

Words and et Translations in English of the songs from Voyage Du Trio H el ene Engel

With origine of the songs and short notes

Langue originale	Fran�ais
1 - INTRODUCTION	1 - INTRODUCTION
<i>After J.Bock</i>	<i>On a well known tune ... to be guessed ! There are lyrics in English on this tune and I translated them into French. I very often perform that tune, either in French or in English or both but here, on the recording, there are no words, just voice.</i>
2 - SUITE RABBINIQUE	2 - RABBINICAL SUITE
<i>Traditional from Eastern Europe</i>	<i>4 chansons satiriques sur les rabbins, appartenant au folklore Yiddish d'Europe de l'Est ont �t� regroup�es dans cette suite joyeuse et dansante Respected or made fun of, the Rabbi plays an important part in the Jewish life. These 4 satirical songs shake Rabbis a bit and underline for 3 of them the important role of music in a happy bouncing suite.</i>
<p>Sha shtil, makht nit kayn gerider Der rebbe geyt shoyn tantzn vider Sha shtil, makht nit kayn gevalt Der rebbe geyt shoyn tantzn bald</p> <p>Un az der rebbe tanzt, tantzn dokh di vent Lomir ale pliaskn mit di hent</p> <p>Un az der rebbe tanzt, tantzt dokh mit der tish Lomir ale tupn mit di fis</p> <p>Un az der rebbe zingt, dem heylygn nign Blaybt der Sotn a toyter lign</p> <p>Az der Rebbe Elimelekh – Iz gevorn zeyer freylekh Iz gevorn zeyer freylekh Elimelekh Hot er oysgeton di tfiln - Un hot ongeton di briln Un geshikt nokh di fiddlers di tzvey</p> <p>Un di fidledike fiddlers, hobn fidldik gefidlt hobn fidldik gefidlt hobn tzvey</p> <p>Az der Rebbe Elimelekh – Iz gevorn gor shtark freylekh Iz gevorn gor shtark freylekh Elimelekh</p>	<p>Shh, hush, don't make noise The rabbi is going to dance again Shh, hush, no more noise The rabbi is about to dance</p> <p>And when the Rabbi dances, the walls dance too Let's all clap our hands</p> <p>And when the Rabbi dances, the table dances with him Let's all stamp our feet</p> <p>And when the Rabbi sings the holy melody Satan lies dead</p> <p>When rabbi Elimelekh was merry He took off his phylacteries, put on his glasses And called for his 2 fiddlers And the fiddlers fiddled</p> <p>When rabbi Elimelekh became ecstatic He took off his xxx, put on his xxx And called for his 2 cymbalists</p>

<p>Hot er oysgeton dos kitl, Un hot ongeton dos hitl Un geshikt nokh di tsimblers di tzvey Un di tsimblidike tsimblers, hobn tsimblidik getsimblt... . Bom bom , biri biri bim bom, ...</p> <p>Zogt der rebe reb Motenyu, a gut morgn dir Gotenyu Der tog iz heys di milkhome iz shver, nor men lozt nit aroys dos gever Oy tzadikim, tsadikim geyen bom Oy reshoyim, reshoyim faln Bom bom ...</p> <p>Zogt der rebe reb Motenyu, a gutn erev dir Gotenyu Der tog iz avek, ikh hob altz gemakht, gib mir a gute nakht</p> <p>Ven der rebbe tanst (2) Tantsn alle Khassidim (2) Lai-lai-lai...</p> <p>Ven der rebbe lakht</p> <p>Ven der rebbe shluft...</p> <p>Ven der rebbe zingt...</p>	<p>And the cymbalists “cymbaldded”</p> <p>Bim – bom...</p> <p>Rabbi Motenyu says: Good morning to You, dear L-ord The day is hot and the struggle is hard but we haven’t given up our weapons Oy the saints go up! Oh the wicked fall down Bom – bom...</p> <p>Rabbi Motenyu says: Good evening to You, dear L-ord The day is over and I have done everything. Give me a good night</p> <p>When the rabbi dances, all the khassidim dance as well Lai-lai-lai...</p> <p>When the rabbi laughs, all...</p> <p>When the rabbi sleeps, all...</p> <p>When the rabbi sings, all...</p>
<p>3 - LE PETITE JUIF</p>	<p>3 - LE PETITE JUIF</p>
