



Translations

Laudate Dominum	Praise the Lord
Laudate Dominum omnes gentes Laudate eum, omnes populi Quoniam confirmata est Super nos misericordia eius, Et veritas Domini manet in aeternum.	Praise the Lord, all nations; Praise Him, all people. For He has bestowed His mercy upon us, And the truth of the Lord endures forever.
Gloria Patri et Filio et Spiritui Sancto. Sicut erat in principio, et nunc, et semper.	Glory to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Spirit, as it was in the beginning, is now, and forever.
Et in saecula saeculorum. Amen.	And for generations and generations. Amen.

An die Nacht	To the night
Heilige Nacht, heilige Nacht! Sternengeschloss'ner Himmelsfriede! Alles, was das Licht geschieden, Ist verbunden, Alle Wunden Bluten süß im Abendrot!	Holy night, holy night! Heavenly peace, encircled in stars! All things divided by light, Are united, All our wounds Bleed sweetly in the sunset!
Bjelbog's Speer, Bjelbog's Speer Sinkt in's Herz der trunknen Erde, Die mit seliger Geberde Eine Rose In dem Schoße Dunkler Lüste niedertaucht!	Bielbog's spear, Bielbog's spear Plunges into the heart of the drunken earth, Which, with a gesture of bliss, Immerses a rose In the womb Of darkened desire!
Heilige Nacht! züchtige Braut, züchtige Braut! Deine süße Schmach verhülle, Wenn des Hochzeitbechers Fülle Sich ergießet. Also fließet In die brünstige Nacht der Tag!	Holy night! chaste bride, chaste bride! Veil your sweet shame, When the wedding-cup Overflows. Thus does day Stream into fervent night!



Ich wollt ein Sträußlein binden	I wanted to make you a bouquet
Ich wollt ein Sträußlein binden, Da kam die dunkle Nacht, Kein Blümlein war zu finden, Sonst hätt' ich dir's gebracht. Da flossen von den Wangen Mir Tränen in den Klee, Ein Blümlein aufgegangen Ich nun im Garten seh. Das wollte ich dir brechen Wohl in dem dunklen Klee, Da fing es an zu sprechen: "Ach, tue mir nicht weh! Sei freundlich im Herzen, Betracht dein eigen Leid, Und lasse mich in Schmerzen Nicht sterben vor der Zeit!" Und hätt's nicht so gesprochen, Im Garten ganz allein, So hätt' ich dir's gebrochen, Nun aber darf's nicht sein. Mein Schatz ist ausgeblieben, Ich bin so ganz allein. Im Lieben wohnt Betrüben, Und kann nicht anders sein.	I wanted to make you a bouquet, But then dark night came, There were no flowers to be found, Or I'd have brought you some. Tears then flowed down my cheeks Into the clover, And now I saw a flower That had sprung up in the garden. I meant to pick it for you There in the dark clover, When it started to speak: "Ah, do not hurt me! Be kind in your heart, Consider your own suffering, And do not make me die In torment before my time!" And had it not spoken these words, All alone in the garden, I'd have picked it for you, But now that cannot be. My sweetheart stayed away, I am utterly alone. Sadness dwells in loving, And cannot be otherwise.

Säusle, liebe Myrthe!	Rustle, dear myrtle!
Säusle, liebe Myrthe! Wie still ist's in der Welt, Der Mond, der Sternenhirte Auf klarem Himmelsfeld, Treibt schon die Wolkenschafe Zum Born des Lichtes hin, Schlaf, mein Freund, o schlafe, Bis ich wieder bei dir bin!	Rustle, dear myrtle! How silent the world is, The moon, that shepherd of the stars, In the bright Elysian fields, Already drives the herd of clouds To the spring of light, Sleep, my friend, ah sleep, Till I am with you again!
Säusle, liebe Myrthe! Und träum im Sternenschein, Die Turteltaube girrte Auch ihre Brut schon ein. Still ziehn die Wolkenschafe Zum Born des Lichtes hin, Schlaf, mein Freund, o schlafe, Bis ich wieder bei dir bin!	Rustle, dear myrtle! And dream in the starlight, The turtledove has already cooed her brood to sleep. Quietly the herd of clouds travel To the spring of light, Sleep, my friend, ah sleep, Till I am with you again!
Hörst du, wie die Brunnen rauschen? Hörst du, wie die Grille zirpt? Stille, stille, laß uns lauschen, Selig, wer in Träumen stirbt;	Do you hear the fountains murmur? Do you hear the cricket chirping? Hush, hush, let us listen, Happy is he who dies while dreaming;



