A Note on the Transliteration

*The transliterations correspond to the standard rules of orthography established by the YIVO Institute for Jewish Research. They do not exactly replicate Krakowski’s Lodz-Czenstochov dialect. Yiddish dialects contain variations and inconsistencies. Considerations of rhyme and overlaps in dialects also have had an effect upon the pronunciation and transliteration.*
transmigrations

[GLILGL-GILGULIM]  
transformation, metamorphosis; version; according to Jewish lore, the being (human or animal) into which the soul of a dead person may pass to continue life and atone for sins committed in the previous incarnation.

[HANE' FESH]  
transmigration of the soul.

Wolf Krakowski was born August 26, 1947 in Saalfelden Farmach Displaced Persons Camp, Austria and raised in Eskilstuna, Sweden and Toronto, Canada. His father, Leon, (born Piotkrov, Poland) was a tailor in Lodz who became a plutovny (platoon leader) in Wanda Wasilewska's Polish-Russian Army under Gen. Rokossovski. His mother Esther, (born Sulmierszyce, Poland) comes from a family of textile merchants who had settled in Czenstochov. The family patriarch, Wolf Russak was a Zhuryker khusid.

After the end of World War II, Krakowski's parents and older brother Mark, (born Kazakhstan) were repatriated to Poland. (Hinde Ciwia, Leon and Esther's first-born, did not survive Russia.) After the Kielce pogrom, while being smuggled to Palestine by the Brikha and the Haganah, the family (including Wolf in utero) was arrested in Italy and deported to Austria. After Wolf was born, they found refuge in Sweden. The family, now including sister Ruth, subsequently immigrated to Canada, where Krakowski attended kheder and public schools in Toronto.

A self-taught musician, Krakowski served a diverse and variegated musical apprenticeship. He has played in the Original Upper Canada Ragtime Mama Jug Band with Mendelson Joe and Daisy DeBolt. Krakowski has performed with Winnipeg bar-band legend, Stork McGillivray and played the blues with the late Delta bluesman Big Joe Williams. He traveled with Conklin and Garrett Shows where he came to know Schlitzie, the "Missing Link," the real-life comic strip character. "Zippy," an avid ukulele player.

Luftmentsh and luthier, carpenter and cameraman, Krakowski began documenting Holocaust survivors in 1982. His videos include "Vilna" and "My Name is Stella."

GLOSSARY

Brikha - illegal organization that smuggled Jews into Palestine
Bundists - members of the Bund, a Jewish socialist/nationalist organization founded in 1897 in Vilnius, Lithuania.
di far kashes - The Four Questions, part of Passover observance, recited by the youngest son
gefilte fish - ground pike, white fish, formed into balls or small loaves, eaten with horseradish
Haganah - Jewish defense force created to protect Jewish settlements in Palestine
heldzl - skin of a chicken neck, stuffed with cooked vegetables and grains
Khanakah - an eight-day holiday commemorating a victorious liberation struggle from Greek/Syrian rule, c. 164 B.C.E.
Khanuke gelt - coins or chocolate in the shape of coins
Khusid / Khasidim - follower(s) of disciples of the Baal Shem Tov (1698-1760) who believe in approaching God through hislaves (ardor, enthusiasm) as well as through learning
kheder - school where children study the alphabet and the Torah
kishke - stuffed derma; intestine/casings stuffed with bread crumbs, grains, vegetables & fats
knishes - dumplings made usually with either liver or potatoes
Kroksmalne, Nalewki, Smocza and Lazienki - Warsaw street names
Kol Nidre - evening prayer which initiates the holiday of Yom Kipur
luftmentsh - person without a definite occupation
milkhik/milkhike - The Jewish dietary laws of kashrut separate food into meat and dairy, which cannot be eaten together. Yiddish adjective forms for “dairy”
Purim - holiday celebrating the deliverance of the Jews of Persia from the threat of annihilation detailed in the Book of Esther
Pessah - Passover; 8-day holiday celebrating the liberation of Jews from slavery in Egypt
Rashi - Rabbi Solomon bar Isaac (1040-1105), Torah commentator from Troyes, France
Rosh Hashanah - holiday celebrating the beginning of the Jewish New Year.
Seder - ceremonial Passover observance which includes a meal on the 1st 2 nights (1 in Israel) of the holiday
Shabes - the Jewish Sabbath, which begins on Friday night at sundown and continues until three stars appear in the sky on Saturday evening
Shavous - Holiday of Weeks; an eight-day celebration of the giving of the Torah to Moses on Mount Sinai, celebrated seven weeks after Passover
sidur - daily prayer book
varnishkes - bowtie pasta
Yom Kipur - The Day of Atonement; solemn holiday which takes place ten days after the New Year celebration, during which Jews ask for forgiveness for their transgressions of the previous year.
We were ten brothers,
We dealt in wine.
One of us died,
Nine of us remained.