<p><i>Lyrics & Music : Danielle Messia Danielle was a very promising and talented French singer in the ‘80s, but died at age 28, having recorded 3 Cds and written a great number of unpublished songs. She was my friend and I have most of these songs that I like to sing in my shows.</i></p>	<p><i>This song has always moved me a lot maybe because of its simplicity, and because I very often feel myself like this little Jew, joy and melancholy, laughter mixed with tears. was in her first album which has been destroyed before being put on the market because of agreements between her producers (the past and following one). There is a clear evolution between this song and the song #11 « Je suis la cannelle et le cumin » (#11), which was written at a very young age.</i></p>
<p>Si un beau jour tu passes par ici N’oublie pas de t’arrêter Et ne prends pas garde au désordre de mon logis Peuplé de rêves entortillés Je t’ouvrirai la porte de mon aussitôt Je chanterai des chansons Et pardonne-moi si par quelque Malheur Il pleut sur le toit de ma maison</p> <p>Dans mon coeur, dans mon coeur Danse et chemine, court et trottine Dans mon coeur, dans mon coeur Danse un petit Juif et son sourire est un peu triste</p> <p>Je te ferai asseoir tout près du feu Et tu me raconteras</p>	<p>If one fine day you pass by this way Don’t forget to make a stop And don’t pay attention to the mess in my house Filled with intertwined dreams I will open the door to my heart I’ll sing you songs And forgive me if by some mischance It rains on the roof of my house</p> <p>In my heart, dances and runs, strolls and jogs In my heart, dances a little Jew and his smile is a little sad</p> <p>I will sit you by the fire And you will tell me</p>

<p>Tes questions, tes désirs, enfin tout ce que tu veux Et qui pèse bien trop lourd pour toi Tu accepteras la tasse de thé Que l'on offre à l'étranger Et pardonne-moi je ne peux rien y faire Si chez moi le sucre est bien amer.</p> <p>Je t'accompagnerai si tu le veux Nous deviendrons des amis Mais prends bien garde à toi ami qui veux être heureux Ma joie s'appelle mélancolie</p>	<p>Your questions, your desires and all you wish to say That weighs too much for you You will accept the cup of tea That is offered to the foreigner And forgive me I can't help it If my sugar is quite sour</p> <p>I will accompany you if you want it We will become friends But be very careful my friend who wants to be happy My joy is called melancholy</p>
4 - FEL SHARA	4 - FEL SHARA
<p><i>Sephardic Tradition from Turkey</i></p> <p><i>This tune is most probably of Turkish origin although it is sung in the whole Eastern and Southern part of the Mediterranean sea. Here it has been "recycled" in a comical love story serving the purpose of illustrating the mix of languages happening in the Mediterranean harbours where people of many countries met and had to find a way of communicating. Some people call this type of language "Lingua Franca", some musicologists call these songs "macaronic songs".</i></p>	<p><i>A love story in five different languages : French, English, Spanish, Italian and Arabic, just like the conversations one could hear on the Mediterranean coasts. Just to show that there are some linguistic situations even more intricate than in Quebec!</i></p>
<p>Fel shara canet betetet masha La signorina aux beaux yeux noirs Come la luna était la sua faccia Qui éclairait le boulevard</p> <p>Velevo parlar shata metni Because her father was à la gare Y con su ombrella darabetni En réponse à mon bonsoir</p> <p>Perque my dear tetrabini Cuando yo te amo kitir And if you want tehebini Il n'y a pas lieu de nous conquérir</p> <p>Totta la notte alambiki Et même jusqu'au lever du jour And ev'ry morning astanaki Pour le voeu de notre amour</p>	<p>She was walking in the street The girl with the beautiful dark eyes Like the moon was her face Lightening the avenue (boulevard?)</p> <p>I wanted to talk to her, but she insulted me Because her father was close, at the train station. And she hit me with her umbrella When I said "good evening" to her.</p> <p>Why do you hit me my darling When I love you so? If you want to show me your love. There is no purpose in this</p> <p>I will wait for you all night And even until dawn And every morning I'll be there For our love</p>
