

UNIVERSITY  
OF HARTFORD

**Maurice Greenberg Center for Judaic Studies**  
in cooperation with  
**The Emanuel Synagogue**

***Ikh Zing!* The Yiddish Tradition**



Nicole Murad, Vocalist  
Pablo Zinger, Piano

**Sunday, February 23, 2020, 7:00 P.M.**

**Emanuel Synagogue, 160 Mohegan Drive, West Hartford**





## ABOUT THE ARTISTS

### **Nicole Murad, Vocalist**

Nicole Murad is a dulcet toned, classically trained singer who studied voice with "The Voice of Hollywood," Marni Nixon. Canadian born, Nicole has performed in operas, concert halls, community centers, synagogues and festivals in the US and abroad. She traces her Sephardic lineage back to 1492 Toledo, Spain and is well known for her numerous performances of Sephardic repertoire and songs of the Jewish experience. Her award winning program, *Soy Sefaradí: Celebrating the Jews of Spain* brings to life traditional Sephardic melodies in their original Judeo-Spanish language - a dialect of old Spanish - featuring stories of love, death and nostalgia for a lost life. Achieving equal recognition are her more recent programs with pianist, Pablo Zinger, *Tango Shalom: Jewish Tangos From Around The World*, which was featured at the American Sephardi Federation's 2019 Sephardic Music Festival as well as *Ikh Zing: The Yiddish Tradition*, a celebration of Yiddish and Yiddish influenced songs from Europe and the Americas. Favorite operatic roles include Lucy in *The Telephone*, Sylva Varescu in *The Gypsy Princess*, Lady with the Cake Box in *Postcard from Morocco*, and Fleurette in *Christopher Columbus*.

### **Pablo Zinger, Piano**

Uruguayan-born New Yorker Pablo Zinger is widely acclaimed as a conductor, pianist, composer, arranger, writer, lecturer and narrator, specializing on Astor Piazzolla, tango, Spanish zarzuela, and Latin American music. He has accompanied Plácido, Paquito D'Rivera, Astor Piazzolla, Tito Puente, Sarita Montiel and Plácido Domingo Jr. He tours and records frequently with the Valencia-based Zinger Septet and has written for *The New York Times*, *Opera News*, and lectured for *The New York Philharmonic*. He has written the tango Latin-Jewish musical *Bela* with Ilan Stavans, *Las tentaciones de González* (Tiene la muerte atada), premièred in 1999 to a NY Times rave and *Bésame mucho* (Latinas sing Latinas), which won HOLA and ACE prizes (2012-2015). He has been called "The King of Zarzuela" by *Opera News* magazine, and was Musical Director of the *Patty Disney Zarzuela Series* at the National Hispanic Cultural Center in Albuquerque, NM (2004-2011).

# *Ikh Zing: The Yiddish Tradition*

Nicole Murad, Vocalist

Pablo Zinger, Piano

Oyfn Pripetchik .....	Mark Warschafsky (1848-1907)
Kinder Yorn .....	Mordechai Gebirtig (1877-1942)
Mayn Shtetele Belz .....	Jacob Jacobs (1890-1977)
Bin Ikh Mir A Shnayderl .....	Yiddish Traditional
Gey Ikh Mir Shpatsirn .....	Yiddish Traditional
Papir Iz Dokh Vays .....	Yiddish Traditional
Amol Iz Geven A Mayse .....	Yiddish Traditional
Ikh Hob Dikh Tsufil Lib .....	Alex Olshanetsky (1892-1960), Chaim Tauber (1901-1972)
Ikh Vel Vart'n Oyf Dir .....	Abraham Ellstein (1907-1963), Isadore Lillian (1882-1960)

