

# S`dremlen feygl oyf di tsvaygn

Lea Rudnitzki

Leyb Yampolsky

Ser troyerik

S`drem-len fey-gl oyf di tsvay-gn shlofmayn tay - er\_\_ kind. Baydayn vig-e-le

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

sits a fre - m - de un singt. Ay\_\_ lyu, lyu, lyu. Ay\_\_ lyu, lyu, lyu

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.

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.

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

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.

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