



SEMER
ENSEMBLE
RESCUED TREASURE

SONG LYRICS & ENGLISH TRANSLATIONS

For more information about the original recordings, including composers, lyricists and performers, please download Notes on the Recordings.

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- 01** ICH TANZ‘ UND MEIN HERZ WEINT [TRAD.]
- 02** SCHOLEM BAITH [TRAD.]
- 03** SIMCHU BI JERUSCHALAJM / E‘ISE PELE [TRAD./N.ALTERMAN]
- 04** DIE WELT IST KLEIN GEWORDEN [C.BRY/F.ENDRIKAT]
- 05** KADDISCH [DER JÜDISCHE SOLDAT] [O.STRANSKY/K.ROBITSCHK]
- 06** DAS KIND LIEGT IN WIGELE [TRAD.]
- 07** CZÁRDAS [J.HUBAY]
- 08** ACHENU KOL BES ISROEL [J.ROSENBLATT]
- 09** JAD ANUGA [TRAD./ S.SCHNEUR/M.GNESSIN]
- 10** LEBKA FÄHRT NACH AMERIKA [TRAD.]
- 11** IM GASTHOF ZUR GOLDENEN SCHNECKE [W.ROSEN/M.LION]
- 12** VORBEI [R.MARBOT/B.REISFELD]

01 ICH TANZ' UND MEIN HERZ WEINT

I DANCE, BUT MY HEART IS CRYING

Lyrics: unknown (Yiddish), Music: unknown

Ven ikh tants in dem glants fil mit freyd,
In ikh vil gliklekh nor zayn.
Ven ikh zing, vi es klingt bay dem tants.
Dos meydl iz, ober, nisht mayn.

Vayl ikh tants in mayn harts in mir veynt,
Ikh bager nokh ir tsoyber geshtalt.
Fremd iz dus meydl vus ikh halt
Bay dem tants azoy fremd, azoy kalt.
(Ikh shmeykhl, ikh lakh...)

Ikh shmeykhl, ikh lakh, in ikh trakht
Az shver iz tsi lakhn
Ven dus harts is farshteynt.
In ikh tants in mayn harts in mir zugt:
Farges in dem gliklekhn tug.

Ikh gedenk ersht nisht lang iz dus geveyn,
In eyn gortn fin blumen, a prakht.
Vi getantst, in gelakht a gantse nakht,
Vi a khulem iz dus nor geveyn.

Vayl ikh tants in mayn harts in mir veynt,
Ikh bager nokh ir tsoyber geshtalt.
Fremd iz dus meydl vus ikh halt
Bay dem tants azoy fremd, azoy kalt.

Ikh shmeykhl, ikh lakh, in ikh trakht
Az shver iz tsi lakhn
Ven dus harts is farshteynt.
In ikh tants in mayn harts in mir zugt:
Farges in dem gliklekhn tug.

I dance, glowing with joy,
And I just want to be happy.
I sing to the music while I dance,
But the girl I love isn't mine.

So I dance, but my heart is crying,
I long for her enchanting countenance,
The girl in my arms is like a stranger,
While we dance, so distant and cold.
(I smile and laugh...)

I smile and laugh, but all the while I think
That it's hard to laugh
When my heart has turned to stone.
And I dance but inside my heart says:
Forget your days of happiness.

I remember, it wasn't so long ago,
In a garden of flowers, a glory,
How we danced and laughed all night,
It was just like a dream.

I may dance, but inside, my heart is crying,
I desire her magical countenance.
The girl in my arms is like a stranger,
While we dance, she's so distant and cold.

I smile and laugh, but all the while I think
That it's hard to laugh
When my heart is turned to stone.
And I dance but inside my heart says:
Forget your days of happiness.

02 SCHOLEM BAITH

Lyrics: unknown (Yiddish), Music: unknown

[Zi]
Vi kensti, kh'beyt dikh, Shmeyrl-lebn
Mit aza vabl untseheybn?
Di loyfst arim of ale brisn
In fin mayne tsuris vilsti nisht visn!