## INTERMISSION

Ikh Zing .....	Abraham Ellstein (1907-1963), Molly Picon (1898-1992)
Mazl .....	Abraham Ellstein, Molly Picon
Abi Gezunt .....	Abraham Ellstein, Molly Picon
Papirosn .....	Herman Yablokoff (1903-1981)
Friling .....	Shmerke Kaczerginski (1908-1954), Avrom Brudno (-1943)
Gedenk .....	Benzion Witler (1907-1961)
Dus Gezang Fyn Mayn Hartz .....	Benzion Witler
The Sheik of Avenue B .....	Harry Ruby (1895-1974), Bert Kalmar (1884-1997)
I Am Easily Assimilated .....	Leonard Bernstein (1918-1990), <i>Candide</i>

## Oyfn Pripetchik – Warschafsky

Oyfn pripetchik  
Brent a fayerl  
Un in shtub iz heys.  
Un der rebe lernt  
kleyne kinderlakh  
Dem alef-beyz.

In the fireplace  
Burns a little fire  
And in the room is warm.  
And the rabbi teaches  
Little children  
The Hebrew alphabet (Alef-Beyz).

Zet zhe, kinderlakh,  
Gedenkt zhe, tayere,  
Vus ir lerent do.  
Zogt zhe nokh a mul  
Un take nokh a mul  
Komets-alef: o!

See you, little kids,  
Remember, dear ones  
What you learn here.  
Say it once again  
And still once more  
Komets-alef sounds like O!

Lernt, kinderlakh,  
Mit groys kheyshek  
Lernt dem alef-beyz.  
Gliklekh is der yid,  
Wos kent di toyre.  
Un dos alef-beyz.

Learn, children  
With great passion  
Learn the Alef-Beyz.  
Happy is the Jew,  
Who knows the Torah,  
And the Alef-Beyz.

Az ir vet, kinder  
Elter vern  
Vet ir aleyn farshteyn,  
Vifl in di oysyes  
Lign trenn  
Un vi fil geveyen.

As you will, children  
Older become  
You will alone understand  
How much in the letters  
Lie tears  
And how much weeping.

## Kinder-Yorn – Gebirtig

Kinder-yorn, zise kinder-yorn  
Eybig blaybt ir vakh in mayn zikorn;  
Ven ikh trakht fun ayer tsayt,  
Vert mir azoy bang un layd.  
Oy, vi shnel bin ikh shoyn alt gevorn.

Nokh shteyt mir dos shtibl far di oygyn,  
Vu ikh bin geboyrn, oyfgetsoygn,  
Oykh mayn vigl, ze ikh dort,  
Shteyt nokh oyf dem zelbn ort,  
Vi a kholem iz dos alts farfloygn.

Un mayn mame, akh, vi kh'fleg zi libn,  
Khotsh zi hot in kheyder mikh getribn;  
Yeder knip iz fun ir hant  
Mir nokh azoy gut bakant  
Khotsh keyn tseykhn iz mir nisht farblibn.

Nokh ze ikh dikh, Feygele, du sheyne,  
Nokh kush ikh di royte beklekh dayne,  
Dayne oygyn ful mit kheyne  
Dringen in mayn harts arayn,  
Kh'hob gemeynt,  
Du vest a mol zayn mayne.

Kinder-yorn, kh'hob aykh ongevoyrn  
Mayn getraye mamen oykh farloyrn,  
Fun der shtub nishto keyn flek,  
Feygele iz oykh avek,  
Oy, vi shnel bin ikh shoyn alt gevorn.

Childhood years, sweet childhood years  
Forever will you remain in my memory;  
When I think of your time,  
I am filled with grief.  
Oh, how quickly I've become old.

Still the little house stands before my eyes,  
Where I was born and raised.  
Also my cradle, I see it there,  
It still stands in the same place.  
Like a dream, it is old and vanished.

And my mama, how I used to love her,  
Even though she pushed me to school;  
Every pinch from her hand  
Is still familiar to me  
Even though no marks have remained.

Still, I see you, Feygele, the beautiful,  
Still I kiss your red cheeks,  
Your eyes, filled with charm  
Fill my heart  
I had thought some day,  
You would be mine.

Childhood years, I have lost you  
My faithful mother is also lost  
No trace remains of the house,  
Feygele is also gone,  
Oh, how quickly I've become old.

