At the fireplace

A flame burns in the fireplace, the room warms up, as the teacher drills the children in the alef-beyz: “Remember dear children, what you are learning here. Repeat it again and again: Komets-alef is pronounced o. When you grow older you will understand that this alphabet contains the tears and the weeping of our people. When you grow weary and burdened with exile, you will find comfort and strength within this Jewish alphabet.”
By the wayside there’s a tree

"By the wayside there’s a tree, Its head is bent right over".

The poet confesses that all he wished was to comfort with his song this old tree deserted by birds.

His mother, overprotectively covering him with endless layers of clothing to guard him against the cold.

"Her love it was that stopped her son, spreading wings and flying".
Beneath the little green Trees

Beneath the little green trees, Moyshelekh and Shloymelekh play. With their fringed garments, little coats and earlocks, they look like newly-hatched Jews. Their bodies are like straw, smoke and feathers; they can be blown away. Little breezes catch them and birds disperse them.

Once upon a time

Once upon a time there was a king who had a queen. The queen had a vineyard with a tree and a bird nesting in its branches. But the king died and the queen became desolate, the branches broke and the bird flew away.
THE KID

Father bought a white kid, many years ago. He tied him up and imprisoned him in the “Had Gadya.”

My brother said to me: “Itzik, do you think it’s right that a little innocent kid should never again see the grass or the snow?”

I said: “It’s not fair.”

So while the household slept, we quietly released the kid from the “Had Gadya”, led him outside, and we’ll never tell where he is now.

When the seder night arrived, my father asked: “Where’s the kid?” I replied: “I’ve no idea”, and notl said: I haven’t seen any kid since last Pesach”. My father was silent, my mother wopt, the whole point of the Seder night had gone.

And the kid? He’s still skipping about the wheat fields, enjoying the sun’s heat and freedom.
Song Of The Sea

I've abandoned myself to the sea! Carry me, sea, to my mother's bosom!
And you, loyal West Wind, drive my ship to that shore, where my heart on eagle's wings has long been seeking a path.
Bring me there unharmed and then fly back again. Give greetings to all my loved once and tell them of my happiness.

Hi, Little Goats

Hi little goats — come speedily to me. I have a song for you About a maiden who bewitched a shepherd lab And then disappeared.
Under the Ruins of Poland

Under thr ruins of Poland lies a head with blond hair. Both the head and the ruins are true. The snow keeps falling over the ruins of Poland. My head aches for my girl’s blond head. Pain is sitting at the desk, writing a long letter. The tears in her eyes are deep and true. A large bird of mourning flutters its wings and bears this song of mourning.
 Childhood Years
Years of childhood, how you live in my memory! When I think of those times, I realize how quickly I have grown old. I can still see the little house where I was born and raised, and my beloved mother. I can still feel her pinches although the marks they made are long gone.

(11:1) יдол מיכות פדת (38:1)

(10) כניעת-אימר (38:10)

(1) מיכה יומין

וְשָנַת מִלְדוֹת

הָזָה שָנַת מִלְדוֹת, כָּל יֵמָּה שְׂפָרָה וְכְלָרוֹת. עָצָבוּ לִבִּי צְעֹר, מִשְּנַת מִלְדוֹת, כָּל יֵמָּה שְׂפָרָה וְכְלָרוֹת, עָצָבוּ לִבִּי צְעֹר. אָמַר אָדָם אֵלֶּה, אֵלֶּה שְׂפָרָה וְכְלָרוֹת. קְרָאוּ לְאָדָם אֵלֶּה, אֵלֶּה שְׂפָרָה וְכְלָרוֹת. קְרָאוּ לְאָדָם אֵלֶּה, אֵלֶּה שְׂפָרָה וְכְלָרוֹת. קְרָאוּ לְאָדָם אֵלֶּה, אֵלֶּה שְׂפָרָה וְכְלָרוֹת. קְרָאוּ לְאָדָם אֵלֶּה, אֵלֶּה שְׂפָרָה וְכְלָרוֹת. קְרָאוּ לְאָדָם אֵלֶּה, אֵלֶּה שְׂפָרָה וְכְלָרוֹת. קְרָאוּ לְאָדָם אֵלֶּה, אֵלֶּה שְׂפָרָה וְכְלָרוֹת. קְרָאוּ לְאָדָם אֵלֶּה, אֵלֶּה שְׂפָרָה וְכְלָרוֹת. קְרָאוּ לְאָדָם אֵלֶּה, אֵלֶּה שְׂפָרָה וְכְלָרוֹת. קְרָאוּ לְאָדָם אֵלֶּה, אֵלֶּה שְׂפָרָה וְכְלָרוֹת. קְרָאוּ לְאָדָם אֵלֶּה, אֵלֶּה שְׂפָרָה וְכְלָרוֹת. קְרָאוּ לְאָדָם אֵלֶּה, אֵלֶּה שְׂפָרָה וְכְלָרוֹת. קְרָאוּ לְאָדָם אֵלֶּה, אֵלֶּה שְׂפָרָה וְכְלָרוֹת. קְרָאוּ לְאָדָם אֵלֶּה, אֵלֶּה שְׂפָרָה וְכְלָרוֹת. קְרָאוּ לְאָדָם אֵלֶּה, אֵלֶּה שְׂפָרָה וְכְלָרוֹת. קְרָאוּ לְאָדָם אֵלֶּה, אֵלֶּה שְׂפָרָה וְכְלָרוֹת. קְרָאוּ לְאָדָם אֵלֶּה, אֵלֶּה שְׂפָרָה וְכְלָרוֹת. קְרָאוּ לְאָדָם אֵלֶּה, אֵלֶּה שְׂפָרָה וְכְלָר
יָנָקְעָל (15:12)

