



Roman Vishniac **Children of a Vanished World**

EDITED BY MARA VISHNIAC KOHN AND MIRIAM HARTMAN FLACKS

CHILDREN OF A VANISHED WORLD

Between 1935 and 1938 the celebrated photographer Roman Vishniac explored the cities and villages of Eastern Europe, capturing life in the Jewish *shtetlekh* of Poland, Romania, Russia, and Hungary, communities that even then seemed threatened. Using a hidden camera and under difficult circumstances, Vishniac was able to take over sixteen thousand photographs, many of which survived the war. With the publication of *Children of a Vanished World*, seventy of these photographs are available, thirty-six for the first time. The book is devoted to a subject Vishniac especially loved, and one whose mystery and spontaneity he captured with particular poignancy: children.

Selected and edited by the photographer's daughter, Mara Vishniac Kohn, and translator and coeditor Miriam Hartman Flacks, these images show children playing, children studying, children in the midst of a world that was about to disappear. They capture the daily life of their subjects, at once ordinary and extraordinary.

THE S. MARK TAPER FOUNDATION

IMPRINT IN JEWISH STUDIES



BY THIS ENDOWMENT

THE S. MARK TAPER FOUNDATION SUPPORTS

THE APPRECIATION AND UNDERSTANDING

OF THE RICHNESS AND DIVERSITY OF

JEWISH LIFE AND CULTURE

The publisher gratefully acknowledges

the generous contribution toward the

publication of this book provided by

the S. Mark Taper Foundation

Children of a Vanished World



Roman Vishniac Children of a Vanished World

Edited by Mara Vishniac Kohn

and Miriam Hartman Flacks

University of California Press

Berkeley

Los Angeles

London

University of California Press
Berkeley and Los Angeles, California

University of California Press, Ltd.
London, England
London, England

© 1999 by The Regents of the University of California
© 1999 by The Regents of the University of California

All photographs © Mara Vishniac Kohn

The Yiddish texts and transliterations, as well as the music, for "Oyfn Pripetshik," "Rozhinkes mit Mandlen," "Yankele," "Hulyet, Kinderlekh," and "Motl" are reprinted from *Mir Trogn A Gezang!* by Eleanor Gordon Mlotek with permission of The Center for Cultural Jewish Life of The Workmen's Circle. The Yiddish texts and transliterations on pages 82-100 are reprinted with permission from the YIVO Institute for Jewish Research, from its publication *Yidishe folkslider mit melodyes*, compiled by I. L. Cahan, edited by Max Weinreich, 1957; originally published in 1912.

Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data

Vishniac, Roman

Children of a vanished world / Roman Vishniac ;
edited by Mara Vishniac Kohn and Miriam Hartman Flacks.

p. cm. — (S. Mark Taper Foundation imprint in Jewish studies)

Includes texts of Yiddish songs with English translations by Miriam Hartman Flacks.

ISBN 0-520-22187-7

1. Jewish children—Europe, Eastern Pictorial works. 2. Europe, Eastern Pictorial works. 3. Jews—Europe, Eastern Pictorial works. I. Kohn, Mara Vishniac. II. Flacks, Miriam Hartman. III. Title. IV. Series.

DS135.E8V56 1999

947'.0004924—dc21

99-27866

CIP

Printed and bound in Italy

08 07 06 05 04 03 01 00 99

9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

The paper used in this publication meets the minimum requirements of ANSI/NISO Z39.48-1992 (R 1997) (*Permanence of Paper*).

This book is dedicated, with love, to our grandchildren,

Ruby and Zina Goodall, Melina Schiff,

and Maurice and Olivia Flacks Klatch



Contents

Introduction by Mara Vishniac Kohn	ix
Translator's Introduction by Miriam Hartman Flacks	xiii
Texts and Photographs	1
Music	103
Coda: The Story of the Horse	131
Notes	133
Acknowledgments	140
Index of Texts and Music	141



Introduction

My father, Roman Vishniac, took these pictures between 1935 and 1938 in traditional Jewish Eastern European villages and towns. It was a difficult time, with few options available to poor families trying to improve the circumstances of their lives. In an effort to help and support these poor communities' struggles to survive, the American Jewish Joint Distribution Committee in Central Europe organized a fund-raising drive. Joachim Prinz, the well-known and extremely popular Zionist rabbi in Berlin, advised the "Joint" to ask my father to take photographs to support their drive. "Roman," he told them, "is never seen without a camera; it's part of him and I think he'll do it." And so, Roman traveled east, as he thought, for one brief trip.

Once he arrived in Vilna, the "Jerusalem of Lithuania," he knew he had entered the world he had heard about as a child from his father and grandfather. This, he felt, was or had been his own family's life and therefore it was his. He began to make contacts, to photograph in the poorest sections of town, to listen to parents' burdens and fears, and to love the children.

When he returned to his darkroom in Berlin, I (aged nine) stood beside him in the red gloom and rocked ("Gently!" he said) the developer trays in which the images in this book first appeared. I discovered a life I had not known and asked many

questions. "Do these children have toys? Why does this boy carry such a large load on his back? Shouldn't he use a cart?" After two weeks of "our" work, I was told my father was ready for another trip. I asked, "For what?" "They are our people," my father said, "and we must help wherever we can."

He traveled east three or four times after that. They were arduous trips, in cold weather, with no assurance of the outcome. He was "handed" from one newfound friend to another. With the ultra-orthodox members of the community, he had to be mindful of the suspicion with which photographers and other "image-makers" were greeted. His notes describe how he enlarged a buttonhole in his winter coat so that the lens would fit through while the camera itself remained hidden. Depending on circumstances, he used either a Rolleiflex or a Leica, and he did all his work by available light, often loving the scene before him but not sure his film was sensitive enough to record it. For three years, Eastern Europe was his world; its Jewish communities, his; its children, his. Some of the images were used for the fund-raising drive. All began their existence by drying on the living room floor of our Berlin apartment. "Step carefully," I was told.

In Germany in the mid-1930s, no Jew could feel secure. Our Zionist youth groups were declared illegal; our "leaders" (aged eighteen or nineteen) were randomly arrested and questioned, usually to be freed after a few days. Telephone calls came for my parents with news of someone's arrest here, another's there. Economic and professional restrictions accumulated week by week. No one knew what would come next. The Jewish communities in Germany and its border states felt a pervasive dread and a darkness nearing.

What would happen to a Jewish photographer of Latvian nationality living in Berlin, who had surreptitiously taken thousands of pictures of struggling groups of East European Jews? My father felt certain that the poor he had visited in the *shtetlekh*, many of whom had become his dear friends, would not be able to survive. "I wanted," he said, "at least to save their faces." How could the negatives be saved? His father, Salomon Vishniac, was about to leave Berlin for Paris; he carried many of them with him.

The next difficulty was how to bring them out of Europe. Roman turned to a trusted friend who had been forced by the French to serve in the Foreign Legion in North Africa, but who now had returned to Marseilles, where Roman met him. Would the friend, Walter Bierer, consider carrying the negatives with him when he was able to leave Europe? The friend took the negatives and promised he would try. Roman returned to Paris and, within days, was arrested and interned in Camp Du Ruchard, a detention camp near Gurs.

In May 1939 I had been sent to safety in Sweden, where my mother and brother were finally able to join me, after being arrested in Latvia. It was my mother's task to persist in her efforts to obtain a U.S. visa and an affidavit of support from an American citizen, which would help to secure my father's release. On October 16, 1940, he wrote to us in Sweden, "Now my world is surrounded by barbed wire. I'm very cold and hungry. I wrote to a friend in Poland and asked him to send me a blanket, but I have received no answer." Finally, at the end of November 1940, after all my mother's work, a visa was granted and my father was released. Our family was able to reunite in Lisbon, where we awaited passage to the United States and safety.

The fate of Roman's negatives was more complicated. Walter Bierer carried them with him to Cuba, where he was interned for six months. With great difficulty and the help of his family already in the United States, he finally obtained an American visa, allowing him and the thousands of negatives to arrive in Miami. There the negatives were confiscated by U.S. Customs officers, but they were later released to my father in New York.

Roman tried to exhibit his images of impoverished Eastern European Jews on the brink of destruction. If any of these families were to be saved, there was no time to lose. He arranged for a small show at the Teachers College of Columbia University and wrote a letter to Eleanor Roosevelt, inviting her to visit the exhibition. An answer came from the White House: Mrs. Roosevelt regrets that she is unable to visit New York to see the pictures of Polish Jews. Roman knew that time was running out for the children he had come to love. He sent a selection of prints to FDR; the White House graciously thanked him for "the excellent pictures you sent to the President." That was all.

In this book, more than fifty years later, we want to remember the children Roman loved, the children of "a vanished world." Their images are surrounded with the songs and rhymes that made them smile. We want to look into their eyes and see there the wonder, the hope, and the trust in a future that they would not experience. We think of them, we assure them of our love, and we cherish their memory.

—Mara Vishniac Kohn

Translator's Introduction

*O Lord of Creation! Here there were people
Who lived and who worked, who sang and who cried!*

*Here, in joy they would bless, or curse in their fear,
Here merchants and customers bargained and vied,
Here they knitted and shouted, they danced and they leaped,
Here children were rocked in their cradles to sleep,
Here children were nestled to mothers' warm breasts . . .*

— from “Shades of the Warsaw Ghetto,” by Itzik Feffer,
a Soviet-Yiddish poet, executed with other Yiddish writers
in August 1952 (translated by Miriam Hartman Flacks)

The people “who lived and who worked, who sang and who cried” in Warsaw and the other areas of Jewish settlement in Eastern Europe in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries spoke Yiddish. The daily commerce of their lives—their arguing, debating, cooking, buying, selling, working, lovemaking, childrearing, writing, teaching, learning, even praying—was in Yiddish, a language they called *mame-loshn* (“mother tongue”). This language developed as truly a “folk” language and was for many years disparaged as “jargon,” with no codified rules of grammar or spelling and little or no written literature. Yet it emerged as a vessel holding the cultural outpourings of the Jews of primarily Poland and

the Russian empire, as a manifestation of their national and cultural identity in the latter half of the nineteenth century. In addition to a prominent world-stage literature by such giants as Isaac Loeb Peretz, Sholem Aleichem, and Nobelist Isaac Bashevis Singer, hundreds of lesser-known novelists, essayists, poets, playwrights, and lyricists wrote in Yiddish in post-Enlightenment Eastern Europe and, later, in the United States.

A *mame-loshn* is, of course, the language of children, who usually have their own version of the language surrounding them. Whether in street rhymes, games, nursery rhymes, lullabies, stories, or folktales, a children's idiom emerges. This idiom is not always known to the scholars and "experts." In 1904 Regina Lilienthal, a psychologist, wrote in *The Jewish Child*:

Jewish children have few unique games, and none accompanied by song. This is characteristic, and I believe that their games are for counting purposes and are mostly at-home games. The former is the result of the occupation of the Jewish masses, and is an unconscious, practical part of child-training; the reason for the latter lies in the sad fate of the Jewish people: the constant fear of the danger that lies outdoors, the narrow ghetto walls lay like a heavy stone on the spiritual life of the Jewish child. Frightened and insecure, he was most comfortable in his own home, and his imagination flowered here. The children's games are as quiet and calm as they are themselves, and even in their group games no noise, no shrieking is heard. The expressions of joy and laughter have been stifled and suffocated in the Jewish child.

To which Shmuel Zeinvil Pipeh, writing in the August–December 1936 issue of *YIVO Bletter* ("YIVO Pages"), replied:

For us, these words are comically absurd, because we have before us our games, so full of movement and laughter. Acquaintance with our material clearly shows that, although they have a uniquely Jewish cast, our children's games possess the same evidence of the child's psyche that is evident in children's folklore of other peoples.

The rhymes and songs presented in this volume, accompanying Roman Vishniac's photographs of the children who knew them, have often been collected during the past ninety years or so. They made their way to America along with the throngs of Yiddish-speaking immigrants who built new homes and lives in American cities. Even I, born in Brooklyn, New York, learned many of them as *mame-loshn*, at my mother's knee. Some were collected in books and magazines that have survived in the library of the YIVO Institute for Jewish Research in New York; some are nonsensical, some are works of profound poets, some are simply charming, some offer insight into the lives of Jewish children in pre-Holocaust Eastern Europe.

For today's non-Yiddish readers, we offer translations along with the original Yiddish texts, but we also provide transliterations to make it possible for a new generation, with different mother tongues, to pronounce the Yiddish words. To have a real sense of the lives of the children in this book, one must hear the Yiddish words they spoke and sang.

—Miriam Hartman Flacks



Children of a Vanished World

Bulbes

Potatoes

זונטיק – בולבעס,

Zuntik, bulbes

מאָנטיק – בולבעס,

Montik, bulbes

דינסטיק און מיטוואָך – בולבעס,

Dinstik un mitvokh, bulbes

דאָנערשטיק און פֿרייטיק – בולבעס,

Donershtik un fraytik, bulbes

שבת אין אַ נאָווענע – אַ בולבע־קוגעלע,

Shabes in a novene, a bulbe kugele

זונטיק – ווייטער בולבעס!

Zuntik, vayter bulbes.