## Mayn Shtetele Belz – Olshanetsky, Jacobs

Ven ikh dermon zikh,  
In meine kinder yorn  
Punkt vi a kholem  
Wert mir, alles klor.  
Vi zet oys dos shtiebele,  
Vos hot amol geglantst?  
Tzi vakst noch dos beyemele  
Vos ikh hob farflantst?

Oy, oy, oy Belz,  
Mayn shtetele Belz  
Mayn heyemele dort vu ikh hob  
Mayne kindershe yorn farbrakht.

Belz, mayn shtetele Belz  
In oreme shtiebele,  
Mit ale kinderlakh dort gelakht.

Yedn shabes fleg ikh loyfn,  
Mit ale kinderlakh tzuglaykh.  
Zitsn unter dem grinem beyemele  
Lernen bay dem taykh.  
Belz, mayn shtetele Belz  
Mayn heyemele vi kh'ob gehat  
Di sheyne khaloymes asakh.

Dos shtiebl iz alt,  
Farbakn mit mokh un mit groz.  
Der alter dakh tsufoylt.  
Dos fenster on gloz.  
Der ganik iz krum,  
Tsuboygn di vent.  
Ikh volt im shoyn mer  
Gornisht gekent.

When I remember  
My childhood years  
Just as in a dream  
For me, all is clear.  
What does the house look like  
That once had shined?  
Does the little tree still grow,  
Which I had planted?

Oh, oh, oh Belz,  
My little town of Belz  
My little home where  
I spent my childhood years.

Belz, my little town of Belz  
In a poor little house,  
With all the children we laughed.

Every Sabbath, I used to run,  
With all the kids together.  
Sitting under the green tree,  
Learning by the river.  
Belz, my little town of Belz  
My little home where  
Beautiful dreams I often dreamt.

The house is old,  
Overgrown with moss and grass.  
The old roof collapsed.  
The window without glass.  
The alcove is crooked  
The walls are leaning.  
I would no longer  
Ever recognize it.

## Bin Ikh Mir A Shnayderl – Yiddish Traditional

Bin ikh mir a shnayderl  
Leb ikh mir tog oys tog ayn  
Freylekh un lustig un fayn.  
Sog mir, shnayderl, libinker un gutter  
Git dir di nodl  
Genuk oyf broyt un puter?  
Ikh mach a woch, tswey gilden un a drayer.  
Ikh es nor broyt wayl puter  
Iz tsu tayer.

Bin ikh mir a shusterl  
Leb ikh mir tog oys tog ayn  
Freylekh un lustig un fayn.  
Sog mir, shusterl, hosten vos tsu kayen?  
Felt dir oyset krigstn wu tsu layen?  
Keyner layt nisht  
Keyner git keyn orves.  
Ikh bin a shuster, gey ikh take borwes.

Bin ikh mir a kremerl  
Leb ikh mir tog oys tog ayn  
Freylekh un lustig un fayn.  
Sog mir, kremerl,  
Host mit vos tsu handlen?  
Host in kreml,  
Rozhinkes mit mandlen?  
Ikh hob in kreml,  
Far twey groshn skhoyre.  
Ikh khledem tales, un ikh bentsh dem boyre.

I am a tailor  
I live day in and day out  
Cheerful and free and fine.  
Tell me, tailor, dear and good  
Does the needle get you  
Enough bread and butter?  
I make a week, two gulden and a dreir.  
I eat only bread because butter  
Is too expensive.

I am a cobbler  
I live day in and day out  
Cheerful and free and fine.  
Tell me, cobbler, have you what to eat?  
Do you receive something to borrow?  
Nobody lends anything.  
Nobody gives even a pea.  
If I was a cobbler, I would go barefoot.

I am a store keeper  
I live day in and day out  
Cheerful and free and fine.  
Tell me, store keeper,  
Do you have something to trade?  
Do you have in your store,  
Raisins and almonds?  
I have in the store,  
Merchandise worth two groshn.  
I put on my tallit and bless the creator.



