Sholom Aleichem: “If I Were Rothschild” & Jewish Folk Songs

Recited in Yiddish

Monïor high fidelity recording

MF 332
Sholom Aleichem: "If I Were Rothschild" & Jewish Folk Songs

1. A Gleizel Lekaim A Toast

2. Menashe

3. Itsik, Hot Chasene Gehat

4. Katerina Molodtza

5. El goldene chasene: The Golden Wedding

6. Freilachs A Joyful Song

7. Wenn ich bin Rothschild

8. Shir Hashirim

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Sholom Aleichem:
"If I Were Rothschild"
Jewish Folk Songs

(See Pronunciation Guide, P. 7)

A GLISELE LECHAYEM

A glisele lechayem, os shat nit nem'ny baynt
Ven men nitza be a yontevdik'ny tish.
A glisele lechayem, far freynshaft un far freynyt,
Men sol ahtendik nor munter sayn, un frish.

A glisele lechayem, far zik un yung vos sitz'n do,
Far yeder'ny besunder vos zanem baynt mit uns nito.
A glisele lechayem, dem becher ful mit sayn,
Per der sun, si sol ahtendik mit uns sayn.

A glisele lechayem, rayn tost vet sayn astaind,
Nor af simotes far yeder'ny fun yoch.
A glisele lechayem far foter un far kind,
As mit freyd'n, di mame sol zain rayoh.

A glisele lechayem, mit opheylon sol fun uns di shayn,
Kain abvarter tog in lebn'in der mishpocho sol mit sayn.
A glisele lechayem is oystrinken keday
Ven men zot zich mit freynt fun dos nay.

A glisele lechayem, far unser groyser land,
Iber uns sol der himl'kyk'n reyn.
A glisele lechayem, ich vintsh ich noch anand,
Mit a shamesh'ly ofj di lip'n zolt zayn.

A glisele lechayem, bagleyt'n sol aly shendik freyd,
Mit layblion'ny munter, ir zolt koymol mit sayn tsehayd.
A glisele lechayem, far alles vos uns gefelk,
Un far sholem ofj gor der gantsker volt.

MENASHE

Is gesen'ny ba der Gemore der alter Menashe
Un gelern'nt mit hilevales,
Kum tsaygen sayn vayb Zlate un fregrt im a kashe:
"Vuy nekt men af Shabos?"

Nito koyn broyt; nu, vos far a chidesh;
Nito koyn shales, koyn vayn ofj kidesh.

Ksher is a sveret, zolst farmach'n di Gemore,
Un gyn et gert sorg'n a por grosh'ny ofj morg'n,
Vayln fun dayn lernen mit hilevales
Is take nyebyde ofj Shabos."

Ler'nt vayt'ny der alter Menashe,
"Na tikasto is a shvare kashe.

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Ach kushats chotshitas, i kushats treba, i kushats nado,
Farvoshe sol men sorg'n a terets dem morg'n?"
Entfert sayn wayb Zlate: "Menashe, Menashe,
Du bist doch a tate;
Mir hob'n tseyve techter, shoyn ro-oy libroche,
Un beye, Got tsu daynken, a kovid far der mishpooche.
Un du, groyser land'm, host gor farges'n
As es is nito ofy kayn nad'n;
Zey vel'n cholile farse's'n."
Ler'nt vayer Menashe: "Zlate, Zlate, a Yiddische techter
Darf nit frayg'ny kayn kashe.
Zi mus dayn'n un loyn dem Boyre vos si hot a man, a Ben-Toyre.
Ay, es is nito af haynt, es es nito af morg'n,
Rob'n mir a groys'n Boyre, sol er sich dort'n sorg'n."

**ITSIK'IL HOT CHASESE GEHAT**

REFRAIN: Lomir sich tskash'n, di same meg shoyn vis'n
As Itsik'il hot chasene gehat.

