

Dance Me To The End Of Love

English words and melody: Leonard Cohen

Yiddish words: Doodie Ringelblum

Dance me to your beauty with a burning violin
Dance me through the panic till I'm gather safely in
Lift me like an olive branch and be my homeward dove
Dance me to the end of love

Let me see your beauty when the witness are gone
Let me feel you moving like they do in Babylon
Show me, slowly, what I only know the limits of
Dance me to the end of love

*Tants mir vi di kinder vos krayzn kararod,
Tants mir lip tsum oyer un dertseyl dayn tiefstn sod,
Red zikh oys fun hartsn biz du blaybst neshome shtum,
Tants mir biz moshiakh kumt.*

*Tants mir oif di volkns mit dayn eydl hentl glet.
Tulye mikh tsu nakht-ru vi in a feder bet,
Tants vayl zibn doayres, oves tantsn mit,
Tants mir biz moshiakh kumt. (x2)*

Dance me to the wedding now or dance me on and on
Dance me very tenderly and dance me very long
We've both of us beneath our love- we're both of us above
Dance me to the end of love

Dance me to the children who are asking to be born
Dance me through the curtain that our kisses have outworn
Touch me with your naked hand, touch me with your glove
Dance me to the end of love - dance me to the end of love

Translation of Yiddish (Ver 1)

Dance me like children swirling on a carousel
Dance me with lips that whisper your deepest secret thoughts
Tell me how your heart feels and bare your very soul
Dance me till Messiah comes

Dance me onto dream-like clouds while your gentle hands caress
Sweep me off to slumber as on a feather bed
Dance me as seven generations past, join in our trance-like state

Dance me till Messiah comes
Dance me till Messiah comes

Translation of Yiddish (Ver 2)

Dance me, like children who circle round and round
Dance me, lip to ear, and share your deepest secret
Speak from your heart until your soul is still
Dance me until the Messiah comes

Dance me, upon the clouds, with your hand's gentle caress
Lull me to sleep on a feather bed
Dance, for seven generations are dancing with us
Dance me until the Messiah comes

A Frayntlekhe Hant

Original poem: Mayer Zabludowski

Music: David Krycer

Fun tvishn fremde, toyznte farbeygeyer
Hot a vey geton oyf mir a freyd
S'hot a hant a vareme, zikh oysgeshtrekt
An alter fraynd, er fregt mikh 'vi es gezt?'.

Oy fun azoy fil, penimer glaykhgiltike
Hot oyfgeshaynt eyms likhtik un bakant
Un ot, a hant a vareme
A foygl glaykh es tsaplt in dayn hant.

Di shtot hot mer nisht fremd azoy mir oysgezen
Oykh der himl, mer nisht azoy groy
S'hot mayn fraynd gebrakht, di shayn fun yugnt teg
Un a himl mild, mild un bloy.

Gefilt zikh do in land, vi a farloyrener
A mentsh on fraynd, on shprakh, on mut
Un mit a mol, a hant a frayndlekhe
Un heymlekh vert, vert in eyn minut.

Un mit a mol, a hant a frayndlekhe
Un heymlekh vert, vert in ayn minut.
Un heymlekh vert, vert in ayn minut.

Oyfn Veg Shteyt A Boym

Lyrics: Itsik Manger

Music: Shmuel Fischer

Oyfn veg shteyt a boym,
Shteyt er ayngboygn,
Ale feygl funem boym
Zaynen zikh tsefloygn.

Dray keyn mizrekh, dray keyn mayrev,
Un der resht - keyn dorem,
Un dem boym gelozt aley
Hefker far dem shturem.

Zog ikh tsu der mamen: -her,
Zolst mir nor nit shtern,
Vel ikh, mame, eyms un tsvey
Bald a foygl vern...

Ikh vel zitsn oyfn boym
Un vel im farvign
Ibern vinter mit a treyst
Mit a sheynem nign.

Zogt di mame: - nite, kind -
Un zi veynt mit trern -
Vest kholile oyfn boym
Mir far froyrn vern.

Zog ikh: -mame, s'iz a shod
Dayne sheyne oygn
Un eyder vos un eyder ven,
Bin ikh mir a foygl.

Veynt di mame: - Itsik, kroyn,
Ze, um gotes viln,
Nem zikh mit a shalikh,
Kenst zikh nokh farkiln.

Di kaloshn tu zikh on,
S'geyt a sharfer vinter
Un di kutshme nem oykh mit -
Vey iz mir un vind mir...