<p>Selig, wen die Wolken wiegen, Wenn der Mond ein Schlaflied singt;</p> <p>O! wie selig kann der fliegen, Den der Traum den Flügel schwingt, Dass an blauer Himmelsdecke Sterne er wie Blumen pflückt;</p> <p>Schlaf, träume, flieg', ich wecke Bald dich auf und bin beglückt!</p>	<p>Happy he who is cradled by clouds, While the moon sings a lullaby;</p> <p>Ah, how happily he can fly, Who takes flight in dreams, So that from heaven's blue vault He gathers stars as though they were flowers;</p> <p>Sleep, dream, fly, I shall wake you soon and be made happy!</p>
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La Dame André	André's Woman
<p>André ne connaît pas la dame Qu'il prend aujourd'hui par la main. A-t-elle un coeur à lendemains Et pour le soir a-t-elle une âme?</p> <p>Au retour d'un bal campagnard S'en allait-elle en robe vague Chercher dans les meules la bague Des fiançailles du hasard?</p> <p>A-t-elle eu peur, la nuit venue, Guettée par les ombres d'hier. Dans son jardin lorsque l'hiver Entraît par la grande avenue?</p> <p>Il l'a aimée pour sa couleur Pour sa bonne humeur de Dimanche. Pâlira-t-elle aux feuilles blanches De son album des temps meilleurs?</p>	<p>André does not know the woman Whose hand he took today. Has she a heart for the tomorrows, And for the evening, has she a soul?</p> <p>Returning from a country ball, Did she go in her loose-fitting dress To seek in the haystacks the ring For the random betrothal?</p> <p>Was she afraid, when night fell, Haunted by the ghosts of the past, In her garden, when winter Entered by the wide avenue?</p> <p>He loved her for her complexion, For her good Sunday humor. Will she fade on the white pages/leaves Of his album of better days?</p>



Dans L'herbe	In the Grass
<p>Je ne peux plus rien dire Ni rien faire pour lui. Il est mort de sa belle Il est mort de sa mort belle</p> <p>Dehors Sous l'arbre de la Loi En plein silence En plein paysage Dans l'herbe.</p> <p>Il est mort inaperçu En criant son passage En appelant, en m'appelant. Mais comme j'étais loin de lui Et que sa voix ne portait plus</p> <p>Il est mort seul dans les bois Sous son arbre d'enfance. Et je ne peux plus rien dire Ni rien faire pour lui.</p>	<p>I can say nothing more Do nothing more for him. He died for his beautiful one He died a fair death</p> <p>Outside Beneath the tree of Justice In utter silence In open countryside In the grass.</p> <p>He died unnoticed Crying out as he passed away Calling, calling me But as I was far from him And since his voice no longer carried</p> <p>He died alone in the woods Beneath his childhood tree And I can say nothing more Do nothing more for him.</p>

Il Vole	He Flies
<p>En allant se coucher le soleil Se reflète au vernis de ma table: C'est le fromage rond de la fable Au bec de mes ciseaux de vermeil.</p> <p>– Mais où est le corbeau? – Il vole.</p> <p>Je voudrais coudre mais un aimant Attire à lui toutes mes aiguilles. Sur la place les joueurs de quilles De belle en belle passent le temps.</p> <p>– Mais où est mon amant? – Il vole.</p> <p>C'est un voleur que j'ai pour amant, Le corbeau vole et mon amant vole, Voleur de cœur manque à sa parole Et voleur de fromage est absent.</p> <p>– Mais où est le bonheur? – Il vole.</p> <p>Je pleure sous le saule pleureur Je mêle mes larmes à ses feuilles</p>	<p>The sun as it sets Is reflected in my polished table – It is the round cheese of the fable In the beak of my silver scissors.</p> <p>But where's the crow? Stealing away on its wing. I'd like to sew but a magnet Attracts all my needles. In the square the skittle-players Pass the time playing game after game.</p> <p>But where's my lover? Stealing away on his wing. I have a stealer for a lover, The crow steals away and my lover steals, The stealer of my heart breaks his word And the stealer of cheese is absent.</p> <p>But where is happiness? Stealing away on its wing.</p>