[Er]
Di bist a nar, gur a yente,
Nisht di ershte, nisht di tseynte,
Ale meydlekh zenen ba mir heylik –
Zey geybn mir avek dem bestn kheylek!

[Zi]
Oy, dir iz git of der velt,
In ikh, ikh hob nisht ka groshn gelt!

[Er]
Ikh es! Ikh es!
Ikh es, libe, nisht mer vi a bisl.
Arbet ikh az zol zayn epes in der shisl,
Zeks-zibn leyberlekh, akht-nayn beygelekh,
Tseyn-eylef pipiklekh,
Tsvelef-draytsn hindelekh,
In haynt a shtikl gefilte fish -
Dus iz mayn nekhome,
Dus ken derkvikn ba mayn leybn, oy, mayn neshume!

[Zi]
Oy, eyder tsu hubn aza man vi di,
Mayn Shmeyrl-leybn,
Volt ikh im beser far khoyves aroysgegeybn!

[Er]
Eyder tsi hubn aza tsure,
Oy, beser zolsti vern di kapure!

[Zi]
Oy, Shmeyrl-kroyn!

[Er]
Vus vilsti shoy'n?

[Zi]
Az okh in vey iz tse miyer!

[Er]
Oy, vues iz mit diyer?

PEACE IN THE HOME

[She]
Shmerl, dear, I beg you, how can you
Start up with another woman?
You run around to all of the circumcisions
But you don't care about my worries!

[He]
You're a fool, a real gossip,
Not the first one, not the tenth one,
All girls are holy to me -
They give me their best portions!

[She]
Oy, you're having a great time out there
But I don't have a penny!

[He]
I eat! I eat!
I eat, dear, but no more than a little.
I work hard to put food on the plate!
Six or seven livers, eight or nine bagels,
Ten or eleven gizzards,
Twelve or thirteen chickens,
And today a piece of gefilte fish -
This is my comfort,
And a delight to my soul in this life!

[She]
Oy, better than having a husband like you,
My dear Shmerl,
I'd rather have debt!

[He]
Better than having such heartache,
You should be a jilted woman!

[She]
Oy, Shmerl sweetie!

[He]
Now what do you want?

[She]
Woe is me!

[He]
What's wrong with you?

[Zi]
Ikh vel mir nemen dus leybn dir of tselukhes!

[She]
I want to kill myself just to spite you!

[Er]
Ha, ha, ha!
In ikh vel makhn nuekh dir di brukhes!

[He]
Ha, ha, ha!
And I'll say the blessing for you!

[Zi]
Shmeyrl!

[She]
Shmerl!

[Er]
Shprintse!

[He]
Shprintse!

[Zi]
Shmeyrl!

[She]
Shmerl!

[Er]
Shprintse!

[He]
Sprintse!

[Tsuzamen]
Lomir beser shuloym zayn!

[Together]
Let's make peace instead!

Shuloym iz git far yeydn.
Shuloym, shuloym iz dokh fayn.
Shuloym es makht tsufridn.
Shulem zol shoyn zayn!
Oy, zoln zikh di sonim krign
Hubn ot deym fargenign.
Gotenyu liber, gotenyu giter,
Shuloym zol shoyn zayn!
Oy, gotenyu, mayn harts baglikn,
Makh a sof fin zayn farbisen,
Gotenyu liber, gotenyu giter,
Shuloym zol shoyn zayn!

Peace is good for everybody.
Peace, peace is a fine thing.
Peace makes you happy.
Let there be peace already!
Oy, let the enemies fight,
They can have that pleasure.
Dear God, good God,
Let there be peace already!
Oy, God, make my heart happy,
Put an end to being bitter,
Dear God, good God,
Let there be peace already!