Sunday – potatoes,

Monday – potatoes,

Tuesday and Wednesday – potatoes,

Thursday and Friday – potatoes,

The Sabbath brings a novelty – potato *kugl!*

Sunday, once more potatoes . . .

(music on page 104)



Bin Ikh Mir a Shnayderl

I Am a Little Tailor

בין איך מיר אַ שנידערל,

Bin ikh mir a shnayderl,

בין איך מיר אַ שנידערל,

Bin ikh mir a shnayderl,

לעב איך מיר טאָג-אויס-טאָג-אין

Leb ikh mir tog-oys-tog-ayn

לוסטיק, פֿריילעך, פֿיין.

Lustik, freylekh, fayn.

— זאָג מיר, שנידערל,

Zog mir, shnayderl,

ליבנקער און גוטער,

Libinker un guter,

גיט דיר די נאָדל גענוג

Git dir di nodl genug

אויף ברויט מיט פוטער?

Oyf broyt mit puter?

A little tailor, that is what I am,

A little tailor, that is what I am,

And I live here every day

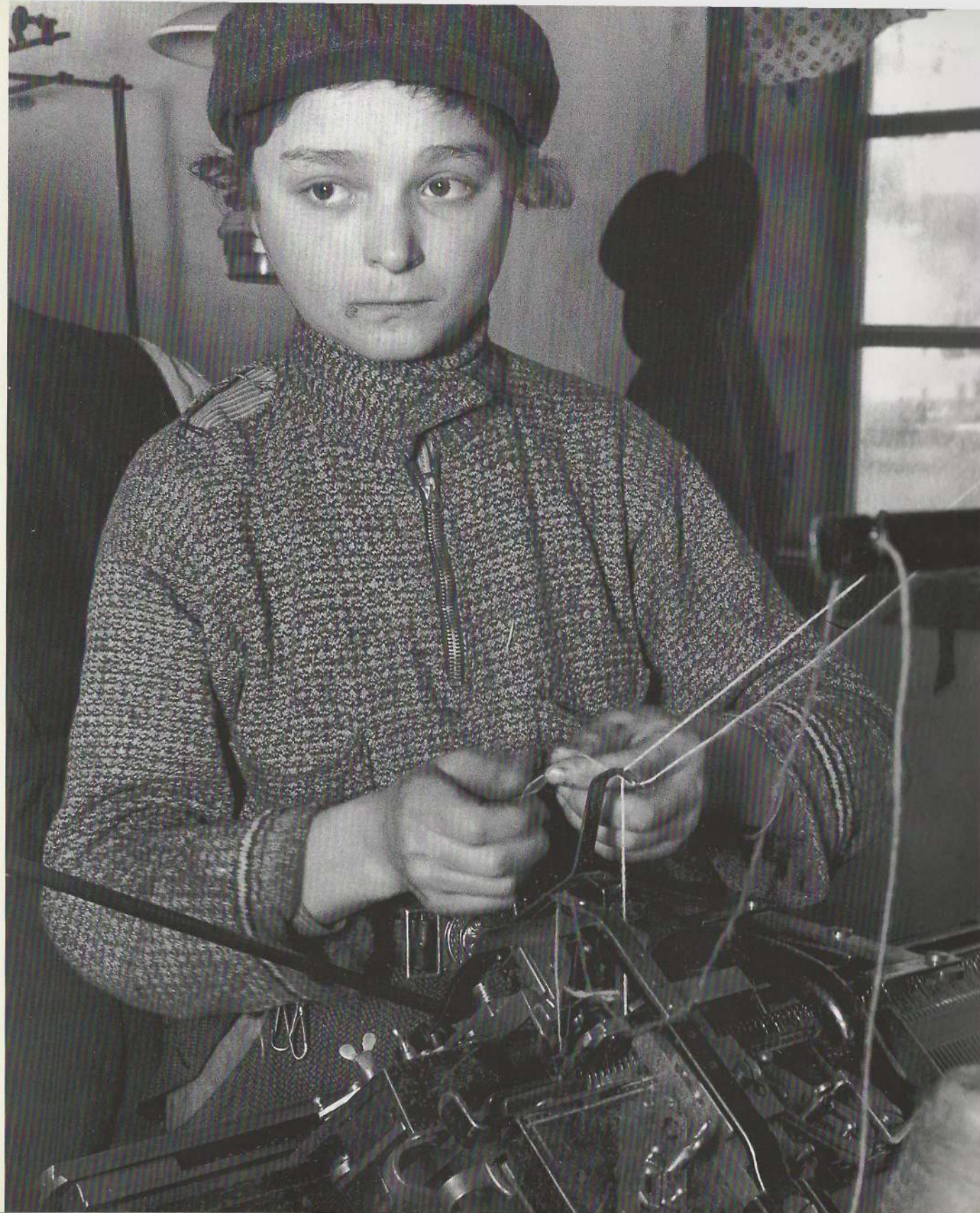
Happy, fine, and gay.

Tell me, tailor,

as you pull your thread:

Does your needle earn you

the butter on your bread?



איך מאַך אַ וואָך

Ikh makh a vokh

צוויי גילדן מיט אַ דרייער,

Tsvey gildn mit a drayer,

איך עס נאָר ברויט,

Ikh es nor broyt,

ווייל פוטער איז צו טייער.

Vayl puter iz tsu tayer.

בין איך מיר אַ שוסטערל,

Bin ikh mir a shusterl,

בין איך מיר אַ שוסטערל,

Bin ikh mir a shusterl,

לעב איך מיר טאָג-אויס-טאָג-אין

Leb ikh mir tog-oys-tog-ayn

לוסטיק, פֿריילעך, פֿיין.

Lustik, freylekh, fayn.

I make each week

two nothings and a quarter.

I eat just bread;

I can afford no butter.

A little cobbler, that is what I am,

A little cobbler, that is what I am,

And I live here every day

Happy, fine, and gay.



— זאג מיר, שוסטערל,

Zog mir, shusterl,

האסטו וואס צו קײען?

Hostu vos tsu kayen?

פֿעלט דיר אויסעט —

Felt dir oyset

האסטו וואו צו לײען?

Hostu vu tsu layen?

— קײנער לײט ניט,

Keyner layt nit,

קײנער גיט קיין ערבות.

Keyner git keyn orves.

איך בין אַ שוסטער,

lkh bin a shuster,

גיי איך טאַקע באַרוועס.

Gey ikh take borves.

Tell me, cobbler,

Have you enough to eat?

Can you borrow

To buy the things you need?

I have no money,

I have no funds for spending.

I am a cobbler,

my children's shoes need mending.

(music on page 106)



Patsh Zhe Kikhelekh

פאַטש זשע, פאַטש זשע קיכעלעך,
Patsh zhe, patsh zhe kikhelekh

דער טאַטע וועט קויפֿן שיכעלעך,
Der Tate vet koyfn shikhelekh

די מאַמע וועט שטריקן זעקעלעך,
Di Mame vet shtrikn zekelekh

אַ געזונט אין יאַנקעלעס בעקעלעך!
A gezunt in (child's name) bekelekh!

Clap Your Little Hands

Clap, clap your little hands

Dad will buy you little shoes

Mom will knit you little socks

And you (child's name) have such lovely cheeks!

(with the last line, lightly tap child's cheeks
with both hands and use child's name)



Oy, Mayn Kepele

אוי, מיין קעפעלע טוט מיר וויי,

Oy mayn kepele tut mir vey,

אוי, מיין קעפעלע טוט מיר וויי,

Oy mayn kepele tut mir vey,

אוי, מיין קעפעלע דרייט זיך ווי אן עפעלע,

Oy mayn kepele, dreyt zikh vi an epele,

אוי, מיין קעפעלע טוט מיר וויי.

Oy mayn kepele tut mir vey.

אוי, מיין פֿיסעלע טוט מיר וויי,

Oy mayn fisele tut mir vey,

אוי, מיין פֿיסעלע טוט מיר וויי,

Oy mayn fisele tut mir vey,

אוי, מיין פֿיסעלע גייט נאָר אַ ביסעלע,

Oy mayn fisele, geyt nor a bisele,

אוי, מיין פֿיסעלע טוט מיר וויי.

Oy mayn fisele tut mir vey.

Oy, My Little Head

Oy, my little head, how it hurts,

Oy, my little head, how it hurts,

Oy, my little head, guess I should have stayed in bed,

Oy, my little head, how it hurts.

Oy, my little foot, how it hurts,

Oy, my little foot, how it hurts,

Oy, my little foot, I can't even wear a boot,

Oy, my little foot, how it hurts.

(music on page 108)



Oyfn Pripetshik

אויפֿן פּריפעטשיק ברענט אַ פֿײַערל,
Oyfn pripetshik brent a fayerl,

און אין שטוב איז הייס.
Un in shtub iz heys.

און דער רבי לערנט קליינע קינדערלעך
Un der rebe lernt kleyne kinderlekh

דעם אַלף-בית.
Dem alef-beys.

זעט זשע, קינדערלעך, געדענקט זשע טײַערע,
Zet zhe kinderlekh, gedenkt zhe, tayere,

וואָס איר לערנט דאָ,
Vos ir lernt do,

זאָגט זשע נאָך אַ מאל און טאַקע נאָך אַ מאל:
Zogt zhe nokh a mol un take nokh a mol:

קמץ-אַלף: אַ.
Komets alef: "o."

On the Oven's Hearth

On the oven's hearth a little fire burns

Oh, how hot it gets.

Here the *rebe* teaches all the little ones

Our alphabet:

Chorus:

"Here, my little ones, remember for all time

Say it without flaw:

Say it once again, repeat it yet again,

Komets-alef— 'aw.'"



לערנט, קינדער, מיט גרויס חשק,
Lernt, kinder, mit groys kheyshek,

אזוי זאג איך אייך אָן,
Azoy zog ikh aykh on,

ווער ס'וועט גיכער פֿון אייך קענען עבֿרי,
Ver s'vet gikher fun aykh kenen ivre,

דער באַקומט אַ פֿאַן.
Der bakumt a fon.

אַז איר וועט, קינדערלעך, עלטער ווערן,
Az ir vet, kinderlekh, elter vern,

וועט איר אַליין פֿאַרשטיין,
Vet ir aleyn farshteyn,

וויפֿל אין די אותיות ליגן טרערן,
Vifl in di oysyes lign treern,

און ווי פֿיל געוויין.
Un vi fil geveyn.

Learn, my little ones, with a passion, learn

With fire in your eyes;

Whoever learns the Hebrew faster than the rest,

He will get a prize.

(Chorus)

As you, my dearest ones, will grow up a bit,

You yourselves will know

How the letters of our ancient alphabet

Carry so much woe.

(Chorus)



אַז איר וועט, קינדערלעך, דעם גלות שלעפן,
Az ir vet, kinderlekh, dem goles shlepn,

אויסגעמוטשעט זיין,
Oysgemutshet zayn,

זאַלט איר פֿון די אותיות כוח שעפן,
Zolt ir fun di oysyes koyekh shepn,

קוקט אין זיי אַרײַן!
Kukt in zey arayn!

When you, my dearest ones, in foreign exile dwell,

Wearied, brought low down,

From these letters, then, you will draw strength;

Here comfort can be found.

(Chorus)

(music on page 110)



שלאף זשע מיר שוין, יאנקעלע, מײן שיינער,
Shlof zhe mir shoyn, Yankele, mayn sheyner,

די אייגעלעך, די שווארצינקע, מאך צו;
Di eygelekh di shvartsinke, makh tsu;

אַ יינגעלעך, וואָס האָט שוין אַלע ציינדעלעך
A yingele vos hot shoyn ale tseyndekeh

מוז נאָך די מאַמע זינגען איי-ליי-ליי?
Muz nokh di mame zingen ay-lyu-lyu?

אַ יינגעלעך, וואָס האָט שוין אַלע ציינדעלעך,
A yingele vos hot shoyn ale tseyndekeh,

און וועט מיט מזל באַלד אין חדר גיין,
Un vet mit mazl bald in kheyder geyn,

און לערנען וועט ער חומש און גמרא,
Un lernen vet er khumesh un gemore,

זאָל וויינען ווען די מאַמע ווייגט אים איין?
Zol veynen ven di mame vigt im ayn?

Sleep then now, my Yankele, my darling,

For now's the time to close your lovely eyes;

A little boy, already finished teething,

He still needs me to sing him lullabies?

A little boy, already finished teething,

Who'll soon, God willing, to the *kheyder* go

To study all the Torah and the Talmud,

Should not he sleep and not be fussing so?



אַ יינגעלע וואָס לערנען וועט גמרא,

A yingele vos lernen vet gemore,

אַט שטייט דער טאַטע, קוועלט און הערט זיך צו,

Ot shteyt der tate, kvelt un hert zikh tsu,

אַ יינגעלע, וואָס וואַקסט אַ תלמיד-חכם,

A yingele vos vakst a talmed-khokhem,

לאָזט גאַנצע נעכט דער מאַמען נישט צו רוי?

Lozt gantse nekht der mamen nit tsu ru?

