

PLAY, GUITAR SHPIL, GITAR

Lyrics in Russian by P. German. Translation - unknown. Music by s. Pokrass

1 Shpil gitar, biz mayn tsar vet oyfhern
 Zoln platsn di strunes on a tsol.
 Kh'vil mit vayn un shampayn shiker
 vern
 un fargesn vos geven iz a mol.

Tsu, vos zhe zorgn, farn morgn
 Fil dem bekher on mit vayn
 Heyb dem bekher, hekher, hekher
 In dem vayn fargeyt dem payn.

2 Di tsigayner, zey ruen un shlofn
 Un men hert shoyn keyn lidl nisht meyn;
 Nor kol-zman s'iz faran vayn a tropn, oy
 Iz dos lebn un der toyt shoyn alts eyns.

*Play, guitar, till my sorrow goes away.
 Let many strings break.
 I want to get drunk on wine
 and champagne, and forget
 the way things were.*

**Why worry about tomorrow –
 Fill the goblet with wine; raise
 the goblet higher, higher.
 Pain dissolves in the wine.**

*The Gypsies rest and sleep,
 and one no longer hears any
 songs. But as long as there's
 a drop of wine, life and death
 are the same.*

שפיל גיטאר, ביז מיין צער ווועט אויפֿהעָר,
 זאלן פלאגן די טוונעם און א צאָל,
 כוּוֹל מיט ווִין און שאַמְפֿנִין שְׁיפּוֹר ווּרְעָן, אַוי,
 אָן פָּאָרגּוּסְעָן ווּאָס גַּעוּעָן אֵיז אַ מאָל.

יענְקִיּוֹן:

זו וואָס צשׂע זאָרָן

זאָרָן מַאֲרָן,

פִּיל דָּעַם בעכּוּר אָן מִיט ווִין;

היַיב דָּעַם בעכּוּר,

העכּוּר, העכּוּר,

אָן דָּעַם ווִין פָּאָרגּוּסְעָן דָּעַר פְּגַזְן.

די ציגִינִינֶר, זַי רְוָעַן אָוָן שְׁלָאָגָּן,
 אָוָן מַעַן הָעָרֶת שָׁוִין קִיּוֹן לִידְלְ שָׁוִין מִין;
 נָאָר פְּלִימָן סַאיְזְאָרָן ווִין אַ טְאָפָּן,
 אַיז דָּאָס לעָן אָוָן דָּעַר טְוִיסְטְּ שָׁוִין אלְזָ אַיִינָס.

THREE SISTERS DRAY SHVESTER.

Lyrics: Morris Winchevsky . Music: Cipe Lincovsky .

In England iz do a shtot Lester
 In London iz do aza skver
 Tsum skver kumen teglekh dray shvester
 Dray meydeleh, ver veyst zey nisht ver.

Di yingste farkoyft dortn blumen
 Di eltere bendlekh tsu shikh
 Un shpeyt in der nakht tut zi kumen
 Di drite vus handelt mit zikh.

Di yingere shvester batrakhtn
 Di eltere shvester on has
 Nur ale dray shvester farakhtn
 Di velt un di shtot un di gas

Es brekhn zikh goldene zangn
 E drik e der hrn drerd
 Es vern di beste farlangn
 Oyf a zunikn tog oykh tseshtert

Un shpeyt in der nakht ven zey kumen
 Tm ne e rfn e hem
 Bagisn zey bendlekh un blumen
 Mit trern vus viln nisht fargeyn

In England is a town called Leicester
 In London there is a square
 Daily three sisters would come to the square
 Three girls, who knows who they are?

The youngest sells flowers
 The older sells shoelaces
 And late in the night comes home
 The third sister, who sells herself

The younger sisters think of
 The oldest without hatred
 As all three sisters despise
 The world, the town and the street

The golden stalks are breaking
 As the storm pushes them to the ground
 And the purest longings for a sunny day
 Are becoming annihilated

And late at night when they come
 To their nest they call home
 The shoelaces and the flowers are drenched
 With their tears that don't want to leave them.

