




## SONGS <br> FROM THE GHETTO

## MORRIS ROSENFELD

111
With Prose Translation, Glossary, and Introduction.
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> BOSTON
> COPELAND AND DAY


## INTRODUCTION

Yiddish, or Judeo-German, is a group of dialects spoken by the Jews of German origin in Russia, Austria, and Roumania. Originally not differing from the local dialects of the Middle Rhine, it has incorporated in the diaspora a large number of Slavic and Hebrew words so as to become unintelligible to the average German reader. To neutralize this difficulty to a certain extent, Mr. Rosenfeld's language, which belongs to the Lithuanian variety of JudeoGerman, has been presented in this book as far as practicable in the orthography of the literary German. The apparent discrepancy in the rhymes thus produced will disappear if the following is observed : -

The consonants have all their German values, and $z$ is like French $j$. The vowels are nearly all short, so that $\ddot{u}, i e, i$ are equal to German $i$; similarly $\ddot{a}, \ddot{\partial}, e h$, $e e$ are like G. short $e$. The G. long $e$ is represented by $\bar{e}, o e$, and in Slavic and Hebrew words also by ee. $E i$ and $e u$ are pronounced like G. $e i$ in mein, while $\bar{e} i$ is equal to G. ee ; $\bar{a}$ and $o$ are G. short $o$; au sounds more like G. $o u$, and $\ddot{u} u$ and $\bar{o}$ resemble G. $\ddot{o} i$. The Slavic and Hebrew words are spelled phonetically, and the latter differ consequently from the transliterated forms in scientific works.
v

The Judeo-German literature had its beginnings in the fifteenth century, but previous to our own times it has produced nothing noteworthy from a literary standpoint. Since the fifties the Russian Jews have developed a great activity, and there has arisen a long series of folk-poetry, ranging from the mere rhyming of the wedding-jesters to the elaborate productions of Frug, who has also made a name in Russian literature. This poetry has, however, received its highest perfection in America by the consummate art of Mr. Morris Rosenfeld.

Mr. Rosenfeld was born in 1862 in a small town in Poland, where his ancestors had been fishermen. He has received no other education than that which is allotted to all Jewish boys of humble origin. While well read in German and English literature, he masters only his native Yiddish. He went early to England, to avoid military service, and there learned the tailor's trade. Thence he proceeded to Holland where he tried himself at diamond grinding. He very soon after came to America, where for many weary years he has eked out an existence in the sweat-shops of New York. It is there he has learned to sing of misery and oppression. His health gave out, and he had to abandon the shop for the precarious occupation of a Yiddish penny-a-liner. In the meantime he has developed Judeo-German versification to unknown proportions. Of the merits of his poetry let the reader judge himself.
L. W.

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## SONGS OF LABOR

## $\mathfrak{3 n}$ ๔dan

Crs raufifen in Sajap afo wild die Mafatinen,
 §ad wer' in bem farectlidien $\mathfrak{I u m m e l}$ varloren, Mein $\mathfrak{J}$ d werb Dort botel, id wer' a Mafdin': S(t) arbeit', un' arbeit', un' arbeit', ofn' (5befdben,

 $\mathfrak{W i e}$ fummt a Mafdine zu denten $\mathfrak{a}$ Māt? . . .

Nit dā fēin Geführ, fēin Gedante, fēin Barfand gār ; Die bittere, blutige 2 rrbeit Derichlägt Dās Exblite, Sajöfte un' Befte, Dāz Retujte,
 (5s faminden Sefunden, Minuten $\mathfrak{u}$ ' Stunden,
 Sat treib' Die Maiduin', gleidy idy will fee beriāgen, -


Der Saeger in Worlidak, er wht nit afile, Er weift $\mathfrak{a l l k}$, $\mathfrak{u n}$ ' flappt $\mathfrak{a l l z}$, un' wectit nādjanand ;(Gfefāgt Gāt $\mathfrak{a}$ Menid) mir $\mathfrak{a}$ Māl dic Bedeutung:
Sein Weifen $\mathfrak{u n}$ Wecten, Dort liegt a Barftanb;
Nor etwāz gedenlt fich mir, punft wie sun Cholem; -
Der Saeger, er weitt in mir $\mathfrak{l e b e n} \mathfrak{u n}$ ' Sinn,



## In the Sweat-Shop

THE machines in the shop roar so wildly that often I forget in the roar that I am ; I am lost in the terrible tumult, my ego disappears, I am a machine. I work, and work, and work without end ; I am busy, and busy, and busy at all time. For what? and for whom? I know not, I ask not ! How should a machine ever come to think?

There are no feelings, no thoughts, no reason; the bitter, bloody work kills the noblest, the most beautiful and best, the richest, the deepest, the highest, which life possesses. The seconds, minutes and hours fly; the nights, like the days, pass as swiftly as sails; -I drive the machine just as if I wished to catch them: I chase without avail, I chase without end.

The clock in the workshop does not rest ; it keeps on pointing, and ticking, and waking in succession. A man once told me the meaning of its pointing and waking, - that there was a reason in it ; as if through a dream I remember it all: the clock awakens life and sense in me, and something else, -I forget what ; ask me not! I know not, I know not, I am a machine !
 $\mathfrak{B a r f t e f}$ ' id ganz anderidy fein Weijen, fein Sprady'; Mir badft, ab es nutet midy Dorten ber Umruf), 'at foll arbeiten, arbeiten mefrer afiady!
 Sein finftern תudd in die Weifer Die zwēt; — Der Saeger, mir ffrudjet, mir Dadit, as er treibt midf

Nor bann, went 's if' fituer ber wilder ©fetummel, $\mathfrak{A m e g}$ if" Der Meifter in Mittāgzeitftunb, ©, Dann bēbt in $\mathfrak{o p p p}$ bei mir gleich ân zut tāgen,


$\mathfrak{B e n e s e n}$ mein māgeren $\mathfrak{M i t t a ̄} \mathfrak{g}$, mein $\mathfrak{B r} r \overline{\text { öt, }}$ -
(EB wergt midd, idx) fänn nit mehr efien, idf fänn nit!
©, fifrectlide ほraze! D, bittere શ̄̄t!
'Berideint mir bie Sajap in ber Mittāgzeitfunbe
2 Blutige Sdjladftfeld, wenn bort werb geruft :
Qrum $\mathfrak{n}$ ' arum fef' idy liegen Scarugim,

Ein Weile, un' bald werb gepautt a Tremoge,
Die $\mathfrak{z}$
(Es fämpen die $\mathfrak{I}$ rupes far frembe, far Frembe, $\mathfrak{H n}$ ' freiten, $\mathfrak{u n}$ ' fallen, $\mathfrak{u n}$ ' finlen in Nadht.

Sab fuť auf bem תampfulat mit bitteren Soren, $\mathfrak{M i t}$ ভdfrect, mit Nefome, mit Gellifder Mein; Der Saeger, iest Gör' tat ify ridtig, er weeft es: ${ }^{, 12}$ S Er muntert in mir mein $\mathfrak{B a r f t a n d}$, Die ©fefühlen,
ltn' weift, wie es läufen die Stunden abin:
Yta ©lender Gleib' idy, wie lang idy well ictureigen,
Barloren, wie lang id barbletb, wāe idy bin. ...

And, at times, when I hear the clock, I understand quite differently its pointing, its language ; it seems to me as if the Unrest (pendulum) egged me on that I should work more, more, much more. In its sound I hear only the angry words of the boss ; in the two hands I see his gloomy look. The clock, I shudder, - it seems to me it drives me and calls me "Machine," and cries out to me: "Sew !"

Only when the wild tumult subsides, and the master is away for the midday hour, day begins to dawn in my head, and a pain passes through my heart ; I feel my wound, and bitter tears, and boiling tears wet my meagre meal, my bread: it chokes me, I can eat no more, I cannot! O horrible toil ! O bitter necessity!

The shop at the midday hour appears to me like a bloody battlefield where all are at rest: about me I see lying the dead, and the blood that has been spilled cries from the earth. . . . A minute latter - the tocsin is sounded, the dead arise, the battle is renewed. The corpses fight for strangers, for strangers ! and they battle, and fall, and disappear into night.

I look at the battlefield in bitter anger, in terror, with a feeling of revenge, with a hellish pain. The clock, now I hear it aright, it is calling: "An end to slavery, an end shall it be !" It vivifies my reason, my feelings, and shows how the hours fly ; miserable I shall be as long as I am silent, lost - as long as I remain what I am. . . .

Der Menidu, welduer \{d)
 शzünd if' Die ridftige Stunbe gefummen!

 Sid wer' ān bem Speeder, bargep, wa idy bin, E®s tummelt, men fämpft, $\mathfrak{v}$, mein $\mathfrak{J d}$ if varloren, -


## Der blēidjer alprēter


Bartodyt in ber $\mathfrak{Z r b e i t , ~ a ~ S d u r e a ́ ! ~}$ $\mathfrak{U n}^{\prime}$ feit idf gebent ifm, allz naekt er $\mathfrak{U} \mathfrak{n}$ ' ēgt feine תräften aweg.
©s weren chaboudim yarfīgen, ©̌ läufen bie Jãhren afin, $\mathfrak{U l}$ ' now fitst Der $\mathfrak{B l e ̄ i d j e r ~ g e b o ̄ g e n , ~}$


Sat ftef' $\mathfrak{u n}$ ' betradft Dort fein Sure, Sein $3 \mathfrak{u r e}$, waridimiert $\mathfrak{u n}$ ' varidumiţt, $\mathfrak{U} \mathfrak{n}^{\prime}$ füfl', ab bā arbeit't fḕn (b)wure, Der $\mathfrak{J m p e t} \mathfrak{n v r}$ prazemet thet.

Dodj fallen bie Iropfens feficeder, $\mathfrak{B u n} \mathfrak{2} \mathfrak{u f g a n g ~ b i s ~} \mathfrak{u n t e r g a n g}$ fpît, $\mathfrak{U l n}^{\prime}$ fiappen fith ein in bie $\mathfrak{I T} \overline{e x} i d e r$, $\mathfrak{U n}^{\prime}$ trinfen fid ein in bie $\mathfrak{M a b g t}$.

The man that sleeps in me begins to waken, the slave that wakens in me is put to sleep. Now the right hour has come! An end to misery, an end let it be! . . . But suddenly - the whistle, the boss, an alarm! I lose my reason, forget where I am ; - there is a tumult, they battle, oh, my ego is lost! - I know not, I care not, I am a machine ! . . .

## The Pale Operator

ISEE there a pale operator all absorbed in his work. Ever since I remember him, he has been sewing, and using up his strength.

Months fly, and years pass away, and the palefaced one still bends over his work and struggles with the unfeeling machine.

I stand and look at his face: his face is besmutted and covered with sweat. I feel that it is not bodily strength that works in him but the incitement of the spirit.

And the tears fall in succession from daybreak until fall of night, and water the clothes, and enter into the seams.

Sci) Get' eudt wie Yang wet nod) jāgen Der ভdfoadfer bem blutigen $\Re$ ād? D, wer fänn fein ©nbe mir fāgen? Wer wēif jenem fareatlidjen Sjod?
 Dod ©ins if' Gemugt un' befdeidt: Wenn itw wet bie $\mathfrak{A r b e i t}$ berict) Sişt tecfef a Smeiter $\mathfrak{u n}$ ' naeft.

## $\mathfrak{A}$ Zräbr auf 'n Ceijen

D,
 Sad Galt' bem ©ifen, fièt' $\mathfrak{u n}$ ' flapp' -
 ©EB Gebt fid faum mein frante $\mathfrak{B r u f t}$.
 Mein 2̛tug' wero feucht, es fallt a $\mathfrak{I r a ̈ b r}$;
 Dās focht $\mathfrak{u n}$ ' todyt, un' fied't nit cin.

Jab fübly fētn Reraft, es if' warmend't; Der ©ifen fallt mir vun bie Şänd, $\mathfrak{U n}$ ' Doch Der $\mathfrak{I r a ̈ h r}$, Der ftummer $\mathfrak{I r a ̈ b r , ~}$

(Es raufid mein sopp, ez brectt mein Serz;
Sat fräg' mit $\mathfrak{F e l}$, ital fräg' mit Satmerz:
, $\mathfrak{D}$, fāg, mein freund in Nōt un' Đein, D, $\mathfrak{I r a ̈ b r}$, far wāz fied'f bu nit cin?

Pray, how long will the weak one drive the bloody wheel? Who can tell me his end? Who knows the terrible secret?

Hard, very hard to answer that! But one thing is certain: when the work will have killed him another will be sitting in his place and sewing.

## A Tear on the Iron

H , cold and dark is the shop! I hold the iron, stand and press ; - my heart is weak, I groan and cough, - my sick breast scarcely heaves.

I groan and cough, and press and think; my eye grows damp, a tear falls ; the iron is hot, my little tear, it seethes and seethes, and will not dry up.

I feel no strength, it is all used up; the iron falls from my hand, and yet the tear, the silent tear, the tear, the tear boils more and more.

My head whirls, my heart breaks, I ask in woe : "Oh, tell me, my friend in adversity and pain, O tear, why do you not dry up in seething?

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,Bijt eff山\mp@code{er gār a תutrier,}
```



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Sd) wollt' ces wöllen wiffen, {\widetilde{a}\mp@subsup{g}{}{\prime}:
Wenut endigt fich Der grofier \Relãg'?"" . . .
Ja) wollt' gefrägt nodi mefr unt mefr
Betm Umrub', bet Dem wilden Irähr;
Dā bäben fich Derlangt a (bofz
```




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\mathscr{4B tief tf' nodi) Der Srährenteid). . . . }
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## Mein 马ürgele

马®5 hāb a tiènem Jüngele， $\mathfrak{A}$ Süthele gār fein！ Wenn tid Derfely fam，badet fid mir， Die gange Welt if mein．

Sor felten，felten fefy idy ifm， Mein Sdpenem，wenn er wadt；； S（4）treff＇itm immer fallāfendig， Sd）fef＇thm nor bet siadit．

Dic $\mathfrak{Y r b e i t}$ treibt midy früly araus

S，fremb if＇mir mein ēigen £etb！
©，fremo mein תind＇z a Blidu！
Sa）fumm＇zuflemmteryēit ajpētm， $\mathfrak{J n}$ §initerní $\mathfrak{g e h} \mathfrak{h u l l t , ~ - ~}$ Mein blēidye Srau berzaefit mir bald， Wiele fein dās תind fich pipielt，
"Are you, perhaps, a messenger, and announce to me that other tears are coming? I should like to know it: say, when will the great woe be ended?"

I should have asked more and more of the Unrest, the turbulent tear; but suddenly there began to flow more tears, tears without measure, and I at once understood that the river of tears is very deep. . . .

## My Boy

IHAVE a little boy, a fine little fellow is he ! When I see him, it appears to me the whole world is mine.

Only rarely, rarely I see him, my pretty little son, when he is awake ; I find him always asleep, I see him only at night.

My work drives me out early and brings me home late ; oh, my own flesh is a stranger to me! oh, strange to me the glances of my child!

I come home in anguish and shrouded in darkness, - my pale wife tells me how nicely the child plays,

Wite fü $\mathfrak{B}$ es red't, wie flug es frägt :
${ }^{, N}, \mathfrak{M a m a}$, gute $\mathfrak{M a}$,
$\mathfrak{W e n n}$ fummt $\mathfrak{u}$ ' brengt a $\mathfrak{j e n n y ~ m i r ~}$
Der guter, guter $\mathfrak{y a}$ ?"

$\mathfrak{J a}, \mathrm{j} \overline{\mathrm{a}}, \mathrm{ex} \mathfrak{m u z}$ gefdefy!
Die $\mathfrak{B a}$ aterliebe fladert auf:
©ీళ mus mein תind midy fern! ...
Sad ftēt bet fein belägerel
$\mathfrak{U n}^{\prime}$ โeg', $\mathfrak{u n} n^{\prime}$ Gör', $\mathfrak{u n}$ ' fáfa!

${ }^{(N)}$, wu if", wu if' פa ?"


See felfen midd, fee felyen midd,
$\mathfrak{U n} \mathfrak{n}^{\prime}$ falicienen fitid geidumind.
, $\mathfrak{D a}$ afeêt bein $\mathfrak{y}$ apa, $\mathfrak{z}$ euerer,
શ $\mathfrak{2}$ ennile $\operatorname{Dir}, \mathfrak{n a}$ !"
2 $\mathfrak{I r a u m}$ bewegt Dte Sippeladit:

Sch bleib' zumêftāgt $\mathfrak{u n}$ ' zuflemmt, Warbittert, $\mathfrak{u n}$ ' id llar':
 (sfefind'f Du midy nit melir." . . .

How sweetly he talks, how brightly he asks: "O mother, good mother, when will my good, good papa come and bring me a penny?"

I hear it, and I hasten : it must be, yes, it shall be! The father's love flames up: my child must see me!

I stand by his cradle, and see and listen, and hush! A dream moves his lips: "Oh, where is, where is papa?"

I kiss the little blue eyes, they open: "O child !" They see me, they see me, and soon close up again.
"Here stands your papa, darling! Here is a penny for you!" A dream moves the little lips: "Oh, where is, where is papa?"

I stand in pain and anguish, and bitterness, and I think: "When you awake some day, my child, you will find me no more!". . .

