

ר קזנדט

# דער מאדרנער בעפּרייער

דער גרויסעד קזנדט

מי דעם צויבער-שטעהן פון וויסענשאפט וועט דער מאדרנער נבייא שפאלטען דעם  
ים אל-דאַסְטָבִּין און וועט דאס אַרְכִּיטָעָטְ-פָּאֵלָק אַרְיָנֶגְּיָהָרָעָן אַין אָרֶץ וְבָתְחָלָב וְדָרְשָׁה.  
אין לאַנד פון עַקְאַגָּאָמִישָׁעָר פְּרִיהִוִּיט.

Science

economic  
freedom



With the magic word of Science

# Sholem Aleichem (1859-1906/1914-1916)

SHLOF, MAYN KIND

שלאט, מײַן קינד

## Sleep, My Child

שלאט מײַן קינד, מײַן טרייסט, מײַן שײַגעַר,  
שלאט וּשׁעַ, לְוֹלְלוֹ-לוֹ!  
שלאט מײַן לָעֶבֶן, מײַן קָדִישׁ אַיִנָּעָר,  
שלאט וּשׁעַ, זָנוּנָיו.

בֵּין דֵין וּוַיְגֵל וַיְצַט דֵין מָאַמָּע,  
וַיְגַּנְתָּ אַלְיָד אָוֹן וּוַיְוִינְטָן,  
וַיְעַסְתָּ אַמְּל פָּאַרְשְׁטִין מַסְתָּמָא  
וּזְאָם זַי הָאָט גַּעֲמִינְטָן.

אַיְן אַמְּעָרִיקָע אַיְן דָּעָר טָאַטָּע  
דִּינָעָר, זָנוּנָיו,  
דוֹ בִּיסְטָן נָאָך אַ קִינְד לְעַתְ-עַתָּה,  
שלאט וּשׁעַ, שלאט, לוֹלְלוֹ!

דָּאָם אַמְּעָרִיקָע אַיְן פָּאָר יְעָדָן,  
וְאָגָטָן מָעָן, גָּאָר אַ גְּלִיק,  
אוֹן פָּאָר יְידָן אַ גְּנָעָדָן,  
עָפָעָם אַן אַנְטִיקָן.

דָּאָרָטָן עַסְטָמָעָן אַיְן דָּעָר וּוְאָכָן  
חַלָּה, זָנוּנָיו,  
יְיכַעַלְעַךְ וּוֹלְאָאַיךְ דִּיר קָאָכָן,  
שלאט וּשׁעַ, שלאט, לוֹלְלוֹ.

עָר וּוֹעַט שִׁיקָּנוּ צְוֹאָנְצִיךְ דָּאַלְעָר,  
וְיַיְן פָּאַרְטְּרָעָט דָּעָרָאָן,  
אוֹן וּוֹעַט נְעַמְעָן, לָעֶבֶן זָאָל עָר,  
אוֹנְדוֹ אַהֲנָגָזָוֹן.

בַּיּוּ עַם קוֹמֶט דָּאָם גּוֹטָע קוֹוִיטָל,  
שלאט וּשׁעַ, זָנוּנָיו,  
שְׁלָאָפָּן אַיְן אַ טְּבִיעָר מִיטָּל,  
שלאט וּשׁעַ, שלאט, לוֹלְלוֹ.

Shlof mayn kind, mayn treyst, mayn sheyner,  
Shlof zhe, lyu-lyu-lyu!  
Shlof mayn lebn, mayn kadish eyner,  
Shlof zhe, zunenu.

Bay dayn vigl zitszt dayn mame,  
Zingt a lid un veyst.  
Vest a mol farshteyn mistame  
Vos zi hot gémeynt.

In amerike iz der tate  
Dayner zunenu,  
Du bist nokh a kind lesate,  
Shlof zhe, shlof, lyu-lyu;

Dos amerike iz far yedn,  
Zogt men, gor a glik,  
Un far yidn a gan-eydn,  
Epes an antik.

Dortn est men in der vokhn  
Khale, zunenu,  
Yaykhelekh vel ikh dir kokhn,  
Shlof zhe, shlof, lyu-lyu.

Er vet shikn tsantsik doler,  
Zayn portret dertsu,  
Un vet nemen, lebn zol er,  
Undz ahintsutsu.