LONDON AT NIGHT – LONDON BAY NAKHT

Ir lempelekh, laternelekh, dertseylt mir vos bay nakht, zikh
shteyendik un brenendik, ir tsaytnvayz batrakht.
Den ale nakht balaykhtndik di moyern, dem bruk –
darft ir itst hobn, rekhn ikh a klorn sharfn kuk.

Hot ir gezen a bokherl farhungert un farshmakht, hir
geyendik un zukhendik di gantse libe nakht –
zikh zukhndik a vinkela, a tir, a trep in gas,
zikh tsutsuleygn oysruen? – S'iz shreklekh kalt in gas!

**Di lempelekh zey brenen zikh, balaykhtn yedes hoyz;
tsi zeyen zey – tsi hern zey, dos zogn zey nit oys.**

Hot ir gezen baym hospital a meydele baym tir?
Mit royte oygn, shrayendik: "Oy vey, oy vey tsu mir!"
Ir tate ligt a goyseser,
finf kinder shrayen: "broyt!" Di mame iz shoyn lang nito: zi
iz shoyn dray yor toyt.

Di lempelekh.....

Hot ir gezen, ir lempelekh, shpatsirndik in gas,
a halb tsemishtn altn man, shvakh, hungerik un blas?
Amol hot dizer altinker gemakht fun yor tsu yor afule
mentshn lakhndik als lustiker aktyor.

Di lempelekh.....

The lamps and streetlights, tells us what happens at night.
They stand and burn observing over time
Because all the night is illuminated. the walls, the cobbles
– I suppose they must give a clear, sharp view.

Have they seen a young man hungry and faint,
Walking around and searching the whole precious night
Searching for a corner a door, a step in the street
To lie down and rest? It's terribly cold in the street

**The lamps are burning, lighting up every house;
Whatever they see or hear this they do not reveal.**

Have they seen beside the hospital a young girl by the
door?
With red eyes, crying "Oh no, oh dear me!"
Her father is lying dying, five children crying for food
Her mother has been long gone, she is already three
years dead.

The lamps

Have your streetlights seen walking around in the street A
half-confused old man, weak, hungry and pale?
This elder once year in, year out made people laugh
As a cheerful actor.

The lamps

Oyf tsu shtifn hostu dokh
Agantsn tog a groysn,
Itster, kind mayns, darf men shlofn,
S'iz shoyn nakht in droysn.
Shloft shoyn lang di zun,
Di levone iz oyfgegangen,
Oyf dayn shtiln vigele
Zaynen shtern tsehangen

Ay - lyu, mayn tayerer,
Ver zhe shoyn antshlon,
Vet di mame dir dertseyln,
Vos hot mit ir getron.
Vi fun fuftsn bin ikh eyns,
Bin ikh eyns geblibn –
Gekoylet zibn hot Petlyure,
Orel - di tsveyte zibn.

Vi s'hobn zikh bahaltn
Dayn bobe mitn zeydn,
Vi in keler dort bay undz
Geshosn hot men beydn...
Un ven di royte armey
Zol nit gevezn kumen,
Volt fun mir oykh, vi fun zey,
Nit blaybn shoyn keyn simen...

You have all day in which to play
Now 'tis night and time for bed.
The sun has faded, the moon has
appeared
And stars descend upon your cradle.
Of fifteen children only I remained -
Fourteen were slain by Petlyura* and
his gang -
Your grandparents were hidden in the
cellar
But they too were found and shot.
Were it not for the Red Army
There would be left no trace of me.

*Petlyura was responsible for murder
of Jews and pogroms in the Ukraine
during 1919-1920.

He was later assassinated in Paris.

אויף צו שטיפן האסטו דאָך
א גאנצַן טאג אָ גרויסַן,
אייטער, קינד מײַנס, דאָך מען שלאָפָן,
ס'יאַז שוין נאָכְט אִין דָרווַסַן.

שלאָפָט שוין לאָנג די זון,
די לבנה איז אוּפֿגָעָנָגָעָן,
אוֹף דִין שטילָן ווַיְגָעָלָע,
זִינְעָן שטערָן צַעהָאָגָעָן.