## Barztucifluty

D．DU彐F men nit rufien djotid ētn $\mathfrak{a x}$ in $\mathfrak{W B o c t}$ ，
 $\mathfrak{B a r g e f f e n ~ b e m ~ B o f l e ~ d e m ~ घ a r b i f i e n e m ~ ฏ i r u t , ~}$ Sein finftere Mitene，fein fafreoflitifen תuti， Bargefien Dem Sdiap $\mathfrak{u n}$ Dem forman＇（5efdrēt，
 Bargefien fid wilft bu un＇ruben Derzu？ Nit forg＇fith，ot Gald weft bu gefn in bein $\Re \mathfrak{H z}$＇！

St bald kāben Bäumer un＇Blumen yarblüft， St endigt der Woegel Der lekter fein Qied， St bald if Beffīlemz arum un＇arum ！ S，wie wollt taf möllen $\mathfrak{a}$ S（f）medf thon $\mathfrak{a} \mathfrak{B l u m}$ ， $\mathfrak{2}$ Jüfl thon，diotid，eder es farbt $\bar{a} \mathfrak{b}$ dāz（frāz 2uf すelder begrünte bem $\mathfrak{B}$ intele＇s Blāz ！－ $\mathfrak{S n}$ §eld fein yarlangit bu，wu luftig $\mathfrak{n \prime}$ grün？ Sitidfloide，men wet bidifidin brengen akin！
 Die Wellen befprēit mit a bimmlijden ©fyeen，一
 Wbie wollt id mit $\mathfrak{L u f t}$ in dem $\mathfrak{B a f f e r}$ arein！ Wein（5uf if＇vun farecticide 2 （rbeit variduwadit，一 Wie wollten bte Bäder midy frifder gemadtl！－
 Sit \｛durece fidd，men wet did）arumwafden gleid）！
 $\mathfrak{D}$ ，wie foll mein $\mathfrak{B l u j e}$ Die weiße fein rēin？ $\mathfrak{S n}$ famutigen Salap if＇Die Rēinfeit mir fremb；－ Wie ziert es a Meniden a flārweipe Semb！

## Despair

IS it not allowed to rest even one day in the week and to be at least one day free from the dreadful yoke? To forget the angry growl of the boss, his gloomy mien, his terrible look; to forget the shop and the cries of the foreman; to forget slavery, to forget woe? - You wish to forget yourself and be rested? - Never mind, you will soon go to your rest!

Soon the trees and flowers will have withered; the last bird is already ending his song; soon there will be cemeteries all around! Oh, how I should like to smell a flower and feel, before the grass is dead, the breath of zephyr in the green fields !You wish to be in the fields where it is airy and green? - Never mind, you will be carried there soon enough !

The brook is silvery and glistens beautifully ; the waves are covered with a heavenly grace. Oh, how good it is to bathe there! How I should enjoy leaping into it! My body is weakened from the dreadful work, -how the bath would refresh me! - Oh, you wish to make your ablution in the brook? - Be not frightened, you will soon receive your ablution!

The sweat-shop is dark and smoky and small. How can my white blouse be clean there? In the dirty shop cleanliness is unknown to me. How a pure, white shirt adorns a man! How proper for

Wie pagt es o nobelen ©fuf，zu fein frei， $3 \mathfrak{u}$ arbeiten menid）（id）un＇rēin fein Derbei！－ Sid）āntyon in wei


Sn Warb if es luftig，in wald if es fugl，一 Wie gut if＇es borten zu dulemen ftill！ Die $\mathfrak{B o e g e l a d}$ fingen medjajedig fein， Die Iöner bie füße，fee fdhläferen ein；—



 श theueren ©fawer zu häben if＇gut，一
 2 theuerer ©fawer varjüt bir bein Sein， Er git bir a ©fuepdel in Reben arein；－ Un＇idy bin varivilemt un＇id bin a Stētn， Nit bā fein ©haweerim，bin 区iner allètn．－ Weit hâben ©haweerim balo gār vfn＇a Sajir ： See roien fith fidōn，un＇jee warten auf bir！

## Dic Sale but bie $\mathfrak{B e r g}$

9） $\mathfrak{H I z}$ Die 2 Heghany $=$ Gerger
Selyt fíd a æutne；－
Dorten liegt an eingefallyte， 2్tte תolenmine．
$\mathfrak{U}^{\prime}$＇nit weit wun biefer ©fyutwe，区injan $\mathfrak{u n}$＇barlājen， Stē̄t $\mathfrak{a}$ Stübele $\mathfrak{a}$ flētne 3wifden wilbe ©raūjen．
a noble body it is, in order to be free, to work humanely and be clean withal! - You wish now to dress yourself in white? - They will dress you, and dress you quickly enough !

The woods are breezy, in the woods it is cool. How good - to dream there quietly! The little birds sing pleasantly; but in the shop there is a noise, and the air is suffocating. - Oh, you wish to be cool? Of what avail is a forest to you? - It will not be long before you will be cold.
' T is good to have a dear companion. In adversity he gives hope, in misery - courage. A dear companion sweetens your being, and he gives you a zest for life. And I am orphaned, alone like a stone, there are no companions, I am all by myself. - You will soon have companions without end : they swarm already, and are waiting for you!

## The Mountain Bride

U
PON the Alleghany mountains is to be seen a ruin : - there lies an old, caved-in coal mine.

And not far from that ruin, lonely and deserted, stands a small hut among wild grasses.

Dorten pflegt' Der alter Bergmann Ruty bet Nadt gefin'en ; Dorten pflegen ©utzen flingen, Stille $\mathfrak{I r a ̈ b r e n ~ r i n n e n . ~}$
 Dort if' Blut geflofien: Unten liegt Der alter Mieiner Mit fein Iodter's ©fulien.
$\mathfrak{H n}^{\prime}$ ' ¢ein frumme, idupene $\mathfrak{D}$ odter, 2(d), wāz fänt fein ärger? Wanbelt mit a Geift a franten $\mathfrak{A} \mathfrak{H f}$ Die ftumme $\mathfrak{B e r g e r . ~}$

Exinjam rebt fie zmijden Stēiner,
 Spät bet Madtt nor, auf der Mite, Werb fie fill antiajlāfen.

Dod wie gide fie falāft nor ein bort, Spielen die ßlesmorim, $\mathfrak{H} \mathfrak{n}^{\prime}$ thr $\mathfrak{I a t e}, \mathfrak{u n}^{\prime}$ thr © Dffenen die תworim.
$\mathfrak{H} \mathfrak{n}$ ' mit fee bie Gräber alle, 2ute mit ©rjangen -
 §̧urt men Dumpfe $\mathfrak{\Re l a n g e n . ~}$

Stumm antiduwiegen, wie ber Reemer, Sabmarz $\mathfrak{u n}$ ' blutbegoifen, nemmt in $\overline{\mathcal{Z}} \mathrm{rem}$ fein (5fliebte Der warlutyter ©gofien.

There the old miner used to find rest at night; there sobs were heard and quiet tears flowed.

But the desolated coal mine, - blood has flowed there: underground lies the old miner and his daughter's affianced.

And his goodly, beautiful daughter - oh, what can be worse? - wanders with unsound mind over the silent mountains.

Alone she lives among the rocks, without consolation, without hope; only late at night she softly falls asleep upon the ruin.

And as soon as she slumbers, musicians begin to play, and her father and her affianced open up the graves.

And with it, all the tombs are opened, all a-singing, - and not far away, from the cloister, muffled bells are rung.

Silent as the grave, covered with black gore, the stark, dead body of the affianced takes in his arm his bride.
(G) Metay tret't zu ber alter Tate, Durdigebrent mit Wiunben, Wēint $\mathfrak{u n}$ ' benjat Dic תinder peine, ভüfit $\mathfrak{u n}$ werb varfawunden.

Dā varfummen bie $\mathfrak{\Re l e} \mathfrak{m m o r i m}$
$\mathfrak{U n} \mathfrak{n}$ ' bie Giloditn alle; -
2tMes famind't unt fameigt ; ce breiben

$\mathfrak{H} \mathfrak{n}$ ' fee Breiben, $\mathfrak{n n}$ ' fee tanzen Rufig, rēiner ftort nit, $\mathfrak{B i z}$ es git a $\mathfrak{W}$ unt vun ergez,


Dā fipringt auf bem Iōten'z̧ Rale:

$\mathfrak{u}^{\prime}$ ' yaridumindet auf die Berger Mit $\mathfrak{a}$ wild (5elädter.

## Das āremt $\mathfrak{c c j e n t}$

© © fitegt ēn āreme (befind
$\mathfrak{S n}$ ©orthaus var bem Ridfter, Barmatterte, yun \&eben müb', Mit māgere Gefiditer.
Der $\mathfrak{B a ̄ t e r ~ i f ' ~ a ~ f r a n f e r ~ M a n n , ~}$ Die Mutter - idywady, gebroden: Die Dfelady, Die bione sier, Sor barre Şaut $\mathfrak{u n}$ ' $\mathfrak{n n o d}$ )n.

Her old father, with gaping wounds, approaches them; he weeps and blesses his children, sobs and disappears.

Silenced are the musicians and all the bells: all disappears, and all is mute; only the betrothed remain behind.

They remain and dance quietly, - no one disturbs them until, when beckoned from afar, the bridegroom vanishes.

Then the dead man's bride leaps up: "O you butchers of men!" and she disappears upon the mountains with wild laughter.

## The Beggar Family

ABEGGAR family stands in the courthouse before the judge. They are worn out and tired of life, and their faces are thin : the father is a sick man, the mother - weak and broken down; the four poor little creatures are nothing but dry skins and bones.
©, Fēer Sind if feger grōß, ST' gwaldig, zum ©rftannen!
 תе̄in Dire, wu zu wöhnen. See futien auf bem $\Re i d y t e r ~ j e t t, ~ 一 ~$ See fennen die Girimafien, See wētfen fā̄n bem wilden gojai Far $\mathfrak{F a n d l e n ~ i n ~ b i e ~ G i a f l e n . ~}$
©f treibt fee fajōn bie (5)rectigfeit 2lx ßettler, ણagabunben, $\mathfrak{B u n}$ Dorf $\mathfrak{z u} \mathfrak{D o r f}$, wun Stābt $\mathfrak{z u}$ Stābt, Simat $\mathfrak{a}$ Jātr a runben. See lennen jede $\mathfrak{T}$ fiffe fajōn, See wētifen fā̄n die Nores; 一 Dod farben $\bar{a} b e r$ ftarbt fich nit, (E) lebt fidit nod) auf 3 veres.

Der $\mathfrak{M u t t e r}$ 's $\mathfrak{Z u n g}$ ' if' wie gelälmt, Der $\mathfrak{B a ̄ t e r ~ f r a ̈ g t ~ z u t r a ̄ g e n ~ ; ~}$
 Mit $\mathfrak{5}$ felfad zut jāgen?
 Mit wellen efidjer friegen $\mathfrak{2} \mathfrak{M} \mathfrak{a} \mathfrak{a} \mathfrak{l}$ zeit ergez wu gejdenlt, $\mathfrak{2} \mathfrak{n}$ Drt, awu zu liegen.
 (Bei ©5ott fänn 2ukez weren),
 §it Zärtliduffeit ernähren.
 Varbleiben zwifden Meniden! D, gieb, anftātt zu fludyen Did), (belegentyeit zut benfan! !"

Oh, their crimes are very great, of unheard-of magnitude! They have no home of their own, no place where to live. They now look at the judge, they understand his mien, they know the terrible punishment for wandering in the streets.

Justice has been driving them as beggars and vagabonds from village to village, from town to town, almost for a whole year. They know every jail, they know all those dark holes; in spite of all that they did not die, but lived on for ever new troubles.

The mother's tongue is almost paralyzed, the father asks in fright: "Whither, O judge, are you going to drive us now with our little creatures? Oh, leave us here! The city is large, - we will somehow manage to get a meal, and a place where to lie down.
"And if ever I get well again (with God everything is possible), I shall tenderly care for my wife and children. Leave us, judge, oh, leave us here among human beings! Oh, give us an opportunity of blessing instead of cursing you !"

## Der $\mathfrak{D}_{8}^{*}$ obz Getradtt bem franten Mann

 Mit feine biftre Bliưen: , 5 , nēin, idy well eud) alfe jectis Wun bannen mefr nit fatidfen. Sgr beito nor wet mufen gētn, Die תinder wellen Gheiben; Sat well far fee in Wiatientaus $\mathfrak{A}$ freien $\mathfrak{g l a}$ 多 varfdureiben."Der ছāter werd yar Sdired varfummt, Dic Mutter bēbt ān fatreien:
 (Eưd Fêin Māl nit varzeifen. $\mathfrak{U} \mathfrak{n}$ ' $\mathfrak{n e m m t ~ i f y ~ m e i n e ~} \mathfrak{R i n d e r}$ zu, To nemmt yarēint mein Reben; $\mathfrak{S}$, nētn, tad well bit תinter eutif शaf tein faum fall nit geben!
, $\mathfrak{J} \mathfrak{d} \mathfrak{h a z b}$ mit $\mathfrak{B l u t}$ gefōgen fee, Erzōgen biz azünder, -
Э(d) welf äudd weiter bettlen gēgn $\mathfrak{U}$ n' peifen meine תinder.
 $\mathfrak{D u}$ lacdif $\mathfrak{e s} \mathfrak{n v r}, \mathfrak{b u}$ fpielf $\mathfrak{n v r}$,

$\mathfrak{U n}^{\prime}$ treib' $\mathfrak{H z}$, wu but willft nor !"
 Maddt fartig Die papieren : -
Shm art die Mutter's શobrter nit,
 Der Mifipuet, er tf' ausgeredt, $\mathfrak{U n}$ ' ${ }^{\text {andnt }}$ er fein nody milder? $\mathfrak{A}$ Doppelt flutu auf ber Syftem,


The judge looks at the sick man with a sharp glance: "No, I shall no longer send you all six away from this place. Only you two will have to go, the children will remain, - I shall get a free place for them in the orphan asylum."

The father grows dumb with fright, the mother begins to cry: "Oh, no, God in heaven will not forgive you that. And if you take away my children, take at once my life! Oh, no, I shall never give up my children to you!
"I fed them with my blood, and raised them until now; I shall keep on begging, and feeding my children. I know, judge, that cannot be, you are only jesting and playing with us. Oh, leave the creatures with me, and drive us whither you please!"

The judge answers not a word, and gets ready the papers. He cares not for the words of the mother, her woe cannot move him. The sentence is passed, and can it be more cruel? Doubly cursed be the system that makes such pictures possible !

## Wutin?

Su a Macbele

Die Werlt if' nodi nit vffen!
S, 「eb', wie ftill bā if' arum!
Bar $\mathfrak{I a} \mathfrak{g}$ — Die Gfafien ftēgen fumm, -
$\mathfrak{W}$ ufin, wutin afo gefamind?

Die Blumen träumen boct nod), - fegit?
©. fitweigt nod jeder $\mathfrak{B o g} g e t n e f t, ~-~$
Weutin fort treibt es bidy azüno ?
$\mathfrak{F} \mathfrak{\mathfrak { u }}$ 〔äufit $\mathfrak{D u}$, făg', beginnen?


Watkin, wutin, bu fijoente Rind,



Wubin fort trāgt es bidy ber Wind ?
$\mathfrak{D u t}$ weft Doct nod yarirren! Raum kāt ber $\mathfrak{x a g}$ bir nit gelacht,
 Sie if' Dody fumm $\mathfrak{u n}$ taub $\mathfrak{n}$ ' blind! Wibin mit Yeidten Sinnen?


## Whither?

## To a girl

WHITHER, whither, pretty child? The world is not yet open! Oh, see, how quiet it is all around! ' T is before daybreak, the streets are mute. Whither, whither do you hurry? ' T is now good to sleep, and, do you see, the flowers are still a-dreaming; every bird's nest is still silent. Whither, pray, are you driven now? Whither do you hurry, tell me, and what to do? - "To earn a living!"

Whither, whither, pretty child, walking so late at night? Alone through the darkness and cold! And everything is at rest, the world is silent. Whither does the wind carry you? You will yet lose your way! Scarcely has day smiled on you, how can the night help you? For it is mute, and deaf, and blind. Whither, whither with easy mind? —"To earn a living !"

## 


Dut Gört, wie idy yfeif' Dir a Nigen?
$\mathfrak{J n t i f f b l o e n ~} \mathfrak{y i m m e l}$ Die Sunn goldig fajeint,
©Eb fingen in Wald meine luftige Freund,
E̊s fummen in Gsrüngrāz die fltegen;

EEs blüthen un' falmedien die Blümelach reid), 一
(Sbenug in ofabril dir zu liegen!

Sdū̄ Summer if yeunt, fajōn Summer if beunt!
$\mathfrak{B t e l}$ \&uftigleit, wiel $\mathfrak{B e r g e n u ̈ g e n ~}$
EFin Sebmedes āthemt, ein Jedes genieft, -
EEs frägen nor 2 Klfe, wu Du ergez bift:
Dein ©heelef ip bā jā, bein $\mathfrak{Z h e i l}$ if varan, -
$\mathfrak{N u}, \mathfrak{n e m m ~ e b , ~} \mathfrak{0}, \mathfrak{n e m m}$ Dāb, bu $\mathfrak{A r b e i t e r m a n n ! ~}$

Der Scumetterling $\tan _{\mathfrak{z}} \mathrm{t}$ auf bie Blumen, Der fitberner Regenbel m'dadedig fprizt,
Ezs ftēben Die Berg afō grün $\mathfrak{u}$ ' घarfpiţt,
Die $\mathfrak{L u f t}$ if gemtidat mit yarfumen;
Dic Sdāfelach fpringen in blumigen $\mathfrak{T h a ̆ T , ~}$
 Die bēilige Beit if" gefummen!
Nu, madf) nit fein Sdutijes! Dāz Reben barblizt, -
Sdion Summer if' itgt, fā̄n ©ummer if' ight
Der $\Re$ ãd mäg auf a $\mathfrak{W}$ eile varitummen, 一
Du kât afō lang, afō bitter gefidaft,
Barwenb't afō $\mathfrak{n a r r i j d}$ bein eiferne תraft.
D, rēd fich nit cint aş bās Reben if' Stuß,


## The Nightingale to the Laborer

S
UMMER is to-day, summer is to-day! Do you hear how I warble a song for you! The sun shines golden in the deep blue sky; my airy friends sing in the forest; the flies buzz in the green grass; the spring babbles, the brook murmurs; the little flowers bloom and shed their rich perfume. Enough your lying in the factory! Get up, Nature loves you also! Summer is to-day, summer is to-day! Everything breathes joy and pleasure, everybody enjoys himself, - all ask where you are. Your part is there, there is a share for you, - so take it, oh, take it, you working man !

