Part of a poem by Chaim Nachmen Bialik (1873–1934). This is one of his charming folk themes written originally in Hebrew "Yesh li gan," and translated into Yiddish by I. Ma Yofis. Published in M. Gelbart, *Lomir zingen*, 1938-39. Albert Bitter also wrote music to the poem.

In mayn gortn hot a brunem Mit an emer zikh gefunen, Ale shabes kumt deriber, Trinken vaser dort mayn liber.

Vi mayn harts, der emer vakht, Trift zayn gold in brunem zakht; Trift a perl, trift a tsveyter — Ot-o geyt er, ot-o geyt er!

Sha, mir dukht es klingen trit. . . Iz dos er?—un efsher nit? Gikher, gikher, kum, mayn sheyner! Kh'bin aleyn un vayter keyner. . .

Zetsn mir zikh do baym vant, Kop tsu aksl, hant in hant. . . - Kh'vel dikh fregn a por zakhn, Zolst, ikh bet dikh, nor nit lakhn.

Zog, fun vanen kumt der shmarts, Vi a vorem nogt dos harts? -S'hot gehert mayn mame reydn, Az du vilst mit mir zikh sheydn.

Zogt mayn liber: Gey shoyn, gey, Sonim zogn dos azoy, Nokh a yor, az got vet veln, Veln mir a khupe shteln. . . Translation by Benjy Fox-Rosen:

In my garden there is a well There is a bucket there, Every Shabbes my beloved, Comes there to drink water.

Like my heart, the bucket keeps watch, Its gold drips peacefully into the well:

A pearl drips, then a second
Here he comes, here he comes.

Quiet, it seems I hear steps... Is that him? Or maybe not? Faster, faster, come my beautiful one, I am alone, with no one else around...

We sit here on the well's rim, Head to shoulder, hand in hand... "I will ask you something, But please, I beg you, don't laugh.

"Tell, where does the pain come from, Which like a worm gnaws at my heart? -I hear my mother say, as you want to leave me."

> My beloved says: don't be silly, Enemies say such things, Another year, god willing, We will get married...

אין מײַן גאָרטן האָט אַ ברונעם מיט אַן עמער זיך געפֿונען, אַלע שבת קומט דעריבער טרינקען וואַסער דאָרט מײַן ליבער.

ווי מײַן האַרץ, דער עמער וואַכט, טריפֿט זײַן גאָלד אין ברונעם זאַכט; טריפֿט אַ פּערל, טריפֿט אַ צווייטער – אָט-אָ גייט ער, אָט-אָ גייט ער!

שאַ, מיר דוכט עס קלינגען טריט. . . איז דאָס ער? -- און אפֿשר ניט? גיכער, גיכער! קום, מײַן שיינער! כיבין אַליין און ווײַטער קיינער. . .

זעצן מיר זיך דאָ בײַם װאַנט, קאָפּ צו אַקסל, האַנט אין האַנט. . . – כיוועל דיך פֿרעגן אַ פּאָר זאַכן, זאָלסט, איך בעט דיך, נאָר ניט לאַכן.

זאָג, פֿון װאַנען קומט דער שמאַרץ, װי אַ װאָרעם נאָגט דאָס האַרץי – סיהאָט געהערט מײַן מאַמע ריידן, אַז דו װאָלסט מיט מיר זיך שיידן.

זאָגט מײַן ליבער: - גיי שוין, גיי, שׂונאים זאָגן דאָס אַזוי, – נאָך אַ יאָר, אַז גאָט וועט וועלן, וועלן מיר אַ חופּה שטעלן. . .



In my garden there's a well with a bucket. Every Sabbath my beloved comes here to drink water. Like my heart, the bucket keeps watch; its gold drips peacefully into the well—one pearl drips, then another. Here he comes, here he comes! Ssh! I think I hear the sound of footsteps. Is that him? Maybe not. Faster, faster! Come, my handsome boy, I'm alone and there's no one else around. We sit here near the well, hand in hand, my head on his shoulders.—I want to ask you something—just don't laugh at me, I beg you. Tell me, where does the pain come from that gnaws at my heart like a worm? My mother heard someone say you want to leave me.— Don't be silly, my beloved answers. Only our enemies say such things. Another year, God willing, and we'll get married.