

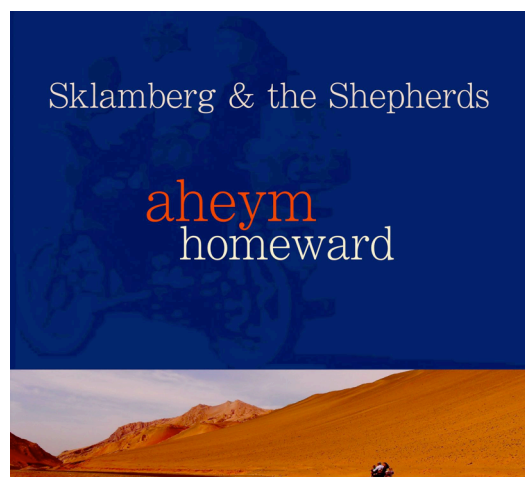
Ma noymar uma nedaber,
Ma noymar uma nedaber,
Vos zoln mir zogn
Un vos zoln mir redn
Vos eyns badayt?
Got iz eyner un vayter keyner,
Ay day dari dari day.

Ma noymar uma nedaber,
Ma noymar uma nedaber,
Vos zoln mir zogn
Un vos zoln mir redn
Vos tsvey badayt?
Tsvey zaynen di lukhes,
Eyner iz dokh got.
Got iz eyner un vayter keyner,
Ay day dari dari day.

Ma noymar uma nedaber,
Ma noymar uma nedaber,
Vos zoln mir zogn
Un vos zoln mir redn
Vos dray badayt?
Dray zaynen di foters,
Tsvey zaynen di lukhes,
Eyner iz dokh got.
Got iz eyner un vayter keyner,
Ay day dari dari day.

Ma noymar uma nedaber,
Ma noymar uma nedaber,
Vos zoln mir zogn
Un vos zoln mir redn
Vos fir badayt?
Fir zaynen di muters,
Dray zaynen di foters,
Tsvey zaynen di lukhes,
Eyner iz dokh got.
Got iz eyner un vayter keyner,
Ay day dari dari day.

Ma noymar uma nedaber,
Ma noymar uma nedaber,
Vos zoln mir zogn
Un vos zoln mir redn
Vos finf badayt?
Finf zaynen di khumushim,
Fir zaynen di muters,
Dray zaynen di foters,
Tsvey zaynen di lukhes,
Eyner iz dokh got.
Got iz eyner un vayter keyner,
Ay day dari dari day.



What shall we say? What shall we say? Who can say, who can tell, what (one) means?Five are the books of the Torah, four are the mothers, three are the fathers, two are the tables of the covenant, and one is God, God alone and no one else.

2 Alts vos iz eynzam All that is solitary *R. Corn/ P. Shepherd 3:13*

Alts vos iz eynzam, hot di farb fun mayn troyer,
Un alts vos farsheft iz un mid,
Shteyt in a kroyn fun farloshene shtern
Bay dem ershtn vort fun mayn lid.

Farvorlozte betler, farshtoysene printsn,
Fargesener shmeykhl, farshpetikt geveyen.
Ver vet zikh neygn far aykh un farbetn
Aykh ale, ven ikh vel nisht zayn?

*Everything that's lonely has the colour of my grief; everything that's embarrassed and tired is standing in a crown of extinguished stars near the first word of my song.
Homeless beggars, harassed princes, a forgotten smile, late tears... Who will bow down before you and invite you all when I'm gone?*

3 Hafiflik Lightness *M. Shepherd 3:53*

4 Viglid Lullaby *A. Gladkov, Yiddish translation by A. Vergelis/ T. Hrennikov 3:46*

Di levone vyanet, tunkl vert in tol.
Likhtike Svetlane, shlof vi ikh amol.
Keyner vet nit shrayen, s'iz di kishn veykh.
Shtern vi di klayen, pintlen in der heykh.

Di levone fraye in dem sod shpatsirt.
S'kumt a tog a nayer, epes brengt er dir.
Likht shoyn tsanken ale, eygelekh shoyn shmol.
Shlof mayn sheyner malekh, tunkl vert in tol.

