

Geyt, Gedanken

based on Va Pensiero, from the opera Nabucco, lyrics by Temistocle Solera, music by Giuseppe Verdi

Yiddish lyrics by Linda Gritz, March 2019

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<i>Yiddish Lyrics</i>	<i>Translation</i>
Geyt, gedanken af fliglen, af goldene, Flit un shvebt um a vintele a volne Iber felder un velder tsegrinte un zis, Iber shtiber un shtetelekh sheydem-shtil.	Go, thoughts on wings of gold, Fly and float on a gentle breeze Over fields and forests verdant and sweet, Over houses and towns hauntingly quiet.
Afn breg fun dem taykhl veykh un fayn, Kumt tsu ruen baym vaynshtok un faygnboym. O, dos heymland azoy sheyn un farloyrn, O, zikhroynes lib nor farsamt.	On the shore of the stream soft and fine, Come to rest by the vine and fig tree. O, homeland so lovely and lost, O, memories dear but poisonous.
Harfn goldene fun di neviim Farvos hengt ir un shvaygt af di verbes? Di zikhroynes fun harts brenen vi fayer Mit tsebrokhene sherblekh fun der zel.	Golden harps of the prophets, Why are you hanging and silent on the willows? The memories of the heart burn like fire With broken shards of the soul.
O, vu bistu shoyrn, moyshe rabeynu? Mir aleyn muzn brengen derleyzung.	O, where are you, Moses? We ourselves must bring salvation.
Zayt bagaystert mit gile un vunder Tsu bafrayen, banayen di zel fun der velt (3) Tsu banayen di velt.	Be inspired with vision and wonder To liberate, renew the soul of the world (3) To renew the world.

'Va pensiero' in Original Italian	'Va pensiero' English Translation
Va', pensiero, sull'ali dorate;	Hasten thoughts on golden wings.
Va, ti posa sui clivi, sui colli, ove olezzano tepide e molli l'aure dolci del suolo natal!	Hasten and rest on the densely wooded hills, where warm and fragrant and soft are the gentle breezes of our native land!
Del Giordano le rive saluta, di Sionne le torri atterrate...	The banks of the Jordan we greet and the towers of Zion.
Oh mia Patria sì bella e perduta! O membranza sì cara e fatal!	O, my homeland, so beautiful and lost! O memories, so dear and yet so deadly!
Arpa d'or dei fatidici vati, perché muta dal salice pendi? Le memorie nel petto raccendi, ci favella del tempo che fu!	Golden harp of our prophets, why do you hang silently on the willow? Rekindle the memories of our hearts, and speak of the times gone by!
O simile di Solima ai fati, traggi un suono di crudo lamento; o t'ispiri il Signore un concerto che ne infonda al patire virtù!	Or, like the fateful Solomon, draw a lament of raw sound; or permit the Lord to inspire us to endure our suffering!