We were nine brothers,
We dealt in freight.
One of us died,
Eight of us remained.

We were eight brothers,
We dealt in beets.
One of us died,
Seven of us remained.

We were seven brothers,
We dealt in baked goods.
One of us died,
Six of us remained.

We were six brothers,
We dealt in hose.
One of us died,
Five of us remained.

We were five brothers,
We dealt in beer.
One of us died,
Four of us remained.

We were ten brothers,
We dealt in wine.
One of us died,
Nine of us remained.

We were nine brothers,
We dealt in freight.
One of us died,
Eight of us remained.

We were eight brothers,
We dealt in beets.
One of us died,
Seven of us remained.

We were seven brothers,
We dealt in baked goods.
One of us died,
Six of us remained.

We were six brothers,
We dealt in hose.
One of us died,
Five of us remained.

We were five brothers,
We dealt in beer.
One of us died,
Four of us remained.
We were four brothers,
We dealt in tea.
One of us died,
Three of us remained.

We were three brothers,
We dealt in lead.
One of us died,
Two of us remained.

We were two brothers,
We dealt in bones.
One of us died,
I am left alone.

I remain the only brother,
I deal in candles.
I die every day
Because I have nothing to eat.

Fir brider zenen mir gevezn,
Hobn mir gehandlt mit tay.
Zenen ayns fun undz geshtorbn,
Zenen mir geblibn dray.

Dray brider zenen mir geblibn,
Hobn mir gehandlt mit blay.
Zenen ayns fun undz geshtorbn,
Zenen mir geblibn tsvay.

Tsvay brider zenen mir gevezn,
Hobn mir gehandlt mit bayner.
Zenen ayns fun undz geshtorbn,
Bin ikh mir geblibn nor nokh ayner.

Ayn brider bin ikh mir geblibn,
Handl ikh mit likht.
Shtarbn tor ikh yedn tog
Vayl tsu esn hob ikh nisht.

We were four brothers.
We dealt in tea.
One of us died,
Three of us remained.

We were three brothers.
We dealt in lead.
One of us died.
Two of us remained.

We were two brothers.
We dealt in bones.
One of us died.
I am left alone.

I remain the only brother.
I deal in candles.
I die every day
Because I have nothing to eat.

David Teller Goldman
Washtenaw Jewish News,
Ann Arbor, MI (USA)
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(continued from page 2) Geule and the rest of Transmigrations, he retains the essence and soul of Yiddish music. Though the external presentation of the music may be new, the inner truth of the music - its soul - remains unchanged. It is in this transmigration that both the title and the beauty of Krakowski’s album lie.

David Teller Goldman
Washtenaw Jewish News,
Ann Arbor, MI (USA)
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Wolf Krakowski
Rajah Blue Music (SOCAN)
In my heart burns a flame
For that which is no longer—
Krochmalne and Nalewki Streets,
And Smocza and Lazienski.
Hasidim, the well-to-do,
Zionists, Bundists
Struggled ceaselessly.
Today I will try to forget
What the enemy did to you,
And I assure you
With boundless confidence:
My Warsaw, you will once again be
A Jewish city as before.
My Warsaw, you will once again be
Full of Jewish charm and grace.

