

# Kegn Gold fun Zun - Towards the Golden Sunrise

Lyrics - Shloyme Lopatin (Lopate), 1907-1941.  
 Music - Unknown. Arr.: Polina Shepherd

Shloyme Lopatin was born in Belinkove, Ukraine. A real labourer, a Red Army soldier and an amateur poet, together with a group of wanderers, in 1924 he settled on the land in a Jewish colony in Kherson district, then from 1929 studied in Odessa where he published his first songs in 1928 in the Kharkov Yiddish journal *Prolit*. He is known for his poem *Ikh, der yidisher muzhik* (*I, the Jewish Russian Peasant*), which became a folk song. His reputation as a poet is mainly “a peasant poet” and his work reflects the time of great hope for the Soviet Jews and all the Soviet people for a better future. Yiddishist Itzik Gottesman writes: “Apparently it was a well-known song in the 1930s - 1960s; however, the only recording of the song that we are aware of is on the 1940s 78 rpm recording *Ruth Rubin: Jewish and Palestinian Folksongs* and among the field recordings in Ruth Rubin’s collection found in YIVO and other archives.”

This melody is also known with lyrics by Paysakh Kaplan, *Rivkele di Shabesdike* (1942) and refers to the slaughter of 3000 men of the Bialystok ghetto on a Shabbat (July 12) in 1941; Rivkele is working in the factory, fretting but not yet realizing what has become of her husband.

The musical score is arranged in six staves. The first two staves are for Alto and Bass voices. The next four staves are for Soprano (S), Alto (A), Tenor (T), and Bass (B) voices. The music is in 3/4 time with a key signature of one flat (Bb). The lyrics are in Yiddish and are provided below each staff.

**Alto**  
 1. Ke - gn gold fun zun geyt oyf mayn gold fun vey - tsn.  
 2. Geyt di ar - bet frey - lekh fun gants fri biz o - vnt,

**Bass**  
 1. Ke - gn gold fun zun geyt oyf mayn gold fun vey - tsn.  
 2. Geyt di ar - bet frey - lekh fun gants fri biz o - vnt,

**S**  
 Ke - gn gold fun zun geyt oyf mayn gol - dn glik. Na - ye ho - ri - zon - tn ru - fn mikh un  
 zun iz mayn hu - dok un feld iz mayn fa - brik. Nekh-tn skhey-nim vay - te haynt shoyn a - zoy

**A**  
 Ke - gn gold fun zun geyt oyf mayn gol - dn glik. Aa..  
 zun iz mayn hu - dok un feld iz mayn fa - brik.

**T**  
 Ke - gn gold fun zun geyt oyf mayn gol - dn glik. Aa..  
 zun iz mayn hu - dok un feld iz mayn fa - brik.

**B**  
 Ke - gn gold fun zun geyt oyf mayn gol - dn glik. Aa..  
 zun iz mayn hu - dok un feld iz mayn fa - brik.

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S  
 rey - tsn, na - ye li - der zing ikh, yi - di - sher mu - zhik. Na - ye ho - ri - zon - tn  
 no - ent, u - kra - i - ner po - yer, yi - di - sher mu - zhik. Nekh - tn skhey - nim vay - te

A  
 na - ye li - der zing ikh, yi - di - sher mu - zhik. Aa...  
 u - kra - i - ner po - yer, yi - di - sher mu - zhik.

T  
 na - ye li - der zing ikh, yi - di - sher mu - zhik. Na - ye ho - ri - zon - tn  
 u - kra - i - ner po - yer, yi - di - sher mu - zhik. Nekh - tn skhey - nim vay - te

B  
 na - ye li - der zing ikh, yi - di - sher mu - zhik. Aa...  
 u - kra - i - ner po - yer, yi - di - sher mu - zhik.

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S  
 ru - fn mikh un rey tsn, na - ye li - der zing ikh, yi - di - sher mu - zhik.  
 haynt shoy n a - zoy no - ent, u - kra - i - ner po - yer, yi - di - sher mu - zhik.

A  
 na - ye li - der zing ikh, yi - di - sher mu - zhik.  
 u - kra - i - ner po - yer, yi - di - sher mu - zhik.

T  
 ru - fn mikh un rey tsn, na - ye li - der zing ikh, yi - di - sher mu - zhik.  
 haynt shoy n a - zoy no - ent, u - kra - i - ner po - yer, yi - di - sher mu - zhik.

B  
 na - ye li - der zing ikh, yi - di - sher mu - zhik.  
 u - kra - i - ner po - yer, yi - di - sher mu - zhik.

Kegn gold fun zun geyt oyf mayn gold fun veytsn,  
 Kegn gold fun zun geyt oyf mayn goldn glik.  
 Naye horizon tn ru fn mikh un reytsn,  
 Naye lider zing ikh, yiddisher muzhik.\*

Toward the golden Sun springs my golden wheat  
 Toward the golden Sun springs my golden joy  
 New horizons call me and beckon  
 I sing new songs, a Jewish peasant\* (or \*music).

Geyt di arbet freylekh fun gants fri biz ovnt,  
 Zun iz mayn hudok, un feld iz mayn fabric,  
 Nekhtn shkheynim vayte haynt shoy n azoy noent,  
 Ukrainian poyer, Yidisher muzhik.

The work goes happily from morning till night  
 The Sun is my lyre, the field is my factory.  
 Yesterday distant neighbours, today so close  
 Ukrainian farmers, Jewish peasants.

\* in other versions, muzik –music.

קעגן גאלד פֿון זון גייט אויף מײַן גאלד פֿון ווייצן,  
 קעגן גאלד פֿון זון גייט אויף מײַן גאלדן גליק.  
 נײַע האָרײַזאָנטן רופֿן מיך און רײַצן,  
 נײַע לידער זינג איך, ייִדישער מוזשיק.

גייט די אַרבעט פֿריילעך פֿון גאַנץ פֿרי ביז אָוונט,  
 זון איז מײַן הודאָק, און פֿעלד איז מײַן פֿאַבריק,  
 נעכטן שכנים ווײַטע – הײַנט שוין אַזוי נאַענט,  
 אוקראַינער פּויער, ייִדישער מוזשיק.