

Lyric Sheets for
Tzimmes - A Lid for Every Pot

Transliteration keys

Yiddish

- a - the a in do re mi **fa**
- e - as in **pet**
- i - approximating ee as in **deep**
- o - short o, as in **cord**
- u - approximating oo as in **soon**
- ey or ei - as in **they**
- oy - as in **boy**
- ay or ai - as in **eye**
- kh - guttural h, as in the German **acht**
- tsh - the ch in **chew**
- ts - as in **oats**
- zh - the 's' in **measure**

Hebrew

- a - the a in do re mi **fa**
- e - as in **pet**
- i - approximating ee as in **deep**
- o - short o, as in **cord**
- u - approximating oo as in **soon**
- ' - apostrophe, very short i as in **hid**
- ei - as in **they**
- oy - as in **boy**
- ai - as in **eye**
- kh or ch - guttural 'h' which is spelled 'kh' or 'ch' and is pronounced as the 'ch' in the German word for eight, '**acht**'.

Ladino

- a - the 'a' in do re mi **fa**
- e - as in **pet**
- i - short or long, approximating ee as in **deep**
- o - short 'o', as in **cord**
- u - short or long, approximating oo as in **soon**
- ay or ai - as in **eye**
- ey or ei - as in **they**
- oy - as in **boy**
- que - the che in **chemistry**
- qui - the kee in **keen**
- y - when it appears on its own = ee as in **deep**
- j - the 's' in **measure**

Shabhi Yerushalayim

Music: Avihu Medina; Arranged by Moshe Denburg; Text: Psalms CXLVII, v.12-13

Shab'khi Yerushalayim et adonai,
Hal'li elohayich tsiyon.

Praise the Lord, O Jerusalem;
Praise thy God O Zion.

Ki khizak b'rikhei sh'arayich;
Berach banayich b'kirbech.

For he has strengthened the bars of thy gates;
He has blessed thy children within thee.

Hal'li elohayich tsiyon.

Praise thy God O Zion.

Avre Este Abajour

Adapted and Arranged by Moshe Denburg from the traditional Ladino repertoire.

Avre este abajour bijou,
Avre la tu ventana,
Por ver tu kara morena,
Al Dio dare mi alma.

Open the shutter, jewel of my life,
Open your window to me,
Just to look upon your brown face
I would give my soul to God.

Por la tu puerta yo pasi,
Yo la topi serada,
La yavedura yo bezi,
Komo bezar tu kara.

I passed by your door,
But I found it closed,
I kissed the lock
Just as I would kiss you.

Si tu de mi t'olvidaras,
Tu ermozura piedras,
Ningun ninyo t'endenyara,
En los mis brazos mueras.

If you forget me,
You may lose your beauty,
And no one will court you as I;
Would you not rather die in my arms?

Yome Yome

Adapted and Arranged by Moshe Denburg from the traditional Yiddish repertoire.

Yome yome, shpil mir a lidele,
Vos dos meydele vil? Vos dos meydele vil?
Dos meydele vil a por shikhelekh hobn,
Muz men geyn dem shuster zogn.

Neyn, mameshi, neyn,
Du kenst mikh nit farshteyn,
Du veyst nit vos ikh meyn.

Yome yome, shpil mir a lidele,
Vos dos meydele vil? Vos dos meydele vil?
Dos meydele vil a kleydele hobn,
Muz men geyn dem shnayder zogn.

Neyn, mameshi, neyn,
Du kenst mikh nit farshteyn,
Du veyst nit vos ikh meyn.

Yome yome, shpil mir a lidele,
Vos dos meydele vil? Vos dos meydele vil?
Dos meydele vil a khosndl hobn,
Muz men geyn dem shadkhn zogn.

Yo, mameshi, yo,
Du kenst mikh shoyn farshteyn,
Du veyst shoyn vos ikh meyn.

Yome, Yome, play me a tune
What does my little girl want?
Perhaps she'd like a new pair of shoes,
We should go speak to the shoemaker.

