

The Klezmatics

"Di Krenitse"

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Dort vu grozn zaynen naser,
Shteyt a krenitse fartrakht.
Kumen meydlekh tsien vaser
Mit di emer ale nakht.

Unter zun, vi vayse bern,
Vaksn teg in groysn sod.
Un in vaytkayt fun di shtern
Tantsn yatn in a rod.

Fun di stepes vintlekh blozn
Un a fayerl derbrent,
Geyen meydlekh af di grozn
Mit di emer in di hent.

Vert levone blas un blaser,
Ergets poykt men in der nakht.
Dort, vu grozn zaynen naser,
Shteyt a krenitse fartrakht.

(English Translation:

Out where the grass grows pretty wet,
A well stands lost in thought.
Every night girls come for water
With buckets in their hands.

'Neath the sun, like polar bears,
Days sprout in a great orchard.
And in the farness of the stars
The boys are dancing a round.

From the steppes the breezes blow
And a little fire flames.
Girls are walking on the grass
With buckets in their hands.

The moon grows pale, and paler.
Somewhere in the night someone's drumming.
Out where the grass grows pretty wet
A well stands lost in thought.)

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