איי – לֵוָן, מִין טִיעָרָעָרָעָר,
וּמְרַד שֻׁעְשֻׁוָן אַנְטְּשָׁלָאָפָן,
וּמְעַט דִּיְמָאָמָע דִיר דָעָרְצִילָן,
וּמְאָסָה אַטְמִיט אִיר גַעֲטָרָאָפָן.

וְזֹן פֶּוֹחָצָן בֵּין אִיךְ אַיִּינָס,
בֵּין אִיךְ אַיִּינָס גַעֲלִיבָן –
גַעֲמִילָעָט זִיכְן הַאָט פָעַלְיוֹרָעָן,
אַרְגָּלָע – דִי צַוְוִיתָע זִיכְן ...

וְזַהֲאָבָן זִיךְרָאָהָלָטָן
דִין בָּאָבָע מִיטָן זִידָן,
וְזֹן קָעַלְעָר דָאָרָט בֵּין אָונְדוֹז
גַעֲשָׂאָסָה אַטְמִיט מעַן בִּידָן ...

אוֹן וּתְעַן דִּי רַוְעָע אַרְמַנִּי
זָאָל נִיט גַעֲוָעָזָן קָומָעָן,
וּמְאָלָט זֹן מִיר אִיךְ, וְזֹן זִי,
נִיט בְּלִיבָן שָׁוִין קִין סִימָן ...

TSVEY BRIV TSUM LYADER REBN

V'myestyetshku lyadinyu, A pinteles.
Mogilyovskoy gubernyu, A pinteles.
Dukhovnomu Rabinu Shneyersonu.
Oy-vey, hiney zay visn, du heyliker
rebenyu,
Az di parnose iz bay mir nisht azoy
ay-ay-ay-ay-ay-ay;
Un mayn vayb iz bekav-habries oykh
nisht azoy ay-ay-ay-ay-ay-ay-ay;
Un du bist dokh der groyser ay-ay-
ay...To helf zhe mir!

**V'myestyetshku lyadinyu,
Mogilyovskoy gubernyu,
Dukhovnomu Rabinu Shneyersonu.**

V'myestyetshku lyadinyu. A pinteles.
Mogilyovskoy gubernyu. A pinteles.
Dukhovnomu Rabinu Shneyersonu.

Oy-vey, hiney zay visn, du heyliker
rebenyu,
Az di parnose iz bay mir shoyn ayayay...
Un mayn vayb iz bekav habries oykh
shoyn ay-ay-ay-ay-ay-ay!
Bistu dokh take der groyser ay-ay-ay!
To dank ikh dir!

To the township of Liady—
period. In the province of
Mogilev—period. To our Holy
Rabbi, Shneyerson.
Oy vey, know herewith, Holy
Rabbi, that for me, my livelihood
is not so ay-ay-ay ay-ay-ay.
And my wife's health condition,
also not so ay-ay-ay ay-ay-ay.
An you are, after all, the great
ay-ay-ay! So, do help me.

**To the township of Liady,
In the province of Mogilev,
To our Holy Rabbi Shneyerson.**

To the township of Liady—period.
In the province of Mogilev—
period. To our Holy Rabbi
Shneyerson.

Oy vey, know herewith, Holy
Rabbi, That for me, my livelihood
is now ay-ay-ay ay-ay-ay! An my
wife's health condition, also now
ay-ay-ay ay-ay-ay! You are, in
fact, the great ay-ayay.
So, I thank you!

TWO LETTERS TO THE RABBI OF LIADY

וּמִיעֵשׁ טַעַטְשָׁקָו לִיאַדְנֵי,
אֲ פִינְטָעַלְעַ.
מַאֲגָלְיָאַוּסְקָאֵי גּוּבָרְנוּי,
אֲ פִינְטָעַלְעַ.
דוֹכָאָנוֹאָמוֹ רַאֲבָנוּ שְׂנִיעֵרְסָאָנוֹ
אֲ פִינְטָעַלְעַ.

