

## **BARIKADN**

Tates, mames, kinderlekh  
Boyen barikadn,  
Oyf di gasn geyn arum  
Arbeter-ostryadn.

Fathers, mothers, children, too,  
Are building barricades.  
Detachments march along the streets,  
Workers on parade.

S'iz der tate fri fun shtub  
Avek oyf der fabrik,  
Vet er shoyn in shtibele  
Nit kumen haynt tsurik.

Father went off to the plant  
Quit early in the day;  
And he won't becoming home,  
For now he's gone to stay.

S'veysn gut di kinderlekh,  
Der tate vet nit kumen,  
S'iz der tate haynt in gas  
Mit zayn biks farnumen.

The kids know well that Daddy  
Will not be home tonight.  
Daddy's with his rifle there,  
He's in the street to fight.

S'iz di mame oykh avek  
In gas farkoyfn epl,  
Shteyn in kikh faryosemte  
Di teler mitn tepl.

Mother's also in the street  
With apples she can sell.  
Orphaned in the kitchen wait  
The plates, the pot as well.

S'vet nit zayn keyn vetshere  
Zogt Khanele di yatn,  
- Vayl di mame iz avek  
Tzuhelfn dem tatn.

Don't hold your breath for supper,  
Says Khane to the lads,  
Cause Mom's not coming home yet,  
She's out there helping Dad.

Plutsling -- trakh a pule iz  
Arayn in kleynem shtibl,  
Farbaygefloygn Khanelen,  
Gemakht in vant a gribl.

A sudden bang – a bullet  
Has come to pay a call.  
It whizzes right past Khanele  
And pops into the wall.

Oyb azoy -- zogt Khanele  
- Kinder, kumt mit mir!  
Motye nem di groyse korb,  
Meyerke -- di tir.

Of course you know, says Khane,  
You know that his means war.  
Motye, grab that basket there,  
Meyer, get the door.

Di shuflohn fun kamod,  
Mit an altn fas,  
A barikade shteln mir  
Oyf in mitn gas.

We're building us a barricade  
In the middle of the road.  
We'll use an empty barrel  
And drawers from the commode.

Di barikade oyfgeshtelt,  
In shtibl nito keyner,  
Loyfn politsey farbay,  
Di kinder varfn shteyner.

The barricade is up now  
And no one's left at home.  
The police are running by,  
The kids are throwing stones.

Vos mir, ven mir vetshere,  
Es dunern harmatn,  
Di kinderlekh fun shtibele  
Helfn mamen-tatn.

Supper? Who you tryin' to kid,  
The cannons spit like mad.  
And the children have gone out  
To help their mom and dad.

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