

*EM* *B7* *EM*  
*AM6* *B7* *EM*  
*G* *Em* *AM* *AM6* *B7* *EM*  
*AM6* *B7* *EM*

*IN* a lit-vish der-fl vayt, *IN* a shti-bl, on a zayt.  
*IN* a dis-tant town-let small *Stands* a house with-out a wall.  
*Durkh* a fents-ter nit keyn groys *Ku-kn* kin-der-lekh a-roys.  
*Through* a ti-ny win-dow pane *To see* the world the child-ren strain.  
*Yin-ge*-lekh mit flak-sn kep. *Mey-de*-lekh mit blon-de tsep  
*Lit-tle* boys, minds bright and sound, *Lit-tle* girls with blond braids wound,  
*UN* tsu-za-men dort mit zey *Ku-kn* oy-gn shvar-tse tsvey.  
*And* a-mid this pre-cious pack *Al- so* peer two eyes so black.

## A Jewish Child

In a distant townlet small  
 Stands a house without a wall.  
 Through a tiny window-pane  
 To see the world the children strain,  
 Little boys, minds bright and sound,  
 Little girls with blond braids wound,  
 And amid this precious pack  
 Also peer two eyes so black.

Eyes so black and full of charm,  
 Nose so small, so pert and warm,  
 Lips just right to love and kiss,  
 Deep black curls hard to resist.  
 T'was his mother brought him here,  
 Wrapped in night and full of fear.  
 Kissed him hard with love and pain,  
 Quietly tried to explain:

—Here, my child, your place will be.  
 Listen, child, you must hear me.  
 I have brought you here to hide,  
 Threatened is your life outside.  
 With these children you will play,  
 Still and quiet you will stay,—  
 Yiddish words can't come from you,  
 You no longer are a Jew.

But the child pleads hard, cries too:  
 — Mother, let me stay with you,  
 Please don't leave me here alone.  
 His crying is a breathless moan.  
 With her kiss she tries to heal,  
 Comfort she does not instil,  
 Child screams — no —  
 in panic tone,  
 — I'll not stay here all alone.

In her arms she gathers him.  
 Softly, sweetly hums a hymn;  
 Sings — oh, little son, don't weep —  
 Till she lulls him into sleep.  
 Then her own tears freely flow,  
 And she leaves the house to go  
 Into night with fear and dread,  
 As she walks—looks straight ahead.

It is cold, the wind blows wild,  
 A voice is heard; it cries — my child,  
 You are left in strangers' care,  
 I had no choice, — just your welfare,  
 Mother walks, and speaks out loud,  
 Cold and late — it's dark with clouds,  
 Wind blows in her face so wild, —  
 God protect my only child!

The house is odd — with people full.  
 Little boy is mute and still.  
 Speech nor needs nor will has he,  
 His smile is seldom there to see.  
 For him there is no day or night,  
 No sleep though dark — no play though light.  
 Vasilco — a name that's strange  
 On his shirt — his heart estranged.

Mother wanders here and there,  
 Like child neither speaks nor cares;  
 No one knows her tragic state,  
 And she waits, and waits, and waits.  
 Like Jochebed and her child,  
 Moses' cradle sailed the Nile,  
 All alone through wind and wild,  
 Left without her only child.

This song, of the Shauliai ghetto in Lithuania, was written after the slaughter of children in the ghettos and concentration camps in March, 1943. The author Khane Kheytyin-Weinstein, was deported to the Stutthof concentration camp. she survived the war and lives in New York.