## Gey Ikh Mir Shpatsirn – Yiddish Traditional

Gey ikh mir shpatsirn, tra-la-la  
Bagegnt mikh a bokher, aha, aha

I went for a walk, tra-la-la  
On the way, I met a young man, aha, aha

Er zogt, er vet mikh nemen, tra-la-la  
Er legt es op oyf zumer, aha, aha

He spoke, he wanted to marry me, tra-la-la  
He moved it to the summer, aha, aha

Der zumer iz gekumen, tra-la-la  
Er hot mikh nit genumen, aha, aha

The summer came, tra-la-la  
He had not married me, aha, aha

Itst viler mikh shoyn nemen, tra-la-la  
Itst vil ikh im nit kenen, aha, aha

Now he wants to take me tra-la-la  
I know him no more, aha, aha

## Papir Iz Dokh Vays - Yiddish Traditional

Papir iz dokh vays un tint iz dokh shvarts  
Tsu dir, mayn zis lebn,  
Tsit dokh mayn harts.  
Ikh volt shtendig gezesn,  
Dray teg nokh anand  
Tsu kushn dayn sheyn ponim  
Un tsu haltn dayn hand.

Paper is still white and ink is still black.  
For you, my sweet love,  
my heart still trembles.  
I could sit constantly  
For three days in a row  
To kiss your beautiful face  
and to hold your hand.

Nekhtn bay nakht bin ikh oyf a khasene geven.  
Fil sheyne meydelekh  
Hob ikh dort gezen;  
Oy, fil sheyne meydelek  
Tsu dir kumt nit gor,  
Mit dayne shvartse eygelekh,  
Un mit dayne shvartse hor.

Last night, I went to a wedding.  
Many beautiful girls  
Had I seen;  
Oh, many beautiful girls,  
Did not come close to you,  
With your black eyes and  
With your black hair.

Dayn talye, dayn mine,  
Dayn eydeler fazon.  
In hartsn brent a fayer,  
Me zet dos nit on.  
Oy, nito aza mentsh vos zol filn  
Vi es brent.  
Oy, der toyt un dos lebn  
Iz bay Got in di hent.

Your waist, your face,  
Your refined style.  
A fire burns within me  
Like no other.  
Oh, gone are such men that can feel  
How it burns.  
Oh, death and life  
Is in the hand of God.

Oy, du liber Got, her oys mayn farlang:  
Dem oysher gistu kovid,  
Mit a sheyner gang.  
Oy, mir gib a shtibele  
Oyf dem groz dem grinem,  
Az ikh mit mayn zis lebn  
Zoln voynen drinen.

Oh, dear God, hear my plea:  
To the rich, you give honor  
And an easy path.  
Oh, to me, give a little house  
On green grass,  
So that I, with my sweet love,  
Can live.

## Amol Iz Geven A Mayse – Yiddish Traditional

Amol iz geven a mayse,  
Di mayse iz gornit freylekh,  
Di mayse heybt zikh onet  
Mit a yidishn meylekh

There was a tale  
The tale was not at all happy  
It starts  
With a Jewish king.

Lyulinke mayn feygele,  
Lyulinke mayn kind,  
Kh'hob ongevoyrn aza libe,  
Vey iz mir un vind.

Lullaby my little bird  
Lullaby my child  
I have lost my love  
I am sad and hurt.

Der meylekh hot gehat a malke,  
Di malke hot gehat a vayngortn,  
In vayngortn iz geven a beyemele,  
Lyulinke...

The king had a queen  
The queen had a vineyard  
In the vineyard was a little tree  
Lullaby...

Dos beyemele hot gehat a tsvaygele,  
Oyfn tsvaygele iz geven a nestele,  
In nestele hot gelebt a feygele,  
Lyulinke...

The little tree had a little branch  
On the little branch was a nest  
In the little nest lived a little bird  
Lullaby...

Der meylekh iz opgeshtorb, n,  
Di malke iz gevorn fardorb, n,  
Dos tsvaygele iz opgebokhn,  
Dos feygele fun nest antlofn.  
Lyulinke...

The king died  
The queen overcome w/ sadness  
The branch is broken  
The little bird flew from the nest  
Lullably...

