

Shteyt a bokher un er trakht,
Trakht un trakht a gantse nakht:
Venem tsu nemen un nit farshemen,
Venem tsu nemen un nit farshemen,

Tumbala, tumbala, tum balalayke,
Tumbala, tumbala, shpil balalayke,
Tum balalayke, shpil, balalayke,
Tum balalayke, freylekh zol zayn

Meydl, meyd, kh'vel bay dir fregn:
Vos ken vaksn, vaksn on regn?
Vos ken brenen un nit oyfhern?
Vos ken benken, veynen on trenn.

Tumbala . . .

Narisher bokher, vos darfstu fregn,
A shteyn ken vaksn, vaksn on regn,
Libe ken brenen un nit oyfhern,
A hartz ken benken, veynen on trenn.

Tumbala . . .

There stands a youth who's deep in thought,
Who thinks and thinks the whole night through
About whom to love without causing shame,
About whom to love without bringing shame.

Tumbalayke, play balalayke,
Tum balalayke, let joy prevail.
Tumbalayke, play balalayke,
Tumbala, tumbala, play balalayke,

Maiden, maiden, I want to ask you
What can grow, grow without rain?
What can burn and not burn out?
What can yearn and cry without tears?

Tumbala . . .

Silly fellow, why need you ask,
A stone can grow, grow without rain,
Love can burn and not burn out,
A heart can yearn and cry without tears.

Tumbala . . .