Oy, Itsik'il hot chasene gehat (2X)
Oy, Itsik vert a chos'n
Parmeogt in tshay kayn grosh'n
Oy, Itsik'il hot chasene gehat. (2X)
(repeat Refrain)

Oy, Itsik'il hot chasene gehat (2X)
Oy, nit kayn beynk un nit kayn tshay;
A tsebroch'n bet'l ofy draw fis.
Nor Itsik'il hot chasene gehat.

(repeat Refrain)

Oy, Itsik'il hot chasene gehat (2X)
Nito kayn breyt, kayn chale;
An oym-geveykte kale,
Nor Itsik'il hot chasene gehat.

(repeat Refrain)

Oy, Itsik'il hot chasene gehat (2X)
Eh hot im keyner nit genoyt;
Aleym gemum'n sich dem toyt
Nor Itsik'il hot chasene gehat.

(2X)

**KATERINA MOLODITSA**

Ich, ich bin gang'n in vald, un ich hob gehert a kol fun him'lr
Oy KATERINA MOLODITSA PODI SUDA (2X)
KATERINA, MOLODITSA, PODI SUDA......oy vos i' do.
KATERINA, MOLODITSA, PODI SUDA......oy vos aheyt durt.

(2X)
Oy, KAT, KAT is doch a KITE,
Un RINO, RINO is doch GEZANG.
Is KATHERINA MOLODITSA PODI SUDA. (2X)

KATHERINA, oeh shoyn, voshe is dos MOLODITSA,
Un noch dertsu PODI SUDA........Vos meyn men?
MOLODITSA, MOLODITSA PODI SUDA........Vos meyn der posik?

MOLEK, oY, MOLEY heyst doch PUL.
OY, DITSO, DITSO heyst doch FREYD.
Is KATHERINA MOLODITSA PODI SUDA. (2X)

KATHERINA, oeh shoyn, un MOLODITSA hob oeh shoyn oych fartaytsht,
Blayt noch iber PODI SUDA, PODI SUDA, PODI SUDA.

PADISO, PADISO heyst doch OYSGLEJET,
Un DAI, un DAI heyst doch GENUG.
Is KATHERINA MOLODITSA PODI SUDA, Ahu......
A KITE FUN GEZANG PUL MIT FREYD HOST UNZ OYSGLEJET.....GENUG!
Is KATHERINA, MOLODITSA, PODI SUDA.

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DIE GOLDENE CHASINE

'Siz haynt akurat gevar'n fuistsik yor
As zey leb'n sich in eymen, dos alitshke por.
Zey hob'n sich ge-alt, kukt ayoh tsi,
OY, achtik er, un zibitsik zi.

Der zeyde mit der hob'n zazen kurts un kleyn
Nor der zeyde mit der bob'e zazen mole cheyn,
Er mit'n shpitsik berdele, mit'n goyder'l z'i,
OY, achtik er, un zibitsik zi.

Der oylom hot genumen tsiBesinkelech woyn,
Un dem zaydn mit der bob'n in rod zamen,
Di eynikelech bob'n geplešet dertsi,
OY, achtik er, un zibitsik zi.

Der oylom hot sich kaynahora tsugeset tsum tish,
Az men hot derlaynt di feferdike fish.
A droshe hot ghecht'un Reb Hershele Tsvi,
OY, achtik er, un zibitsik zi.

Di bob'e hot sich dersmont shoyn lig'n dik in bet
Vi men hot ir dem zaydn far a chosn' geret,
Ay, is er geves' shoyn, un kzug tsu dertsi,
OY, achtik er, un zibitsik zi.
IF I WERE ROTHSCHILD

A married, a teacher that is, from Karssilevka, no richer than any of the other teachers in town, once dreamt on a Thursday, when his wife reminded him that the Sabbath was coming and that she hadn't a penny to buy anything with. Oh, if I were Rothschild, guess what I would do.

First of all, I'd begin a custom that every wife should always have a three ruble note on her so that all wives would stop nagging their husbands every Thursday when there's no money for the Sabbath.