Biz es kumt dos gute kvitl,  
Shlof zhe, zunenu.  
Shlofn iz a tayer mitl,  
Shlof zhe, shlof, lyu-lyu.

Sleep my child, my comfort and beauty,  
Hush and go to sleep.  
Sleep my life, my only kadesh.  
Sleep, my little son.

At your cradle sits your mama,  
Sings a song and weeps.  
Someday, you may know the reason  
And what was on her mind.

Your daddy's in America  
Little son of mine,  
But you are just a child now  
So hush and go to sleep.

America is for everyone,  
They say, the greatest piece of luck,  
For Jews, it's a garden of Eden,  
A rare and precious place.

People there eat khale in the middle of the week,  
Little son of mine,  
I'll cook chicken broth for you—  
So hush and go to sleep.

Dad will send us twenty dollars  
And his picture, too,  
And he'll send for us, God bless him,  
And bring us there to him.

But till it comes, the magic letter,  
Hush, and go to sleep,  
Sleep is a precious cure,  
So hush and go to sleep.

# Morris Rosenfeld.

355/10 N.Y.C.

Poem written in 1887 by Morris Rosenfeld (1862-1923), the poet of the sweat shop. This is one of the most popular songs about immigrant life in America. Morris Rosenfeld's poems, which Upton Sinclair called "the genuine voice of the sweat shop workers," (*The Cry for Justice*, 1915) were the first Yiddish poems to be translated into English and other languages.

איך חאכּב אָ קְלִיְתַּעַם יִנְגְּעַלְעַן,  
אָ גְּנוּלָעַ זְּבָרַ פְּנֵין  
וְעַן אִיךְ דָּעַרְעַז אַיִם, זְאַכְּטַ זִין טִוְרַ  
די גְּאַצְּצַ וְעוֹלָט אַיְם מְפִין,  
נְאָרַ זְׂעַלְטַן, זְׂעַלְטַן וְעַ אִיךְ אַיִם,  
מְפִין שְׁיוּעַם, וְעַן עָרְ וְאַכְּטַ  
אִיךְ טְרַעַק אַיִם אִימָּעַד שְׁלַאֲגַנְדִּיק,  
אִיךְ זַי אַיִם נְאָרַ בְּצַ נְאַכְּמַן!  
די אַרְכְּבָעַט טְרַעַבְטַ טִוְרַ פְּרַי אַרְוֹתַ  
אָזַן לְזֹאַט טִוְרַ פְּרַעַט צְוִוִּיקַ;  
אָ פְּרַעַט אַיְם מִרְטַפְּן אַיְונַן לְעִיבַּ  
אָ פְּרַעַטְדַּט טִוְנַן קִינְדַּס אָ בְּלִיקַ!

## MY LITTLE SON

I have a son, a little son,  
a youngster very fine!  
and when I look at him I feel  
that all the world is mine.

But seldom do I see him when  
he's wide awake and bright,  
I always find him sound asleep;  
I see him late at night.

The time clock drags me off at dawn;  
at night it lets me go.  
I hardly know my flesh and blood;  
his eyes I hardly know . . .

I climb the staircase wearily:  
a figure wrapped in shade.  
Each night my haggard wife describes  
how well the youngster played;  
  
how sweetly he's begun to talk;  
how cleverly he said,  
"When will my daddy come and leave  
a penny near my bed?"

I listen, and I rush inside—  
it must—yes, it must be!  
My father-love begins to burn:  
my child must look at me! . . .

I stand beside the little bed  
and watch my sleeping son;  
when hush! a dream bestirs his mouth:  
"Where has my daddy gone?"

I touch his eyelids with my lips.  
The blue eyes open then;  
they look at me! they look at me!  
and quickly shut again.

"Your daddy's right beside you, dear.  
Here, here's a penny, son!"  
A dream bestirs his little mouth:  
"Where has my daddy gone?"

I watch him, wounded and depressed  
by thoughts I cannot bear:  
"One morning, when you wake—my child—  
you'll find that I'm not here."



Lyrical

Ikh hob a kley - nem yin - ge - le, A zu - ne - le gor  
 fayn! Ven ikh der - ze im, dakht zikh mir, Di  
 gan - tse velt iz mayn, Nor zel - tn, zel - tn  
 ze ikh im, Mayn shey - nem, ven er vakht, ikh  
 tref im i - mer shlo - fn - dk, ikh ze im nor bay nekht.