Under green trees
Moyshes and Shloymeles
Will live and dream as before.
We will rebuild
Factories, workshops,
Schools and synagogues.
Wisdom and culture
Once again shall flourish.
How beautiful your Jewish life used
to be!
My Warsaw, you will once again be
Truly Jewish as before.

©Copyright
Benzion Witler (SACEM)
LITTLE RAIN
Abraham Eliyohu Kaplan

I had a dear mother
Who taught me
To be good, pious and clear
And nothing of worldly wisdom.

Little rain, little rain,
I am a simple person.
I let the rain fall on me,
I know nothing of worldly wisdom.

I had a dear father
Who taught me
The alphabet by heart
And nothing of worldly wisdom.

I had a dear teacher
Who taught me
The Five Books, Rashi, and sidur,
And nothing of worldly wisdom.

I had a matchmaker
Who was a fine person.
He brought me a wife
Who knows nothing of worldly wisdom.

REGNDL
Abraham Eliyohu Kaplan

Ikh hob gehat a mamenyu
Hot zi mikh gelernt:
Zay nor gut un frum, un klor
Mer keyn khokhmes nisht.

Regn, regn, regndl,
Kh’bin a kleyne mentshele.
Loz ikh mikh baregenen,
Kh’veys keyn khokhmes nisht.

Ikh hob gehat a tatenyu,
Hot er mikh gelernt
Alef-beys oyf oysnveynik,
Mer keyn khokhmes nisht.

Ikh hob gehat a rebenyu,
Hot er mikh gelernt
Khumesh, rashe, siderl,
Mer keyn khokhmes nisht.

Ikh hob gehat a shatkhndl,
A voyler mentsh iz er geven.
Hot er mikh gebraht a vayb
Vos veyst keyn khokhmes nisht.

Arrangement ©Copyright
Wolf Krakowski
Rajah Blue Music (SOCAN)
FRILING
Kaczerginski-Brudno

I wander the ghetto
From alley to alley
And cannot find any rest.
My beloved is no more—
How can I bear it?
People, say something, anything!
The blue sky
Lights up my house,
But what good does it do?
I stand like a beggar
In every gateway
And beg for a little sun.

Springtime, take away my sorrow,
And bring my beloved,
My dear one to me.
Springtime, on your wings of blue,
Take my heart with you
And bring my happiness back to me.

Grieving, I go to work
Past our home.
The door is shut.
A sunlit day, the flowers, fading,
They weep—for them too it is night.
In the evening, on returning,
Sorrow gnaws at me.
Here, my love, you used to wait.
Right here, in the shadows,
I still hear your footfall
And remember how tenderly
You used to kiss me.

SPRINGTIME
Kaczerginski-Brudno

Ikh blondzhe in geto
Fun gesl tsu gesl
Un ken nisht gefinen keyn ort;
Nishto iz mayn liber,
Vi trogt men ariber?
Mentshn, zogt khotsh a vort!
Es laykht af mayn heym itst
Der himl der bloyer—
Vos zhe hob ikh itst derfun?
Ikh shtey vi a better
Bay yetvidn toyer
Un betl a bisele zun.

Friling, nem tsu mayn troyer,
Un breng mayn libstn,
Mayn trayen tsurik.
Friling, af dayne fligl bloye,
O, nem mayn harts mit
Un gib es op mayn glik.

Ikh gey tsu der arbet
Farbay undzer shtibl,
In troyer--der toyer farmakht.
Der tog a tsehelter,
Di blumen—farvelkte,
Zey vyanen, far zey iz oykh nakht.
Far nakht af tsurikvegs,
Es noyet der toyer,
Ot do hostu, libster, gevar.t.
Ot do inem shotn
Nokh kentik dayn trot iz,
Flegst kushn mikh liblekh un tsart.
This year, springtime
Has arrived so early,
My longing for you has burst into
bloom.
I see you, as though you were here,
Laden with flowers,
Joyfully coming towards me.
The sun has showered
The garden with its rays,
The earth has sprouted with green.
My dearest, my beloved,
Where have you vanished?
You are never out of my thoughts.