Summer is now, summer is now! The butterfly dances upon the flowers! the silvery rain drizzles delightfully; the mountains are green and clearly outlined against the sky; the air is mingled with perfumes; the sheep frisk in the flowery vale; the shepherd hears the shepherdess's call ; - the holy time has come! So do not delay, for life passes like a flash, - Summer is now, summer is now ! Let the wheel be silent for a while! You have worked so long and so painfully, you have so foolishly used up your iron strength. Oh, do not think that life is worthless, lift up with pleasure the cup of enjoyment !
 Sd) well es bir éfig nit fingen, Dent enblidy wet fummen auf mir ätdi a Sdjo, Mein 3 wetg wet yarnelymen die finftere $\mathfrak{R r a ̄}$, Dās beilige \&ied wet vartummen.
S̄̄lang wie tidy fing' bir arād vun bem Bäum下un freikeit $\mathfrak{n}$ ' Qtebe Dem golbenem $\mathfrak{T r a ̈ u m , ~}$

Die Simmlen varbletben äudd ébig nit $\mathfrak{b l o}$,


Dent ridetig wie Dut welder welft Gei'm Mafidin',
 Momenten nor bilben bāz §eben, bie Seit, Warieft a Mioment, if' varloren ber Streit!

## Mas ip bic Melt?

$11 \mathfrak{N}$ if unfer $\mathfrak{F e l t e l} \mathfrak{a}$ Salafatmmer nor, Un' if' nur a çyolem dāz Reben;
Dann follen mix, will tat, äudu metne pāar $\mathfrak{a}$ āh $\mathfrak{S n}$ gute ©falīmes varidmeben.
 $\mathfrak{W}$ Wie jene grō̄artige Serren;
Dann will idy in (Sgolem aliefliden Blide, $\mathfrak{U} \mathfrak{n}^{\prime}$ mill nit mefr träumen yun $\mathfrak{I r a ̈ g r e n . ~}$
$\mathfrak{U} \mathfrak{n}^{\prime}$ if" $\mathfrak{u n j e r}$ Weltel a ©fimdue, $\mathfrak{a} \mathfrak{B a l l}$, $\mathfrak{W u}$ mir feinen 2 We yarbetten;
Dann willt fidy mir âtdy fisen breitlid) in Saal $\mathfrak{U} \mathfrak{n}^{\prime}$ bäben a Sherlef a fetten.

Summer is here, summer is here ! I shall not sing it to you eternally, for finally my hour, too, will strike, - a dark crow will occupy my branch, the holy song will cease. As long as I sing to you from the tree of the golden dream of freedom and love, - rise and let me not urge you any longer ! The heaven will not remain eternally blue! Summer is here, summer is here! Now one can pass a merry time, for just like you, who are now fading at your machine, everything will in the end wither and be carried away. Life is composed but of moments, and a moment unused is a battle lost!

## What is the World?

IF our world is but a sleeping room, and life is only a dream, - then I wish my few years should flit away in good dreams.

Then I wish dreams of freedom and happiness like those the great gentlemen dream of; then I want to see pleasant sights in my dream, and I do not want to dream of tears.

And if our world is a feast, a ball, and we the invited guests, then I, too, wish to be seated comfortably in the hall and have my own good share of the banquet.
(̛̉ $\mathfrak{A} \mathfrak{B i} 1$ โien $\mathfrak{a}$ reduten varträgen;
Sd) $\mathfrak{b a} \mathfrak{a}$ ' in mein (ffuf äudy biefelbige $\mathfrak{B l u t}$, $\mathfrak{W}$ ie bie, weldie $\bar{\Xi}_{\text {zues }}$ yarmogen.
 $\mathfrak{F} \mathfrak{t}$ 's wadfien äudd alfertand $\mathfrak{R o j e n , ~}$ Dann will tal fpazieren Dort, wu mir gefalt,


Dant willt fix mir trāgen sun $\mathfrak{B l u m e n ~ a ~} \mathfrak{\mathfrak { r a n } \mathfrak { z } _ { \text { z } } \text { , }}$ Sa) will fith mit Dörner nit zteren; -
Dann willt fid) mir äud mit mein \&tebfe in (3lanz

$\mathfrak{U} \mathfrak{n}^{\prime}$ if $\mathfrak{H f f e r}$ Welt a Milduome azünd, $2 \mathfrak{H}$ Starfe $\mathfrak{u n}$ ' Sdfoadifere freiten;
 S(4) Greib' nit mit $\mathfrak{R a l t f e i t} \mathfrak{y u n}$ Weiten.

Dant warf tat in Feuer fixi, wer' idi a Selo, $\mathfrak{u n t}^{\prime}$ fämpi' wie a loeb' far bem Sdiwadjen;



## 

## ฯ $\mathfrak{I r a u m}$

DJ® શadtt ip a ftille, es leudatt bie Remone, E\& fünflen bie Steren in fimmel; -
 $\mathfrak{U n}^{\prime}$ bört, wāz mir dolemt in Drimmel!

I can, indeed, digest a thing that is good, I can stand a dainty morsel ; I have the same blood in my body as those who possess great fortunes.

And if our world is but a garden where all kinds of roses grow, - then I wish to pleasure myself where I please, and not where the rich permit me to walk.

Then I want to wear a wreath of flowers, and do not wish to adorn myself with thorns ; then I want to walk with my beloved one in the splendor of myrtles and laurels.

And if our world is now a battlefield where the strong struggle with the weak, - then, in spite of storm, and wife and child, I shall not stand coldly aside.

Then I thrust myself into the fire, become a hero and battle like a lion for the weak; and if the bullet strike me, and I fall dead on the field, - then I, too, can die laughing!

## In the Garden of the Dead

## A Dream

NIGHT is silent, the moon shines, and the stars twinkle in the sky. The angel of dreams carries me thro' death and life, and hear what I dream in my slumber!

Qut alter $\mathfrak{B e f f o l e m}$ ，zutworfene $\mathfrak{R w o r i m}$ ， $\mathfrak{B e g r a ̄ b e n e ~ © ゙ T u ̛ d e n ~ u n ' ~} 3$ ores ； Dā liegen bie Gfute，Dā liegen dic Sdulectef， Dā ruben die תutdit wie bie Srores．

Dt wa nit wut dolemt a werbe a fitile， 2 2 intele wiegt ithe 3 weigen；－
Sad fiēt＇Dort gebrodien $\mathfrak{n} \mathfrak{n}^{\prime} \mathfrak{G o ̈ r} \mathfrak{n i t}$ fēin $\mathfrak{W o ̈ r t e r}$ ，－ Die $\mathfrak{I}$ te，bie $\mathfrak{I}$ te，fee fulweigen．

S（4）fēty＇ $\mathfrak{u n}$＇betradyt arum mir bie Mazeewes， Die Funberte $\mathfrak{B e r g l a d d}$ Die ftumme；




 ${ }^{2}$ beilige $\Re \mathfrak{H f}$＇in Die $\mathfrak{B e t t l a c h}$ ．＂

Sw ftegh， $\mathfrak{u n}$＇es grault midy！© ，， $\mathfrak{S n}$ Dorem＝feit felf $\mathfrak{u n}$＇in $\mathfrak{B o f f e n}$ ！
$\mathfrak{B e t r a d y t ~ v u n ~ d i e ~ S e i t e n ~ z m e ̄ t ~ f i t i l l e ~ © j e l a ̈ g e r z , ~ 一 ~}$


Sal fefy，wie sariditeden es feinen Die Rmorim！
Wie fänn bā $\mathfrak{B a r}$ 化iedentet fummen？
Far wās ip ot ber Bergel nebect a kōbler， Wie fummt auf dem zweiten die $\mathfrak{B l u m e n}$ ？
 $\mathfrak{U l n}$＇Dorten if＇Samb nor $\mathfrak{u n}$＇Steiner？＂＂



An old cemetery, scattered graves, buried happiness and sorrows : there lie the good, there lie the bad, there rest the slaves and the oppressors.

Here and there an old willow dreams, and a soft wind rocks its branches; I stand in anguish and hear no words: the dead, the dead, -they are silent.

I stand and look at the tombstones around me, at the hundreds of silent mounds; I see their graves, and 't is evident - graves of the poor, the rich, and the pious.

A zephyr blows and passes over the little hills, the leaves above them rock to and fro: "Holy peace be unto you in the graves, holy peace in your little beds!"
I stand and shudder! The angel of dreams speaks: "Look to the South, and to the North! Look there at the two quiet restingplaces! Do you understand their meaning? Tell me openly!"

I look: how different the two graves are ! Whence comes here a difference? Why is this mound here entirely bare, why are there flowers on the other?
"Do you understand, O man, why flowers grow there, while here there is sand and rocks?" the angel of dreams asked me, and he assured me that he alone knew the secret thereof, and no one else.
＂Dt $\mathfrak{D}$ à，unter biejen bewachjenem Bergel，－
Der Menid hāt belangt zu die Sajinder，
Wplegt marteren Sdmadie $\mathfrak{u n}$ peinigen bitter
Die āreme 2 rbeitertinder．
（Gepeinigt die āreme Sflaven ；－
Dervun pflegen quellen bet ifm feine Gflieber，

> พã̄ er bat varfrefien, varnummen,Der däfiger ©゙ärtele öben gewor'en, Dā feinen dem $\mathfrak{A r b e i t e r ' s ̧ ~} \mathfrak{B l u m e n}$ !
> , Sn bort zu Dem nadeten Bergel belangt cs!
> Dāz feinen Dem $\mathfrak{A}$ rbeiter's תweeten!

$$
\begin{aligned}
& \text { พ゙ßā er hāt yarloren Durd תētten." }
\end{aligned}
$$

> E®s Gören fixi wirter in Gaxrten :
> ,,Die Blumen die fajoene, fee feinen gegantuct, Dt Dorten belangen jee, Dorten!"
> $\mathfrak{U n}$ ' Geftiger trāgt fid) Der Wind Durct Die (brubler $\mathfrak{U t n}$ ' raujdit mit a boeje Mefume, -

> ,, $\mathfrak{F a r b a n f t}$ es bie $\mathfrak{F r u m m e}$, Die Jrumme !"
> Dā gleid hāt bem 2rbeiter's (5rub fich gefpālten, Der Men hāt gebunnert mit Soren:
> ,D, nit nor bie Blumen allein feinen meine, Die Bretter fogar bun fein $\mathfrak{D r e n}$.
"Here, under this thickly grassed mound - the man who lies there has been a flayer: he tortured the weak, and tormented bitterly the poor working children.
"He lived on the blood of the laborers, and tormented the poor slaves, - and that gave sustenance to his limbs and brought forth fatness.
" And now, from the strength of the poor working men, which he has devoured and used up, there has grown up that little garden above him: those are the flowers of the working man!
"They belong to the bare mound over yonder! They are the laborer's blooms! They have grown from his marrow, from his blood, from his tears which he shed in chains!"

A wind softly blows over the graves, and the words are heard in the garden: "The beautiful flowers, they are stolen flowers, they belong over yonder, over yonder!"

And stronger grows the wind that passes over the mounds, and it howls in anger. Words, terrible words are heard: "You may thank for it the pious, the pious!"

Suddenly the working man's grave clove open; the dead man thundered in anger: "Not only the flowers are mine, nay, even the boards of the coffin are mine!
 Tadyridyim, äuty ifr jeib nit feine!
(Dās hāt er burd) mir, Durd mein āreme $\mathfrak{j l a} \mathfrak{a j e}$, $\mathfrak{D}$, $\mathfrak{H M e s} \mathfrak{u n}$ ' $\mathfrak{A M e s}$ if' meine!"

शātidem if' ber $\mathfrak{D} \overline{\mathrm{D}}$ ter arauf in ber $\mathfrak{R u f t e n}$

 $\mathfrak{U n} n^{\prime}$ gāt $\mathfrak{a u f}$ Der $\mathfrak{W e l t}$ ficia barmofen.
 Dod flingt mir in $\bar{D}$ ber bic $\mathfrak{I a}$ ane: , D, nit nor allein if bie Bhumen geganwet, গor $\mathfrak{A H e z}$ un' $\mathfrak{A H e s}$ if' meine!"
"And not only the boards of the coffin, - you shrouds, you too are mine! He has it all through my work, my poor work, - oh, all and all is mine !"

Then the dead one passed away in the air with cries : "You will pay for it yet!" and he clenched his fist and threatened the world.

Frightened I awoke from my dream, but there still resound in my ears the words: "Not only the flowers have been stolen, nay, all and all is mine!"

NATIONAL SONGS

## Sire

Jefy moltt, badit fidy, wölfen jett beten mein Ryre, Sie foll etmās ladjen - ex gēbt āber nit. $\mathfrak{\Im a}, \mathfrak{B r u ̈ d e r l a d t , ~ e r j t e n s ~ i f ~ j e s ̧ t ~ b e i ~ u n s ~ S f i r e , ~}$ $\mathfrak{U n}^{\prime}$ ftam epper, făgt mir, wie ladit ex a $\mathfrak{J u b}$ ?





2 Spaf hāt a $\mathfrak{I a m}$ gār bāz jübifáje Reben! $\mathfrak{A}$ ভpan hāt ber jübifafer Mafel a Eheen! $\mathfrak{I n}$ Simmel die filberne $\mathfrak{W o l f e n d a d}$ fidmeben, $\mathfrak{J n}$ Feld if' a Chijeß, Du - fitg' nur $\mathfrak{u n}$ 'mētn!

Der Wald if' gemürzig, un' grîn if' Der (bārten, Sn frülling Der Wintel, wie frifíl $\mathfrak{u n}$ wie fübl! $\mathfrak{W}$ ̄s art es Didi) Jübel, wāz art es bidy borten? Bei dir if Dody Sfire, Duf füfz' in ber Still'!

Der lieflidfer Summer, Der $\mathfrak{T r} \mathbf{0}$ ftung bun Reben, ©fr läuft gã in Suffen, in ふrädzzen varbei: Wāß tänn er bem Jüben far 50 finungen geben, $\mathfrak{A}$ Süben, —wāb troeft't ifm $\mathfrak{a}$ Summer, $\mathfrak{a}$ ฏai?


## Sephirah

MESEEMS I should like to ask my Muse to laugh a little, but it is all in vain, for, to begin with, we now have Sephirah, and, besides, tell me : how can a Jew laugh at all?
$\mathrm{Oh}, \mathrm{God}$, you laugh? What a pitiful laughter! Is there anything real in the pleasures of a Jew? Is the laughter of a Jew at all real? No, it is but a mixture of sighing and groaning!

Jewish life has no flavor, Jewish happiness has no grace! In the heavens float the silvery clouds, the woods are full of life, but you sit down and weep !

The forest is redolent, and green is the garden; the breezes of Spring - how refreshing and how cool!! What concern is that to you, Jew, what concern to you? You now have Sephirah, so sit silently and weep!
The lovely summer, the consolation of life, passes away in sobs and in sighs. What hopes can it give to the Jew? What consolation to him is summer, and May?

 গu, if, eppex fadicd for thm Bargenügen,

$\therefore$ Hat woutrity ber Sibl, wenn er fingt fid fananber,
 Sab Hor' in fein Nigen nor: ,"Wander $\mathfrak{u n}$ 'wander!" $\mathfrak{J n}$ jebweder $\mathfrak{N o t e}$ Derfenn' idy bem Jüb.

Dem jübifaten Ried, went eg foll nor berfören
 Dant mus er nit willendig giefen mit $\mathfrak{x r a ̈ b r e n}$ Un' weren erzittert vun febweder תlang.
$\mathfrak{A}$ zittrige $\mathfrak{x f i t e} \mathfrak{a} \mathfrak{a}$ rute, $\mathfrak{a}$ Satworim-
SD Dās if' azünber ber jübifíder ©fuft,
 $\mathfrak{A}$ (5)uft, wāz zufumettert a fâblene Bruft.

2 $\mathfrak{T}$ file $=$ leoni, $\mathfrak{a}$ Jaile, a Rine -
 Seit Dort, in fein beitige $\mathfrak{B i o m i m = m e d i n e , ~}$


D, feit in fein $\mathfrak{T e m p e l}$ zufidmettert, zurieben Sein Jeind hāt die füfite ßilejemer, if’ nor Dem Sübel ber fläglider Scypfer geblieben, 2taf melden er dulipet nor ēin Māl in Sātr.
$\mathfrak{B u n}$ Simblen, wun §aufen, wun Sarfen, wun §iedlen,
 S' mehr nit geblieben bem āremen Süblen
Der finfterer ভdjpfer, zutrüưent $\mathfrak{u n}$ ' barr.

A medicant who has no place where to rest himself, with whom everybody has his sport, - say, is it, then, proper for him to think of pleasures, of gardens, of balsam, of a tree, or of a flower?