Secondly, I'd get me a gaberdine coat out of the pawn shop, or better still, use my wife’s ostarikin cape, so she'd stop bothering my head about being cold.

And I'd buy this wonderful house with all of its three rooms, its closet, its pantry, its cellar and attic - the whole miserable place, so that my wife wouldn't be able to say she hasn't enough room. Here are two rooms: cook, bakes, wash yourself to your heart's content, and leave me alone so I can teach my students with a clear head.

All! There'd be no more worry about making a living. I wouldn't have to worry about where to get money for the Sabbath ... it would be sheer pleasure. I'd marry off my daughters ... a load off my shoulders! What more could a man want?

Well, then, I'd take a look around the community. First I'd build a new roof on the old synagogue so the water shouldn't drip on the heads of devout old Jews as they pray. And to speak of common things, I'd rebuild the public baths entirely, if for not today then tomorrow, the whole thing is liable - God forbid - to cave in altogether, just when the women are scrubbing themselves.

And if I rebuild the baths, then I will have to tear down the poorhouse and build a big one, a regular rest home, but something like a real institution, with beds, and a doctor, and drugs, and good chicken broth every day, the way they do things in real towns. And I'd put up a house for the aged, so that old learned Jews wouldn't have to lie around in the synagogues on the stove.

And I'd start a bureau for giving away clothes so that poor children wouldn't have to run around - excuse the expression - with their belly-buttons showing. And a loan societ, so that every Jew, whether he's a teacher like me, or even a shopkeeper, wouldn't have to pay interest, wouldn't have to pawn the shirt off his back. And a dowry fund so that any poor young girl, or even one getting a little old, could get an outfit and get herself married. And I'd establish other such charitable institutions in Karssilevka.

But why only in Karssilevka? Everywhere Jews are to be found. I'd introduce such insti-
Institutions everywhere ... all over the world. And so that everything should be done properly, with order, guess what I would do. Out of all these institutions I would make one large institution, a Grand Charity Organization which would take care of all the societies of all Jews, of all Jews, so that Jewry could make a living everywhere, and always, and live in unity, and sit down in halls of learning and study the Bible and the Talmud and the commentaries and all seventy wisdoms and all seventy languages.

And over all these halls of learning there would be one great institution, a Jewish Academy - in Vilna, of course - so that the greatest scholars and sages would come from there. And everything would be free... I would pay all the bills ... out of my own pocket.

And everything would be done systematically, with none of this grab, take, hap-lap - and everything would have one purpose: the common good. And in order to preserve this common good, what would we need? To provide for the individual of course. And how would we provide for the individual? Naturally, with a living.

For I tell you, the whole thing depends on a living. Without a living there can't be any unity, for we have to admit with regret that all because of a piece of bread one man is ready to kill another, to poison him, to break his head. Even the enemies of Israel, our Hamans all over the world, what do you think they have against us? Nothing. Its all because of a living. If they could be sure of their living, they wouldn't be so bad after all. For making a living leads to envy, envy leads to hatred, and hatred leads, may God save us, to all the evils of the world - all the troubles, all the calamities, all the oppressions, all the slaughters, all the murders, and all the wars.

Ah! the wars... the wars. War, I tell you, means the end of the world. If I were Rothschild, I would do away with all wars. But forever! How would I do it, you ask me? Only with money. How? I'll explain it to you... it's logical.

For instance, two countries have an argument about some trifles or other ... a patch of earth that isn't worth a pinch of snuff. TERRITORY they call it. This territory is my territory says one country, and the other says, No, it's my territory. Ever since God created the world, he made that particular piece of earth for that particular country! Then a third country comes along and says: Both of you are animals; this territory is neither yours nor mine; it belongs to everybody.