Vu nemt men aza khokhem  
Er zol kenen di shtern tseyln?  
Vu nemt men aza dokter,  
Er zol kenen mayn harts heyln?  
Lyulinke...

Where can one find a wise man  
Who can count the stars?  
Where can one find a doctor  
Who can heal my heart?  
Lullaby...

## **Ikh Hob Dikh Tsufil Lib – Olshanetsky, Tauber**

Kh'bin atzind aleyn geblibn  
Mit mayn benkshaft, mit mayn vey.  
Kh'hob di kortn opgeklibn  
Un ikh zukh mayn glik in zey.

Er hot mikh farbitn oyf a tsveyter  
Mayn groyse live ken er nit farshteyn.  
Mit yener tsu der khupe geyt er,  
Un ikh blayb elnd un aleyn.

Nu ver zshe darf di kortn hobn,  
Umzist hob ikh gevart, gegart.  
Mayn yungt is dokh shoyn bagrobn,  
Mayn mazl hot mikh opgenart

Ikh hob dikh tsufil lib.  
Ikh trog oyf dir kayn has.  
Ikh hob dikh tsufil lib  
Tsu zayn oyf dir in kaas.  
Ikh hob dikh tsufil lib  
Tsu zayn oyf dir gor beyze,  
A nar ikh heys, Ikh veys.  
Ikh hob dikh lib.

Kh'hob dir mayn lebn avekgegebn,  
Mayn harts un mayn neshome,  
Ikh bin krank, nor mayn gedank  
Trakht nit fun nekome.  
Ikh hob dikh tsufil lib  
Tsu zayn oyf dir gor beyz,  
A nar ikh heys, ikh veys.  
Ikh hob dikh lib.

Now I am left alone  
With my longings, with my pain.  
I have picked the cards,  
And I seek my happiness in them.

He has replaced me with another  
He can't understand my great love.  
He's going to the chuppah to marry another,  
While I remain saddened and alone.

So who needs these cards  
In vain have I waited, yearned.  
My youth is already buried.  
My fortune has mocked me.

I loved you too much.  
I don't bear any hatred for you.  
I loved you too much  
To be angry at you.  
I loved you much  
To be at all angry with you,  
A fool I am, I know.  
I know. I loved you too much.

I gave my life away to you,  
My heart and my soul,  
I am sick but my thoughts  
Turn not to revenge.  
I loved you too much  
To be at all angry with you,  
A fool I am, I know.  
I loved you too much.

## Ikh Vel Vart'n Oyf Dir – Ellstein, Lillian

Klingen vet mir shtendik in di oyern  
Az du host mir gezogt az du libst mikh nit.  
Un dokh hof ikh, ikh hob dikh nit farloyrn,  
Dermonen dikh vel ikh a yeder minut.  
Ikh veys du host an andere getrofn,  
Un du meynst az yener iz dayn glik,  
Ikh hob dikh emes lib un ikh vel hofn  
Az du vest tsu mir kumen tsurik.  
Her neshome mayn,  
Du zolst visn zayn-

Ikh vel vartn oyf dir,  
Meg es nemen vi lang.  
Ikh vel vartn oyf dir,  
Vayl du bist mayn farlang.  
Ikh vel vartn oyf dir, yedn tog yede sho,  
Meg es doyrn fil yorn,  
Meg ikh vern alt un gro,  
Oy lubenyu!  
Ikh vel vartn oyf dir,  
Biz di letste minut,  
Vayl keyn tsveyte  
Dayn plats farnemen vet nit.  
Host geroybt mayn harts, mayn glik,  
Un du must es brengen tsurik,  
Vayl ikh lib nor dikh,  
Vel ikh vartn oyf dir!

Ringing in my ears, I constantly hear  
That you told me that you don't love me,  
And I still hope that I haven't lost you  
I will remember you every moment.  
I know that you have another  
And you think that she is your happiness,  
But I have truly loved you and I hope  
That you will come back to me.  
Hear, my soul,  
You should know.

