

Itzik Manger (1901, Cernauti - 1969, Israel) este unul din cei mai mari poeti si dramaturgi de limba idis. Am vazut recent poemele sale *Khumesh Lider* (Poeme biblice) puse in scena de doi actori. Personajele biblice, tratate irreverentios, cu mult umor, par sa descinda dintr-un *shtetl* sau chiar din cotidianul nostru.

Citind pe internet despre Manger, am descoperit ca este autorul unuia din cele mai emotionante si profunde cantece in idis, *Oyfn veg shteyt a boym* despre eterna problema a dragostei de mama care ocroteste, dar poate sa si sufoce. Getta

### OYFN VEG SHTEYT A BOYM

בױם א שטייט וועג אויפן

Oyfn veg shteyt a boym,  
Shteyt er ayngboygn,  
Ale feygl funem boym  
Zaynen zikh tsefloygn.

Dray keyn mayrev, dray keyn  
mizrekh,  
Un der resht - keyn dorem,  
Un dem boym gelozt aley  
Hefker far dem shturem.

Zog ikh tsu der mamen: -her,  
Zolst mir nor nit shtern,  
Vel ikh, mame, eyns un tsvey  
Bald a foygl vern...

Ikh vel zitsn oyfn boym  
Un vel im farvign  
Ibern vinter mit a treyst  
Mit a sheynem nign.

Zogt di mame: - nite, kind -  
Un zi veynt mit treyn -  
Vest kholile oyfn boym  
Mir far froyrn vern.

Zog ikh: -mame, s'iz a shod  
Dayne sheyne oygn  
Un eyder vos un eyder ven,  
Bin ikh mir a foygl.

Veynt di mame: - Itsik, kroyn,  
Ze, um gotes viln,  
Nem zikh mit a shalikh,  
Kenst zikh nokh farkiln.

Di kaloshn tu zikh on,

### ON THE ROAD STANDS A TREE

Shir Al Etz

On the road stands a tree,  
it stands bent and deserted,  
All the birds of that tree  
have flown away.

Turn toward the west, turn toward the  
east,  
And the rest - turn toward the south,  
And the tree is left alone  
abandoned to the storm.

I say to momma--"Listen,  
If you don't stand in my way,  
then, one and two,  
I'll quickly become a bird...

I'll sit in the tree  
And lull it  
during the winter and comfort it  
With a lovely tune.

And momma says, "No, child,"  
And weeps bitter tears -  
G-d forbid, in the tree  
you might freeze.

So I say, "Momma, it's a waste  
of your lovely eyes,  
Because before you know it,  
I'll be a bird."

And momma cries: - Itzik, my Crown,  
As G-d would want,  
take a scarf with you,  
Lest you catch cold.

"Put on your galoshes,

S'geyt a sharfer vinter  
Un di kutshme nem oykh mit -  
Vey iz mir un vind mir...

- Un dos vinter-laybl nem,  
Tu es on, du shovte,  
Oyb du vilst nit zayn keyn gast  
Tsvishn ale toyte...

Kh'heyb di fligl, s'iz mir shver,  
Tsu fil, tsu fil zakhn,  
Hot di mame ongeton  
Ir feygele, dem shvakhn.

Kuk ikh troyerik mir arayn  
In mayn mames oygn,  
S'hot ir libshaft nit gelozt  
Vern mir a foygl...

Oyfn veg shteyt a boym,  
Shteyt her ayngbogen,  
Ale feygl funem boym  
Zaynen zikh tsefloygn...

It will be a severe winter.  
And take your fur hat, too.  
Woe is me!

"And take your warm underwear,  
put it on, foolish child,  
Lest you become a guest  
among the dead...

I lift my wing, but it's hard...  
Too much, too many things  
Has momma put on  
her weak little fledgling.

I look sadly straight forward  
into my momma's eyes,  
Her love did not allow me  
to become a bird...

On the road stands a tree,  
it stands bent and deserted,  
All the birds of that tree  
have flown away.

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Aq6LMaFu2OI>