Shir Hashirim

Shir Hashirim, a gezang fun ale gezang'n
Der kenig Shloyne hot gezogt (2x)
HARI ES MARCH, loz mir sen daym ponim.
HASHi-MI ES KOYVEN, loz mir her'n daym ahtim.
Vayl shartk vi der toyt is di libe.
ANi CHAVATSLESH HASHAYN, loz mir di blum fun Sharyn.
SHOYNHENG HO-AMOXIM (2x), vayl shartk vi der toyt is di libe. (2x)

Nu, to make the story short, they territory here and they territory there, and they keep territorial so long that they start shooting with their guns and cannon, and men slaughter each other like sheep - and blood... blood flows like water.

But if I, Rothschild, come to them at the very beginning and say, Shah, Brothers, listen to this reason. What are you bickering about? Don't you think we know? It isn't the sermon you want but the duplings. Territory is just an excuse for you. You want something else entirely; the sound of coins, contributions, petitions, petitions. Well, if you're going to talk about contributions, whom will you come to for a loan? To me, to Rothschild. Very well, here you Englishman, with your long legs and your checked pants, here is a billion; here, foolish Turk with your red fez, here is a billion; here, Tante Russia, here's a billion. If you want to you can pay me back with interest. Not too much of course - 4 or 5% - I don't want to get rich off you.

So do you understand? I've done a little business and at the same time I've stopped men from slaughtering each other, like oxen, for nothing. And if there will be no more wars, then what do we need all that ammunition for, and all those arms, and all the tarraram? We need them like 9 and 90 thousand kapers.

And if there's no more ammunition, no more arms, no more tarraram, then there'll be an end to hatred, to envy, to Turk, to Englishman, to Frenchman, to Jew, to all the long parade of nations. The world will put on another face; as it says in the Holy Scriptures, And it shall come to pass on that day - that is when the Messiah will come.

And maybe - if I were Rothschild - maybe I would do away with money altogether. No more money. For after all, let's not fool ourselves. What is money? Money's really nothing but a made-up thing. They take a scrap of paper, they put a tzatskeh on it, and they write on it: THREE HUNDRED IN SILVER. Money, I'm telling you, is the root of all evil. A lust - one of the greatest lusts, since everybody wants it and nobody has it.

But just suppose that there wasn't any money in the world. What would become of this lust? So the lust wouldn't be any lust. Understand or not? But then the question comes up: If I were Rothschild, how would I get money for Shabbos? So the answer is, Nu, where do I get the money now for Shabbos?....
DRAY TECHTERLICH

Ven mit maz'! glik un leb'n
Dos ernte techterl' ich vel oyagébn
Oy, vel ich tants'n, hop hop hop,
Arop a joch fun kop.

Shpilt, klezmorem, oy a leb'n,
Dos ernte techterl' haynt oya-gegeb'n
'Siz mir gebil'n nor techter tseyv,
Vi halt men shoym ba zey.

Shpilt, klezmorem, oy nent di fidl,
Un gicho shpilt mir oys a freylach lidl,
Unser simche veyst nor eyn Got,
Un der vos techter hot. (2X)

Ven ich vel z'en dos tseyayt maydil
Ongeton in vays'n chupe kleydl.
Oy, vel ich trink'n, a tants'l geyn,
Arop fun harts a shteyn.

Shpilt klezmorem, oy a leb'n,
Dos tseyayt techterl' haynt oysagegeb'n;
Dos mezinkle gebil'n mir,
Vi halt men shoym ba yir.

Shpilt, klezmorem, far mochotonim,
Zol'n naches hob'n oys' kaptsionim,
A kind oya-gebn, Gotenyu,
A maydil noch dertau. (2X)

Ven bam letst'n 'ohvel shpiln her'n
Vel ich epis shteyn un troyerik kler'n;
Dos letste techterl' shoym oys' avek,
Un vos is noch der tsvek.

'Sletste techterl', 'sletste techterl',
Un vos is noch der tsvek.

