TSUZAMEN SONG BOOK

JDC
**Kol ha’olam kulo**

**Sung by**
Yarik Andrienko

**Transliteration**
Kol ha’olam kulo
Gesher tzar me’od
Veha’ikar lo lifached k’lal.

**Translation**
The whole world
is a very narrow bridge
and the main thing is to have no fear at all.

**Oyfn Pripetshik**

**Sung by**
Elizaveta Sherstyuk

**Transliteration**
Oyfn pripetshik, brent a fayerl, un in shtub iz heys.
Undzer rebenyu mit zayne kinderlekh lernt alef-beys.
“Gedenkt zhe, kinderlekh, gedenkt zhe, tayere, vos ir lernt do.
“Zogt zhe nokh a mol un take nokh a mol: komets-alef — ‘o.’”

**Translation**
On the hearth, a little fire is burning, and the room is warm.
Our dear rabbi is teaching his young pupils to read the Hebrew alphabet.
“Remember, children, please remember, dear ones, what you are learning here.
“Repeat it over and over again: ‘komets-alef’ makes the sound ‘o.’”
LEKHA DODI

SUNG BY
Rabbi Josh Warshawsky

TRANSLITERATION
Lekha dodi likrat kala, p’nei Shabbat n’kabelah!

Bo’i v’shalom, ateret ba’ala, Gam b’simha uv’ tzhala.
Tokh emunei am segula; Bo’i khala, bo’i khala.

Shalom! Malakhei ha’shalom, malakhei elyon, malakhei hashalom!

TRANSLATION
Go forth my love to meet the bride. Shabbat’s reception has arrived!

Come forth in peace her husband’s pride, Joyful, happy, gratified.
Into the midst of the faithful tribe, Come forth O bride; come forth O bride!

Peace! The angels of peace, angels on high, the angels of peace!

HAMAVDIL

SUNG BY
Sofia Shapiro

TRANSLITERATION
Hamavdil ben kodesh l’chol
Shavua tov

TRANSLATION
The One who distinguishes between sacred and mundane
Have a good week
THE BOAT THAT CARRIES US

SUNG BY
Peter Himmelman

The boat that carries us needs no sail (x2)
Its steady arms shall not cease
The spirit winds are released
The boat that carries us needs no sail

Though the current’s strong, it don’t break our will (x2)
Tossed about, we lose no hope
Held fast above by heaven’s rope
Though the current’s strong, it don’t break our will

Though the sun beats down, it don’t scorch our skin (x2)
There ain’t no need to be afraid
It’s faith alone provides our shade
Though the sun beats down, it don’t scorch our skin

The northern star will surely guide us home
I said, the northern star will surely guide us home
We set a course, it won’t be long
Our hands are clean, our hearts are strong
The northern star will surely guide us home

The boat that carries us needs no sail (x2)
I said, the boat that carries us needs no sail
An unseen hand moves us on
And the darkest sky gives us way to dawn
The boat that carries us needs no sail (x3)
ACHAT SHA’ALTI

SUNG BY
Chava Mirel

Achat sha’alti me’eit Adonai,
Achat sha’alti otah avakesh (x2)

shivti b’veit Adonai, kol y’mei chayai (x2)

lachazot b’noam Adonai, u’il’vaker b’heikhalo
lachazot b’noam Havayah,
to gaze upon the beauty of Shekhinah

One thing, one thing I ask you, Adonai
To be with you all of my life

Achat sha’alti me’eit Adonai,
Achat sha’alti me’eit Adonai, otah avakesh

BY THE BLACK SEA

SUNG BY
Natalia Berezhnaya and Svetlana Kohanova

TRANSLITERATION
Yest’ gorod kotoryi ya videl vo snye.
Akh esli b by znali kak dorog
U chyornovo morya yavivshiysya mnye
V tsvetushiy akatsiyakh gorod, V tsvetushiy akatsiyakh gorod
U chyornovo morya!

