

Merlin and Polina Shepherd, A Blade of Grass, 2012
song translations

1. Dint Got mit Simkhe - Ivdu et Hashem Psalm 100:2

Serve the Lord with gladness: come before his presence with singing.

3. A Blade of Grass

I am lying under the summer Sun catching tan, catching tan.

I am lying on green grass and catching tan, catching tan.

A blade of grass is looking at me and growing, growing,

It's looking at me - something is lying here and obstructing the Sun, obstructing the Sun.

I am in my garden, blades of grass are shining,
under the rays of the Sun-the light, under the breath of endless wind they are
trembling.

I am looking at this blade of grass and reason, reason (*thinking in a philosophical way*),
Trying to gasp its grass world, trying to gasp and understand.

What is happiness for that blade of grass? It doesn't need much.

Warm climat and nourishment – doesn't need much.

Sunshine, ground and breathing – doesn't need much.

Living amongst the alike – doesn't need much.

So that the roots are in its earth - doesn't need much.

So that the top towards the sky – doesn't need much.

What do I need for happiness? Don't need much.

Warm climat and nourishment – don't need much.

Sunshine, ground and breathing – don't need much.

Living amongst the alike – don't need much.

So that the roots are in its earth - don't need much.

So that the top towards the sky – don't need much.

5. Gut is tsu loyebn - Tov l'hodot Psalm 92:2

It is good to give thanks to God, and to sing to his name on high - to tell in the morning of His kindness, and in the evening of His faithfulness.

6. Zingt tsu im - Shiru lo Psalm 33:-3

Sing unto Him a new song; play skilfully amid shouts of joy.

7. Let my Thoughts rest

Embrace me, the light of today and slow down the pace of my clock.

Don't run without looking back (*as fast as you can*), speeding away without a thought.

Rushing forward and hiding back again in vanity and tiredness of days,

That yesterday's delight, that yesterday's flight

Is slipping away from me.

I will breath in that moment of today and let my thoughts rest.

Let my whole body be filled with light and my unrest and fears go away.
I don't rush anywhere anymore, just meeting the sunrise in this quiet, cloudless hour.
Here is the eternal delight, here is the eternal flight
And the romance's peace and extasy.

9. Cry

1. I wake up in the morning with a wind in my head.
I've had enough of human troubles.
The wind is blowing in the windows with boredom and melancholy.
City's rubbish is whistling through the roads.

Cry, cry, grey sky, wash the Earth.
Let the grass drink and water my maple tree.
Cry, cry, pour it to the bottom with the wet storm.
In this world we all have one destiny.

2. Where are my relatives, where are my family?
I don't remember what shouldn't be forgotten.
I will lay the table and gather people.
Let the grey storm sing along with our song.

11. Vek zikh uf - Ura k'vodi Psalm 57:9

Uro k'vodi, uro, haneivel v'chinor o'iro shachar.
Awake, my glory; awake, psaltery and harp; I will awake the dawn.

12. Di Neshome. The Soul

My G-d, the soul with which You endowed me is pure.

14. Ay-yay-yay

So another year's passed, the world has whirled around its axis.
By the house a green maple tree has worn out its leaves.

Ay-da-oy, it's time to rest in peace
But life goes on and the maple tree grows
and another year will come.
Ay-yay-yay, live and don't forget:
July has passed and December has passed
and soon it will be May.

Does this maple tree remember when it stood in snow
and how a fox left footsteps one night when running by;

How fog covered its top and immersed it into a fairy-tale
and how a bright January ray cut through that fog?

Ay-da-oy, it's time to rest in peace
But life goes on and the maple tree grows
and another year will come.
Ay-yay-yay, live and don't forget:

July has passed and December has passed
and soon it will be May.

I will never forget that sunrise on Kama in the year of 1980,
The smell of grass on which we, children, played joyfully in kindergarten,
My brother came back from the army matured and my son's look maturing,
The view on my new country from the airplane, our maple tree and yesterday's sunset.

Ay-da-oy, it's time to rest in peace
But life goes on and the maple tree grows
and another year will come.
Ay-yay-yay, live and don't forget:
July has passed and December has passed
and soon it will be May.

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