"No, Mama, no,
You don't understand me,
You don't know what I mean."

Yome, Yome, play me a tune
What does my little girl want?
Perhaps she'd like a new dress,
We should go speak to the tailor.

"No, Mama, no,
You don't understand me,
You don't know what I mean."

Yome, Yome, play me a tune
What does my little girl want?
Perhaps she'd like a bridegroom,
We should go speak to the matchmaker.

"Yes, Mother, yes,
You're understand me now
Finally you know what I mean."

Tres Ermanikas

Adapted and Arranged by Moshe Denburg from the traditional Ladino repertoire.

Verse 1

Tres ermanikas eran,
blankas de roz, ay, ramas de flor,
Tres ermanikas eran,
tres ermanikas son.

Las dos eran kazadas,
blankas de roz, ay, ramas de flor,
Las dos eran kazadas,
la chika en perdision.

El padre de verguensa,
blankas de roz, ay, ramas de flor,
El padre de verguensa,
a Rodes l'anbio.

Verse 2

En medio del kamino,
blankas de roz, ay, ramas de flor,
En medio del kamino,
kastiyo le fraguo.

De piedra menudika,
blankas de roz, ay, ramas de flor,
De piedra menudika,
y mar al derredor.

Por ay paso un kavayero,
blankas de roz, ay, ramas de flor,
Por ay paso un kavayero,
tres bezikos le dio.

Verse 3

Uno de kada kara,
blankas de roz, ay, ramas de flor,
Uno de kada kara,
y uno al korazon.

Si el mi kerido save,
blankas de roz, ay, ramas de flor,
Si el mi kerido save,
matada meresko yo.

No te mates kerida,
blankas de roz, ay, ramas de flor,
No te mates kerida,
tu amado so yo.

Verse 1

There were three sisters,
White roses and branches of flowers
There were three sisters,
Three sisters they are.

Two of them were married,
...white roses and branches of flowers...
Two of them were married,
The youngest one fell into disrepute.

Their father, out of shame,
...white roses and branches of flowers...
Their father, out of shame,
Sent her away to Rhodes.

Verse 2

In the middle of the way there,
...white roses and branches of flowers...
In the middle of the way there
He built a castle for her.

From small stones
...white roses and branches of flowers...
From small stones
And with the sea all around it.

Along the way came a knight,
...white roses and branches of flowers...
Along the way came a knight,
He gave her three kisses.

Verse 3

One on each cheek
...white roses and branches of flowers...
One on each cheek
And one more to the heart.

"If my dear would know me" (she said),
...white roses and branches of flowers...
"If my dear would know me,
I would kill myself."

"Don't kill yourself my dear", (he answered)
...white roses and branches of flowers...
"Don't kill yourself my dear,
For I am your beloved."

Oyfn Pripetshik

Music and Words: Mark Warshawski; Arranged with new music for Coda by Moshe Denburg

Oyfn pripetshik brent a fayerl,
Un in shtub iz heys,
Un der rebe lernt kleyne kinderlekh
dem alef beys.

Zet tshe kinderlekh, gedenkt tshe tayere,
Vos ir lernt do,
Zogt tshe nokh a mol, un take nokh a mol:
'Komets alef - O'.

Lernt, kinder, mit groys kheyshek,
Azoy zog ikh aykh on:
Ver s'vet gikher fun aykh kenen ivre,
Der bakumt a fon.

Az ir vet, kinder, elter vern,
Vet ir aleyn farshteyn,
Vifl in di oysies lign treyn,
Un vi fil geveyn.

In the tiny grate a fire flickers,
And the house is warm,
A Rabbi teaches little children
The Hebrew alphabet.

Listen children, remember well my dear ones,
What you are learning here,
Recite it again and yet again,
'Komets alef - O'. *

Study children with great desire,
Listen to what I say;
Whoever is quick to learn Hebrew
Will receive a flag.

Children, when you are older,
You will understand for yourselves,
How much pain and tears lie
Within these tiny letters.

* Literally the first lesson: 'komets' (vowel),
together with 'alef' (silent consonant) = 'O'.

