

FRIDAY NIGHT IN THE DINING ROOM

1. **UNDZER ERD**

Undzer lebn oysgeshmidt
In a fayerdiker keyt,
Yidish vort, host ufgehit
Undzer tsar un undzer freyd. (2x)

2. **KIDDUSH**

Zeks teg hot got, mit mi un freyd
Di velt bashafn un gegreyt.
Tsum tog fun ru un shtil gemit,
Tsu shabes, undzer heylik lid.

Un dos iz undzer kidesh,
In folk-gebentshtn yidish.
Geheylikt yom-hashishi
Mit hertser reyne, frische.

3. **HIMNE FUN DI YINGSTE**

Yingste kinder, kleyn un klener,
Vaksn sheyn un blien shener,
Ot azoy un ot azoy.

Di vos viln zikh derfreyen
Kumen in di yingste reyen,
Ot azoy un ot azoy.

Trinkt men milkh fun fule bekher,
Vakst men hekher, vakst men hekher,
Ot azoy un ot azoy.

Lomir, yingste, zikh nor nemen,
Veln eltste zikh farshtemen,
Ot azoy un ot azoy.

Our life is hammered out
In a fiery chain.

Yiddish language, you have continued
Our pain and our joy.

For six days, God, with labor and joy,
Created the world and made it ready.
To the day of rest and quiet spirit,
To the Sabbath, our sacred song.

And this is our Kiddush,
In Yiddish, language blessed by the
Jewish people.
We have sanctified the seventh day
With hearts clean and fresh.

Small young children
Growing pretty, blossoming prettier,
That's how it is.

Those who want to enjoy themselves
Join the yingste ranks.
That's how it is.

We drink milk from full glasses,
And grow taller and taller.
That's how it is.

If we yingste try hard enough
We can even put the eltste to shame.
That's how it is.

4. HIMNE FUN DI MITELE

Yingste do un eltste dort,
Vert der veg tsheshnitn,
Vayl mir zaynen mitele,
Geyen mir in mitn.

Mitn, mitn, mitele,
Geyen mir in mitn.

Keyner hot di mitele
Keyn mol nit farbitn,
Do tsu yung un dort tsu alt,
Blaybn mir in mitn.

Mitn, mitn, mitele,
Blaybn mir in mitn.

Zumer zingt men af der shif,
Vinter afn shlitn,
Do tsu shtil un dort tsu hoykh,
Zingen mir in mitn.

Mitn, mitn, mitele,
Zingen mir in mitn.

5. HIMNE FUN DI ELTSTE

Tif in hartsn undzer fon,
Di groyse, groyse freyd fun ton.
Di eltste, di eltste,
Di ltste kumen on.

Durkh gold un blo, durkh gold un blo,
Kumt on di groyse, sheyne sho.
Di eltste, di eltste,
Di eltste zaynen do.

Di freyd fun ton, di groyse freyd,
Mir hobn zi in harts farzeyt.
Di eltste, di eltste,
Di eltste zaynen greyt.

Yingstes here and eltstes there,
On both sides of the road.
Because we are the mitele,
We walk in the middle.

Middle, middle, middle,
We walk in the middle.

No one has ever
Mistaken the mitele.
Here too young and there too old,
We're always in the middle.

Middle, middle, middle,
We're always in the middle.

In the summer you sing on a boat,
In winter on a sled.
Here too soft and there too loud,
We sing in the middle.

Middle, middle, middle,
We sing in the middle.

Deep in our hearts we carry our banner:
The great joy of doing.
The eltstes, the eltstes,
The eltstes are on their way

Through gold and blue,
The great, beautiful hour arrives.
The eltstes, the eltstes,
The eltstes are here.

The joy of doing, the great joy -
We planted it in our hearts.
The eltstes, the eltstes,
The eltstes are ready.

6. HIMEN FUN DI GROYSE

Birger kleyn un birger groys,
Vi es iz bashert.
Zaynen mir di borger groys
Do af undzer erd.

Fest iz undzer fundament,
Breyt iz undzer dakh;
Shteyen mir di birger groys
Shtendik af der vakh.