אַ יינגעלע, וואָס וואַקסט אַ תלמיד-חכם,

A yingele vos vakst a talmed-khokhem,

און אַ געניטער סוחר אויך צו גלייך,

Un a geniter soykher oykh, tsu glaykh,

אַ יינגעלע, אַ קלוגער חתן-בוכר,

A yingele, a kluger khosn-bokher,

זאָל ליגן אזוי נאָס ווי אין אַ טייך?

Zol lign azoy nas vi in a taykh?

A little boy who'll study all the Torah,

Just look at how your father swells with pride,

A little boy, a budding Talmud scholar,

Should never let his mother sleep at night?

A little boy, a budding Talmud scholar,

And a successful merchant, too, I'll bet,

A little boy, a charming, clever bridegroom,

Should lie here in a puddle, soaking wet?



נו, שלאף זשע מיר, מיין קלוגער חתן-בוחר,

Nu, shlof zhe mir, mayn kluger khosn-bokher,

דערווייל ליגסטו אין וויגעלע ביי מיר.

Dervayl ligstu in vigele bay mir.

ס'וועט קאסטן נאך פיל מי און מאמעס טרערן

S'vet kostn nokh fil mi un mames tren

ביז וואנען ס'וועט א מענטש ארויס פון דיר.

Biz vanen s'vet a mentsh aroys fun dir!

Nu, sleep for now, my charming, clever bridegroom,

Meanwhile you're in your cradle near my bench,

And it will take much work and mother's weeping

Until from you emerges a full *mentsh*!

(music on page 112)



— וואָס וועט דער סוף זיין, מאַטל, זאָג זשע מיר?
Vos vet der sof zayn, Motl, zog zhe mir?

ביסט ערגער נאָך פֿון פֿריער געוואָרן,
Bist erger nokh fun frier gevorn,
באַקלאָגט האָט זיך דער רבי היינט אויף דיר,
Baklogt hot zikh der rebe haynt oyf dir,

אַז דו דערגייסט אים זיינע יאָרן.
Az du dergeyst im zayne yorn.

ס'איז נישט גענוג דו ווילסט נישט לערנען גאָר,
S'iz nisht genug du vilst nit lernen gor,

דעם רבין נעבעך טוסט דערצערנען,
Dem rebn nebekh tust dertsernen,

שלאָגסט זיך אַרום און שפּילסט זיך נאָר,
Shlogst zikh arum un shpilst zikh nor,

און שטערסט די קינדערלעך דאָס לערנען.
Un shterst di kinderlekh dos lernen.

What will the end be, Motl, do you know?

It's even worse now than before;

For just today the *rebe* let me know

That he can't stand it anymore.

It isn't just that you will not sit still,

You keep the *kheyder* classroom churning,

You fight and fool around at will

And keep the others from their learning.



— נישט אמת, טאטע, וואָס דער רבי זאָגט,

Nisht emes, tate, vos der rebe zagt,

אַ שלעכטער מענטש, נישטאַ זיין גלייכן,

A shlekhter mentsh, nishto zayn glaykh;

פאַר וואָס דערציילט ער נישט, ווי ער אונדז שלאָגט,

Far vos dertseylt er nisht vi er undz shlogt,

זע, טאטעניו, דעם בלאַען צייכן.

Ze, tatenyu, dem bloen tseykh.

כהאָב מיט אַברהמלען זיך צעווערטלט בלויז,

Kh'ob mit Avremel zikh tsevertlt bloyz,

ער האָט מיין חומשל צעריסן.

Er hot mayn khumeshl tserisn,

דערפאַר האָט אונדז דער רבי אויף זיין שוויט

Derfar hot undz der rebe oyf zayn shoys

נאָך מיט אַ ניגונדל געשמיסן.

Nokh mit a nigndl geshmisn.

The rebe's tale, dear Dad, is not all true:

An evil man, and always cursing;

About the hitting he does not tell you,

The black-and-blue mark still is hurting.

My friend Avremel had a fight with me;

He grabbed my *khumesh*, it was ripping,

And just for that, the rebe took us on his knee,

And while he chanted, gave us a whipping.



— וואָס וועט דער סוף זיין, מאָטל? ענטפֿער ד'רויף
Vos vet der sof zayn, Motl? Entfer d'royf:

די שכנים זאָגן, כ'מוז זיי גלויבן,
Di skheynim zogn, kh'muz zey gloybn,

דו יאָגסט זיך גאַנצע טעג אַרום אין הויף,
Du yogst zikh gantse teg arum in hoyf

און חבֿרסט זיך מיט יאַנעקס טויבן, —
Un khaverst zikh mit Yaneks toybn;

צי איז דאָס שיין פֿאַר יידן, זאָג אליין,
Tsi iz dos sheyn far yidn, zog aleybn,

מיט טויבן זיך אַרומצויאָגן?
Mit toybn zikh arumtsuyogn?

האָסט נעכטן, מאָטל, ווידער מיט אַ שטיין
Host nekhtn, Motl, vider mit a shteyn

דעם שכנס שויב איסגעשלאָגן?
Dem shokhns shoybn oysgeshlogn.

What will the end be, Motl? Just you say;

The neighbors tell—they are not lying—

Of how with Yanek's pigeons, every day,

You chase around—like them, you're flying.

Now is that nice for Jewish fellows—just you say—

To chase the birds, drive them insane?

You, with a stone again, just yesterday,

Knocked out a neighbor's windowpane.



— נישט אמת, טאטע, ס'איז נאָר קוים אַרויס
Nisht emes, tate, s'iz nor koym aroys

אַ שטיקל שויב, מ'קענס צוקלעפּן.
A shtikl shoyb, m'kens tsuklepn.

איך יאָג זיך נישט, איך קוק זיך צו נאָר בלויז,
Ikh yog zikh nisht, ikh kuk zikh tsu nor bloyz,

ווי שיין די טייבעלעך זיך שוועבן,
Vi sheyn di taybelehk zikh shvebn,

ווי פֿריי זיי שפּרינגען זיך אַרום אין הויף,
Vi fray zey shpringen zikh arum in hoyf,

ווי שיין די קערנדלעך זיי פֿיקן,
Vi sheyn di kerndlekh zey pikn,

ווי שנעל זיי גיבן זיך אַ לאָז אַרויף,
Vi shnel zey gibn zikh a loz aroyf,

ווען זיי אַ פֿרעמדע טויב דערבליקן.
Ven zey a fremde toyb derblikn.

It is not true, dear Dad, it's hardly out,

It's just a piece, it can be mended.

I do not chase, I simply hang about

And watch the birds soar, as God intended.

How freely, happily they jump around

To find and peck the seeds and crumbs,

And how they are so quick to leave the ground

If a stranger among them comes.



— וואָס וועט דער סוף זיין, מאַטל, כ'פֿרעג דיך נאָר?

os vet der sof zayn, Motl, kh'freg dikh nor?

אַ גרויסער יונג, קיין עין-הרע.

A groyser yung, keyn ayn-hore.

ווען איך בין אַלט געוועזן דרייצן יאָר,

Ven ikh bin alt gevezn draytsn yor,

געקענט ווי וואַסער די גמרא,

Gekent vi vaser di gemore.

אַ ייד מוז לערנען תורה מיט גרויס פֿרייד,

A yid muz lernen toyre mit groys freyd,

נישט האָבן נאַרישקייט אין זינען —

Nisht hobn narishkeyt in zinen—

אַז וואויל דעם מענטש, וואָס איז צו גאָט, צו לייט,

Az voyl dem mentsh, vos iz tsu got, tsu layt,

וואָס קען גוט לערנען און געלט פֿאַרדינען.

Vos ken gut lernen un gelt fardinen.

What will the end be, Motl, I ask you?

A great big boy, *keyn ayn-hore*;

When I was just a boy like you

I was so fluent in *gemore*.

A Jew must study Torah all he can,

Not bother with what's light and foolish,

For praised be he who honors God and man,

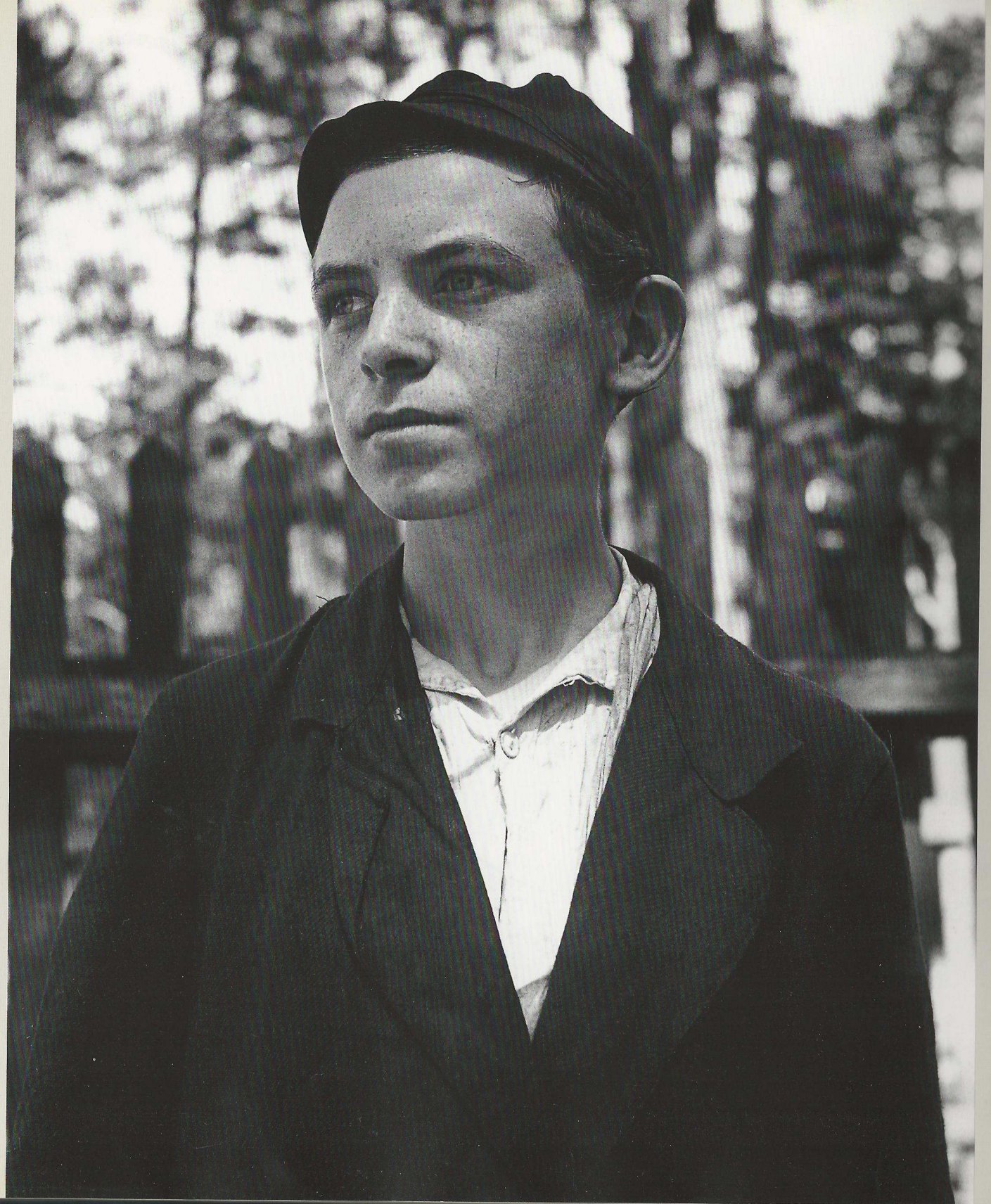
Both earns a living and is studious.



— דער זיידע האָט אַ מאָל דערציילט פֿון דיר,
 Der zeyde hot amol dertseylt fun dir;
 פֿלעגסט אויך נאָך טיבעלעך זיך יאָגן,
 Flegst oykh nokh taybelekh zikh yogn,
 ביסט אויך פֿיל בעסער נישט געווען פֿון מיר,
 Bist oykh fil beser nisht geven fun mir,
 דיין רבי האָט דיר אויך געשלאָגן,
 Dayn rebe hot dikh oykh geshlogn,
 היינט קענסטו לערנען און האָסט געלט דערצו,
 Haynt kenstu lernen un host gelt dertsu,
 האָב, טאַטעניו, פֿאַר מיר קיין מורא,
 Hob, tatenyu, far mir keyn moyre,
 ווען איך וועל ווערן גרויס, וועל איך, ווי דו,
 Ven ikh vel vern groys, vel ikh, vi du,
 פֿאַרדינען געלט און לערנען תורה.
 Fardinen gelt un lernen toyre.

My Grandpa told me all about you, Dad,
 About the pigeons you were chasing
 And all about the escapades you had —
 Your rebe gave you quite a pasting.
 Today, you study and have money, too;
 About me, Dad, have no misgiving:
 When I grow up, I will, like you,
 Both study Torah and make a living.

(music on page 114)



Hulyet, Kinderlekh

שפילט אייך, ליבע קינדערלעך —
Shpilt aykh, libe kinderlekh—

דער פֿרילינג שוין באַגינט!
Der friling shoy'n bagint!