**My Resting Place**

Text by Morris Rosenfeld (1862-1923). (See note to *Mayn Yingele*, on page 148.)

Nit zukh mikh, vu fontanen shpritsn!  
 Gefinst mikh dortn nit, mayn shats;  
 Vu trem rinen, tseyner kritsn,  
 Dortn iz mayn rue-plats.

Un libstu mikh mit varer libe,  
 To kum tsu mir, mayn guter shats;  
 Un hayter oyf mayn harts dos tribe,  
 Un makh mir zis mayn rue-plats.

Nit zukh mikh, vu di mirtn grinen!  
 Gefinst mikh dortn nit, mayn shats;  
 Vu lebns velkn bay mashinen,  
 Dortn iz mayn rue-plats.

Nit zukh mikh, vu di feygl zingen!  
 Gefinst mikh dortn nit, mayn shats;  
 A shklaf bin ikh, vu keytn klingen,  
 Dortn iz mayn rue-plats.

ニット ゾク ミク、ヴウ ディ フィギル ジングヌン！  
 ガウヘニスチ ミク ドアトヌ ニム、ミン シツズ；  
 ヴウ ルバーン ワウルケン ビヒ マッシュニヌ。  
 ドアトヌ アイ ミン ロウーフラツ。

ニット ゾク ミク、ヴウ ディ フィギル ジングヌン！  
 ガウヘニスチ ミク ドアトヌ ニム、ミン シツズ；  
 ア シカルフ ビン アイ、ヴウ キュントン ケリニヌ。  
 ドアトヌ アイ ミン ロウーフラツ。

ニット ゾク ミク、ヴウ シャンタガウヌ シブリツク！  
 ガウヘニスチ ミク ドアトヌ ニム、ミン シツズ；  
 ヴウ テルダヌ リゲヌン、ツイニユル キリツク。  
 ドアトヌ アイ ミン ロウーフラツ。

און ליבסטעו מיך מיט ווארטער ליבע,  
 טאָן קומ זאָ מיר, מין גוטער שatz;  
 און היטער אויף מין הארץ דעם טרייבע,  
 און טאָן מיר זיס מין רועַפְלאַץ.

**M Y P L A C E**

Look for me not where myrtles green!  
 Not there, my darling, shall I be.  
 Where lives are lost at the machine,  
 that's the only place for me.

Look for me not where robins sing!  
 Not there, my darling, shall I be.  
 I am a slave where fetters ring,  
 that's the only place for me.

Look for me not where fountains splash!  
 Not there, my darling, shall I be.  
 Where tears are shed, where teeth are gnashed,  
 that's the only place for me.

And if your love for me is true,  
 then at my side you'll always be,  
 and make my sad heart sing anew,  
 and make my place seem sweet to me.

## The Future

Words by Morris Winchelsky (1856–1932), pen name of Lipe Bentsion Novochovitch. The song is sung in a recent play *A sheyne meydl* (A Pretty Girl), dealing with the Holocaust, which was presented at numerous colleges. At the end of a TV retrospective on the work of artist Yosi Bergner, he plays this melody on his harmonica.

*pure  
germanic*

*agency, action  
Animal fable*

א, די וועלט ווועט וווען יינגעַ,  
און דאס לעבן ליפיכער, גריינער,  
יעדר קלעער ווועט א זינגעַ  
ווען, ברידער, באָלד!

אָן דאס פֿאָלְקָן נֶאָר ווועָן קְלִיגָּעַר,  
און פֿאָרְיָאנְקָן דָּעַם בָּאָטְרִינְעָר,  
אַסְּמָ, דָּעַם קוּסָּקָן אָנוֹ אַזְּקָעַם דָּעַם טִינְגָּעַר  
קָוַן זַיְן שִׁינְיָעָם ווֹאלְדָן.

א, די וועלט ווועט וווען שְׂנָעָר,  
לֵיבָעַ רְעַסְתָּר, שְׁיָינָהּ קְלָעָנָר,  
צְוִישָׁן תְּרֻזְעָן, צְוִישָׁן מְעָנָר,  
צְוִישָׁן לְאָנד אָנוֹ לְאָנד;

א, די וועלט ווועט וווען דְּבִיעָר,  
פְּרִיעָר, שְׁעָנָר, יְינָעָר, נְיָעָר,  
אוֹן אַין אַיר דְּוֹאָרָהָנִיט טְיִינָר,  
טְיִינָר וּוֹ אַפְּרִינָד.

