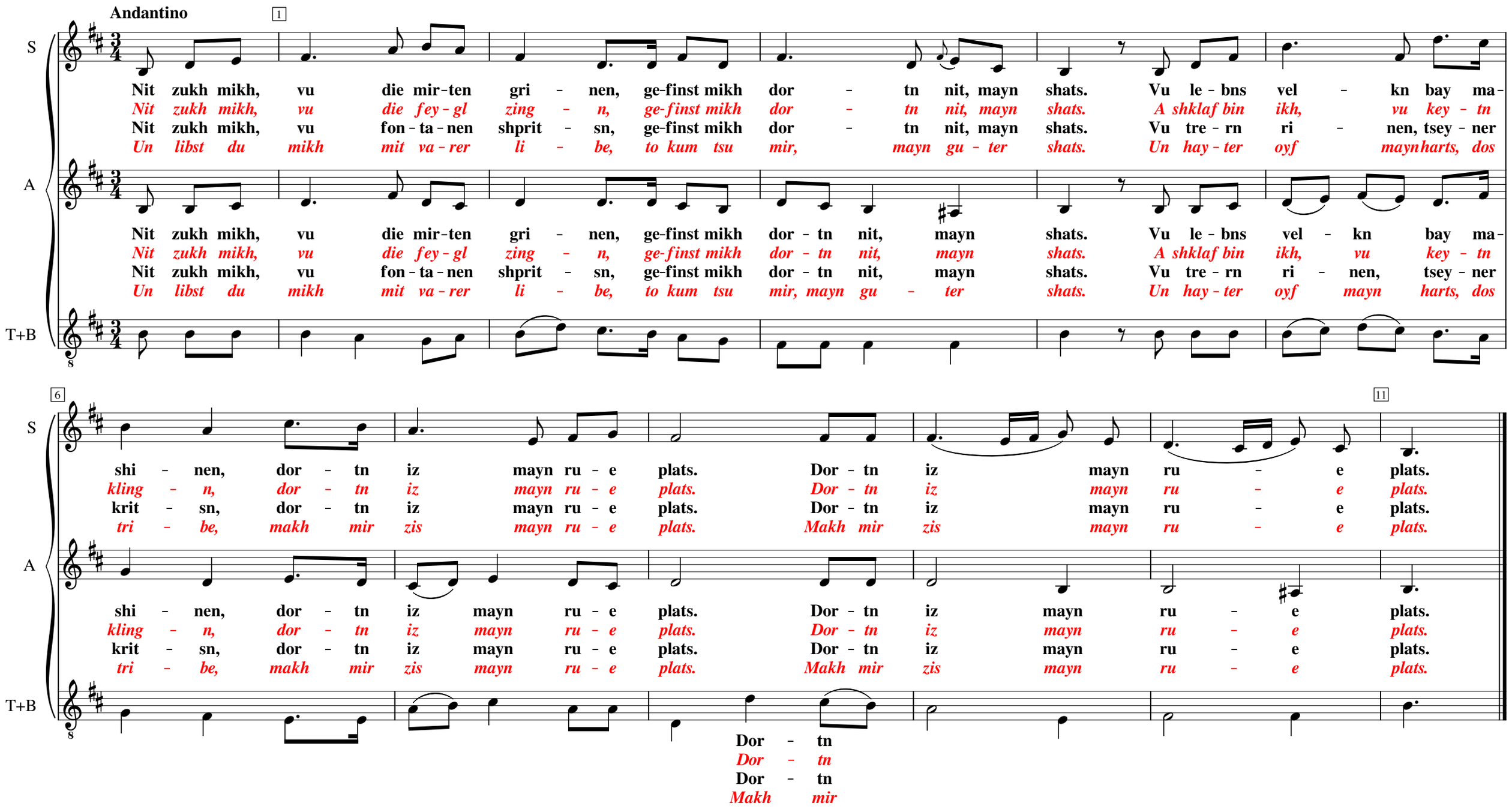
156. Mayn Rue Plats

Jiddisch



Don't look for me where myrtles are green,
You will not find me there, my beloved.
Where lives wither at the machines,
There is my resting place.

Don't look for me where birds sing,
You will not find me there, my beloved.
I am a slave, where chains ring;
There is my resting place.

Don't look for me where fountains spray,
You will not find me there, my beloved.
Where tears flow and teeth gnash,
There is my resting place.

And if you love me with true love,
So come to me, my good beloved,
And lighten up my heavy heart,
And make sweet my resting place.