*The moon fades, the valley is dark... Bright Svetlana, sleep as I used to. No one will cry now. Your pillow is soft. Stars like freckles, dots in the sky.
The free moon plays in the orchard. A new day is coming and will bring you something nice. The candle already flickers, your little eyes close. Sleep my dear angel, the valley is dark.*

5 Keyn fligl hob ikh nit Without Wings *A.Gonter / P. Shepherd 3:51*

Keyn fligl hob ikh nit,
Ikh darf zey nit tsum fliyen, day-da da da
On fligl, vi der odler fli ikh gring, day-da da da...

Keyn fidele farmog ikh nit
Af strunes ontsutsiyen, day-da da da...
On strunes, on a fidele ikh zing, ikh zing, day-da da da..

In bloyen tif, in volkndike heykhn
Mit tsugemakhte oygn ikh shveb arum,
Ot dort, vu s'kon keyn fligl nit dergreykhn,
Un vu di eybikeyt iz shtum.

Nor oyb, nor oyb in hartsn platsn vet a strune,
Un falsh a klung ton vet mayn lid,
Kh'vel tsu der erd a fal ton mit a ponem,
Tsu yener erd, vos hot fun falshkeyt mir farhit.

Although I am without wings, I don't need them to fly. Without wings I fly easily, like an eagle. I am not able to tune the strings of a violin; without strings, without a violin I sing. In the blue depths, in the cloudy Heavens, with closed eyes I hover all around. There, where no wings can reach and where infinity is silent. Yet if in my heart a string is broken, and my song comes out wrongly, I'll fall back to Earth face-first, to the very Earth, which has prevented me from falsehood.

6 Ay-yay-yay P. Shepherd 5:53

Ой да то не день светлым солнцем глаза мои слепит.
Ой да то другой, да другой свет в моем сердце.
Ой да то не золото-богатство мне в радость.
Ой да то другая, другая мне радость на сердце.
Ой да то не реки несут меня быстро по жизни.
Ой да то по жилам течет моя кровушка жарко.
Ой да то не ночь темнотой и покоем накрыла.
Ой да то другой, да другой да покой в моем сердце.

*Oh, it is not the bright day that shines into my eyes. It is the other, the other light that is in my heart.
Oh, it is not gold and wealth that gives me joy. It is the other, the other joy that is in my heart.
Oh, it is not the rivers that carry me through life so fast. It is the blood that flows in my veins.
Oh it is not the night that covers me with darkness and peace. It is the other, the other peace that lives in my heart.*

7 A gezang fun a traktorist Song of a Traktor-Driver L. Morgentoy/ unknown 4:02

Bin ikh mir a traktorist,
Iz mir gut – a khiyes.
Ikh ken firm mayn mashin
Mit farmakhte viyes.

Ven ikh for aroys in feld,
Kveln ale yatn,
Vayl es folgt mir mayn mashin,
Vi a kind – a tatn.

Yedes shrayfl lebt bay mir
In dem mashinerye.
- Hey, ver vil farmestn zikh?
Kumt un zayn a berye.

Ven ikh for aroys in feld
Akern tsi zeyen,

Veysn mayne redlekh eyns,
Az men darf zikh dreyen.

Un az reder dreyen zikh,
S'royshn di motorn,
Veys ikh, az dos land vet zayn
Zat oyf lange yorn! (Zat mit veytsn korn!)

Un az zat vet zayn dos land,
Zayn vet shtol un ayzn.
Veln mir in zeks-yor plan
Vunder fil bavayzn!

Bin ikh mir a traktorist,
Helf ikh un ikh lern,
Mayn brigade
Veltn iberkern.

Tsi in droysn shaynt di zun,
Tsi es hengt a khmare,
S'trogt mayn traktor zikh foroys:
Hit zikh, makht a vare!

Kh'bin der ershter oyfn feld,
Ven es nemt nor togn.
S'ken nisht keyner mayn mashin
Keynmol iberyogn.

Kh'kum der ershter fun feld,
Keyn mol nisht farmatert.
Un derfar a shlogler-fon
Oyf mayn traktor flatert!