03 SIMCHU BI JERUSCHALAJM

REJOICE IN JERUSALEM

Lyrics: traditional (Hebrew), Music: traditional

Simkhu biyerushalayim, biyerushalayim
Vegilu, rinu, rinu, rinu et hamasos.
Sisu et hamasos kol hamitablim aleha!
Sisu et hamasos kol hamitablim aleha!
Sisu et hamasos kol hamitablim aleha!
Sisu et hamasos kol hamitablim aleha!

Rejoice in Jerusalem, in Jerusalem
And exult, celebrate, celebrate the joy.
All who had mourned Her.
All who had mourned Her.
All who had mourned Her.
All who had mourned Her.

E'ISE PELE

WHAT A WONDER

Lyrics: Nathan Alterman (Hebrew), Music: traditional

Hey bakhur hakol yakhol,
Hav na zemer lamakhol!
Mapukhit, mapukhit,
Kol ekhad yakhid, hey!

Hey, guy, you who can do anything,
Give us a song for the dance!
Harmonica, harmonica,
One single voice, hey!

Hora uri! Uri hora!
Im paratsnu lo nakhzora!
Ha'apili na iti
Hora horati!

Hora wake up! Wake up hora!
If we start we'll never stop!
Strive upwards with me,
Hora, my hora!

Eyze pele, eyze pele
Im yeshnam leylot ka'ele,
Im efshar od lenasot
Hora shekazot!

What a wonder, what a wonder,
If there are nights like this,
If you can still try to do
A hora like this!

04 DIE WELT IST KLEIN GEWORDEN

THE WORLD HAS BECOME SMALL

Lyrics: Fred Endrikat (German), Music: Curt Bry

Wir fliegen über den Ozean
Und hoch in die Stratosphäre.
Wir sehen von New York bis Teheran
Und holen uns Land aus dem Meere.
Wir sprechen von Oslo nach Samarkand,
Ohne die Stimme zu heben.
Wir können im südlichsten Feuerland
Jack Hylton aus London erleben.

Die Welt ist klein geworden
So winzig klein geworden!
Ein schöner Ball, mit dem du gerne spielst.
Sie ist ganz dein geworden
Und allgemein geworden
Und wartet ab, wohin du damit zielst.
Wirst du die Macht,
Die du dir schufst, zum Guten wenden?
Wird sie dich blenden
Mit ihrer Pracht?
Die Welt ist klein geworden,
Der Widerschein geworden
Von dem, was Menschenkraft aus ihr gemacht.

Wir haben die Technik gehegt und gepflegt,
wir dünkten uns klug und weise.
Wir haben die Erde in Schienen gelegt
Und kommen nun selbst aus dem Gleise.
Chinesische Kulis, japanische Herren,
Die weißen Europäer,
Sie standen sich immer so unerhört fern,
Jetzt rücken sie näher und näher.

Die Welt ist eng geworden,
So schrecklich eng geworden!
Du siehst die Luft vor lauter Drähten nicht.
Es ist ein Gemeng' geworden
Und ein Gedräng' geworden
Um einen Platz für dich im Sonnenlicht.
Was nützt die Ernte dir,
Die unter Dach und Fach war?
Der böse Nachbar
Nimmt sie dir weg.
Die Welt ist eng geworden,
Es ist Gezänk geworden
Um jedes noch so kleine Stückchen Dreck.

Wir sausen mit tausend PS dahin,
Wir können es nicht mehr lassen.
Wir sitzen im Turm von Babel drin

We fly over the ocean
And high into the stratosphere.
We see from New York to Teheran
And turn the ocean into dry land.
We converse between Oslo and Samarkand,
Without even raising our voices.
From southernmost Tierra del Fuego
We can listen to Jack Hylton from London.

The world has become small.
So teeny-tiny small!
A pretty ball you like to play with.
It belongs to you now
And to everybody else, too,
It's just waiting for your plans for it.
Will you use the power
You've gained for the Good?
Or will it blind you
With its glory?
The world has become small,
Just a reflection
Of what human power has made of it.

We've harnessed technology
And felt so clever and wise.
We've laid steel tracks over the earth,
And now we're derailing ourselves.
Chinese coolies, Japanese lords,
The white Europeans,
They were always so far apart,
Now they're getting closer and closer.