Shmerke Kaczerginski (1908-1954) - Born in Vilna, Lithuania, orphaned at age six and raised by his grandfather, Kaczerginski learned the lithographer’s trade. He was an active Communist and a member of Yung Vilne, a radical literary magazine. Kaczerginski served in the Red Army and worked as a teacher near Biaylystok. In 1940, when the U.S.S.R. occupied Lithuania, he returned to Vilna and became active in cultural life. In 1942 he joined the United Partisan Organization, smuggling cultural treasures out of the ghetto. Friling was written after the death of his wife in April 1943. In September of 1943, after the liquidation of the Vilna ghetto, Kaczerginski escaped into the woods and joined the partisans. In July 1944 when the Red Army liberated Vilna, he returned, but grew dissapointed with Soviet attitudes towards the rebuilding of Jewish culture. In 1946, he left for Poland, where he worked at the Central Jewish Historical Commission and edited the Poale Zion weekly, Unzer Vort. After the Kielce pogrom of July 1946, he went to Paris; he lectured at various refugee camps in Germany. In 1948 he represented Paris at the founding convention of the Jewish Cultural Congress. In 1950 he settled in Buenos Aires, Argentina where he organized the publishing house Kiyum and wrote for the Jewish press. He compiled several books of Jewish songs of the ghettos and concentration camps and wrote memoirs detailing the destruction of Vilna, life as a partisan and the liquidation of Jewish life in the U.S.S.R. He was killed in a plane crash while on a mission for the Jewish National Fund.

Abraham Brudno (? - 1943) - Reports of Brudno’s fate vary following the liquidation of the Vilna ghetto in September, 1943. He may have been put to death by the Nazis and their collaborators in an Estonian concentration/death camp or he may have perished somewhere in the U.S.S.R.
SHABES, SHABES
Traditional

Shabes, shabes, shabes, shabes, shabes!
Let there be shabes, Jews!
Shabes throughout the entire world!

A holiday...
Let there be a holiday, Jews!
A holiday throughout the entire world!

Peace...
Let there be peace, Jews!
Peace throughout the entire world!

Freedom...
Let there be freedom, Jews!
Freedom throughout the entire world!

Shabes...
Let there be freedom!
Let there be peace!
Let there be a holiday!
Let there be happiness!
Let there be light!
Let there be compassion!
Shabes throughout the entire world.

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Wolf Krakowski
Rajah Blue Music (SOCAN)
EVERYTHING GOES UP IN SMOKE
Benzion Witler

Philosophers contemplate, day and night,
Trying to discover something new,
They think and think.
Each one knocks himself out and suffers,
Each one wants to solve the problems of the world.
People, just thinking about it is frightening,
For nothing lasts—everything disappears.

Everything goes up in smoke.
I think you rack your brains for nothing.
What is it worth?
What do you get out of it?
You torment yourself, you sacrifice,
Yet you die a fool.
Everything you create is worthless,
Everything is annihilated, destroyed.
Why bother worrying and racking your brains,
When everything goes up in smoke?

Once I had a wife and a home.
We lived there in happiness and comfort.
All I wanted was for her to be mine
And believed in her love as I did in God.
But she had other things in mind—
She froze me out and deceived me.

ALTS GEYT AVEK MITN ROYKH
Benzion Witler

Filozofn denkn tog un nakht
Oysgefinen nayes nor men trakht.
Yeder fun zay matert zikh un kvelt,
Yeder vil farzorgn undzer velt.
Mentshn, tsu batrakhn iz a shrek.
Keyn zakh blaybt nisht—
Ales geyt avek.

Alts geyt avek mitn roykh.
Umzist denk ikh dreystu dayn moykh.
(Far)vos iz dayn loyen,
Vos bakumstu derfar?
Du plugst zikh un opferst,
Nokh shtarbstu a nar.
Alts vos du shafst hot keyn vert.
Alts vert farnikhtert, tseshtert.
Vos toyg dem zorgn
Un dreyen dem moykh
Az alts geyt avek mitn roykh?

Kh’hob amol gehat a froy, a heym.
Geleybt zikh zeyer gliklekh un bakvem.
Zi zol vern mayn hob ihk geshtrebt
Un ir libe vi in got gegleybt.
Ober zi hot andershvu getraht—
Zi hot farbitn mikh un oysgenart.

