A YIDDISH LIEDERABEND
— AN EVENING OF YIDDISH SONG —

YIVO INSTITUTE FOR JEWISH RESEARCH

DECEMBER 13, 2017
There was once a pauper,
He kept arguing with God.
Wonder upon wonder befell him,
Whenever he sang this sort of nign:
Tshiri-bim bam bam . . .

Wine flowed from the nign,
And he swallowed sip after sip.
Wonder upon wonder befell him,
Whenever he sang this sort of nign.
Tshiri-bim bam bam . . .

The Jew sings, and blissfulness flows
Until he leaps from joy.
Wonder upon wonder befell him,
Whenever he sang this sort of nign.
Tshiri-bim bam bam . . .
I am a wagon driver,
And I do my job, driving on and on.
I play my little part
And I keep going ahead.

We’re on our way,
Carrying a bunch of thieves in the back.

One cried out: “Go faster, already!
They’re going to catch up with us!”
Another cries out: “It’s already almost daybreak;
Go faster, hurry up already!”

V’yo, vy’yo . . . Let’s go!
Yiddish, my golden well,
From you did the Ba’al Shem Tov drink,
The holy Mezheritsher Magid, [and]
The Bratslaver and Berditchever rebbes,
And so have many plain, simple, poor Jews
In their wandering through different lands and territories.

Forever in a world of journeying
Where truth ignites from the flames of legend.
Yiddish, my bright source!
Unter dayne vayse shtern (Under Your White Stars)
LAZAR WEINER; POEM: AVROM SUTZKEEVER

TRANSLITERATION
Unter dayne vayse shtern
Shtrek tsu mir dayn vayse hant.
Mayne verter zaynen tern
Vil ruen in dayn hant.

Ze, es tunklt zeyer finkl
In mayn kelerdikn blik
Zey tsu shenkten dir tseruk.

Un ikh vil dokh, got getrayer,
Dir fartroyen mayn farmeg.
Vayl es mont in mir a fayer
Un in fayer—mayne teg.

Nor in kelern un lekher
Veynt di merderishe ru.
Loyf ikh hekher, iber dekher
Un ikh zukh: vu bistu, vu?

Nemen yogn mikh meshune
Trep un hoyfn mit gevoy.
Heng ikh—a geplatste strune
Un ikh zing tsu dir azoy:

Unter dayne vayse shtern
Shtrek tsu mir dayn vayse hant.
Mayne verter zaynen tern
Vil ruen in dayn hant.

ORIGINAL YIDDISH
אָנטשער דײַנע וייֲצעס שטערן
שטרעך צא מיר זײַנע וייֲצעס האַנט.
邭ײַנע טעלטעען וייֲצעס טראַעך
װואָל רוט אָן זײַנע האַנט.

ען, עס טוֹנְקֵלט וייער פינקַל
אַן מױן קעלֶרדיקן בֿלָיק
אַן אַראָק גאָרניט קײַן פינקַל
יו צא שעקֶנוקַן דייר גוּרֿיך.

און איַך זײַנע דאָר, טאָפָּסְטײַך יױ
דײך פאַרטרױן מײַנע פײַַער.
ויִיל טס מײַנוקַן אוּן מײַר אַ פײַַעי.
און איַך פֿײַַער—邭ײַנע טײָג.

נאָר איַך קעלצטע שײַן לוּבצשער.
יוֹמִַע ייז טײַפַּןדישֶןשען.
לױף איַך האַנעטשװע אַנטשװע דױצשע.
און איַך זײַע: וו ביסטוע, וו?

נעמען יאָגן מיך מײַשטען.
קראײַך אָך זײַנען פױסװער.
הענשִװ צא—אָמאַפּלעטשװעט סװוטען.
און איַך גוּן בר צא זײַע.

אָנטשער דײַנע וייֲצעס שטערן
שטרעך צא מיר זײַנע וייֲצעס האַנט.
邭ײַנע טעלטעען וייֲצעס טראַעך
װואָל רוט אָן זײַנע האַנט.

ENGLISH TRANSLATION
Under Your white stars
Extend to me Your white hand,
My words are tears
That want to rest in Your hand.

See, their spark dims
Through my penetrating cellar eyes.
And I don’t have a corner from which
To return them to You.

And yet I still want, dear God,
To confide in You all that I possess,
For in me rages a fire
And in the fire — my days.