אוי ווי בין איך, קינדערלעך,
Oy, vi bin ikh, kinderlekh,

מקנא אייך אַצינד.
Mekane aykh atsind.

הוליעט, הוליעט, קינדערלעך,
Hulyet, hulyet, kinderlekh,
כל-זמן איר זענט יונג,
Kol-zman ir zent yung,
ווייל פֿון פֿרילינג ביז צום ווינטער
Vayl fun friling biz tsum vinter
איז אַ קאָצן-שפּרונג.
Iz a katsn shprung.

Revel, Little Ones

Play on, dearest little ones,

For spring has come anew,

Oh, my dearest little ones,

Oh, how I envy you.

Chorus:

Revel, revel, little ones,

Now, while you're still young,

For from the springtime to the winter

Is an eyeblink long.



שפילט אייך, ליבע קינדערלעך,
Shpilt aykh, libe kinderlekh,

פֿאַרזוימט קיין אויגנבליק.
Farzoymt keyn oygnblik.

נעמט מיר אויך אַרײַן אין שפּיל,
Nemt mikh oykh arayn in shpil

פֿאַרגינט מיר אויך דאָס גליק.
Fargint mir oykh dos glik.

Play on, dearest little ones,

Do not waste the day;

Let me also share your joy,

Include me in your play.

(Chorus)

קוקט נישט אויף מיין גראַען קאָפּ,
Kukt nisht oyf mayn groyen kop,

צי שטערט דאָס אײַך אין שפּיל?
Tsi shtert dos aykh in shpil?

מיין נשמה איז נאָך יונג,
Mayn neshome iz nokh yung,

ווי צוריק מיט יאָרן פֿיל.
Vi tsurik mit yorn fil.

מיין נשמה איז נאָך יונג,
Mayn neshome iz nokh yung,

ווי צוריק מיט יאָרן פֿיל.
Vi tsurik mit yorn fil.

Do not stare at my old, gray head;

Does it disturb your play?

My soul, dear children, is still young

As in a former day.

My soul, dear children, is still young

As in a former day.

(Chorus)



מײַן נשמה איז נאָך יונג,
Mayn neshome iz nokh yung

און גייט פֿון בענקשאַפֿט אויס.
Un geyt fun benkschaft oys.

אַך, ווי גערן ווילט זיך איר
Akh, vi gern vilt zikh ir

פֿון אַלטן גוף אַרויס.
Fun altn guf aroys.

שפּילט אײַך, ליבע קינדערלעך,
Shpilt aykh, libe kinderlekh,

פֿאַרזוימט קיין אויגנבליק,
Farzoymt keyn oygnblik,

ווייל דער פֿרילינג עקט זיך באלד,
Vayl der friling ekt zikh bald

מיט אים דאָס העכסטע גליק.
Mit im dos hekhste glik.

My soul, dear children, is still young

And dies of loneliness.

Ah, how much it wants to dance,

Its ardor to express.

(Chorus)

Play on, dearest little ones,

Do not waste the day

Because the spring will soon be gone

And this joy will go away.

(Chorus)

(music on page 116)



Dray Yinglekh

די מאמע האָט דרײַ ייִנגעלעך
Di mame hot dray yinglekh

דרײַ ייִנגעלעך געהאַט.
Dray yinglekh gehat

מיט ווייכע, רױטע בעקעלעך,
Mit veykhe, royte bekelekh

ווי צאַרטער סאַמעט גלאַט.
Vi tsarter samet glat.

האַט אײנס געהײסן בערעלע,
Hot eyns geheysn Berele,

דאָס צווייטע — חײם שמערעלע,
Dos tsveyte, Khayim-Shmerele,

דאָס דריטע האָט געהײסן
Dos drite hot geheysn

מען זאָל אים קױפֿן שײך.
Men zol im koyfn shikh.

Three Little Boys

A mother had three little boys,

Three little boys had she,

With cheeks as soft as smoothest silk

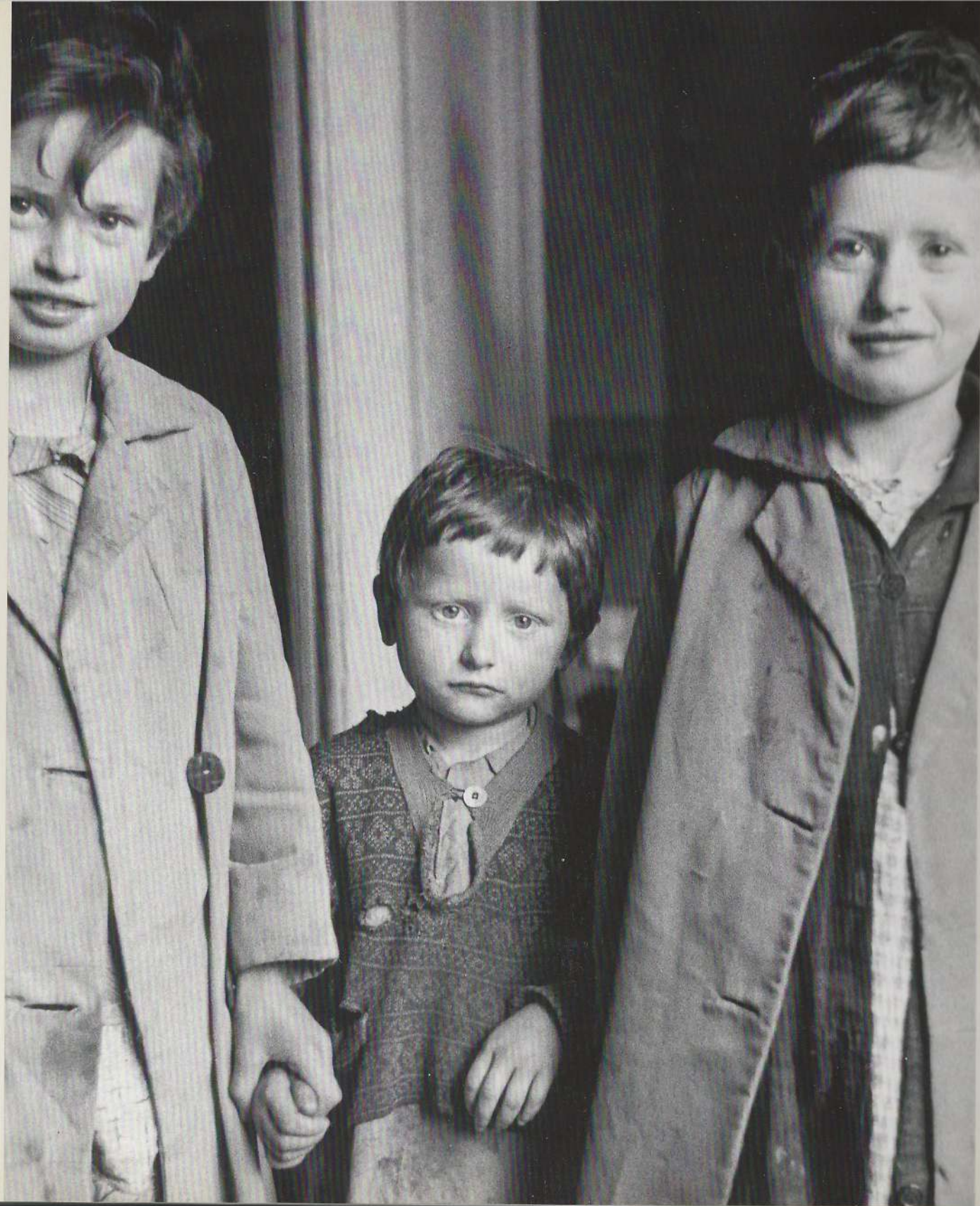
And rosy as could be.

The first one was called "Berele,"

The second "Khayim-Shmerele,"

The third one was called, was called,

Was called too late for lunch!



איך האָב אייך אָפּגענאַרט,
Ikh hob aykh opgenart,

איך האָב געוואוסט איר וואָרט.
Ikh hob gevust ir vart:

דאָס דריטע, קליינע ייִנגעלע —
Dos drite kleyne yingele,

דאָס דריטע דאָס בין איך.
Dos drite dos bin ikh.

די מאמע האָט דרייַ ניסעלעך
Di mame hot dray niselekh

פֿון דעם יאָריד געבראַכט,
Fun dem yarid gebrakht;

דרייַ גוטע, פֿעטע ניסעלעך,
Dray gute, fete niselekh,

דרייַ ניסעלעך אַ פֿראַכט.
Dray niselekh a prakht.

I fooled you all, I did,

I am a fooling kid:

The third one of the little boys,

The third one—that is me!

A mother had three little nuts

That she brought from the store;

Three plump and shiny little nuts

With nuttiness galore!



איז איינס געווען פֿאַר בערעלען,

Iz eyns geven far Berelen,

און איינס פֿאַר חיים שמערעלען,

Un eyns far Khayim-Shmerelen,

און גאָר דאָס בעסטע ניסל

Un gor dos beste nisl

האָט זי געלאָזט פֿאַר זיך.

Hot zi gelozt far zikh.

איר וואונדערט זיך אַ ביסל,

Ir vundert zikh a bisl,

פֿאַרוואָס ניט מיר קיין ניסל?

Farvos mir nit keyn nisl?

ווייל ניסן, ניסן, ניסעלע —

Vayl nish, nish, nisele—

דאָס דריטע דאָס בין איך.

Dos drite dos bin ikh.

So she gave one to Berele

And one to Khayim-Shmerele;

The very sweetest little nut

Was one she kept, did she.

You're wondering why, I bet—

A nut I didn't get;

'Cause nutty, nutty, little nut,

The third nut—that is me!

(music on page 118)



Rozhinkes mit Mandlen

אין דעם בית המקדש,
In dem beys hamikdesh

אין אַ ווינקל חדר,
in a vinkl kheyder

זיצט די אלמנה בת-ציון אליין.
Zitst di almone Bas-Tsiyen aleyh

איר בן-יחידל, יידעלע,
Ir ben-yokhidl Yidele

וויגט זי כסדר
vigst zi keseyder

און זינגט אים אַ לידעלע
Un zingt im a lidele

צום שלאָפֿן גיין.
tsum shlofn geyn.

אַי, ליו, ליו, ליו
Ay-lyu-lyu-lyu.

Raisins and Almonds

In the ancient Temple,

in an empty room,

The widow, Bas Zion, is sitting alone.

She rocks her son Yidele

and softly croons

A lullaby song,

a song of her own.

Ay-lyu-lyu-lyu.



אונטער יידעלעס וויגעלע

Unter Yideles vigele

שטייט אַ קלאָר ווייס ציגעלע,

Shteyt a klor vays tsigele

דאָס ציגעלע איז געפֿאַרן האַנדלען.

Dos tsigele iz geforn handlen

דאָס וועט זיין דיין באַרוף,

Dos vet zayn dayn baruf

ראָזשינקעס מיט מאַנדלען,

Rozhinkes mit mandlen

שלאָף-זשע, יידעלע שלאָף.

Shlof zhe, Yidele, shlof.

Under Yidele's cradle there stands

A little white goat from dreamlands;

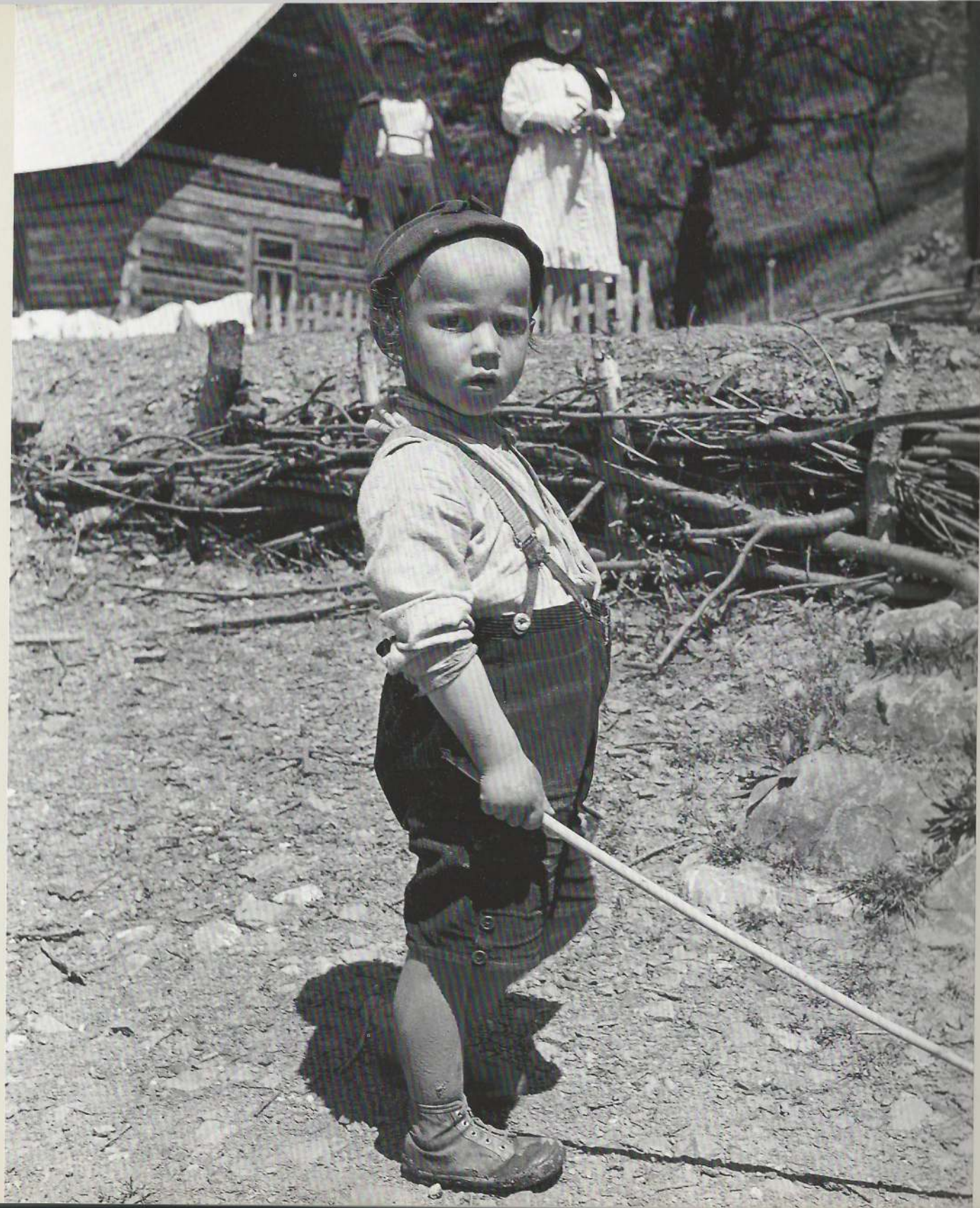
The little goat traded and wandered

And, my son, so will you.