TRANSLATION
I saw a city in my dreams
If you only knew how precious
It came to me by the Black Sea
Covered in blooming acacias
By the Black Sea!
TROG ZIKH, PAVE

SUNG BY
Zhenya Lopatnik

TRANSLITERATION
Trog zikh, trog zikh, pave
Iber vayte yamen
Breng fun mir gerisn
Tsu mayn liber mamen
Breng nit tsu mayn mamen
Fun mir keyn gerisn
Beser fun mayn mazl
Zol zi gor nit visn

TRANSLATION
Fly away, fly away, peacock
Over faraway seas
Bring my loving regards
To my beloved mama
But don’t bring my mama
Any of my news
It’s better that she know nothing
Of the fate that has befallen me
IN SHTETL NIKOLAYEV

SUNG BY
Mikhl Yashinsky

TRANSLITERATION
In shtetl nikolayev, lebn shvartsn yam,
Gelyubket un gesmotshket, ikh hob gefilt a tam
Tsuzamen fun der arbet gegangen ale mol,
Got iz mir an eydes, ikh hob dikh nisht genart.

“Zorg nit lyube mayne, ikh vel nor dayner zayn,
Fun priziv zikh bafrayen, vestu vern mayn.
Di brukhes vet undz makhn der khazn moyshe-smil.

“Di shenste mekhetonim veln ba undz zayn:
Yankl vadavoznik un berkele patsan,
Velvel balagole un yankele padlyets,
Miscar der shnayder un fayvl der kuznyets.

“Klezmorim, muzikantn, veln zingen akht,
Mir veln shpringen, tantsn a tog mit a nakht,
Oykh a zisn tsimes un efsher epes nokh.

Der priziv iz gekumen, kh’bin gevorn a soldat,
Me hot mikh tsugenumen, gezogt mir, “Ty nash brat,”
Tseshtert mayn shayne liebe, tsebrokhn mir mayn glik,
Bagleyt hot mikh mayn surele mit a troyer-blik.

In shtetl nikolayev iz surele aleyn,
Nishto keyn fraynd, keyn eygene — elnt vi a shteyn.
“Zay gezunt, mayn khosn,” shraybt zi mir a briv —
“Du zolst mikh eybik trogn in dayn hartsn tif.”
In a mitvokh nokh der arbet iz dos shreklekhe geshen...
Gefunen hot men surele mit farklemte tseyn,
A fleshele fun sam, in hant a briv tsu mir —
“Zay mir moykh, tayerer, ikh benk tsu shtark nokh dir.”

**TRANSLATION**

In the shtetl of Nikolaev, beside the Black Sea,
I loved my Surele for three years.
We cuddled and we smooched, and I felt a certain something,
When we would stand together beside the wall.

We would always leave work at the same time,
I was a locksmith, and worked so many hours,
But Surke the seamstress waited for me,
As G-d is my witness, I’m telling you no lies.

“Don’t worry, my dear, I will be yours only.
I’ll escape the draft, and you’ll become mine.
We’ll put up a chuppah in the big shul,
And the chazzan Moyshe-Shmil will say the blessings.

“Our finest relatives will be there at our side:
Yankl the water-carrier, and Berkele the ditch-digger,
Velvl the coachman and Yankele the gangster,
Itsikl the tailor and Fayvl the blacksmith.

“Musicians will sing, eight of them!
We’ll leap and dance around all day and night.
And after that we’ll eat the chicken soup,
And a sweet tzimmes, and maybe something else, too.”

But then the draft came, and I became a soldier.
They took me away, told me in Russian, “You’re our brother.”
They destroyed my beautiful love, they shattered my happiness.
And my Surele followed me with a look of sorrow.

In the town of Nikolaev, my Surele was left alone.
No friends, no relations — lonely as a stone.
“Goodbye, my bridegroom,” she wrote to me in a letter —
“May you always carry me deep within your heart.”
It was on a Wednesday after work when the terrible event took place...
They found my Surele with clenched teeth,
A bottle of poison, and in her hand, a letter to me —
“Forgive me, my beloved. I cannot bear how much I miss you.”