And if even the Jew at times breaks forth into song, do you imagine his song to be full of mirth? I hear in his melody only : "Wander and wander !" by every note I recognize the Jew.

If one who is well versed in music were to hear a Jewish song, he could not abstain from shedding tears or from being deeply moved by every sound of $i t$.

The ram's-horn's call to repentance and attrition of spirit, - that is now the favored Jewish melody, a melody that wakens only feelings for the grave, a melody that shatters a breast of steel.

The Suppliant's Psalm, the Song of Atonement, and of the Destruction of the Temple, - these are the sweetest music of the Jew, ever since in his holy land of balsams his joys and his happiness have been disturbed.

Oh, ever since his enemies have shattered and broken the sweetest instruments of music in his Temple, there has been left to the Jew nothing but the plaintive ram's-horn, upon which he sobs but once a year.

Of cymbals and drums, of harps and lyres, of organs and clarinets, flutes and guitars, there is nothing left to the poor Jew but the gloomy ram'shorn, withered and dry.
$\mathfrak{U n}$ ' wāb er foll fingen, un' wie er foll fadjen, $\mathfrak{U n}$ ' wie er foll fipielen $\mathfrak{g a x} \mathfrak{r}$ froeblicubig füß, Deryört men in Rted feinem pluttling erwadien


Sid wollt, badit fidy, wöllen jest beten mein \&ure, Sie foll etwāe $\mathfrak{Y a d}$ )en, es gêtt āber nit! $\mathfrak{S a ̄}, \mathfrak{B r u ̈ b e r l a d y , ~ e r f t e n s ~ i f ' ~ j e g t ~ b e t ~} \mathfrak{u m}$ ©fire,


## gelbmeften

©๕5I-yaraus die alte Mine
$\mathfrak{U n}^{\prime}$ vun $\mathfrak{b i n t e n} \mathfrak{g} \mathfrak{e} \mathfrak{j j e}=\mathfrak{Z}$ weetel!
Mine wēint $\mathfrak{u n}$ ' fāgt Die $\mathfrak{T}$ duine, $\mathfrak{U}$ n' bie $\mathfrak{B y}$ weite lēgt Dem $\mathfrak{I n v e t e l}$.
 Still $\mathfrak{u n}$ ' warem $\mathfrak{a u f}$ ber $\mathfrak{T}$ ditue: (chlipendig, nor faum zu Gören, Sāgt vartlemmt bie alte Mine:
"Starfer $\mathfrak{5 a r r}$ sut alle Wolten! Sad, bein Dienfumid, fitwact $\mathfrak{u n}$ ' àrem, Meft' Die rublige Gezelten, Die Saditim's ftille תworim.
,,2世2e Bergeladid Die ftumme
Meft' idy, guter (5)ott, azünder,
$\mathfrak{W u}$ es ruben beine frumme, Deine bētígeltebte תinber,

And whatever he may sing, and however he may laugh, and however joyously he may try to play, one suddenly hears awakening in his song the Suppliant's Psalm, which painfully touches the heart.

Meseems I should like to ask my Muse to laugh a little, but it is all in vain, for, to begin with, we now have Sephirah, and, besides, tell me: how can a Jew laugh at all?

## The Measuring of the Graves

CEE! In front is old Minneh and behind Pessyeh-Tsvaitle! Minneh weeps and says her prayer, while the other lays the yarn.

And the tears roll, silent and hot, on the prayerbook; sobbing, but scarcely audible, old Minneh says, with oppressed heart:
"Strong Lord of all the worlds! I, thy handmaid, weak and poor, measure the quiet abodes, the still graves of the just.
"All silent mounds I now measure, good God, where there rest thy pious, thy warmly beloved children,
,"Weldife fingen Dorten Satire Bar bein Stubl in hōduen $\mathfrak{F i m m e l}$, Seber ©itrer vun fein Dire, $\mathfrak{D u r d}$ ) fein ētg füßen Drimmel.
"Un' wun bem gelēgten תinoetel $\mathfrak{W}$ et mit $\mathfrak{F o r d t i g f e i t ~} \mathfrak{u n}$ ' Mōre
 $\mathfrak{U} \mathfrak{m} \mathfrak{z u}$ Yernen, Gott, Dein $\mathfrak{T}$
,114 zu beten bid Medile,
Dās Dut folft fā̄n fort dergören
Sajntew's emessige $\mathfrak{T}$ file
$\mathfrak{H} \mathfrak{n}^{\prime}$ Derjehn $\mathfrak{H}$ isrojel'ß $\mathfrak{I r a ̈ h r e n ! " ~ . ~ . ~ . ~}$

## Sibeid $=$ Retwate

$\mathfrak{W}^{\Re}$ Dem lajurnem $\mathfrak{R u f t = j a m ~ f a m e b e n ~}$
Die Silferwolfendladi) arum;
Die Steren füntlen, Steren Yeben,


Es ruft der Wald in tiefen Sdupeigen,
Die Bäumer ftetien fafa, vartradt, Rēin Wintele bewegt Dte 3 weigen, (Ex fallaft die Erb', es fummt die Nadt.

Nor weit in $\mathfrak{F s a l b} \mathfrak{u n}$ ' in Sfatone
Der Altter fiteft bort mit fein Rind, Er if' mefabefd Die Remome, Er bett es far ibr Ridit azund:
"Who sing the Hymns before thy throne in the high heaven, each one from his habitation, through his eternal, sweet dream.
"And with this measured yarn thy PessyehTsvaitle will make candles in awe and fear, in order, O God, to study thy Law by it,
"And to ask thy forgiveness, that thou mayest, at last, hear Jacob's fervent prayer, and accept the tears of Israel."

## The Moon-Prayer

TN the azure aerial ocean the silver clouds hover ; stars twinkle, stars are merry, but the moon is pale and silent.

The forest rests in deep silence; the trees stand hushed in meditation; not a breeze moves the branches, - earth sleeps, night is mute.

Only deep in the awful forest an old man stands with his child : he is blessing the moon and prays now for its light.
 Derför' mein zitterdigen $\Omega \mathfrak{N} \mathfrak{J}$; ©f foll iyr Sdjein varboppelt wer'en, Sie foll nody Yeuditen wie a Mrā.
„Wie Dein Begläubter fāt gefadrieben:
 S, (Gutt, wit bleid if fie geblieben, Rutd ān ity fterblides (sfefidt!"

S, wie zuflingt es fiditin ©tillen, $\mathfrak{S n}$ tiefen $\mathfrak{W a}$ ald, jein bëtín Gebet! Wie giefen fiti bāb bie (fefutlen! $\mathfrak{F}$ ie fametgt es antez, went er red't!

Sein תind nor fuatt, wer fann erflaren, Wā̄ Es glanzen viele felle ভteren, $\mathfrak{H} \mathfrak{n}$ ' mandje fím müntlen, fámünflen fam?

Dāß fluge Rind betradit es oben $\mathfrak{H} \mathfrak{n}$ ' frägt Dem $\mathfrak{A l t e n}$, $\mathfrak{n i t}$ geftört : ,, D, fāg' Docd, 家ãter, mäg men gläuben $\mathfrak{S n}$ bem, wāb id fâb' oft gekort?
,"Men fāgt, Dem Reidyen's Steren fünfelt, $\mathfrak{S f}^{\prime}$ immer $\mathfrak{G e l f}$, if ftändig grō̄, Dem $\bar{Z}$ remen'z sarfeyrt, er Dünfelt,

,"Ez feinentafe Dā Majoles
$\bigcirc$ Dorten? Sāg' Dod, jīa zu nētn?

§ §rēub), i ๕lend, i Gremēin?
" O God, I pray to thee in tears, - hear my trembling voice! Let its light be doubled, let it shine as of yore.
"As thy Trusted one has written: the two great and equal lights! O God, how pale it has become, look at its mortal face!"

Oh, how his warm prayer resounds in the silence of the deep forest! How his feelings flow! How all is silent when he speaks !

His child looks on and wonders why above, in the blue ocean, many stars are shining bright, while some barely, barely twinkle?

The clever child looks on high and, without being interrupted, asks his father: "Oh, tell me, father, can we believe that which I have often heard?
"They say the rich man's star sparkles, is always bright, always large, while the poor man's star grows dimmer, dimmer, and finally goes out?
" Are there, indeed, stars of destiny above? Tell me, yes or no? Do they stand for peace and oppression, pleasure, misery and weeping?
,, $5 \mathfrak{n}$ felfor bort jenem flēinem Steren? S' unjer Majel er nit? Sāg'! $\mathfrak{W}$ eil $\mathfrak{u n j e r}$ \&eben trieft nor $\mathfrak{T r a ̈ b r e n}$ $\mathfrak{H} \mathfrak{n}$ ' finfer if' $\mathfrak{H z}$ jeber $\mathfrak{T a} g$. . . .
, $\mathfrak{U n}$ ' fänn nody fein, $\mathfrak{a b}$ er foll glanzen, Wite jene Dort, in gold'nem gradit? Suluidit er fiti bāz aus in (sanzen,


Der 2 (Iter fineetidit bem hīdien Steren, ©r flärt an Entfer far Dāb Rind,
 Dod Worter nit ajō gefamind. . . .

## Die crite Zmile

(f.S fanneib't Der Froft, ber Sturem fest, $\mathfrak{U n}$ ' Bajde führt $\mathfrak{u n}$ ' Biele Dem fififer's fduone $\mathfrak{I o d j t e r}$ jeşt $\mathfrak{S n}$ falten $\mathfrak{F a}$ affer=twile.
 Die Beit Gāt āngemunfen:
Bargangen if' Dodf idiōn bie Sunn', 一 (Du $\mathfrak{m u} \mathfrak{B}$ fitif $\mathfrak{u n t e r t u n f e n . " ~}$
, Dem Bōres ©bjobim feinen grō̃, 一 Nifídfofide, mack tēin $\mathfrak{I n u e}$ !
Du fpringit arein un' pringit aräuţ,

"Do you see over yonder the small star? Is it not ours? Tell me! For our life is heavy with tears, and all our days are dark.
"And can it be that it will shine some day like those others, in golden splendor? Or will it entirely go out, and will eternal night cover it?"

The old man wrinkles his high brow and thinks of an answer for the child ; there come sobs, there come tears, but words are late in coming. . . .

## The First Bath of Ablution

T
HE frost cuts sharply, the storm rages, and Basheh and Tsilleh lead now the fisherman's daughter to the cold bath of ablution.
"Be not frightened, my child! 'T is but a small matter. The time has approached; for, you see, the sun has gone down, and you must dive under."
"The mercies of the Lord are great! Do not tarry, be quick! You leap in, you leap out, and you are ritually pure."
 $\mathfrak{S n}$ wilben $\mathfrak{F r o f t} \mathfrak{u}$ ' ©turem.
$\mathfrak{2}$, wiflt $\mathfrak{D u}$ fein a Jüben's Weib, (Gemoelfn' Did zu 乌efiurim! ...

Sie fpringt arein, fie pringt aruf, $\mathfrak{U} \mathfrak{m}\{\ddot{u} \mathfrak{t}$, $\mathfrak{u m} \mathfrak{m} \mathfrak{u} \mathfrak{t}$ seduome!
Dort fteft $\mathfrak{u n}$ ' futut ber Bat=kaguf, Du bif geblieben tome.

Un' wieder hāben fid getuăt Mit Sdureá Die fanone (5)Tieder : Dod vun berweiten fteqt $\mathfrak{u n}$ fuct Der Drelstome wieder.

स्Mes farfer werb ber froft, er brennt!
Die Mutter $\mathfrak{u n}$ ' bie Sdideene, See brecten bie zufror'ne Saänd, $\mathfrak{U} \mathfrak{n}$ ' Geēider werb bie Sdjuene.

 2rein zum britten Māl, gefáwind!


Die Blēidue meidyt vun Din nit $\mathfrak{a} \mathfrak{b}$
$\mathfrak{U t n}$ 'thut, wie 's fieft gefdrieben :
Sie if' arein, fie if' arāb,


And behold, the tender body shivers in the severe frost and the storm. Ah, you wish to become the wife of a Jew, so get used to suffering ! . . .

She leaps in, she leaps up; -in vain, in vain, my dear! There stands and looks a Gentile, you remain impure.

And again the beautiful limbs dive under in terror, but the uncircumcised still stands at a distance and looks on.

The frost grows stronger and more biting. The mother and the neighbor, they rub their frozen hands, - and the beautiful one grows paler.
" Now, do as the Law requires, my child! The evil man has gone away. Go in for the third time, quickly ! It will not hurt, do not mind it !"

The pale one does not break the Law, and does as is written. She leaped in, she went down, and she remained below. . . .

## Der Mantier

(2) Je Cheeder=finder willen fid) mit mir nit fpielen,

Der Rebe ftedt midd Durd) mit feine Blident
 Die Befte wollen geren midd derfituen. . . .

Bun Ribeidj=becher, wu bie Rinder alle fuppen, Mid fāgt mit wilden Ras aweg der Safames, 一
 Baridulten feinen meine "Daled Xexes."

Der ©hajen trāgt zum, Rejenen" Die Sōfertōre, $\mathfrak{U}$ n' Seber ©iner fuidt thr mit a Rouidie:
Jdi flell' bie @tppen aus, men fưt auf mir, a Mīre!

 2 ลāb hēiĝt a Mamjer? Sāgt, far wāz midu plāgen?
 Sie fuidit midy beit $\mathfrak{u n}$ ’ mill es mir nit făgen.

Far and're Rinber hāt a $\mathfrak{t a ̄ t e ~ w a ̄ z ~ z u ~ f a ̄ g e n , ~}$ $\mathfrak{U n}$ ' far a $\mathfrak{J o f i f e m ~ f e l l t ~ f i c h ~ S e b e r ~ © i n e r : ~ - ~}$ Nor id bin beffer, wie a Blatt vun Bind getrāgen,

$\mathfrak{U n}^{\prime}$ wut if Doch mein $\mathfrak{z a t e}$ ergez Gingefummen? Nit dā fein Entfer far bem Nawenabten.
St er geforben? Saāt ber Simmel thm genummen?


## The Bastard

THE school children do not want to play with me; the teacher pierces me with his look; there is no heart with human feelings for me, and even the best would fain strangle me. . . .

The beadle drives me away, in wild anger, from the cup of benediction, from which all children sip. I am called " bastard," am not allowed to approach the Holy Ark, cursed are my " four cubits."

The Precentor carries around the Scroll before its reading, and everybody kisses it with ardor : I pout my lips to kiss it, they look at me in terror, I turn away in pain and shame.

I think, and think, and cannot understand my transgression. What does it mean - "bastard "? Say, why do they plague me? And if I ask my mother, she weeps bitter tears, and kisses me fervently and will not answer me.

Other children have a father for their protector, and everybody takes the part of an orphan, - but I am forlorn, like a leaf carried by the wind, - excepting a weak woman no one loves me!

And what has become of my father! There is no answer to the outcast. Has he died? Has Heaven taken him? Why do I not say the Prayer for the Dead after my father?

Э $\mathfrak{A}$ fräg' bemt Wind. Die Welt if' flumm zu meine Sdimerzen,
Sid) Gör Fein ©ntfer, Gör fein ©inem rēben, Demt emes nor varnegm' idatief bei mix in Sergen;


## Der jübiider Mai

タgJ๔DER if ber Mai gefummen
Mit fein 3auber, mit fein 3pradt, 2ute (brājen, alle Blumen Şāben wieder aufgewadt.
 Wieder grünt es in die Wälber, Wieder glanzt es überall, Wieder fingt bie Madtigatu.
Wieber nemmt ber Frübling mālen Mit fein Minicel ; wie er famiert, $\mathfrak{W}$ ©r'en $\mathfrak{B e r g e r}$, wer'en $\mathfrak{L h}$ ālen, Werd bie ©rob mit ほfrün yarziert; Wieder ladt bie Sunn' arunter $3 \mathfrak{u}$ ber $\mathfrak{F}$ elt $\mathfrak{u n}$ ' madit thr munter:


(GTPeid fangt ān zu grünen, blüten
Seder menidulidur (5ffütl;
Wunberfabene פbantafien
Sithen burde 'n 5erzen filll ;
(G)olbene ©hatōmez fameben
$\mathfrak{u n}^{\prime}$ ' fee meben
Neut $\mathfrak{5 i m m l e n}$,
$\mathfrak{U n}^{\prime}$ fee wedfen

I ask the wind. The world is mute to my sufferings ; I hear no answer ; I hear no one speaking, I only hear the truth deep in my heart: I am innocent, and suffer vain sufferings.

## The Jewish May

$\Delta$ GAIN May has come with its charm, with its glory: All grasses, all flowers have again awakened from their slumbers. Again it blooms in the fields, again it grows green in the woods, again there is splendor everywhere, again the nightingale sings.

Again Spring begins to paint with its brush; as it paints, mountains, and valleys, and the whole earth clothes itself in green. Again the sun smiles down upon the world and makes it merry : with its smile, with its kiss it prepares it for pleasures. . .