Alts geyt avek mitn roykh.
Umzist denk ikh dreystu dayn moykh.
(Far)vos iz dayn loyen,
Vos bakumstu derfar?
Du plugst zikh un opferst,
Nokh shtarbstu a nar.
Alts vos du shafst hot keyn vert.
Alts vert farnikhtert, tseshtert.
Vos toyg dem zorgn
Un dreyen dem moykh
Az alts geyt avek mitn roykh?

Kh’hob amol gehat a froy, a heym.
Geleybt zikh zeyer gliklekh un bakvem.
Zi zol vern mayn hob ihk geshtrebt
Un ir libe vi in got gegleybt.
Ober zi hot andershvu getraht—
Zi hot farbitn mikh un oysgenart.
Everything goes up in smoke—
Love, friendship, strength.
One person causes another’s pain and misery.
You toil and sacrifice, yet you die a fool.
Happiness doesn’t last for long—
It comes, but it disappears all too quickly.
Why bother worrying and racking your brains,
When everything goes up in smoke?

Alts geyt avek mitn roykh—
Di libe, di frayndshaft, der koykh.
Eyn mentsh dem tsveytn
Bashaft veytik un tsar.
Du nikst un du opferst,
Dokh shtarbstu a nar.
Nisht lang halt bay keynem dos glik—
Es kint, ober es farshvindt gikh tsurik.
Vos toyg dem zorgn
Un dreyen dem moykh
Az alts geyt avek mitn roykh?

Everything goes up in smoke—
Our lives, love, strength.
One person causes another’s pain and misery.
You toil and sacrifice, yet you die a fool.
Happiness doesn’t last for long.
It comes, but it disappears all too quickly.
Why bother worrying and racking your brains,
When everything goes up in smoke?

Benzion Witler
Singer, actor and songwriter, Witler was born in Belz, Poland to a Hasidic family and began performing secretly at the Freie Yidishe Folksbiene in Vienna, Austria at age twelve. After a spell as a journalist, he returned to the theater and performed in France, England and South Africa. A popular matinee idol and recording artist, Witler was routinely mobbed when he appeared in Eastern Europe in the Thirties. He came to the U.S.A. in 1940. In 1946 while on tour in South America, he began a partnership with Argentine-born singer-actress, Shifra Lerer. Together they performed throughout North and South America, South Africa, Europe and Israel and made recordings. Among his stage roles were Studentlibe (Student Love) and Der Zingendiker Shmid (The Singing Blacksmith).
EVERYONE CALLS ME ZHAMELE
Anonymous-Bernardo Feuer

Everyone calls me Zhamele.
Ay, things are really tough!
I once had a dear mother.
I don’t have her anymore.
I once had a dear father
Who took care of me.
Now I’m like a little rag
Because I am a Jew.

YEDER RUFT MIKH ZHAMELE
Anonymous-Bernardo Feuer

Yeder ruft mikh Zhamele.
Ay, vi mir iz shver!
Kh’hob gehat a mamele,
Kh’hob zi shoyn nisht mer.
Kh’hob gehat a tatele,
Hot er mikh gehit,
Itst bin ikh a shmatele
Vayl ikh bin a yid.

I once had a little sister.
She is no longer here.
Ay, where are you Esther, dear,
In these difficult times?
Somewhere near a little tree,
Somewhere near a hedge
Lies my brother Shloymele,
Murdered by a German.

I once had a little home,
Now things are bad for me.
I am like a little animal
That the hangman slaughters.
Oh, God in Heaven,
Look down upon the earth.
See how the hangman
Cuts down your little flower.

Bernardo Feuer (1910-1967) - Feuer left Lemberg (Lvov), Austria for South America in 1926. In 1938 he founded the Coro Hazamir (Hazamir Chorale). As its director he became an integral part of Jewish life in Argentina, Chile and Peru. He also taught music and wrote liturgical works in Hebrew and Yiddish. In 1952 he wrote the melody to Yeder ruft mir Zhamele (Zalmele), an anonymous poem that appeared in a Yiddish newspaper in Argentina.
LISTEN, PRETTY GIRL
Traditional

Listen, pretty girl,
Listen, you fine girl,
What will you do
On such a long journey?

