

O KUM SHOYN SHTILER OVNT

Author unknown; adaptation by Daniel Charney

Oh come already quiet evening and rock the fields (to sleep)
O KUM SHOYN SHTILER OVNT, UN VIG DI FELDER AYN.
We sing you a praise-song, oh dear evening light
MIR ZINGEN DIR A LOYB-LID, O LIBER OVNT SHAYN.

How quiet it has become, it becomes the air already cold
VI SHTIL ES IZ GEVORN, ES VERT DI LUFT SHOYN KALT.
Its song has already ended the nightingale in forest
ZAYN LID HOT SHOYN FARENDIKT DER NAKHTIGAL IN VALD.

It becomes darker the meadow, it comes the night to go
S'VERT TUNKELER DI LONKE, ES KUMT DI NAKHT TSU GEYN.
The dear white birches remain standing in field alone
DI VAYSINKE BERYOZE BLAYBT SHTEYN IN FELD ALEYN.

Oh come, quiet evening, and rock the fields to sleep.
We sing you a song of praise, oh dear evening light.
How quiet it has become, the air is becoming cold.
The nightingale has finished its song in the forest.
The meadow is getting darker, night is coming.
The dear white birches are left standing alone in the field.