I will wait for you,  
For as long as it takes.  
I will wait for you,  
While you are my desire.  
I will wait for you, every day, every hour,  
Even if it takes many years,  
Even if I become old and grey,  
Oh my beloved!  
I will wait for you,  
Until the last moment,  
While another  
Will not take your place.  
You have robbed my heart, my happiness  
And you must bring it back to me,  
Because I love only you,  
I will wait for you!

## Ikh Zing – Ellstein, Picon

Shloyme hameylekh hot tsu zayn Shulamis King Solomon sang to his Shulamit,  
Gezingen a libes-shir, A love song  
Un punkt vi shloyme dan gelibte mayne, And just like Solomon then, my beloved,  
Breng ikh mayn lid itst tsu dir. I bring my song to you.

Ikh zing far dir mayn shir hashirim, I sing my Song of Songs for you,  
Mit libe ikh batsir im, With love I adorn it  
Far dir nor neshome mayn Only for you, my soul,  
Ikh zing, far dir mayne khaloymes. I sing my dreams.

Mayn libe vi a troyim iz My love for you is like a dream  
Fun dir nor nekhome mayn Only for you, my comfort  
Ven ikh gey oys fun benken, When I'm about to die from longing,  
Nokh dir, gelibte mayn. For you, my beloved.

Un ven ikh halt in eyen denken, And when I still think  
Az du vest nokh a mol mayne zayn, That you will once again be mine,  
Ikh zing fun hartsn mayne lider, I sing my song from the heart,  
Mayn shir hashirim vider. My song of songs again.  
Gelibte, far dir ikh zing. Beloved, for you I sing.

## Mazl - Ellstein, Picon

Mazl, es shaynt a mol far yedn  
Far yedn nor nit far mir.  
Mazl, du bringst a yedn freysn  
Farvos farzoymstu mayn tir?  
Oy vi es tut bank a yede sho  
Dos lebn fargeyt  
Un kayn hofenung is alts nito, Oy!

Ven es kumt on di nakht  
Blayb ikh zitsn un trakht  
Nokh a tog iz shoyn vider farbay.  
Un der kholem vos ikh  
Hob gekholemt far zikh  
Iz avek mitn vint oyf dos nay.

Luck shines a time for everyone  
For everyone but me.  
Luck, you bring everyone joy  
Why must you avoid my door?  
Oh, How it makes me long for every hour  
Life goes on  
And hope is still not here, alas!

When night comes  
I remain sitting and think  
Another day is gone by again.  
And the dream that I  
Had dreamt for myself  
Is away with the wind once again.

## Abi Gezunt - Ellstein, Picon

A bisl zun a bisl regn,  
A ruik ort dem kop tsu leygn,  
Abi gezunt, ken men gliklekh zayn.  
A shukh, A zok, a kleyd on lates,  
In keshene a dray fir Zlotes,  
Abi gezunt, ken men gliklekh zayn.

Di luft iz fray, far yedn glaykh,  
Di zun zi sheynt far yedn  
Eynem orem oder raykh.  
A bisl freyd, a bisl lakhn,  
Amol mit fraynt a shnepsl makhn,  
Abi gezunt, ken men gliklekh zayn.

Eyner zukht ashires,  
Eyner zukht gevires,  
Aynemen di gantse velt.  
Eyner meynt dos gantse glik  
Hengt nor op in gelt.  
Zoln ale zikh, zoln ale krikhn,  
Nor ikh trakht bay mir.  
Ikh darf dos oyf kapores vayl  
Dos glik shteyt bay mayn tir.

A little sun, a bit of rain  
A quiet place to lay your head,  
As long as you're healthy, you can be happy  
A shoe, a sock, a dress without patches  
In your pocket, three or four Zloty,  
As long as you're healthy, you can be happy.

The air is free for everyone equally,  
The sun shines for everyone,  
Poor or rich.  
Some joy, some laughter,  
A drink with friends,  
As long as you're healthy, you can be happy.

Some seek weath,  
Some seek power,  
Some – the whole world.  
Some think all happiness  
Depends only on money.  
Let them all seek, let them all scrounge,  
But I myself think – I don't need it.  
It's good for nothing while  
Happiness stays at my door.