But in cellars and in holes
The murderous quiet weeps.
I run higher, over rooftops
And I search: Where are You, where?

Something strange pursues me
Across stairs and yards with lament.
I hang — a ruptured string,
And I sing to You:

Under Your white stars
Stretch to me Your white hand.
My words are tears
That want to rest in Your hand.
If my father were rich,  
I would never bargain.  
I would buy a horse that could  
Leap up to the sky.

I would leap so high  
And seize the sun,  
And then come to the world and say:  
I have captured the sun.

From all over the world  
The forty most beautiful women would come;  
And to me—the hero—  
Their hearts they would pledge.

Amongst the beautiful ones of the world  
You, too, would come;  
From amongst them  
I would choose you.

I would hang the sun back up  
Where it had been hanging,  
And let the horse loose,  
And go with you.
Don't look for me where myrtles grow,
You will not find me there, my love.
Where lives whither at machines—
That is my “resting place.”

Don't look for me where birds are singing,
You won’t find me there, my love.
I’m a slave, where chains ring—
That is my “resting place.”

Don’t look for me where fountains splash,
You won’t find me there, my love.
Where tears flow and teeth gnash,
That is my “resting place.”

And if you truly love me,
Come to me, my good love:
And lighten my heart
And make sweet my “resting place.”
Ikh hob far dir a sod (I Have a Secret for You)

LAZAR WEINER;
POEM: NOKHEM BORUKH MINKOFF

TRANSLITERATION

Ikh hob far dir a sod a zisn,
A vort, an eyn un eyntsik vort,
In virvar trogstu zikh farisn,
Un ikh—vayt fartrogn fun dayn ort.

Ikher nit af khaloymes tsu dir shpinen,
Geheyme labirintn durkh mayn troym.
Bay tog vert alts tserunen,
Vu zol ikh dikh gefinen?
Ot bist du do un shoyn
Farshvundn in dem tifn roym.

ENGLISH TRANSLATION

I have a sweet secret for you,
A word, a one and only word.
In the chaos you carry yourself haughtily
And I am carried off far from your place.

I do not cease to spin dreams for you,
Secret labyrinths through my dream;
When the day arrives, it all vanishes;
Where shall I find you?
Now you’re here,
And suddenly you’ve vanished into the deep abyss.

I have a sweet secret for you,
A word, a one and only word.
You light up, your eyes are closing.
And I, I still seek
Your hallowed place.
My mother weeps when lighting the Sabbath candles;
I do not hear her words;
I can only see the tears rolling down her face.
I observe — the candlestick stands showered in tears.
The candlestick weeps like she does, with hot drops of wax.

I still see how my mother’s hands flutter at her forehead,
Her eyes half shut, peering into the distance.
And through the bright glow that glimmers from her tears,
A forever unforgettable Sabbath glow.
Hushed tones,
Gloomy sky.
Birds pacing towards the clouds,
It will rain, my precious one.
Birds will fly off somewhere
With longing wings.

Dull tones,
My overcast heart —
And you, my longing, aspire to the clouds above.
It will rain, my precious one.
And you, my longing, will fly off somewhere
With soaked wings.
There is no longer a yesterday,
Tomorrow still hasn’t come;
There is only a little bit of today—
Don’t spoil it with worries.

Grab yourself a drink,
As long as you’re still alive;
For when, God willing, you’re in the
“world to come,”
You won’t be given a thing.
In the meadow there stands a little tree;  
It has green branches.  
On one there sits a little bird;  
It closes its little eyes.  

On the green branches  
There grows a golden apple.  
Close your eyes, my child,  
A blessing on your head.  

On the green branches  
The birds are already asleep.  
Their mother sings to them: a, a, . . .  

It’s a quiet night: a, a, . . .
On the little green hill
A young tree grows.
The tree doesn’t want to sleep;
The moon rebukes it:
Time to fall asleep, tree.
On the little green hill.

So, too, say the stars.
But the tree doesn’t want to hear —
It doesn’t want to close its eyes.
So a wind sweeps over

To the green hill,
Winds around the tree,
Quietly rocks it and cradles it:
Tree, be still!

You have to sleep, tree.
Rocking back and forth,
The tree dozes off
On the little green hill.
Ketsele shtil (Little Cat, Quiet)
MOSES MILNER; POEM: YITSKHOK LEYBUSH PERETZ

TRANSLITERATION
Ketsele shtil! Mayzele shtil!
Mayn oytserl shoyn shlofn vil.

