

Nit tzu **lernen** dayn **kind** tsu **arbeten** iz glaykh vi lernen im tzu **ganvenen**
Not to **teach** your **child** to **work** is like teaching him to **steal**

Dos vos a **kind redt** in gas iz vos zayn tate oder mame **reydn in der heym**.
What a **child speaks** in the street is what his father and mother **speak at home**.

Khotsh eltern hobn **tvelf kinder**, yeder iz der **eyntsik eyns**.
Even though parents have a **dozen children**, each is the **only one**.

Kinder un **glezer** hot men keyn mol nit tsu fil
You can never have enough **drinking glasses** or **children**.

Ale finger tuen **glaykh vey** un ale kinder zaynen **glaykh tayer**.
All fingers **hurt equally** and all children are **equally dear**.

Di **treren** fun a kind dergreykhn tsum **himel**
The **tears** of a child reach the **heavens**.

Eyn mame ken oyshalten **tsen kinder**, ober es iz shver far **tsen kinder** tsu oishalten eyn mame.
One mother can care for **ten children**, but it is difficult for **ten children** to care for one mother.

Un **mishpocho lebn** ken men a land un a folk nit boyen
Within **family life**, one cannot build a land of nation.

A **hunt** iz amol getrayer fun a **kind**
A **dog** is sometimes more faithful than a **child**.

Tzu zuchen **khokhme** in der **elter** iz vi a tseykhn in zamd. Tzu zukhn **khokhme** in yugnt iz vi gravyrn oyf a shteyn
To seek **wisdom** in **old** age is like making a mark in the sand. To seek **wisdom** in youth is like engraving on stone.

BELZ

Etsel mir alter
ertsel mir geshvind
vayl ikh vil visn als ertsing

Vi zehyt oys das shtibele
vos hat amol geglanst
tsi bliht nokh der boymele
vos ikh hob farflanst
das shtibl is alt
farvaksn mit mokh un gros
der alte dakh tserfaln
di fenster ohn glos

Der gannik is krumm
tserboygn di vend
du volst das shoymer gor nit erkenn

Ay ay ay belz , mayn shtetele belz
mayn heyemele, dort vo ikh hob mayne
kindishe yorn farbrakht
bist du geven amol in belz
mayn shtetele belz
mayn heyemele, dort vo ikh hob mayne
kindishe yorn farbrakht

Yeydn shabbes pfleg ikh loyfn
mit alle yinge nakh laykh
zitsn unter di grine boymele
varfn shteynele in taykh

BELZ

Tell me old man
Tell me quickly
Because I want to be told everything

How does the house look,
that once used to glisten?
Does the tree still blossom,
the one which I had planted?
The house is old,
overgrown with moss and grass
The old roof collapsed
The windows without glass

The alcove is crooked
The walls are bent
You wouldn't recognize it anymore

Ay ay ay Belz my little town Belz,
my little home, there, where I have spent
my childhood years
Have you ever been to Belz?
My little town Belz,
my little home, there, where I have spent
my childhood years

Every Sabbath I used to run
with all of the other boys to the bay
to sit beneath the green trees
throwing stones into the pond