CONCERT, THURSDAY, MAY 26

Performances feature current and former students of the Bard College Conservatory:

Singers:
Jardena Gertler-Jaffe, Maximillian Jansen, Samantha Martin, Megan Jones

Pianists:
Sung-Soo Cho, Ryan McCullough

Clarinet:
Collin Lewis

Violin:
Blanche Darr

Dan Shore
Five Songs from Anna Berkowitz (2021)

Eléonore Biezunski
Ikh hob nisht keyn shande
Kum aroys tsu mir mayn libste
Hostu mikh lib

Solomon Rosowsky
Ikh bin a balegole (1914)

Solomon Rosowsky
Lomir zikh iberbetn (1914)

David Ludwig
Di alte kashe (2021)

Zhenya Lopatnik
Stav ya pyty
In droyzn iz fintster
Tsvelef a zeyger shpoyt bay nakht

Frederic Rzewski
Mayn yingele (1989)

Hugo Weisgall
Selections from The Golden Peacock (1980)

Dan Schlosberg
Futility (is Futility) (2021)

Sarah Myerson
Kum, lomir beyde a libe shpiln
Mentshn, hert zikh ayn mit kop

Lainie Fefferman
Rebbe Elimeylekh (2022)

Derek David
Four Yiddish Folksongs (2021)
Five Songs from Anna Berkowitz

1. Beautiful little birds — SEE PAGE 120

2. I am a vagrant around the houses

TRANSLITERATION

Kh’bin a geyer arum hoyz,
Hob ikh mir a shtekn,
Tra, la, la, la, la, la,
Ikh shpan in ale ekn.

Gey ikh tsu a kretshme tsu,
Klap ikh on in toyer.
“Ver binstu un vos binstu?”
Entfer ikh, “A geyer.”

“Leydik-geyer arum hoyz,
Khutspenik farshayter!”
Entfer ikh keyn eyntsik vort,
Un ikh gey mir vayar.

Fort a poyerl farbay,
“Tso ti mash na shvetshe?”
Farshtey ikh nit keyn eyntsik vort.
“Metshe, petshe, letshe!”

ORIGINAL YIDDISH

בעַּנְיִנְיָך שֵיִינְיָנְּךָ יְהִי
האָב אֵיך מיר אַ שְטַקַּן,
שֵַרָא. naam. naam. naam. naam.
אָך שָפַּאן אֵיך אָלִיל עֶקֻּה!

גיַי איכר צא אַ קַרטשְּמֶן צע.
כֻּלָּפַּן איכר צא איינ קַוירע.
“ווער בינַסֶטן אוַן וואָס בינַסֶטשא?”
עָנְטפּאַר אַיך: — אַ גִיעָה.

לַיְדִיק-גִיֵּיְר אַרְעַمز הוֹי,
קָוַטְסַפְּנִיק פָּרְשַעְטֶה!
עָנְטפּאַר אַיך קִיע יאַיינְצֶּק וואָרֶט.
آن איכר גיַי מיר הוֹטשא.

ほうろっとアリョームホイ
ほあいめ アシロットサテクン
“ショースラント イズ シュテクリ ヴォーステフ?”
エンフタール エイク オイェントス クォーア.

ENGLISH TRANSLATION

I am a vagrant around the houses, I have a walking stick. Tra, la, la, la, la, la, I step in all corners.

I go to a tavern, I knock on the gate. “Who are you and what are you?” I answer, “A vagrant.”

Idle loafer around the houses. “Impudent, insolent fellow!”
I don’t answer a single word, and I go on further.

A farmer drives past. “[in Polish] What have you got in the world?”
I don’t understand a single word. “Metshe, petshe, letshe!”
"O mother, mother, my head hurts."
"Go my child to a doctor, and maybe to two."
"A doctor can heal the patient of his sickness, but not her for whom I long."

Paper is white, and ink is black. I have fallen in love with a maiden, and it hurts my heart.
I have been harrowing [the fields] to pass the time. But my sweet darling is so far from me.
I am a beautiful little girl, I am a tiny little girl,
with tempting little black hair, with delicate little white cheeks.

I am a tiny little flower, I am a beautiful little flower,
with a little green foot, with a fragrant little bowl.