Kelbele, kelbele nisht gemekt
Un mayn oytserel nisht gevekt!

Veye nisht du, vintele,
Shtiler, shtiler, hintele,

In moyl farbays dos tsingele,
Shlofn vil mayn yingele.

ORIGINAL YIDDISH
קעצעלע שטיל! מייזעלע שטיל!
מיין אוציַרל שווין שלאָפֿן וויל.

קעלбелען, קואלбелען, נישט נױמעקָט
און מײַן אוציַרל נישט נױוֹעַקָט!

וייע נישט דו, ווינטעלע,
שטילען, שטילען, הינטעלען,

און מײַל פֿאַרבײַס דאָס צינגעלע,
שלאָפֿן וויל מײַן ייִングעלע.

ENGLISH TRANSLATION
Little cat, quiet!
Little mouse, quiet!
My little treasure wants to sleep already.

Little calf, little calf, don’t bleat,
and my little treasure don’t wake.

Don’t you blow, little wind,
Quiet, quiet, little dog,

Hold your little tongue in your mouth,
My little young one wants to sleep.
Breytele (Little Roll)

MOSES MILNER; POEM: YITSKHOK LEYBUSH PERETZ

TRANSLITERATION

Breytele, breytele,
Breytele kleyn!
A breytele zol dokh kaylekhdik zayn!

Un tsind
Geshvind
In eyvele arayn!

Genug in eyvele gezesn!
—ham, ham, ham!
Afgegesen.

ORIGINAL YIDDISH

ברייטעלע, ברײַטעלע,
ברײַטעלע קלאַן!
אַ ברייטעװאָל דוָך קײַלכעװדיק זײַן!

און צײַנד
gעװײַנּקערט
In eyvele arayn!

Genug in eyvele gezesn!
—האַם, האַם, האַם!
Afgehesen.

ENGLISH TRANSLATION

Dear little bread, little bread, little bread, little bread!
A breytele should be round, after all.

And now:
Quickly into the little oven!

Enough in the oven;
Yum, yum yum!
Finished—no more!
Somewhere far, somewhere far,
Lies the forbidden land;
Silvery blue are the mountains
Still never trodden.

Somewhere deep, somewhere deep
Buried in the earth,
Treasures are awaiting us.
Hidden treasures await us.

Somewhere far, somewhere far,
A prisoner lies alone,
Upon his head the light
Of the setting sun is dying.

Somewhere, someone wanders around
Hidden deep in the snow,
And cannot find a way
To the forbidden land.
Doves are perched at my window,
Two white doves.
I will open the window—
Open it for them.

In my quiet, lonely room
They will coo.
They will coo in my room—
The two white doves.

In the night of deep gloom
They will coo.
In the night of deep gloom
The two white doves will coo.
A bird comes to my windowpane
And knocks on it twice.
Small bird, you pretty bird—
What can I do for you?
Tweet, tweet . . .
And not a word more.
I cannot understand.

I come to a pond,
I hear it crying.
Dear water, tell me what
Your cries mean.
In kheyder

MOSES MILNER (WORDS AND MUSIC)

Kum aher, yingele, nenter tsu mir
Un tu a kuk in di kleyne oyselekh,
Gikher, gikher kum aher.
Hob keyn moyre nit, shrek zikh nit.
Ot azoy zets zikh avek un her oys mit kop.
Zetz zikh ot azoy, her zikh tsu:
Komet s alfe o, komet s byes bo, komet s gimel go,
Komet s daled do,
Pasakh alfe a, pasakh byes ba,
Pasakh gimel ga, pasakh daled da.
Ot azoy, yingele,
Ot azoy darf men lernen, yingele,
Oy vey tayer, yingele,
Tu a kuk in sider un zog nokh a mol:
Komet s alfe o, komet s byes bo,
Hecker, shtarker, o, bo
Ot azoy darf men lernen, yingele,
O, bo, go, do . . . hecker, shtarker,
Ot azoy darf men lernen, yingele,
A, ba, ga, da.
Ot azoy, freylikher, lebediker, genarnik,
Ot azoy yingele, darf men lernen toyre,
Toyre is di beste skhoyre.
Volst geven a tayer, yingele, zolst nit zayn keyn genarnik.
Oy bist du a genarnik, yingele,
Genuf shoyn farmakh dem sider bist fray.
Gedemk mayn kind, a yid darf lernen toyre
Azoy zogt undz der heylikher boyre.
Az men vet dikh fregn vos hostu geton in kheyder,
Zolst du zogn, host gelerent toyre, gedemk toyre.
Nokh amol toyre, toyre . . .