The world's become cramped,
So terribly cramped!
You can't see the air for the wires!
It's become a hustle and bustle,
It's become a fight,
For your place in the sun.
What good to you is the harvest
That was safely stored?
Your evil neighbor
Will take it away from you.
The world's become cramped,
It's become a struggle
For the smallest bit of trash.

We roar along with a thousand horsepower
And can't ever let it go again.
We're sitting in the Tower of Babel

Und können uns nur noch hassen.
Wir haben das Licht elektrisch gemacht
Und können uns trotzdem nicht seh'n.
Wir haben ein Esperanto erdacht
Und werden uns niemals versteh'n.

And we can only hate each other
We've electrified the light
But we still can't see each other.
We've invented Esperanto
But we'll never understand each other.

Die Welt ist weit geworden,
So furchtbar weit geworden,
Und alle Hoffnungen sind Träumereien.
Du bist gescheit geworden
Und bist bereit geworden,
Auf dieser weiten Welt nur Spreu zu sein.
Was dein Gehirn zu deinem Wohl erfunden
Hat dich gebunden und nicht erlöst.
Die Welt ist weit geworden,
Und es ist Zeit geworden,
Daß du nicht drunter,
Sondern drüber stehst.

The world has become vast,
So terribly vast,
And all hopes are just pipe dreams.
You've become so clever
And you're ready and willing
To be mere chaff in this vast world.
What your brain invented for your own good
Has bound and not redeemed you.
The world has become vast,
And now the time has come for you
Not to knuckle under,
But to rise above it!

05 KADISH (DER JÜDISCHE SOLDAT)

KADDISH (THE JEWISH SOLDIER)

German lyrics: Kurt Robitschek, Music: Otto Stransky

Es hert zikh a geshrey!
Yeder fregt zikh, "Vos es iz gesheyn?"
"Men zugt az ale mener
Mizn haynt in der milkhume geyn!"
In Yankl der shmid kisht zayn vayb,
"Ven got vil az ikh dort farblayb,
Dan veyn nisht dayne oygn dir blind
Nor lern yedn ovnt mit indzer kind:"

"Mayn kind, zolst beytn got far dayn tatn,
Bay di soldatn miz er dort zayn.
Mayn kind, mayn liber,
Ven got vil, kimt er vider,
Vayl groys iz indzer adoynay!"

Durch's Dorf geht ein Schrei'n,
Jeder fragt sich, "Was ist geschehen?"
"Es heißt, alle Männer müssen heut'
Zu den Soldaten gehen!"

Jankl der Schmied küsst sein Weib,
Und sagt, "Wenn Gott will, dass ich dort bleib'
Dann weine nicht die Augen dir blind,
Nur lern am Abend mit unser'm Kind:

"Mein Kind, tu beten für deinen Taten,
Bei den Soldaten ist er dabei.
Knie mit mir nieder,
Wenn Gott will, kommt er wieder,
Denn groß ist unser Adonai!"

Da trat eines Tages
Der Rabbi zur Tür herein.
"Hör zu, Esther,
Morgen musst du schon beim ersten Kaddisch sein."
"Kaddisch! Für wen, großer Gott?"
"Esther, sei stark, dein Mann ist tot."
Sie schreit nicht, zu groß ist ihr Schmerz.
Sie drückt ihr Kind, sein Kind, an das Herz.

Der rebe kimt in a tug
Tsu ir in der shtib arayn.
"Her mikh oys, Ester,
Morgn mizsti bay dem ershtn kadish zayn."
"Kadish! Far veymen, groyser got?"
"Ester, zay shtark, dayn man iz toyt."
Zi shrayt nisht, vayl groys iz ir shmarts.

A cry is heard!
Everyone asks, "What's happened?"
"They say that all men
Have to go to war today!"
Yankl the blacksmith kisses his wife,
"If it's God's will that I stay there,
Don't cry your eyes out until you're blind,
But tell our child every night:"

"My child, pray to God for your father,
He has to be with the soldiers.
My child, my dear,
If God wills it, he'll return,
Because our Lord is great!"

