

Yeder **mentsh** hot zikh zayn **pekl**.
Ever **man** has his own **package**.

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Keyner **zet** zayn eygenem hoyker.
No one **sees** the hump on his own back.

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Di **velt** iz kaylekhdik azoy vi an **ey**.
The **world** is round like an **egg**.

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Azoy lang der **mentsh** lebt iz im di gantse **velt** tsu **kleyn**; nokhn **toyt** iz im der keyver genug.
As long as a **man** lives, the entire **world** is too **small** for him; after **death**, the grave is big enough.

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Di **kats** hot lib **fish**, nor zi vil di **fis** nit ayn-netsn.
The **cat** loves **fish**, but doesn't want to get her **feet** wet.

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Eygene, az zey **veynen** nit, farkrimen zey zich **chotsh**
Those who are close to you, even when they don't **cry** with you, **at least** they screw up their faces.

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Az der soyne **falt**, tor men zich nit **freyen**, ober me **heybt** im nit **oyf**!
When your enemy **falls**, you shouldn't celebrate, but you don't have to **pick him up** either!

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Shlemiel	<i>Useless</i>	Shikker	<i>A drunk</i>	Shmatte	<i>Rag</i>
Shaygets	<i>Rascal</i>	Shmendrik	<i>Stupid</i>	Shanda	<i>Scandal</i>
Shlimazel	<i>Unlucky</i>	Shmegegge	<i>No worth</i>	Yenta	<i>Gossiper</i>
Schlump	<i>A mess</i>	Shnorrer	<i>Cheap</i>	Meshugener	<i>Crazy</i>

Rohznikes Mit Mandelen

In dem Beis-Hamikdosh
In a vinkl cheyder
Zitst di almone, bas-tSION, aleyN
Ihr ben yochidle yidelN vigt zi kесеider
Un zingt im tzum shlofn a ledeleh sheyn.

Ai-li-lu-lu

Unter Yidele's vigele
Shteyt a klor-vays tsigele
Dos tsigele iz geforn handlen
Dos vet zayn dayn baruf
Rozhinkes mit mandlen
Shlof-zhe, Yidele, shlof.

In dem lidl mayn kind,
Lign fil nevues
Az du vest amol
zayn tsezeyt oyf der velt.
A soykher vest du zayn fun ale tvues,
Un vest fardinen in dem oykh fil gelt.

Ai-li-lu-lu

Un az du vest raykh yidele.
Zolzt du zikh dermonen in dem lidele.
Rozhinkes mit mandlen,
Dos vet zayn dayn baruf.
Yidele vet alts ding handlen,
Shlof-zhe, Yidele, shlof.

Rohznikes Mit Mandelen

In the Temple,
in a corner of a room,
Sits the widowed daughter of Zion, alone.
She rocks her only son, Yidele, to sleep
With a sweet lullaby.

Ai-li-lu-lu

Under Yidele's cradle
Stands a small white goat.
The goat travelled to sell his wares
This will be Yidele's calling, too.
Trading in raisins and almonds.
Sleep, Yidele, sleep.

In that song, my child,
Lies many prophesies,
When you will at some time
Be scattered throughout the world
A merchant of all grains,
Earning from your trade a lot of money.

Ai-li-lu-lu

And when you become rich, Yidele,
Remind yourself of this lullaby.
Raisins and almonds.
This will be your calling.
You'll be a merchant of all wares,
But for now, sleep, Yidele, sleep.