I will go through every street
And shout, “I wash clothes!”
As long as I can be with you.
As long as I can be with you.

Listen, pretty girl,
Listen, you fine girl,
Where will you do this washing
On such a long journey?

Do you think I’m weak?
I can do the wash in the river
As long as I can be with you.
As long as I can be with you.

Listen, pretty girl,
Listen, you fine girl,
What will you eat
On such a long journey?

I will eat bread and salt,
I will forsake my parents,
As long as I can be with you.
As long as I can be with you.

Listen, pretty girl,
Listen, you fine girl,
Where will you sleep
On such a long journey?

HER NOR, DU SHEYN MEYDELE
Traditional

Her nor, du sheyn meydele,
Her nor, du fayn meydele,
Vos vestu ton in aza vaytn veg?
Vos vestu ton in aza vaytn veg?

Ikh vel geyn in ale gasn
Un vel shrayen: vesh tsun vashn!
—Abi mit dir tsuzamen zayn.
—Abi mit dir tsuzamen zayn.

Her nor, du sheyn meydele,
Her nor, du fayn meydele,
Vu vestu vashn in aza vaytn veg?
Vu vestu vashn in aza vaytn veg?

Du vest meynen az ikh bin shvakh—
Ikh ken vashn in dem taykh
—Abi mit dir tsuzamen zayn.
—Abi mit dir tsuzamen zayn.

Her nor, du sheyn meydele,
Her nor, du fayn meydele,
Vos vestu esn in aza vaytn veg?
Vos vestu esn in aza vaytn veg?

Broyt mit zalts vel ikh esn,
Tate-mame vel ikh fargesn
—Abi mit dir tsuzamen zayn.
—Abi mit dir tsuzamen zayn.

Her nor, du sheyn meydele,
Her nor, du fayn meydele,
Af vos vestu shlofn in aza vaytn veg?
Af vos vestu shlofn in aza vaytn veg?
I am still a young woman,
I can sleep on a bundle of straw
As long as I can be with you.
As long as I can be with you.

Listen, pretty girl,
Listen, you fine girl,
With what will you cover yourself
On such a long journey?

The dew from the skies will cover
me,
The birds will awaken me,
As long as I can be with you.
As long as I can be with you.

Mordkhe Gebirtig (Bertig) (1877-1942) - Born on Jozefa Street in the Kazimierz quarter of Krakow where he spent most of his life, Gebirtig was apprenticed to a carpenter at age ten. In 1905, under the influence of Avrom Reisen, he began to act in amateur theater and to write. He belonged to the Jewish Social Democratic Party of Galicia and published in the Krakow Social Democrat. During World War I, he served for five years in the Austro-Hungarian Army. Unable to read or write music, he composed his melodies on a simple shepherd’s pipe, and friends transcribed the notes. His first book of song-poems was published in 1920 to great acclaim. American film and theater star Molly Picon made his songs popular in the Yiddish theaters of Warsaw, Lodz and Vilna. In Krakow, Jewish Theater Societies organized evenings of his songs. In 1939 and 1940, he remained in Krakow with his wife and two of his three daughters. His songs of that period reflect upon Jewish life under the Nazi occupation. Blayb gezunt mir, Kroke was written when he and his family were exiled to Lagiewnicki (near Krakow) where they stayed until they returned to the Krakow ghetto in the spring of 1942. On June 4, Gebirtig was shot and killed when the Nazis surrounded the ghetto to round up the Jews for deportation to the death camp Belzec (Belzhits).

Manfred Lemm - German singer, guitarist and composer of French Huguenot ancestry, was born in 1946. A dedicated performer of Gebirtig songs and author of Mordechai Gerbirtig: Jiddische Lied, Lemm composed the melody to Blayb gezunt mir, Kroke, which survived World War II in text only.
On Shavuous my mother gave me
Varnishkes with cheese and with butter,
A milkhik soup, with milkhik bagels.
We had a house full of little boys and girls.