The beautiful little girl arrives, the tiny little flower tears herself out.
Little girl, tell me why you are tearing yourself out of the grass.
Come out to me my beloved

Come out to me my beloved, come out, come out! I bring you some good news, at my house, at my house, they sprout and bloom, beautiful flowers, oh, how beautiful! Oh, how beautiful! Come, let us both go!

From the morning by the door begin, begin, fresh, cool, soft little winds, begin, begin, quietly kissing the mezuzah of my house, of my house. Come, beloved, come out!

God’s grace comes flying on a sunbeam, on a sunbeam! And they sing with the valleys every spring [of water], every spring, that spring [the season] has come, they say, they say! The cherry blossoms are white as snow!
I’m a coach driver
And I work without a break.
I play my little part
And set out driving.

Driving, Driving,
A wagon full of thieves
One shouts: Go faster!
They’re gaining on us!
The other shouts: Go faster!
Day is breaking

Vyo, vyo, vyo, vyo, vyo!

I’m a coach driver
And I work without a break.
I play my little part
And set out driving.

Driving, Driving,
A wagon full of women
They chatter and chatter
May the devil take them!
לָאמֵירוּ זֶיך אייבֿערבעטן

ENGLISH TRANSLATION

Let’s make up, make up.
Set the samovar, set the samovar.
Let’s make up, don’t be a fool.
Let’s make up, make up.
Buy a pound of oranges.
Let’s make up, let’s go and dance.
Let’s make up, make up.
Let’s not fight, Let’s not fight.
Let’s make up, let’s have a good time.
Let’s make up, make up.
I’ll be your groom, I’ll be your groom.
Let’s make up, it will be happy and joyous.
The golden peacock came flying
From a distant land.
She lost her gilded feather
Much to her shame.

As it is bitter my dear mother
for a bird above the sea
So it is bitter my dear mother
To live with a cruel man.
Un hevl iz havolim un di velt iz a kholem
un a kholem iz di velt
Un alts koyft men far gelt
Un far gelt koyft men bir
Un vos dray iz nit fir
Un vos fir iz nit dray
Un vos alt iz nit nay
Un vos nay iz nit alt
Un vos varem iz nit kalt
Un vos kalt iz nit varem
Un vos raykh iz nit orem
Un vos orem iz nit raykh
Un vos krum iz nit glaykh
Un vos glaykh iz nit krum
Un vos redt iz nit shtum
Un shtum iz dokh shlekht
Un der poyer iz gerekht
Un gerekht iz der poyer
Vos zis iz nit zoyer
Un vos zoyer iz nit zis
Un vos sheyn iz nit mis
Un vos mis iz nit sheyn
Un vos tsum zitsn iz nit tsum shteyn
Shteyn iz nit tsum zitsn
Un tsum layb iz gut tsu shvitsn
Un shvitsn iz gut tsum layb
Un vos a man iz nit keyn vayb
Un vos a vayb iz nit keyn man
Un vos a top iz nit keyn fan
Un vos a fan iz nit keyn top
Un vos kimilz iz nit keyn krop
Un vos krop iz nit keyn kiml
Un keyn erd iz nit keyn himl
Un keyn himl iz nit keyn erd
Un a biks iz nisht keyn shverd
Un a shverd iz nit keyn biks
Un a futer iz fun fiks
Un fun fiks iz a futer
Un shmalts iz nit keyn puter
Un puter iz nisht keyn shmalts
Un matse bakt men on zalts
Un on zalts bakt men matse
Un a ferd iz nit keyn klyatshe
Un a klyatshe iz nit keyn ferd
Un a poyer ligt in dr’erd
Un in dr’erd ligt a poyer
Un es iz im zis un zoyer
Hevl iz havolim, hevl iz havolim
Ein Di’Velt iz a Kholem
Un a kholem iz di velt.