At once every human feeling begins to grow green and bloom, wonderful melodies pass quietly through the heart. Golden dreams hover and weave new

תeuts $\mathfrak{R e b e n}$ ，
$\mathfrak{U n}^{\prime}$ es fledien
エaufeno（H）પu゙ぱen， Jede ऽēele zu erqutufen．

Dod thr feft bort ©inem treten， Sutfendig zu D＇r ©rob arāb？ $\mathfrak{H}$ uf bie grime Maitapeten Süfzt er，fifutlendig Dem תopp．区infam mit fein fifjweren תummer （s）ęt er，ābgelebt $\mathfrak{u n}$ müd，一 Sein gefdmader Mai，fein Summer万̧āben lang fajōn，lang yarblubt ！

Weetift ifr，fennt ifr jenem Santen， Weldur gētt，wu 2ures brutt，
Mit a fidreflitifen（jebanten
$\mathfrak{U n}$＇a fturrmififen（5）mitut？
$\mathfrak{U n j e r}$ AYter，unjer Jüb！
תētue füße $\mathfrak{y y b a n t a f i e n ~}$
$\mathfrak{U} \mathfrak{n}^{\prime}$ fêin $\mathfrak{S o f f n u n g ~ i n ~ f e i n ~} \mathfrak{B l i d}$ ：
Durd fein 5erzen
Siefien Sifmerzen，
શIte $\mathfrak{F}$ unben，
24fgebunben
かit Erinnerungen alte，－
Meefiim，Mrefiim， $\mathfrak{T r u p e s}$ falte， 2્યte $\mathfrak{J u g e n d}$ ，alteż（fflư̆．

Seber $\mathfrak{B l u m}{ }^{\prime} \mathfrak{u n}$＇
Treibt mit ifm $\mathfrak{a}$ wilben Spap：
Der Stabun fư̆t ān mit \｛oren

heavens, and call forth new life, and there are a thousand happinesses to quicken every heart.

But, behold, you see there one treading with downcast looks ! Upon the green tapestry of May he sobs and shakes his head. Lonely, with his heavy sorrow, he walks, worn out and tired, - his pleasant May, his summer, has faded long, long ago !

Do you recognize, do you know that sick one who walks, where everything blooms, with a terrible thought, with a stormy spirit? Our old acquaintance, our Jew ! No sweet fancies, no hope in his look ; through his heart pass sorrows, old wounds, that bring back old recollections: corpses, corpses, cold dead bodies, - old youth, old happiness.

Every flower and every thorn has its sport with him : the onion stalk looks gloomy, and the crow cries in anger. Strange are to him the flowers,

Fremb die Brumen, fremb die Blätter, Jremb die Welt, a frember Mai!
Jrembe $\mathfrak{B r e g e l}$, frembe bfotter,
Jrembe Menidjen, - 24

Radft nit, Blumen, nor nit fpötten!

Dod siel fajonere zutreten

Felder $\mathfrak{v u l l}$ mit $\mathfrak{P o m e r a n z e n ~}$
$\mathfrak{S a b} \mathfrak{a} e n$ in fein $\mathfrak{a}$ and geglanzt,
Seine wunberfifuene gyflanzen
5āt fein (5)ptt alkein varpflangt. . . .

Jrägt bie Bebren vun Rewonen,

S, fee wöllen nody Derfonnen Sejer äbgelebten Wirt.

Jrägt bem תarmel, - jeden Baum, Jrägt bie alle fápone Meefiim
$\mathfrak{2 H f}$ Dem idjoenem alten $\mathfrak{T r a u m}$. . . .

In fein hēiliger Mebine 5āt Ganeeden=luft geidmeatt, $\mathfrak{J n}$ fein $\mathfrak{I e m p e l}$ hāt die Sdjuine Ständig fial zu ifm entpleatt. Iaujend Engel pflegen jpielen $\mathfrak{J n}$ fein bēiligen (5bezelt, Taufend Jrēuben pflegt er fühlen, Frēuben vun an anber Welt.
strange the leaves, strange the world, a strange May! Strange the birds, strange the gods, strange the people, - all that is not for him.

Laugh not, flowers, do not scorn! You are beautiful, no doubt, no doubt! but much more beautiful ones the Jew has trod under his feet.
Fields full of oranges have gleamed in his country, and his beautiful plants were planted by God himself. . . .

Ask the cedars of the Lebanon, ask the green myrtle of the Sharon! Oh, they will still recognize their wearied host, - ask the beautiful Olive Mount, ask the Carmel, and ask every tree : ask all those dead beauties for that old and beautiful dream! . . .

In his holy land there breathed air of Paradise, in his Temple the Godhead has always manifested itself; thousands of angels used to play in his tents ; he experienced thousand pleasures, joys of another world.

Dorten Kāt $\mathfrak{a}$ Māl Der Sübel $\mathfrak{B u n} \mathfrak{a}$ wumberreidye Fiebel Yusgefuidut bie fajufte Rieber,
 かit Demferben füfen 3 auber, Rēin $\mathfrak{t n}$ ' Kēilig, rēin $\mathfrak{u n}$ ' fauber, 一 2 $\mathfrak{A} \mathfrak{a} \mathfrak{a}$ Berbe=baum, aftumme, Sảngt ber ©folem yun mein lame. . .

Sā, ameg if' jener ©byolem, Dod bir dulemt vun bāz શeu Ђörtitu, Sů? Wun weitens "Sdolem!" §uft zu bir a neuer Mai. Wēin' nit, bif noct nit varloren,
 શeut $\mathfrak{J a ̆ t r e n , ~ g u t e ~ \Im a ̄ b r e n ~}$
 Sörft bu burdy bie Worlen ziefen 5 timmelreide Melodien, Sübe Rruwim=harmonien? Sürf bu, Gört Dem neuen \&ted?

Wieber wet bein Efreg famecien, GHanjen wet bein $\mathfrak{A p p e l f i n}$; $\mathfrak{W i e b e r}$ wet fit) (bott erwelfen $\mathfrak{U l n}$ ' wet $\mathfrak{b r e n g e n ~ b i d ~ a f i n . ~ . ~ . ~ . ~}$ Singen weft bu firtenlieder,
 Leben weft bu, Yeben wieder, \&eben ētig, ofnn'a Spof. Sād Dein fareffliduer Refife $\mathfrak{W e f t}$ bu a themen mit $\mathfrak{Q u f t}$, $\mathfrak{U}$ nter'm fummen $\mathfrak{B a r g}$ Morie תlappt es nodia $\mathfrak{a}$ Selbenbruft. . . .

There, at one time, the Jew drew out the sweetest songs from an instrument of wonderful sweetness, songs which never sound again with the same sweet charm, pure and holy, pure and chaste : upon a willow, silent, hangs the dream of my nation. . . .

Yes, that dream is passed, but you dream anew, do you hear, Jew, from afar a new May calls out "Peace" to you? Weep not, you are not yet lost, though you are faint with sufferings, - new years, good years already beckon to you, my Jew? Do you hear passing through the clouds heavenly rich melodies, sweet harmonies of Cherubim? Do you hear, do you hear the new song?

Again your lime will be fragrant, and your orange will gleam, again God will awaken and bring you thither! You will sing shepherd songs as you will herd your sheep ; you will live again, live eternally, without end. After your terrible wanderings you will again breathe freely; there will again beat a hero's heart under the silent mountain Moriah.

## תēiner wet bidy mefr nit treiben

 Mit Silfulim ofn' a 3 āblf; $\mathfrak{J n ~ b e r ~} 5$ ēim weft bu barbleiben, ভtill $\mathfrak{u n}$ ' rukig, wie a Mâl. $\mathfrak{I r e t}$ fananber nor die Stefoffe $\mathfrak{B u n}$ bein alten $\mathfrak{B a}$ àterand, Bei der cingefallner Wand! ...

## Der juibiidider ©orbat

$\mathfrak{9}$ SI weit vun glewno, nor a fundert fufzig $\mathfrak{I r i t t}$,
S' Dā a תeewer, āber תēiner feft thm nit; Der Sort if' èinjam $\mathfrak{u n}$ ' varlājen $\mathfrak{u n}$ ' al̄ēin; Dort liegt fēin $\operatorname{Rranz}$, Dort ftēt) fēin פlamorftēin; Dort wadit Fein ©fräfle, Fein Blümele, Fein Blatt ; Dort rubt a toter Seld, a jübifader Soldat, $\mathfrak{A}$ jüdifater Soldat, gefallen da in תrieg,


2 tiefe, tōte Stidfeit Kerridut bort rund arum;
 Nor faum fal|ägt aus ber $\mathfrak{I}$ urem=faeger halbe sacht,
 $\mathfrak{U n}^{\prime}$ es gewittert, $\mathfrak{u n}$ ' e ® furemt, $\mathfrak{u n}$ ' Ex laremt $\mathfrak{u n ~ e q ~ p i l d e r t , ~ g e w a l b e w e t ~} \mathfrak{u n}$ ' wealt, $\mathfrak{U n}^{\prime}$ vun bem Sturem fipalt't fid auf die fumme ©rd', Der Selo fleft auf wun Reewer mit' $\mathfrak{n}$ blanten Sajwert.

## (Er ftellt fich auf ber Feftung mit a wilben Mut,

Un' wun ber $\mathfrak{B u n b}$ ' bet thm in Syezen giest fich Blut ; Es fleizt fein rēine $\mathfrak{B l u t ,}$ - Die $\mathfrak{W B u n d}$ ' in Serz if' grō̄, $\mathfrak{U n}$ ' er Gēbt $\mathfrak{a u f}$ fein fifarfen Sduwert $\mathfrak{u n}$ ' Dunnert äus:

No one will drive you, with oppressions without end, you will stay at home, quietly and peacefully as of yore. Walk along the bypaths of your old fatherland, - there is still a spark of life left in the brand near the ruined wall!

## The Jewish Soldier

NOT far from Plevno, but a hundred and fifty steps away, there is a grave, visible to none. The place is lonely, lost and lorn; no wreath lies there; there stands no marble stone ; there grows no grass, no flower, no leaf, - there rests a dead hero, a Jewish soldier, fallen there in battle, where Russia has proudly celebrated her greatest victory.

A deep, dead stillness reigns there round about. Everything has fallen asleep; all is quiet, still and mute. As soon as the tower clock strikes at midnight, a strong east wind begins at once to blow and it thunders, and it storms, and it wakes, it clamors and it clatters, roars and calls, and from the storm the silent earth cleaves open, and the hero rises from his grave with his drawn sword.

He stands upon the fortress with grim courage, and blood flows from the wound in his heart. His pure blood flows freely, for the wound in his heart is great, and he lifts his sharp sword and thunders :

 Sägt，fin idy nit far Ruplanb＇s（Ebre，Rupland＇s Reid， Gefallen auf bem glat mit alle 5elden gletde？＂

Un＇wie fein Wort varflingt，erwadien mit a flamm＇ ©gajoles wiel，wie Samd bei＇m Breg vun ftillen $\mathfrak{J a m}$ ；－ Dāz ganze Rriegervolf feègt auf zu fein Barlang，－ $\mathfrak{B u t ~ n a ̄ b n t e r ~} \mathfrak{z n}$＇ $\mathfrak{y n}$ weiten fummt ber famperer ©fang： ©s werd $\mathfrak{a}$ Iupperei，es wert a Rlingerei， $\mathfrak{A}$ ©゙戶斤eret，a Drêberet，a Springerei， $\mathfrak{H z}$＇jeder S＂ßnner fureiendig bēbt auf fein Sand

 Barjamunden werd bie ganze Machne Militär ； Nor auf ber feftung feeft ber jübijder Solbat， Sein jebes Wort if＇Dort a glütender Granat：
 gejdeēid’！！
（S）fitorben bin tid far bein ©Gre jungerhēt！— Far māz varjāgit Du meine ©lende azủno ？

 $\mathfrak{Z}$ āgt thm ber Sturem in der falter $\mathrm{Sb}^{2} \mathfrak{r u b}$ arein， $\mathfrak{U n}$＇शacht nād શandt，ot ridutig zu Derfelber Beit， Werd bort diefelbe Scene vun dā Neu beneu＇t． Dem Sülner＇s tiefe，fabwere Rloles fletben fid）， $\mathfrak{a}$ Sdurect，
 21uf §lüglen vun bem Sturem mit a wilbe 5aft

"Arise, comrades of war, arise to the judgment! Say witnesses, have I fought faithfully in the battle? Tell me, did I fall upon this spot, together with other heroes, for Russia's honor, for the country of Russia ?"

And as his words are silenced, in anger an innumerable host awakens, like sand on the shore of a quiet ocean, - the whole army arises at his request. From near and from afar comes the heavy troop : there is a tramping, clanging, marching, whirling, galloping, - and every soldier lifts his hand and swears: "You died honorably for your land?"

And soon all grows quiet again ; there is no turmoil, no sound is heard ; the whole host of soldiers disappears, but the Jewish soldier still stands upon the fortress, and every word of his is a glowing grenade: "O Russia! You have separated me from my wife and child; I died young, defending your honor. Why do you now drive away my wretched family? I send a heavy curse to you through the wind!"

And scarcely has the curse, freighted with pain, been uttered, the storm carries him back into the cold grave. And night after night, exactly at the same time, the same scene is renewed. The soldier's deep, heavy curses gather awfully, and grow and grow, and are carried away on the wings of the storm in wild haste to Gatchina, and are there scattered over the palace.

## $\mathfrak{A u f} \mathfrak{n} \mathfrak{B u j e n ~} \mathfrak{b u x ~} \mathfrak{\mathfrak { u m }}$

D(๕R fidrectificer wind, ber gefäfrlidfer Sturem, Er rangelt fitid Dort mit $\mathfrak{a}$ ভdfiff $\mathfrak{a u f}$ ' $\mathfrak{n}$ Meer; Ex will fie zubredien, $\mathfrak{n \prime}$ fie mit $\mathfrak{J e f i f u r i m}$


Es, trefidtidiet ber Maftraum, Der Segel, er zittert, Der rauifdender Waffier if' mōredig tief; — ©s fämpfen mit Boren, p ffreiten yarbittert $\mathfrak{A} \mathfrak{H} \mathfrak{D} \mathfrak{D} t \mathfrak{u n}$ ' auf Reben ber wind mit ber Sdfif.

St mué fie fixd Yegen, ot mué fie fich fellen, Dt treibt es zurüd ihr, ot treibt es varaub, 一 $\mathfrak{A}$ Spielduel if iteter Die ভdjiff bei bie Wellen, See falingen fie cint $\mathfrak{u n}$; pee fpeien fie aut.

 Der Sturem, Der (b)aklen, will umbrengen turg, Der $\mathfrak{I k o m}$ ह̈ffent auf fein varifilo

 $\mathfrak{U} \mathfrak{n}$ ' Jeberer bet't bei fein (bstt, er foll retten, Befreien bie Menjcien sun fidjeren $\mathfrak{I}$ ōt.
 Men iafreit an' men if fich mizwabe azünd: (Fis flatteren Sēelent es zitteren Reiber $\mathfrak{B a r}$ Safred var bem boejen, varnidfenden Wind.

## On the Bosom of the Ocean

THE terrible wind, the dangerous storm, is wrestling with a ship on the ocean ; it is trying to break her, but she in distress cuts through the deep, groaning heavily.

The mast cracks, the sail trembles, frightful is the depth of the roaring waters; the wind struggles desperately with the ship in a life and death combat.

Now she must lie down, now again she must rise, now she is driven back, now forward ; - the ship is a plaything of the waves that swallow her up and spit her out again.

The ocean roars, the billows rise, and lash, and thunder in awful terror, the murderous storm wants to destroy everything, - the abyss opens up its closed jaws.

There are heard sighs and prayers. Great is the danger and dreadful the calamity, - and everybody prays to his God that He may save and liberate the people from sure death.

Children weep, women wail ; the people cry and confess their sins; souls flutter, bodies tremble in terror of the angry, destructive wind.
（Dod）unten，in Swifdendect，fitsen zwēi Männer
 See fuchen fēin 凡ettung，fee flären fḕn glảner，

 E゙s wojet，es mojet mefdune ber Wrind；
 Dodit unten bie 3 wēt，feft，fee fanmeigen $\mathfrak{a z u ̈ n b}$ ．
 See rülit nit Dem Sturem＇z gefa゙brlide Madtt；
 See Betiben，in Sdfred un＇in finfterer Mad）t．

 $\mathfrak{F}$ āß bāben fēin Süfzen，un＇bãben fēin $\mathfrak{T r a ̈ g r e n , ~}$ 2file bei＇m fafrefliden $\mathfrak{I h}$
，＂Sāgt，Gäben eutu tafe nor תoworim geboren？ Shr lâfit gār fēin Efteren，Weib ober Rind， Su wēinen auf eudd，wenn ifr werb＇t bā yarloren $\mathfrak{J n}$ tiefen，in fafreafliden $\overline{\mathscr{A}}$ bgrund azünd？
，Wie？Rāifithr nit Rētnem，wās ifm foll varbricifen， $\mathfrak{W a z}$ er foll wenn baenfen，zu lājen a $\mathfrak{I r a ̈ b r , ~}$ Wenn euth wet der nafier Beffīfem yargiefien， $\mathfrak{W e n n}$ ifr wet dā fēin Māl zurüdfegren megr？
，Wite？5āt tyr fētu $\mathfrak{F a ̄ t e r l a n d ~ g a ̄ r , ~ f e ̄ i n ~ M e d i n e , ~}$ Rēin Sēitm，wu zu fummen，têin freunolidie ©tub， Wāb ifr bảt befalten in fich aja Sjine Sum Reben $\mathfrak{H}$＇wart＇t auf Der finferer ©fub＇？

But below, in the steerage, two men sit quietly; no pain assails them; they seek no salvation, they make no plans, just as if all were safe and calm about them.

The water roars, the billows foam; the wind whines and howls insanely; the boiler gasps, the chimney buzzes, - but the men below, behold, they are silent now !

