Hober un Korn קאָרן און האָבער (Aka Dem fartekh farlorn) In Oats, in Rye

Sources: Voices of the People: The Story of Yiddish Folksong, New York, 1963; YIVO Institute for Jewish Research The Sidney Krum Young Artists Concert Series brochure and Old Jewish Folk Music – The Collections and Writings of Moshe Beregovski Edited and translated by Mark Slobin, 1982)

Hober un korn, hober un korn, Frumele dem fartekh farlorn. Nakhmen hot gefunen,/ x2 Hobn zey zikh beyde genumen.

Frumele zitst un kukt in shpigl un kemt zikharop di herelekh. Iz tsugegangen tsu ir Nakhmen un hot zi bashotn mit kerndlekh.

Dos veysn dokh ale, dos veysn dokh ale, Az Frumele iz a kale, Un Nakhmen iz a khosn, un Nakhmen iz a khosn, Hobn zey zikh beyde geshlosn. האָבער און קאָרן, האָבער און קאָרן, פֿרומעלע דעם פֿאַרטעך פֿאַרלאָרן.

נחמן האָט געפֿונען, נחמן האָט געפֿונען, האַבן זײ זיך בײדע גענומען.

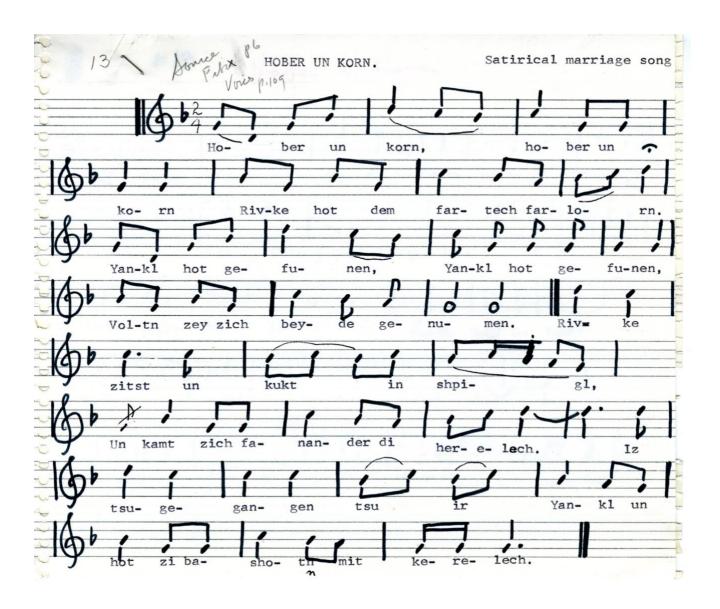
פֿרומעלע זיצט און קוקט אין שפּיגל און קעמט זיך אַראָפּ די הערעלעך. איז צוגעגאַנגען צו איר נחמן און האָט זי באַשאָטן מיט קערנדלעך.

> דאָס ווייסן דאָך אַלע, דאָס ווייסן דאָך אַלע, אַז פֿרומעלע איז אַ כּלה,

און נחמן איז אַ חתן, און נחמן איז אַ חתן, האָבן זיי זיך ביידע געשלאָסן. Oats and grain, oats and grain, Fruma lost the apron. Nakhmen found it, /x2 So they got married.

Fruma sits looking at the mirror, then walks to it combing her long hair. Nachman goes over to her and pours grains over her.

Everyone knows, of course, everyone knows, of course, That Fruma is a bride, And Nachman is a groom, and Nakhmen is a groom, So they tied the knot.



Ruth Rubin lyrics version:

Hober un korn, hober un korn, Rivke hot dem fartech farlorn, Yankl hot gefunen, yankl hot gefunen, Voltn zey zich beyde genumen.

Rifke zitst un kukt in shpigl, Un kamt zich fanander di herelech. Iz tsugegangen tsu ir yankl Un hot zi bashotn mit kerelech." Oats and corn, oats and corn, Rebecca lost her apron. Jacob found it, Jacob found it, Now they will be married.

Rebecca sits and looks into the mirror, Combing out her hair. Jacob came up to her, And scattered seeds over her.

(1) In oats, in rye / In oats and rye / Rokhele lost her scarf / And Jankl found it / And Jankl found it / And they took each other.

(2) Oh, Rokhl stands by the mirror / And combs her hair / Jankl came up to her / And pelted her with pits.

(3) Everyone knows that / Everyone knows that / Rokhl is a bride / And Jankl is the bridegroom / And Jankl is the bridegroom / They decided that.