ENGLISH TRANSLATION

Come here, little one, come closer to me
And take a look at the little letters.
Dear, golden letters. Quickly, come here.
Fear not. Sit down, like this, and listen carefully:
“komet s alfe o’, komet s byes ‘bo’,
komet s gimel ‘go’, komet s daled ‘do’;
pasekh alfe ‘a’, pasekh byes ‘ba’,
pasekh gimel ‘ga’, pasekh daled ‘da’.”
Like this, little one, we must learn.
Take a look in the prayerbook and say again:
“komet s alfe o’, . . . [etc.]”

Louder, stronger, that’s how we must learn, little one.
Like this, with joy, lively, like this, little one,
you must learn Torah. Torah is the best of all things.
Don’t fool me, little boy.
Alright, enough already—close the prayerbook,
You’re free for now.
But remember, my child, a Jew must learn Torah.
That’s what our Creator ordains.
When you’ll be asked what you did in school,
You should say: “I learned Torah.”
Again, Torah.
Once upon a time there lived a Jew and his wife
In dire poverty;
They had two daughters
But didn’t have a penny.

Oh, where is one to get the dowries
So the daughters can marry?
Just listen to what happened.
It’s not a tale about which one can laugh.

Once a poor guest came for Shabes
And the door was opened wide for him.
It was Elijah the Prophet.

They prepared a good meal
And gave him a place at the table.
After the end of Shabes with havdala
He departed and left a blessing.

Pails of milk, rivers of wine, a sea of coins
Fortune showered upon them.
[But] God save us,
Everything became too little for them.

They were punished for their sin of greed.
The milk and wine ran dry, and nothing remained
Of the coins.
Yosl klezmer
LAZAR WEINER; POEM: NAFTOLI GROSS

TRANSLITERATION

Az yosl klezmer shpilt af a simkhe,
Tantst khevre vi a khvalye in yam,
Me hulyet, me trinkt un me zingt:
Hey tadiri, tadiri, dam.

Er tantst mit zayn fidl in redl
Dem marshelik helft er tsum gram;
Az yosl klezmer shpilt afn fidl—
Tantst khevre vi a khvalye in yam.

Iber hundert un tsvantsik, az s’vet kumen
Oykh yosls sho tsu geyn,
Vet er farn kise hakoved
Zikh shteln aleyn un kleyn.

Nor az khevre vet im derzen dort:
Hey tadiri, tadiri, dam.
Ot iz er yosl der klezmer!
Un tantsn vi a khvalye in yam.

ENGLISH TRANSLATION

When Yosl the klezmer plays at a celebration
The crowd dances like a wave in the sea.
They revel, they drink, and they sing.
Hey, tay-di-ri, tay-di-ri dam.

He dances with his fiddle in the circle;
He accompanies the jester with his rhymes.
When Yosl the klezmer plays his fiddle—
Folks dance like a wave in the sea.

After a hundred and twenty years, when
Yosl’s hour will also come,
Before God’s throne
He will stand humble and alone.

But when folks will catch sight of him there:
Hey, tay-di-ri, tay-di-ri dam.
There he is, “Yosl the klezmer!”
And they’ll dance like a wave in the sea.
Once there was a Jew called Yidl;
Yidl the Jew played the fiddle.
The poor Yidl fiddles a song,
As only Yidl can.
Ay, day-day . . .

His wife pleads with him:
“Yidl, my love,
Fiddle your song with thread and needle.
We need sustenance; what good is your song?
Become a tailor; be a good Jew.”
The little Jew sings with his heart on the fiddle:
“Life is bitter and the song is sweet.”
His wife then says to him:
“You incorrigible Jew, Yidl!
Your fiddling is as useless as a matza cutter.

I’m talking about practical matters — think about it,
A Jew with a song is like a wind in the desert.”
The Jew fiddles his song on the fiddle:
“All of the things one could do with himself,
I like music.”
His wife rages:
“Yidl, you Jew!
Your wife wails and you sing a song!”
The Jew cried and pleaded with his fiddle:
“I can’t help myself; my life is the fiddle.”