They look coolly into the eyes of Death; the dangerous might of the storm touches them not; it seems as though Death had reared the two in terror and dark night.
"Who are you, wretched ones, tell me, that you can suppress the most terrible sufferings, that you have no sighs and no tears even at the awful gates of Death?
"Say, have, indeed, graves brought you forth? Do you leave behind you no parents, no wife, no child who will lament you when you are lost here in the deep and dreadful abyss?
" How? Have you no one to be sorry for you, to long for you, or shed a tear, when the wet cemetery will cover you, when you will no more return to this earth?
"How? Have you no fatherland, no country, no home where to go to, no friendly house, that you bear such a contempt for life, and are waiting for the dark grave?
 $3 \mathfrak{u}$ wemen zu fareien, wenn ify feit in Bar?
 Warlorene, wā̃ if mit eutd far a çjar ?"
©fs gänezt Der $\overline{\mathfrak{U}} \mathrm{Ggrumb}$, es braufen Die Jitben, (Gz fradien bie Reiters vun Schif, $\mathfrak{u n}$ es trägt,
©s bulet der Sturem, es pfeifen bie Winden, $\mathfrak{U} \mathfrak{n}$ ' (finer hāt endlid mit $\mathfrak{I r a ̈ b r e n ~ g e f a ̄ g t : ~}$
,"Der fanwarzer $\mathfrak{B e f f i g l e m}$ if' nit $\mathfrak{u n j e r} \mathfrak{M u t t e r}$, Nit if' unfer $\mathfrak{W}$ iegel Der תeewer gewe'n; (Ez bāt unz geboren a Malact a guter, $\mathfrak{A}$ teuere $\mathfrak{M u t t e r}$, mit £iebe variely.
, ©̧z hāt $\mathfrak{u n z}$ gepieftet a Mame, erzāgen 2 zärtlidje, wareme, freundidye Bruft; (53eflidelt $\mathfrak{u n}$ ' tändig geluatt in bic âtugen

, Mit taxben a Saus, nor men jāt fie zubrochen, $\mathfrak{U n}^{\prime}$ ' unjere hēiligite Saduen varbrennt,
Die Rtebite $\mathfrak{u n}$ ' Bejte warwandelt in nodyen, Die Reţte arajāgt mit gebundene Šäno'.
, Wen fenn' unjer Rand, v, fie lāßt fict berfennen :
Durd Sāgen, Durdu Sdulāgen nit werendig mubb,
(Durd wilde 9jogromen, Durdy Bredjen, Dutd) Brennen, Durd Suden Dem $\mathfrak{D} \overline{\mathrm{D}} \mathrm{t}$ far Dem elenden Süd.
,"Un' mir feinen Süben, varwogelte Jüben,

$\mathfrak{n i t}$ frägt mefir, o , frägt nit, v , feht, yāfift zufrieden!

"Have you no one in heaven above to whom to cry when you are in trouble? Have you no nation, have you no faith? Miserable ones, what is your destiny?"

The abyss yawns, the waves bellow, the shipladders crack, the storm rages madly, the winds whistle, - and finally one said in tears :
"The black cemetery is not our mother, the grave has not been our cradle; a good angel has borne us, a dear mother, endowed with love.
"A mother has fondled us, a tender, warm, friendly breast has nurtured us; a father, too, has stroked us and looked into our eyes, and kissed us tenderly.
"We have a house, but it has been destroyed, and our holy things have been burned ; our dearest and best have been turned into bones, and those who survive have been driven away with fettered hands.
"You know our country ; it is easily recognized by its unceasing baiting and beating, by its cruel riots, its ruthless destruction, and dealing death to the wretched Jew.
"Yes, we are Jews, miserable Jews, without friends or joys, without hopes of happiness. Oh, ask us no more, ask no more, oh, leave us in peace! America drives us back to Russia,

 $\mathfrak{A} \mathfrak{f}$ mās $\mathfrak{b l e i b t} \mathfrak{u n s}$ itzter $\mathfrak{z u}$ warten, zu boffen? Wiā täug' $\mathfrak{H z}$ Dāz Reben, Die finftere Welt ?

 Shr hāt gewif axle a heitm, wu zu fummen,

, Dod mir feinen ©lenbe, gleidi zu bie Stētner:
 Mir fătren, Doci letber, es wart't auf ung Rēner, Erflärt mir, ida bet' eutd, wu reifen mir fort!
"Soll furmen ber Wind, folf er brummen mit $\mathfrak{B o r e n}$, Soll fieden, foll fodien, foll rauiden ber ©rumb! Dent 's fet wie's fet feinen mir Süben varloren, Der Sam nor varloidit unfer brentenbe $\mathfrak{F a n b}$. $\qquad$

## 2ic Qidtuarfíuferin

$\mathfrak{W} \mathfrak{N e f t e r f r i t , ~ Y e b e n ~ a ~} \mathfrak{T e l e g r a p h}=$ =fup, Exin $\mathfrak{a r r e m e} \mathfrak{F r a u}$ fist bort gleidy zu a $\mathfrak{I}$ rup;
 Dod fenntig, bie Bacten gewe'n $\mathfrak{a}$ Māl rōt ;
 Ses fāaben gewi Sie fitst Dort, bie Blēidfe, wun wētnen balb blind, Shr Bruft zieft a barr's, $\mathfrak{a}$ yarmoretes $\mathfrak{R i n d}$, 一
 Springt auf dāz Sflettel vun Mame'z (seidurèt: ,, Räuft, שֻeiberlady, Siduteladt, zwēt far brei Sent,

"To Russia, whence we have run away, to Russia, because we have no money. What is there left for us to expect, to hope for? Of what good is life, and the gloomy world to us?
"You have something to weep for ; you have reason to murmur and to be afraid of death! You have, no doubt, a home where to go to, and you have left America not from necessity.
"But we are forlorn and alone like a rock: Earth is too mean to give us a resting place; we are voyaging, but, unfortunately, no one waits for us. Explain to me, pray, whither we are bound !
"Let storm the wind, let it howl in anger: let the deep seethe, and boil, and roar! However it be, we Jews are lost, the ocean alone can allay our burning wound.

## The Candle-Seller

IN Hester street, near a telegraph post, a poor woman sits like unto a corpse : her face is bony and as pale as death, and it is evident that her cheeks have once been red, but ease and friendship, and love and glory are certainly not the cause of their desolation. The pale one sits there, halfblind with weeping, while a weazen, half-starved child tugs at her breast : it suckles, and weeps, and sleeps, and with pain the little skeleton awakens from mama's crying: "Buy, good women, some candles, two for three cents! May my star shine as brightly as these!"
 Dod ftandig ernätrt fich die S(f)wade alletn: $\mathfrak{S n}$ Gdumēe $\mathfrak{u n}$ ' in $\Re e g e n$, in $\mathfrak{f r o f t} \mathfrak{u n}$ ' in $\mathfrak{W i n d}$, Die $\bar{a}$ reme Südene fitht mit ifrr תind; Sie handelt $\mathfrak{u n}$ ' Gandelt in 3 ar $\mathfrak{u n}$ ' in $\mathfrak{N o t}$,
 $\mathfrak{U n}$ ' auber Dem Slup, o Dem ftummen, mix fdeint, $\mathfrak{B a r m o g t ~ f i c ~ f e ̄ i n ~ R o r e w , ~ f e ̄ i n ~ \Re a ̈ h n t e r e n ~} \mathfrak{F r c u n d}$; (Doct dotidid fie if elend, varlājen $\mathfrak{u n}$ franf,
 Mit Safabes=lidyt fandelt fie, fō wie the feht, Diejelbe zu fäufen, if' all , wāz fie bet't.

Refowed bem Sdakez, bem teeiligen (saft, Räuft Jeber in Marft, mit $\mathfrak{a}$ Sjimdje, mit Sajt ; ©s tummlen fid Menid)en aker $\mathfrak{u}$ ' abin, Dod liegt die Bardūjdectite תeinnem in Sinn.


 ,,Räuft, Weiberladd, Redfteladu, zwēt far bret Sent!" Dod wer Gört itur Rēben? Warloren werb bort Jhr Stimme bie fawadje; men Gört nit a Wort,
 Sie gixt Mame's Sdureien, Dodi wāz fummt aräuz?

Sdi bet entil, wie lang wet bort kandlen in (bac Die elend Gebfiebene, fränflid) $\mathfrak{n \prime}$ ' blap ?
 Sid) ranglendig raf mit bem farectlidyen $\mathfrak{D} \overline{0}$ ?
Wie lang, $\mathfrak{v}$, wie $\mathfrak{Y a n g}$ wet die $\bar{a}$ reme $\mathfrak{F e c i b}$
Noct jpeifen Dem Nefefa, wāz liegt bei Dem \&eib? $\mathfrak{2} \mathfrak{M a} \mathfrak{a}$ yflegt dās Rind diotida derialingen a $\mathfrak{I r a ̈ b r}$, Dod igt, Mamte's 2ีugen, fee wētuen nit mefr. . . .

Her wares are few, and her basket is small, but the weak woman earns her sustenance through this alone. In snow and in rain, in frost and in wind, the poor Jewess sits there with her child; she trades and trades in sorrow and in pain, and yet she has no home, no garment, and no bread ; and besides that silent post, it seems to me, she has no relatives, no near friend ; but though she is miserable, forlorn, and sick, she begs from no one, and asks no gift : - she sells Sabbath candles, as you see, and all she asks is that people should buy them.

To honor the Sabbath, the holy visitant, everybody hurries to the market place, with joy in his heart. People swarm in all directions, but no one thinks of the wretched woman. There is no time to care for a few of her candles, while they are all hastening to buy meat, fish, and wine. The weak woman stretches out her lean hands: "Buy, good women, candles, two for three cents!" but who hears what she says? Her feeble voice is lost there; no one hears a word but the little orphan in her lap, - she hears mama's crying, but that is of no avail.

Pray, how long will that wretched, sickly, and pale woman trade there in the street? How much longer can she suffer hunger and privations, struggling all the time with terrible death? How long, oh, how long will the poor woman feed the being that nestles to her body? Formerly the child used to swallow a tear, but now, mama's eyes weep no

 Die \＆ippen nor murmlen nod faum aus mit Weety；

$\mathfrak{S n}$ 5epterfrit，ftill $\mathfrak{u n}$＇varrājent，allēin，
 Derbei fitt a falter，vargliwerter $\mathfrak{I r u p}$ ，一 Die āreme Sfōderte，Yeben $\mathfrak{a}$ Slup． Derweile hāt Rāiner bemerlt nody Dem Meß，一 Ěz feinen Die Reidye vartyān mit Dem fre ； Seunt wer red＇t，bie frumme，bie foidifere Reut＇， See häben gewiç Erem＝\｛dabes fētn 3eit． स何 if＇Die Scene ameg nit Getradft＇t， $\mathfrak{B i z}$ Langiam un＇ftill if＇gefummen bie Nadft， （befummen if äud vun bem heetligen Swul

$\mathfrak{I n}$ Schul＇if＇itgt licutig， $\mathfrak{u n}$＇zưdtig， $\mathfrak{u n}$＇fein， Der ©gajen fingt füf，2Hfe gurren fich ein；－ Dod wāz if bie Mrnōre afō wie in $\mathfrak{I r a u m}$ ？

 Der Jrau＇s，wāz if früłer geftorben in Strit． Dāz hāben bie Reidfe，bie frumme gebradit， Far ify mit ifr $\operatorname{Tind}$ bā zut brennen bie Nadjt． Die Retide，Die Frumme，fee meitifen bie gjflidt， See zünden Dāz ān ber（Seftorbener＇s Ridat， Die Meidfe，bie frumme，wāb art fee $\mathfrak{a}$（5uf？

©，Gēilige Ridut！Shr feto Gedes azünd，



more. . . . There are no more tears, the brain is empty, the heart is broken, the breath is heavy ; the lips barely murmur in pain: "Buy Sabbath candles, good women, buy but two of them!"

In Hester street, quiet, forlorn, and alone, orphaned stands there - a basket small ; close by sits a stark cold body, - the poor candle-seller, near the post. No one as yet has noticed the corpse, for the rich are now busy with their feasting, and as for the good, pious, people, - they certainly have no time on the Sabbath eve. And so the incident passed away unnoticed, until, slowly and quietly, the night came, and with it, from her holy abode, came also Princess Sabbath, - now people go to the Synagogue. . . .

In the Synagogue all is light, and clean, and solemn ; the cantor sings sweetly, all listen in devotion ; but why does the chandelier look as if in a dream? The candles that are placed on it barely twinkle! The candles, do you not guess it, are those of the woman who but lately died in the street. The rich and the pious have bought them, that they might burn that night for her and her child; the rich and the pious, they know their duty, - they have lit the candles of the dead woman ; the rich and the pious, - what care they for the body? Souls, you see, they have to save. . .

O holy candles! You are now witnesses that misery has killed mother and child, that there where millions are spent for pleasure, people are allowed to starve in the street; where money is

शuf Rowed, auf suxus wu (3eld werb varmenb't, Sp far bem (ficorüatten vaxid)lofien die Sänd'.
Behalt't euter Flamm', v, ify heifige Sid)t,
Bis fentm allmäd)tigen $\mathfrak{I} \mathfrak{a} g$ bun (feridet!
$\mathfrak{U l n}$ ' Dann, yar (5feredtigfeit's Gimmlijd)en $\mathfrak{T h r o n}$,
Shr rētne Nefichomes=licyt, Dann zünD't fich $\overline{\mathfrak{a}} \mathfrak{n}$ !
Un' foll euter flamm' făgen Eeber auf Dem,
Un' poll er varbammen die faljdie Syjtem'!
lavished on honors and luxury, the hands are closed for the oppressed. Keep your flame, O holy candles, up to the terrible day of judgment! And then be lit again, you pure lights, for the soul, before the heavenly throne of justice, and may your flame bear witness, and condemn the false system! . . .

MISCELLANEOUS

## Der Befiolem＝inoloweit

இพ3รธ（5ร飞న jene Berghad borten，
$\mathfrak{J} \mathfrak{n}$ an umetigen $\mathfrak{I} \mathfrak{b} \mathfrak{a}$ ，
Liegt an alter $\mathfrak{T} \overline{\mathrm{D}}$ tengārten， Mit Mazeewes ohnt a $2 \bar{a} \mathfrak{b}$ l．

彐Ute Siworim，fumme Stētner， Diaf mit Mod bewadifen，grün；－ Still if＇Dorten，felten Einer
Wagt fict nodit $\mathfrak{z u g e} \mathfrak{g} \mathfrak{n}$ ahtn．

彐્પte Werbegె，Darre Bäumer
תudfen tratuertg aweg，－
Stē̆en，fímeigen，ftifle Iräumer，－
Warfen（braul bun fid） $\mathfrak{H \prime}$ Sduredf．

Nor barzmēfelt warft fein Neugel 2イuf bie Bergladi，mit a Fiēb， Der gejdumadfter Singer＝yoegel， Der Beffolem＝fiolumēt．

Süfe Irautrliedlack fingt er， Springendig vun Sjēnf zu Sjēnf：－ Far bie fumme Seffer flingt or Mit a göttliduen（felēnf．

## The Cemetery Nightingale

QETWEEN the hills of a melancholy valley Dthere lies an old garden of the dead, with tombstones without end.

Old graves, silent stones, thickly overgrown with moss, and green ; - all is quiet, seldom one ventures to show himself there.

Old willows, withered trees look around in sadness, - stand in silence, still dreamers, and spread awe and terror around them.

In despair and in pain the sweetest singing bird, the cemetery nightingale, casts his eyes upon the hills.

Sweet songs of sorrow he sings, flitting from branch to branch, and attunes his divine instrument for the silent dreamers.

9 4 dy，wie zittren feine Trellen Zwifden jene Rworim Dort！ Dawle bort tp thm gefällen Singen，auf bem ©uten＝Drt．

গit vun Frubling＇sี füpen Wetter， Nit vun §ngel，nit bun（5）刀tter Singt Der efrltcier Poet ； Sit vun Felber，nit vun Ieiden， Wāz gefören jebt zum Reid）en，一 গor bun תworim，wāz er feft．

Elend feht er，Nōt $\mathfrak{u n}$＇Samerzen， Wundent trāgt er tief in Serzen， Nit geltndert，nit geftillt ；
21uf Dem grōßen $\mathfrak{W e l t}$ beffalmen תräduzt er trauerige So falmen， Stimmt er $\overline{\mathfrak{a}} \mathfrak{n}$ fein Şarf＇ $\mathfrak{u n}$ ppielt．

## $\mathfrak{S u}^{\mathfrak{u}}$ bic $\mathfrak{B l u m e n ~ i n ~} \mathfrak{y c r r b i t}$

 Sunn＇gefuidit，getwebt vun cther $\mathfrak{H \prime}$ ゅun Strablent， Stebe＇s ētnzige vartraute నameraben！
SHr，wāz fetb als frỉklingegaift Dā cingelaben，－ §it $\mathfrak{Z u f r i e b e n e ~ n o r ~ f u m m t ~ i b r ~ i n ~ B e r u ̈ t r i n g , ~}$ Frembe bleibt ify bem，wā wert in Nōt varfallen．

Eutc（s）lanz nor fámētuelt zut bie fatte $\mathfrak{B r u t m}$ ，
 Dem，wās Der lajurner Soimmel duanfet，glanzt ifm， Summet the cheentwotg noch，Blumen，un＇befranst ifim； Fremo varbleibt thr $\bar{a}$ ber bem，wās in $\mathfrak{J n u t m}$


Oh, how his trills vibrate among these graves! Of all places he has chosen this, the "good place" in which to sing.

Not of spring's balmy weather, not of angels, not of Gods the honest poet sings ; not of fields, not of rivers which now belong to the rich, but of graves which he sees.