*I'm a tractor driver, it's good for me – a pleasure. I can drive my machine with my eyes closed. When I drive out on the field all the guys are proud. My machine obeys me like a child with a father. Each little screw lives with me in the machinery. Hey, who wants to compete? Come and be an expert! When I drive out to plow the field the little wheels know that they now must turn. And as the wheels turn the motor hums along. I know that soon the land will be rich with wheat and rye!
As the land will be rich, rich with steel and iron, with the Six Year Plan wonderful things we'll see. I'm a tractor driver, help me and I learn. My brigade will diligently revolutionize the world. Whether the sun is shining or if it's cloudy, my tractor carries on - watch out, make way! I'm the first one on the field when the day is dawning. There's no one else who can overtake my machine! I'm the first one on the field and I never get tired. That's why a Stakhanovite flag waves upon my tractor!*

8 **Khalvat** Solitude *M. Shepherd* 4:08

9 **Sankt Besht** Saint Balshemtov I. Manger / P. Shepherd 8:33

Zitst der Balshem kegn mitn-nakht
In zayn kheyder-meyukhed un er trakht:
“Di nakht is heylik, tif un sheyn,
As afile der mentsh, vos geyt aleyn
Borves iber a fremdn land

Filt iber zikh gots bloye hant."

Er hoybt zikh oyf un blaybt plutsim shteyn:
In fenster tsitert a din geveyn.
Ver veynt baynakht, ver veynt atsind,
Ven s'shloft der foygl un s'shloft der vint,
Ven s'sloft di khate un s'shloft der vald?
Ver traybt fun zayn kholem avek dos gold?
"Her - zogt er tsum fremdn geveyn devendt -
Kum un ver antshlofn oyf mayne hent."

Nor s'tsitert dos geveyn vi a fidl din,
Din vi dos shpingevob fun a shpin,
Din vi di gsise fun a kind,
Vos farvarft dos kepl oyfn vint.

Efnt der Balschem di tir un geyt,
Gevor tsu vern, ver s'shtert di freyd,
Di freyd un dem kholem fun a velt.
Ot drimlt di shtot, ot drimlt der taykh.
Ot drimlt dos feld.
Ver-zhe veynt atsind,
Ven s'shloft der foygl un s'shloft der vint,
Ven s'shloft di khate, un s'shloft der vald?
Ver traybt fun zayn kholem avek dos gold?
"Her - zogt er tsum fremdn geveyn gevendt -
Kum un ver antshlofn oyf mayne hent."

Nor s'tsitert dos geveyn vi a fidl din,
Din vi dos shpingevob fun a shpin,
Din vi di gsise fun a kind,
Vos farvarft dos kepl oyfn vint.

Hoybt der Balschem di oygn oyf,
Di likhtike oygn tsum himl aroyf,
Zet er a groye khmare vos ligt
Iber a shtern, vos vert tsedrikt.
Blaybt der Balschem a rege shteyn
Un hert zikh tsu tsum zilbernem geveyn.

Dernokh heybt er oyf di likhtike hant,
Tsum himl aroyf di likhtike hant,
Un visht di groye khmare avek,
Flatert der shtern bafrayt fun shrek,
Flatert un shimert, blist un klingt
Adurkh der luft, vi gingold klingt.
Shmeykhlt der Balsham: "Du sheygets, du.
Host oyfgetreyslt a velt fun ru."

Mit shtile trit geyt er dan aheym,
Aheym tsu zayn khate fun tsigl un leym,
Un zetst zikh anider oyfn shvel,
Un vart oyfn ershtn foygl-trel ,
Un vart oyfn ershtn tropn zun.
Oyfn ershtn goldenem tropn zun.

Un eyder der tog hot oyfgetogt,
Hot er shtil tsu zikh aleyn gezogt:

“Dos geveyn fun a vereml un fun a groz,
Dos geveyn fun a shterndl un fun a hoz
Ken treyslen un tsetreyslen a velt fun ru
Bahit un bashits zey, tate du!”

Un a likhtiker tropn falt oyf zayn hant
Un kayklt zikh arop iber zayn gevant.

In the middle of the night the Balshem rests in his lonely room and reflects: “The night is so holy, lovely and deep, that even the man who walks alone, barefoot, over an alien land, feels overhead God's blue hand”.