Raisins and almonds

Sleep, my son, ay-lyu-lyu.

(music on page 120)



Helf Ikh Mamen

אלע מאַנטיק וואשט מיין מאמע,
Ale montik vasht mayn mame,

העלף איך מאמען וואשן.
Helf ikh mamen vashn.

העלף איך מאמען וואשן.
Helf ikh mamen vashn.

אַט אַזוי און אַט אַזוי,
Ot azoy un ot azoy

העלף איך מאמען וואשן.
Helf ikh mamen vashn.

אַט אַזוי און אַט אַזוי,
Ot azoy un ot azoy

העלף איך מאמען וואשן.
Helf ikh mamen vashn.

אלע דינסטיק פרעסט מיין מאמע,
Ale dinstik prest mayn mame,

העלף איך מאמען פרעסן.
Helf ikh mamen presn.

אַט אַזוי און אַט אַזוי,
Ot azoy un ot azoy

העלף איך מאמען פרעסן.
Helf ikh mamen presn.

Helping Mother

Every Monday Mother washes,

I help her with the washing.

I help her with the washing.

This-a-way and that-a-way

I help her with the washing.

This-a-way and that-a-way

I help her with the washing.

Every Tuesday Mother irons,

I help her with the ironing.

This-a-way and that-a-way

I help her with the ironing.



אלע מיטוואך קאכט מײן מאמע,
Ale mitvokh kokht mayn mame,

העלף איך מאמען קאכן.
Helf ikh mamen kokhn.

אָט אַזוי און אָט אַזוי,
Ot azoy un ot azoy

העלף איך מאמען קאכן.
Helf ikh mamen kokhn.

אלע דאָנערשטיק קויפט מײן מאמע,
Ale donershtik koyft mayn mame,

העלף איך מאמען קויפן.
Helf ikh mamen koyfn.

אָט אַזוי און אָט אַזוי,
Ot azoy un ot azoy

העלף איך מאמען קויפן.
Helf ikh mamen koyfn.

Every Wednesday Mother cooks,

I help her with the cooking.

This-a-way and that-a-way

I help her with the cooking.

Every Thursday Mother shops,

I help her with the shopping.

This-a-way and that-a-way

I help her with the shopping.



אלע פֿרײַטיק ראַמט מײַן מאַמע,
Ale fraytik ramt mayn mame,

העלף איך מאַמען ראַמען.
Helf ikh mamen ramen.

אַט אַזוי און אַט אַזוי,
Ot azoy un ot azoy

העלף איך מאַמען ראַמען.
Helf ikh mamen ramen.

אלע שבת רוט מײַן מאַמע,
Ale shabes rut mayn mame,

העלף איך מאַמען רוען.
Helf ikh mamen ruen.

אַט אַזוי און אַט אַזוי,
Ot azoy un ot azoy

העלף איך מאַמען רוען.
Helf ikh mamen ruen.

Every Friday Mother cleans,

I help her with the cleaning.

This-a-way and that-a-way

I help her with the cleaning.

Every Saturday Mother rests,

I help her with the resting.

This-a-way and that-a-way

I help her with the resting.



אלע זונטיק מיט מיין פאפא,
Ale zuntik mit mayn papa,

גייען מיר שפאצירן.
Geyen mir shpatsirn.

אָט אַזוי און אָט אַזוי,
Ot azoy un ot azoy

גייען מיר שפאצירן.
Geyen mir shpatsirn.

אָט אַזוי און אָט אַזוי,
Ot azoy un ot azoy

גייען מיר שפאצירן.
Geyen mir shpatsirn.

Every Sunday with my Papa,

We all go out walking.

This-a-way and that-a-way

We all go out walking.

This-a-way and that-a-way

We all go out walking.

(music on page 122)



Tsu Dayn Geburtstog

צו דיין געבורטסטאָג,

Tsu dayn geburtstog

צו דיין יום־טוב היינט,

Tsu dayn yontev haynt

האַבן זיך פאַרזאַמלט

Hobn zikh farzamlt

דיינע גוטע פֿרײַנט.

Dayne gute fraynt:

הוראַ, הוראַ, מיר ווינטשן דיר,

Hura, hura, mir vintshn dir

הוראַ, הוראַ, מיר ווינטשן דיר,

Hura, hura, mir vintshn dir

מיר ווינטשן דיר געזונט און גליק.

Mir vintshn dir gezunt un glik.

Today Is Your Birthday

Today is your birthday

And we all have come

All your friends and family

All your dear old chums.

Hooray, hooray, we're wishing you

Hooray, hooray, we're wishing you

We're wishing you a joyful life!

(music on page 124)



Tsipele

עס האָט די קליינע ציפעלע
Es hot di kleyne Tsipele

פאַרביסן מיט אַ ליפעלע.
Farbisen mit a lipele.

אוי, ציפעלע, וואָס וויינסטו?
Oy, Tsipele, vos veynstu?

אַן עפעלע, דאָס מיינסטו?
An epele, dos meynstu?

אוי, ניין, ניין, ניין, ניין
Oy, neyn, neyn, neyn, neyn

ווער זאָגט עס, אַז איך וויין?
Ver zagt es az ikh veyn?

עס האָט די קליינע ציפעלע,
Es hot di kleyne Tsipele
פאַרקניפט דאָס מויל אַ קניפעלע.
Farknipt dos moyl a knipele.

אוי, ציפעלע, וואָס וויינסטו?
Oy, Tsipele, vos veynstu?

צוויי עפעלעך, דאָס מיינסטו?
Tsvey epelekh, dos meynstu?

Tsipele

The little girl named Tsipele

Was pouting, crying, too;

Oh, Tsipele, what is it?

An apple shall I give you?

Oh, no, no, no, no

Who says I'm full of woe?

The little girl named Tsipele

Said sadly, "Oh, boo-hoo"

Oh, Tsipele, what is it?

Two apples shall I give you?



אוי, ניין, ניין, ניין, ניין
Oy, neyn, neyn, neyn, neyn

ווער זאגט עס, אז איך וויין?
Ver zagt es az ikh veyn?

און ס'טרייסלט זיך איר קעפעלע,
Un s'treyslt zikh ir kepele

צוזאמען מיט איר צעפעלע.
Tsuzamen mit ir tsepele.

אוי, ציפעלע, וואָס וויינסטו?
Oy, Tsipele, vos veynstu?

דריי עפעלעך, דאָס מיינסטו?
Dray epelekh, dos meynstu?

אוי, ניין, ניין, ניין, ניין,
Oy, neyn, neyn, neyn, neyn

איך וויל אַ קוש, ניט מײן.
Ikh vil a kush, nit meyn.

Oh, no, no, no, no

Who says I'm full of woe?

And now she shakes her little head

Her braids go flying, all askew

Oh, Tsipele, what is it?

Three apples shall I give you?

Oh, no, no, no, no

I want a kiss, no more!

(music on page 126)



Hob Ikh Mir a Mantl

האָב איך מיר אַ מאַנטל פֿון פֿאַרצײטיקן שטאַף,
Hob ikh mir a mantl fun fartsaytikn shtof

טראַ-לאַ-לאַ-לאַ-לאַ-לאַ-לאַ, לאַ-לאַ-לאַ
Tra-la-la-la-la-la-la-la, la-la-la

האַט עס נישט אין זיך קײן אײנציקן שטאַף.
Hot es nit in zikh keyn eyntsikn shtokh

טראַ-לאַ-לאַ-לאַ-לאַ-לאַ-לאַ, לאַ-לאַ-לאַ
Tra-la-la-la-la-la-la-la, la-la-la

דאַרום, האָב איך זיך באַטראַכט
Darum, hob ikh zikh batrakht

פֿון דעם מאַנטל אַ רעקל געמאַכט!
Fun dem mantl a rekl gemakht!

טראַ-לאַ-לאַ-לאַ-לאַ-לאַ-לאַ,
Tra-la-la-la-la-la-la

טראַ-לאַ-לאַ-לאַ-לאַ-לאַ-לאַ
Tra-la-la-la-la-la-la

פֿון דעם מאַנטל אַ רעקל געמאַכט.
Fun dem mantl a rekl gemakht.

I Have Me a Little Coat

I have me a little coat of ancient design

Tra-la-la-la-la-la-la-la, la-la-la

And not a stitch of it can stand the test of time

Tra-la-la-la-la-la-la-la, la-la-la.

One day an idea came to me:

From that little coat a jacket we shall see!

Tra-la-la-la-la-la-la,

Tra-la-la-la-la-la-la

From that little coat a jacket we shall see.



האַב איך מיר אַ רעקל פֿון פֿאַרצײטיקן שטאַף,
Hob ikh mir a rekl fun fartsaytikn shtof

האַט עס נישט אין זיך קיין איינציקן שטאַף.
Hot es nit in zikh keyn eyntsikn shtokh

דאַרום, האָב איך זיך באַטראַכט
Darum, hob ikh zikh batrakht

פֿון דעם רעקל אַ וועסטל געמאַכט!
Fun dem rekl a vestl gemakht!

האַב איך מיר אַ וועסטל פֿון פֿאַרצײטיקן שטאַף,
Hob ikh mir a vestl fun fartsaytikn shtof

האַט עס נישט אין זיך קיין איינציקן שטאַף.
Hot es nit in zikh keyn eyntsikn shtokh

דאַרום, האָב איך זיך באַטראַכט
Darum, hob ikh zikh batrakht

פֿון דעם וועסטל אַ היטל געמאַכט!
Fun dem vestl a hitl gemakht!

I have me a jacket of ancient design

And not a stitch of it can stand the test of time.

One day an idea came to me:

From that jacket, a waistcoat we shall see!

I have me a waistcoat of ancient design

And not a stitch of it can stand the test of time

One day an idea came to me:

From that waistcoat a little hat we'll see!



האַב איך מיר אַ היטל פֿון פֿאַרצײטיקן שטאַך,
Hob ikh mir a hitl fun fartsaytikn shtof

האַט עס ניט אין זיך קיין איינציקן שטאַך.
Hot es nit in zikh keyn eyntsikn shtokh

דאַרום, האַב איך זיך באַטראַכט
Darum, hob ikh zikh batrakht

פֿון דעם היטל אַ קנעפל געמאַכט!
Fun dem hitl a knepl gemakht!

האַב איך מיר אַ קנעפל פֿון פֿאַרצײטיקן שטאַך,
Hob ikh mir a knepl fun fartsaytikn shtof

האַט עס ניט אין זיך קיין איינציקן שטאַך.
Hot es nit in zikh keyn eyntsikn shtokh

דאַרום, האַב איך זיך באַטראַכט
Darum, hob ikh zikh batrakht

פֿון דעם קנעפל אַ גאָרנישטל געמאַכט!
Fun dem knepl a gornishtl gemakht!

I have me a hat of ancient design

And not a stitch of it can stand the test of time

One day an idea came to me:

From that little hat a button we shall see!

I have me a button of ancient design

And not a stitch of it can stand the test of time

One day an idea came to me:

From that button a nothing we shall see!



האַב איך מיר אַ גאַרנישטל פֿון פֿאַרצײטיקן שטאַף,
Hob ikh mir a gornishtl fun fartsaytikn shtof

האַט עס נישט אין זיך קיין איינציקן שטאַף.
Hot es nit in zikh keyn eyntsikn shtokh

דאַרום, האַב איך זיך באַטראַכט
Darum, hob ikh zikh batrakht

פֿון דעם גאַרנישטל אַ לידעלע געמאַכט!
Fun dem gornishtl a lidele gemakht!

