TEN CHILDREN’S SONGS
OF Y. L. PERETZ
BY MOSES MILNER

YIVO INSTITUTE FOR JEWISH RESEARCH
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SIDNEY KRUM YOUNG ARTISTS CONCERT SERIES

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TEN CHILDREN’S SONGS by Y. L. PERETZ
צען קינדערלידער פֿון י.-ל. פּרץ
MUSIC BY MOSES MILNER, 1921

performed by
Lucy Fitz Gibbon & Ryan MacEvoy McCullough

1. CRADLE SONG / וויגליד
2. QUIET LITTLE CAT / קאッツעלעט, שטיל
3. A GOOD NIGHT / א גוטע נאַכט
4. THE BIRD / דער פויגל
5. THE SAILOR / דער שיפֿער
6. LITTLE ROLL / برײֲטעלעט
7. DANCE, DANCE, LITTLE GIRL, DANCE! / טאַנץ, טאַנץ, מיידעלעט, טאַנץ!
8. THE HUNTER / דער יעגער
9. BALL GAME / באַלשקיפֿיל
10. ON THE LITTLE GREEN HILL / אויפֿן גרינעם בערגעלעט
CRADLE SONG

ENGLISH TRANSLATION

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, . . .

ORIGINAL YIDDISH

שטייט אין פֿעלד אַ ביימעלע
האָט עס גרעינע צװײַגעלעך,
זיצט דערױף אַ פײגעלע,
מאָכט עס צו די אייגעלעך.

אַפֿ מִד גּרײַנע צװײַגעלעך
וַאַקסט אַ גאָלַן עפּײַלע,
דײַ אייגעלעך מאַך צו מײַן קינד,
אַ בּרַכֶה אַוּף דײַן קעםײַלע!

שליַפֿן שױן די פײגעלעך
דײַ מײַמע זינגט זײ: אַ!— אַ!— אַ!—
סײַ אַ שטייל נאַכּט: אַ!— אַ!—

TRANSLITERATION

Shteyt in feld a beymele,
Hot es grine tsvaygelekh,
Zitst deruf a feygele,
Makht es tsu di eygelekh.

Af di grine tsvaygelekh
Vakst a goldn epele,
Di eygelekh makh tsu mayn kind,
A brokhe af dayn kepele!

Af di grine tsvaygelekh
Shlofn shoyn di feygelekh
Di mame zingt zey: a!— a!— a!—
S’iz a shtile nakht: a!— a!—

CRADLE SONG
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.

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.
TRANSLITERATION
Tsugedekt di fiselekh,
Ikh breng dir morgn niselekh,
Frishe niselekh fun vald,
Zolst, mayn kind, nor shlofn bald!
Drimlt ayn mayn kindele fest,
Kumen bald di libe gest…
Kumen, kumen ongefloygn
Mlokhimlekh mit zise oygn
Di fligelekh fun loyter gold
Zey hobn shtile kinder holt.
Un zey kumen tsu bahitn,
Tsu bahitn un bashitsn
Mit khaloymes, shtile, sheyn,
Vi es past far kinder kleyne…
Makh nor tsu di eygelekh,
Zey flien on vi feygelekh,
Herst, mayn kind, herst mayn kroyn,
Di fligelekh, zey roysn shoyn!
Zey flien on vi feygelekh,
Makh nor tsu di eygelekh!
Shtil di eygelekh farmakht,
Hob a gute, zise nakht!

ORIGINAL YIDDISH
צוגעדעקט די פֿיסעלעך
איך ברענג דיר מאָרגן ניסעלעך,
פֿريسיע ניסעלעך פֿון װאַלד,
זאָלסט, מײַן קינד, נאָר שלוֹפֿן באַלד!
דרימלט אײַן מײַן קינדעלע פֿעסט,
קומען באַלד די ליבע געסט…
קומען, קומען אָנגעלפֿויצֿן
מּלךימלעך מיט זיסע אוּיגן
די פֿליגעלעך פֿון לויטער גאָלד
זיי האָב שטילע קינדער הַאָלט.
ואָן די קומען צו באַהיטן,
װי עס פּאַסט פֿאַר קינדער קליינע…
מאַך נאָר צו די אייגעלעך,
זאָפֿאָלט אױנ באַשיצטן
מש חוֹלומעך, שטילע, שײַען,
װי עס פּאַסט פּאַר קינדער קליינע…
מאָר באַר צו די איינטעלעך,
װי פּליגעלעך אנױ וי פּליגעלעך
עסּרּעס, מײַן קונב, העברט מײַן קרוֹיו,
װי פּליגעלעך, זייוו השייק!
װי פּליגעלעך אנױ וי פּליגעלעך,
מאָר באַר צו די איינטעלעך!
שטוּט דאָ צײַיגטעלעך פֿאַרמאַכטן,
האָב אױ גוטע, ויסע נאַכט!
ENGLISH TRANSLATION