(German lyrics)

A cry goes through the village,
Everyone asks, "What's happened?"
"They say that all men
Must join the soldiers today!"

Yankl the blacksmith kisses his wife,
And says, "If it's God's will that I stay there,
Don't cry your eyes out until you're blind,
But tell our child every night:"

"My child, pray for your father,
He's with the soldiers.
Kneel down with me,
If God wants, he'll return,
Because our Lord is great!"

Then one day
The Rabbi walked through the door,
"Listen to me, Esther,
Tomorrow you must be at the first kaddish."
"Kaddish? For whom, good God?"
"Esther, be strong, your husband is dead."
She doesn't cry out, too great is her pain.
She presses her child, his child, to her heart.

(Yiddish lyrics)

Then one day, the Rabbi came
To her in her home.
"Listen to me, Esther,
Tomorrow you must be at the first kaddish."
"Kaddish? For whom, good God?"
"Esther, be strong, your husband is dead."
She doesn't cry out, too great is her pain.

Zi drikt ir kind, zayn kind, tsu ir harts.

She presses her child, his child, to her heart.

“Mayn kind, zug kadish far dayn tatn.
Bay di soldatn treft im di koyl.
Mayn kind, mayn liber,
Ayer kind nisht mer vider,
Dokh groys iz indzer adoyney.”

My child, say kaddish for your father.
Among the soldiers, a bullet struck him.
My child, my dear,
You’re his child no longer,
For our Lord is great.”

“Mayn kind, zug kadish far dayn tatn/
“Mein Kind, tu beten für deinen Taten,

(Yiddish & German lyrics together)
“My child, say kaddish for your father.
(same)

Bay di soldatn treft im di koyl/
Bei den Soldaten traf ihn das Blei.

Among the soldiers, a bullet struck him.
(same)

Mayn kind, mayn liber/,
Knie mit mir nieder,

My child, my dear,
Kneel down with me,

Ayer kind nisht mer vider/
Denn er kommt nie mehr wieder...

You’re his child no longer,
For he will never return...

Yisgadal veyiskadash shemey rabu.”

(Aramaic & Hebrew lyrics)
Glorified and sanctified be His Great Name.”

06 DAS KIND LIEGT IN WIGELE

Lyrics & Music: traditional Yiddish

Dos kind ligt in vigele
Mit oysgeveynte oygn
Di mame ligt oyf der erd,
Di fis oysgetsoygn

Nito, nito keyn mame,
Nito, nito keyn nekhome!

Dos kind ligt in vigele
Un khalesht zoyn,
Di mame ligt in keyver
Mit sharbns oyf di oygn.

Oy, ver vet dir, mayn kind,
Gletn un kamen,
Oy, ver vet dir, mayn kind,
Dos vigele oysramen?

Oy, ver vet dir, mayn kind,
Putsn un tsirn,
Oy, ver vet dir, mayn kind,
In kheyder avekfinn?

Oy, ay-lu-lu-lu
Mayn eyntsikes kind,
Di mame vet nit kumen
Gikh un nit geshvind.

THE CHILD LIES IN THE CRADLE

The child lies in the cradle
With cried-out eyes.
Mother lies in the ground,
Her legs outstretched.

Without, without a mother,
Without, without consolation.

The child lies in the cradle
And faints without succor
Mother lies in her grave,
With shards on her eyes.

Oh, who, my child,
Will stroke you and comb your hair?
Oh, who, my child,
Will change your bedding?

Oh, who, my child,
Will wash and dress you?
Oh, who, my child,
Will take you to school?

Oh, ay-lu-lu-lu,
My only child,
Your mother won't be coming
Soon or quickly.

08 ACHEINU KOL BET JISSROEL

Lyrics: traditional Hebrew, Music: Josef Rosenblatt

Akheyenu kol beys Yisroel,
Hanesunim batsoro uvashiveyo,
Ho'oymdim beyn bayom uveyn bayabosho.