ENGLISH TRANSLATION

Futility is futility
and the world is a dream
and a dream is the world
and the world stands on money

and for money one buys beer
and three is not four
and four is not three
and the old is not new

and what’s new is not old
and what’s warm is not cold
and what’s cold is not warm
the rich are not poor

and the poor are not rich
and what’s bent is not straight
and what’s straight is not bent
and what speaks is not silent

and silence is bad
and the peasant is right
and just is the peasant
what’s sweet is not sour

and what’s sour is not sweet
and what’s pretty is not ugly
and what’s ugly is not pretty
and where you sit you don’t stand

and where you stand you don’t sit
and your body likes to sweat
and to sweat is good for your body
and a man is not a woman

and a woman is not a man
and a pot is not a pan
and a pan is not a pot
and caraway is not a pickle

and a pickle is not caraway
and earth is not the sky
and heaven is not the earth
and a gun is not a sword

and a sword is not a gun
and a coat is made of foxes
and from foxes is a coat
and schmaltz is not butter

and butter is not schmaltz
and one bakes matzo without salt
and without salt one bakes matzo
and a horse is not a mare

and a mare is not a horse
and a peasant is buried in the earth
and in the earth is buried a peasant
and it’s sweet and sour for him.

Futility is futility
and the world is a dream
and a dream is the world.
Az der Rebe Elimeylekh
Iz gevorn zeyer freylekh,
Iz gevorn zeyer freylekh Elimeylekh,
Hot er oysgeton di tfiln
Un hot ongeton di briln
Un geshikt nokh di fidlers di tsvey.

Un di fidldike fidlers
Hobn fidldik gefidlt,
Hobn fidldik gefidlt, hobn zey.

Un az der Rebe Elimeylekh
Iz gevorn nokh mer freylekh,
Iz gevorn nokh mer freylekh Elimeylekh,
Hot er opgemakht havdole
Mtin shames Reb Naftole
Un geshikt nokh di payklers di tsvey.

Un di paykldike payklers
Hobn paykldik gepayklt,
Hobn paykldik gepayklt, hobn zey.

Un az der Rebe Elimeylekh
Iz gevorn gor shtark freylekh,
Iz gevorn gor shtark freylekh Elimeylekh,
Hot er oysgeton dos kitl
Un hot ongeton dos hitl
Un geshikt nokh di tsimblers di tsvey.

Un di tsimbdike tsimblers
Hobn tsimbdik getsimblt,
Hobn tsimbdik getsimblt, hobn zey.
ENGLISH TRANSLATION

And when the Rabbi Elimelekh
  Became very happy,
  Became very happy, Elimelekh
  He took off his tefillin
  And put on his glasses
  And sent for his two fiddlers to play.

  And the fiddly fiddly fiddlers,
    oh they fiddled and fiddled,
    and they fiddled and fiddled all the day.
  And the fiddly fiddly fiddlers,
    oh they fiddled and fiddled,
    yes they fiddled and fiddled all the day.

  And when Rabbi Elimelekh
    Became even happier,
    Became even happier, Elimelekh
    He made Havdalah
    With his assistant, Reb Natfali
    And he sent for his two drummers to play.

  And the drummy drummy drummers
    they drummed and drummed and drummed,
    oh they drummed and drummed all the day.
  And the drummy drummy drummers
    yes they drummy drummy drummed,
    yes they drummed and drummed all the day.

  And when Rabbi Elimelekh
    Became really really happy,
    Really really happy, that Elimelekh
    He took off his suit coat,
    And he put on his little hat,
    And he sent for his two cymbalists to play.

  And the cymbally cybally cymbalists
    oh they cimbled and and they cimbled,
    and they cimbled and cimbled all the day.
  And the cymbally cymbally cymbalists
    how they cimbled and they cimbled,
    yes they cimbled and cimbled all the day!
1. Little Sarah, my love

Little Sarah, my love,
You are as pretty as a flower.
And with your beauty,
You must also grow up to be pious.
You must be pious
And your thoughts must be pious,
Like Sarah, like Rebecca,
Like Rachel, and like Leah.
With all my heart, I wish you
A good life in this world.
And a handsome groom,
With lots of money.
And if God grants me this,
I shall make this vow:
To drink three glasses of matzah-water
One after the other!

Little Sarah, my soul,
You are as pretty as a flower.
And, along with your beauty,
You must also grow up to be pious.
You must be pious
And everyone must by pious,
Your life, your love,
Your future, you freedom!