Groyse, ale af der vakh,
Hitn mir dos hoyz;
Hitn mir, bavakhn mir,
Birger kleyn un groys.

Children and counselors,
These are our roles;
We are the counselors
Here in our land.

Our foundation is solid,
Our roof is wide;
We the counselors
Are always alert.

Counselors, let's keep watch,
And guard our home;
We watch and protect
Children and grown-ups.

FRIDAY NIGHT IN THE AUDITORIUM

7. GRIS, BAGRIS

(words by L. Lehrer)

Gris, bagris zey mit gezang,
Ven di zun fargeyt,
Shpreyt zikh undzer loyb-gezung
Iber vayt un breyt.

Zingt, zingt, ale tsuzamen,
Ale, ale, kleyn un groys;
Brengt, brengt, mit freyd un lider
Likht in undzer hoyz.

Shpreyt dayn varemen fligl oys
In dem ovnt-vint;
Vayse likht in undzer hoyz
Ven der tog farshvindt.

Zingt, zingt. . .

Greet them with singing
When the sun goes down,
Our song of praise spreads
Far and wide.

Sing, sing, all together,
All, all, big and little,
Bring, bring, with joy and songs
Light into our house.

Spread your warm wing
In the evening wind;
White candles in our house
When day disappears.

Sing, sing...

8. A LID VEL IKH ZINGEN

(words: L. Lehrer/music: traditional)

A lid vel ikh zingen,
A lid fun mayn hartsn,
Tsum gold funem ovnt,
Tsum vays fun mayn kleyd;
A lid tsum gezang
Fun di fraytik-farnakhtn,
A lid tsu der zun vos fargeyt.

I will sing a song,
A song of my heart,
To the gold of the evening,
To the white of my clothes;
A song to the singing of Friday evenings,
A song to the setting sun.

Tsu royshik dos gro
Fun di shtoybike vegn,
Tsu shtil iz dos grin
Fun farnakhtikn feld.
Zol blendn di vayskayt
Vos kumt undz antkegn
Fun undzer farshabester velt.

Too noisy is the gray
Of the dusty roads,
Too quiet the green
Of the evening field.
May we be blinded by the whiteness
That approaches us
From our world made over by Shabes.

KUMT, LOMIR ZINGEN

(by H. Leivik/English translation by Josh Waletzky)

Kumt lomir zingen ale in eynem,
Kumt lomir oyfheybn nay undzer kol,
Mit a gelaytertn harts, mit a reynem,
Fraye, bafrayte fun vokhikn ol.

Makhtik un eybik di festung fun tsedek,
Likht iz farzeyt farn tsadik oykh haynt.
Voyle tsu dem harts vos iz gut un genedik,
Umglik der shtrof far a harts vos hot faynt.

Erd hot tsheshpoltn zikh, vaser geshturemt,
Biz zikh farfestikt, yesod in yesod.
Libshaft, vos hot ale veltn gefuremt,
Hot zey gebentsht mit gezang fun genod.

Kumt, lomir zingen tsuzamen, tsuzamen,
Mentsh tsu derheybn fun shifles un payn.
Tsvaygn farmogn di gvure fun shtamen,
Vos mer zey vaksn in shtam-harts arayn.

Sholem aleykhem, melakhey hasholem,
Shelukhim fun eybikn, loytern kholem
Nemt undz arum mit tseloykhtene hent,
Undz un di shotns fun undzere vent.
Hert zikh tsu undzere loyb-verter tsu,
Shelukhim fun fridn un ru.

Sholem aleykhem, melakhey hasholem...

Hert dos gezang fun dem himl mit shtern,
Hert dos gezang fun dem groz af der erd.
Nokh a mol, nokh a mol, mid nit tsu vern,
Velt tsu hern, aley n zayn derhert.

Treystung tsu ale in troyer geplogte,
Unter dem roshes beyzvlike klep
Elnte brider in angstn geyogte,
Undzere brokhes af ayere kep.