Hamokoyim yerakeym aleyhem,
Akheyenu kol beys Yisroel.
Veyoytsieym mitsoro lirkokho,
Umeyafeylo leoyro,
Umishibud ligulo.
Hashto bagolo uvizman koriv.
Venomar: omeyn.

AS FOR OUR BROTHERS, THE WHOLE HOUSE OF ISRAEL

As for our brothers, the whole house of Israel,
Who are given over to trouble or captivity,
Whether they abide on the sea or on the dry land

May the All-present have mercy upon them,
Our brothers, the whole house of Israel,
And bring them from trouble to enlargement,
And from darkness to light,
And from subjection to redemption,
Now speedily and soon.
And let us say: Amen.

09 JAD ANUGA

A TENDER HAND

Lyrics: Zalman Shneur (1906) (Hebrew), Music: traditional, Michael Gnessin

Hoy, yad anuga hayta la –
Ish lo he'ez ga'at ba.
Hoy, ima, ish lo he'ez ga'at ba.
Zug sfateha shani khen,
Rak linshikot notsru hen,
Hoy, ima, rak linshikot notsru hen.

Hoy, bilkhayeha hakhakhlilot
Sikhek tamid berak-hapaz;
Hoy, ima, sikhek tamid berak-hapaz;
Ra'ad tamid kheshek-raz
Bilkhaye hakhakhlilot,
Hoy ima, bilkhaye hakhakhlilot.

Hoy, vayehi erev, vayehi leyl
Kheresh nashku tseyl el tseyl
Hoy, ima, kheresh nashku tseyl el tseyl
Az et liba masra lo,
Et kol liba masra lo
Hoy, ima, et kol liba masra lo.

Oh, she had a tender hand –
No man dared to touch her.
Oh, mother, no man dared to touch her.
Her two lips were crimson, charming,
Only for kisses were they made,
Oh, mother, only for kisses were they made.

Oh, her cheeks were red
Golden light played on them;
Oh, mother, golden light played on them,
Trembling with secret desire.
Her cheeks were red,
Oh mother, her cheeks were red.

Oh, there was evening and there was night.
Silently shadow kissed shadow
Oh, mother, silently shadow kissed shadow
Then she gave him her love,
She gave him all her love
Oh, mother, she gave him all her love.

10 LEBKA FÄHRT NACH AMERIKA

LEYBKE GOES TO AMERICA

Lyrics: unknown, (Yiddish), Music: unknown

Ven Leybke iz keyn Amerike gefurn
Hot zayn vaybl shtark geklugt
“Di furst avek! Oy vey tsu mayne yurn!”
Hot Leybke tsu ir azoy gezugt:
“Ikh fur avek in di vayte velt
Mit parnuse vet mikh got baglikn
Di vest zeyen, fin dem ershtn gelt
Vel ikh dir a shifs-karte shikn.”
“Gedenk zhe, Leybke,
Di lozt mikh mit a kind
Af a shifs-karte zolsti bald opshpurn.”
“Oy zorg nit, Reyzl,
Nor blayb zhe mir gezint!”
In Leybke iz avek gefurn.

Beshulem iz Leybke kayn Amerike ungekimen,
Gevorn dortn a mashiner.
Shtark tsu der arbet hot er zikh genimen
Gevorn dort a groyser fardiner.
In Leybke leybt inem land in deym
Er iz in Nyu York “al rayt.”
Nor shraybn a brivele
Tsi zayn vayb aheym
Hot Leybke nisht kayn tsayt.

In Reyzl zitst dort bay dem vigele ungeshpart
Dem kop geboygn tif,
In af a brivele zi vart,
In es kimt kayn briv.
Zi zingt a lidele dem kind
“Ay lyu-lyu-ly-lu,
Urem veln mir geshvint tsi dayn tatenyu.”

