

# DER HOFSINGER FUN VARSHEVER GETO

Reuven Lifshutz (1918 - 1975)

6 CM  $B^b$  CM

10 CM  $B^b$  Ge -  $E^b$

17  $B^b$   $E^b$  G CM  
hat a ma - me, ta - te. un shey - nin - ke shves - ter - lekh dray, —

23  $E^b$  CM  $B^b$  (G7) CM  
— un shey - nin - ke shvest - ter - lekh dray, — a - vek mit - n

30 CM  $B^b$   $E^b$   
roykh un fla - men — ge - bli - bn bin ikh yetst a - layn. — Ikh

37 G  $G^7$  CM  
drey di ka - ter - rin - ke — un shpil haynt for aykh mit ku - rash —

43  $E^b$  CM  $B^b$  (G7) CM  
— un shpil haynt far aykh mit ku - rash — vayl mor - gn kan

50 CM  $B^b$   $E^b$   
sayn tre - blink - e — vet — vern fun uns a ba - rg ash. — Drey

57  $B^b$   $E^b$  G CM  
ikh di ka - ter - ri - n - ke — far - shpil unds - re lay - dn un noyt. —

64  $E^b$  CM  $B^b$  CM  
— far - shpil unds - re lay - dn un noyt — Vayl ey - der tsu geyn tre -  
blin - ke — is — be - sr in kamf fal - n toyt — Vayl ey - dr tsu

71 CM FM CM G CM

geln in tre - blin - ke \_\_\_\_\_ is be - sr in kamf fal - n toyt. \_\_\_\_\_

Gehat a mame tate, un sheyninke  
shvesterlakh dray,  
avek mitn roykh un flamen, geblibn bin ikh  
yetst aleyn.

Ikh drey di katerinke, un shpil haynt far aykh  
mit kurash,  
vayl morgn kon sayn in treblinke, vet vern fun  
unds a barg ash.

Drey ikh di katerinke, farshpil undsre laydn un  
noyt,  
vayl eyder tsu geln in treblinke, is beser in  
kampf faln toyt.

Der hunger is a tsore, mit toyte farsayt is der  
bruk,  
oy yidn bney rakhmonim, es vilt sikh nokh  
lebn a tog.

Mayn kol di luft tsershmetert, fun morgn bis  
shpeyt in der nakht,  
farsholtn sol sayn dos geto, un di vos hobn es  
oysgetrakht.

Drey ikh...

Men roydeft unds vi khayes, dos lebn is vi in  
a tum,  
es vign sikh sharbns af tlies, tsum tayfl es  
shaynt nokh di sun.

Fun hertsen broyst a fayer, genug unds  
gekoylet vi shof,  
oy yidn nemt di shpayers, un kumt lomir makh  
a sof.

Drey ikh....

another way to perform this song is to sing the "refrain"  
only once at the end

I had a mother and father and three beautiful sisters.  
Gone are they in smoke and fire.  
I am now all alone.

I turn the street organ, with courage I play for you,  
Tomorrow we could be in Treblinka,  
We'll all be a pile of ash.

I'll play for us on the street organ  
I'll play away our sorrow and pain.  
Because I'd rather die fighting than go to Treblinka.

The hunger is a worry.  
The bridge is covered with dead  
Oy, Jews of pity,  
Still we shall live through this day.

My voice shatters the air,  
from morning till late at night.  
Damn the ghetto and those who made it.

They round us up like animals,  
Life is a nightmare  
There are dead swinging on gallows  
Damn the sun that it can shine!

In my heart burns a fire,  
They slaughter us like sheep...Enough!  
Jews! Take up your weapons  
Let us bring an end to it.

I'll play for us on the street organ  
I'll play away our sorrow and pain.  
Because I'd rather die fighting here  
than go to Treblinka.