5 - ARUM DEM FAYER	5 - AUTOUR DU FEU
<p><i>Yiddish Traditional from Poland</i></p>	<p><i>This song from Poland was very popular in the 1930 in Europe and in North America alike. We ended it with klezmer tune, a Romanian doina</i></p>
<p>Arum dem fayer, mir zingen lider Di nakht iz tayer men vert nit mider Un zol der fayer farloshn vern Shaint oyf der himl mit zayne shtern</p>	<p>Around the bonfire, we sing songs. The night is lovely and we are not tired And when the fire goes out, The sky shines with its stars.</p>

<p>To kroit di kep mit blumen krantzen Arum dem fayer mitr freylekh tantzn Vayl tants un lid iz unzer lebn Dernokh in shlof khaloymes shvebn</p>	<p>So crown your heads with flowers and joyfully dance around the fire For dancing and singing is our life, and in our sleep we spin our dreams</p>
<p>6 - MAGEN OSSIM</p> <p><i>Lyrics : a Judéo-Provençal Piyout of the 17th century. Music : Hélène Engel</i></p> <p><i>This song, written by Mardochee Astruc (1656-1698 - rabbi of l'Isle sur Sorgue), comes from a Jewish community who used to live in the Venaissin Comtat (more or less the present Vaucluse department in Provence-France) from the XIVth to the XVIIIth century, protected by the Pope in exchange of high taxes... but who kept them alive. The song belongs to a group of pieces called "stuffed pieces" (chansons farcies) because the Hebrew and Provençal languages alternate from line to line. These songs were unearthed by Moshé Lazar and Frédéric Vouland* tried to find the music and the specific pronounciation of the time. The point was to have one line in Hebrew and the other one in judéo-provençal, which led to certain liberties with the grammar or shortcuts that endangered comprehension. It is a circumcision</i></p> <p><i>This is an old, very exceptional and rare text because so far only 9 "stuffed songs" of this community have been retrieved and all the music has been lost except for one</i></p> <p><i>* Frederic Vouland is a Provençal writer</i></p>	<p>6 - PROTECTEUR DES FAIBLES</p> <p><i>Circumcision song evoking the biblical story of Abraham. There are 2 more verses in the original text.. One among the only 13 texts that we have from this community . I composed the music music of this song aiming at matching the provençal style of the period. To help the understanding, the words in capitals are in Hebrew and the ones in regular font are in Provençal.</i></p>
<p>MAGUEN HOSSIM Quand se fison en èu OSSE NISSIM Li tiro dou panèu ABRAAM HAIVRI Soun grand favouri HITSILO MEHOUR KASDIM Part tout aussitôt MIBET MOLADTO Vai in terro dei Hittim</p> <p>DAM BERITO Coumando a Aouram OULKHOL BETO Dou piquié jusqu'au grand NA HIT AKHLEKH TAM Ben qu'as nouvant'an HIMOL KOL YELID ZAKHAR Ti veiras dou ben OULE SARAH BEN Ismael sera à part</p> <p>YADOU HEM Vount'ero Sarah VAYOMAR KEN Un fièu enfantara</p>	<p>PROTECTOR OF THE WEAK, when we trust him PERFORMING MIRACLES, he helps us out ABRAHAM THE HEBREW, his favorite I RESCUED HIM FROM UR OF CHALDEA He left right away, HIS HOUSE, HIS HOMELAND To go to the hittites land</p> <p>THE BLOOD OF YOUR COVENANT Orders to Abraham AND TO HIS HOUSEHOLD, From the younger to the older HE LIVED INNOCENT Despite his 90 years CIRCUMCISE ALL THE MALES, You will see good from it AND SARA WILL HAVE A SON, ismael will be apart.</p> <p>THEY KNEW Where was Sara HE SAID YES, You will bare a son</p>