Heylik in opshay, o, lomir farnemen
Minderstn shorkh fun a bletl vos falt.
Un mitn nes fun tse-efnte bremen,
Oyfgayn in likht fun dem boyres geshtalt.

Zol undzer harts nit fargesn dem royshem,
Zol zikh nit opton fun undz der gebot
Fun di farpaynikte yidishe kdoyshim:
Korbn far yoyshe, far mentsh, un far got.

Sholem aleykhem, melakhey hasholem...

Sholem aleykhem, melakhey hasholem...

COME LET US SING, LET US SING OUT TOGETHER

Come let us sing, let us sing out together,
Come let us lift us our voices once more,
Away from the weekdays of worry and trouble,
With a heart that is free, with a heart that is pure.

Come let us sing out together, together:
And let those in anguish take heart from our call.
Branches grow out of the strength of the tree,
And the roots must grow deep for the tree to grow tall.

Heaven burst open, the waters descended,
The sky beat the land til the land became strong;
And love, that created the world and its peoples,
Gave them a blessing of mercy and song.

Deep is the song of the stars in the heavens,
Deep is the song of the grass of the earth--
To sing and to sing, and never grow weary,
The world to be hearing, alone to be heard.

Comfort to all who are beaten to sorrow:
We give you a blessing from pain of our own.
Know that the Lord is the tyrant's oppressor,
O brothers in suffering, in fear and alone.

In peace and in reverence, O let us listen
To the quietest whisper of leaves in their flight:
And with God's miracle, a clearness of vision,
Rise up together and walk in his light.

Let not our memories lose the impression,
Forget the commandment from spirit and heart
Of the tortured and tormented Jewish communities-

Peace to you angels, angels of peace,
Bringing from Heaven the vision, the dream.
Gather us round you and make our way bright,
Us and the shadows we cast in the night.
With heavenly vision, O let us be blessed,
Angels of freedom and rest.

Martyrs for Justice, for Man, and for God.

The fortress of righteousness---mighty, eternal:
The light of the righteous shines ever the same.
Good fortune will follow the merciful heart,
But a heart that is hateful can only bring pain.

9. SOHEM ALEKHEM

(traditional)

Sholem aleykhem, malakhey hashoreys
Malakhey elion
Mi melekh malakhay hamlokhim
Hakodesh boruch hu

Peace to you, messengers on high
Bringing the heavenly blessing

Boakhem l'sholem, malakhey hasholem...

Borchuni l'sholem, malakhey hasholem...

Tseyskhem l'sholem, malakhey
hasholem...

10. SHIR HASHIRIM

(traditional)

Shir hashirim
Asher l'shloymo
Yishokeyni minshikoys pihu
Ki toyvim doydekho miyoyim.

Song of Songs,
Which is Solomon's.
Let him kiss me with the kisses
of his mouth,
For his love is better than wine.

11. L'KHO DOYDI

L'kho doydi likras kalo
Peney shabos nekabelo.

Come, my beloved,
Let us welcome the sabbath bride

L'kho doydi likras kalo
Peney shabos nekabelo.
Kum gelibter antkegn der kale
Lomir shabes bagegenen.

L'kho doydi...

Hisgari meyofer kumi,
Treysl zikh op fun shtoyb,
Shtey of!
Tu on dayne prekhtike kleyder fun loyb!
Durkh yishay's zun fun beys-lekhem
Dernenter di geule tsu mir.

L'kho doydi...

Hisoyreri, hisoyreri,
Dervakh, dervakh,
Shtey oyf, laykht oyf,
Vayl oyfgegangen iz dayn likht!
Dervekzikh, dervek zikh,
Red mit gezang,
Got's koved iz antplekt tsu dir.

12. SHABES NIGN

Dai dai dai....
Zol zingn mir a shabes lid;
lid, lid, lid
Dai dai dai....
Zol zingn mir a lid fun freyd;
freyd, freyd, freyd

Let us sing a shabes song
Let us sing a song of joy

13. SABBATH QUEEN (Shabbat Hamalke)

(traditional, music by C.N. Bialik)

The sun on the treetops no longer is seen
Come gather to welcome the Sabbath
Queen
Behold, her descending the holy the
blessed
And with her the angels of peace and of
rest

Draw near, oh Queen, and here abide
Draw near, draw near, oh Sabbath bride!

