

Hudl mitn Strudel by Aaron Lebedeff

Oh, Hudl, Hudl, Hudl,
What's with your strudel?
It is tasty, I love it very much.
I need no meat or tsimes,
For everything else bores me.
Oh, Hudl, Hudl, Give the strudel,
Give it!

I have a countryman his name is Dudl,
He has a little wife, her name is Hudl,
Hudl and Dudl are so in love.
And his lovely wife Hudl,
Bakes an outstanding strudel,
It is a delight mama, and should go straight into the mouth.
Every friday when Dudl has the time,
He comes home and he yells:

Oh, Hudl, Hudl, Hudl,
What's with your strudel?
It is tasty, I love it very much.
I need no meat or tsimes,
For everything else bores me.
Oh, Hudl, Hudl, Give the strudel,
Give it!

My countryman Dudl has a tenant,
Who is very much in love with his Hudl,
Because she cooks his supper very well.
And the border, how he is smitten,
And the supper refreshes him,
And he devours Hudl with his eyes.
And when she, Hudl, bring the tea to the table,
He smiles and say to her the following:

Oh, Hudl, Hudl, Hudl, your tea with your Strudel,
It is delicious, I love it very much.
It is so delightful, and it just melts in the belly,
Oh Hudl, Give the strudel,
Give it!

A Maysele by Peretz Hirshbein, music by Lazar Wiener

Once upon a time there was a Jew and his wife,
Poor as the world is big,
They have two daughters,
But not even one cent.

Oy Gevald, where does one find the dowry,
To marry off the daughters?
Listen, just listen, what happened,

This is not a laughing matter.

A guest comes for the Sabbath,
They open the door to him,
And who was it, who could it be?
Elijah the Prophet.

They were very kind to him,
And generous hosts.
After the Sabbath's end,
And left them with a silent blessing.

Buckets of milk, rivers of wine, a sea of coins,
The luck brought them.
The world was not enough,
Or so it seemed to them.

The great punishment came,
For the sin they had committed;
The milk and wine became rotten,
From the coins, only a skull remained.

Grine Oygn by Fima Chorny

The tree has green eyes,
The night has black eyes,
The sky has blue eyes,
Under the tree, I'll take a nap.

The day has crooked legs,
The day has long legs,
The fire has red eyes,
Play me the new dance!

The sack has heavy things,
The father-in-law carries heavy stuff,
The one who sits on the roof,
Will play me the new dance.

Tick Tock by Mordechai Gebirtig

Tick tock, tick tock beats my heart,
I know what this mean,
You are leaving, Malkele,
Over the wide seas.

Tick tock, tick tock, sounds my heart,
I know the meaning of the sound,
Without you, Malkele,
All shall be sad and sorry.

You are already leaving, Malkele,

Over the wide seas.
Tick tock, tick tock beats my heart,
Goodbye.

Dray Tekhterlekh by Mordechai Gebirtig

When I married off my first daughter, I was so happy.
When I married off my second daughter, I was so, so happy.
Now I have married off my last daughter, and am left with an empty house.

Oy vey iz tsi Veynen Translation from Ruth Rubin's "Jewish Life in the Old Country"

Just as it is not good to wear
a shirt for seven weeks,
So it is not good
To be a stranger away from home.

I sit down,
Alas, to my sewing,
My heart is parched,
I wish for a glass of tea.

Oy, it is to weep,
It is to weep over my your life.
That I had to
Go away from home.

And my "baleboste"
Must think me a fool,
For when I ask for a cup of tea,
She adds water to the samovar.

My "baleboste" feeds me,
And says: eat and remember!
Then she tells all the neighbors
That I eat like "after a sickness."

My mother feeds me
and says: "Eat my dear child."
And in her heart she thinks:
"May you be the stronger for it!"

Perhaps you think
That my "balabos" is better,
When I ask him for some pay,
He stabs a knife into my heart!

S'iz Git—It's Good Mordechai Gebirtig

It's good! It's good! It's good!
The little Jews are shouting: it's good!
The enemy, the wild one
Quick he does progress
And everyplace he comes
Becomes a mess.
And the Jews yell: it's good
It's nice, it's fine,
Couldn't be better!

It's good! It's good! It's good!
The little Jews are shouting: it's good!
The enemy goes forward
Spills blood and shame
And each day he swallows
Country after country.
And the Jews yell: it's good
It's nice, it's fine,
The more hear devours!

It's good! It's good! It's good!
The little Jews are shouting: it's good!
The enemy gorges on countries
He doesn't want to stop
His stomach cannot take
Not even one more drop
And the Jews yell: it's good!
And the Jews are glad: it's good!
It's great! it's fine!
His gut is not clean.

It's good! It's good! It's good!
The little Jews are shouting: it's good!
The enemy has already
occupied half of Europe.
Nobody can stop him.
His innards are ready to burst.
And the Jews yell: it's good!
And the Jews are glad: it's good!
It's great! It's fine!
Nothing more can fit in.

It's good! It's good! It's good!
The little Jews are shouting: it's good!
The enemy
Is tired and sick
He has over-eaten!
Didn't know when to quit.
And the Jews yell: it's good!
And the Jews are glad: it's good!

It's great! It's fine!
His end will soon come.
Amen.