<p>VATITSKHAK SARAH Coum'aco sera EN LI ORAKH KANASHIM Diéu la counsoulè KI LO YI DALE L'an que ven sara ansin</p> <p>KHAÏ OLAMIM L'enfant que na eici YARBE YAMIM Afin dou circounci YAADIT TORAH Dieu lou benira SHALOM YENI BE YAMAV Leu n'en bastira BET HABEHIRA OSSE SHALOM BIMROMAV</p>	<p>AND SARA LAUGHED, How could that be I DON'T HAVE MY PERIODS ANYMORE. G-od comforted her, DON'T BE ASTONISHED Next year, it will be happening.</p> <p>BY THE ETERNAL OF THE WORLD, The child born here WILL LIVE MANY YEARS And with the circumcised HONOUR THE LAW G-od will bless him He will have a peaceful life and will build THE HOUSE OF ELECTION THE ONE WHO MAKES PEACE IN HEAVEN</p>
<p>7 – CUANDO EL REY NIMROD</p>	<p>7 – QUAND LE ROI NIMROD</p>
<p><i>Sephardic Tradition from Morocco</i> One interesting fact about this song is that this version is quite recent,(1937) but it became a favorite among the Judeo-Spanish repertoire. To my ears, it sounds like the Traditional Sefardic songs from Morocco. But there is a much older music for this song.</p>	<p><i>This song tells the story of Abraham's birth. We stop after 3 verses, just before the delivery, but the song is much longer</i></p>
<p>Quando el rey Nimrod al campo salia Mirava en el cielo y en la estrelleria Vido luz santa en la djuderia Que havia de nacer Avraham Avinu</p> <p>Avram Avinu, Avram Avinu Padre bendicho luz de Israel</p> <p>Lugo a las cumadres le encomendavan Que toda mujer prenada quedava Y si hijo pariere al punto lo mataron Que havia de nacer Avraham Avinu</p> <p>La mujer de Terakh quedo priata Dia en día el le preguntava De que tienes la cara tan demudada Ella savia el bien que tenia</p>	<p>When King Nimrod went into the fields He looked at the heavens and at all the stars, He saw a holy light above the Jewish quarter Abraham our father was about to be born.</p> <p>Avrham our father, our well-loved father, Blessed father, light of Israel</p> <p>Immediately the midwives were recommended That every pregnant women tarry And if a son were born they would have to kill him. Abraham our father was about to be born.</p> <p>Terah's wife was pregnant. Daily he asked her the question: "Why is your face so pale" Already she knew the good she had within her</p>
<p>8 – SHALOM RAV</p>	<p>8 – SHALOM RAV Souverain source of Peace</p>
<p><i>Lyrics : Liturgy – Music : Hélène Engel</i></p>	<p><i>I have the pleasure of singing occasionally as a cantorial soloist at Temple Emanu-El-beth Sholom in Montreal. Although my personnal relationship with G-od is a bit distant, or maybe because of that, this prayer touched me because I include the whole humanity in need of peace under the name "Israel". I felt like composing a tune for this text as well as a sort of thank you for the Temple who gave me the opportunity to be in this priviledged place. My friend, my sister from the heart, the late Sylvie Brajtman honoured me by putting it in her repertoire, I dedicate this song to her.</i></p>

<p>Shalom rav al Israel amkha tasim le olam (2) I : Ki ata hu melekh adon lekhol hashalom (2)</p> <p>II : Vé tov enekha, lévarekh et amkha Israel Vekhol et uvekhol shaah, bishlomékha (2)</p>	<p>O Sovereign source of Peace, let Israel your people know enduring peace,</p> <p>for it is good in your sight to bless Israel continually with your peace</p>
<p>9 – BEI MIR BISTU SHEIN</p>	<p>9 - POUR MOI TU ES LA PLUS BELLE</p>
<p><i>Lyrics : J. Jacob & Music : S. Secunda</i> <i>This song originates from the Yiddish theatre and was popularized by the Andrew Sisters and the Barry Sisters. It became a jazz standard to the point that many musicians totally ignore its origin. This is partly what fascinated me with this song, how it got into people, and allow that all feel at home with it.</i></p>	