I have me a nothing of ancient design

And not a stitch of it can stand the test of time.

One day an idea came to me:

From that nothing this little song we see!

(music on page 128)



Mame un Kind

יעדע מאַמע לויבט איר קינד,
Yede mame loybt ir kind,

אַז עס איז דאָס בעסטע;
Az es iz dos beste;

איך האָב אַ קינד און לויב עס נישט,
Ikh hob a kind un loyb es nisht,

איך ווייס: עס איז דאָס בעסטע!
Ikh veys: es iz dos beste!

יעדע מאַמע לויבט איר קינד,
Yede mame loybt ir kind,

אַז עס איז דאָס שענסטע;
Az es iz dos shenste;

איך האָב אַ קינד און לויב עס נישט,
Ikh hob a kind un loyb es nisht,

איך ווייס: עס איז דאָס שענסטע!
Ikh veys: es iz dos shenste!

Mother and Child

All mothers rave about their kids,

Each thinks that hers is best;

I have a kid and do not rave:

I know that mine is best.

All mothers rave about their kids,

Each thinks that hers is fairest;

I have a kid and do not rave:

I know that mine is fairest.



יעדע מאַמע לויבט איר קינד,
Yede mame loybt ir kind,

און אומזיסט דאָס לויבן;
Un umzist dos loybn;

מע שאַקלט מיטן קאָפּ נאָר צו —
Me shoklt mitn kop nor tsu—

קיינער וועט נישט גלויבן!
Keyner vet nisht gloybn!

איך האָב דאָס שענסטע, בעסטע קינד.
Ikh hob dos shenste, beste kind,

און טו עס גאָרנישט לויבן;
Un tu es gornisht loybn;

כאַטש ווער אויגן האָט, דער זעט
Khotsh ver oygn hot, der zet

און באַדאַרף נישט גלויבן!
Un badarf nisht gloybn!

All mothers rave about their kids,

And say they never grieve her;

People smile and nod their heads,

But they do not believe her.

I have the finest, fairest child

And no one need believe me;

It's clear to the entire world,

You've only just to look and see!



Nit Vashn!

קליין געצעלע פֿרייט זיך, ווען ס'באָדט אים די מאַמע,
Kleyn Getzele freyt zikh, ven s'bodt im di mame,

און צאָפֿלט פֿאַר שימחה מיט הענט און מיט פֿיס.
Un tsaplt far simkhe mit hent un mit fis.

ער שפּרינגט און ער שווימט אין דער קלייניקער וואַנע,
Er shpringt un er shvimt in der kleyniker vane,

ער שפּרינגט ווי אַ זאָרגלאָזער גליקלעכער פֿיש.
Er shpringt vi a zorglozer gliklekher fish.

עס ווערט אָבער גלייך אַ פֿאַרשטערטע זין שימחה,
Es vert ober glaykh a farshterte zayn simkhe,

וויבאַלד נאָר דעם שוואַם מיטן זייף ער דערזעט;
Vibald nor dem shvom mitn zeyf er derzet;

דאַן שרייט ער מיט שרעק אויס: „א, גוטינקע מאַמע!“
Dan shrayt er mit shrek oys: “O gutinke mame!”

און פּאַטשט מיט די הענטלעך: „ניט וואַשן, איך בעט!“
Un patcht mit di hentelekh: “Nit vashn, ikh bet!”

No Washing!

Little Yosl is joyous when his mom gives him a bath;

To swim about it is his dearest wish.

He plays and leaps about in the little tub of water

And frolics like a carefree, happy fish.

His happiness is soon disturbed:

A soap bar ends his sloshing.

He screams with fright: “Oh, Mommy, dear,

I beg of you, no washing!”



Eyns—A Nisl

איינס — א ניסל,

Eyns—a nisl

צוויי — א צווילינג,

Tsvey—a tsviling

דריי — מ'זומן,

Dray—m'zumen

פֿיר — רעדער,

Fir—reder

פֿינף — פֿינגער,

Finf—finger

זעקס — קינדער,

Zeks—kinder

זיבן — געקליבן,

Zibn—geklibn

אַכט — געטראַכט,

Akht—getrakht

One—A Nut

One—a nut

Two—twins

Three—coins

Four—wheels

Five—fingers

Six—children

Seven—gathered

Eight—think straight



נײַן — גראַד,
Nayn—grad

Nine—degrees

צען — געזען,
Tsen—gezen

Ten—seeing men

עלף — אַ פּגער,
Elf—a peyger

Eleven—a carcass

צוועלף — אַ זײַגער,
Tself—a zeyger

Twelve—a clock

דרייצן — בײַטשן,
Draytsn—baytshn

Thirteen—switches

פֿערצן — שערצן,
Fertsn—shertsn

Fourteen—stitches

פֿופֿצן גראָשן איז אַ האַלבער גילדן.
Fuftsn groshn iz a halber gildn.

Fifteen *groshn* make half a crown.



Di Toyb

The Dove

די טויב איז געפֿלויגן
Di toyb iz gefloygn

איבער אלע לענדער,
iber alle lender

האָט זי געזען אַ שיינע לאַנד,
Hot zi gezen a sheyne land

איז די לאַנד צוגעשלאָסן,
Iz di land tsugeslosn

איז דער שליסל אָפּגעבראָכן.
Iz der shlisl opgebrokhn

איינס, צוויי, דריי,
Eyns, tsvey, dray

גי דו אַרויס פֿרײ!
Gey du aroys fray.

The dove flew

Over all the world

And saw a lovely land

But the land was locked

And the key was broken

One, two, three

Out you go.



Eyn Mol Arum

Once Around

איין מאל ארום, צוויי מאל ארום,
Eyn mol arum, tsvey mol arum

שרהן האָט זיך פֿאַרדרייט די קעפעלע.
Soren hot zikh fardreyt di kepele.

איין מאל ארום, צוויי מאל ארום,
Eyn mol arum, tsvey mol arum

שרה, שרה, דריי זיך אום!
Sore, Sore, drey zikh um.

Once around, twice around

Sarah's head got dizzy.

Once around, twice around

Sarah, Sarah, turn again.



Undzer Got Zitst in Himl

Our God Sits in Heaven

אונדזער גאָט זיצט אין הימל

Undzer got zitst in himl

און גיט צו עסן ברויט מיט קימל;

Un git tsu esn broyt mit kiml

זייער גאָט שטייט אין פֿעלד

Zeyer got shteyt in feld

און האָט אַ מכה, נישט קיין געלט.

Un hot a make, nisht keyn gelt.

Our God sits in heaven

And serves up bread with caraway seeds;

Their God stands in the field

And has no money, just disease.



Der Rebe

The Rebe

דער רבי גייט,
Der rebe geyt

דאָס בענקעלע שטייט:
Dos benkele shteyt

דער רבי שמייסט,
Der rebe shmayst

דער תחת בייסט.
Der tokhes bayst.

The *rebe* paces,

Chairs in their places,

The *rebe* switches,

The *tokhes* itches.



Beys, a Shtibele

בית, א שטיבעלע — טא כאטא,
Beys, a shtibele—to, khata

אם, א מוטער — טא מאמא,
Eem, a muter—to, mama

אב, א פאטער — טא טאטא,
Ov, a foter—to, tata

דרך, א וועג — טא דראגא,
Derekh, a veg—to, droga

יד, א האנט — טא רוקא,
Yad, a hant—to, ruka

רגל, א פוס — טא נאגא,
Regel, a fus—to, noga

Beys—A Little House

Beys—a little house—thus, *khata*

Eym—a mother—thus, *mama*

Ov—a father—thus, *tata*

Derekh—a road—thus, *droga*

Yad—a hand—thus, *ruka*

Regel—a foot—thus, *noga*



Lashinke, Vaysinke

לאַשינקע ווייסינקע, אַוואַ ביסטו געווען?
Lashinke, vaysinke, avu bistu geven?

ביים האַר געווען.
Baym har geven.

וואָס האָסטו פֿאַרדינקט? אַ שטיקעלע קעז.
Vos hostu fardint? A shtikele kez.

אַוואַ האָסטו געלייגט? אין פּאָפּיעץ.
Avu hostu geleygt? In popyets.

אַוואַ אין דער פּאָפּיעץ? מיט וואַסער פֿאַרלאָפֿן.
Avu iz der popyets? Mit vaser farlofn.

אַוואַ א' די וואַסער? אָקסן אויסגעטרונקען.
Avu i' di vaser? Oksn oysgetrunken.

אַוואַ א' די אָקסן? דובינעס האָבן צעהרגעט.
Avu i' di oksn? Dubinem hobn tseharget.

אַוואַ די דובינעס? ווערעם האָבן געגעסן.
Avu di dubinem? Verem hobn gegesn.

אַוואַ זיינען די ווערעם? הינער האָבן צעפיקט.
Avu zaynen di verem? Hiner hobn tsepikt.

אַוואַ זיינען די הינער? אויפֿן פֿעלד אַוועקגעפֿלויגן.
Avu zaynen di hiner? Oyfn feld avekgefloygn.

Little Boy, Little Boy

Little boy, little boy, where did you go?

I went to the squire's house.

What did you earn? A piece of cheese.

Where did you put it? In the churchyard.

Where is the churchyard? Flooded by water.

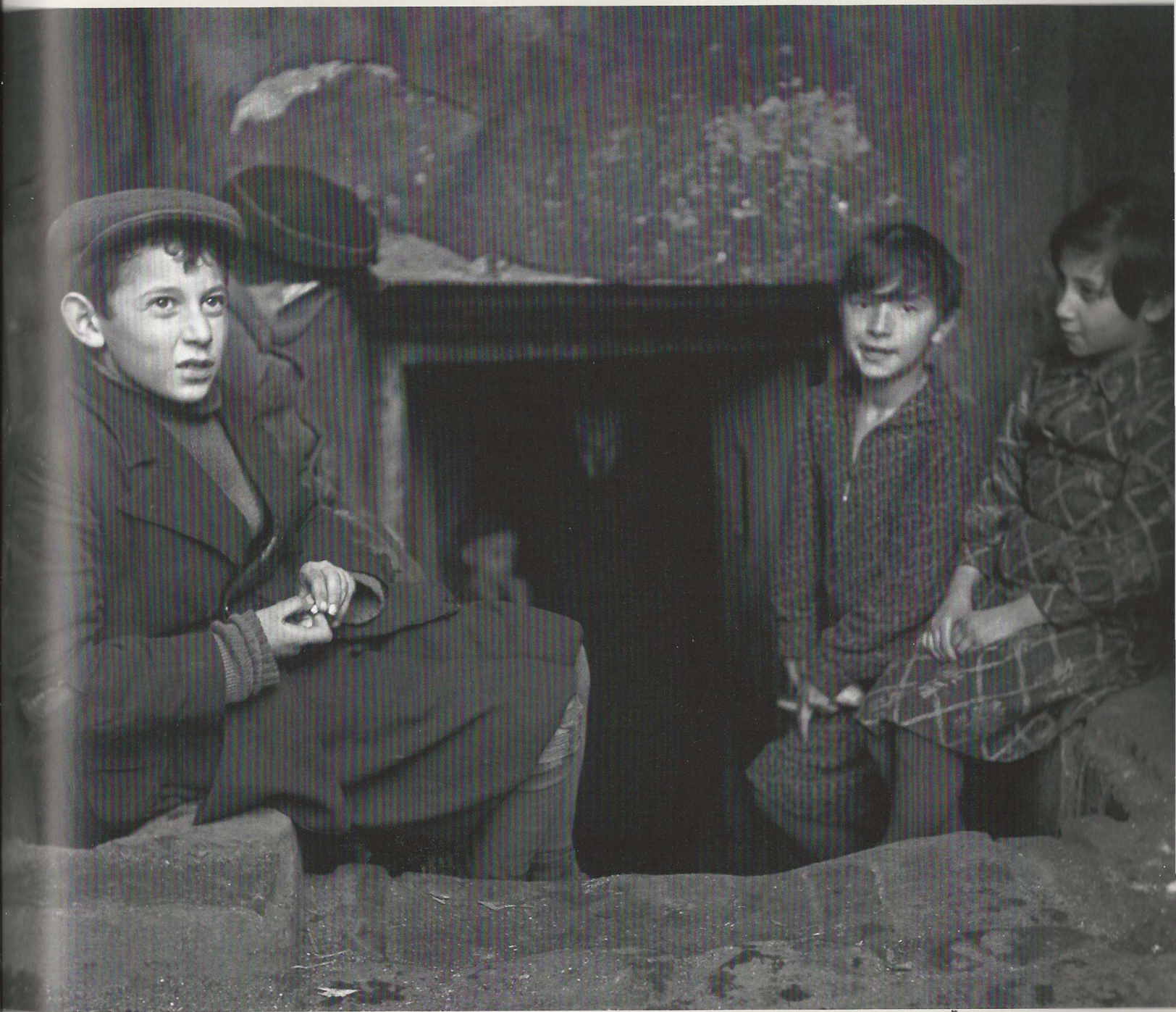
Where is the water? Oxen drank it.

Where are the oxen? Oak trees fell on them.

Where are the oak trees? Worms ate them.