א, די וועלט ווועט וווען דְּוִיְיסְטָר,  
און עַס זְוַעַט נִיט זְיַן אַ מִיסְטָר,  
נִיט דִּי קְרוֹנִי אַין נִט. דָּעַם בְּיִיסְטָר,  
נִיט דָּעַם זְעַלְעַטְשָׁס שְׂוּעָר.  
אלֹא מְוִטִּיק אַין דִּי רְיִיָּעָן  
אָנוֹן דִּי רְיִיָּעָן, צְוִוָּיְן בָּאָנְגִּינְעָן  
ויַאֲפְרִיעָן אָנוֹן בָּאָנְגִּינְעָן  
אַנְדְּזָעָר אַלְטָע ווֹעַלְטָן.

*same rhyme in  
"Gros für die fréches"*

O, di velt vet vern yinger,  
Un dos lebn laykhter, gringer,  
Yeder kloger vet a zinger  
Vern, brider, bald!  
Loz dos folk nor vorn kliger,  
Un faryogn dem batriger,  
Im, dem fuks, un oykh dem tiger  
Fun zayn sheynem vald.

O, di velt vet vern shener,  
Libe greser, sine kleiner,  
Tsvishn froyen, tsvishn mener,  
Tsvishn land un land;  
O, di velt vet vern frayer,  
Frayer, shener, yinger, nayer,  
Un in ir di varheyl tayer,  
Tayer vi a fraynd.

O, di velt vet vern dreyster  
Un es vel nit zayn a mayster,  
Nit di kroyn un nit der tayster, -  
Nit dem zelnera shverd.  
Alzo mutik in di reyen,  
In di reyen, tsu bafrayen,  
Tsu bafrayen un banayen  
Undzer alle velt!

Oh, the world will become more beautiful!  
Love will grow and hatred wane  
Among women, among men,  
Among nations.

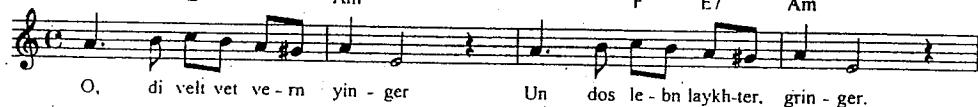
Oh, the world will become younger!  
And life, lighter and easier.  
Every complainer turns singer,  
Soon all become brothers.

So courage in the ranks,  
In the ranks of liberation!  
To liberate and renew  
Our aging world.

Andante

Am E Am

F E7 Am



# David Edelstadt (1866-1892)

## In Struggle

ABAB

stately amphibrachs

pure Germanic

not because we're Jews

One of the most popular worker songs written in America in 1889 by the labor poet David Edelstadt (1866-1892). The song became the beloved hymn of Jewish workers everywhere. It was absorbed into Yiddish folk song, and later was sung in the Yiddish schools. A year after it was published a contemporary poet, Morris Rosenfeld, mentioned it in one of his poems: "Sing us the song 'In Kamf'—Let the *Marsellaise* thunder."

Rudolf Rocker described a memorable experience in London: "It was the day in which thousands of Jewish workers marched in thick ranks to Hyde Park, where a mammoth protest demonstration was to take place against the terrible pogrom of the Jews in Kishinev (in 1903). As we marched through the city streets, thousands gazed in mute surprise upon the strange procession... When the mass singing of Edelstadt's *In Kamf* was heard, the onlookers became very solemn and took off their hats to the marchers."

We are hated and driven,  
We are tormented and persecuted,  
All because we love  
The poor and suffering people.  
  
We are shot down and hanged,  
Robbed of life and rights,  
Because we constantly demand  
Freedom for suffering slaves.