So the battle over the song goes on:
The wife pleads; the little Jew plays a Jewish song.
He fiddles and sings, the Jew with the fiddle.
And the more the Jew plays, the prettier the song.
On the wall, to the left of my bed
Hangs my daughter Shifrele’s portrait.

Often, in the tired night,
When I long for her and think,
I see how she looks at me;
I hear how she speaks:

“Papa, I know you are sad.
The war won’t last much longer.
I will soon come back to you.
Spring is already knocking at the door.”

Smiling lovingly at me it speaks —
Shifrele’s portrait.
Were the entire world to suffer,
And only I were well,
I would invite the entire world into my home.

I would comfort her and caress her,
And say, “World, do not worry!”
Until she would come back to herself
And stand on her own again.

Were the world happy,
And I alone were laden with sorrow,
Then I would go over to her
And demand: “Give me happiness.”

But as we both suffer,
Both the world and I,
The world has nowhere to come,
And I have nowhere to go.
ENGLISH TRANSLATION

Are you upset with me?
I don’t know why.
All day you walk around
With a long face.
Maybe you want to know
If I love you —
Let us then take a trip together
To see the Rebbe.
We’ll go to the Rebbe
And give him a token gift,
So that he should pray to God for us
That we may have a good life.
Oh, the Rebbe,
He will bless us.

So that from now on both of us
Will live like people should do.
And as we travel
Back from the Rebbe,
We’ll take a detour
Over to the Salva Market.
There I will buy for you
A watch and chain,
And a large pretty piece
Of silk for a dress.
So don’t be upset anymore,
And quickly set the table;
And sit down to eat with me,
And get a kiss from me.

Bistu mit mir broygez (Are You Upset with Me?)
OFER BEN-AMOTS; POEM: FOLKLORE

TRANSLITERATION

Bistu mit mir broygez
Veys ikh nit farvos,
Du geyst a gantsn tog arum
Aropgelozt di noz.
Ta ra ta ra da da.

Efsher vilstu visn
Tsi ikh hob dikh lib,
Lomir beyde ariberforn
Tsuv dem gutn yid.

Tsu a gutn yidn
A pidyen im opgebm
Zol er far undz got bten
Af a gut lebn.
Ta ra . . .

Oy, der guter yid
Er vet dokh undz bentshn
Az mir veln beyde fun haynt on
Vayter zayn menteishn.

Un az mir veln forn
Tsurik fun gutn yid,
Veln mir beyde ariberforn
In salve afn yarid.
Ta ra . . .

Dort vel ikh dir koyfn
A zeyger un a keyt,
Un a groyse sheyne shtik
Zaydns af a kleyd.

To zay zhe mer nit broyges,
Un greyt af gikh tsum tish,
Un zets zikh mit mir esn
Bakumstu fun mir a kish.

OREGINAL YIDDISH

ביסטו מיט מיר ברוגז
וייס איי ניט פארוף,
דוע גייסט אַ גאַנסן טאָג אורום
אַראָפּבעלטען די זאָן.
סע אַדאָ טאָ דאָ דאָ.

אַפֿשער הויטס אוָסן
עי נאָהָאָ דאָ דאָ ליב,
עלאָמר בײַדן אַראָפּבעלטען.
עק דעט געכן ייִד.

וי אַ נטש ייִד
אָ פֿרײַן איַס אַפֿאַרבן.
טאָל נאָ פֿאר אָנעַדוֹ רְזעַ בֿעטֿן.
אָך יאָ גוט לועַבֿן.
סאָ זאָ אָדאָ.

אָ יאָ אוַנע טאָנער ייִד
 כגען דאָט אָנעַדוֹ בֿעטשנן.
אָ זאָ אוַנע פוּדען פֿאר אָנעַדוֹ בֿעטשנן.
זײַ אוַנע פֿאָר ניט דאָי.

אָט אָ פֿאָר ייִד
זײַ אוַנע פוּדען פֿאָר.
אָט אָ ראָפּאָר ייִד.
סאָ אָדאָ.

אָדערט אוַנע פּאלֶאָڕ
אָ יאָט שאָ גאָן אָ פֿאָר,
אָ טאָג אָ רײַען שײַנשעט פײַס.
יִידיש אָ פּאָר אָ קליַד.

סאָ מיט שײַם ניט ברוכנֿ.
אוַ נڳאָר אָיָאָךְ די זעַג שײַם.
אוַ נڳאָר דוּ מיט מיר טעם.
בֿאָקומֿהָסּ פֿאָר Mãָ קײַש.
Knock, knock: Let me in!
Are you asleep? Tell me.
I might not be sleeping.
But I’m certainly not opening the door!

