

VILNE

Aleksander Olshanecky
Words A. L. Wolfson
arr. Borisas Traubas

Voice Klavier

1.Vil - ne shtot fun gaist un tmi-mes Vil-ne yi - dish lach far -
 2.'Kh'ze dem vel - de - le zal - re - ter In zyn sho - tn ayn - ge -

mf

6 trahkt, Vu es murm-len shti-le tfi-les, Shti - le soy-des fun der nakht.
 hilt, Vu ge - heym es ho - bn le-rer. Und-zer vi - sn-durst ge - shtilt.

11 Oft mol ze ikh dir in kho - lemm Heys ge - lib - tr Vil-ne mayn,
 Vil - ne hot dem ersh - tn fo - dem Fun der fray - heyts for - ge - hebt,

15 Un di al - te Vil - ner ge - to in a ne - pl - di - kn shayn.
 Un di li - be kin - der i - re mit a tsar - tn gayst ba - lebt.

rit.

rit.

Vil-ne, Vil-ne und-zer heym-shtot. Und-zer benk-shaft un ba - gehr
 Ach, vi oft es ruft dain no-men. Fun main oig-a-rois a trer.
 Vil-ner ges-lach Vil-ner tai-chen, Vil-ner vel-der barg un tol. E-pes noy-et
 ep-es benkt zich noch di tzai-ten fun a - mol. tzai-ten fun a - mol.

Aleksander Olshanetsky (1892 – 1946)
 Lyrics: A. L. Volfson (1867–1946)

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1 Vil - ne shtot fun gaist un tmi - mes Vil - ne yi - dish lach far -
2.'Kh'ze dem vel - de - le zal - re - ter In zyn sho - tn ayn - ge -

6 trahkt, Vu es murm-lenshtile tfi - les, Shtile soy-des fun der nakht.
hilt, Vu ge - heym es ho - bn le - rer. Und-zer vi - sn - durst ge - shilt.

11 Oft mol ze ikh dir in kho - lemm Heys ge - lib - tr Vil - ne mayn,
Vil - ne hot dem ersh - tn fo - dem Fun der fray-heyts for - ge - hebt,

15 Un di al - te Vil - ner ge - to in a ne - pl - di - kn shayn.
Un di li - be kin - der i - re mit a tsar - tn gayst ba - lebt.

19 Vil - ne, Vil - ne und - zer heym-shtot. Und-zer benk-shaft un ba - gehr

23 Ach, vi oft es ruft dain no - men. Fun main oig - a - rois a trer.

27 Vil - ner ges-lach Vil - ner tai-chen, Vil - ner vel-der barg un tol. E - pes noy - et

32 ep - es benkt sich noch di 1. tzai-ten fun a - mol. 2. tzai-ten fun a - mol.

VILNE (VILNIUS)

VILNE JIDIŠ

Vilne, shtot fun gayst un tmimes
Vilne, yidishlekh fartrakht,
Vu es murmlen shtile tfiles,
Shtile soydes fun der nakht.

Oft mol ze ikh dir in kholem,
Heys-gelibte Vilne mayn,
Un di alte Vilner geto
In a nepldikn shayn.

Vilne, vilne, undzer heymshtot,
Undzer benkshaft un bager.
Akh, vi oft es ruft dayn nomen
Fun mayn oyg aroys a trer.
Vilner geslekh, vilner taykhn,
Vilner velder, barg un tol.
Epes noyet, epes benkt zikh
Nokh di tsaytn fun amol.

'Kh ze dem veldele zakreter
In zayn shont ayngehilt,
Vu geheim es hobn lerer
Undzer visndursht geshtilt.

Vilne hot dem ershtn fodem
Fun der frayheyts-fon gevebt
Un di libe kinder ire
mit a tsartn gayst balebt.

Vilne, vilne, undzer heymshtot,
Undzer benkshaft un bager.
Akh, vi oft es ruft dayn nomen
Fun mayn oyg aroys a trer.
Vilner geslekh, vilner taykhn,
Vilner velder, barg un tol.
Epes noyet, epes benkt zikh
Nokh di tsaytn fun amol.

VILNE ENGLISH

Vilna, city of spirit and innocence.
Vilna, conceived in Jewish ways,
where soft prayers are murmured,
soft nocturnal secrets.

I often see you in my dreams,
my dearly beloved Vilna,
and the old Vilna ghetto
in a foggy glow.

Vilna, Vilna, our hometown,
our longing and desire.
Ah, how often your name
brings a tear to my eye!
Vilna streets, Vilna rivers,
Vilna forests, mountains and valleys.
Something gnaws at me, makes me
yearn
for the days of long ago.

I see the Zakret forest,
enveloped in its shadows,
where teachers secretly slaked
our thirst for knowledge.

Vilna sewed the first thread
in our flag of freedom
and inspired its children
with a gentle spirit.

Vilna, Vilna, our hometown,
our longing and desire.
How often your name
brings a tear to my eye!
Vilna streets, Vilna rivers,
Vilna forests, mountains and valleys.
Something gnaws at me, makes me
yearn
for the days of long ago.

VILNIUS lietuviškai

Vilnius, dvasios ir nekaltumo miestas.
Vilnius, žydu išsvajotas,
kur skamba švelnios maldos,
švelnios naktinės paslaplys.

Dažnai sapnuose matau tave,
mano brangiųjį Vilnių
ir rūko švytėjime
senajį Vilniaus getą.

Vilnius, Vilnius, mūsų gimtinė,
mūsų ilgesys ir troškimas.
Ak, kaip dažnai tavo vardas
išspaudžia ašarą iš akių!
Vilniaus gatvės, Vilniaus upės,
Vilniaus miškai, slėniai ir kalnai.
Kažkas mane graužia,
verčia ilgėtis senų dienų.

Matau Zakreto mišką,
apgaubtą jo šešelių,
kur mokytojai slapta
numalšino mūsų žinių troškulį.

Mūsų laisvės vėliavoje
Vilnius išaudė pirmąjį siūlę
ir švelniu dvasiškumu
iškūnijo vaikų meilę

Vilnius, Vilnius, mūsų gimtinė,
mūsų ilgesys ir troškimas.
Ak, kaip dažnai tavo vardas
išspaudžia ašarą iš akių!
Vilniaus gatvės, Vilniaus upės,
Vilniaus miškai, slėniai ir kalnai.
Kažkas mane graužia,
verčia ilgėtis senų dienų.

Vilne, Vilne (also Vilna, Vilna) was written by A. L. Wolfson (1867-1946) in the early 1930s. Alexander Olshanetsky (1892-1946) wrote the music.

Vilna was known by Jews as the "Jerusalem of Lithuania" and there were some who thought Jerusalem should have the goal of someday coming up to Vilna's standard. For many generations it was the center of Jewish cultural and intellectual life. This nostalgic song, written before the second World War, was an anthem during and after the holocaust. I sang it Sunday when Ellen Cassedy gave a talk on her book "We Are Here: Memories of the Lithuanian Holocaust" and so I present the sheet music to you.

1930s by A. L. Wolfson, to music by Alexander Olshanetsky. The song is a heartfelt tribute to the city of Vilna, a centre of Jewish cultural and intellectual life widely known in the Jewish world as the 'Jerusalem of Lithuania'. It was frequently performed in the Vilna ghetto during the Nazi occupation.