<p>Je pleure car je veux qu'on me veuille Et je ne plais pas à mon voleur.</p> <p>– Mais où donc est l'amour? – Il vole.</p> <p>Trouvez la rime à ma déraison Et par les routes du paysage Ramenez-moi mon amant volage Qui prend les cœurs et perd ma raison. Je veux que mon voleur me vole.</p>	<p>I weep under the weeping willow I mingle my tears with its leaves I weep because I want to be wanted And because my stealer doesn't care for me.</p> <p>But where can love be? Stealing away on its wing. Find the sense in my nonsense And along the country ways Bring me back my wayward lover Who steals hearts and robs me of my senses. I want my stealer to steal me.</p>
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<p>Mon cadavre est doux comme un gant</p>	<p>My corpse is as limp as a glove</p>
<p>Mon cadavre est doux comme un gant Doux comme un gant de peau glacée Et mes prunelles effacées Font de mes yeux des cailloux blancs.</p> <p>Deux cailloux blancs dans mon visage, Dans le silence deux muets Ombrés encore d'un secret Et lourds du poids mort des images.</p> <p>Mes doigts tant de fois égarés Sont joints en attitude sainte Appuyés au creux de mes plaintes Au nœud de mon cœur arrêté.</p> <p>Et mes deux pieds sont les montagnes, Les deux derniers monts que j'ai vus À la minute où j'ai perdu La course que les années gagnent.</p> <p>Mon souvenir est ressemblant, Enfants emportez-le bien vite, Allez, allez, ma vie est dite. Mon cadavre est doux comme un gant.</p>	<p>My corpse is as limp as a glove Limp as a glove of a glacé kid And my two hidden pupils Make two white pebbles of my eyes</p> <p>Two white pebbles in my face Two mutes in the silence Still shadowed by a secret And heavy with the burden of things seen</p> <p>My fingers so often are straying Are joined in a saintly pose Resting on the hollow of my groans At the center of my arrested heart</p> <p>And my two feet are mountains The last two hills I saw At the moments when I lost The race that the years win</p> <p>I still resemble myself Children bear away the memory quickly, Go, go, my life is done My corpse is as limp as a glove.</p>



Violon	Violin
<p>Couple amoureux aux accents méconnus Le violon et son joueur me plaisent. Ah! j'aime ces gémissements tendus Sur la corde des malaises. Aux accords sur les cordes des pendus À l'heure où les Lois se taisent Le cœur, en forme de fraise, S'offre à l'amour comme un fruit inconnu.</p>	<p>Loving couple of misapprehended sounds Violin and player please me. Ah! I love these long wailings Stretched on the string of disquiet, To the sound of strung-up chords At the hour when Justice is silent The heart, shaped like a strawberry, Gives itself to love like an unknown fruit.</p>

Fleurs	Flowers
<p>Fleurs promises, fleurs tenues dans tes bras, Fleurs sorties des parenthèses d'un pas, Qui t'apportait ces fleurs l'hiver Saupoudrées du sable des mers? Sable de tes baisers, fleurs des amours fanées Les beaux yeux sont de cendre et dans la cheminée Un cœur enrubanné de plaintes Brûle avec ses images saintes.</p>	<p>Promised flowers, flowers held in your arms, Flowers from a step's parentheses, Who brought you these flowers in winter Sprinkled with the sea's sand? Sand of your kisses, flowers of faded loves Your lovely eyes are ashes and in the hearth A moan-beribboned heart Burns with its sacred images.</p>



<p>Eccomi in lieta vesta...Oh quante volte</p>	<p>Behold me decked out...Oh how many times</p>
<p>Eccomi in lieta vesta...eccomi adorna... Come vittima all'ara. Oh! almen potessi Qual vittima cader dell'ara al piede! O nuziali tede, Abborrite così, così fatali, Siate, ah! siate per me faci ferali.</p> <p>Ardo...una vampa, un foco Tutta mi strugge. Un refrigerio ai venti io chiedo invano. Ove sei tu, Romeo? In qual terra t'aggiri? Dove, dove inviarti i miei sospiri?</p> <p>Oh! quante volte, Oh! quante ti chiedo Al ciel piangendo con quale ardor t'attendo, E inganno il mio desir! Raggio del tuo sembiante Parmi il brillar del giorno: L'aura che spira intorno Mi sembra un tuo respir.</p>	<p>Behold me decked out, adorned like a victim on the altar. Oh! if only I could fall like a victim at the foot of the altar! Oh nuptial torches, So hated, so fateful, Ah! would that you were the tapes of my doom.</p> <p>I burn, a blaze, a fire All my torment. In vain I call on the winds to cool me. Where are you, Romeo? In what lands do you wander? Where, where shall I send them, where, my sighs, where to?</p> <p>Oh! How many times, Oh! How often I beg you The sky weeps with the passion of my waiting, And delude my desires! The rays of your appearance shine like the brilliance of day: The aura that blows around seems like your breath.</p>