Covered feet
I'll bring you little nuts tomorrow

Fresh little nuts from the forest,
Come now, my child, fall asleep immediately

As soon as my little child is asleep,
The dear guests are coming soon,

Coming, flying
All of the little sweet-eyed angels,

On little wings of pure gold
They are fond of quiet children.

And they come to protect,
To protect and to shelter

With quiet, beautiful dreams,
As is fitting for little children...

Close your little eyes,
They arrive in flight like little birds,

Listen, my child, listen, my crown,
The little wings, they're already rustling!

They arrive in flight like little birds,
Close your little eyes!

Your eyes quietly shut:
Have a good, sweet night!
On a tree in the green forest
A wonderful bird sounds:
   Tra-la-la, tra-la-la!

A little boy runs up
And the bird flees:
   Tra-la-la, tra-la-la!

What are you running away from?
Cries the little boy
I wouldn't do you any harm:
   Tra-la-la, tra-la-la!

I implore you bird, little bird stay!
And the bird I don't believe!
   Tra-tra-la-la!

On a tree in the green forest
A wonderful bird sounds:
   Tra-la-la, tra-la-la!

A little boy runs up
And the bird flees:
   Tra-la-la, tra-la-la!

What are you running away from?
Cries the little boy
I wouldn't do you any harm:
   Tra-la-la, tra-la-la!
The rain has stopped,
The sky has already cleared,
Only the roofs are wet,
Little streams trickle in the street,
Trickle, trickle, trickle.

I found my boat
Released it on the water,
And the wind comes and blows
Chasing my boat quickly
On the wings of the wind.

Fly, fly my boat!
And to where will you fly my boat?
There, to the free world,
Which is bright, which is green,
Birds sing, flowers bloom!
Boat, boat, take me with you!
Dear little bread, little bread,
Little bread!
A little bread ought be round, of course.

And now:
Quickly into the little oven!

Enough in the oven;
Num, num, num!
Finished—no more!
Dance, dance, little girl, dance
With a garland of flowers!
Dance, dance, little girl, dance
With a garland of flowers!

See the heavens laugh with tears,
Soon you’ll be a bride
Dance, little girl, dance
With a garland of flowers!

Play, musicians!
Play, musicians!
My little girl wants to dance,
My little girl wants to dance
In her nice little outfit,
Dance with feeling,
Play, musicians, play!

Dance, dance, little girl, dance
With a garland of flowers!
The Hunter

ENGLISH TRANSLATION

Yankele wants to be a hunter,
Yankele wants to go into the forest
He only wants to shoot a bear!
Where does one get a gun?
Our Yankele spots
A broom standing in the corner
With the broom he will hunt
And take down a big bear!
He can't stay at home anymore,
He wants to pick up the broom
But one side is heavy and it falls,
Knocking the hunter over.
No bear and no hare,
And he bruised his nose!
He no longer wants to go out into the forest,
He no longer wants to be a hunter!
To the wall! Spring back!
In an instant to the wall!
To the wall! Back to me!
One and two, three and four
Five and six, hit it harder!
I throw and catch, throw and catch!
There and back! Seven eight,
I've mastered the game!
I've mastered the game!
Afn grinem bergele
Vakst a yung beymele,
Vil dos beymele nit shlofn.
Di levone tut es shtrofn:
“Tsayt dir dremlen, beymele,
Afn grinem bergele!”
Azoy zogn oykh di shtern,
Nor dos beymele vil nisht hern,
Vil nisht tsumakhn di oygn—
Iz a vinteles tsegloyn
Tsu dem grinem bergele,
Khapt arum dos beymele,
Shoklt shtil un vigt es ayn:
“Beymele, beymele, ruik zayn!
Shlofn muz men, beymele grin!”
Vigt aher, vigt ahin.
Dremlt ayn dos beymele
Afn grinem bergele.

ENGLISH TRANSLATION

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 —
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