He raises and remains stock-still. A thin wail quakes at his windowsill. Who weeps at night? Who now weeps, when the bird sleeps and the wind sleeps? When the hut sleeps and the wood sleeps? Who drives the gold away from his dream? “Listen,” the strange wail he commands. “Come and fall asleep up in my hands.”

But the wail trembles like a fiddle so thin, thin as the spider web spiders spin, as a deathbed sob of a child is thin that tosses its little head in the wind.

The Balshem opens the door and goes to discover who disturbs the joy, the joy and the dream of the world. Here dreams the town. Here dreams the stream. Here dreams the field. Who then now weeps?

When the bird sleeps and the wind sleeps? When the hut sleeps and the wood sleeps? Who drives the gold away from his dream? “Listen!” the strange wail he commands. “Come and fall asleep in my hands.”

But the wail trembles like a fiddle so thin, thin as the spider web spiders spin, as a deathbed sob of a child is thin that tosses its little head in the wind.

The Balshem lifts up his eyes - lifts them glowing to the skies. He sees a grey cloud lying brushed over a star being crushed. The Balshem stands for a moment there, listens to the silvered despair.

Then he raises his glowing hand - raises to the sky his glowing hand and wipes the grey cloud away. The star flutters freed from fear, flutters and shimmers, sparkles and rings through the air, as fine gold rings. The Balshem smiles: “You rascal, you. A world from its rest you have shaken askew.”

Then with soft steps he returns home, home to his hut of brick and of loam, and sits down in his doorway and waits for the first bird's trill and waits for the first drop of sun. And before they rose overhead, softly to himself he said:

“The lament of a worm and of a grass, the lament of a star and of a hare can shake and shake out a world from its rest - guard and protect them, Father up there.”

Over his hands a gleaming drop flows and rolls downward upon his clothes.

10 **Di bekhers mit vayn** Let's fill our Glasses *H. Bloshteyn / P. Shepherd* 2:33

Khaveyrim, heybt hekher di bekhers mit vayn,
Zol lebn di libshaft, gezunt zol zi zayn.
Di libshaft fun yokhed tsum yokhied - dem mentsh,
Di frayndshaft fun felker zol zayn undz gebentsht.

Der velt iz in gantsn af libshaft geshtelt,
Der gortn, der vald un dos veytsene feld,
Zey shteyen in grins, un in bloy un in gold.
Der far nor? Der far vos di zun hot zey holt.

Refren:

Mir zaynen ale ot do af der erd
Vayl s'hot undz a libshaft, a groyse bagert,
Vos blonzhet in harts vi farborgene shayn,
Biz s'gist zikh in eybikn nign arayn.

Es vert bloyz durkh libshaft dos lebn gemert,
Iz zol zi gebentsht zayn, di muter di erd,
Di muter – di zun un di muter – di froy!
Dos lebn on libshaft iz kalt un iz groy.

*Friends, let's drink to love between people and to the friendship of peoples!
Love is the foundation of the world. Gardens, woods and barley fields are in blossom because the sun
loves them. We all yearn for true love. The secret shine of love is concealed in our hearts until it breaks
free in an everlasting melody.
Let's bless Mother Earth, Mother Sun and Mother Woman! Life is cold and gray without love.*

11 **Sahar 1** Just before Dawn 1 *M. Shepherd* 4:35

12 **Sahar 2** Just before Dawn 2 *M. Shepherd* 5:49

13 **Aheym** Homeward *P. Shepherd, Yiddish translation by Asya Fruman* 3:06

Gey ikh mir tsu der heymisher shayn,
S'tsit di vanderung durkh ale teg,
Gey ikh pavolye, gey tsu mayn dolye,
Dertapndik mayn veg –
Aheym...

Loz ikh op ale pkhodim un payn,
S'gantse shverkeyt vos hot mir gehert,
Her ikh dem ruf [un] fli ikh aruf,
Aruf fun fremde erd –
Aheym...

*I walk at a slow, quiet pace. Each breath brings me closer to
peace. Softly and steadily I feel my way home... Home...
Strangely, painfully and with sadness a faraway light
glimmers. I quicken my steps, let my fear go and fly up.
Home... Home.*