<p>Ven du zolst zain shvarts vi a tater Ven du host oïgen vi bey a koter Un ven du hinkst a bislakh, host hiltserne fislakh Zog ikh dos art mikh nit. Un ven du host a narishin shmaïkhl Un ven du host a väi tsuzius saïkhl Ven du bist vild di Indianer, Bist afilu a Galitsianer* Zog ikh dos art mikh nit - Zog mir vi es klers tu dos - Khvel dir tsogin bald farvos</p> <p>Baï mir bistu shein, baï mir hostu khein Baï mir bistu einer oyf der velt Baï mir bistu git, baï mir hostu “it” Baï mir bistu teirer fun gelt</p> <p>Fil sheine meidlakh hobn shoïn gevolt nemen mikh Un fun zey ale oys geklibn hob ikh nokh dikh</p> <p>I’ve tried to explain, Baï mir bistu shein So kiss me and say you understand</p>	<p>Even if you had a Tatar complexion Even if you had tomcat eyes Even if you had a little limp or a wooden leg I’d say “I don’t care” Even if you had a foolish smile Even if you were a simpleton Even if you were really unrefined Even if you were as common as a Galician* Jew I’d say “I don’t care” - Tell me how you explain that - I’ll tell you why</p> <p>To me you are beautiful, To me you have grace To me you are one of a kind To me you are great, To me you have “it” To me you are more precious than gold</p> <p>Many beautiful girls wanted me And from all of them I chose only you</p> <p>I’ve tried to explain, Baï mir bistu shein So kiss me and say you understand</p> <p><i>* Galician Jews had the same reputation than Belgians for French, or New-England inhabitants for the rest of the Canadians,or Canadians for US citizens.....or ?</i></p>
<p>10 – LOMIR ZIKH IBERBETN</p>	<p>10 - LET’S MAKE UP</p>
<p><i>Traditional Yiddish from Russia & Poland (1914)</i> <i>This traditional Jewish-Russian song has been published in 1914 for the first time, as far as we know. There are many variations in the order, the number and the text of the verses, but the message is clear: let’s make up.</i></p>	
<p>Lomir zikh iberbetn Nit shteyst bay der tir Lomir zikh iberbetn kum arayn tsu mir</p> <p>Lomir zikh iberbetn koyft a por marantzn Lomir zikh iberbetn, lomir geyen tanzn</p>	<p>Let’s make up! Don’t stay standing at the door, come in.</p> <p>Let’s make up! Buy me a couple of oranges let’s go dancing</p>

<p>Lomir zikh iberbetn shtelt der samovar Lomir zikh iberbetn zay-zhe nisht kayn nahr</p> <p>Lomir zikh iberbetn genug shoyrn zayn vi goyim Lomir zikh iberbetn lomir shraybn tnoyim</p>	<p>Let's make up! Heat up the samovar, and don't be foolish</p> <p>Let's make up! Enough acting like Gentiles, let's get engaged.</p>
<p>11 – JE SUIS LA CANNELLE ET LE CUMIN</p>	<p>11 – JE SUIS LA CANNELLE ET LE CUMIN</p>
<p><i>Chanson de Danielle Messia (cf chanson #3) Danielle Messia left us 3 albums of her songs as well as numerous unpublished songs among which this one, one of her first songs, written when she was very young (around 19 at most).</i></p>	<p><i>She felt deeply her double affiliation to the Sephardic and Ashkenazic worlds. Her mother was a Polish- French and her father aSudanese-Egyptian.... Nowadays it is frequent to have parents from very different origins, but in the 1970 it was not that usual and not so easy to deal with, being always not enough one and too much the other for both. I also went through this, even now sometimes.</i></p>