With all my heart, I wish you...(etc.)
TRANSLITERATION
Bay a taykhele vakst a beymele,
Vaksn af im tsvaygn.
Mit alemen bistu frayndlekh
Nor mir heystu shvaygn.
Bay a taykhele vakst a beymele,
Vaksn af im blumen.
Freg ikh dikh, libster, ven vestu kumen?
Kh’freg: ven vestu kumen?
Bay a taykhele vakst a beymele,
Vaksn af im bleter.
Freg ikh dikh, libster, ven vestu shoyn kumen?
Leygst alts op af shpeter.

ORIGINAL YIDDISH
בײַ אַ טײַכעלע װאַקסט אַ בײמעלע
װאַקסן אױף אים צװײַגן.
מיט אַלעמען ביסט פֿרײַנדלעך
נאָר מיר הײסטו שװײַגן.
בײַ אַ טײַכעלע װאַקסט אַ בײמעלע
װאַקסן אױף אים בלומען.
פֿרעיג איך ליבסטער, װען טעסט קומען?
כ’פֿרעיג׃ װען טעסט קומען?
בײַ אַ טײַכעלע װאַקסט אַ בײמעלע
װאַקסן אױף אים בלוּטער.
פֿרעיג איך, ליבסטער, װען טעסט שױן קומען?
לײגסט אָלץ אָפּ אױף שפּעטער.

ENGLISH TRANSLATION
By a little brook, there grows a little tree
On it there grow branches.
You speak and are friendly with everybody,
But you tell me to be silent.
By a little brook, there grows a little tree
On it there grow flowers.
I ask you, beloved, when will you come?
I ask: when are you coming?
By a little brook, there grows a little tree
On it there grow leaves.
I ask you, beloved, oh when will you come?
But you always put it off until later.
I have a coach
Covered with black leather,
I have two horses like lions,
And four wheels.

But the wheels don’t turn,...
I might have been a cobbler,
But I don’t have an awl,
I might have been a cantor,
But I don’t have a voice.

But the wheels don’t turn...
אױף די פֿעלדער וײן.
Kum, Yaninke, korn zeyen.
Kum, Yaninke, korn bindn
Biz di zun zi vet farshvindn.
Forn furn iber vegn.
Kum, Yaninke, tsu mir dernebn.

Ikh vel zikh lebn dir nit zetsn
Vayl mentshn zogn az du libst mikh.

Vos art es dir vos mentshn zogn?
Vos art es dir vos mentshn redn?
Zolst nit hern vos laytn zogn!
Loyf, Yaninke, kh’vel dir yogn!
Oyb ikh khap dir, bistu mayne?
Akh, Yaninke, bist a fayne.

אױף די פֿעלדער וײן.
Kum, Yaninke, korn zeyen.
Kum, Yaninke, korn bindn
Biz di zun zi vet farshvindn.
Forn furn iber vegn.
Kum, Yaninke, tsu mir dernebn.

Ikh vel zikh lebn dir nit zetsn
Vayl mentshn zogn az du libst mikh.

Vos art es dir vos mentshn zogn?
Vos art es dir vos mentshn redn?
Zolst nit hern vos laytn zogn!
Loyf, Yaninke, kh’vel dir yogn!
Oyb ikh khap dir, bistu mayne?
Akh, Yaninke, bist a fayne.

## ENGLISH TRANSLATION

Winds blow over the fields
Come, Yaninke, sow rye with me.

Come, Yaninke, bind rye with me
’Till the sun vanishes.

Travel over the paths before then
Come, Yaninke, sit next to me.

“I won’t sit next to you,
Because people say that you love me.”

What do you care what people say?
What do you care what people talk?
You shouldn’t listen to what people say!
Run, Yaninke, I’ll chase you!

If I catch you, will you be mine?
Akh, Yaninke, you’re so beautiful.
I'm not ashamed, I'm not embarrassed

As sung by Fanye Halpern

ENGLISH TRANSLATION

I'm not ashamed, I'm not embarrassed,
I come by the profession honestly.
Not stealing—but taking.

Who didn't know my mother, Zlatke?
Every day in a different store, she used to
Not steal, but take.