*On the road stands a tree,
it stands bent and deserted,
All the birds of that tree
have flown away.*

*Three went east, three went
west
And the rest went south,
And left the tree alone
abandoned, to the storm.*

*I say to momma--"Listen,
If you don't stand in my way,
then, one and two,
I'll quickly become a bird...*

*I'll sit in the tree
And lull it
during the winter and comfort it
With a lovely tune.*

*And momma says, "No, child,"
And weeps bitter tears -
God forbid, on the tree
you will freeze.*

*So I say, "Momma, don't spoil
your beautiful eyes,"
And before you know it,
I am a bird.*

*And momma cries: - Itzik, crown
of my life,
As God would want,
Take a scarf with you,
Lest you catch cold.*

*"Put on your galoshes,
It will be a severe winter.
And take your fur hat, too.
Woe is me!*

Un dos vinter-laybl nem,
Tu es on, du shovte,
Oyb du vilst nit zayn keyn gast
Tsvishn ale toyte...

Kh'heyb di fligl, s'iz mir shver,
Tsu fil, tsu fil zakhn,
Hot di mame ongeton
Ir feygele, dem shvakhn.

Kuk ikh troyerik mir arayn
In mayn mames oygn,
S'hot ir libshaft nit gelozt
Vern mir a foygl...

Oyfn veg shteyt a boym,
Shteyt her ayngbogen,
Ale feygl funem boym
Zaynen zikh tsefloygn...

*And take your warm
underwear,
put it on, foolish child,
Lest you become a guest
among the dead..."*

*I lift my wings, but it's hard...
Too many, too many things
Momma put on
her weak little fledgling.*

*I look sadly straight
into my momma's eyes,
Her love did not allow me
to become a bird...*

*On the road stands a tree,
it stands bent and deserted,
All the birds of that tree
have flown away.*

Ikh Hob Dikh Tsu Fil Lib

Music: Alexander Olshanetsky

Lyrics: by Chaim Tauber

from Olshanetsky's musical comedy *Der katerinshtshik* (The Organ-grinder).

Ikh hob dikh tsu fil lib
Iklh trog oyf dir keyn hass
Ikh ob dikh tsu fil lib
Tsu zayn oyf dir in kas

Ikh hob dikh tsu fil lib
Tsu zayn oyf dir gor beyz
A nar ikh heys
Ikh veys ikh hob dikh lib

Ikh hob mayn lebn avekgegebn
Mayn harts un mayn neshome
Ikh bin krank nor mayn gedank
Trakht nisht fun nekome

*I love you much too much
I ask myself, "What for?"
But darling when we touch
I love you more*

Ikh hob mayn lebn avekgegebn
Mayn harts un mayn neshome
Ikh bin krank nor mayn gedank
Trakht nisht fun nekome

Ikh hob dikh tsu fil lib
Tsu zayn oyf dir gor beyz
A nar ikh heys
Ikh veys ikh hob dikh lib

Fun Kosev Biz Kitev

(Traditional)

Fun Kosev biz Kitev
Iz a brikele taykhele faranen
Iz a brikele taykhele faranen
Vu der baal Shem, avu der baal shem
Shpatsirn iz gegangen

Fun Kosev biz Kitev
Iz a taykhele faranen
Iz a taykhele faranen
Vu der baal Shem, avu der baal shem
Zikh toyvlen iz gegangen

Fun Kosev biz Kitev
Iz a veldele faranen
Iz a veldele faranen
Vu der baal Shem, avu der baal shem
Oyg hishpoydedes iz gegangen

Fun Kosev biz Kitev
Zaynen feygelekh faranen
Zaynen feygelekh faranen
Vu der baal Shem, avu der baal shem
Lernen shire iz gegangen

Klaybt Zikh Tsunoyf

Words and Music: Michael Alpert

Klaybt zikh tsunoyf mayne shvester un briderlekh
Un lomir zikh freyen vos mir zaynen yidelekh
Genug shoyn tsu veynen mit hertser farvunderte
Vayl mir zenen ale vi kroyvim gebundete

Khotsh ikh bin gekumen tsu aykh fun der vayter velt
Ir zent mir elemen tayere nokh fun gelt
To lomir zikh freyen biz in vaysn tog arayn
Mit hartsike lider un mit fule flashkes vayn

CHORUS Ay di di day...

In aza velt fun avayres un blutikayt
S'z gring zikh tsu valgern fun emese tsiln vayt
In aza velt a sakh mentshn farblondshen zikh
Amol ver ikh oykh azoy biz vanen 'khap ikh vikh

Az tsu zayn glikhlekh oy iz dokh in zikh gevent
Un yedns mazl oy ligt in di ayg'ne hent
To zingt shoyn dos lidl tsu frayndelexh tayrinke
Un vert shoyn bamutikt in di herster ayrinke

CHORUS x 2