<p>Je suis la cannelle et le cumin Je suis la menthe et le raifort J'ai un passé dans chaque main A gauche le sud à droite le Nord</p> <p>J'ai une racine à chaque pied L'un parle Yiddish et Polonais Toi qui es moitié de moi-même Laisse-moi te dire combien je t'aime Dans une p'tite maisonnette Y'a mon grand-père qui s'entête À r'garder les flammes du feu Les rouges et puis les bleues Oy vey, Oy vey! Oy je m'étais endormie Et je pense à toi grand-mère Qui me chante Ay lu lu</p> <p>Je suis la cannelle ... à droite le Nord</p> <p>J'ai une racine à chaque pied L'autre pied m'est un peu étranger J'comprends pas toujours son langage Oui mais je sais qu'il est très sage Orient! Orient millénaire Du désert à la mer Tu coules dans mon sang Sur ma route est l'olivier Mes moutons sont tous blancs Et ma couche est parfumée De myrthe et d'encens</p> <p>Je suis la cannelle ... à droite le Nord J'ai une racine à chaque pied L'un va clopin l'autre clopant Mais toujours ils vont du même côté Du côté du soleil levant.</p>	<p>I am cinnamon and I am cumin I am mint and I am horseradish I have a past in each hand South on the left, North on the right</p> <p>I have a root on each foot One speaks Yiddish and Polish You who are half of myself Let me tell you how much I love you In a little house My grand-father persists in Watching the flames of the fire The red and the blue ones Oy vey, Oy vey! Oy I fell asleep And I think of you Grand-ma who sings me Ay lu lu</p> <p>I am cinnamon ...North on the right</p> <p>I have a root on each foot My other foot is less familiar to me I don't always understand its langage Yes, but I know it is very wise Orient! Ancient Orient From the desert to the sea You run in my blood The olive tree stands on my road My sheeps are all white And my bed is perfumed With myrrhe and encense</p> <p>I am cinnamon ...North on the right I have a root on each foot One goes hobbling the other goes limping But they always go toward the same direction Toward the rising sun</p>
<p>12 - SAPOZHKELEKH</p>	<p>12 – THE LITTLE BOOTS</p>
<p><i>Traditional Yiddish from Ukraine.</i></p>	<p><i>For Francophones the expression “doorknob without a</i></p>

<p><i>This traditional Jewish-Ukrainian folk song became popular again after 1985, when Micheal Alpert collected it from emigre Broyna Sakina and taught it in a Klezcamp. Since then, the song started travelling back East, surfing on the Klezmer revival waves and became one of the Klezmer Favorites.</i></p>	<p><i>door” would be reversed as door without a doorknob, or even better “keyhole without a key” opening a whole range of new very “French style” associations....</i></p>
<p>Farkoyfn di sapozhkelekh – Un foren oyf di droshkele Abi mit dir in eynem tsu zayn Oy ikh on dir, un du on mir Vi a klyamke on a tir Ketsele, feygele mayn Tarararay, tarararay ...</p> <p>Oy forn oyf di vokzalekhlekh Un farkoyfn fremde shalekhlekh, Abi... Tarararay, tarararay ...</p> <p>Oy esn on a tischele Un shlofn on a kischele, Abi...</p> <p>Oy shlofn on di vokzalekhlekh, Un vashn fremde polekhlekh. Abi...</p>	<p>I'll sell my boots and ride on wagons, just so I can be together with you Oh, I without you and you without me are like doorknob without a door. My kitten, my little bird Tarararay, tarararay ...</p> <p>I'll go to railroad stations And sell scarves to strangers, Just ... Tarararay, tarararay ...</p> <p>I'll eat without a table and I'll sleep without a pillow, just....</p> <p>I'll sleep in railroad stations And wash the floor of strangers, just....</p>
<p>13 - MIPI EL <i>Sephardic Tradition from Turkey</i> <i>The text is a para-liturgical piyout.</i></p>	<p>13 - FROM THE MOUTH OF GOD <i>This song is one of my favorite since a long time ago.</i> <i>First I find the music very pretty, but also I love the candidness of this text which says in many ways: G-od, there is nothing better than You.</i></p>