Peace also to you, ye angels of peace.

14. VEN DI OVNT ZUN FARGEYT

(words by L. Lehrer/music by L. Weiner)

Ven di ovnt zun fargeyt,
Zi tut on ir purpur kleyd. [Tut zi on....]
Nakht vet bald vern;
Zilberne shtern
Veln ale laykhtn
Af undz, af undz.

When the evening sun sets,
She puts on her purple clothes
Night will fall soon
Silver stars
Will all shine
On us, on us.

Shtiler, shtiler, ovnt shayn
Hilt er zikh in bloyen ayn.
Nakht vet bald vern;
Zilberne shtern
Veln ale laykhtn
Af undz, af undz.

Quieter, quieter, evening glows
Wraps itself in blue
Night falls soon
Silver stars
Will all shine
On us, on us.

SATURDAY MORNING

15. GUT SHABES AYKH

Gut shabes aykh!
Gut shabes aykh!
Gut shabes alemen
Gut shabes aykh!

Good shabes to everyone!

Al gut shabes, gut shabes alemen...

16. SHABES, SHABES

(folk)

Shabes, shabes, shabes,
S'iz dos fort shabes.
Shabes, shabes, shabes,
Zol zayn tomid shabes.

Sabbath, Sabbath, Sabbath,
In spite of everything, it is Sabbath.
May there always be Sabbath...
Sabbath all over the world.

Shabes, shabes, shabes
S'iz dos fort shabes.
Zol zayn shabes, tomid shabes,
Shabes af der velt

17. SH'MA YISROEYL

(traditional)

Sh'ma yisroeyl,
Farnem, folk yisroeyl,
Undzer got ekhod.

Hear, People of Israel,
Our God is One.

18. ESO EYNAY

(Psalm/music by Shlomo Carlbakh)

Eso eynay el hehorim
Me'ayin, yavo ezri:
Ezri me'im adonoy,
Ose shomayim vo'orets.

I will lift my eyes up into the hills
From whence my help comes...
My help comes from God
of heaven and earth

19. YOM ZE (Haynt iz a tog fun freyd)
(folk)

Haynt iz a tog fun freyd,
Gut shabes, ale!
Gayen mir in vays gekleydt,
Gut shabes, ale!

Today is a day of joy,
We go dressed in white.
The Sabbath makes life rich.
Good Sabbath to all!

Shabes, shabes, shabes,
Makht dos lebn raykh;
Shabes, shabes, shabes,
A gut shabes aykh!

Today is a day of joy,
We go dressed in white.
The Sabbath makes life rich.
Good Saboath to all!

20. ZOL ZAYN SHABES

Ya ba ba ba....
Shabes, shabes, zol zayn, zol zayn, shabes
Shabes, shabes, zol zayn, zol zayn,
Zol zayn shabes,

Shabes, let it always be shabes;
Peace, let there always be peace

Ya ba ba ba...
Sholem, sholem, zol zayn, zol zayn sholem
Sholem, sholem, zol zayn, zol zayn
Zol zayn sholem

FELKER YON-TEV

1. **BOIBERIKANER**

In Boiberik, in Boiberik,
Shtralt uf dos harts mit lid un loyb.
In Boiberik, zol shvebn fray
Di vaysen toyb, di sholem toyb.

Shveb hoykh un fray,
Un fray un vayt,
Land oys, land ayn,
Land oys, land ayn.
Un Boiberik, un Boiberik,
Zol dayn getrayer vekhter zayn.

Yisroel zingt dos sholem lid,
Zingt mit oykh undzer vald un feld.
Un zet, vi fray zikh efenen
Ale tirn fun der velt.

2. **YISROEL**

Tseshalt zikh, o shoyfres, un shalt,
Di velt iz af s'nay geborn.
Der gayst fun dem novi shteyt uf:
Zayn vort iz mekuyim gevorn.