Where are the worms? Chickens ate them.

Where are the chickens? Flew away to the fields.



אָוואוּ אײַ די פֿעלד? מיט קראַשקעס פֿאַרוואַקסן.

Avu i' di feld? Mit krashkes farvoksn.

אָוואוּ אײַ די קראַשקעס? מיידלעך האָבן צעריסן.

Avu i' di krashkes? Meydlekh hobn tserisn.

אָוואוּ זײַנען די מיידלעך? יינגלעך האָבן גענומען.

Avu zaynen di meydlekh? Yinglekh hobn genumen.

אָוואוּ זײַנען די יינגלעך? אויף מלחמה אַוועקגעלאָפֿן.

Avu zaynen di yinglekh? Oyf milkhome avekgelofn.

אָוואוּ אײַ די מלחמה? ביז די קני אין בלוט.

Avu i' di milkhome? Biz di kni in blut.

Where are the fields? Overgrown with flowers.

Where are the flowers? Girls have picked them.

Where are the girls? Boys have taken them.

Where are the boys? Gone to war.

Where is the war? Up to its knees in blood.

KALOSZY SZNIEGOWCE
do Reperacji
I. MANDELBAUM



Oy, Vey Iz Mir Gesheyn

אוי וויי איז מיר געשיין,

Oy, vey iz mir gesheyn,

מיט א מיידל איז גוט צו גיין;

Mit a meyd iz gut tsu geyn;

נישט ביי טאג, אוי, נאָר ביי נאַכט,

Nisht bay tog, oy, nor bay nakht,

ווען אַלע טויערן זענען צוגעמאַכט.

Ven ale toyern zenen tsugemakht.

What Happened to Me

What happened to me, oh woe,

With a girl it's good to go;

Not in daytime, only at night,

When all the doors are locked up tight.





Music

Bulbes

Potatoes

Satirical

Em Em Em B7

Zun - tik, bul - bes, Mon - tik, bul - bes, Din - stik un mit - vokh,
 Sun - day - (po)ta - toes, Mon - day - (po)ta - toes, Tues - day and Wednes - day -

Em B7 Em

bul - bes, Don - er - shtik un fray - tik, bul - bes
 (po)ta - toes, Thurs - day and Fri - day - (po)ta - toes,

Em B7 Em

Sha - bes in a no - ve - ne, a bul - be ku - ge - le
 The Sab - bath brings a no - vel - ty - (po)ta - to ku - gl ____!

B7 Em

Zun - tik ____ , vay - ter bul - bes.
 Sun - day ____ , once more (po)ta - toes . . .



Bin Ikh Mir a Shnayderl

I Am a Little Tailor

Allegretto

Bin ikh mir a shnay - de - rl Bin ikh mir a
(A) lit - tle tai - lor, (that is) what I am, (A) lit - tle tai - lor,

shnay - de - rl Leb ikh mir tog- oys - tog- ayn
(that is) what I am, And I live here eve - ry day

Lus - tik _____, frey - lekhn _____, fayn. Zog mir, shnay - derl,
Hap - py _____, fine, and _____ gay. Tell me, tai - lor,

Li - bin - ker un gut - er Git dir di no - dl ge-
as you pull your thread ____: (Does) your nee - dle earn you the

nug oyf broyt mit pu - ter? Ikh makh a vokh tsvey gil - dn mit a dray - er, ikh
but - ter on your bread ____? I make each week two noth - ings and a quar - ter. I

es nor broyt. Vayl pu - ter iz tsu tay - er.
eat just bread; I can af - ford no but - ter.



Oy, Mayn Kepele

Oy, My Little Head

Gm Cm 3 Gm D7 Gm Gm Gm 3

Oy mayn ke - pe - le tut mir vey, Oy mayn ke - pe - le
 Oy, my lit - tle head, how it hurts, Oy, my lit - tle head,

Gm D7 Gm Gm Gmaj7 Cm 3 Bb Cm 3

tut mir vey, Oy mayn ke - pe - le, dreyt zikh vi an e - pe - le,
 how it hurts, Oy, my lit - tle head, guess I should have stayed in bed

Gm Cm 3 Gm D7 Gm

Oy mayn ke - pe - le tut mir vey.
 Oy, my lit - tle head, how it hurts.



Oyfn Pripetshik

On the Oven's Hearth

Moderato

Dm A Dm

Oy - fn pri - pe - tshik brent a fay - e - rl
On the ov - en's hearth (a) lit - tle fi - re burns

B $\flat$ A D Gm

Un in shtub iz heys. Un der re - be le - rnt
Oh, how hot it gets. Here the re - be teach - es

[Gm] Dm 1. B $\flat$ C7 F

kley - ne kin - der - lekh Dem a - lef - beys.
all the lit - tle ones Our al - pha - bet:

2. A7 Dm Dm A

Dem a - lef - beys. Chorus: Zet zhe kin - der - lekh, ge -
Our al - pha - bet: "Here, my lit - tle ones, re -

[A] Dm B $\flat$ C7 F

denkt zhe, tay - e - re Vos ir le - rnt do
mem - ber for all time Say it with - out flaw:

D7 Gm [Gm] Dm
 Zogt zhe nokh a mol un ta - ke nokh a mol
 Say it once a - gain, re - peat it yet a - gain,
 1. B $\flat$ C7 F 2. Gm A7 Dm
 Ko - mets a - lef: "o!" Ko - mets a - lef: "o!"
 Ko - mets- a - lef- "aw!" Ko - mets- a - lef- "aw!"



Yankele

Yankele

Tenderly

Shlof zhe mir shoy'n, Yan - ke - le, mayn shey - ner Di
 Sleep then now, my Yan - ke - le, my dar - ling, For

ey - ge - lekh di shvar - tsin - ke, makh tsu A
 now's the time to close your love - ly eyes A

yin - ge - le vos hot shoy'n a - le tsey'n - de - lekh Muz
 lit - tle boy, al - read - y fin - ished teeth - ing He

nokh di ma - me zing - en ay - lyu - lyu? A
 still needs me to sing him lul - la - bies? A

yin - ge - le vos hot shoy'n a - le tsey'n - de - lekh Muz
 lit - tle boy, al - read - y fin - ished teeth - ing He

nokh di ma - me zing - en ay - lyu - lyu?
 still needs me to sing him lul - la - bies?



Motl Motl

Andante

Vos vet der sof zayn, Mo - tl, zog zhe mir? Bist
 What will the end be, Mo - tl, do you know? It's

er - ger nokh fun frier ge - vo - rn Ba - klogt hot zikh der re - be
 e - ven worse now than be - fore____; For just to - day the re - be

haynt oyf dir Az du der - geyst im zay - ne yo - rn. S'iz
 let me know That he can't stand it a - ny - more____. It

nisht ge - nug du vilst nit ler - nen gor Dem
 is - n't just that you will not sit still; You

re - bn ne - bekh tust der - tser - nen Shlog - st zikh a rum un
 keep the khey - der class - room churn - ing, You ____ fight and fool a-

shpilst zikh nor Un shterst di kin - der - lekh dos ler - nen.
 round at will And keep the oth - ers from their learn - ing.



Hulyet, Kinderlekh

Revel, Little Ones

Bm F# G A7

Shpilt aykh, li - be kin - der - lekh Der fri - ling shoy'n ba -
 Play on, dear - est lit - tle ones, For spring has come a -

D G A7 D7 B7

gint, Der fri - ling shoy'n ba - gint,
 new, For spring has come a - new;

Em Bm Em

Oy, vi bin ikh, kin - der - lekh, Me -
 Oh, my dear - est lit - tle ones, Oh,

G A7 D7 B7 Em

ka - ne aykh a - tsind. Oy, vi bin ikh,
 how I en - vy you. Oh, my dear - est

Bm G Bm F# Bm

kin - der - lekh, Me ka - ne aykh a - tsind
 lit - tle ones, Oh, how I en - vy you.

Bm F# Bm Bm F#

Chorus: Hul - yet, hul - yet____, kin - der - lekh____, Kol - zman ir zent
 Re - vel, rev - el____, lit - tle ones____, Now, while you're still



Bm D B7 Em
 yung, Vayl fun fri - ling — biz tsum vin - ter
 young, For from the spring - time to the win - ter
 Bm F# Bm
 lz a ka - tsn shprung.
 Is an eye - blink long.

Dray Yinglekh

Three Little Boys

Allegro

C

Di ma - me hot dray yin - ge - lekh Dray yin - ge - lekh ge-
A moth - er had three lit - tle boys Three lit - tle boys had

C G7

hat Mit vey - khe, roy - te be - ke - lekh Vi tsar - ter sa - met
she With cheeks as soft as smooth-est silk And ros - y as could

C G C

glat. Hot eyns ge - hey - sn Be - re - le Dos tsvey - te, Kha - yim-
be. The first one was called "Be - re - le" The sec - ond "Kha - yim-

G G7 C G7

Shme - re - le Dos dri - te hot ge - hey - sn Men zol im koy - fn
Shme - re - le" The third one was called, was called, was called too late for

C G

shikh. Ikh hob aykh op - ge nart, Ikh hob ge - vust ir
lunch! I fooled you all, I did, I am a fool - ing

C F C G7 C

vart: Dos dri - te kley - ne yin - ge - le Dos dri - te dos bin ikh.
kid: The third one of the lit - tle boys The third one—that is me!



Rozhinkes mit Mandlen

Raisins and Almonds

Lyrally

Am Em

In dem beys ha - mik - desh in a vin - - kl
In the an - cient Tem - ple, in an emp - - ty

Am Em B7

khey - der Zitst di al - mo - ne Bas- Tsi - yen a-
ro - om, (The) wid - ow, Bas Zi - on, is sit - ting a-

Em C G G7

leyn. Ir ben - yo - khi - dl Yi - de - le vigt zi ke-
lone. She — rocks her son Yi - de - le, and soft - ly

C Am E7

sey - der Un zingt im a li - de - le tsum shlo - fn
cro - ons a lul - la - by so - ng, a song of her

Am Dm Am

geyn. Ay- lyu- lyu- lyu. Un - ter Yi - de - les
own. Ay- lyu- lyu- lyu. Un - der Yi - de - le's

E7 Am

vi - - ge - le _____ Shteyt a klor vays
 cra - dle there stands _____ A little white

G7 C E

tsi - ge - le _____ Dos tsi - ge - le iz ge-
 goat from dream - lands _____; The lit - tle goat _____

Am Dm G7

fo - rn hand - len _____ Dos vet zayn dayn ba-
 trad - ed and wan - dered _____ And, my son, so will

C E7 Am

ruf _____ Ro - zhin - kes _____ mit mand - len
 you _____ Rai _____ - sins _____ and al - monds

E E7 Am

Shlof zhe, Yi - de - le, shlof _____
 Sleep, my son, ay - lyu - lyu _____

Helf Ikh Mamen

Helping Mother

Moderato assae

C Em F C

A - le mon - tik vasht mayn ma - me, Helf ikh ma - men va - shn
 Ev - ery Mon - day Moth - er wash - es, (I) help her with the wash - ing.

F C Dm C

Helf ikh ma - men va - shn. Ot a - zoy un ot a - zoy
 (I) help her with the wash - ing. This - a - way and that - a - way

G F C Dm

Helf ikh ma - men va - shn. Ot a - zoy un
 (I) help her with the wash - ing. This - a - way and

C G C

ot a - zoy
 that - a - way (I) help her with the wash - ing.



Tsu Dayn Geburtstog

Today Is Your Birthday

Moderato

F



C7

Dm

Gm7

C

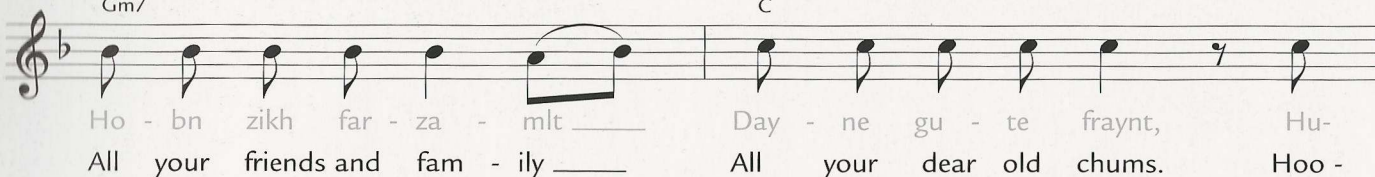


F



Gm7

C



F

C

F

C



F

C

F





Tsipele

Es hot di kley - ne Tsi - pe - le, Far-
The lit - tle girl named Tsi - pe - le _____,

bi - sn mit a li - pe - le. Oy, Tsi - pe - le, vos
Was pout - ing, cry - ing, too _____. Oh, Tsi - pe - le, what

veyn - stu? An e - pe - le, dos me - yn - stu? Oy,
is it? An ap - ple shall I gi - ve you? Oh,

neyn,	neyn,	neyn,	neyn	Ver	zagt	es	az	ikh	veyn?
no,	no,	no,	no	Who	says	I'm	full	of	woe?



