

Lyric Sheets for
Tzimmes - KlezMyriad

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 |

Shdemati - River of Light

Shdemati by Shenhar/Admon; River of Light by Moshe Denburg

Sh'demati,
im' shakhar z'ratiha
b'dim'a,
t'filat hayogev nishm'a.

Sh'demati,
rav'ta tlim shach'ra
meor khama,
lif'nei kotser shakha shakha kama.

B'tsa-ad' rav her'mesh' kalal,
yunaf el' al,
kher'mesh kalal' yunaf,
yunaf el al
yunaf yunaf
yunaf el' al.

O O O...

My field,
I sowed it at dawn
with tears,
the prayer of the farmer is heard.

My field,
full of the dew, drunk
with sunlight,
the corn stalks bow before the reaper.

With quick step the shining scythe,
is raised on high,
the shining scythe is raised,
raised on high
raised raised
raised on high.

O O O...

River of light,
how many silent dawns ago did I rise
to behold the wondering sky?

River of light,
hold fast my future, cast the seeds of my dreams,
fragrant love, the dew of my prayer.

Oh over ancient hills,
I long to see the laughter of the grain
on the sun-drunk fields,
river of light,
filled with the tears of my soul,
o o o peaceful reaper make me whole.

Moyshela Mayn Fraynd

by Mordechai Gebirtig (1877 - 1942); Arranged by Moshe Denburg

Vos makhstu epes Moyshela,
kh'derken dikh nokh on blik,
du bist geven mayn khaverl
mit yorn fil tsurik;
un oykh in kheder hobn mir
gelernt lang baynand,
ot shteyt far mir der rebe nokh,
der kantshik in zayn hant;

Oy, vu nemt men tsurik di yorn,
yene sheyne tsayt?
oy, dos yunge sheyne lebn
iz fun undz shoyn vayt;
oy, vu nemt men tsurik di yorn
Moyshela mayn fraynd,
oy, nokh yenem beyzn rebn
benkt dos harts nokh haynt.

Vi geyt es epes Berelen?
Avremele vos makht?
un Zalmele, un Yosele?
zeyer oft fun aykh getrakht;
gekholemt fun aykh, kinderlekh,
gezen zikh in der mit,
gevoyn alte yidelekh,
vi shnel dos lebn flit;

Oy, vu nemt men...
oy, nokh yene yunge laydn
benkt dos harts nokh haynt.

How are you Moyshela?
How well I remember you
You were my dear friend
Many years ago;
We were schoolmates
Long ago,
I can still see our teacher
With the cane in his hand.

Oh, how can we recapture
Those wonderful times?
Those youthful days
How can we recapture
the years,
Moyshela my friend,
My heart still yearns
even for that stern teacher.

How is Berela?
What's Avremele up to?
And Zalmele, and Yosele?
I have thought of you so often;
I have dreamt of you, children,
And imagined myself among you,
We've all grown older,
How quickly life passes by.

Oh, how can we recapture...
My heart still yearns for
the young men that we were.

Maoz Tsur

Music and Text: Traditional; Arrangement: Moshe Denburg

Ma-oz tsur yeshu-ati,
L'kha na-e l'shabei-akh;
Tikon beit t'filati,
V'sham toda n'zabei-akh;
L'eit takhin matbei-akh
Mitsar hamnabei-akh,
Az egmor b'shir mizmor,
Hanukat hamizbei-akh.

The strength of the rock is my redemption,
It is pleasant to praise thee;
You have prepared the house of my prayer,
Upon its altar we will give thanks;
I am unscathed by the slaughter
Threatened by the barking foe,
Thus I conclude, with a sweet hymn,
The rededication of your temple.

Si La Mar

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

Si la mar era de leche,
Los barkitos de kanela,
Yo me mancharia entera,
Por salvar la mi bandiera.

If the sea were made of milk,
And small ships of cinnamon,
I would stain myself completely
To save my flag.

En la mar ay una torre,
En la torre ay una ventana,
Ayi s'asenta una ninya,
Ke a los marineros kanta.

On the sea there is a tower,
On the tower there is a window,
There sits a girl,
Who sings to the sailors.

Si la mar se ase leche,
Yo ma ago un peskador,
Peskare a mis dolores,
Kon palavrikas de amor.

If the sea turned to milk,
I would become a fisherman,
I would fish for my sorrows,
With the sweet words of love.

De la uva sale el vino,
De la oliva sale azeite,
De mi korason sale serena,
Serena para amarte.

From the grape comes wine,
From the olive comes oil,
From my heart comes a serenade,
A serenade for the one I love.

Dame la mano palomba,
Yo me ire a tu nido,
Maldicha ke tu durmes sola,
Vengo a dormir kontigo.

Give me your hand, my dove,
And I will come to your nest,
It's a curse that you sleep alone,
Come, let us sleep together.

Si la mar se ase leche...

If the sea turned to milk...

