

Lyric Sheets for
Tzimmes - Sweet and Hot

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

Yossel Yossel

Music: Samuel Steinberg Words: Nellie Casman

Mayn khayes geyt mir oys,
Ikh fil ikh halt nit oys,
Mayn harts tut mir vey gor on a shir;
Es iz mir heys un kalt,
Un ikh ver groy un alt,
Un veyst ir mentshen vos es kvelt mir;
Di libe brent a shrek,
Ikh fil ikh shtarb avek,
Nokh mayn Yosslen, mayn darling, mayn dir;
A bokher, a sheyner,
mir zol zayn far zayne beyner,
Yossel, ikh gey oys far dir.

Refrain:

Oy oy oy, Yossel, Yossel, Yossel, Yossel,
Mayn khayes geyt mir azhe oys nokh dir,
Oy oy oy, Yossel, Yossel, Yossel, Yossel,
Dayn malke zitst nokh alts un vart oyf dir,
Oy oy oy, Yossel, Yossel, Yossel, Yossel,
Ikh kholem yeyder nakht nor fun dir,
Un git der yeytser hore nokh a mol a tore,
Yossel, ikh gey oys far dir.

Geret a shidekh mir,
A glik gor on a shir,
A sheynem bokher mit a bombe gelt;
Es iz keyn gringe zakh,
Geshtelt a khupe glakh,
Un veyst ir mentshen vos es kvelt mir;
Di libe brent a shrek,
Ikh fil ikh shtarb avek,
Nokh mayn Yosslen, mayn darling, mayn dear,
Baym trinken, baym essen,
ken ikh im keyn mol fargesen,
Yossel, ikh gey oys far dir.

My strength is slipping away,
I feel I can't go on any longer
My heart aches without end
I get hot, I get cold,
And I'm getting grey and old,
And do you know what's gotten to me?
Love is burning like crazy,
I feel I am wasting away
For my Yosl, my darling, my dear
A boy, a handsome one,
May he be well,
Yosl I'm dying for you.

Oh, oh, yosl yosl yosl,
My life is slipping away without you
Oh, oh, yosl yosl yosl,
Your queen still sits and waits for you
Oh, oh, yosl yosl yosl,
Every night I dream only of you
And temptation pulls at me again
Yosl I can't live without you.

I could be matched up,
Completely joyful
With a good looking guy with a lot of money
It's not a simple matter,
To stand under the wedding canopy,
And do you know what's gotten to me?
Love is burning like crazy,
I feel I am wasting away
For my Yosl, my darling, my dear
While drinking, while eating,
I cannot ever forget him
Yosl I'm dying for you.

Hashem Yishmorcha

Music: Moshe Denburg Text:
Words: Traditional (The Prayer for the Way)

Adoshem yishmorcha,
Yishmorcha mikol ra;

May hashem watch over you
And keep you from all harm;

Adoshem yishmorcha
Mikol ra yishmor et nafshecha.

May hashem watch over you
And keep your living soul from all harm.

Hashem yishmor tseitsha
uvo-echa, la lai lai lai,
Me-ata v'ad olam,
Hashem yishmor tseitsha
uvo-echa,
Me-ata v'ad olam.

May hashem watch over your going out
and coming in, 'la lai lai lai'
Now and forever,
May hashem watch over your going out
and coming in,
Now and forever.

Morenica

Music & Words: Traditional Ladino

Morenica a mi me yaman,
Yo blanca nasi;
Y del sol del enverano,
Yo me hize ansi.

They call me the dark girl;
I was born white,
And it's the summer sun
That makes me like this.

Refrain

Morenica, grasiozica sos,
Tu morena y yo grasiozo,
Y ojos pretos tu.

Refrain

Oh, Morenica, gracious one,
You are dark, and I adore you
And your deep dark eyes.

Morenica a mi me yaman,
Los marineros;
Si otra vez a mi me yaman,
Yo me vo con eyos.
(refrain)

They call me the dark girl,
The sailors;
If they call me again,
I will go with them.
(refrain)

Morenica a mi me yama,
El hijo del rey;
Si otra vez a mi me yama,
Me vo yo con el.
(refrain)

He calls me the dark girl,
The son of the king;
If he calls me again,
I will go with him.
(refrain)

Laner Velivsamim

Music: Avihu Medina Text: Sa'adia

Laner v'liv'samim
Naf'shi m'yakheila,
Laner v'liv'samim
Naf'shi m'yakheila;

refrain:

Im titnu li kos' yayin
l'hav'dala,

Solu d'rachim' li,
Panu lin'vocha,
Pit'khu sh'arim' li
Kol' malachei maala. - (refrain)

Einai ani esa
El' al b'lev' kosef,
Mam'tsi d'rachai li
Bayom uvalaila. - (refrain)

My soul longs for
the candle and the spices,
My soul longs for
the candle and the spices;

refrain:

Oh, be so kind and give me
a cup of wine for havdala.