Eishet Hayil

Music: Moshe Denburg; Text: Proverbs XXXI

Eishet khayil mi yimtsa, mi yimtsa,
Eishet khayil mi yimtsa, mi yimtsa,
Rakhok mipnanim michra,
Eishet khayil mi yimtsa.

Batakh ba lev ba-ala, ba-ala,
Batakh ba lev ba-ala, ba-ala,
V'shalal lo yekhsar,
Eishet khayil mi yimtsa.

G'malat-hu tov v'lo ra,
G'malat-hu tov v'lo ra,
Kol y'mei khayeha,
Eishet khayil mi yimtsa.

Torat khesed al l'shona,
Torat khesed al l'shona,
Oz v'hadar l'vusha,
Eishet khayil mi yimtsa.

Who shall find a woman of valour?
Who shall find a woman of valour?
Her worth is far above rubies,
Who shall find a woman of valour?

The heart of her husband trusts in her,
The heart of her husband trusts in her,
And his wealth will not fail,
Who shall find a woman of valour?

She will do him good and not evil,
She will do him good and not evil,
All the days of her life,
Who shall find a woman of valour?

She speaks the Torah of loving-kindness,
She speaks the Torah of loving-kindness,
She is clothed with strength and honour,
Who shall find a woman of valour?

Tayere Malkele

Music and Words: Nokhem Sternheim (1879 - WW II); Adapted and Arranged by Moshe Denburg

Ver s'iz nit geven, ver s'hot nit gezen -
Tayere Malkele!
Veyst nit vos s'iz sheyn,
Veyst nit vos s'iz kheyn, tayere Malkele.

Efnt zi di bremen
Meg di zun zikh shemen, tayere Malkele;
Flamen ire oygn, shteyt a velt geboygn,
Tayere Malkele.

Lomir zikh dermanen,
Oyb sheners s'iz faranen, tayere Malkele;
Mit ir in freydn, s'iz dokh a gan-eydn,
Tayere Malkele.

Flakern di blikn
Dakht zikh srufim kikh, tayere Malkele;
Shener vi Shulamis,
Heyser nokh vi Tamiz,
Tayere Malkele.

Day day di gi day...

Hobn den di imes, aza shabes-tsimes,
Tayere Malkele?
Farmogn zeyere sudes,
Aza sholesh-sudes, tayere Malkele?

Whoever hasn't been with, whoever hasn't seen -
Dear Malkele!
He doesn't know what beauty is,
He doesn't know what charm is - dear Malkele.

When she raises her brows,
she puts the sun to shame, dear Malkele;
When her eyes blaze, an entire world bows,
Dear Malkele.

Can anyone remember,
If there is anyone as beautiful, dear Malkele;
To share her joy is to be in paradise,
Dear Malkele.

The sparkle of her glance,
Is like the gaze of a seraph, dear Malkele;
More lovely than Shulamit,
Warmer than the month of Tamuz,
Dear Malkele.

Day day di gi day...

Do other people have such a Sabbath-tsimmes,
Dear Malkele?
And can their meals compare
With such Sabbath feasts, dear Malkele?

K'heref Ayin

Music: Moshe Denburg; Lyrics: Moshe Denburg and Simon Ophir

Yom yom kholem ani l'vad
al khemdat libi yikrat khayai;
ben hamon et'-e li k'navad,
ein motsa o pesher l'hirhurai;

ushnotai kholfot k'heref ayin,
v'libi shuv sho-el hu "l'an"?
p'nei rei-im ahuvim,
b'einei rukhi nir-im adayin.

Haolam zoher, af hazman maher,
bo-u nishtolela-la,
zemer m'hadhed bivracha,
al galei haruakh,
rikud shelo rotse lanuakh,
uk'heref ayin af lo af hazman.

Leil leil oto masach ole,
mul einai hakheled m'sakhek;
al bamat hasheket mitgale
ha-elem b'kirbi, hu ham'tsakhkek;

v'khoshek bakhen ach lo nogei-a,
b'shulei khidatech lo mikan;
mitlakdim han'tivim
b'dimdum dimyon shel mi yodei-a.