Jewish food my mother used to cook and bake for me
You are in my memory—
I will never forget
How tasty the food was—
Gefilte fish with knishes and squash.

With noodles, chicken soup and pastrami
My mother refreshed my soul.
I loved her very much for all her food and gefilte fish,
And for that, I gave her a kiss.

On Yom Kipur, we poured out a little glass
And ate kishke and heldzl.
Hurrying to hear Kol Nidre in the synagogue,
My father took me everywhere,
And I was full!
I asked my father the Four Questions
On Pesakh my mother cooked and baked.
Life was sweet then, we ate of the very best
On Purim, Pesakh, Rosh Hashanah and Shavuous.

On Jewish holidays, there is baking in the oven.
The folks laugh, and we live well.
We observe the Seder, the children go to kheder
On Khanukah loaded with Khanuke gelt.

Di fir kashes gefregt bay dem futer.
Af peysekh hot gekokht, gebakt mayn muter.
Geven dos lebn zis amol, est fun kole gits
Af purim un af peysekh, rosheshone un af shvues.

Af yidishe yontoyvim, es bakt zikh inem oyvn.
Di mentshn lakhn un me lebt zikh gut.
Me pravet zey dem seyder, di kinder geyn in kheyder
Mit gelt a sakh af khanike bashit.

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Samson Kemelmakher (RAO)

Samson Kemelmakher was born in Moldova (former U.S.S.R.) in 1953. Singer-musician-composer and recording artist, Kemelmakher toured with the band Yidishe Lid throughout the former U.S.S.R. Kemelmakher performs internationally from his home base in Israel.

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FAREWELL, MY KRAKOW
Mordkhe Gebirtig-Manfred Lemm

Farewell, my Krakow, fare thee well!
The wagon is hitched up,
Waiting in front of my house.
The savage enemy drives me from you, cruelly,
As one would drive away a dog.

Farewell, my Krakow!
Perhaps today is the last day
I will ever see everything dear to me
At my mother’s grave,
I cried out my heart.
It was hard to part from her.
I cried my eyes out, until the last tear
Wetted my father’s cold stone.
I couldn’t find my grandfather’s grave.
His gravestone must have turned to dust by now.

Farewell, my Krakow!
Holy is your ground.
My parents rest in it.
I am not destined to lie next to them;
A grave awaits me somewhere far away.

FAREWELL, MY KRAKOW
Mordkhe Gebirtig-Manfred Lemm

Blayb gezunt mir, Kroke!
Blayb-zhe mir gezunt.
S’vart di fur geshpant shoyn far mayn hoyz.
S’traybt der vilder soyne vi men traybt a hunt
Mit akhzaryes mikh fun dir aroys.

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VEN DU LAKHST
Max Perlman

What more can a person want, but a
bit of happiness,
So he can live his life well.
The pauper rejoices when he finds
Something he himself once lost.
One person finds happiness only in
riches,
And seeks to acquire a lot of money.
Another wants only to win back
The love he has so sorely missed.
It is difficult to find a true friend,
And if you do find one,
Cherish him today.

When you laugh, when you laugh,
Everyone laughs with you.
When you cry, you cry alone.
When things go well, when things
go well,
There’s no shortage of pals,
When things go badly, you’re as
alone as a stone.

The old actor, I know, sings this
same song, too.
He was once famous, it seems,
And now he plays second fiddle.
Bit by bit, he turns over every
feeling,
His success, his acclaim, are all
forgotten.
The curtain falls down
On the old actor for the last time.
He leafs through all his old
ewspaper clippings
And sings in a tear-filled voice:

WHEN YOU LAUGH
Max Perlman

What more can a person want, but a
bit of happiness,
So he can live his life well.
The pauper rejoices when he finds
Something he himself once lost.
One person finds happiness only in
riches,
And seeks to acquire a lot of money.
Another wants only to win back
The love he has so sorely missed.
It is difficult to find a true friend,
And if you do find one,
Cherish him today.