OSEH SHALOM

**Sung by**
Eva Stupka

**Transliteration**
Oseh shalom bimromav
Hu ya’aaseh shalom aleynu
Ve’al kol yisrael
Ve’imru Amen

**Translation**
The One who makes peace in the high places
Shall make peace upon us
And upon all of Israel
And let us say Amen

KAREV YOM

**Sung by**
Deborah Sacks Mintz

**Transliteration**
Karev yom asher hu lo yom v’lo lailah
Ta’eer k’or yom khashkhath lailah

**Translation**
Bring near the day is that is neither day nor night.
Illuminate like day the dark of night.
HEAL US NOW

SUNG BY
Cantor Leon Sher

R'fa-e-nu Adonai v'nei-ra-fei
Ho-shi-ei-nu v'ni-va-shei-ah
El karov l’chol kor-av
Ach ka-rov li-rei-av yish-o

We pray for healing of the body.
We pray for healing of the soul.
For strength of flesh and mind and spirit.
We pray to once again be whole.

El na r’fa na
Oh, please heal us now!
Refuat hanefesh, refuat haguf, refuah sh’leimah
Heal us now!

Hoshia et ah-mecha u-vareich et nach’la-techa
Ur’eim v’na’a-seim et ha-olam
Mi sheberach avoteinu
Mi sheberach imoteinu
Ana Adonoy hoshi-ah na

We pray for healing of our people.
We pray for healing of the land.
And peace for every race and nation,
Everyone who needs a helping hand!

El na r’fa na
Oh, please heal us now!
Refuat hanefesh, refuat haguf, refuah sh’leimah
Heal us now!
**ODNU KALYNU**

**SUNG BY**
Katya Rouzina

**TRANSLITERATION**
Sumno, sumno azh za kraj...
Ne dyvys’ na mene, hraj, muzyko, hraj!
Zymno, zymno na dushi...
Zabyraj, shho xochesh, til’ki zalysy

Odnu kalynu za viknom,
Odnu rodynu za stolom,
Odnu stezhynu, shhob do domu jshla sama,
Odnu lyubov na vse zhyttya,
Odnu zhurbu do zabuttya
I Ukrayinu, bo v nas inshoi nema!

Sumno, sumno azh za kraj...
Tak choho zh ty plachesh? Hraj, muzyko, hraj!
Kraplya horya ne zal’ye,
Nalyvaj, kozache, bo u nas shhe ye

Odna kalyna za viknom,
Odna rodyna za stolom,
Odna stezhyna, shhob do domu jshla sama,
Odna lyubov na vse zhyttya,
Odna zhurba do zabuttya
I Ukrayina, bo v nas inshoi nema!

Sumno, tak i ne zasnu,
Krashhe budu dumat’ pro svoyu vesnu
Ta j pijdu za nebokraj...
Vpershe, yak v ostannye, hraj, muzyko, hraj

Pro tu kalynu za viknom,
Odnu rodynu za stolom,
Odnu stezhynu, shhob do domu jshla sama,
Odnu lyubov na vse zhyttya,
Odnu zhurbu do zabuttya
I Ukrayinu, bo v nas inshoi nema!
It’s sad, so sad, beyond all measure...
Don’t you look at me, but play, musician, play!
It’s cold, so cold upon my soul...
Take, what you should want, but you just leave for me:

Oh one Kalyna beyond the window,
One family all around the table,
One pathway, that I alone, could walk it home,
One love to last me all my life,
One grief that will be all forgotten
And Ukraine, because for us there is no other!

It’s sad, so sad, beyond all measure...
But why are you crying? Play, musician, play!
One drop won’t take away the grief
Pour a glass, oh Kozak, because we still have:

Oh one Kalyna beyond the window,
One family all around the table,
One pathway, that I alone, could walk it home,
One love to last me all my life,
One grief that will be all forgotten
And Ukraine, because for us there is no other!