And everyone has heard of my father,
Itsikl Pabidnik, who only liked other people’s horses.
He didn’t have stealing in mind, only taking.

And my sister was known to all—
Khanele the flirt with her long arms.
She didn’t use to steal, just take.

After my time is up I’ll leave
A testament to each of my children:
Never steal. Just take.

TRANSLITERATION

Ikh hob nisht keyn shande, ikh hob nisht keyn bushe,
Di profesye iz mir gekumen boyerush
Az kh’zol nisht ganvenen, nor nemen, nor nemen.

Ver hot nisht gekent mayn mame Zlatke
Vos ayedn tog flegt zi in an ander yatke
Kholile nisht ganvenen, nor nemen, nor nemen.

Un fun mayn tatn hobn ale gehert,
Itsikl pabidnik vos hot lib nor fremde ferd.
Er meynt nisht tsu ganvenen, nor nemen, nor nemen.

Un mayn shvester hobn ale gekent,
Khanele di kuritse mit di lange hent.
Zi flegt nisht ganvenen, nor nemen, nor nemen.

Iber hundert yor vel ikh ale mayne kinder
Iberlozn a tsavoe yedern bazunder:
Zey zol nisht ganvenen, nor nemen, nor nemen.
Come out to me my beloved — SEE PAGE 168

If you want me

As sung by Ruth Rubin

I told you and told you and told you
That beautiful I am not,
If you want me, step right up!
If you want a pretty one, control yourself.
I can’t control myself any more.

I told you and told you and told you
That money have I none,
If you want me, step right up!
If you want someone rich, control yourself.
I can’t control myself any more.

I told you and told you and told you
That I have no family background to speak of,
If you want me, step right up!
If you want someone who has what
I don’t, control yourself.
I can’t control myself any more.

I told you and told you and told you
That I am not intelligent.
If you want me, step right up!
If you want someone clever, control yourself.
I can’t control myself any more.
I started to drink on Friday, on Friday
I had drunk, had drunk, my calf away.
One must, must know, how to be merry,
One must know, how to talk.
Oh, how to give a just reckoning
For the Master, the Lord,
Oh, to justify oneself.
But we drink, we drink, and we revel.
And we drink wine like water,
And we say together, “lekhayim,”
And you, O Lord, please hearken to us in heaven.
It is dark outdoors
As sung by Solomon (Harry) Ary

ENGLISH TRANSLATION

It is dark outdoors and late at night
Not a hum not a stir, not a bird flies in the street
Where were you? I want to speak a few words with you
Where were you? I want to be together with you.

Come on out my sweet darling
I stand here waiting in the street, bewildered
Come on out, I want to speak a few words with you
Come on out, I want to be together with you.

And your lovely face with your black eyes
And your mouth with your pretty white teeth
Where were you? I want to speak a few words with you
Come on out, I want to walk with you.
צװעלעף אַ זײגער שפּעט בײַ נאַכט

Twelve o’clock late in the night

TRANSLITERATION

Tsvelef a zeyger shpet bay nakht,
Me zet kayn mensh shoyn nit geyn.
Adort, adort geyt zakh Vyeroshka
Un Palmat tut ir akeyngoyn.

Yetst iz gekimen di riktikte tsayt
Az du zolst zogn yo tsu neyn.
Akh, yo tsy neyn zog ikh dir nit
Vayl mayne eltern zey viln dikh nisht.

Oy, mayne eltern, zey tien mir shtern,
Ikh zol far dir keyn kale nisht vern.

Vi Palmat hot dos derhert,
Di geshikhte hot im shtark farodrosn,
Aroysekhapt hot er dem revolver,
In hot Vyeroshken geshosn.

Vi er hot zi nor geshosn,
Gebilbn lign iz zi vi eyn shteyn.
Akh oysgekerevet hot er dem revolver
Un hot geshosn zikh aleyn.

Vi er hot zikh nor geshosn,
Di pulye hot im nisht getrofn.
Adye, adye, mayn tayer leybn.
Ikh vel shoyn mer af dir nit hofn.

Erev yonkip er oyf der nakht,
Di muter hot dos fleshl opgegosn.
A viste bsure iz men ir gekumen zogn
Az me hot Vyeroshken geshosn.

