

Mein Shtetel Piater
Words by
J. Schwartzberg
Sung to the Melody
of
"Wo is dus gesele, wo is di schtub"
Dedicated to
Piaterer Progressive Benevolent Society
New York

Piater Piater, My beloved town Piater,
I remind myself of you and shed a tear,
Deep in my heart you are still with me,
Forever the memory of you stays with me

I still remember the well, I still remember the orchard,
The small stream by the cemetery, behind the baths,
The young people stroll by deep in thought,
Accompanied by the yellow moon at night.

I still remember the stalls scattered around the marketplace,
The shops. The churchyard enclosed by a fence,
The gentile buyers from the villages around,
Ivan and Stephan, and Avrilo Trachim

There, I see the church, there I see the synagogue,
And the priest's lake near the bridge by the mill,
The muddy green athletic field,
Where Piater's pride compete in running.

On the Sabbath in the synagogue everyone sits in their spot,
And prays with devotion word by word,
The spirit is uplifted, sadness is chased away,
Forgetting the worries of the week.

The life flows peacefully and quiet,
There is no sensation, there is no thrill,
Suddenly there is a cloud, thunder roars,
The human animal curses with murder.

The most beloved and dearest were felled by a dagger,
Grim fate has separated us,
The sack on our shoulders, the stick in our hand,
I wander further again and I seek a new land.

Finally I found myself a home,
With peace and freedom we live here,
Sisters and brothers join hand in hand,
We are together again, no longer in a foreign land.
Piater, Piater, my beloved town Piater,

I remember you, and I shed a tear,
Deep in my heart, you are always with me,
The memory of you will always remain.