

Tradition

Ver tog un nakht vos muz zikh mien un plogn,
Who, day and night, must suffer and slave away,
Shlepn oykh dem vogn brengen broyt aheym,
Dragging the cart to bring bread home,
Un ver hot dos rekht tsu zitsn oybn on un hobn oykh dos letste vort?
And who has the right to sit on high and have the last word?
Der tate, der tate! Yerushe! (2x)
The papa, the papa! Heritage!

Ver fun undz darf ophitn a yidish hoyz, a tsikhtik hoyz, a kosher hoyz?
Who among us must keep a Jewish home, a tidy home, a kosher home?
Ver darf zeygn kinder, haltn oyf der shoys, k'dey der tate zol zikh geyn in kloyz?
Who must nurse the children, hold them on my lap, so that the papa can go to temple?
Di mame, di mame! Yerushe! (2x)
The mama, the mama! Heritage!

In kheyder hot men mikh geshikt, geven alt bloyz dray yor.
In kheder [religious school] they sent me when I was but three years old.
Me' zогt a kale vart oyf mir - ikh hof a sheyne.
They say a bride awaits me--I hope a pretty one.
Di bonim, di bonim, yerushe! (2x)
The sons, the sons! Heritage!

Un kashern dos fleysh- mir shoyn mayn mame heist,
And making the meat kosher--already mama orders me,
Un ver vet zayn mayn khosn, der tate nor er veyst.
And who will be my bridegroom, only papa knows.
Di tekhter, di tekhter! Yerushe! (2x)
The daughters, the daughters! Heritage!

Anatevka

A bisele fun dem, a shisele du nem, a top, a fan, a barsht, a hut.

A little bit of this, you take a little bowl, a pot, a pan, a broom, a hat,

A hemd, a hoyz, a shmate bloyz.

A shirt, a house, just a rag,

Vos blaybt shoyt do? Nisht a sakh. S'blaybt nor anatevke.

What remains here? Not much. Only Anatevka.

Anatevke, anatevke, bist faryogt, bist farklogt, anatevke,

Anatevka, Anatevka, you are persecuted, you are disconsolate, Anatevka,

Do hot der shabes aza kheyn!

Here the Sabbath has so much charm!

Anatevke, anatevke, ful mit harts, troyerik, shvarts, anatevke,

Anatevka, Anatevka, full of heart, sad, black, Anatevka,

S'iz mir bakant do yeder shteyn.

To me is familiar here every stone.

Vi a fremder in der fremd bin ikh shoyt bald,

Like a foreigner in a foreign land will I be soon

Vel ikh zukhn a bakant geshtalt fun anatevke,

I will seek a familiar face from Anatevka,

Vayl ikh shtam fun anatevke, tel gemakht in eyn nakht, anatevke,

Because I am from Anatevka, destroyed in one night, Anatevka,

Du tayer shtetl, shtetele du mayns.

You dear shtetl, dear little town of mine.

Lekhayim

Zol zayn mit glik, lekhayim! Lekhayim, lekhayim zol zayn.

Let there be joy, to life! To life, to life, let it be.

Lomir nor lebedik un freylekh zayn, kh'vel vi a meylekh zayn.

Let us only be only lively and happy, I will be like a king.

A lekhayim, zol zayn mit glik, lekhayim! Lekhayim, lekhayim zol zayn.

To life, let there be joy, to life! To life, to life, let it be.

Dos lebn iz a mishmash far undz, makht es bloyz ash fun undz, a lekhayim zol zayn.

Life is a hodgepodge for us, runs us down to ashes, to life, to life, let it be.

“Vesamakhto be khagekho” shteyt by undz a posik, freyen mir zikh dokh.

“And you shall rejoice during your festival” says a verse in scripture, and so we rejoice.

Beser, 'shtot tsu zogn eykho, makht men zikh a simkhe; vil men simkhes nokh!

Better, instead of reading from the Book of Lamentations,

Let's have a celebration; we want more celebrations!

Zol zayn mit glik, lekhayim! Lekhayim, lekhayim zol zayn.

Let there be joy, to life! To life, to life, let it be.

Dos iz a sibe, a trakht tsu ton, khibe a shnaps tsu ton! A lekhayim zol zayn!

It is a reason to reflect, or else to drink some liquor! To life, let it be!

Un makht a koyse, dafke nor a groyse; s'iz a mazl, yidn, vos mir zenen do.

And raise your cup, nothing less than a big one; it's lucky, people, that we are here.

Es hot a ponim az di mekhutonim kumt shoyn vintshn in a mazldiker sho!

It looks like the in-laws deserve good wishes, good luck!

Mit mazl un mit brokhe, un eybik gezunt zolt ir zayn!

With luck and a prayer, and always healthy may you be!

Un oyb dos mazl iz nit far undz, nokh mashke gist far undz, a lekhayim zol zayn!

And if the luck is not for us, pour us another drink, to life, let it be!