<p>Chorus: Mipi el u mipi el, Yevorakh kol Yisrael</p> <p>En Adir kadonay, vé en Barukh keven am'ram En gedola katorah, ve en darshaneha ke Yisrael</p> <p>En hadur kadonay, vé en vatik keven am'ram En zaka katorah, ve en khakhameha ke Yisrael</p> <p>En tahor kadonay, vé en yakhid keven am'ram En kebira katorah, ve en lamdaneha ke Yisrael</p> <p>En podeh kadonay, vé en tsaddik keven am'ram En kedush katorah, ve en tomekheha ke Yisrael</p>	<p>Chorus: From the mouth of God, blessing for all Israel</p> <p>None so mighty as our L-ord And none so blessed as Amram's son; Nothing noble like Torah None seek its ways like Israel</p> <p>None so spendid as our L-ord And none esteemed as Amram's son; Nothing faultless like Torah None know its ways like Israel</p> <p>None so perfect as our L-ord And none unique like Amram's son; Nothing awesome like Torah None learn its ways like Israel</p> <p>None redeems us as our L-ord And none is just like Amram's son; Nothing holy like Torah None keeps its ways like Israel</p>
<p>14 – KESL GARDN</p>	<p>14 - CASTLE GARDEN</p>
<p><i>Lyrics: M Rosenfeld – Music: M Warshawsky</i> <i>Castle Garden was where the boats full of immigrants landed, right in front of New-York, where the immigrants were inspected, quarantined or sent back if</i></p>	<p><i>Whether Jews of the past century or Africans or Asians at the doors of Western countries today, the song describes the poignant hope, the fear of not being able to get in and the following disappointment. A serious</i></p>

<p><i>something was not liked about them. The author, a politically engaged writer describes what all immigrants go through when they flee from misery.</i></p>	<p><i>warning, unfortunately still up to date.</i></p>
<p>Mit vey und shmartz Vert iber felt mayn harts Ven ikh gib oyf Kesl Gardn a blik. Vu mentshn milyonen Fun farsheydene natsionen Zitsn un troymen fun glik. Ikh denk es oyf klor Tsurik mit akht yor Bin ikh dort gesesn aley Gehoft un gelakht Fun glik nor getrakht Vi gut iz mir demolt geven. In Kesl Gardn oyf yener zayt tir Gefint ir dem grub fun mayn glik. Un nor file kvorim a zelkhe on shir Gefint ir vu ir git nor a blik.</p> <p>Dokh gibn mir tsu Az frayheyt un ru Hobn mir do mer vi iber al. Fun libe un fridn Far kristn un yidn Tsaygt zikh un do yetst a shtral. Nor nemt oykh in akht, Nit farshlept do di nakht, Di finster fun der altn velt. Di heymishe zam Lost zinkn in yam Un do zet nit shekhtn zikh fargelt. Dan vet Kesl Gardn a lust gortn zayn Un aykh vet men shatsn in land. Dan vet men aykh yidn bahandlen do fayn Farshvindn vet dumhayt un shand</p>	<p>With pain and suffering My heart is full When I look at Castle Garden. Where folks of all stations From so many different nations Wait and dream of happiness. I remember it so well Just eight years ago I was waiting there myself Full of hopes, I was laughing Thinking only of joy. How good I felt, then ... In Castle Garden, once you pass the door The grave of my joy you will see And similar tombs you will find more and more Wherever you may look, believe me.</p> <p>But nevertheless Of freedom and rest We have here more than anywhere. For love and peace, too For Gentile and Jew A ray of hope shines in the air. But do take care And leave over there The darkness of the old country. The old misery Let it sink in the sea And don't kill yourselves just for gold ! Then, Castle Garden A marvellous place will be. And people will respect you Then all Jews will finally be treated correctly And ignorance and shame will vanish.</p>
<p>15 - BUBLITSHKI</p>	<p>15 - BUBLITSHKI</p>
<p><i>Traditional Russian Yiddish This traditional song is claimed by everyone. Russians pretend it is Russian, Jews claim it is Jewish.... On one of our last shows a lady came up and told us that they were all wrong, the song was clearly and definitely...Armenian. We will not take sides, let's say it comes from somewhere in Eastern Europe and the subject is very international. This is why we chose to mix the languages, going from Ukranian Yiddish to American Yiddish via Russian and French.</i></p>	<p><i>In Russian bublitshkis means «little bagel» (bagelekh). This song is in the XIXth century and beginning of XXth century style where the most terrible drams where sung on lively and happy tunes.</i></p>