## Papirosn – Yablokoff

A kalte nakht, a nepldike,  
Finster umetum  
Shteyt a yingele fartroyert un kukt zikh arum  
Fun regn shitst im nor a vant,  
Koshikl trogt er in hant  
Un zayne oygn betn yedn shtum

Ikh hob shoyn nit keyn koyekh mer  
Arumtsugeyn in gas  
Hungerik un opperisn, fun dem regn nas  
Ikh shlep arum zikh fun baginen  
Keyner git nit tsu fardinen  
Ale lakhn makhn fun mir shpas

Kupitye, koyft zhe, koyft zhe papirosn  
Trukene, fun regn nit fargosn  
Koyft zhe, bilik benemones  
Koyft un hot oyf mir rakhmones  
Ratevet fun hunger mikh atsind  
Kupitye, koyf zhe  
Shvebelekh antikn  
Dermit vet ir a yoseml derkvikn  
Umzist mayn shrayen  
Un mayn loyfn  
Keyner vil bay mir nit koyfn  
Oysgeyn vel ikh muzn vi a hunt

Ikh hob gehat a shvesterl  
A kind fun der natur  
Mit mir tsuzamen zikh geshlept  
Hot zi a gantse yor  
Mit mir geven iz mir fil gringer.  
Laykhter vern flegt der hinger,  
Ven ikh fleg a kuk ton nor oyf ir.  
Mit a mol gevorn iz zi  
Shvakh un zeyer krank  
Oyf mayne hent iz si geshtorb  
Oyf a gasn-bank  
Un az ikh hob zi farloyrn,  
Hob ikh alts ongevooryn  
Zol der toyt shoyn kumen oykh tsu mir.

A cold night, foggy,  
Darkness everywhere  
A boy stands sadly and looks around  
Only a wall protects him from the rain  
He holds a basket in his hand  
And his eyes beg everyone silently:

I don't have any strength left  
To walk the streets  
Hungry and ragged, wet from the rain  
I walk around from dawn  
Nobody gives me any earnings  
Everyone laughs and makes fun of me

Please, Buy my cigarettes!  
Dry ones, not wet from the rain  
Buy real cheap  
Buy and have pity on me  
Save me from hunger now  
Buy my matches,  
Wonderful ones, the best  
And with that you will uplift an orphan  
My cries  
And my running will be for nought  
Nobody wants to buy from me  
In the end I'll perish like a dog

I had a little sister,  
A child of nature  
Together we moved around  
She was one year old  
With her, it was much easier for me  
My hunger would become lighter  
When I glanced at her  
Suddenly she became  
Weak and very sick  
She died in my arms  
On a street bench  
And when I lost her  
I lost everything  
Let death come already for me, too.

## Friling – Kaczerginski, Brudno

Ikh blondzhe in geto  
Fun gesl tsu gesl  
Un ken nit gefinen keyn ort  
Nito iz mayn liber,  
Vi trogt men ariber?  
Mentshn, o zogt khotsh a vort.  
Es laykht oyf mayn heyam itst  
Der himl der bloyer  
Vos zhe hob ikh itst derfun?  
Ikh shtey vi a betler  
Bay yetvidn toyre  
Un betl a bisele zun.

Friling, nem tsu mayn troyer  
Un breng mayn libstn  
Maynt trayen tsurik  
Friling oyf dayne fligl bloye  
O, nem mayn harts mit  
Un breng es tsu mayne glik.

Ikh gey tsu der arbet  
Farbay undzer shtibl  
In troyer, der toyer farmakht.  
Der tog a tsehelter  
Di blumen farvelkte,  
Zey vanynen, far zey iz oykn nakht.  
Far nakht oyf tsurikvegs,  
Es noyet der troyer,  
Ot do hostu libster gevart.  
Ot do inem shotn  
Nokh kentik dayn trot iz,  
Flegt kushn mikh liblekh un tsart

I wander in the ghetto  
From alley to alley  
And cannot find any place  
My love is gone,  
How can one go on?  
Someone, speak even a word.  
It lights up my home  
The sky is like a blue dome  
What have I left in my life?  
I stand like a beggar  
At each of these doorways  
And beg for a little sun.

