gebat,
Mit velche, rote bekalech
Vi tsarter sanet glat.
Hot eins geheim Berele,
Dos treite Chaya Shmerel,
Dos drite hot geheisn-
Men sol im koifn shich.
Ich hof aich opengart
Ich hof gevust ir vart,
Dos drite kleine yingels,
Dos drite, dos bin ich.
Di mane hot drait niselech
Fun dem yarej gebracht,
Drai gute fete niselech,
Drai niselech a pracht.

Drei kleine Jungen
(Drei Yingelech)

Music: M. Gelbart
Text: I. Golchberg

My mother has three little boys
Three little boys has she.
With satin cheeks of red and white,
Such little boys has she.

Three boys was known as Berele,
The second Chaya Shmerel,
The third was called, and cried,
We should buy him shoes.

I have tried to fool you,
Though I know you'd see,
The third and littlest boy is called
The third, why that is me.

My mother has three little mits,
She brought from the market place.
Three very fat and nteasty mits,
Three mits so good to taste.

Repeat last two lines of each
verse.

First verse in Yiddish.

Repeats last two lines of each
verse.
IN ONE GLOWN FAR BERELON,
Un eins far Chayim Simerelon,
Un gur dos beste nziel.

Notzi glosef far zich.
Ir vundert sich a bial.
Fargen ni mir a nziel.

Vail Nisn, Nisn, Nisle.
Vail Nisn, dos bin ich.

And one was given to Berelo,
And one for Chaim Simerelon,
But the best mut of them all —
She kept it for herself.

Perhaps you wonder a bit
Why I didn't get it —
"Cause Nisn, that is me!

*Ndem means "nuts"

WHEN THE RABBI EATS

( Folk Song )

And when the rabbi eats, X
Then eat all of the Chassidim,
And when the Rabbi the eats, X
Then eat all of the Chassidim.

And when the Rabbi drinks, X
Then pour all of the Chassidim,
And when the Rabbi drinks, X
Then pour all of the Chassidim.

And when the Rabbi dances, X
Then spring all of the Chassidim.
And when the Rabbi dances, X
Then spring all of the Chassidim.

And when the Rabbi studies, X
Quiet are all of the Chassidim.
And when the Rabbi studies, X
Quiet are all of the Chassidim.

And when the Rabbi laughs, X
Ha, ha, ha, all of the Chassidim.
And when the Rabbi laughs, X
Ha, ha, ha, all of the Chassidim.

*Chassidim — an Orthodox Sect.

AZ DER REBBE EST

(Folk-Song)

Un az der Rebbe est I
Un az der Rebbe est I
Shlingem alle chassidim,
Un az der Rebbe est I
Un az der Rebbe est I
Shlingem alle chassidim.

Un az der Rebbe trinkt I
Giesen alle chassidim
Un az der Rebbe trinkt I
Giesen alle chassidim.

Un az der Rebbe tanzt I
Springen alle chassidim
Un az der Rebbe tanzt I
Springen alle chassidim.

Un az der Rebbe lerent I
Schweigen alle chassidim
Un az der Rebbe lerent I
Schweigen alle chassidim.

Un az der Rebbe lacht I
Ha-ha-ha-ha all chassidim
Un az der Rebbe lacht I
Ha-ha-ha all chassidim.

*nl: der Rebbe est I — "The Rebbe eats I"

Adapted from a Yiddish song.

LITHOGRAPHED IN U.S.A.