קַרְבָּן גַּעֲמָט אָוֹן גַּעֲטִיבָּן  
כָּלְדָּוּן גַּעֲלָגָט אָוֹן גַּעֲרָאָלָגָט;  
אָוֹן צָלָאָגָר דָּרָאָגָר וּמְיָרָגָר  
דוֹסָם צָרָעָם שְׁמָאָכָנָעָם 54%

טִיר וּוּרָן דָּעֶשֶׂטָּן, גַּעֲטָנָגָעָן.  
מְעַן רַוְיכָט אָוֹדוֹן דָּאָם לְעַכָּן אָוֹן רַעֲכָט;  
דָּרָאָגָר וּמְיָרָגָר אָמָתָּן אָגָּרָלָגָנָגָעָן.  
אָוֹן פְּרִיחָיָט 54% צָרָעָם קַנְעָכָט.

Original: 5 stanzas long

*Mayn Tsavoe* is another song by David Edelstadt (see *In Kamf*, page 80, *Vakht Oyf*, page 92) that enjoyed extraordinary popularity among Jews the world over. Parts of it were also transformed into Yiddish folk songs. The first stanza was frequently quoted by Yiddish authors, among them, H. Leivick in his *Balade fun denver-sanatorium* (1937), in which the spirit of Edelstadt is also invoked.

Another Yiddish poet, Abraham Reisen, wrote earlier: "Here in Russia Edelstadt is spoken of with reverence. There are even various legends spreading about his life, and workers speak of him and sing his songs with tears in their eyes."

MISSING stanza

Good friends, when I die,  
To my grave our banner bear—  
The red flag of freedom,  
Spattered with the blood of workers.  
  
And in my grave I will hear  
My freedom song, my struggle song;  
And even there will I shed tears  
For the enslaved Gentile and Jew.  
  
And when I hear the swords ringing,  
In the last struggle of blood and pain,  
I'll sing to the people from my grave  
And bring spirit to its heart.

אָוֹן גַּעֲמָט טְרָאָגָט, וּוּן אַךְ וּוּלְ שְׁטָאָרָבָן  
טְרָאָגָט צָו טִין קְבָּר אָנוֹנְזָעָר 54%,  
די קְרִיעָהָגָן, מֵיטָן דָּוּטָן קְרִיעָהָגָן  
בְּשִׁפְרִיצָט מִיטָּן קְוּמָן אָרְבָּעָטָטָפָן.

אָוֹן דָּאָרָט, אָוֹנְטָעָר דָּעָם 54% דָּעָם רַוִּיטָן  
זִוְּגָט מַרְטָן לְיָה, טִין קְרִיעָהָגָן  
טִין לִיר "אַין קָאָטָפָן" וּוּסָם קְלִיגָּט זַיְינָט  
> קְוּמָן וּסְמָמָן אָרְשָׁקְלָאָגָטָן קְרִיסָט אַוְן זַיְינָט

אַוְן אַין טִין קְבָּר וּוּלְ אַךְ הָעָרָן  
טִין קְרִיעָהָגָן, טִין שְׁטוּעָטָלִוָּן,  
אַוְיךְ זַאֲרָט וּוּלְ אַךְ אָרְשָׁקְלָאָגָט טְרָעָרָן  
> 54% דָּעָם אָרְשָׁקְלָאָגָטָן קְרִיסָט אָוֹן זַיְינָט

אָוֹן וּוּן אַךְ הָעָרָן דִּי שְׁוּעָרָדָן קְלִיגָּט  
איָן לְעַצְּטָן קָאָטָפָן קְוּמָן בְּלָוָט אָוֹן שְׁפָרָזָן  
צָוָם 54% לְאַלְקָן וּוּלְ אַךְ קְוּמָן קְרִירָגָעָן  
אוֹן וּוּלְ בְּגַיִיטָטָרָן זַיְינָט הָרָעָן

O gute fraynd, ven ikh vel shtarbn,  
Trotz tsu mayn keyver undzer fon,  
Di fraye fon, mit royte farbn,  
Bashprist mit blut fun arbetsman.

Un dort, unter dem fon dem roytin,  
Zingt mir mayn lid, mayn fraye lid!  
Mayn lid "in kamf" vos klingt vi keytin  
Fun dem farshklaftn krist un yid.

Oykh in mayn keyver vel ikh hern  
Mayn fraye lid, mayn shuturem-lid,  
Oykh dort vel ikh fargisn tren  
Far dem farshklaftn krist un yid.

Un ven ikh her di shverdn klingen  
In letstn kamf fun blut un shmarts,  
Tsum folk vel ikh fun keyver zingen  
Un vel bagaystern zayn harts.