In Leybke vi a “sport” hot zikh oysgetin
Er veys er farshteyt ales ding.
Mit a landsfroy loyft er arim farshvitst
Er vil yetst koyfn a brilliantenem ring.
Nor plitsling hot im di moyd
Dermont fin zayn vayb in kind.
Geshribn hot Leybke kayn Ruseland
A brivele geshvint.

In Reyzl ligt dort nebekh krank
Fin hinger in fin kelt.
Bay ir in kop leybt a gedank,
Az ir man iz gegangen fin der velt.
Di oygn in kop arayn gants tif,
Di hur zenen shoyn gru,
In fin Leybken a shtikele briv
Iz nokh alts nishtu.

When Leybke went to America
His wife moaned bitterly.
“You’re going away! Oh woe is me!”
But Leybke replied like this:
“I’m going out into the wide world,
God will bless me with a good living.
You’ll see, with the first money I earn
I’ll send you a ticket for the ship journey.”
“Remember, Leybke,
You’re leaving me here with a child,
So start saving soon for the ship’s ticket.”
“Oy, don’t worry, Reyzl,
Farewell!”
And Leybke went away.

Leybke arrived safely in America,
He became a machinist.
He took on his work with zeal
And became a big earner.
He really made it there,
In New York he was “all right.”
But to write a letter
To his wife back home -
For that, Leybke didn’t have time.

Reyzl sits there by the crib
With her head deeply bowed,
Waiting for a letter
That never comes.
She sings a song to her child,
“Ay lyu-lyu-lyu-lu,
Poor one, soon we’ll go join your father.”

Leybke learned to act like a “sport,”
Who knows and understands everything.
He’s running around with another woman
And now he wants to buy her a diamond ring.
When suddenly the girl
Reminded him that he has a wife a child.
So Leybke sat down right away
And wrote a letter to Russia.

Poor Reyzl is lying there sick
From hunger and cold.
In her mind only one thought,
That her husband must have left this world.
Her eyes deeply sunken,
Di Her hair already grey,
And from Leybke
Not even the sign of a letter.

Nor plitsling fun Leybken a briv ungekimen
Zi shpringt arup funem bet,
In zi hot zikh ofgerisn in leyzn genimen:
Geshikt hot ir Leybke a get!

Farloyrn hot Reyzl ir gezint
In kol vos zi zugt tsu dem kind:
“Mir hobn imzist gehoft in gevart!
Der tate hot indz beydn upgenart!
Shlof ayn mayn kind,
Ay-lyu-lyu-lu.
Orem veln mir nisht mer
Tsi dayn tatenyu.”

In Leybke mit zayn kale zise
Geyen beyde tsi der khipe.
In reyzl dort klugt,
In der khazn du zugt:
“Borukh ato adoyshe,
Borukh hu uvorukh shemoy,
Mesameyakh khuson im hakalo.
Omeyn.”

In Reyzl, Reyzl iz geblibn aleyrn.

Then suddenly a letter from Leybke arrives!
She jumps up from the bed,
She tears it open and begins to read it:
Leybke has sent her a bill of divorce!

Reyzl lost her mind.
And said to her child:
“We waited and hoped in vain!
Your father made a fool of us!
Go to sleep, my child,
Ay-lyu-lyu-lu.
Poor one, we will never
Join your father.”

And Leybke, with his sweet new bride,
Head for the wedding canopy together.
And while Reyzl moans far away
The cantor chants:
“Blessed are You, Our God,
Blessed is He and blessed is His Name,
Who gladdens the groom with the bride.
Amen.”

And Rezyll, Rezyll was left alone.

11 IM GASTHOF ZUR GOLDENEN SCHNECKE AT THE GOLDEN SNAIL INN

Lyrics: Willy Rosen and Marcel Lion, (German), Music: Willy Rosen

Ich kenn' ein Lokal,
Das gibt's nicht noch mal.
Dort hab' ich schon oft eine Lage bestellt.
Es ist nicht mondän
Und doch nicht sehr schön,
Aber es hat eines, was mir sehr gefällt.