Always Forgiven

Words and Music by Moshe Denburg

How can i replace all the time lost not loving,
while tears rain down on stone,
in forgotten fields sweet flowers grow;
remembering myself again -
always forgiven,
we are the patterns in the sand,
the lifelines in God's hands,
the yearning that will never end.

Time will play like puppets and shadows
while you and i keep searching for a way to be one,
overcome our illusions and fears,
looking for a fateful chance to be near you,
and silently listen to the lilting earth.

Let me sing to you of the love lost not knowing,
send my questions into space,
with the ink of night rewrite my prayers;
remember our first promises -
always forgiven,
you are the river in my mind,
the starlight in my eyes,
the laughter that will never die.

Time will play like puppets and shadows,
they dance today and cry tomorrow,
oh, where in this world will i find a companion of truth/
who will tend the flame of love that's within you,
and light the candle - witness to a time of peace?

Avre Tu Puerta Serada

Adapted from the Traditional Ladino Repertoire.

Avre tu puerta serada,
Ken tu balkon luz no ay,
El amor a ti te vela,
Partemos Roza partemos de aki.

Yo demandi por la tu ermozura,
Como te la dio el Dio,
La ermozura tuya es pura,
La meresko solo yo,
La meresko solo yo.

Open your closed door,
For there is no light on your balcony,
My love will take care of you,
Come away with me Roza, away from this place.

I wish to be with your beauty,
For it is a God given gift,
Your beauty is pure,
Only I am deserving of it,
Only I.

The Shlump

by Moshe Denburg

with special thanks to Seymour Levitan and Paula Kirman for help with the Yiddish lyrics.

A shlump in shtot yekhupets leybt,
In zayn klumpes klapt un geyt,
Oyf shpilkes, on a kop,
Un loyze hoyzn trogt,
A khokhem fun khokhem land
In yedn zok a lokh.

Ot ot ot ot ot azoy,
Mit a mazldike meydil fun
a tsapldikn tants er kvelt,
Kum kum kum kum kum aher,
Er shmeykhlt oyf der gantse velt.

Nisht aher un nisht ahin,
A luftmentsh in di gasn shpringt,
A tsibele mit hent,
A bulbe mit tsvey fis,
A shlump, a filosof,
Oykh mir a realist.

Tants tants mitn linkn fus,
Vi a lekherlekhe lets,
oy a mazeldike meshugas,
Shok shok shok shok shokl zikh,
Gey a leybedikn tants in gas.

Oy a shlumper, oy a shlump.

Mit megabayts un pekelakh,
Oyf kompyuters klapt un hakt,
Er frest nor khazeray,
Un trinkt 'kenede dray',
A nerd, a tekhnolog
Tif in veb arayn.

Ot ot ot ot ot azoy,
Zogt, " Der oylem iz a goylem
un farshteyen kenen zey nor gelt",
Kum kum kum kum kum aher,
Her khokhmes vos a shlump dertseylt.

A shlump lives out in boonie town,
In his clogs he klops around,
With baggy saggy rags
An absent minded jock
A prince from wise man's land
A hole in every sock.

So so so so so it goes,
Does a herky-jerky dance,
With a lucky-and-go-care-free girl,
Come come come come over here,
He smiles upon the whole darned world.

Catch him neither here nor there,
A spaceman on the streets of air,
An onion growing hands,
Potatoe on two feet,
A shlump, an erudite,
A realist to beat.

Dance dance with your left foot first,
Like a jolly golly clown,
Oh a lucky-and-be-crazy mood,
Rock rock rock rock rock around,
Go-a-dancing on the avenue.

Oy a shlumper, oy a shlump.

With megabytes and info packs,
On his Macs he hacks and hacks,
Gobbles goopy fries,
And swills 'Canada Dry's',
A nerd, a techno-wiz
In the web of life.

So so so so so it goes,
Says, "The world is but a robot
and knows nothing but a pound of gold",
Come come come come over here,
The wisdom of a shlump behold.

Dror Yikra

Text: Dunash Ben Lavrat (10th Century); Music: Traditional

D'ror yikra l'ven im bat,
V'yintsorkhem k'mo vavat,
N'im shimkhem v'lo yushbat,
Sh'vu v'nukhu b'yom shabat.

D'rosh navi v'ulami,
V'ot yesha aseï imi,
N'ta sorek b'tokh karmi,
Sh'ei shav'at b'nei ami.

Elohim ten bamidbar har,
Hadas shita b'rosh tidhar,
V'lamazhir v'lanizhar,
Sh'lomim ten k'mei nahar.

He shall declare it a day of freedom for all,
And watch over you like the apple of his eye,
The dearness of your names shall not be forgotten,
When you take your rest on the Sabbath day.

Declare it beautiful, Lord, and full of comfort,
Grant me a sign of your salvation,
Sow the fine grape in my vineyard,
Heed the cry of my people.

Make the mountain in the wilderness,
Spurt forth with myrtle, acacia, and the cypress,
And for those who are painstaking in your service,
Give peace like flowing waters.