Hob Ikh Mir a Mantl

I Have Me a Little Coat

Moderato



Hob ikh mir a man - tl fun far - tsay - ti - kn shtof
 Hot es nit in zi - kh ke - yn eyn - tsi - kn shtokh
 I have me a lit - tle coat of an - cient de - sign
 And not a stitch of it can stand the test of time



Tra- la- la- la- la- la- la- la, la- la- la
 Tra- la- la- la- la- la- la- la, la- la- la



Da - rum, hob ikh zikh ba - trakht Fun dem man - tl a
 One day (an) i - dea came to me: From that lit - tle coat a



re - kl ge - makht. Tra- la- la- la- la- la- la
 jack - et we shall see! Tra- la- la- la- la- la- la,



Tra- la- la- la- la- la- la Fun dem man - tl a re - kl ge - makht.
 Tra- la- la- la- la- la- la From that lit - tle coat a jack - et we shall see.





Coda: The Story of the Horse

At one point while taking these photographs of Eastern European Jews, Roman Vishniac wanted to find a small, isolated community. He spoke to many people and learned of such a place in the mountains. He decided to take three cameras and tripods, as well as other heavy equipment. But how could he carry so much? From the notes he wrote at that time, we know what happened.

The first thing he did was to ask several of his new friends if anybody had a horse he could rent. "Finally," he wrote, "I met a man who did not exactly have a horse, but had heard about one from a friend." So this man called his friend, who called another man, and that man said that, yes, he knew a man with a cart and a horse. The man he knew had not had many jobs for his horse and would probably be glad to earn some money. They went to the man's house and explained the problem with the heavy equipment. "Yes," he said, "I would be glad to have this job. But I have one serious difficulty. Lately, I have not been able to feed my horse as much as he needs, and he is hungry and not very strong. The first thing you must do is to give me enough money for food for the horse and also for the trip." Roman agreed.

On the day of the trip, the owner of the horse, who would also be its driver, helped Roman load the cart. Several times he shook his head doubtfully and said, "Heavy. Very heavy." At last they started out, and the horse seemed to pull the cart with the two

men and all the photographic equipment quite well. Gradually, as they moved into the mountains, the road got steeper. The driver told Roman that it would be better if he got out and walked, so the horse would have a lighter load. Now Roman walked behind the cart, and they went on like this for some hours. Then, the road became steeper still and the driver suggested that perhaps it would be better if Roman carried one of the tripods so that the horse would not get too tired. "And so," Roman's notes say, "we could go a little farther."

But it was hard to walk on the rocky path with that heavy tripod. And just when Roman decided he could go no farther, the horse decided the same thing. Roman reminded the driver that he had already paid for the whole job. "You're right," the driver answered, "but look at this horse. He's thin and he's tired and he is pulling a load that is too heavy. Do you want him to die right here?" And Roman saw that there was no help for it.

Together, the two men unloaded the cart and piled everything at the side of the road. Then they said good-bye, and horse and driver went off, a little faster now, down the hill. And Roman? He figured out that if he divided all the equipment into several parts he could slowly go up with one load, come down, and take another. After several trips, which took quite a long time—when he was just as tired as the horse had been—he had done it.

—Mara Vishniac Kohn

Notes



A Guide to Pronunciation

The standard system, devised by YIVO, creates a direct correspondence between the Latin letters and the sounds of standard literary Yiddish:

a	like <i>a</i> in <i>account</i>
e	like <i>e</i> in <i>get</i>
i	like <i>ee</i> in <i>feed</i>
o	like <i>o</i> in <i>dog</i>
u	like <i>oo</i> in <i>moon</i>
y	like <i>y</i> in <i>yes</i>
ay	like <i>uy</i> in <i>guy</i>
ey	like <i>ay</i> in <i>day</i>
oy	like <i>oi</i> in <i>toil</i>
kh	like <i>ch</i> in <i>chutzpa</i> or <i>Chanuka</i> (guttural sound)
s	like <i>s</i> in <i>sad</i>
sh	like <i>sh</i> in <i>shoe</i>
ts	like <i>zz</i> in <i>pizza</i>
tsh	like <i>ch</i> in <i>chair</i>
z	like <i>z</i> in <i>zebra</i>

There are no silent letters; an *e* at the end of a word is a pronounced syllable.

Glossary of Yiddish Terms

<i>gemore</i>	the “Gemara,” the part of the Talmud that comments on the Mishna
<i>groshn</i>	pennies (Polish)
<i>keyn qyn-hore</i>	literally, “may no evil eye”; usually said after praising a virtue
<i>kheyder</i>	a religious school for boys
<i>khumesh</i>	a small book for study, containing the first five books of the Bible (Pentateuch)
<i>komets-alef</i>	the first letter of the Hebrew alphabet (pronounced as in “aw”)
<i>kugl</i>	a pudding
<i>mentsh</i>	a full human being
<i>rebe</i>	a religious school teacher
<i>tokhes</i>	underside, backside; root of the Yinglish “tushy”
<i>Yidele</i>	“little Jew” (used as a name in “Raisins and Almonds”)

Information on the Texts

Page 10 (“Patsh Zhe Kikhelekh” / “Clap Your Little Hands”): This text is a game, usually played with a one- or two-year-old child. The player claps hands with the child, until the last line, when the child’s cheeks are gently pinched.

Page 14 (“Oyfn Pripetshik” / “On the Oven’s Hearth”): This immensely popular song was actually written by Mark Warshawsky (1840–1907). It has been thought of as a folk song for nearly a century. The music is the basis of the theme song from Steven Spielberg’s *Schindler’s List*.

Page 20 (“Yankele”): One of three songs in this book by Mordecai Gebirtig (1877–1942), a folk poet who was killed by the Nazis. His songs, sung in both Europe and America in the 1920s and 1930s, were part of the repertoire of every singer of Yiddish songs. Immediately adopted by audiences as “folk songs,” they present the prevailing attitudes toward children and childhood in the Jewish Poland of this period.

Page 26 (“Motl”): Another Gebirtig song, a dialogue between father and son.

Page 38 (“Hulyet, Kinderlekh” / “Revel, Little Ones”): Another Gebirtig song.

Page 50 (“Rozhinkes mit Mandlen” / “Raisins and Almonds”): This is *the* Yiddish lullaby. The verse was written by Abraham Goldfaden (1840–1908), the nineteenth-century creator of Yiddish musical theater pieces. It is meant to symbolize all Jewish lullabies, all Jewish mothers, all Jewish children.

Page 62 (“Tsu Dayn Gerburtstog” / “Today Is Your Birthday”): Another piece by Goldfaden.

Page 76 (“Mame un Kind” / “Mother and Child”): A poem by Itskhok Leyb Peretz (1851–1915), writer, moralist, and the intellectual father of modern Yiddish literature. He wrote many pieces for children, and this poem appeared in a Yiddish children’s magazine, *Grine Bletlekh* (*Little Green Leaves*).

Pages 82–100 (“Eyns—A Nisl” / “One—A Nut” and so on): These selections are from a collection of children’s rhymes and games, originally put together in 1912 by I. L. Cahan and reprinted by YIVO in 1957, in a work edited by Max Weinreich.

Page 94 (“Beys, a Shtibele” / “Beys— A Little House”): This mnemonic for Hebrew and Polish vocabulary was helpful for the dual schooling many Jewish children were exposed to. The first italicized words are Hebrew, the second are the Polish versions, and in between are the English meanings.

Page 96 (“Lashinke, Vaysinke” / “Little Boy, Little Boy”): A Yiddish version of the Russian folk song, which was the basis for Pete Seeger’s “Where Have All the Flowers Gone?”

A Note on the Translations and Music

These poems and songs are meant to be read or sung aloud. The translations therefore attempt to provide rhyme and meter for reciting or singing. Consequently, sometimes the literalness of the translation of the text must be sacrificed to the rhyme or meter. We hope that the deeper meaning and the flavor of the original are nevertheless preserved.

The musical notation will usually correspond with the meter (i.e., one syllable, one note). Occasionally, however, there will be an extra English syllable. Those syllables are printed in parentheses in the musical notation; they should, however, be sung, using the note immediately following them.

A Note on the Photographs

Roman Vishniac recorded a few notes about his images of Jewish families in Eastern Europe, but his comments were often very general: “Mother and Child,” without any specific details. About Selma on page 91, he tells us, “She was sent to the store for a pot of soup and a bottle of milk.” Only years later did he add that he recalled photographing her in Lodz, probably in 1939. Although a few of the prints are marked with their locations—“Community kitchen in Prague, 1937” for page 51—most are not. We know that the image on page 81 comes from Warsaw and that opposite the title page from Lodz in 1938. But for the most part the exact locations cannot be identified with any certainty. Perhaps Roman Vishniac wanted us to think deeply about the lives of the people, not their towns.

Acknowledgments

We owe many heartfelt thanks to friends and to those who, through their work, have become friends: Dina Abramowicz and the YIVO staff, Arnold Band, Walter Bierer, James Fraser, Frank Goad, Hans Guggenheim, our Yiddish reader, Janet Haddad, Anne Roiphe, Benjamin Schiff, and our favorite editors, Stanley Holwitz and Sue Heinemann. This book owes its existence in large part to its designers, Randall Goodall and Naomi Schiff. We thank most particularly our husbands, Richard Flacks and Walter Kohn, for their long-lasting encouragement and support.

Index of Texts and Music

- "Beys, a Shtibele (Little House)," 94
 "Bin Ikh Mir a Shnayderl," 4, 106
 "Bulbes," 2, 104

 "Clap Your Little Hands," 10

 "Dove, The," 86
 "Dray Yinglekh," 44, 118

 "Eyn Mol Arum," 88
 "Eyns—A Nisl," 82

 "Helf Ikh Mamen," 54, 122
 "Helping Mother," 54, 122
 "Hob Ikh Mir a Mantl," 68, 128
 "Hulyet, Kinderlekh," 38, 116

 "I Am a Little Tailor," 4, 106
 "I Have Me a Little Coat," 68, 128

 "Lashinke, Vaysinke," 96
 "Little Boy, Little Boy," 96

 "Mame un Kind," 76
 "Mother and Child," 76
 "Motl," 26, 114

 "Nit Vashn!" 80
 "No Washing!" 80

 "On the Oven's Hearth," 14, 110
 "Once Around," 88
 "One—A Nut," 82
 "Our God Sits in Heaven," 90
 "Oy, Mayn Kepele," 12, 108
 "Oy, My Little Head," 12, 108
 "Oy, Vez Iz Mir Gesheyn," 100
 "Oyfn Pripetshik," 14, 110

 "Patsh Zhe Kikhelekh," 10
 "Potatoes," 2, 104

 "Raisins and Almonds," 50, 120
 "Rebe, Der (The)," 92
 "Revel, Little Ones," 38, 116
 "Rozhinkes mit Mandlen," 50, 120

 "Three Little Boys," 44, 118
 "Today Is Your Birthday," 62, 124
 "Toyb, Di," 86
 "Tsipele," 64, 126
 "Tsu Dayen Geburtstog," 62, 124

 "Undzer Got Zitst in Himl," 90

 "What Happened to Me," 100

 "Yankele," 20, 112

DESIGNER: SEVENTEENTH STREET STUDIOS

COMPOSITOR: SEVENTEENTH STREET STUDIOS

WITH PETER MANSEAU (YIDDISH)

AND ERNIE MANSFIELD (MUSIC)

TYPE: ITC LEGACY SANS & QUARK FRANK

PRINTER: EUROGRAFICA

BINDER: EUROGRAFICA

The photographs are accompanied by a selection of nursery rhymes, songs, poems, and chants for children's games both in Yiddish and in English translation. Thanks to Vishniac's visual artistry and the editors' choice of traditional Yiddish verses, a part of this wonderful culture can be preserved for future generations.

Earlier books of Roman Vishniac's photographs include *To Give Them Light: The Legacy of Roman Vishniac* (1995), *A Vanished World* (1983), and *Polish Jews* (1947). Mara Vishniac Kohn is an educational therapist who has spent most of her professional life in private special education. Miriam Hartman Flacks, a Brooklyn-born native Yiddish speaker, seeks to preserve the rich tradition of Yiddish folk songs.



AN S. MARK TAPER FOUNDATION
JEWISH STUDIES BOOK

Jacket design by Seventeenth Street Studios
Jacket photographs by Roman Vishniac



PRAISE FOR ROMAN VISHNIAC

"Vishniac came back from his trips to Eastern Europe in the 1930s with a collection of photographs that has become an important historical document, for it gives a last-minute look at the human beings he photographed just before the fury of Nazi brutality exterminated them. Vishniac took with him on this self-imposed assignment—besides this or that kind of camera and film—a rare depth of understanding and a native son's warmth and love for his people. The resulting photographs are among photography's finest documents of a time and place."

EDWARD STEICHEN

"Not to forget, not to allow oblivion to defeat memory: that is his obsession. Defying all dangers, surmounting all obstacles, he travels from province to province, from village to village, capturing slums and markets, a gesture here, a movement there, reflections of hope and despair, so that the victims will not wholly vanish into the abyss—so that they will live on, past torture and past massacre. And he has won the wager: they live still."

ELIE WIESEL

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA PRESS
BERKELEY 94720

ISBN 0-520-22187-7



9 780520 221871

Printed in Italy