אוֹיַ-וּוִיַּה, הַנָּה זִי וּוַיְסָן, דָו הַיְלִיקָעַר רַבְּנֵי,
אוֹ דִי פְּרָנְסָה אַיז בֵּי מִיר נִישְׁטָ אֶזְוִי
אֲנַן-אֲנַן, אֲנַן-אֲנַן, אֲנַן-אֲנַן,
אוֹ מַנְזָן וּוְנִיבָא אַיז בְּקֹו-הַבְּרִיאָות אַוַּיךְ נִישְׁטָ אֶזְוִי
אֲנַן-אֲנַן, אֲנַן-אֲנַן, אֲנַן-אֲנַן,
אוֹ דָו בִּיסְטָ דָאַךְ דָעַר גּוּוִיְסָעַר
אֲנַן-אֲנַן, אֲנַן-אֲנַן, אֲנַן-אֲנַן,
טָא הַעַלְפָ זְשָׁעַ מַיר!

רַעֲפָרִין:
וּמִיעֵשׁ טַעַטְשָׁקָו לִיאַדְנֵי
מַאֲגָלְיָאַוּסְקָאֵי גּוּבָרְנוּי,
דוֹכָאָנוֹאָמוֹ רַאֲבָנוּ שְׂנִיעֵרְסָאָנוֹ.

וּמִיעֵשׁ טַעַטְשָׁקָו לִיאַדְנֵי,
אֲ פִינְטָעַלְעַ.
מַאֲגָלְיָאַוּסְקָאֵי גּוּבָרְנוּי,
אֲ פִינְטָעַלְעַ.
דוֹכָאָנוֹאָמוֹ רַאֲבָנוּ שְׂנִיעֵרְסָאָנוֹ,
אֲ פִינְטָעַלְעַ.

אוֹיַ-וּוִיַּה, הַנָּה זִי וּוַיְסָן, דָו הַיְלִיקָעַר רַבְּנֵי,
אוֹ דִי פְּרָנְסָה אַיז בֵּי מִיר שְׁוִין
אֲנַן-אֲנַן, אֲנַן-אֲנַן, אֲנַן-אֲנַן,
אוֹ מַנְזָן וּוְנִיבָא אַיז בְּקֹו-הַבְּרִיאָות אַוַּיךְ
שְׁוִין אֲנַן-אֲנַן, אֲנַן-אֲנַן, אֲנַן-אֲנַן,
בִּיסְטָו דָאַךְ טָאַקָּעַ דָעַר גּוּיְסָעַר
אֲנַן-אֲנַן, אֲנַן-אֲנַן, אֲנַן-אֲנַן!
טָא דָאַנְקָ אַיךְ דִּיר!

MARGARITKELEKH – DAISIES

This is part of a popular song originally titled *Tra-la-lo-lo*, written by the famous Hebrew-Yiddish poet Zalman Shneour (1887-1959) in 1909. It was included with the music in M. Kipnis' collection of 1918.

In veldl baym taykhl, dort zaynen gevaksn
Margaritkelekh, elnt un kleyn —
Vi kleyninke zunen mit vaysinke shtraln,
Mit vaysinke, tra-la-la-la.

Gegangen iz Khavele shtil un farkholemt,
Tselozen di gold-blonde tsep, —
Dos heldzl antbloyzt un gemurmlt, gezungen
A lidele: tra-la-la-la.

Do kumt ir antkegn a bokher a shvartser,
Mit lokn mit shvartse, vi pekh;
Er flamt mit di oygn un entfert ir lustik,
Un entfert ir: tra-la-la-la.

— Vos zukhstu do, meydl? vos hostu farlorn?
Vos vilstu gefinen in groz?
— Ikh zukh margaritkes, — farroytl zikh Khave,
Farroytl zikh tra-la-la-la.

— Du zukhst nokh? un ikh hob shoyn take gefunden
Di shenste margaritke in vald,
A margaritke mit tsep un mit oygn safirn,
Mit eygelekh tra-la-la-la.

— O, loz mikh, men tor nit; di mame zogt m'tor nit,
Mayn mame iz alt un iz beyz.
— Vu mame? vos mame? do zaynen nor beymer,
Nor beymelekh tra-la-la-la.

EYNZAM LONELY

Lyrics - I. Manger, music - P. Shepherd

I put on a hat and go out all alone late at night. A pub entices me to go in, I do so and get drunk there. Two or maybe three drunkards are sleeping on the floor – is it worth joining in the game and being the forth one? – Not really.

