

Andantino

shti-ler, shti-ler, lo - mir shvay - gn, Kvo-rim vak - sn do.  
 Qui-et, qui-et, let's be si-lent, Dead are grow-ing here.

S'ho-bn zey far-plantst di so-nim Gri-nen zey tsum blo.  
 They were plant-ed by the ty-rant See their bloom ap - pear.

S'fi-rn ve-gn tsu po-nar tsu, S'firt keyn veg tsu - rik,  
 All the roads lead to Po-nar now, There are no roads back,

Iz der ta-te vu far-shvun - dn Un mit im dos glik.  
 And our fa-ther too has van-ish-ed, And with him our luck.

shti-ler, kind mayns, veyn nit, oy-tser, s'helft nit keyn ge-veyn,  
 Still, my child, don't cry, my jew-el, Tears no help com-mands,

Un-dzer um-glik ve-ln so-nim Say-vi nit far - shteyn.  
 Our — pain — cal-lous peo-ple ne-ver un-der - stand.

S'ho - bn bre - ges oykh di ya - men, S'ho - bn tsi - ses  
 Seas and oee - ans have their or - der, Pri - son al - so

oy - khet tsa - men, Nor tsu un - dzer payn keyn bi - si  
 has its bor - der, But to our — plight There is no

shayn, ————— keyn bi - si shayn.  
 light, ————— There is no light.

A song of the Vilno ghetto. An eleven-year old boy Alex Wolkoviski wrote this prize-winning melody in a ghetto contest. Shmerke Kacerginski (see note about author in *Friling*), then set words to the tune. Wolkoviski, presently called Tamir, is a composer in Israel.