It’s so sad, that I can not sleep,
It’s better that I do think, all about my Spring
I’ll go way out beyond the horizon...
The first, is just like the last, play, musician, play:

About that Kalyna beyond the window,
One family all around the table,
One pathway, that I alone, could walk it home,
One love to last me all my life,
One grief that will be all forgotten
And Ukraine, because for us there is no other!

Oh one Kalyna beyond the window...
M’KHALKEIL CHAYIM

SUNG BY
Joey Weisenberg

TRANSLITERATION
M’khalkeil chayim b’chesed
Mechayei meitim b'rachamim rabim
Somekh noflim u’rofeh cholim
U’matir asurim

U’me’kayem emunato li’shei’nei afar
Mi khamokha ba’al gevurot
Umi domeh lakh

Mi khamokha b’al gevurot
U’mi domeh lakh
Melekh meimit u’mechayei
U’matz’mi’ach yeshua

TRANSLATION
Sustainer of life with loving kindness
Who brings life to the lifeless with great compassion
Who lifts the fallen and heals the sick
And frees the bound

Who cultivates the faith/Emunah of those asleep in the dust
Who is like you, master of strengths?
Who resembles you?

Who is like you, master of strengths?
What resembles you?
Ruler of life and death
Sprouter of salvation
SHALOM ALEICHEM

SUNG BY
Willi Grigoryan

TRANSLITERATION
Shalom aleichem
mal’achei hasharet
mal’achei elyon.

Mimelech mal’achei ham’lachim
Hakadosh baruch Hu.

Bo’achem leshalom
mal’achei hashalom
mal’achei elyon

Mimelech mal’achei ham’lachim
Hakadosh baruch Hu.

Bar’chuni leshalom
mal’achei hashalom
mal’achei elyon

Mimelech mal’achei ham’lachim
Hakadosh baruch Hu.

Tzetchem leshalom
mal’achei hashalom
mal’achei elyon

Mimelech mal’achei ham’lachim
Hakadosh baruch Hu.
TRANSLATION

Peace be with you
ministering angels
messengers of the Most High.

Messengers of the King of Kings
the Holy One, Blessed be G-d.

Come in peace
messengers of peace
messengers of the Most High.

Messengers of the King of Kings
the Holy One, Blessed be G-d.

Bless me with peace
messengers of peace
messengers of the Most High.

Messengers of the King of Kings
the Holy One, Blessed be G-d.

Go in peace
messengers of peace
messengers of the Most High.

Messengers of the King of Kings
the Holy One, Blessed be G-d.
A STORM AT SEA

SUNG BY
Arik Shraga

TRANSLITERATION
Konechno - gibel’ ponachalu strashit.
Tem pache s neprivychki.
No my zhe vas preduprezhdali
Yeshche togda, na tverdy sushe,
Chto reys pod silu lish’ nakhalu,
Chto v tryume tech’ i net zatychki;
I vy svoye soglas’ye dali Na vse.
Tak ne melite chushi.

Kakoy mayak? Kakiye shlyupki?
S uma soshli vy il’ oslepli!
Ni zgii vokrug, my v tsentre bezdny,
I dushi nashi ochen’ skoro
Vzov’yutsya k nebu, kak golubki,
Khotya skorey im mesto v pekle...
Koroche, bud’tel tak lyubezny Molchat’
i gibnut’ bez pozora!

Molites’ - yesli ne nelepo
V minutu strakha ili gorya
Vzyvat’ k tomu, kto sam kogda-to
Ne izbezhal smertel’noy chashi:
Yedva li vyproissh’ u neba,
Chego ne vyprosil u morya.
Smeshna stikhiyam eta trata Sloves.
No, vprochem, delo vashe.