1. Keyner veyst nisht vos ikh zog,
Keyner veyst nisht vos ikh vil,
Zibn mayzlekh mit a moyz
Shlofn afn dil.
Zibn mayzlekh mit a moyz
Zenen, dukht zikh, akht.
Tu ikh on dem kapeljush
Un zog: "A gute nakht". Oy-oi-oi

2. Tu ikh on dem kapeljush
Un ikh loz zikh geyn.
Vu zhe geyt men shpet bay nakht
Eininker aleyn?
Shteyt a shenk in mitn mark,
Vinkt tsu mir: "Du yold!
Kh'hab a fesele mit vayn,
A fesele mit gold". Oy-oi-oi

3. Efn shnel ikh uf di tir
Un ikh fal arayn:
A gut yontef ale aykh,
Vu ir zolt nisht zayn"
Ai-dai-dai-dai ai-dai-da...
4. Keyner veyst nisht vos ikh zog,
Keyner veyst nisht vos ikh vil –
Tsvey shikurim mit a flash
Shlofn oyfn dil.
Tsvey shikurim mit a flash
Zenen, dukht zikh, dray.
Zayn a ferter do in shpil
Loynt zikh? – Nisht keday.
5. Tu ikh on dem kapeljush
Un ikh loz zikh geyn.
Vu zhe geyt men shpet bay nakht
Eyninker aleyn?
Ai-dai-dai-dai ai dai-da...

SHPRAYZ IKH MIR TO THE FAIR

Shprayz ikh mir mit gikhe, mit gikhe trit,
Nokh a ferdl tsum yarid, tsum yarid,
Mitn tayster kling ikh mir, kling ikh mir,
Un a lidl zing ikh mir, zing ikh mir. . .

Tsu der shtot iz vayt nokh, zeyer vayt,
Shteyt a kretshme bay der zayt, bay der zayt,
Breyt tseefnt iz di tir, iz di tir,
— Kretshmer, gib a glezl, a glezl mir!

Nokh a glezl, nokh eyns, nokh a gloz
Gist mir on der bale — der balebos.
Vos mir shtot un ven mir, ven yarid,
Az keyn ferdl darf ikh nit, darf ikh nit.

S'ferdl hob ikh nit gekoyft, nit gekoyft,
Un dos gelt shoyn lang farzoyft, lang farzoyft,
Un far tsores shpring ikh mir, shpring ikh mir,
Un a lidl zing ikh mir, zing ikh mir.

שפריאיז איך מיר מיט ניכע טרייט,
נאך א פערדליך צום יאריך, צום יאריך,
מיטן טיסטער קלינגן איך מיר, קלינגן איך מיר,
און א לידל זינגע איך מיר, זינגע איך מיר ...

זו דער שטאט איז זוינט נאך, זיער זוינט,
שטייט א קראעתשמע בעי דער זוינט, בעי דער זוינט;
בריות צעהנט איז די טיר, איז די טיר,
— קראעתשמער, ניב א גלוול, א גלוול מיר !

נאך א גלוול, נאך איינס, נאך א גלוול
גרטט מיר אן דער באלא-דער באלאבעאט.
וואס מיר שטאט און ווען מיר, ווען יאריך,
אַ קײַן פָּערדֵל דָּאָרְפֵּ אַיך נִיט, דָּאָרְפֵּ אַיך נִיט.

ס'פערדליך האב איך ניט געקויפט, ניט געקויפט,
און דאס געלט שוין לאנג פָּאָרְזּוֹיפְּט, לאנג פָּאָרְזּוֹיפְּט
און פָּוֹן צְרוֹת שְׁפְּרִינְג אַיך מִיר, שְׁפְּרִינְג אַיך מִיר
און א לידל זינגע איך מיר, זינגע איך מיר.

With quick steps I went to the fair to buy a horse; my purse jingled with coins and I sang. The city was still a long way off when I came to an inn. "Innkeeper, give me a drink." He filled one glass after another. Who wants to go to the city, to the fair—who needs a horse? No horse, no money—worry makes me skip and sing.