Nemt aykh tsunoyf, ale gute-fraynd,
Un nemt arop fun mis a raye.
Ikh hob gezolt geyn tsu Vyeras khupe
Un yetst gey ikh tsun ir levaye.

Nemt aykh tsunoyf, ale gute-fraynd,
Un helft mir veynun un klohn.
Az ayere kinder veln a libe shpiln,
Keyne dvey ir zey nisht zogn.

Zay mir moykhli, Vyera, tokhter,
Palmat iz geven bay mir der shenster.
Oy, in dayn toyt iz keyner nit shuldik.
Du host an elter savnest.
It is twelve o'clock late in the night
There are no people outdoors
Only Vyerochka is going there
And Palmat is going towards her.

It is the right time
You have to answer yes or no
Yes or no I cannot answer
My parents prevent this

When Palmat heard it
He became very upset
He took a gun
And shot Vyerochke

When he shot her
She lay as a stone
So he turned his gun toward himself
And shot himself

He shot himself
But the bullet didn’t hit him
Farewell my life
I have no hopes any more.

On the evening of Yom Kippur
The mother broke the glass
Bad news came to her
That Vyerochka was shot

Hold me my dear friends
And make an example from me
I should go to the Vyera’s wedding
And now I am going to her funeral

Hold me my dear friends
And help me to cry
When your kids will be in love
Don’t tell them your ideas

Forgive me, my daughter Vyera,
I liked Palmat a lot
No one is guilty in your death
Because you have an older sister.
**TRANSLITERATION**

Kum, lomir beyde a libe shpiln,
Mir zaynen beyde fun got a por.
Oy, shvern shver ikh dir baym sher-un-ayzn
Az vartn vel ikh oyf dir tsvey-dray yor.

Oy, tsvey-dray yor vel ikh oyf dir vartn
Un afile fir iz dokh oykh keday.
Oy, gelt in polk arayn vel ikh dir shikn
Un mutshen vel ikh zikh bay shnayderay.

Bay shnayderay vel ikh zikh mutshen
Un lebn vel ikh in groys noyt.
Az du vest fun dayn sluzhbe kumen
Zolstu nit zogn ikh bin an alte moyd.

Veyn nisht, dushe, veyn nisht, lyube,
Du nem a britshkele un for aheym.
Vi gikh ikh vel zikh nor fun polk bafrayen
Vel ikh kumen tsu dir tsu geyn.

**ORIGINAL YIDDISH**

קום, לאָמיר בײדע אַ ליבע שפּילן
מיר זײַנען בײדע פֿון גאָט אַ פּאָר.
Oy, shvern shver ikh dir бײַם שער־און־אײַזן
Az vartн vel ikh oyф dir tsvey-dray yor.

Oy, tsvey-dray yor vel ikh oyф dir varton
Un afиле фיר iz dokh oykh keday.
Oy, gelt in polk араָן vel ikh dir шיקн
Un mutșен vel ikh zikh bay shnayderay.

Bay shnayderay vel ikh zikh mutşен
Un lebn vel ikh in groys noyt.
Az du vest fun dayn sluzhbe kumen
Zolstу nit zоgn ikh бин an alte moyd.

Veyn nisht, душе, veyn nisht, lyube,
Du nem а britshkele un for аheym.
Vi gikh ikh vel zikh nor fun polk bafrayen
Vel ikh kumen tsu dir tsu geyn.

**ENGLISH TRANSLATION**

Come let’s be in love
We are a pair ordained by God
I swear to you on scissors and iron
That I will wait for you two or three years.

I will wait for you two or three years
Even four, is also OK
I’ll send money to the regiment
And suffer alone at my sewing.

At my sewing I will suffer
And live in great need
When you do return from service
You shouldn’t say I’m an old maid.

Don’t cry sweetheart, don’t cry my darling
Take a small carriage and travel home
As soon as I am free from the regiment
I will come back to you.
TRANSLITERATION

Mentshn, hert zikh ayn mit kop,
Ikh vel aykh bald dertseyln.
Ikh vel aykh zingen a lid.
Fun dem soldatshikls lebn.
Un az okh un az vey iz tsu mayne yunge yorn
Az ikh darf zayn ba fonyen a soldat!