Pave the paths for me,
Clear them for one who is perplexed,
Open the gates for me,
All you angels on high. - (refrain)

I shall raise my eyes
Heaven-ward with a devoted heart,
To the one who shows me the ways to go
By day and by night. - (refrain)

Adio Querida

Music & Words: Traditional Ladino

Tu madre cuando te pario,
Y te quito al mundo,
Corazon eya no te dio,
Para amar segundo.

Adio, adio querida,
No quero la vida,
Me la amargates tu.

Va bushkate otro amor,
Aharva otras puertas,
Aspera otro ardor,
Que para mi sos muerta.

When your mother bore you
and brought you into the world,
she did not give you a heart
with which to love.

Goodbye, goodbye my dear,
I don't want this life anymore,
You have embittered it for me.

Go look for another love,
knock on other doors,
hope for another passion,
because mine is dead.

Vechitetu

Music: Moshe Denburg; Text: Isaiah, II:4

V'chit'tu kharvotam l'itim,
V'chit'tu khanitoteihem l'mazmeirot;
Lo yisa goy el goy kherev,
V'lo yilm'du od milkhama.

And they shall beat their swords into ploughshares
And their spears into pruning hooks;
Nation shall not lift up sword against nation,
Neither shall they learn war anymore.

Shein Vi Di Levone

Music: Joseph Rumshinsky; Words: C. Tauber

Sheyn vi di levone,
Likhtig vi di shtern,
Fun himl a matone,
Hostu mikh tsugeshikt;

As beautiful as the moon,
As radiant as the stars,
You are gift sent
From heaven to me.

Mayn glik hob ikh gevinen,
Ven ikh hob dikh gefinen,
Du shaynst vi toyznt zinen,
Host mayn harts baglikt.

What a fortune of happiness I won
When I found you
You shine like a thousand stars
Rejoicing my heart.

Dayne tseyndelekh,
Vayse perelekh,
Mit dayne sheyne oygn,
Dayne kheyndelekh, dayne herelekh,
Host mikh tsugetsoygn;

Your pretty teeth
Like little white pearls
And your beautiful eyes,
Your lovely manner, and your hair
Have so attracted me to you.

Sheyn vi di levone,
Likhtig vi di shtern,
Fun himl a matone
Hostu mikh tsugeshikt.

As beautiful as the moon,
As radiant as the stars,
You are gift sent
From heaven to me.

Rozhinkes mit Mandlen

Music and Lyrics: Traditional, ascribed to Abraham Goldfaden

In dem beys-hamikdash in a vinkl kheyder,
Zitst di almone Bas-Tsiyon aley;n;
Ir ben-yokhidl Yidelen vigt zi keseyder,
Un zingt im tsum shlofn
a lidele sheyn.

Unter Yideles vigele,
Shteyt a klor vays tsigele,
Dos tsigele iz geforn handlen,
Dos vet zayn dayn baruf:
Rozhinkes mit mandlen;
Shlof zhe Yidele, shlof;
Shlof zhe Yidele, shlof.

Az du vest vern raykh Yidele,
Zolstu zikh dermonen in dem lidele:
Rozhinkes mit mandlen -
Dos vet zayn dayn baruf,
Yidele vet ales handlen;
Shlof zhe Yidele, shlof;
Shlof zhe Yidele, shlof.

In the holy temple, in a dark room
Sits the widowed daughter of Zion, alone;
Rocking her only son, her dear little Jewish boy,
She sings him to sleep with
A beautiful little melody.

Beneath Yidele's cradle
Stands a pure-white kid,
The kid has gone trading -
That will be your calling -
Raisins and almonds,
Sleep, Yidele, sleep.
Sleep, Yidele, sleep.

When you grow rich, Yidele,
May you remember this melody,
Raisins and almonds -
This will be your calling,
Yidele will trade with everything.
Sleep, Yidele, sleep!
Sleep, Yidele, sleep!

Gib Mir a Heym

Music: The tune of 'Home On the Range';

Yiddish Translation: from 'Gut Yuntif Gut Yohr' by Marie Jaffe Used by permission of Carol Publishing.

Yiddish Lyrics by Marie Jaffe

Oy gib mir a heyam vu di bufloksn geyn,
Vu di hirshelekh shpiln oyfn land;
Keynmol hert men dort a fartumultn vort
Un der himl iz bloy nokhanand.

refrain:

Oy gib mir a heyam,
Vu di hirshelekh shpiln oyfn land;
Keynmol hert men dort a fartumultn vort
Un der himl iz bloy nokhanand.

