

In Der Kuznye
In the Smithy

Text and music by Shmuel Aykhel (1886-1943)

In der kuznye bay dem fayer
In the smithy by the fire
Shteyt der shmider un er shmit.
Stands the blacksmith and he forges
Er klapt dos ayzn, funken fayer flien
He strikes the iron, sparks fly
Un er zingt derbay a lid
And he sings at the same time a song

Fun der frayhayt vos vet kumen,
Of the freedom that will come
Zingt er mutik, zingt er heys;
He sings boldly, he sings passionately
Un er shpirt nit vi es gist zikh
And he does not feel how it pours
Fun zayn ponim taykhn shveys.
From his face rivers of sweat

Shtark batsoybert fun der frayhayt,
Strongly enchanted by the freedom
Zingt er vayter un es klingt,
He sings on and it rings
Nor der hamer klapt nokh hekher
But the hammer strikes even louder
Un er hert nit vos er zingt.
And he does not hear what he sings

Fun der erd batsirt mit blumen
Of the earth adorned with flowers
Zingt er vayter in zayn lid;
He continues to sing his song
Opgekilt iz shoyn dos ayzn
The iron has already cooled down
Un er klapt un vert nit mid.
And he strikes and does not get tired

In the smithy by the fire
Stands the blacksmith, tall and strong
He strikes the anvil, sparks of fire scatter
And he sings a lusty song

Sings of freedom that is coming,
And his brave song rocks the place.
But he takes no notice of the streams
Of perspiration on his face

Thoughts of freedom are enchanting;
He keeps singing, and it rings
But the hammer, it beats stronger,
And he hears not what he sings.

Of the earth bedecked with flowers,
He continues on, inspired.
Now his anvil's growing cooler,
Still he strikes and is not tired.