<p>Es rikt zikh on di nakht Ikh gey arum farshmakht Aroysgetriben mikh fun umetum Kleyder tserisene Nit keyn gevashene An oysgematerter Gey ikh arum Oy oy oy bublitshki Heysinke bublitshki</p>	<p>Night is approaching My step is weak Forsaken everywhere I go My clothes are in shreds And not washed Exhausted, I roam the streets Oy oy oy bublitshki Just baked bublitshki</p>

<p>Di letste bublitshki Kupitye bay mir. Ikh shtey aley in gas Fun regn ver ikh nas Di letste bublitshki Kupitye bay mir. Kupitye bublitshki Gariatshi bublitshki Ganitie rublitshki Siuda skariey</p> <p>Mon père est toujours saoul Quand il rentre chez nous Il nous donne des coups Pendant des heures Ma mère a des amants Ma soeur tout simplement Elle fait comme sa maman Et moi je pleure</p> <p>Oy oy oy bublitshki Ach'tez mes bublitshki Mes jolis bublitshki Ils sont exquis Que vous soyez marquis Ou bien n'importe qui Ach'tez mes bublitshki Ils sont exquis Mes beaux gâteaux dorés Vous qui les adorez Ach'tez mes bublitshki Ils sont exquis</p> <p>Oy koyft-zhe beygelekh Frishinke beygelekh Zet mayne eygelekh Zaynen farbrent Oy oy oy laytelekh Git oyf potatelekh Un dos iz alles vos Ikh hob gemeynt</p>	<p>My last bublitshki Buy them from me I am alone in the street Drenched to the bone by the rain My last bublitshki Buy them from me (similar in Russian)</p> <p>My father is always drunk When he gets back home He beats us For hours My mother has lovers My sister, simply Behaves like her mother And me, I cry.</p> <p>Oy oy oy bublitshki Buy my bublitshki My lovely bublitshki They are delicious If you are a Lord Or just anybody Buy my bublitshki They are delicious! My beautiful golden cakes You, who adore them Buy my bublitshki They are delicious!</p> <p>So buy my beygelekh My fresh beygelekh Look at my eyes They are burning red Oy oy oy good people Give me enough to buy small potatoes And that is all I meant to say.</p>
<p>16 – OCHO CANDELICAS</p>	<p>16 – EIGHT LITTLE CANDLES</p>
<p><i>Lyrics & Music: Flory Yagoda</i> <i>Flory Yagoda is a Yugoslavian artist doing a wonderful work in transmitting and renewing the Jewish-Spanish tradition. This song is also among the top ten hits in the Sefardic culture, and many people think it is traditional.</i></p>	<p><i>Khanuka is the «festival of lights», and comes more or less at the same time than Christmas. For eight days we light candles, one more each night.</i></p>
<p>Khanuka linda 'sta aqui Muchas candelas para mi Ay !</p> <p>Una candelica, dos candelicas Tres candelicas, Cuatro candelicas Cinco candelicas, Seis candelicas Siete candelicas Ocho candelas para mi</p>	<p>Lovely Chanuka is here Many candles for me – Ay</p> <p>1 candle, 2 candles, 3.. 4..., 5., 6..., 7... 8 candles for me.</p>

<p>Muchas fiestas voy hazer Con alegria y plazer</p> <p>Los pastelicos voy comer Con almendricas y la miel....</p>	<p>I will go to many parties With happiness and pleasure</p> <p>I will eat little pastries With almonds and honey.</p>
<p>17 – HELENE’S NIGUN</p> <p><i>Music: Hélène Engel</i> <i>In Autumn 2006, I composed this Nigun for the youth choir of JPPS school I was directing. It came out very fast, nearly under its present form. Then, flipping through the song album of my late friend Jacques Grober, I found a tune similar to the 2nd part of this nigun. Could he have whispered it to my ear from ... where he is? In any case, I dedicate this song to him.</i></p>	<p>17 – LE NIGUN D’HELENE</p> <p><i>As a little gift to end this album, here is my last composition, still a work in progress, maybe for the next CD ?</i></p>