

Gezang tsu anapest.

Er iz impetik, hastik, umophaltlekh, laykht,
tomid frish, eybik yung iz zayn otem.
Tsu zayn freydiker ufregung, eydeler makht
iz fun lang shoyn mayn harts tsugezotn.
Vi a frilingdik vintl, vos veyet gants fri,
frisht er op layb un gayst, git er kreftn.
Shtendik gikh iz zayn doyfek un fray iz zayn fli.
Ruft, dermutikt, bagaystert un pleft er.
Mayn gants lebm, fun ven kh'bin geven nokh
gor yung,
vert mayn harts fun im ful mit hispayles.
Es farshikert di shures zayn mekhtiker shvung
un baflight dem ferz ale vayle.
Zing zhe oykh bekol-roym in dem yidishn lid!
Zoln oykhet ba undz manuskriptn
royshn fray mit dayn otem! Fli hoykh, ver nit
mid,
eybik leb, mayn anapest balibter!

Song To Anapest

It is vehement, impetuous, unstoppable,
light--
always fresh and eternally young is its breath.
My heart has long since become deeply
attached
to its joyful excitement, its refined power.
Like a Spring breeze
that blows freely,
it refreshes body and soul,
gives them strength.
Its pulse is always fast and its flight is free.
It calls, encourages, inspires, and astonishes.
All my life, since I was very young,
my heart has been full of admiration for it.
Its mighty gusto intoxicates my lines
and constantly gives my verse wings.
Sing the Yiddish song out loud too!
Let manuscripts also rustle freely among us
from its breath!
Fly high,
never grow weary,
live forever
my beloved anapest!