A BRIVELE DER MAMEN

א ברייעעלע דער מאמען

A Letter to Mother

This song, text and music by S. Shmulewitz (1868-1943) was one of the most beloved songs of the immigration era on both sides of the Atlantic.

Mayn kind, mayn treyst, du forst avek,  
Ze zay a zun a guter,  
Dikh bet mit ternen un mit shrek  
Dayn traye libe muter.  
Du forst, mayn kind, mayn eyntsik kind,  
Aribet vari yamen;  
Akh kum ahin nor frish gezunt  
Un nit farges dayn mamen.  
Yo! for gezunt un kum mit glik.  
Ze yede vokh a brivil shik,  
Dayn mames harts, mayn kind, derkvik.

A brivele der mamen  
Zolstu nit farzamen,  
Shrayb geshwind, libes kind,  
Shenk ir di nekhome.  
Di mame vet dayn brivele lezn  
Un zi vet genezn,  
Heylstdt ir shmarts, ir biter harts,  
Derkvikst ir di neshome.

internal  
rhymes -  
badkhn  
lyrics

טינן קינד, טינן טרייסט, דו פֿאָרטט אַוועָּק  
זע, זי 8 ווֹן 8 גוֹטְעָר,  
דֶּךְ בְּעֵט מִשׁ טְרֻעָּן אָן מִיט שְׁרָעָק  
דיין פְּרִיעָע לְבָעַ מְטוּעָר.  
דו פֿאָרטט, טינן קינד, טינן אַיְינְצִיךְ קִינְד,  
אַרְיכְּבָּעָר זְוִיטְּפִּינְׂגָּן  
אָךְ קָוָס אַחֲן נָאָר פְּרִישָׁ נְעַזְוָנָן  
אוֹן נִיט פֿאָרגְּנָס דיין מְאָמָּן.  
וַאֲ! פְּפָר גְּנִיעָנָט אוֹן קָוָס מְטָט גְּלָקָן.  
דיין מְאָמָּעָם הַאֲרָץ, טינן קינד, דּוּרְקְוִיךְ

א בְּרִיעָלָע דְּעֵרָ מְאָמָּן  
זָאָלְסָטוּ נִיט פֿאָרוֹאָמָּן,  
שְׁוִינְטְּנְשְׁוּנְגָּן לְכָבָעָן קִינְד  
שְׁוִינְק אָרְדָּ נְחָמָּן  
די מְאָמָּע וְעֵט דיין בְּרִיעָלָע לְאָנוֹ  
אוֹן זַי וּוּעָט גְּנִיעָנָן  
הַרְיִיכְּט אַיר שְׁמָאָרָן אַיר בִּיטְנָר הַאֲרָץ  
דּוּרְקְוִיךְ אַיר דְּגָשְׁבָה

My child, my comfort, you are going across distant seas. Arrive in good health and write each week to ease your mother's worries. Write a letter soon, my child. Your mother will read your letter and be comforted. Ease her pain, her bitter heart, refresh her spirit.

DI GRINE KUZINE

די גְּרִינְעַ קּוֹזִינְעַ

My Green Cousin

This song (text by J. Leiserowitz, music, A. Schwartz) was one of the most popular songs of immigrant life in America. This version was published by Chane Mlotek in 1954.

A pretty cousin came to me. Her cheeks were like red oranges, her feet just begging for a dance, her air was gay and lively. This is how my cousin looked when she was still "green." Praised be the golden land! Many years passed and my cousin became worn-out at her job. Below her pretty blue eyes she now has black lines. And her cheeks, once like red oranges, have lost their glow. Today when I meet my cousin and ask: "How are you, green one?" she answers: "May the blazes take Columbus' land!"

DI GRINEH KUZINE by Hymie Prizant and Abe Schwartz  
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The structural  
structure

Repetitive  
Solo

H

catchy  
singalong  
refrain

H

(A)

Es iz tsu mir gekumen a kuzine  
Sheyn vi gold iz zi geven, di grine,  
Di bekelekh vi royte pomerantsn,  
Fiselekh vos betn zikh tsum tantsn.

Nit gegangen iz zi – nor geshprungen,  
Nit geredt hot zi, nor gezungen;  
Freylekh, lustik iz geven ir mine.  
Otaza geven iz mayn kuzine.