Springtime, take my sorrow  
And bring my loved one,  
My dear one back to me.  
Springtime, upon your little blue wings  
Oh, take my heart with you  
And bring back my joy.

I go to my work  
And pass by our house  
In sadness, the door is closed.  
The day is full of sunlight  
The flowers not blooming,  
They're wilting, for them too it's night.  
At night when returning  
The sadness is burning  
In here, dear, you waited for me  
In here, in the shadows  
I still hear your footsteps,  
You kissed me with love and tenderness

## Gedenk – Witler

Gedenk, az nor in libe ligt dus glik  
Di libe doyert ayn oygnblik  
In kimt shoyt kaynmul mer tsirik  
Gedenk dus git!

Gedenk, hosti dus glik  
In dayne hent,  
Ver nisht farshikert, nisht farblend  
Nisht laykht es pater, nisht farshvent  
Gedenk, gedenk!

Glik nisht volgert zikh in gasn,  
S'iz nisht far yedn mentsh  
Tsi glik  
Mis Got alayn tsipasn,  
Dertsi mis men zayn gebentsht

Gedenk, hot Got dir glik  
Amul geshenkt  
Nukh vus es hot dayn harts gebenkt  
Oyf linke vegn zikh nisht lenk  
Gedenk, gedenk

Aynmul nor iz glik far mir dershinen,  
Ven ikh hob dikh, dikh gefinen  
Bloys nor di, di nor brengst mir fraydn,  
Bay dir fil ikh vi in Gan Eyd  
Ven di volts gayn es  
Iz fin mir gants vayt avek  
Volt dan mayn labn nisht gehat  
Kayn tsvek!

Remember, that only in love lies happiness  
Love lasts only in the blink of an eye  
Never to return  
Remember this well!

Remember, you have happiness  
In your hands  
Do not be drunk or blind  
Do not waste it  
Remember, remember!

Happiness does not wander in the streets  
It does not come to every person  
Cause happiness  
Is bestowed from God alone  
There too, must one be blessed

Remember, God blessed you  
With happiness  
After what your heart yearned  
Do not take the wrong path  
Remember, remember

Only once did happiness shine for me  
When I had you, found you  
Only you brought be joy  
With you I feel in Paradise  
If you would go  
Far from me  
My life would have  
Lacked meaning!

## Dus Gezang Fyn Mayn Hartz – Witler

Hob lider fil gezign	May songs have been sung
Gemakht success mit zay	I have had great success
Zay hobn shayn geklingn,	They sounded beautiful
Nor fargesn vern zay.	But they will be forgotten.
Lider in romantsn gezign un a shir	Song and ballads singing without end
Nor die beste chancen, vayst ir,	But the best chances, do you know,
Vus hot bay mir?	Which are they to me?

Dus gezang fin mayn harts	The song from my heart
Is mayne neshume	Is my soul
Dus gezang fin mayn Harts	The song from my heart
Brengt mir frayd un a shir	Brings me happiness without end
Dus gezang fin mayn harts	The song from my heart
Haylt a yeden fin Payn	Heals one from sorrow
Mit dem gezang fin mayn harts	With the song from my heart
Ken men glikleh nor zayn!	Can one only be happy!

Vi zenen yene Tsaytn fin	Where are the old times of
Glik un shir	Happiness without end?
Gevaynt tsi Got in laytn,	I cry to God and people
Far mir in oykh far dir	For me and for you
Di tsayt hot zikh gebitn,	The time has changed
S'is yetst nisht vi ikh vil	It is still not what I wished
Hof's vet beser veren	Hope it will be better
Zingt mayn harts mir in der Shtil.	Sings my heart in the quiet.

**The Sheik of Avenue B** - Ruby, Kalmar, Friend, Downing

**I Am Easily Assimilated** - Bernstein, *Candide*

**Thank you for joining us!**

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