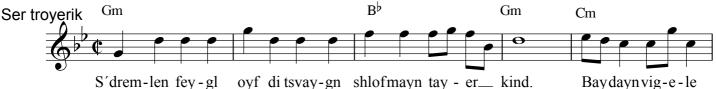
## S'dremlen feygl oyf di tsvaygn

Leyb Yampolsky Lea Rudnitzki



Gm Cm Cm Gm oyfdayn na - re sits a fre-m-de un singt, Bay dayn vig-e-le



Dremlen feygl ayf di tsvaygn, Shlof, mayn tayer kind. Bay dayn vigl, ayf dayn nare Sitst a fremde un singt: Lyu-lyu, lyu-lyu, lyu.

S'is dayn vigl vu geshtanen Oysgeflokhtn fun glik, Un dayn mame, oy dayn mame, Kumt shoyn keyn mol nit tsurik Lyu-lyu, lyu-lyu, lyu.

Kh'hob gesen dayn tatn loyfn Unter hogl fun shteyn, Iber felder is gefloygn Sayn faryosemter geveyn Lyu-lyu, lyu-lyu, lyu.

Birds go to sleep (daydreaming) on branches, So sleep my dear child. At your cradle, at your little nest, Sits a stranger and sings, Lyu-lyu, lyu-lyu, lyu.

Baydaynvig-e-le

oyfdayn na - re,

It was here your cradle stood, Surrounded with happiness, (woven of good fortune.) But your mama, oy, your mama, Will never return again. Lyu-lyu, lyu-lyu, lyu.

I saw your father running, Under a hail of stones, Over the fields his (Over the fields floats) Orphaned tears flew. (his lonesome, disembodied cry:) Lyu-lyu, lyu-lyu, lyu.

The journalist and poet Lea Rudnitzki wrote this lullabye in the Wilna Ghetto for a three year old child who escaped the massmurder but lost his parents. A partisan, Lea Rudnitzki was caught by the Gestapo and deported to Majdanek, where she was burnt.