Shpilt, klezmorem, arons mit tre'r'n,
Dos letste bet'l vet haynt leydik ver'n
Dos gantsse shtibl', ir kleyder shaynk,
Oy, 'stut mir vey, un baynk.

Shpilt, klezmorem, bazest di kale,
Taugenun' ba mir di kinder ale,
Drej techter is a shverer yoch,
Nor on zey iz shverer noch. (XX)

DER FURMAN

Bin ich mir a furman, un hob mich a por ferdelach,
Ferdelach hob ich nor tsvey.
In sumer, in wintor, in hitsn un keltn,
Hob ich shoyn durch-gemacht mit zey.

Mayn heyms iz dos ferc, mayn bet iz der vog'n,
Mayn arbet iz shmayn's, di ferd sol'n trog'n,
Durch samz un durch blote, kolsman koyach iz noch do,
Zing ich mir a lid'l....HAIDA un VYO!

REPRAYN: Un di ferdelach fli-en, fli-en, fli-en,
Nem ich mit di leytai-tai-en, tai-en,
Un di reder skrip'n, meih ich mit di lip'n
VYO, VYO, VYO!

Un ven ich sikt mir fartracht of der kelne,
Un glat fun mayn fer'di di hor,
Durt sich mir oys az di samz un di reder
Farsht'n a yor noch a yor.

Ich batracht mir di ferdelach, dem shvarts'n un veys'n,
Ich heyb zey on traybn', un traybn' un shmayn's,
Durch samz un durch blote, kolsman koyach iz noch do,
Zing ich mir a lid'l, HAIDA un VYO! (REPEAT REPRAYN)

Haynt ven mayn ponim is shoyn ful mit kneyts'n
Un groy is GEOF'mayn kop,
Doch mayne hent zanen shtarker fun ays'n,
Zay loz'n di leytai mit op.

Shtark is der koyach, un di hent mit masolyes.
Ferdelach, HAIDA, zayt mit kayn foylers,
Durch samz un durch blote, kolsman koyach iz noch do.
Zing ich mir a lid'l, HAIDA un VYO! (REPEAT REPRAYN)

PROMUNCIATION GUIDE

A as in the name of the composer BACH
AY as in the name of the composer HAYDN
E as in MELODY; always short
EI as in THAT
I as in INSTRUMENT; sometimes as in the name of the composer VENI
O as in MOTHER

OY almost as in BOY
U as in PUP
G as in the name of the composer GERSHWIN-Ways hard
R; always rolled
CH as in the name of the composer BACH
TSH as in the name of the composer TOHAI--KOVSKY

Note: These Jewish songs are of Eastern European origin and the listener will hear many phrases sung in Russian.
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SHOLOM ALEICHEM

"IF I WERE ROTHSCILD"
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33 1/3 RPM
MICROGROOVE
SIDE 1
MF 332

1. A GLEZELE LEHAIM A Toast 2:35
2. MENASHE 4:07
3. ITSIK’L HOT CHASENE GEHAT
   Itsik’l Got Married 2:20
4. KATERINA MOLODITSA Young Katerina 4:23
5. DI GOLDENE CHASENE The Golden Wedding 3:11
6. FREILACHS A Joyful Song 1:45

MIKHAIL ALEXANDROVICH (1,2)
EMIL HOROWITZ (3,6)
ZINQVI SHULMAN (4,5)

N. WALTER (1,2,3,6) and
M. GORODISHCHEVA (4,5) Piano
SHOLOM ALEICHEM
"IF I WERE ROTHSCHILD"
and
JEWISH FOLK SONGS

33 1/3 RPM
MICROGROOVE
SIDE 2
MF 332

1. WENN ICH BIN ROTHSCHILD If I Were
   Rothschild (Read by E. KAMINKA) 7:05
2. SHIR HASHRIM Song Of Songs 1:47
3. DREI TECHTERLACH Three Daughters 4:40
4. DER FURMAN The Coachman 4:50

EMIL HOROWITZ (2,3,4)
N. WALTER, Piano