Im Gasthof zur goldenen Schnecke,
Da steht ein Klavier in der Ecke.
Wirfst du in den Schlitz einen Groschen hinein,
Dann spielt es so fein von ganz allein.
Im Gasthof zur goldenen Schnecke,
Da steht ein Klavier in der Ecke.
Da gehen die Mädels zum Tanz.
Das muß man sehen,
Wie die sich drehen –
Das Klavier spielt elektrisch so schön!

Dieses Lied ist schön,
Das sagt jeder gleich,
Ach, der Komponist, der wird sicher sehr reich.
Doch der Komponist blieb ein armer Tropf,
Keiner kauft die Noten,
Denn man singt aus dem Kopf:

Im Gasthof zur goldenen Schnecke,
Da steht ein Klavier in der Ecke.
Wirfst du in den Schlitz einen Groschen hinein,
Dann spielt es so fein von ganz allein.
Im Gasthof zur goldenen Schnecke,
Da steht ein Klavier in der Ecke,
Da gehen die Mädels zum Tanz,
Das muß man sehen,
Wie die sich drehen –
Das Klavier spielt elektrisch so schön!

I know a place
There's nothing like it.
I've often ordered a round there.
It's not glamorous,
And not even very nice,
But it has one thing I really like.

At the Golden Snail Inn
There's a piano in the corner.
You throw a coin in the slot
And it plays so nicely all by itself.
At the Golden Snail Inn
There's a piano in the corner.
That's where the girls go dancing.
You really have to see it,
The way they spin around -
That plugged-in piano plays so great!

This song is nice,
Everybody says so.
You'd think the composer was very rich!
But the composer is a poor devil,
No one buys the sheet music -
They just sing it by heart:

At the Golden Snail Inn
There's a piano in the corner.
You throw a coin in the slot
And it plays so nicely all by itself.
At the Golden Snail Inn
There's a piano in the corner.
That's where the girls go dancing.
You really have to see it,
The way they spin around -
That plugged-in piano plays so great!

12 VORBEI

Lyrics & Music: Rolf Marbot & Bert Reisfeld

Vorbei, vorbei vorbei —
Ein letzter Blick, ein letzter Kuss
Und dann ist alles aus.

Vorbei, vorbei, vorbei —
Ein letztes Wort,
Ein letzter Gruß zum Abschied.

Ich hab' so fest geglaubt,
Es müsste ewig sein,
Nun gehst du von mir fort
Und lässt mich so allein.

Vorbei, vorbei, vorbei —
Ein letztes Wort,
Ein letzter Gruß — vorbei —

Du hast mich so reich gemacht,
Hast mir so viel Glück gebracht,
Oft mit einem einz'gen Wort.

Heut' schreibst du den Abschiedsbrief,
Schreibst mir du bedauerst tief,
So weist du dich von mir fort.

Vorbei, vorbei vorbei —
ein letzter Blick, ein letzter Kuss
und dann ist alles aus.

Vorbei, vorbei, vorbei —
ein letztes Wort,
ein letzter Gruß zum Abschied.

Ich hab' so fest geglaubt,
Es müsste ewig sein,
Nun gehst du von mir fort
Und lässt mich so allein.

Vorbei, vorbei, vorbei —
ein letztes Wort,
ein letzter Gruß — vorbei —

IT'S OVER

It's over, over, over -
One last glance, one last kiss,
And then it's all over.

It's over, over, over -
One last word,
One last farewell.

I believed so fervently
That it would last forever.
Now you're going away from me
And leaving me all alone.

It's over, over, over -
One last word,
One last farewell - over.

You enriched my life so,
Brought me so much happiness,
Often with just a single word.

Today you're writing the farewell letter,
You write of your deep regrets,
That's how you send me away from yo.

Over, over, over -
One last glance, one last kiss,
And then it's all over.

Over, over, over -
One last word,
One last farewell.

I believed so fervently
That it would last forever.
Now you're going away from me
And leave me all alone.

Over, over, over -
One last word,
One last farewell - over -