A grus aykh fun land fun yisroel,
Fun land fun nevi'ishn kholem.
Fun dort shtaygt alts hekher dos kol,
Der ruf tsu eybikn sholem.

3. **MILKHOME**

Nem dem tsar fun ale doynes,
Shpreyt im oys af ale brikn,
Shnirl im af ale bremen,
Flants im ayn in ale blikn.

Dos geshrey, fun ale di farlorene
Dos geveyn fun ale nit geborene,
Es bet, es mont, in ayngvegign shlof,
A sof, a sof, a sof!

In Boiberik, in Boiberik,
The heart streams with song and praise.
In Boiberik, may the white dove of peace
Glide freely.

Glide high and free,
And free and far,
Land in, land out,
Land in, land out.
And Boiberik, and Boiberik,
Will be your loyal guardian.

Israel sings the song of peace,
Our woods and fields join in.
And see, how freely
All the doors of the world are opening.

Resound, oh shofars!
The world is born anew.
The spirit of the prophet awakens:
His word comes true.

Greetings from the land of Israel,
From the land of the prophetic dream.
From there, the voice rises louder
and louder,
The call to peace for all time.

Take the sorrow of all generations
Spread it out over all the bridges
Place it on every brow
Plant it in every glance

The cry of the lost
The weeping of those not yet born
It begs, it demands
From its rocking slumber
An end, an end, an end.

(cont'd...)

(Milkhome, cont'd)

Shpreytn, shpreytn zikh di fayern,
Brenen, flakern di shayern
Un yede frukht fun mentshns hent—
Tseroybyt, farbrent, farlendt

Dos geshrey....

Kuk vi vayt dos oyg ken greykh,
Tseyt di vundn fun gelitene
Ru zikh op af yedn keyver
Fun di yung-farshnitene

Dos geshrey...

Nem di hak un loz zikh loyfn,
Brekht matseyves fu di kvorim
Spalt skeletn fun di meysim,
Un farshrayb in ale sformim
Opgemekt zol zayn af eybik
Yeder simen fun milkhome

Dos geshrey....

4. **LID FUN DI YINGSTE**

Di tsayt is do in a guter sho,
Mir freyen zikh tsuzamen
Un keyner vet tsum nayem land
Dem veg mer nit fartzamen.

To gib di hant in nayem land,
Mir zaynen ale brider.
A fraye velt fun freyd un glik
Un briderlekhe lider.

5. **LID FUN DI MITELE**

Gekumen iz di tsayt, yo iz di tsayt.
Zi iz shoynt nit vayt, shoynt nit vayt,
Yo gor nit vayt, gor nit vayt
Dem mentsch bafrayen,
Yo, yo, bafrayen
Di gantse velt banayen,
Yo, yo banayen,
Yo, yo banayen,
Ufboyen fun dos nay!

The fires spread and spread
The barns are all aflame
And all the fruit of human hands
Robbed, burned, ravaged

The cry...

Look as far as the eye can see,
Count the wounds of the suffering
Rest awhile on every grave
Of those down before their time

The cry...

Take the axe and run wild
Break the tombstones of the grave,
Spit the skeletons of the dead,
And inscribe in every book:
"Let every sign of war
Be erased forever."

The time has come,
We rejoice together.
And no one will close the road
To the new land.

Welcome to the new land;
We are all brothers.
A free world of happiness and good fortune
And songs of brotherhood.

The time has come, yes, it's come
It's not very far,,
Not far at all!
Humanity to be freed
Yes, the whole world renewed,
Lifted up newly.

6. LID FUN DI ELTSTE

Un vider hilkht dem novis vort
Durkh noent un vayt,
Un vider klingt dos groyse vort
Durkh gor der velt.
Iz voyl tsu di vos iz bashert
Tsu lebn haynt.

Mekuyim vert dem novis vort
Vos eybik lebt;
Men trogt avek an alte velt,
a foyln mes
Iz voyl tsu aykh,
Ir zet dem nes.
Iz voyl tsu aykh.

