

По русскому полю Af Rusishe Felder

1

Lyrics by: D. Gofshteyn
Russian translaion - Viktor Shapiro

Music by: P. Shepherd

A section of a longer poem, “In Vinter Farnakhts” (On Winter Evenings; 1912), is one of the best-known prerevolutionary Russian Yiddish lyrics. In his wartime work, “Introduction to the Poem, 1944”, Hofshteyn expressed why satisfaction that these lines had remained popular among Jewish soldiers at the front.

1 Am
Voice
По рус ско-му по - лю вмо роз на за-ка - те... Hy что же на све - те, e - vu
In vin - far - na - khtn af ru si-she fel - der! Vu kon men zayn eln - ter, vu

4 A m D m
ще без - от - рад - ней? У - бо - га - я кля - чя, скри - пу - чи - е дро - ги, и
kon men zayn eln - ter. A fer dl an an - tiks, - a skri - pn - der shli - tn, a

7 A m A dim E A m A D m
я shlyakh по - спре - ди бес - ко - неч - ной до - по - ги. Xo - лод - но - го не - ба чутъ
a far - shneyn - ter - un ikh bin in mi - tn. Fun un - tn, in eyn - tsi - kn

10 A m A m D m E
све - тит - ся у - гол, как буд - то на при - печ - ке тле - ю - щий у - голъ, ой
vin kl - in bla - sn, nokh le - shn zikh tro - ye - rik tli - en - de pa - sn, oy

13 A m E A m D m C G C E A m E
да - ри да ри да...
da - ri da ri da...

18 A m D m A m A dim E A m
A m

150 Voices song lyrics

<https://www.polinashpherd.co.uk/cds/150-voices-cd/>

1 Af Rusishe felder – In Russian fields (Yiddish) 02:45

Words by David Hofstein. Music and arrangement by Polina Shepherd

In vinter farnakhtn af rusishe felder!
Vu ken men zayn elnter,
vu ken men zayn elnter.

A ferdl an altinks,
a skripnder shltn,
A shlyakh a farshneyter —
un ikh bin in mitn.

Fun untn, in eyntsikn vinkl in blasn,
Nokh leshn zikh troyerik tliende pasn.

Fun fornt farshpreyt zikh
a midber a vayser,
Un vayt dort tsezeyt iz
a tsendliker hayzer,

Dort dremlt a khutor,
farzunken in shneyen...
Tsum yidishn hayzl
fil stezhkelekh geyen,

A hayzl vi ale,
nor greser di fentster,
Un tsvishn di kinder
dort bin ikh der eltster...

Un eng iz mayn veltl
un kleyn iz mayn redl:
In tsvey vokhn eyn mol
fun khutor in shtetl,

Un benken in shvaygn
fun felder fun breyte,
Fun vegn un veglekhan
farshneyte, farveyte...

Un trogn in hartsn
farborgene veyen
Fun zoymen, vos vartn
un vartn af zeyen...

In vinter farnakhtn af rusishe felder!
Vu ken men zayn elnter,
vu ken men zayn elnter.

אין ווינטער-פֿאָרנַּאַכְּטַן
אויף רֹוִישׁעַ פֿעַלְדָּעַ!
וּוּ קָעַן מֵעַן זִיַּן עַלְנַטְעַר,
וּוּ קָעַן מֵעַן זִיַּן עַלְנַטְעַר.
אֲ פֿעַרְדָּל אֲן אלטִינְקָס,
אֲ סְקִירְפֶּנְדָּעַ שְׁלִיטָן,
אֲ שְׁלִיאָךְ אֲ פֿאָרְשָׁנִיטָּעַר -
אוֹן אוֹר בֵּין אַין מִיטָּן.

פֿוֹן אָוּנוֹתָן, אַין אַיְנְצִיקָן ווַיְנָקָל אַין בְּלָאָסָן,
נָאָר לְעַשְׁן זִיר טְרוֹחִירִיךְ טְלִיעַנְדָּע פָּאָסָן.

פֿוֹן פֿאָרְנַּט פֿאָרְשָׁפְּרִיטָּזִיר
אֲ מְדָבָר אֲ וַיְסָעָר,
אוֹן וַיְסַט דָּאָרְטָן צַעְדִּיָּט אַיְזָן
אֲ צַעְנְדְּלִיקָעַר הַיְזָעָר,
דָּאָרְטָן דְּרַעְמָלְט אֲ כּוֹטָאָר,
פֿאָרְזּוֹנְקָעָן אַין שְׁנִיעָן...
צָוּם יְדִישָׁן הַיְזָל
פֿוֹיל סְטוֹעַזְשָׁקָעַלְעָר גִּיעָן,
אֲ הַיְזָל וּוּ אַלְעָן,
נָאָר גְּרָעְסָעָר דִּי פֿעַנְצָטָעָר,
אוֹן צְוִיְישָׁן דִּי קִינְדָּעָר
דָּאָרְטָן בֵּין אַיְר דָּעָר עַלְטָסְטָעָר...

אוֹן עַגְגָן אַיְזָמִין ווּעַלְטָל,
אוֹן קְלִילָן אַיְזָמִין רַעְדָל:
אַיְן צְוִיְישׁוּן אַיְן מְאָל
פֿוֹן כּוֹטָאָר אַיְן שְׁטוּטָל.

אוֹן בְּעַנְקָעָן אַיְן שְׂוִוִּיגָן
פֿוֹן פֿעַלְדָּעַ פֿוֹן בְּרִיְיטָעָן,
פֿוֹן וּוְעַגְן אַיְן וּוְעַגְלָעָר
פֿאָרְשָׁנִיטָּעָן, פֿאָרְוּוּיְיטָּעָן...

אוֹן טְרָאָגָן אַיְן הַאֲרַצָּן

פֿאָרְבָּאָרְגָּעָנָעָן וּוְיִעָן
פֿוֹן זְוִימָעָן, וְאָס וְאָרְטָן

אוֹן וּוְאָרְטָן אוֹיפֿ זִיְעָן...

אַיְן ווִינְטָעָר-פֿאָרְנַּאַכְּטַן
אוֹיפֿ רֹוִישׁעַ פֿעַלְדָּעַ!
וּוּ קָעַן מֵעַן זִיַּן עַלְנַטְעַר,
וּוּ קָעַן מֵעַן זִיַּן עַלְנַטְעַר.

Russian fields on
winter evenings!
Where can one be more lonely
Where can be more lonely?

An old horse wheezing and sleigh
creaking, and I am half-way along
a road covered in snow...

Below, in the only pale corner of
twilight, sad streaks of light dying
and smouldering.

Before us a desert of whiteness
stretches, and sown in its
vastness is a scatter of houses.

Sunk in its snow-depth a
farmhouse dreaming...
Many paths lead to a house...

A house just like the others,
but its windows larger.
Among all the children
I am the oldest.

My little world is narrow,
my circle tiny –
once in two weeks
to visit the village.

In silence longing for fields in the
distance, for the paths and
the by-paths wind-blown
and snow-covered...

And concealed in the heart the
sorrow of seeds that keep waiting
and waiting for their time of
sowing...

Russian fields **sian Choir**
on winter evenings!
Where can be more lonely,
Where can be more lonely ...