Ikh bin arayn tsu mayn "nekst-dorke"  
Vos zi hot a "milineri-storké",  
A "dhab" gekrogn hob ikh far mayn kuzine—  
Az lebn zol di goldene medine!

Avek zaynen fun demolt on shoyn yorn,  
Fun mayn kuzine iz a tel gevorn;  
"Peydes" yorn lang hot zi geklibn,  
Biz fun ir aleyn iz nisht geblibn.

Unter ire bloye sheyne oygn  
Shvartse pasn hobn zikh fartsoygn;  
Di bekelekh, di royte pomerantsn,  
Hobn zikh shoyn oysgegrint in gantsn.

Haynt, az ikh bagegn mayn kuzine  
Un ikh freg zi: Vos zhe makhstu, grine?  
Entfert zi mir mit a krumer mine:  
—'Az brenen zol Kolombuses medine!

עם איז צו מיר געקבומען א קוזינע  
שווין ווי גאלד איז זי געוווען, די גראונע,  
די בעקעלעך ווי רויטע פאכעראנגען,  
פֿיסעלעיך ווּאַט בעטן זיך צוּם טאצָן.

ניט גענגאנגען איז זי — נאר געישרונגניע,  
ניט גערידט האט זי, נאר געונגניע,  
פֿרײַלעך, לומטיק איז געוווען אַר בְּנִין  
אַט אַט געוווען איז מְבֵין קְזִינָע.

אוֹר בּוֹן אַרְבֵּין צַוְּמַיְנָה "גַּנְקֶפְּטָדָאָרְקָעַ"  
וּוּאַס זַוְּחָאַבָּאַגְּנָעָן הַאָבָּאַקְּפָּרְטָאַרְקָעַ",  
אַז, "דַּוְשָׁאַבָּאַגְּנָעָן" גַּעֲרָאָגָן הַאָבָּאַקְּפָּרְטָאַרְקָעַ טְבִּין קְזִינָע,  
אוֹ לְעָבָן זָאַל דַּי גַּאֲלָדָעָנָע מְרוֹנָה!

אַזְוּעָק וַיְיַיְנָה קְזָן דַּעֲמָאַלְתָּן שְׂזִין יְהָוָה,  
קְזָן מְבֵין קְזִינָע אַז עַל גַּעֲזָוָה,  
פֿרְיוֹדָעָס יְאָרָן לְעָגָן האַט זַוְּחָאַבָּאַגְּנָעָן  
בְּזַי קְזָן אַרְאַלְיָן אַז נִישְׁתְּגַעַלְבָּן.

אַגְּטָעָר אַרְעָא בְּלִיעָשְׁיָע אַוְיָין  
שְׂוֹאַרְצָעָי פְּסָמֵן הַאָבָּן וּזְרַקְּפָּאַרְצָיָין,  
די בעקעלעך, די רויטע פָּאַכְּעָרָאָגָן,  
הַאָבָּן וּזְרַקְּפָּאַרְצָיָין אַז אַגְּנָצָן.

הַיְנָטָן, אַז אַרְקָעָן בָּגְנָעָן מְבֵין קְזִינָע  
אַז אַרְקָעָן זַי: — וּוּאַס זַעַם בָּאַכְּבָּסָטָן, גְּרִינָע!  
עַנְטָהָעָרָט וּזְרַמְּטָה אַרְמָוּעָר מִיּּעָן:  
— אַז בָּרְעָנָעָן זָאַל קָאַלָּאַכְּבָּסָטָה בְּדִינָה!

Gaily

Dm

Es iz tsu mir ge - ku - men a ku - zi - ne,

Am E Am

Sheyn vi gold iz zi ge - ven di gri - ne, Di

A A7 Dm Gm

be - ke - lekh vi roy - te po - me - ran - tsn,

A 1. Dm Gm 2. Dm

Fi - se - lekh vos be - tn zikh tsum tan - - - - - tsn, tan - - - - - tsn.

## Levine and His Flying Machine

In 1927 Charles A. Levine, an American Jew, flew with pilot Clarence Chamberlin across the Atlantic to land outside Berlin, thus beating Charles Lindbergh's distance record. A number of songs acknowledging this feat were published, at least two in Yiddish.