וְתֹרְסַר אוֹתָהּ מַחֲכֵךָ: מְדַדֵּךְ הָעֵרָסְיָא

שָלָחַ גוֹתָא מִרְּי שֶׁמֶט, יָנָקְעָל מִנְיָא שִׁיֶּנֶּה,

דָּי אֱיֶינְאָלְךָ, דָּי שָׁוָאָרְיָאָלְךָ, מַאֲצָךְ זה;

אֵינְנַעְלָה, הוֶסֶט הוֹטֶה שָׁוֶּהֶלְךָ אוֹלִיְּנַעְלָה

מָזְאָךְ דָּי מַאֲמַע יוֹנַטָא אֵיֵילְיֵילָהְו.

אֵינְנַעְלָה אוֹסֶט הָאֶפֶס שָׁוֶּהֶלְךָ אוֹלִיְּנַעְלָה

אֲוֹר הוּטֶה מִטָּלָב בּאָלְקָא אַאֶפֶס חֵרְיֶנֶּה,

אֲוֹר תֹּעְלָה ווּטֶה וּרְחֹט מִטָּלָבָה מַגְּמַרְא

אֵזָל ווּאָסַר ווּטֶה וּדָמַמְא הָוֶסֶט ווּטֶה אַאֶפֶס

יָנָקְעָל

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Yankele
Sleep now, Yankele, my pretty one; close your little dark eyes. A child who has all his teeth still needs his mother to sing him to sleep! A little boy who will soon go to kheyder to study Torah and Talmud still cries while his mother rocks him to sleep! A little boy, a budding scholar (how your father beams when he hears that!), who never lets his mother sleep at night! A little boy, who one day will grow up to be a scholar, a businessman and a bridegroom is lying here soaking wet in a puddle! So sleep, my scholar, my bridegroom! For a while, you are still here with me. It will cost your mother much hard work and many tears to make a man out of you.

Raisins and Almonds
In a corner of the Temple, the widowed daughter of Zion sits, rocking her only son Yidele to sleep. She sings a tender lullaby: “Under Yidele’s cradle stands a snow-white kid. The kid has been to market. That will be Yidele’s calling, too — trading in raising and almonds. So sleep now, Yidele, sleep.
Here Beneath the Starry Splendour

Give to me your gentle hand:
let me offer words as tender
As my tears within your hand

See, the darkness reigns unvanquished
In the dungeon of my heart —
And no radiance, only anguish
In return, can I impart.

And, deer god, I have been yearning
To entrust myself to you;
For in me a fire's burning
And my days are burning too.
1. AT THE FIREPLACE M. WARSHAWSKI
2. BY THE WAYSIDE THERE'S A TREE I. MANGER / FOLK
3. BENEATH THE LITTLE GREEN TREES H.N. BIALIK / FOLK
4. ONCE UPON A TIME FOLK SONG
5. THE KID I. MANGER / S. ARGOV
6. HI LITTLE GOATS M. GEBRITIG
7. SONG OF THE SEA Y. HALEVI / BIALIK / M. SHNEYER
8. UNDER THE RUINS OF POLAND I. MANGER
9. HOPE CALLES OUR NAME Y. TSENDARZ
10. CHILDHOOD YEARS M. GEBRITIG
11. YIDL WITH THE FIDDLE I. MANGER / A. ELSTEIN
12. YANKELE M. GEBRITIG
13. RAISINS AND ALMONDS A. GOLDFADEN
14. HERE BENEATH THE STARRY SPLENDOUR A. SUTSKOVER / A. BRODNO

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 by: A. ZIV

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