He sees misery, oppression and pain; he carries wounds deep in his heart, which are not soothed, not staunched. Upon the great cemetery of the world he groans sad psalms, attunes his harp and plays upon it.

## To the Flowers in Autumn

FLOWERS, most beautiful children of life, ornaments of earth, sun-kissed, woven of ether and sunbeams, only trusty comrades of love, who are hailed here as guests in spring, you come in contact only with those who are contented, you remain strangers to him who has fallen into adversity.

Your splendor smiles only upon well-fed people on whom destiny has showered fortunes; you, flowers, come with gracious smile and adorn him whom the azure sky flatters with its sunshine ; but you remain strangers to him who is drowned in sorrow where the heavy burdens of life oppress him.
 Fēben bie mit ©fyrlidfleit gefarbte flügel， Dort befingen eudy der æianv＇s füte Ionter， Satte §raut patidjen Brawo，fatte Mianner； Dorten glanzt ifr auf bie Bruft sun frecte Sajoenteit，


Darum art midy ist nit，wenn id felf eutif farben，
 Nit far mir bảt tyr geblift in lieben Summer，
 ＇s fei wie＇s fei nor feinen fremb mir cu＇re Farben，－


## Dic ofreifeit

## ฆ $\mathfrak{T r a u m}$

 Wie auzgeftorben，ftumm，一
 $\mathfrak{S n}$ Iteffeit sun der $\mathfrak{N a c h t ,}$ Wie Durdy a Saubermadit， Beweift fie fid yar mir．

2 blonde，iquone æscib， Wite Sdune eif＂weis ifir £eib， Nor blaf bie Baden，blaj ；一 Die Sduulter feft $\mathfrak{u n}$＇lār， Warziert mit golb＇ne 5̧āar， शor $\mathfrak{n a}$ 追 Die 2 2ugen， $\mathfrak{n a j}$ ．

There where luxury, impudence, and vulgarity raise their wings that are painted in colors of honesty, the sweet sounds of the piano sing of you, while well-fed men and women applaud ; there you shine upon the breasts of impudent beauties, and crown the polished mirror of wantonness.

Therefore I do not care if I see you dying now ; I do not care, - hearing the howling of the autumn wind. You did not bloom for me in lovely summer, you did not smile on me in my sorrow; indeed your colors are strange to me. Fade! I have no tear for you, beautiful flowers !

## Liberty

## A Dream

WHEN everything is quiet all around, as silent as if dead, and there is no rustle, no sound, no stir, - in the depth of night, as if by magic, she appears before me.

A beautiful blond woman, her body is as white as snow, but pale her cheeks are, pale ; her strong shoulders are clearly defined and adorned with golden hair, but wet her eyes are, wet.
©ic futt mid ān $\mathfrak{u n}$＇fatweigt，
 ©
 Un＇endlict mit Gewein Barlangt fie：＂Sdiflę，midu āb！＂

Mein Serz werb heit $\mathfrak{E}$ ，zugtuht， Э凶）\äuf＇mit fanelle $\mathfrak{I r i t t}$＇ $\mathfrak{U n \prime}$ dapp＇fid zut ber $\mathfrak{\Omega e ̄ t t}$ ；— S wēb，tid fall zurüd ！ 2 Sdulang＇，－ilang i bici， ST Dort arum gebregt．
 Doむ fareălidy if＇Der Satūf！

， 5 ，Geêt fict，hēbt ficid fatnell！
$\mathfrak{u n}^{\prime}$ foll es wer＇en bell，－
Rummt，madht die freibeit frei！＂
（5）fatweigt！शor ič）alēin
Zuplatg，－bodu weč＇a Stēin！
（Es rüft fixi nit vin fledi．
§，ruf＇fee jā $\mathfrak{z u} \mathfrak{n i t}$ ，

©ీ $\mathfrak{n e m m t ~ f e ̄ i n ~ S j o f , ~ k e ̂ n ~ © d i . ~}$
Dod wer fänn fetn dâs Bild
$\mathfrak{U} \mathfrak{n}^{\prime}$ foll nit wer＇en wild；一
$\mathfrak{2}$ Sfof foll fein，a Spof！
S（i）wary＇fitu in（sefabr！
Dā fareit eB ：„Wilber গarr！＂．．．
S（d）dapp＇fit auf vun Sdlâf．．．．

She looks at me and is silent ; she raises her hands and points with them: A chain hangs down from her; I am sure, I understand her meaning, and finally, in tears, she asks: "Untie me!"

My heart is burning, and I rush with rapid steps, and seize the chain. Alas, I fall back, - a serpent, long and thick, is twined about it.

I cry, I call, I chide, but terrible is their sleep, I hear but snoring. "Rise, oh, rise quickly, and let there be light! Come, make liberty free!"

There is a silence. Only I alone exert myself, but as soon could I wake stones. No one moves from the spot; whether I call them or not, not a foot is raised, - there is no end, no cessation (to her suffering).

But who can see the picture and not grow wild? Let there be an end, an end! I throw myself into the danger, and I hear a voice: "Senseless fool !" and I awake from my sleep.

## Der §anarif

CfS trillert ber Ranarif Sn freien 23 ald allènt, Wer fänn fein Sfimdie füblen?


EEz trillert ber תanarif Jn reidiften Soalaz fajoen, 一 Wer tänn fein Woētang füblen? Wer tänn fein Saymerz varftefn?

## $\mathbf{3 n}^{1}$ bic $\mathfrak{W e l t b a r i d f l i n g e r ~}$

$\mathfrak{A}$ BJccer megr, a Bifirl frapper,


$\mathfrak{B e n t}$ Dāz yarbleibt dem תieewer's תorben $\mathfrak{U n}$ ' $\mathfrak{A C L E}$, wās du kât ermorben, W̧et melyr fēin $\mathfrak{I} \bar{a} \mathfrak{g}$ betāgen!

Der fawarzer $\Omega 0 \| f=$ mann wet fummen $\mathfrak{U} \mathfrak{n}$ ' wet Die $\mathfrak{D}$ örner wie bie Blumen Wun Rebensfeld varidneiben;
Dut mägit wie feft fich gegen ftellen,
 $\mathfrak{U} \mathfrak{n}$ ' Rēin'm $\mathfrak{u n}$ ' $\Re \overline{e x i n e m ~ m e i b e n . ~}$

## The Canary

THE canary warbles alone in the free forest: 1 - Who can feel his joy, who can understand his pleasure?

The canary warbles in the richest palace sweetly : - Who can feel his sorrow, who can understand his pain?

## To the Fortune-hunters

ALITTLE more, a little less, - why do you hunt in vain after shadows? Wherefore this wild chase? All that will become the possession of the grave, and all that you have gained will not last a day.

The black reaper will come, and he will cut down the flowers as well as the thorns on the field of life. You may oppose yourself with all your main, Death must listen to the commands of Time, and cannot leave out any one.
, yarlâen endity didy, gebriden, Dein $\mathfrak{M u t}$, bein $\mathfrak{r r a f t} \mathfrak{u n}$ bein $\mathfrak{R i z o d j e n , ~}$ D, fayredflidye Meribe! a falter ভduaum begieft bie @ippen, Dāz fummt bie ©fific aufzulnüppen Dem ebents legte Cbyide.

Du $\mathfrak{r u f i t} \mathfrak{u m ~} \mathfrak{j i l f}$ ' $\mathfrak{u n}$ ' bleibit betrogen, Du felft bie Exnde vun bein $\mathfrak{G a} \mathfrak{g e n}$.

 ©્જ fummen falte Mite=träger, $\mathfrak{A}$ Bettler if' geforben!
$\mathfrak{A} \mathfrak{B t i f i e l}$ mefir, a $\mathfrak{B i f f e r}$ fnapper, Ess gedt arum an alter ©fyapper, Wax offent alle Salbiger
 Un' warft es in bie fumme ©finales


## Clulzmelobien

## I

2(ER $\mathfrak{T t i j e s = m a n n ~ b e r l a n g t ~ a ~} \mathfrak{B l a ̄}$, §る fallt a trübez $\mathfrak{F e t t e r , ~}$ Ebs melft in feld dā junge Gorā Der Baum yarliert die Blätter.
 2 Sjof if zu ifr Sidjes; 一 Der Boegel fingt in grōßen Waald Un' medt zu D' erfe Slidjers.

In the end, broken down, your courage, your strength and your glory leave you, O terrible sedition! A cold foam covers your lips, - Death comes to unravel the last enigma of life.

You call for help, and are deceived, - you see the end of your chase. What have you earned? Where is your fortune? O poor hunter! The cold pall-bearers come, - a beggar has died!

A little more, a little less, - an old robber goes around who opens all locks; he seizes everything, and everything, and throws it into the silent waves of the Stygian waters.

## September Melodies

## I

The ram's-horn man has blown his blast, there falls a dismal weather; the young grass withers in the field ; the tree loses its leaves.

The earth soon becomes naked and bare, there is an end to its glory. The bird sings in the large forest and calls to the first prayers of mourning.
 $\mathfrak{2}$ (f)'fegnen=lied, miftome; Dās thut a શemm, bāb thut a Riç, $\mathfrak{A}$ 凡if bet ber গeiduome!
©f raufit ber Wald, es mēgt ber wind, $\mathfrak{A}$ Sduredf nemmt $\mathfrak{a} \mathfrak{n}$ Die $\mathfrak{I r a ̈ u m e r}$;$\mathfrak{D} \overline{\mathfrak{a}} \mathfrak{z}$ fummt $\mathfrak{a}$ §ōm=hadin $\mathfrak{z}$ zind $\mathfrak{2} \mathfrak{H f} \mathfrak{B a ̈ u m l a d} \mathfrak{u n}$ ' auf $\mathfrak{B a ̌ u m e r}$.

S, Meniden! Bäumer in Dem Wald! Shr bört die ভturemb fnadien? $\mathfrak{2 u j u n g ~ z u ~ a l t , ~ z u ~ p p a ̈ t ~ z u ~ b a l d , ~}$ Men wet eud) 2uf batien! . .

## II

S, fayttidif $\mathfrak{u n}$ ' windig, Der Sjof yun ben Summer! Efy melfen die Bhumen in Thall Dic Sdybentyeiten fawinden;
Sn totlidifn Sdulummer


Der Sturem, er fdileubert Die trưfene Blätter, Sutrāgt das yarftorbent 3 wit ; Der Wald rauidt $\mathfrak{F}$ Widut, 一 $\mathfrak{A}$ Weilinfe pañter


He sings so sadly, so sweetly, - no doubt a song of parting, and that touches and tears your heart.

The woods rustle, the wind blows, terror seizes the dreamers: the day of judgment has come now on little trees and big trees.

O people! Trees of the forest! Do you hear the howling of the storm? Whether young or old, late or soon, you will all be mowed down! . .

## II

Oh, 't is cold and windy, there is an end of summer! The flowers wither in the valley; all beauties disappear, and suddenly all is rocked into slumber of death.

The storm hurls down the dry leaves, and disperses the dead flowers. The forest rustles its last confession, and a little later even the holiest song will cease.


```
－\({ }^{1}\) ， \(\mathfrak{x}\) fila \(=\)＝habereda＂
\(\mathfrak{H} \mathfrak{n}\)＇wenben zum Sam fejer Bliá．
（Geltebte，wu flielyt thr ？
\(\mathfrak{W}\) ie weit fort，an（Erect）？
```



```
E6g giegen fiid bitter
Die \(\mathfrak{F}\) ēt＝melodien，
Der Entfer berlangt afa Drüdi：
，＂Mir mētfen nor 2He，
Mir mufen varflielien，
Dod）Gbott wēif vun תummen zurủat ！＂
```


## Maific $\mathfrak{B}$ recefixi

SタゼNR ber Bōre hāt befajaffen $\mathfrak{H} \mathfrak{H j e r}$ wunberidione Welt， §ā̆t ©氏r nit gefrägt bet תēintem， Nor gethān wie $\mathfrak{J y m}$ gefallt，－
 وāad fein ētgnem sylan betradit： （Er bāt lang genug gearbeit＇t $\mathfrak{U n}$＇（Ex hāt ex gut gemadit．

Wenn ©r if zum Menid gefummen， Si＇ex nit gegangen glatt，－ $\mathfrak{U n}$＇Er bāt zunaufgerufen Sein gefliggelten Senat ：

 Shr follt mir an Eeze geben， Wie ber Menidy foll fein gemadit．

The birds sing their song of passage and turn their eyes towards the ocean. Beloved, where do you fly? Pray, tell me how far away? and tell me when will you return?

The woeful melodies are poured forth in bitterness, and the painful answer is: "We all know only, we must fly away, but God knows of coming back!"

## Creation of Man

THEN the Lord created our wonderful world, He asked nobody's advice, and did as He pleased,-

All after His own will, in accordance with His own plans: He worked at it long, and He did it well.

When he was about to create man, things did not go so well with Him, and he summoned His winged Senate :
"Listen to me, you my mighty ones, I have called you here that you may proffer me your advice how man is to be made.
$\overline{\mathfrak{A}}$ ber futit fith gut arum !
Ex mué fein in $\mathfrak{m b}$ gerāthen :
Shn' ©fisiōmeş, ロhn' a Mum!
, Dent idif frōn' tym far a jerrider, $\mathfrak{H n}^{\prime}$ 'id) fafent ifm sun mein $\mathfrak{F l a m m}$, Exr foll frei beferridien fönten

,"Sallen foll yar ixm ber $\mathfrak{B o c g e l}$ $\mathfrak{J n}$ Der $\mathfrak{l u f t e n}$, war fein Madht Soll ber fifith in wafier fallen, $\mathfrak{U n}$ ' ber wilder $\mathfrak{L o e b}$ in $\mathfrak{J a d t}$."

Der Senat hāt fitid beridurodien; ,Diejer Menidel, - Sdaum $\mathfrak{u n}$ ' $\mathfrak{W e n n}$ er foll die $\mathfrak{E u f t}$ beferridien, תummt er nodt in 5immel äud)."
$\mathfrak{U n}^{\prime}$ ' Fee $\mathfrak{b}$ äben $\mathfrak{b j o t t}$ ge=entfert : , Macty bem Menid nād unjer Sajnitt, Giteb thm Sfectyel, gicb thm (fiwure, Dody fētu ffluggl gieb ibm nit.
,"Mēin, er tor fēin grlügel hāben, Er wet fliehen mit Dem Sdfwert!
Sit Getreten foll bem $\mathfrak{j i m m e l}$
Der, wāz herriatt auf Diejer ©rb’!"
 "(Euter Mitidupet, er if fein;
Dody ein $\mathfrak{A l u s s a l y m ' ~ w i l l ~ i d y ~ m a d j e n , ~}$

" Help me, children, to create him, but take good counsel. He must resemble us, and he must be without faults and without blemish,
"For I shall crown him as a ruler, and I shall give him of my flame: he shall freely rule over air, and earth, and ocean.
" Before him shall fall the bird in the air, before his might shall fall the fish in the water and the wild lion in the chase."

The Senate became frightened: " If man, who is nothing but foam and smoke, were to rule the air, he would soon enter heaven."

And they answered God: "Make him in our image ; give him reason, give him power, but give him no wings !
" No, he shall have no wings, for he will fly with his sword! Let him not enter heaven who rules upon that earth!"
" You are right," God answered, " your decision is good ; but one exception I shall make, but one exception! Listen to me!
, Der $\mathfrak{y y}$ get foll fein geflügelt, Ext belummt mein Gödifen Rang! Sifnen will tid meine 5inmlen Jar bem Metiter bun befang.

 Shm bie oflugglen ān fubfiten, Wenn fetu jeitlig Rted erwadit."

## In ber Mibler

(6.S ftēt in meiten Mibber $\mathfrak{A}$ Boegele allēin
$\mathfrak{H} \mathfrak{n}^{\prime}$ fučt fich $\mathfrak{u m}$ yarumert, Un' fingt a Riebel fatoen.

$\mathfrak{W}$ ie reinfter ©finguld flieft, $\mathfrak{U n}$ ' wectt die falte Stēiner, Die Steppe weit $\mathfrak{u n}$ wift.

Er wecit die tōte Felfen, Die ftumme Berg arum, Duch bleiben tōt die Iōte, Die Stumme bleiben ftumm.

Far wemen, füßer Singer, D, flingt Dein Hefler $\mathfrak{I o n}$ ? Wer Yört biditun' wer füblt didy? $\mathfrak{U} \mathfrak{n}$ ' wemen gegit $\mathfrak{D u t} \mathfrak{a} \mathfrak{n}$ ?
" Let the poet be winged! He shall get my highest rank! I will open the heavens to the master of songs.
"And I shall choose an angel among you who shall be ready day and night to attach the wings to him whenever his holy song will rise."

## In the Wilderness

IN a distant wilderness a bird stands alone and looks about him sadly, and sings a beautiful song.

His heavenly-sweet voice flows like the purest gold, and wakens the cold stones and the prairie wide and deserted.

He wakens the dead rocks and the silent mountains round about, - but the dead remain dead, and the silent remain silent.

For whom, sweet singer, do your clear tones resound? Who hears you, and who feels you? And whose concern are you!

Dut mägit bein ganze Seele 2reinthon in Dein Ried, $\mathfrak{S n}$ barten Stein, in falten Rēin $5 \mathfrak{e r z}$ Derwedift bu nit.

Mit lang weft but da fingen, Sal füly ex, tad vartiely': Dein 5erz wet gidu zufpringen $\mathfrak{B u n}$ Clend $\mathfrak{u n}$ ' $\mathfrak{y n}$ Werg.
$\mathfrak{U t m i u f t ~ i f ' ~ w a ̄ z ~ d u ~ f l e i f i t ~ f i c h , ~}$ Dās tänn nit Kelfen, nēin! 2 Méin bift Du gefummen, $\mathfrak{U n}$ ' weft allētu vargēfn.

