

oyfn veg shteyt a boym

Cm Fm Cm Fm Cm G Cm

Oy - fn veg shteyt a boym shteyt a - rayn ge - boy - gn.
 Dray ken mayrev dray ken misrekh un der rest ken dor - em.

5 Cm Fm Cm Fm Cm G Cm

a - le fey - gl fun - em boym say - nen sikh ge - floy - gn.
 un den boym ge - lost a - leyn hef - ker far de shtu - rm.

9 B^b Cm B^b E^b B^b7 A^b E^b B^b Cm E^b Cm

Sogikhtsu der ma-meher solst mirnurnit shte-rn vel ikh ma - me aynsuntsvey

15 B^b7 A^b E^b E^b Gm E^b Fm Cm

bald a foy - gl ve - rn. Ikh vel sits - n oy - fn boym un vel im far -

20 Cm B^b Cm Fm E^bm Fm G⁷ Cm

vi - gn i - ber vin - ter mit a treyst mit a shey - nem

25 Cm Fm G⁷ 1. Cm G⁷ Cm 2. Cm

vi - gn i - ber vin - ter mit a treyst mit a shey - nem

Oyfn veg shteyt a boym,
Shteyt er ayngelboym,
Ale feygl funem boym
Saynen sikh tsefloygn.

Dray keyn mayrev, dray keyn mizrekh,
Un der resht - keyn dorem,
Un dem boym gelost aleyn
Hefker far dem shturem.

Sog ikh tsu der mamen: her,
Zolst mir nor nit shtern,
Vel ikh, mame, eyms un tsvey
Bald a foygl vern.....

Ikh vel sitsn oyfn boym
Un vel im farvign
Ibern vinter mit a treyst
Mit a sheynem nign.

Sogt di mame: - nite, kind -
Un zi veynt mit treyn -
Vest kholile oyfn boym
Mir far froyrn vern.

sog ikh: mame, s'is a shod
Dayne sheyne oygn
Un eyder vos un eyder ven,
Bin ikh mir a foygl.

Veynt di mame: - Itsik, kroyn,
Ze, um gotes viln,
Nem sikh mit a shalikh,
Kenst sikh nokh farkiln.

Di kaloshn tu sikh on,
S'geyt a sharfer vinter
Un di kutshme nem oykh mit -
Vey is mir un vind mir...

- Un dos vinter-laybl nem,
Tu es on, du shovte,
Oyb du vilst nit sayn keyn gast
Tsvishn ale toyte...

Kh'heyb di fligl, s'iz mir shver,
Tsu fil, tsu fil sakhn,
Hot di mame ongeton
Ir feygele, dem shvakhn.

Kuk ikh troyerik mir arayn
In mayn mames oygn,
S'hot ir libshaft nit gelost
Vern mir a foygl...

Oyfn veg shteyt a boym,
Shteyt her ayngelbogen,
Ale feygl funem boym
Saynen sikh tsefloygn...

By the wayside stands a bent tree;
All the birds have flown away,
And the tree stands deserted.

Turn toward the west, turn toward the east,
And the rest--turn toward the south,
And the tree is abandoned to the storm.

I say to momma--"Listen,
If you don't stand in my way,
Then, one--two,
I'll quickly become a bird.

I'll sit in the tree
And lull it during the winter and comfort it
With a lovely tune."

And momma says, "No, child,"
And weeps bitter tears.
"G-d forbid, you might freeze in the tree."

So I say, "Momma, it's a waste of your lovely
eyes,
Because before you know it,
I'll be a bird."

And momma cries, and says "Itzik, my
Crown,
As G-d would want, take a scarf with you,
Lest you catch cold.

"Put on your galoshes,
It will be a severe winter.
And take your fur hat, too.
Woe is me!

"And wear you warm underwear, foolish
child,
Lest you become a guest of the dead."

I lift my wing, but it's hard...
Too many things, too many things
Has momma put on her
weak little fledgling.

I look sadly into my momma's eyes;
Her love did not allow me to become a bird.

By the wayside stands a bent tree.
All the birds have flown away,
And the tree stands deserted.