

ver ווער Who

Music: Traditional/Michael Winograd/Josh Waletzky

Words: Josh Waletzky

A Adagietto (♩ = 76)

day, da-da-da - day,...

B Lento (♩ = 57)

1. ver vet zey-en sho-lem in der
2. du vest zey-en sho-lem in der

19 3

ayn - ge-ba-ke-ner erd? ver vet shmi-dn a-ker - ay-zns fun dem hel-di-shn
ayn - ge-ba-ke-ner erd. ikh vel shmi-dn a-ker - ay-zns fun dem hel-di-shn

24

shverd? ver ba-zor-gn vet mit va-ser az ni - to ken tro-pn toy?
shverd. der sho-khn vet ge - fi - nen va-ser khotsh ni - to ken tro-pn toy. der

29

ver vet oys - hi - tn di tvu-e mit a goy - lem oys shtroy? un ver vet
soy-ne't oys - hi - tn di tvu-e mit a goy - lem oys shtroy. un mir' n

C 33

shad-khe - nen dem shi-dekh tsvi - shn leyb un lam? un rey - ni - kn fun
shad-khe - nen dem shi-dekh tsvi - shn leyb un lam. un rey - ni - kn fun

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38 D
molto, poco a poco

vun - dn dem moy - re - di - kn sam? ye - dn zun = far - gang, nokh
 vun - dn dem moy - re - di - kn sam. ye - dn zun = far - gang, nokh

42

vayt fun shanyd = ge-zang, ver, ver t'zikh lo-zn in dem veg fun sho-lem a -
 vayt fun shnayd = ge-zang, mir, mir'n zikh lo-zn in dem veg fun sho-lem a -

47 **Adagietto**

hey, a - hey, a - hey? da-da-da day...
 hey, a - hey, a - hey. da-da-da day...

53 E

ye - dn zun = far - gang, nokh vayt fun shnayd = ge-zang,
 ye - dn zun = far - gang, nokh vayt fun shnayd = ge-zang,

57

ver, ver t'zikh lo-zn in dem veg fun sho-lem a - hey, a - hey, a - hey?
 mir, mir'n zikh lo-zn in dem veg fun sho-lem a - hey, a - hey, a - hey.

1. Who will sow peace in the baked-in earth?
 Who will forge plowshares from the hero's sword?
 Who will provide water when there's not a drop of dew?
 Who will guard the crop with a monster made of straw?

And who will get the lion to lie with the lamb?
 And cleanse wounds of the fearful poison?
 Every sundown, still far from the harvest song,
 Who, who will set out on the road of peace for home?

2. You will sow peace in the baked-in earth,
 I will forge plowshares from the hero's sword.
 The neighbour will provide water though there's not a drop of dew.
 The enemy will guard the crop with a monster made of straw.

And we'll get the lion to lie with the lamb,
 And cleanse wounds of the fearful poison.
 Every sundown, still far from the harvest song,
 We, we will set out on the road of peace for home.