Menya zhe zhdut moi tvoren’ya,
Moi trudy, moi bumagi.
Poydu gotovit’ ikh k pechatii,
Chtob ne propali v tsarstve ryb’ym:
Steklo podarit im spasen’yee,
Surguch predokhranit ot vlagi...
Na vsyakiy sluchay - vse proshchayte.
No yesli vyplyvem, to vyp’yem.
TRANSLATION
The prospect of dying is scary at first
Of course. Much more so to the unaccustomed.
But we did warn you –
Back on solid land –
This trip is suited only for the bold,
That the hold leaks and there’s no stopper
And you yourselves gave your agreement
To it all. So stop sputtering nonsense.

What lighthouse? What lifeboats?
You’re either crazy or you’re going blind!
There is no visibility
We’re at the core of the abyss
And very soon our souls
To heaven will ascend as doves
Though, well, perhaps to hellfire they’re more suited…
In short, please be so kind
As to be quiet – and to die sans shame!

Do pray for us, if it’s not awkward
In moments of your fear or grief
To call on Him, who once himself
Did not escape the cup of death
You’ll barely get out of the sky
That which the sea refused to give you
The elements will laugh at the sheer waste
Of words. But up to you, I guess.

For my creations, they await me
My work, my craft, and all my papers
I’ll go and ready them for print
So they don’t perish in the kingdom
Of fish; Glass will gift them salvation
Wax will protect them from the moisture
But just in case – goodbye to all.
But if we make it out, we’ll drink.
THE PRIESTLY BLESSING

Sung by
Peri Smilow

May G-d bless you with all good
May G-d keep all evil from you
And may G-d fill your heart with wisdom
And grace you with all truth
May G-d lift up G-d’s merciful face
And shine on you for all time
And may G-d grant you
Eternal peace

SONG ABOUT THE INFANTRY

Sung by
Budd Mishkin

TRANSLITERATION
Prostite pekhote
Chto tak nerazumna byvayet ona
Vsegda my ukhodim
Kogda nad zemloyu bushuyet vesna
I shagom nevernym
Po lestnichke shatko, spaseniya net
Lish’ belyye verby
Kak belyye sostry, glyadyat tebe vsled
Lish’ belyye verby
Kak belyye sostry, glyadyat tebe vsled
Ne ver’t poG-de
Kogda zatyazhnyye dozhdi ona l’yot
Ne ver’t pekhote
Kogda ona bravyye pesni poyot
Ne ver’t, ne ver’t
Kogda po sadam zakrichat solov’i
U zhizni so smert’yu
Yeshcho ne okoncheny schoty svoi
U zhizni so smert’yu
Yescho ne okoncheny schoty svoi
Nas vremya uchilo
Zhivi po-pokhodnomu, dver’ otvorya
Tovarishch muzhchina
A vso zhe zamanchiva dolzhnost’ tvoya
Vsegda ty v pokhode
I to’ko odno otryvayet ot sna
Chego zh my ukhodim
Kogda nad zemloyu bushuyet vesna?
Kuda zh my ukhodim
Kogda nad zemloyu bushuyet vesna?

TRANSLATION
Forgive the infantry,
That we can often seem so unreasonable:
We always seem to be leaving
Just when spring is in full bloom over the earth.
And with uncertain step,
And along an unsteady ladder,
there cannot be any saving grace...
Only the white willow-trees, like pale sisters,
follow you with their eyes.

Don’t trust the weather
when it pours down protracted rains.
Don’t trust the infantry
when we sing gallant hymns.
Do not trust, do not trust
when the nightingale starts his call in the gardens:
Life isn’t finished sorting out its differences with death yet.

Time has always tried to teach us:
Live transiently, with an open door...
Fellow man, but your duty is nevertheless quite tempting:
You are always on the move,
and only one thing interrupts your dreaming:
Why do we always seem to be leaving
just when spring is in full bloom over the earth?
Where in the world are we leaving to,
when spring is in full bloom over the earth?
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