Knock, knock on the golden door:
Open up for me, my love!

You should not be knocking.
I will not open for you!

Such a wind is blowing; such a rain is falling.
I will drench my silk outfit.

Take off your silk outfit
And lay it under the little trees.

With what should I then cover myself?
And who will wake me?

The little tree will cover you;
The little bird will wake you.

Knock, knock: Let me in!
Shlofstu? To zog zhe mir!

Shlofn, shlofn ikh afile nit,
Nor efenen vel ikh avade nit!

Knock, knock in goldn tir,
Mayn libe efn mir!

Klapn klapn zolstu nit!
Efenen vel ikh dir nit!

Such a wind is blowing; such a rain is falling.
’skhvel aynnetsn mayn zaydn kleyd.

Take off your silk outfit
And lay it under the little trees.

With what should I then cover myself?
And who will wake me?

The little tree will cover you;
The little bird will wake you.
Avremele Melamed! [Avremele the teacher]
In whose house a grain of forbidden barley—khomets—
was found in the matza balls at the first seder on Pesah?
Avremele Melamed!

Whose butter did the cat lick up by the
first day Shavu'ot, so he was left with blintzes?
Avremele Melamed's!

Oy! Who went off to the mikve on first day
Rosh Hashana right after the early morning service
and missed the sounding of the shofar?
Avremele Melamed!

Whose white rooster died on the eve of
Yom Kippur, leaving him without a kapore—so he
couldn’t shlog kapores for his sins?
Avremele Melamed's!
You always keep company only with rich, beautiful ladies.
How is it that you suddenly think of me?

Both:
Just one look at you is enough, my dear.
You have already won my true love, and you will remain the crown of my heart.
I know, my dear, that they will separate the two of us.
But still the moment I first met you will remain sacred to me.
Just one look at you . . .

*From Di eyntsike nakht
I'll tell you straight from the heart.  
It’s not just a matter of my thoughts and desires:  
It’s not just my aches and pain—  
I suffer from a disease they call "old age."  
It gnaws at me, as I’m overtaken by longing [for my youth].

What was, was, and is no more.  
Those years are gone.  
Youth is fleeting; there’s no going back—  
Those years won’t return.  
Because that was, was, and will be no more.

We lose our strength, and our desires weaken.  
The hair turns grey.  
We get all dressed up, all fixed up—  
It doesn’t help.  
And we fool no one but ourselves  
Because what was, was, and will be no more.
Shloymele, Malkele

JOSEPH RUMSHINSKY; LYRICS: ISADORE LILLIAN

MALKELE:
I am a loyal sister to you,
Oh, brother, just listen to me . . .

SHLOYMELE:
You're like a picture—a joy to look at you.
Must I really be your brother?

MALKELE:
Brother, I will always protect you
and look out for you at every step.

SHLOYMELE:
Oh, kiss me and don’t think of me as your brother.

BOTH:
Oh, Shloymele, Shloymele, brother, come closer to me!
Oh, Malkele, Malkele, sister, come closer to me!
Oh, Malkele (Shloymele), I’m crazy for you.

*From Dos galitsiyaner rebele
Afn pripetshik brent a fayerl,
Un in shtub iz heys.
Un der rebe lernt kleyne kinderlekh
Dem alef-beyz.

Zet zhe kinderlekh, gedenkt zhe, tayere,
Vos ir lernt do.
Zogt zhe nokh a mol un take nokh a mol:
Komets-alef—o!

Az ir vet kinderlekh, dem goles shlepn,
Oysgemutshet zayn,
Zolt ir fun di oysyes koyekh shlepn,
Kukt in zey arayn!

Zet zhe kinderlekh . . .

As you grow weary, children, of our exile,
Burdened with it,
You will find strength in these letters.
Look at them!

There’s a fire in the hearth
And it’s hot inside
And the teacher drills the little children
In the alphabet:
“Remember, dear children,
What you’re learning here.
Repeat it again and again:
Komets-alef is ‘O’.”
For we are all brothers and sing happy songs. We stay together, always united, caring for one another; we are happy and lively, always singing and dancing.
Special thanks to:
Alix Brandwein
Chava Lapin
Neil Levin
Alex Weiser
Moshe Zeilingold
for their help preparing these texts.
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