Everyday alone, i dream
of my heart's delight, the treasure of my life;
straying amidst the throng like a nomad
with thoughts that have no anchor, unexplained;

Years are passing in the wink of an eye,
and my heart still asks, "where to"?
the faces of beloved friends
still appear in inner visions.

Oh, the world is a shining place, but time flies by so fast -
come, let's be playful while the moment lasts,
while songs still echo their blessings,
upon the waves of the wind
there is a dance that refuses to rest -
and time flies by, flies by, in the wink of an eye.

Every night the curtain rises
revealing the world and its players;
upon the stage of my silence
the youth within me appears, laughing to himself;

Beauty beckons, but i will not touch it,
no, not even the hem of your otherworldly riddle;
only in my twilight imaginings do our paths merge,
but, who will ever know?

Rahav Hayam

Music: Traditional Celtic (O Waly Waly); Lyrics: Moshe Denburg and Simon Ophir

Rahav hayam lo uchal avor,
Gam lo la-uf al kanfei hadror,
Tnu li sira ba yakhdav nakhtor,
At va-ani nashut la-or.

El ets alon nish-anti pa-am,
Batakhti bo ki zakuf varam,
L'feta shakh hu v'nadam,
K'miksam shav shene-elam.

Ha-ahava nitsanei prakhim,
Rinat halev meged adanim,
Ach khish takhlof bimrutsat yamim,
Tanus takhmok bidmi tslalim.

Yeshna sfina amusat tikvot,
Bli an to-a alei rukhot,
V'chen ani ben ham'tsulot,
Malakh shoge ba-ahavot.

Rahav hayam lo uchal avor,
Gam lo la-uf al kanfei hadror,
Tnu li sira ba yakhdav nakhtor,
At va-ani nashut la-or.

Wide is the ocean, I cannot cross over,
Nor can I fly on the wings of freedom,
Give me a boat for you and I to row,
And together we shall sail into the light.

Once I leaned upon an oak,
Trusting, for it was tall and strong,
But suddenly it bent and was cut off,
Like a false spell that vanishes.

Love is the blossom of flowers,
The heart's joy, the sweetest delight,
But quickly it fades with the passage of days,
It runs away and hides in silent shadows.

There is a ship laden with hopes,
Aimlessly wandering upon the winds,
And like her I find myself in deep waters,
A sailor faltering on the ways of love.

Wide is the ocean, I cannot cross over,
Nor can I fly on the wings of freedom,
Give me a boat for you and I to row,
And together we shall sail into the light.

Shuvi Shuvi

Music: Moshe Denburg; Text: Various verses from the Song of Songs

Shuvi shuvi hashulamit.
Ma yafu p'amayich ba-n'alim
bat nadiv.

Kol dodi hine ze ba,
M'daleg al heharim,
m'kapets al ha-g'va-ot.

refrain

Simeini kahotam al libecha,
Kahotam al zro-echa,
Ki aza kamavet ahava.

Dodi einav kayonim
al afikei mayim.
Ze dodi v'ze rei-i
b'not y'rushalayim.

Mi zot hanishkafa k'mo shahar,
yafa kal'vana,
Bara kahama,
ayuma kanidgalot.

Ma yafit uma na-amt,
ahava bata-anugim.
(refrain)

Return, return, o Shulamite
How beautiful are your sandalled feet,
o royal daughter.

The voice of my beloved, behold
He cometh leaping upon the mountains,
skipping upon the hills.

refrain

Set me as a seal upon thine heart
As a seal upon thine arm
for love is strong as death.

My beloved's eyes are as the eyes of doves
by the rivers of waters.
This is my beloved, and this is my friend,
o daughters of Jerusalem.

Who is she that looketh forth as the morning,
fair as the moon
Clear as the sun,
and terrible as an army with banners?

How fair and how pleasant art thou,
o love, for delights.
(refrain)