<p>Barcarolle (Belle Nuit)</p>	<p>Barcarolle (Lovely Night)</p>
<p>Belle nuit, ô nuit d'amour, Souris à nos ivresses, Nuit plus douce que le jour, Ô belle nuit d'amour!</p> <p>Le temps fuit et sans retour Emporte nos tendresses, Loin de cet heureux séjour Le temps fuit sans retour.</p> <p>Zéphyr embrasés, Versez-nous vos caresses, Zéphyr embrasés, Donnez-nous vos baisers!</p>	<p>Lovely night, oh, night of love Smile upon our joys! Night much sweeter than the day Oh beautiful night of love!</p> <p>Time flies by, and carries away Our tender caresses for ever! Time flies far from this happy oasis And does not return</p> <p>Burning zephyrs Embrace us with your caresses! Burning zephyrs Give us your kisses!</p>



<p>vos baisers! vos baisers! Ah!</p> <p>Belle nuit, ô nuit d'amour, Souris à nos ivresses, Nuit plus douce que le jour, Ô belle nuit d'amour! Ah! Souris à nos ivresses! Nuit d'amour, ô nuit d'amour! Ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! ah!</p>	<p>Your kisses! Your kisses! Ah!</p> <p>Lovely night, oh, night of love Smile upon our joys! Night much sweeter than the day Oh, beautiful night of love! Ah! Smile upon our joys! Night of love, oh, night of love! Ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! ah!</p>
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<p>Two daughters of this aged stream are we</p>	
<p>Two daughters of this aged stream are we, And both our sea-green locks have comb'd for ye. Come bathe with us an hour or two; Come naked in, for we are so. What danger from a naked foe? Come bathe with us, come bathe, and share What pleasures in the floods appear. We'll beat the waters till they bound And circle round, and circle round.</p>	

These Hebrew songs are dedicated to my mom and to my family in Israel, especially my grandmother, who has been my biggest singing fan since day one.

Hasimla Hasegula	The Purple Dress
Ha boker yavo, ha boker yavo	The morning will come, the morning will come
Anachnu lo nishan et kol halayla lefanav Neshev leyad hakvish al sfat ha tehala	We won't sleep at all tonight We'll sit on the side of the street by the tunnel
Nirkav al masait baruach haleylit	We'll lay on top of a truck in the nighttime wind
Nir'eh et hagvaot metorerot be or sagol	We'll see the mountains wake up in a purple light
Beitech i'yeh tsochek Hakaits ba chalon	Your house will laugh The summer in the window
Kshe anachnu netseh beyachad	When we go out together
At tilbeshi et hasimla hasegula Ve shuv einaich mutsafot beh or keheh	You will wear the purple dress And once again your eyes will flood with deep light
At tishlechi chiuch le kol over bashav Veh sigalit pitom tifrach be se'ar ech	You will send a smile back and forth And a flower will suddenly bloom in your hair
At tezamri lach shir she'et milav shachact	You will hum a song whose words you forgot
At titscheki pitom veh lo tidi madua	You will laugh suddenly without knowing why,
Kshe anachnu netseh beyachad	And we'll go out together
Ha boker yavo, ha boker yavo	The morning will come, the morning will come
Anachnu lo nishan et kol halayla lefanav	We won't sleep at all tonight
Narutz et kol hachof, Nishteh et kol ha'ir	We'll run along the whole beach, We'll drink in the whole city
Nashir al otobus shirim meshugaim Neshev me'a sha'ot al hagader she mul beitech	We'll sing silly songs on the bus We'll sit one hundred hours on the fence next to your house
Ve kacha zeh yachzor, ve kach' hiyeh tamid, Kshe anachnu netseh beyachad	And that's how it'll return, and that's how it'll always be, When we go out together.



Balada al Chamoriko	The Donkey's Song
<p>Paam chai po samuch lacholot Chamor gutz benaton katon Uvkolo hayafe tziltzelu shnei kolot Tenor liri im bas bariton Leshonot amloez lo yeda hu biydiot mavrikot lo hiftia</p> <p>Ach balayla balayla haya hu merim kol umachrish rakia hamilim lo hayu chashuvot kivyachol ki naar hu rak "yia via" Uvaze hu keilu amar et hakol uvazot et hakol hibiya "Yia yia yia" Ad harchek ad katzvot rakia, Uzkenim mekitzim verotnim ymach shmo zechamor shel Shiya Viyshishot unearot makshivot ve omrot, "Eyze kol yesh lo, mamma mia!"</p>	<p>Once upon a time lived here near the dunes, A tiny donkey, son of a small mommy donkey In his beautiful voice, he rang out two sounds Of lyric tenor with bass baritone He didn't impress anyone with brilliant knowledge or languages</p> <p>But at night he raised his voice so loudly It made the sky deaf The words themselves were not important, because he just sang "yia via" And with that alone, it was as if he'd said it all "Yia yia yia" And, as if he'd expressed it all, Old people woke up and grunted, "It's the donkey of Shiya!" Old ladies and young ladies listened and said, "Oh, what a voice he has, mamma mia!"</p>