Der novi ruft, un yedes folk
Farnemt zayn kol.
Un shtarker nokh shoynt uf
Di freyd in yidn-land,
Un yeder vos hot nor a hant
Shtrekt oys di hant.

Un land nokh land,
Un folk nokh folk,
Un mentsch nokh mentsch,
Nit mer tseteylt af har un knekht,
Un volf un shof
Un zet—der onheyb fun dem sof
Kumt on, kumt on

7. BAS-KOL

A bas-kol fun himlen:
Kum aher, du mentsh,
In der nayer velt,
Tsu dem nayem mentsh.
O kum aher un veyn fun freyd
In sholem hoyz.

A bas-kol fun himlen:
Kum aroys du mentsh,
In frayen feld
Un shnayd mit gezang
Vos du mit tremn host farzeyt
In yisroel, yisroel.

The prophet's word
From near and far
Is heard again throughout the world
And those destined to live in today's world
Are heartened.

The eternal word of the prophet
Is fulfilled
You carry away an old world,
A rotting corpse.
You are fortunate
To witness the miracle.

The prophet calls,
And all people heed his voice.
And the joy among our people
Grows stronger
Whoever has a hand to give
Reaches out his hand.

And land after land
And nation after nation
And people after people
No longer divided into master and slave
Or wolf and sheep.
And see—the beinning of the end
Comes nearer and nearer.

An echo from the heavens:
Come here, you person,
Into the new world,
To the new human being.
Oh come here and weep for joy
In the house of peace.

An echo from the heavens:
Come out, you person,
Into the free field
And reap with singing
What you sowed with tears
In Israel, Israel.

8. DEKLAMATSYE UN KHOR

Di zun geyt uf, di zun fargeyt,
Di velt iz undzer greste freyd.
Di erd iz undzers a geshank
Far arbet, fridn un gezang.
O, brider, heybt di hent un shvert
Tsu brengen fridn af der erd.

Far yedn folk iz do genug
Tsu lebn gut, tsu lebn klug,
Tsu esn zat, tsu zayn gekleydt,
Tsu lebn ale teg in freyd.
O, brider, heybt di hent un shvert
Tsu brengen fridn af der erd.

9. BAS-KOL DEKLAMATSYE

Ale mentshn zaynen brider,
Royte, gele, shvartse, vayse.
Lender, felker un klimatn,
S'iz an oysgetrakhte mayse.

Shvartse, vayse, royte, gele --
Misht di farbn oys tsuzamen
Ale mentshn zaynen brider
Fun eyn tatn, fun eyn mamen.

10. DI HARTE ERD

Di harte erd, der royer feldz
Mit blut adurkhgenetste,
Di vilde bsure fun der vayt —
Iz zi di letste?

Der novi zogt: es kumt a tog
Ven ale khayes shtumen.
Iz yener tog, der groyser tog,
Shoyn ongekommen?

Der novi zogt: a gortn blit,
Fartrinkt di erd mit blumen.
Iz yener tog, der groyser tog,
Shoyn ongekommen?

Der tog ven yeder volf iz zat
Un s'vet keyn leyb nit brumen --
O, yener tog, der groyser tog,
Shoyn ongekommen!

The sun rises, the sun sets,
The world is our greatest joy.
The earth is our gift
For work, peace and song.
Oh, brothers, lift yours hands and swear
To bring peace on earth.

For each nation there is enough
To live well, to live wisely,
To have enough to eat, to be clothed,
To live all their days in joy.
Oh, brothers, lift yours hands and swear
To bring peace on earth.

All people are brothers,
Red, yellow, black, white.
Countries, nations, and climates
Are a made-up story.

Black, white, red, yellow --
Mix all the colors up:
All people are brothers
From one father, from one mother.

The hard earth, the raw cliff
Soaked through with blood,
The savage news from afar —
Is it the last?

The prophet says: a day will come
When all the beasts will be silent.
Has that day, the great day
Come?

The prophet says: a garden blooms,
Bathing the earth in flowers.
Has that day, the great day
Come?

The day when every wolf has eaten enough
And no lion will roar --
Oh, that day, the great day,
Has come!

