

SIRBA OCTET TSUZAMEN WITH CHOIR

Most multisyllabic words are stressed on the penultimate syllable.

We will therefore consider stress on the penultimate syllable as the *default* and will not mark it.

However, whenever the main stress falls on a different syllable, this will be indicated by **underlining**.

Titre Hulyet, hulyet, kinderlekh

Mordkhe Gebirtig

Shpilt aykh, libe kinderlekh -
Der friling shoyn bagint!
Oy, vi bin ikh, kinderlekh,
Mekane aykh atsind

Refrain

Hulyet, hulyet, kinderlekh
Kolzman ir zent nokh yung
Vayl fun friling biz tsum vinter
Iz a katsn-shprung

Shpilt aykh, libe kinderlekh
Farzoymt keyn oygnblik
Nemt mikh oykh arayn in shpil
Fargint mikh oykh dos glik

Kukt nisht oyf mayn groyen kop
Tsi shtert dos aykh in shpil?
Mayn neshome iz nokh yung
Vi tsurik mit yorn fil

Mayn neshome iz nokh yung
Un geyt fun benkshaft oys
Akh, vi gern vilt zikh ir
Fun altn guf aroys

Shpilt aykh, libe kinderlekh
Farzoymt keyn oygnblik,
Vayl der friling ekt zikh bald,
Mit im dos hekhste glik

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TRADUCTION

Titre Hulyet, hulyet, kinderlekh
("Have fun, children")

Play, dear children – spring is already beginning.
Oh, how I envy you, children, right now...

Have fun, have fun, children, as long as you are still young,
because from spring to winter there is only a cat's leap.

Play, dear children, don't waste a single moment.
Take me into your game as well, let me share in your happiness.

Don't look at my grey head – does it really spoil your play?
My soul is still young, as if the years had gone back.

My soul is still young and full of longing;
oh, how it would love to escape this old body...

Play, dear children, don't waste a single moment,
for spring will soon be over – and with it, the greatest happiness.

Auteur et compositeur: Mordkhe GEBIRTIG. trad. N.D-R