

B”H

YIDDISH WISDOM

Az **ich** vel zayn vi er, ver vet zayn vi **ich**?

If I'm going to be like him, who will be like me?

a **groyser** oyv, a **kleyner** kha'le, a **groyser** volkn, a **kleyner** regn

a **big** oven, a **small** challah, a **big** cloud, a **small** rain

Az der **man** iz tsu **gut** far der **velt**, iz er tsu **shlecht** farn **vayb**!

If a **man** is too **good** to the **world**, he is too **difficult (bad)** on his wife!

Az me **muz**, **ken** men.

If you **have** to, you **can**.

Az me **ken nit** vi me **vil**, muz men **vellen** vi me **ken**.

If you **cannot** do what you **like**, you must **like** what you **can** do.

A mensch tracht un Got lacht.

Man plans and God laughs.

Ganvet a goy, hengt men dem ganef; ganvet a yid, hengt men dem yid

When a **gentile steals**, you hang the **thief**; when a **Jew steals**, you hang the **Jew**

Mentshn zenen makped nit ayntsushlingen a morashke, ober es art zey nit ayntsu'shlingen a **lebedikn mentsh**

People are cautious not to swallow a live ant, yet they are careless about eating another **human** alive

B"H

OF MONEY ...

Mit **gelt** ken men nit shtoltsiren, me ken es laycht **farliren!**

Don't be boastful about **money**, it's easily **lost**.

Far **gelt** bakumt men **alts**, nor keyn sechel **nit**.

Money buys **everything** except common **sense**.

Kinder un gelt is a shaine **velt**.

Children and **money** make a nice **world**.

Di **liebe** is **zees**, nor zi iz **gut** mit **broyt**.

Love is **sweet**, but it's **good** with **bread**.

Kleine kinder lozn **nit shloffen**, **grosse kinder** lozn **nit leben**.

Little children don't let you **sleep**, **big children** don't let you **live**.

Kleine kinder trogt men oif di **hent**, **grosse kinder** trogt men oifn **kop**.

Little children can be carried in one's **hands**, while **bigger children** are a weight on your **head!**

YIDDISH CURSES

Zolst **vaksen** vi a **tsiba'le**, mit kop in **d'rer**!

You should **grow** like an **onion**, with your head in the **ground!**

Zolst farlirn **alle tseyner** achuts eynem, un der zol dir vey ton!

All your **teeth** should fall out except one, and that one should hurt!

A zissen toyt zolstu hob'n – a **trak** mit **tsucker** zol dich ibberforen!

May you have a **sweet** death; a **truck** filled with **sugar** should run you over.

דער געברויך פון אַ בית הקברות

ר' נפתלי ראָפּשיצער איז געווען באַוואוסט מיט זײַנע גלײַכווערטלעך. מ'האַט געזאָגט אויף אים אַז ער האָט געהאַט געוויסע דערהויבענע פּוונות דערבײַ. ער האָט אַמאָל געזאָגט אַז קײנער האָט אים נישט אַזוי גוט צוריק געענטפּערט ווי אַ פּשוט'ער דאָרפּסייד. ר' נפתלי איז אײנמאָל אָנגעקומען אין אַ דערפל וואָס האָט געהאַט פּונקט צען מענטשן צו מנין. זײ האָבן געהאַט אַן אײגענע שול מיט אַ בית הקברות. האָט ער

אַ פּרעג געטאָן דעם דאָרפּסמאַן, “איך פאַרשטיי נישט צו וואָס איר דאַרפט האָבן אי אַ שול און אי אַ בית הקברות. ממה נפשך, האַלט איר אַז קײנער וועט נישט שטאַרבן און איר וועט אײביק האָבן אַ מנין, דאַרפט איר דאָך נישט קײן בית הקברות. טאָמער, אָבער, טראַכט איר אַז אײנער פון אײך וועט שטאַרבן, וועט איר דאָך קײן מנין נישט האָבן, דאַרפט איר דאָך קײן שול נישט האָבן. האָט אים דער דאָרפּסמאַן געענטפּערט, “מיר האַלטן די בית הקברות פאַר די פּרעמדע געסט וואָס קומען צו אונדז אין דאָרף אַרײַן.....”

The Need For A Cemetery

R' Naftali Ropshitzer was known for his witticism. The people who understood in more depth what he was saying , stressed that he had higher intentions hidden in the plain words. He once expressed that no one ever answered him back like this one simple villager. R' Naftali once came to a little village that had exactly 10 jews to make up a minyan*. They had their own shul with a cemetery. He asked a villager, “I don't understand the need of your community to have a synagogue as well as a cemetry. It's either – or, either you believe that none of you will ever die and you'll always have a minyan, then there is no need for a cemetery, or you think that one of you will die and you won't have a minyan, then there is no need for a synagogue?”

The farmer shot right back, “We keep the cemetery especially for strangers that come to visit our village!”

Taken from A taste of Yiddish by Chaim Werdyger

A YIDDISHE MAME

Ikh vil bay aykh a kashe fregen, zogt mir ver es ken
Mit velkhe tayere farmegen bentcht got alemen?
Men koyft dos nisht fir kayne gelt, dos git men nor umzist
Oon dokh az men ferlirt dos, oy vi treren men argist
A Tzvayten git men kaynem nit, es helft nisht kayn gevayn
Oy, ver es hot farloyrn, der vays shoyrn vos ikh mayn.

A Yiddishe Mame,

Es gibt nisht besser oif der velt

A Yiddish Mame, Oy vey vi bitter ven zi felt

Vi shayn in likhtig iz in hoiz ven di mame iz do

Vi troyerig finster vert ven Got nemt ir oif Olam Haboh

In vasser in fayer volt zi gelofn far ihr kind

nisht halten ihr tayer, dos iz gevis di gresten zind

Oy, vi gliklekh un raykh iz der mentsh vos hot

Aza shayne matuneh geschenkt foon G-t,

Nor ayn altichke Yiddishe Mame,

Oy, Mame Mayn!

A YIDDISHE MAME

I'd like to ask of you a question, tell me who knows
With which dear possession does G-d bless everyone
It cannot be bought for no money, it's given only for free
And when it is lost, how many tears are shed.

A second is given nobody, no cry can help,

Oy, he who has lost it, he already knows what I mean.

A Yiddishe Mame

It doesn't get better on this earth

A Yiddishe Mame,

How bitter when she is missing.

How nice and bright it is at home, when the Mame is here

How sad and dark it becomes, when G-d takes her to Olam Haba

In water, through fire, she would have run for her child

Not to hold her dear, is surely the greatest sin,

How lucky and rich is the one who has

Such a beautiful gift presented from G-d

Like and old Yiddishe Mame

My Yiddishe Mame!