Lo Yada'ati Ma	I Didn't Know What
<p>Lo yada'ati im haya zeh boker, Lo zacharti im kara ha tarnegol, Malachasha haruach be osnai, chalilim tslileha, Bosem limona, lo yada'ati ma</p> <p>Lo yada'ati im haya zeh erev Im schafim machu knafayim be machol, O me rutz mechoniot, hitsit einai, ir vechash male'a, lo yadati ma</p> <p>Lo yada'ati im haya zeh boker, Lo zacharti im kara ha tarnegol, Malachasha haruach be osnai, chalilim tslileha, Bosem limona, lo yada'ati ma</p>	<p>I didn't know if there was a morning, I didn't remember if the seagull called out or what the wind whispered in my ear like a flute, A lemon perfume, I didn't know what</p> <p>I didn't know if there was an evening If the seagulls clapped their wings in dance, Or if a car race lit up my eyes, or the city's electricity, I didn't know what</p> <p>I didn't know if there was a morning, I didn't remember if the seagull called out or what the wind whispered in my ear like a flute, A lemon perfume, I didn't know what</p>



<p>Lo yada'ati im haya zeh erev Im schafim machu knafayim be machol, O me rutz mechonirot, hitsit einai, ir vechash male'a, lo yadati ma</p> <p>O hata, o halufi O halufi sheli Et libi, mileta tsoraim Shemesh ad gdotai</p> <p>Lo yada'ati im haya zeh boker Lo yada'ati ma.</p>	<p>I didn't know if there was an evening If the seagulls clapped their wings in dance, Or if a car race lit up my eyes, or the city's electricity, I didn't know what</p> <p>Oh, you, oh, my champion Oh, my beloved You filled up my heart with noon's warmth, The sun all the way to my edges</p> <p>I didn't know if there was a morning, I didn't know what.</p>
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Hashchena Hachadasha	The New Neighbor
<p>Mi fa sol la mi fa sol la la di si Mi fa sol mi fa sol la la di si Mi fa sol mi mi sol si re di sol la la di si Mi fa sol si si si</p> <p>Ad she zachinu uvaninu et ha bait haze Ad she matsanu ve higanu et ha bait haze Ach, eize bait meruvach ve shaket, Po michutz la ir Sheket milvad haschena she lomedet lashir.</p> <p>Mi fa sol la mi fa sol la la di si Mi fa sol mi fa sol la la di si Mi fa sol mi mi sol si re di sol si la di si Mi fa sol si si si</p> <p>Kol hayom ani chozeret la di si Ve ze lo kal lishmor al la di si Aval zameret muchracha aflu ba chamsin liyot tamid basi</p> <p>Ad she chinachnu ve shilachnu kvar et kol ha yeladim Ki ratsinu sheket ve lanuach gam mi kol ha nechadim. Haschena hazot, matai tafsik lashir rak si si si?!</p> <p>Ad she chasachnu et hakesef ufitkom si si si Uvitkom lashevet ba mirpeset mugafim hatrisim. Im hi lo tafsik, ani kotevet lanasi si si!</p>	<p>Mi fa sol la mi fa sol la la di si Mi fa sol mi fa sol la la di si Mi fa sol mi mi sol si re di sol la la di si Mi fa sol si si si</p> <p>We earned and built this house We found and arrived at this house</p> <p>Ah, what spacious and quiet house here outside the city Quiet except for the neighbor who is learning to sing.</p> <p>Mi fa sol la mi fa sol la la di si Mi fa sol mi fa sol la la di si Mi fa sol mi mi sol si re di sol si la di si Mi fa sol si si si</p> <p>Every day I practice la di si And it's not easy to maintain la di si A singer must always be at her peak, even in the heatwave</p> <p>We raised and sent away all our children</p> <p>Because we wanted peace and quiet even from all the grandchildren. This neighbor, when will she stop singing only si si si?!</p> <p>We saved up all this money, and suddenly, si si si Instead of sitting on the porch, the shades are down. If she doesn't stop, I'll write to the president!</p>



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Rak potachat et ha pe le la di si
Ve haschenim sogrim et hatrisim
Pashut skenim, hamiskenim afilu lo
tofsim she yesh li kol maksim.
Ken, yesh li kol maksim!

She opens her mouth only for la di si
And the neighbors close the shades
The poor old people don't even
understand that I have a gorgeous voice.
Yes, I have a gorgeous voice!