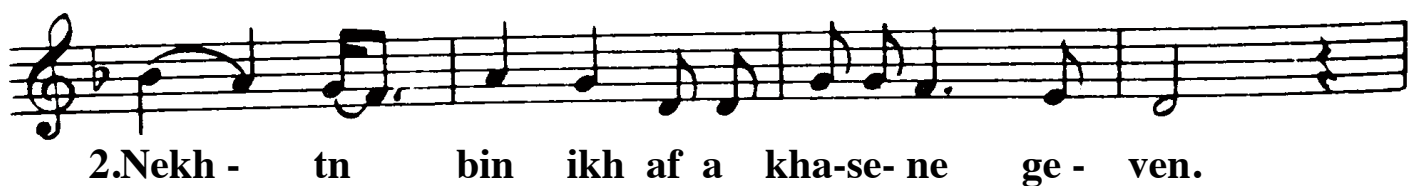
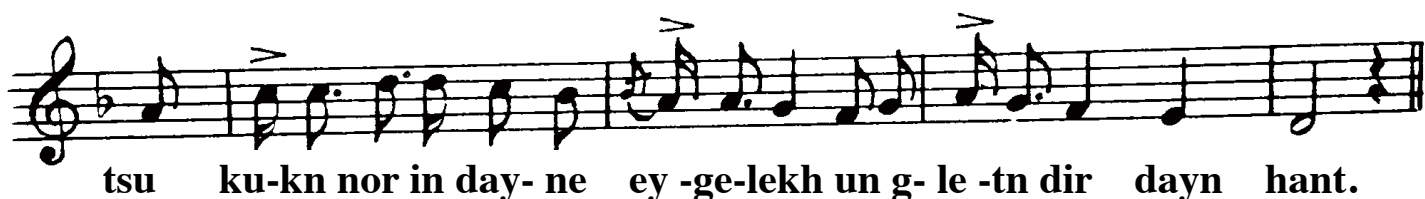


Papir iz dokh vays, un tint iz dokh shvarts.

Paper is white and ink is black.

Paper is white and ink is black. My heart yearns for you, my beloved. I would like to sit three days in a row, just to look into your eyes and to stroke your hand. Yesterday I was at a wedding. I saw a lot of pretty girls. Many pretty girls, but not one compares to you, to your black eyes and your dark hair. Your waist, your carriage, your noble manner... A fire burns in my heart but cannot be seen. There is nobody to see how I am burning. My death and my life are in your hands. Your manner, your smile and your noble figure... Oh, tell me, eye, what's wrong with you, that when you laugh with great joy, a tear falls from you.



3. Dayn ta - li - e, dayn po - ze, dayn ey - de - ler fa - son,

in har-tsn brent a fa - yer, me zet im nit on,

ni - to der mentsh, vos zol ze - n vi mir b-rent.

mayn toyt un mayn le - bn iz ba dir in di hent.

4. Dayn mi - ne, dayn sh-mey - khl, dayn ey - de - le fi - gur...

Oy, zog zhe mir, du oyg, vos iz mit dir der mer?

Az ven du lakhst mit groys freyd, dan rint fun dir a trer...

Uj uj uj uj uj uj uj uj uj uj uj