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Everyone laughs with you.
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He was once famous, it seems,
And now he plays second fiddle.
Bit by bit, he turns over every
feeling,
His success, his acclaim, are all
forgotten.
The curtain falls down
On the old actor for the last time.
He leafs through all his old
ewspaper clippings
And sings in a tear-filled voice:
When you laugh. . .

The whole world has changed,
And people aren’t what they once were.

When you laugh. . .

Ven du lakhst. . .

Di gantse velt is andersh haynt gevorn,
Un di mentshn zaynen oykh nisht vi geven.

Ven du lakhst. . .

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Max Perlman

Max Perlman (1909-1985) - Perlman was born in Riga, Latvia to a middle-class family. At age six he sang in the choir of Hazan Rosovski and soon began to play children's roles in the theater. He studied at the dramatic studio in the Riga Peretz Club and found work performing in Russian and Yiddish theaters. With the founding of the Riga Nayer Yidishe Teater (New Jewish Theater), he turned professional, performing steadily in Kovno and Riga between 1928 and 1934. Perlmen played in Vienna and toured Czechoslovakia, Poland, France, Belgium and England. In 1939 he was invited to Argentina, where he stayed for 3 years before moving on to Uruguay and Chile and, in 1945, to Latin America. He toured South Africa in 1948 and 1951 and came to the United States in 1952, where he performed regularly from his home base in Israel. The consummate song and dance man, comedic actor and song writer, Perlman returned to Argentina in 1966 and, in 1967 toured there and in Brazil with Yiddish comedian Shimon Dzigan. Between 1968 and 1974, he toured the U.S.A., South Africa and Europe. He was associated for many years with Israel's Hebrew Theater Circuit. Perlman gave his last performances on a 1985 tour of the U.S.A., Australia and Israel with his partner, South African born Israeli theater star Menorah Zahav.
LETTHE REDEMPTION COME
Shmerke Kaczerginski
HaRav Abraham Kook

If you’re feeling downhearted, take a little drink.
When sorrow keeps you from your rest, sing a little song.
If there’s not a drop of whiskey, let us drink water.
Living water is but life itself—What more does a Jew need?

Let the Redemption come,
The Messiah is coming soon!

Trees are dancing in the woods, stars dance in the sky.
Reb Yisroel twirls in their midst.
The Messiah will awaken from his deep slumber
When he hears our prayerful song.

Our generation bears responsibility,
let us not be fools—Were it not for sinning, the Messiah would come sooner.
Dear Father in Heaven, we ask for mercy:
Please see that the Messiah doesn’t come a little bit too late.

ZOL SHOYN KUMEN DI GEULE
Shmerke Kaczerginski
HaRav Abraham Kook

Ongezolyet afn hartsn, makht men a lekhayim.
Oyb der umet lozt nisht ruen—zingen mir a lid.
Iz nishto keyn bisl bronfn, lomir trinken mayim,
Mayim-khayim iz dokh khayim—vos darf nokh der yid?

Zol shoyn kumen di geule,
Meshiekh kumt shoyn bald!

S’tantsn beymer in di velder, shtern afn himl.
Reb Yisroel, der mekhutn, dreyt zikh in der mit.
S’vet zikh oyfvekn Meshiekh fun zayn tifn driml
Ven er vet derhern undzer tfiledike lid.

S’iz a dor fun kule-khayev, zayt nisht keyn naronim—
Un fun zindikn—Meshiekh gikher kumen vet!
Akh, du tatele in himl, s’betn bney rakhmonim:
Zey Meshiekh zol nisht kumen a bisele tsu shpet.

HaRav Abraham Isaac Kook (1865-1935) - Born in Griva, Latvia, Kook served as rabbi in Jaffa, Palestine and London, England before being elected the first Ashkenazi chief rabbi of Palestine in 1921. A deeply religious mystic, he was also a practical social activist and Zionist with a strong interest in human affairs. His written works include Rabbi Kook’s Philosophy of Repentance.
Errata

In songwriter bios:

Max Perlman: "Latin America" should be "Central America"

Bernardo Feuer: Lemberg (Lvov) "Austria" should be "Poland"