11. SHOLEM MARSH

Mir geyen, mir kumen,
Fun barg un fun tol,
Mir zingen di felker a loyb.
Tseshprayt dayne fligl,
Neviyesher gayst,
Un zay undzer shney-vayse toyb.

We're going, we're coming
From hill and dale,
Singing praise to the peoples.
Spread your wings
Spirit of the prophet,
And be our snow-white dove.

Mir gibn zikh frayndlakh
Un fridlekh di hent,
Vayl nay iz dos harts funem dor
A velt fun khaverim
In glik un in noyt,
Der kholem, der alter vert vor.

We greet each other
In peace and friendship,
For the heart of our generation
is new.
A world of friends in good times and bad,
The old dream comes to life.

Mir zaynen di felker,
Mir zaynen di velt,
Mir zingen tsuzamen a loyb.
Tseshpreyt dayne fligl,
Neviyesher gayst,
Un zay undzer shney-vayse toyb.

We are the people,
We are the world,
We sing praises together
Spread your wings
Spirit of the prophet
And be our snow-white dove.

12. L'SHONO TOYVO

L'shono toyvo tsu alemen
L'shono toyvo far ale;
Hot a gut yor,
L'shono toyvo!

May everyone have a good year!

13. ZAY GEZUNT

O boyberik, es kumt di tsayt,
Der sof, der sof iz do.
Nor s'lebt di gantse zumer-freyd,
In harts di letste sho.

Oh, Boiberik, the time has come,
The end, the end is here.
The all the summer-joy is alive
In our hearts the last hour.

Un ven es kumt der vinter on
Un alts iz vays, farshneyt,
Vet boiberik undz varemen
Mit likht fun zumer-freyd.

And when winter arrives
And everything is white with snow,
Boiberik will warm us
With the light of summer-joy.

Vet varemen un laykhtn undz
Un rufn: ikh bin do.
Dan kumen mir un heybn on
Af s'nay an ershte sho.

Warm us and illuminate us
And call: I am here.
That's when we will come and start
All over again.

Zay gezunt, zay gezunt.

TISHA B'AV

1. OY DER HEYSER TOG

Words by Mani Leyb

Oy der heyser tog fargeyt
Un der kiler ovnt veyt,
Un dos kind farmatert shteyt
Noent bay mayn tir.
Kum mayn kind tsu mir,
Kum mayn kind tsu mir,
Shteyt dayn tish mit milkh un broyt,
Ongegreyt far dir.

Oh, the hot day sets
And the cool evening blows,
And the child stands exhausted at my
door.
Come to me, my child,
Come to me, my child,
Your table set with milk and bread
Stands ready for you.

Di levone shvimt aroys
alt un umetik un groys.
Est dos kind, un groys un heys
Falt arop a trer.
Kum mayn kind aher,
Kum mayn kind aher,
Leyg dayn kop bay mir in shoys,
Un antshlofn ver.

The moon swims out
Cold and sad and big.
The child eats and, big and hot,
A tear falls.
Come here, my child,
Come here, my child,
Lay your head in my lap
And fall asleep.

AND OF COURSE.....

**In Boiberik iz lebedik,
In Boiberik iz freylekh,
Ver es kumt kayn Boiberik
Lebt zikh vi a meylakh!**

**In Boiberik iz gut azoy
Nito zikh vos tsu zorgn
Un mit a shmeykhl fun der zun
Bagegnt undz der morgn!**

In Boiberik it is lively and joyous
In Boiberik it is happy
Whoever comes to Boiberik
Lives like a king!

It is so good to be in Boiberik
No worries at all
And a smile from the sun
Greets us in the morning

אין בויבעריק איז לעבעדיק

אין בויבעריק איז לעבעדיק,
אין בויבעריק איז פריילעך,
ווער עס קומט קיין בויבעריק
לעבט זיך ווי אַ מלך.

אין בויבעריק איז גוט אַזוי,
ניטאָ זיך וואָס צו זאָרגן,
און מיט אַ שמייכל פון דער זון
באָגעגנט אונדז דער מאָרגן.