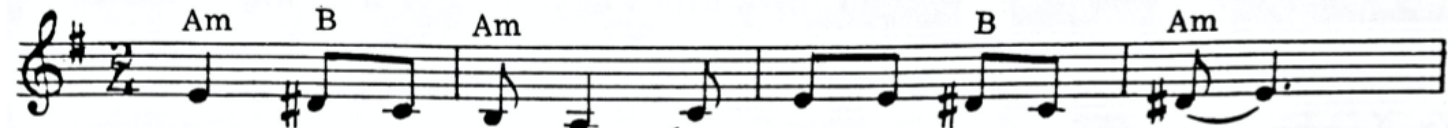


TRINK, BRUDER, TRINK OYS! Drink, Brother, Drink Up!
Mordkhe Gebirtig / folk



1 Trink bru - der, trink oys, dos gle - zl biz tsum grunt, -
2 Itst, bru - der, trink ikh, un vos felt mir a - tsind?
3 Itst, bru - der, trink ikh, un ven es roysht in kop,



ve - stu ve - rn frish un mun - ter, frey - lekh un ge - zunt. Oy,
Kh'fil zikh glik - likh vi a ke - nig, frey - lekh vi a kind.
Fayf ikh oyf der gan - tser velt un tants mir hop - hop - hop!



bru - de - rl, le - kha - yim, trink a bi - se - le vayn.



Dos far - traybt di mo - re - sh'choy - re, ye - de zorg un payn. Oy,



Dos far - traybt di - mo - re - sh'choy - re, ye - de zorg un - payn.

Trink bruder, trink oys,
Dos glezl biz tsum grunt.
Vestu vern frish un munter,
Freylech un gezunt.

Refrain:

Oy, bruderl, lechayim,
Trink abisele vayn,
Dos fartraybt di more-sh'choyre,
Yede zorg un pay.

Itst bruder, trink ich,
Un vos felt mir atsind?
Ich fil zich gliklich vi a kenig,
Freylech vi a kind.

Itst bruder, trink ich,
Un ven es roysht in kop,
Fayf ich oyf der gantser velt
Un tants mir hop-hop-hop!

Drink, brother, drink up!
Down the hatch it goes!
It helps us to forget our troubles,
To bear our pain and woes.

Refrain:

Oh Prosit, brothers, lechayim.*
Lets drink a bit of wine,
Thats what drives away the sorrow,
Makes you feel so fine!

When I drink up, boys,
I do not lack a thing,
I am happy as a youngster,
Mighty as a king.

When I keep drinking,
My head spins like a top,
I send my troubles to the devil,
And dance and skip and hop!