Di luft iz dort rayn un di vinterlekh fayn
Un s'iz pushet mekhaye fun got,
Ikh bayt keynmol oys mayn land un mayn hoyz
Far ale metsies in shtot. - (refrain)

Vi oftmol baynakht iz der himl mit prakht
Fun di shtern vos glantsn vi gold,
Ikh shtey dort antoysht, un in kop maynem roysht,
Az di velt iz mit vunder batsolt. - (refrain)

General translation (from the original lyrics)

Oh give me a home where the buffalo roam,
Where the deer and the antelope play,
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word,
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

refrain:

Home, home on the range,
Where the deer and the antelope play,
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word,
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

Where the air is so pure, and the zephyrs so free,
The breezes so balmy and light,
That I would not exchange my home on the range,
For all of the cities so bright. - (refrain)

How often at night when the heavens are bright,
With the light from the glittering stars,
Have I stood there amazed and asked as I gazed,
If their glory exceeds that of ours. - (refrain)

The Book of Life
Music and Words: Moshe Denburg

When youthful years come to an ending,
and lonely fears like never before,
the days you dreamed about are numbered now,
it's no use trying to hide anymore.

Lover dear, I want to come closer,
but I fear I don't know the way,
they say that nothing lasts forever, no,
but we got to try to make love last to make love stay.

To believe the miracle of love it's the same old-new way,
'cause the dream I seek can only be when I let it go,
like a falling angel gives his life for another new day,
I feel so weak but it's for me that I got to grow, oh please,
inscribe my name, oh Lord, in the Book of Life.

Now the sky above makes me feel thankful,
for the little love I have to unfold,
the happiness you strive for all your life
it's a treasure it's the light and it won't grow old.

Now I'm sure I've seen the light that shines in me,
and I know darn well I need to be there,
'cause life's a lesson that I never learned,
and I've reason to believe I got to care.

To believe the ...

Adon Olam

Music: Myrna Rabinowitz; Arrangement: Moshe Denburg;

Text: Traditional (Morning Prayers)

Da da dai da dai dai...

Adon olam asher malach,
b'terem kol y'tsir nivra,
l'eit nasa b'cheftso kol,
azai melech sh'mo nikra.

V'acharei kichlot hakol,
l'vado yimloch nora,
v'hu haya v'hu hove,
v'hu yiye b'tifara.

V'hu echad v'ein sheini,
l'hamshilo l'hachbira,
bli reishit b'li tachlit,
v'lo haoz v'hamisra.

V'hu eili v'chai goali,
v'tsur chevli b'eit tsara,
v'hu nisi umanos li,
m'nat kosi b'yom ekra.

B'yado afkid ruchi,
b'eit ishan v'aira,
im ruchi g'viyati,
adonai li v'lo ira.

Da da dai da dai dai...

Ruler of the Universe who reigned
Before anything was created.
When all was made by his will
He was acknowledged as supreme king.

And when all shall come to an end
Alone the awesome one shall reign.
Who has been, who is,
And who shall be in glory.

God is one, and there is no other,
To compare or join him.
Without beginning, without end,
To him alone belongs dominion and power.

And he is my G-d, my living redeemer,
My rock, my aid in time of grief,
My banner, my refuge,
My portion who answers when I call.

I rest my spirit in his hand
When I sleep and when I awake
With my body, with my spirit,
G-d is with me, and I shall not fear.

Matai Tagia Eit Lashalom

Music and Words: Moshe Denburg and Ya'akov Mizrahi

Boker ekhad bifkikhat einai,
Ra-iti nave b'toch sde milkhama,
Matai nifros shtikhei hakhavrut,
Ha-im nikhye ha-im namut?

Anashim ovrin b'kheskat khalom,
Rishrush he-anaf k'mo nigun sh'vakha,
Y'ladim m'sakhakim b'kotlei harkhov,
V'chach nivra ha-ahava ha-akhava.

Matai tagia eit lashalom?
Matai tagia eit lashalom?
Shalom shalom al kol Yisrael,
Shalom shalom al kol Yishmael,
Kol kore mitoch ha-afeila,
Matai tagia eit lashalom?

Khoref karev v'hakhayal lokhem,
Mashiakh hanes,
V'ruakh hashkhina,
Bo-u v'narima et diglei hazman,
Kol ha-am, kol ekhad, kol arev.

One morning when I opened my eyes,
I saw an oasis in the midst of a battlefield;
When shall we spread out the carpets of friendship?
Will we live? Will we die?

People pass by in the darkness of a dream;
There is a rustling of a branch, like a song of praise;
Children play along the walls at the sides of the streets -
And thus love and fraternity is created.

When will the time of peace arrive?
When will the time of peace arrive?
Peace upon Israel!
Peace upon Ishmael!
A voice calls from within the dark -
When will the time of peace arrive?

Winter is coming and the soldier does battle;
The one who works a miracle,
and the spirit of the heavenly presence;
Come let us raise up the banners of our time -
The entire nation, everyone, anyone who would join us.