Yontev, az men geyt fun shul,
Hert men a geyomer, a geveyln.
In ale geselekfil,
Zeyt men soldatshiklekh shteyn.
Oy, tsu yedin balebos zenen zey tsegangen.
“Nemt af yontev a soldat!”

Der balebos nements im on far der hant
In lozt im shteyn bay der tir.
Aley geyt er arayn tsu der madam,
“Kh’hob gebraht a gast far dir!”
“Oy, dayne gest zenen mir shoyn bakant,
Avade af yontev a soldat.”

Dus soldatshikl vus shteyt unter der tir,
Er tut dos alts oyshern.
In fun di reyd fun der madam
Bagist er zikh mit blutike trern,
“Akh, ir mentshn, oy, ir libe mentshn,
Tsi vyest ir vos iz mayn geveyn?
Tsi vyest ir, mentshn, akh, ir libe mentshn,
Vos fun ayere kinder kon geshen?”

ORIGINAl YIDDIsh

מענטשן, הערט זיך אײַן מיט קאָ
איך װעל אײַך באַלד דערצײלן.
איך װעל אײַך זינגען אַ ליד
פֿון דעם סאָלדאַטשיקלס לעבן.
آنז אַך אָר אָר אײַך אָר צו מיטנע יונגע יאָר
آن אַך דאַרײַך ויו בײַ פֿאָנײַען אָ סעַלדײַטן.

ויױ-שױד, אױ מײַן גיט פֿײַ שװל.
הערט מײַן אַ צעיאמעטא, אױ גװיעעװ.
אין אײַך אַעױט געװײַװלעװ פֿײַל.
ויױ מײַן סאָלדאַטשיקלעװ שװײַן.
АН, צו יעדן בױל-הײַחיט וױנעװ יײַ צײַנעגאָנגעװ.
געגעװ צײַך יױ-שױד, אױ סעַלדײַטן.

דער בױל-הײַחב שױצײװ אײַך אָן פֿױר דער האן.
آنז לױצײװ אײַך שװײװ בײַ דער צײַר.
אײַךײװ יײַן רע אװײַן צו דער מײַנאָם.
“בױפֿײַװ גױצײָװקעס אײַך גײַסװ פֿײַר דרי.”
“אױ, יװײַד געװײַװ צײַנעװ מײַן שװײװ בײַקײָװקעס.
אײװאָדײַך צײַך יױ-שױד, אױ סעַלדײַטן.”

אַבױפֿײַװ שװײװקײַװ אײַך שװײװ אײַװסװײװ דער צײַר.
רױ טױצײװ אַלײַן אױפֿײַװקײַװ.
אױ פֿון דוּרי פֿון דער מײַנאָם.
בײַגײַװסװױן רע יױ-שױד בױלטעײַװ שװײװ.
“אײװאָדײַך רע אױפֿײַװקײַװ אײַך שװײװ בײַקײָװקעס.
יבײַװײַװ צײַך שװײװ אײַװסװײװ.
אױ פֿון דוּרי פֿון דער מײַniej קײַװן?”

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As sung by Sylvia and Solomon (Harry) Ary
ENGLISH TRANSLATION

People, listen carefully,
And I will tell you all about it.
I will sing you a song
About the life of a young soldier.
“Oh it’s woe unto me and my young years,
That I have to serve in Fonyé’s* army!”

On the holidays, when folks are returning home from shul,
You can hear the crying and the moaning.
In all the lanes all around,
Many young soldiers are gathered.
They approach each householder, pleading:
“Take a soldier home for the holiday!”

The householder takes him by the hand,
And then lets him stand outside the door,
While he goes in alone to his wife, saying:
“I’ve brought you a guest!”
“Oh, I know your kind of guest!
Probably a soldier for the holiday!”

The young soldier standing at the door,
Overhears their conversation.
Upon the wife’s remarks,
He sheds bitter tears.
“Oh you people, kind and loving people,
Do you know why I am weeping?
Oh, do you know, dear people,
That this can happen to your own children?”

*pejorative term for Russians