You may put your whole soul into your singing, you will not awaken a heart in the hard, cold rock.

You will not sing there long, - I feel it, I know it : your heart will soon burst with loneliness and woe.

In vain is your endeavor, it will not help you, no! Alone you have come, and alone you will pass away !


## GLOSSARY

## Abbreviations.

E. - English. F. - French. G. - German. H. - Hebrew.

Lat. - Latin. P.- Polish. R.-Russian. Sl.-Slavic.

```
9(4)uz, besides. H.
afile, even. H
antloffert, run away. G.
antidul\afen, fallen asleep. G.
anticmmiegen, grown silent. G.
ānweren, lose. G.
}(prēter, operative in sweat-
        shop. E.
aren, care; eణ art midu) nit, I
    do not care. G.
arumwajden, wash (the body).
        G.
am, that. G.
a{a, such a. G.
a{\overline{0},\mathrm{ so. G.}
affač), much. H.
auf()apper fici,), be startled,
        awaken. Sl.
auફjpreitent fidid, be scattered.
        G.
azinnd, now. G.
azünder, now. G.
Baenfent, long for. G.
Bal=cblem, genius of dreams.
        H.
    Bal=haguf, male person. H.
    Baßmalfe, princess. H
    belangen, belong. G.
    benidum, bless. F
    bej¢ēiDt, certain. G.
beidonten, presented with. G
bejprēit, covered. G.
Beffalment, cemetery. H
Beffölem, cemetery. H
beweifen jith, appear. G.
bibne, poor. P.
biftre, quick. R.
\mathfrak{Bla}కి, breath. G.
Boefer, anger. G.
Bōre, Creator. H.
\mathfrak{DE}, boss. E.
botel, empty. H.
brēitlíd), comfortably. G.
Bruim, creatures. H.
Biomim, spices. H.
Bujde, shame. H
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(5haboidjim, months. $H$.
Shajoles, armies. $H$.
(5halōmes̊, dreams. $H$. danfenen, flatter. $H$.
cuappen，seize．Sl．
chappen fitid，rush at．Sl．
©Gapper，kidnapper．Sl．
（Shajent，cantor in synagogue．H．
SGawer，comrade．$H$ ．
（6yameerim，comrades．$H$ ．
（cheeder，elementary school．$H$ ．
（5heelefi，share．$H$ ．
（rheent，grace．$H$ ．
deentemoig，graciously．$H$ ．
（5beejd）efl，zest．$H$ ．
（5yejuben，number．$H$ ．
©het， $\sin$ ．$H$ ．
（byide，riddle．$H$ ．
（5htjes，life．$H$ ．
cbisuonte，faults．$H$ ．
¢）lipent，sob．$R$ ．
Cbolem，dream．$H$ ．
dorem，destroyed．$H$ ．
©hoken，bridegroom．$H$ ．
（5hojent＝fale，bridegroom and bride．$H$ ．
diptid），although，at least．Sl．
Shraperei，snoring．$R$ ．
（Chjodim，mercies．$H$ ．
（5hurbe，ruin．$H$ ．
（5）uzpe，insolence．$H$ ．
（5hbaleę，billows．Sl．
Corthaut，courthouse．E．
Dactit fich，it seems．$G$ ．
Daled $\mathfrak{A l n t e}$ ，four cubits．$H$ ． No one may approach an excommunicated person within four cubits．
barfen，be obliged to．$G$ ． barr，withered．$G$ ．
Däfiger，Der，that very．$G$ ．
Damfe，by all means．$H$ ． derfonten，recognize．$G$ ．
Derlangen a Memm，get hold of．$G$ ．

Derbun maduen，pay no atten－ tion．$G$ ．
Dienftmoid，handmaid．$G$ ．
Dint，custom，law．$H$ ．
bintert，haggle，urge．$G$ ．
Dire，residence．$H$ ．
Dorem，South．$H$ ．
Drimmel，light sleep．$R$ ．

$\overline{\mathfrak{C}} \mathfrak{b i g}$ ，eternal．$G$ ．
Gcif，end．$G$ ．
ぞedes，witnesses．$H$ ．
Eeze，advice．$H$ ．
eficter，perhaps．$H$ ．
einthören fich，listen attentively． $G$ ．
einffappen ficth，soak in．$P$ ． eintrinfen fitd，drench．$G$ ．
Fhlil，sixth month in the Jewish calendar．$H$ ．
〔mea，truth．$H$ ．
emtesdig，real．$H$ ．
emeffer，true．$H$ ．
Entfer，answer．$G$ ．
entfern，answer．$G$ ．
entplecten，reveal．$G$ ．
eppes，somewhat，somehow．$G$ ． （Fred），approximation．$H$ ． （rreto＝fababes，Friday evening． H．
ergez，somewhere．$G$ ．
Efireg，lime．$H$ ．
Fafiol，flute．
fananderfingen fixi），burst out singing．$G$ ．
fanambertreten，walk along．$G$ ．
far，for．$G$ ．
flei
flēizen，flow abundantly．$G$ ．
そordftigleit，awe．G．

| ※ัormant, foreman. $E$. fort, indeed, I pray. $G$. Øre $\bar{B}$, gluttony, $G$. froebliddotg, merrily. | $\mathfrak{J}-\mathfrak{i}$, both-and. $R$. impet, incitement. Lat. juden, billows. J゙nutm, affliction. $H$. igter, now. $G$. |
| :---: | :---: |
| Banteeden, paradise. $H$. |  |
| gäntezen, yawn. $G$. | Jant, chase. G. |
| gantwenter, steal. $H$. | Jajle, Let there rise! H. Beginning of prayer on the |
| (baghen, murderer. $H$. © 6 Dölim, magnates. $H$ | ginning of prayer on the eve of Atonement. |
| trient, find. $G$. | Jam, ocean. $H$. |
| jerei, marching. G. | lederer, every. $G$. |
| ägerl, couch. $G$. | jedmedes, everything. $G$. |
| diant, present. G. | Şefīme, orphan. H. |
| fmact, sweet. $\quad$. | J̌efiurim, pain. $H$. |
| ind, family. $G$. | Sides, pride. $H$. |
| gemaldewen, shout. $G$. | §ōm=habint, judgment day. |
| gid., quickly. $G$. | jungerbēit, in youth. |
| i(b), as if. $G$. | Rabeid, prayer for |
| oles, exile. $H$. | (parents). $H$. |
| $\mathrm{o}_{\overline{\mathrm{B}}}$, downpouring. | Sale, bride. $H$. |
| aut, horror. $G$. | Raltfeit, coldness. $G$. |
| grēit, prepared. $G$. | faltlid), cool. $G$. |
| ©fjar, decree of fate. $H$. | §anarif, canary. $P$. |
| (5)'fegrentied, song of parting. | Rat, anger. $H$. |
| $G$. | ¢aut, bullet. $G$. |
| fie, death. $H$. | $\Omega \mathrm{duj}$ (t), religious fervor. $H$. |
| $\mathfrak{u f}$, body. $H$. | Reetwer, grave. $H$. |
| $\mathfrak{u f t}$, taste. $P$. | Feiflen fict, roll. $G$. |
| baldig, terribly. $G$. | fenntig, evidently. $G$. |
| (Stmure, strength. $H$. | feffeeder, in succession. $H$ ficheln, tickle. $G$. |
| Sabemen, seek eagerly. $P$. halbe গacht, midnight. $G$. | Sitofidy=becter, cup of benediction. $H . \& G$. |
| alemeidife, brand. $R$. | Ridejd $=$ =etwonte, benediction of |
| ar=hajeeffim, Olive Mount. H. | the moon. $H$. |
| arugim, killed bodies. $H$. | fimat, almost. $H$. |
| ffer, abandoned. $H$. | Ritte, dirge on the Day of the Destruction of the |
|  |  |
| Hzent, buzz. Sl. | flappen, strike. G. |
|  |  |

flärent，think．$G$ ．
HLectent，suffice．$G$ ．
fleiben fich），gather．$G$ ．
תlefemer，instruments of music． $H$ ．
Rleâmorim，musicians．$H$ ．
Silngerei，ringing．$G$ ．
flōnterft，for example．$H$ ．
Rlole，curse．$H$ ．
fitactent，roar．$G$ ．
frapp，little．$G$ ．
futētident，wrinkle．$G$ ．
Sindetel，wick．$G$ ．
Rod），excitement．$G$ ．
凡īd）er，strength．$H$ ．
§idl，voice．$H$ ．
凡ōtę，voices．$H$ ．
תorbert，victim．$H$ ．
Sorem，relative．$H$ ．
lojcher，ritually pure．$H$ ．
Rob̃，cup．$H$ ．
凡ofie，scythe．$R$ ．
Somed，honor．$H$ ．
תirāhe，crow．$G$ ．
Sirutmim，cherubim．$H$ ．
Rữ，glance．$G$ ．
fưten，look．$G$ ．
ufden，kiss．$G$ ．
smeet，flower．Sl．
תmorim，graves．$H$ ．
Laremen，be in uproar．$G$ ．

lajurn，azure．$R$ ．
lebent，near．$G$ ．
Kejenten，read．$F$ ．
lefomed，in honor of．$H$ ．
Zemone，moon．$H$ ．
¿emonent，Lebanon．$H$ ．
\＆oeb，lion．$G$ ．

Madinte，army．$H$ ．
$\mathfrak{M a i p e =}=\mathfrak{B}$＇reefidis，Genesis．$H$ ．
Mafact，angel．$H$ ．
ఇamier，bastard．$H$ ．
Mard），marrow．$G$ ．
Majel，star，luck．$H$ ．
Majole，stars，destinies．$H$ ．
Mazeetwe，tombstone．$H$ ． mectajejedig，delightfully．$H$ ．
Meefite，forgiveness．$H$ ．
Meditte，realm．$H$ ．
$\mathfrak{M e e f i f i m}$ ，dead bodies．$H$ ．
Meewint，connoisseur．$H$ ．
Mehume，consternation．$H$ ．
M
Meinter，miner．$E$ ．
mefabejc fein，consecrate．$H$ ．
Wenidjenjudäcter，butcher of men．G．\＆$H$ ．
Meribe，sedition．$H$ ． $\mathfrak{m e j}(d) u n t$ ，wonderfully．$H$ ．
$\mathfrak{M e ̄}$ ̄，corpse．$H$ ．
meften，measure．$G$ ．
Midber，wilderness．$H$ ．
Mitilume，war．$H$ ．
Mifdupet，judgment．H．
Mitirady，East．$H$ ．
mistome，no doubt．$H$ ．
mißmabe fein fich，confess．$H$ ．
Mite＝träger，pall－bearer．$H$ \＆$G$ ．
W＇nōre，chandelier．$H$ ．
Mた̄ad．），brain．$H$ ．
Mod），moss．$R$ ．
mojen，whine．
Mฝ̄re，fear，terror．$H$ ．
$\mathfrak{m o x e d i g}$, terribly．$H$ ．
Morte，Mount Moriah．$H$ ．
Mruf，growl．$P$ ．
Mum，blemish．$H$ ．
$\mathfrak{m u n t e r n}$ ，vivify．$G$ ．

Madianant，in succession． $\mathfrak{n a ̄} \mathfrak{n t}$ ，near．$G$ ． näbnter，nearer．$G$ ． ఇamenab，wanderer．$H$ ．
Rectiome，consolation．$H$ ．

ఇefome，revenge．$H$ ．
凡emm，see Derlangen．
Rejomome，soul．$H$ ．
Meffie，wandering．$H$ ．
Nigent，melody．$H$ ．
nifdtoide，never mind．
\＆$H$ ．？
Nizochen，glory．$H$ ．
More，hole．$R$ ．
$\mathfrak{n u}$ ，well！$R$ ．
nufen，egg on．$R$ ．
$D(D \bar{a} \mathfrak{b})$ ，this very thing．$S l$ ． Dfelać），birdies．$H$ ．
Di ，woe！$R$ ．
ont（bort），over yonder．$S l$ ．
Srel＝tome，uncircumcised．$H$ ． Srent，coffin．$H$ ．
Drentōbejd），holy ark．$H$ ． ot－ot，now－now．$R$ ． ot $\mathfrak{w u}$ nit $\mathfrak{w u}$ ，now and then． $\bar{D}_{\mathfrak{z} r e \mathfrak{~}}$ ，fortunes．$H$ ．

Fajdjent，herd．$R$ ．
Bajtude，shepherd．$R$ ．
Fajtujdfe，shepherdess．$\quad R$ ．
Beffer，sleeper．
Wennile，little penny．$E$ ． pildertr，cause an uproar．
pieften，fondle．$P$ ．
$\mathfrak{p l u t j l i n g}$ ，suddenly． G．
Fogrom，riot．$R$ ．
Fonim，face．$H$ ．
Wraze，work．$P$ ． prazemen，toil．$P$ ． Bjaf，decision，sentence．

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G．Dutlen，feel pleased．G．
Raf，continually．$H$ ． ranglent，wrestle．$G$ ． Rebe，teacher．$H$ ． $\mathfrak{R e f u t e}$ ，convalescence ； $\mathfrak{z u}$－，

God bless you！$H$ ．
roien fici），swarm．$R$ ． Roidfe，evil man．$H$ ．
Saeger，clock．$G$ ．
Samb，sand．$G$ ．
iffa，hush！R．
Scjabes，sabbath．$H$ ．
idfajich，proper．$H$ ．
S（bames，beadle．$H$ ．
Scuap，shop．$E$ ．
ভおが）ente，neighbor．$H$ ．
Sdudite，Godhead．H．
Sめijes，delay．$H$ ．
Sdilter，curser．G．
Sthir，limit．$H$ ．
Sditue，hymns．$H$ ．
Schmedf，fragrance．$G$ ．
ifbmedfent，smell．$G$ ．
Sdymétidel，smile．$G$ ．
idnmètulen，smile．$G$ ．
id mitnflen，twinkle．$G$ ．
Sdy，hour．$H$ ．
Sdūfer，ram＇s－horn．$H$ ．
idfoctlent，shake．G．
Sdylem，peace．$H$ ．
S（b）ordi，stir．$R$ ．
S＝（ $)$ ōre，wares．$H$ ．
Siforett，Sharon．$H$ ．
Sdurectentín，terror．$G$ ．
Sdull，synagogue．$G$ ．
ifum，fein —，not at all．$H$ ．
S（b）wis＝fidap，sweat－shop．$G$ ． \＆$E$ ．
Sdimorim，third blast of the ram＇s horn．
H．liee，they．$G$ ．
II3
feinent, are. $G$.
fejer, very. $G$.
Sent, cent. $E$.
fegen, cut. $G$.
Sfire, forty-nine days after second day of Passover, during which no festivities may take place. $H$.
Siljulint, disgrace. $H$.
fltuchert, shudder. $P$.
Slidjee, prayer preceding the morning prayer on the Sunday preceding the New Year. $H$.
Slup, post. $P$.
Sōdjerte, saleswoman. $H$.
Sōfertore, Scroll of the Law. $H$.
Sroreฐ, oppressors. $H$.
Sfafone, danger. $H$.
fiappent, gasp. $P$.
Speectel, reason. $H$.
Sifite, hatred. $H$.
Sjēnt, branch. $P$.
Sfimdue, joy. $H$.
SiDd, secret. $H$.
ভfof, end. $H$.
Siolowēt, nightingale. $H$.
Stabutt, onionstalk. Sl.
ftamt, any way. $H$.
ftändig, all the time. $G$.
ftellen fidd, take one's part. G.
Stejdule, bypath. $R$.
Strit, street. E.
ftuppen fict, press forward. $G$. Stuß, nonsense. $H$.
jubig, boiling. $G$.
Siifor, sob. G.
fuppen, sip. G.
Smul, abode. $H$.
Taduridutim, shrouds. $H$.
Zainte, discussion. $H$.
taffe, indeed. $R$
$\mathfrak{I} a m$, taste. $H$.
Tate, father. $P$.
täug, is good for. $G$.
Idinte, prayer. $H$.
teefeff, exactly. $H$.
$\mathfrak{Z}$ eid'), river. $G$.
Zfilam=habered), prayer of passage. $H$.
Ifile, prayer. $H$.
Tfile leoni, rozd Psalm, used as a prayer in sickness. $H$.
Ififie, prison. $H$.
Thom, abyss. $H$.
Tiefeni ${ }^{\text {B }}$, depth. $G$.
Tieffeit, depth. $G$.
Ztije, first blast of the ram'shorn. $H$.
Tnue, delay. $H$.
tome, impure. $H$.
tor, is allowed. $G$.
ఇopre, Law. $H$.
tradjten, think. $G$.
$\mathfrak{I r a ̈ h r}$, tear. $G$.
treffen, trill. $G$.
trejutidicne, crack. $R$.
Iretooge, alarm. $R$.
True, second blast of the ram's-horn. $H$.
Irup, corpse. $R$.
tutten, submerge. $G$.
Iupperei, tramping. $G$.
Inile, (ritual) bath. $H$.
$\mathfrak{U} \mathfrak{f}=\mathfrak{a u f}$.
$\mathfrak{U l m e}$, nation. $H$.
umetig, sad. $G$.
$\mathfrak{U m x u t}$, unrest, pendulum. $G$. $\mathfrak{u m p i u f t}$, in vain. $G$.
$\mathfrak{u n t e r t u n f e n , ~ d i v e ~ u n d e r . ~} G$.


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