This song is in Yiddish and English. Yiddish words by Joseph Tanzman, English words by Saul Bernie, music by Sam Coslow. Published in sheet music by Spier and Coslow, Inc., 1927. The English words of the refrain are:

"Levine! Levine! You're the hero of your race! Levine, Levine! You're the greatest Hebrew ace! We got a thrill when Chamberlin flew./ But you were right there too./ We're proud of you! Levine, Levine! Just an ordinary name,/ But you brought it everlasting fame./ We welcome you home! From over the foam,/ Levine with your Flying Machine!"

Words of the song appear in Mark Slobin's *Tenement Songs*. It was introduced by Henry Saposnik on the *Kapelye* record. The song was revived in the musical *The Golden Land*.

Es fien heldn iber groyse yamen,  
Un men zingt fun zey gor umetim\*,  
Nor eyn yidn darf men nit farzamen  
Zingen loyb-gezangen vegen im.

Azoy iz oykh in ale vienschattin, vitesh, shatesh  
Vu an oyftu, dorth iz a yid,  
Say in khokhme, say in groyse kretin,  
Iberal iz er bald in der mit.

**Refrain:**  
Levin! Levin!  
Bist der held yetst fun yisrol!  
Levin! Levin!  
Vi di oves fun amol!  
Ven Tshemberlin iz ongekumen dort,  
Bistu geven mit im  
Bald oyfn ort.  
Levin! Levin!  
Nit geklert un nit getrakht,  
Hostu dayn nomen groys gemakht.  
Un brokhes on tsol  
Vintshl dir dayn yisrol,  
Levin mit dayn "flying mashin"\*\*

עס פֿליין העלָן אַיבָּר גְּרוֹיסָע יִמְעָן,  
אוֹן מֵעָן זִינְגֶט פָּן זַי גָּרָא אָוּמְעָטִים (אוּמְעָטוֹם),  
נָאָר אַיִּין זַיְדָן דָּאָרָף מֵעָן נִיט פֿאָרָזָאמָן  
זִינְגֶן לְוִיבָּגְעָזָאנְגֶן וּוֹעָן אִים.

אוֹוי אַיִּיךְ אַיִּיךְ אַיִּיךְ אַל אָל עַל מִסְפְּשָׁתָהָן, ט' ג' ג' ג' ג'  
וּפָן אַוִּיפָּטוֹן, דָּאָרָטָן אַיִּיךְ אַיִּיךְ  
סְפָן אַיִּין חֲכָמָה, סְפָן אַיִּין גְּרוֹיסָע קְרָעָפָן,  
אַיבָּר אַל אַיִּיךְ עַד בָּאָלְד אַיִּיךְ דָּעָר מִיט.

**Refrain:**  
לעווין! לעווין!  
בִּיסְט דָּעָר הַעַלְד יַעַצְט פָּן יִשְׂרָאֵל.  
לעווין! לעווין!  
וַיְיִד אַבְּוֹתָה פָּן אַמְּאָל,  
וּוֹעֵן תְּשֻׁעָמְבָּעָלִין אַיִּיךְ אַגְּנָקְוָמָן דָּאָרָט,  
בִּיסְטוּ עַוּעָן מִיט אִים  
בָּאָלְד אַוִּיפָּן אָרָט.  
לעווין, לעווין,  
נִיט גַּעֲלָעָט אַוָּן נִיט גַּעֲרָאָכָט,  
הָאָסְטוּ דָּעָן נָאָמָן רְוִיסָע גַּעֲמָאָכָט.  
אַוָּן בְּרָכוֹת אַן צָאָל  
וּוַיְנִטְשָׁט דִּיר דָּבָן יִשְׂרָאֵל,  
לעווין מִיט דָּעָן "פֿלְטִינְגָּמָאָשָׁין"!

\* umetum

\*\* flying machine

Heroes fly over great oceans and people sing about them everywhere, but we shouldn't delay singing songs of praise to a certain Jew. That's how it is in all *shtetles*: Wherever there's an accomplishment, there there is a Jew. Both in wisdom and in great strength, everywhere he is right in the middle.

Levine, Levine! You are now the hero of Israel. Levine, Levine! Like our ancestors of long ago. When Chamberlin arrived there, you were with him right there. Levine, Levine! You didn't think about it—you made your name famous. And countless blessings are wished you by your Israel—Levine with your flying machine.

*Abu jakes*