

Quiet, Quiet / Shtiler, Shtiler

English Translation

Quiet, Quiet / Shtiler, Shtiler

Lyrics - Shmerke Kaczerginski (1908 - 1954)

Music - Alexander Tamir (1931 -)

- Arranged by Joseph Giovinazzo

Quiet, quiet, let's be silent.
Dead are growing here.
They were planted by the tyrant,
See their bloom appear.
All the roads lead to Ponar now,
There are no roads back,
And our father too has vanished,
And with him our luck.
Still, my child, don't cry, my jewel.
Tears no help commands,
Our pain callous people
Never understand.
Seas and oceans have their order,
Prison also has its border,
But to our plight
There is no light,
There is no light. *

Spring has come, the earth receives her –
But to us brings fall.
And the day is filled with flowers, –
To us darkness calls.
Autumn leaves with gold are softened, -
In us grow deep scars,
And a mother somewhere orphaned –
Her child – in Ponar.
Now the river too is prisoner –
Is enmeshed in pain –
While the blocks of ice tear through her,
To the ocean strain.
Still, things frozen melt, remember,
And cold winds to warmth surrender –
Future bring a smile –
So calls your child,
So calls your child.

Quiet, quiet, wells grow stronger
Deep within our hearts,
Till the gates are there no longer,
No sound must impart.
Child, rejoice not, it's your smiling
That is not allowed.
Let the foe encounter springtime

As an autumn cloud.
Let the well flow gently onward,
Silent be and dream...
Coming freedom brings your father,
Slumber, child serene.
As the river liberated,
Springtime green is celebrated
Kindle freedom's light,
It is your right,
It is your right.

* This verse is not in the recording, but is included here to complete the original song lyrics.

Yiddish Translation

Shtiler, Shtiler / Quiet, Quiet

Lyrics - Shmerke Kaczerginski (1908 - 1954)

Music - Alexander Tamir (1931 -)

- Arranged by Joseph Giovinazzo

Shtiler, shtiler, lomir shvaygn
Kvorim vaksn do.
S'hobn zey farflantst si sonim:
Grinen zey tsum blo.
S'firn vegn tsu ponar tsu,
S'firt keyn veg tsurik,
Iz der tate vu farshvundn
Un mit im dos glik.
Shtiler, kind mayns, veyn nit, oytser,
S'helft nit keyn geveyn,
Undzer umglik veln sonim
Say vi nit farshteyn .
S'hobn breges oykh di yamen,
S'hobn oykheth tfises tsamen,
Nor tsu undzer payn
Keyn bisl shayn. *

Friling afn land gekumen,
Un undz harbst gebrakht.
Iz der tog haynt ful mit blumen,
Undz zet nor di nakht.
Goldikt shoynd der harbst af shtamen,
Blit in undz der tsar,
Blaybt faryosemt vu a mame,
S'kind geyt af ponar.
Vi di vilye a geshmidte
T'oykh geyokht in payn,
Tsien kries ayz durkh lite
Glaykh in yam arayn.
S'vert der khoyshekh vu tserunen

Fun der fintster layktn zunen
Rayter, kum geshvind
Dikh ruft dayn kind.

Shtiler, shtiler, s'kveln kvaln
Undz in harts arum.
Biz der toyer vet nit faln
Muzn mir zayn shtum.
Frey nit, kind, zikh, s'iz dayn shmeykhl
Itst far undz farrat,
Zol dem friling zen der soyne
Vi in harbst a blat.
Zol der kval zikh ruik flisn
Shtiler zay un hof...
Mit der frayheyt kumt der tate
Shlof zhe, kind mayn, shlof.
Vi der vilye a bafrayte,
Vi di baymer grin banayte
Laykht bald frayheysts-likht
Af dayn gezikht,
Af dayn gezikht.

* D'm pswq 'yz nyt 'yn dy r'q'árdyng, 'áb'r 'yz 'aryyang'r'knt d'á zw p'ar'ndyqn dy
'árygyn'l lyd lyryqs