

## AVREML DER MARVIKHER`

On a heym bin ich yung gebliben,  
S'hot di noyt mikh aroysgetriben,  
Ven ich hob noch keynn dreisten yor gehat,  
In der fremd, vayt fun mames oygen,  
Hot inshmutz mikh der gas derstoygen,  
Govorn fun mir a voyler yat.

Ich bin Avreml, der feyikster marvicher,  
A groyser kinstler kh'arbet laycht un zicher,  
Dos ershte mol, k'hvel's gedenkem biz toyt,  
Arayn in tfise far lakk'h'nen a broyt, oy, oy,  
Kh'for nisht oyyf markn vi yene proste yatn,  
Kh'tsipnor bay karge shmutsike magnatn,  
Kh'bin zikh mekhaye, ven kh'tap aza magnat,  
Ich bin Avreml, gor a voyler yat.

In der fremd, nisht gehat tsum lebn,  
Gebetn broyt, an oremmer flegt noch gebn,  
Nor yene layt, vos zanen tomid zat,  
Flegn oft trayben mikh mit tsorn,  
S'vakst a ganev, s'iz mekuyem gevorn-  
A ganev bin ich, nor a voyler yat

Ich bin avreml. Der feyikster marvikher,  
A groyser kinstler, kh'arbet layht un zikher,  
A yat a kleyner arayn in kutshement,  
Aroys a mazik a zeltener talent, oy, oy  
Kh'for nisht oyf markn vi yene proste yatn,  
Kh'tsup nor bay karge shmutsike magnatn  
Kh'ob lib a mentshn, a mildn, a nash-brat  
Ich bin Avreml, gor a voyler yat.

Shoy'n nisht lang vet dos shpil gedoyren,  
Krank fun klep, gikht fun tfise moyern,  
Nor eyn baoshe kh'volt azoy gevolt  
Nokh mayn toyt, in a tog tribn,  
Zol oyf mayn matseyvo shteyn geshriben,  
Mit oysiyes groyse un funn gold:

Do ligt Avreml, der feyikster marvikher,  
A mentsh a groyser geven volt fun in zikher,  
A mentsh a fayner, mit harts, mit a gefil,  
A mentsh a reyner, Got aleyn nor vil, oy,  
Ven iber im volt gevakht a mames oygen,  
Ven s'volt di finstere gas im nisht dersoygen,  
Venn nokh als kind er a tatn volt gehat,  
Do light Avreml yener voyler yat.

## AVREML THE CON ARTIST

I was left without a home when I was young,  
Driven out by need  
Before I was even 13 years old.  
Away from my home, far from my mother's eyes  
I was attracted by the filth of the streets.  
And I became a fine thief

I am Avreml the best of the con men  
A great trickster, I work light and sure.  
I'll remember to my death the first time  
I went to jail for swiping a loaf of bread  
But I'm not like the common ordinary thieves,  
I go after the filthy stingy rich and  
That gives me great pleasure to tap such a person  
I am Avreml a really wonderful thief.

Away from with nothing to live on,  
The poor people would give me something to eat  
But those people who have everything  
Used to chase me away saying,  
"There goes a thief in the making"  
And so I became a really fine thief.

I am Avreml the best of the con men  
A great trickster, I work light and sure.  
I went to jail as a child  
And came out mischievous and talented,  
But I'm not like the common ordinary thieves,  
I go after the filthy stingy rich.  
I love people, especially the gentle, regular folks,  
I am Avreml a really wonderful thief.

This play will not go on much longer  
I'm sick of the beatings and afraid of jail.  
There is one final thing I do want.  
After my death, on a fine day,  
I would like written on my tombstone  
With large gold letters

"Here lies Avreml, the greatest con artist  
A Great Man to be sure  
A Fine Man with Heart and with Feeling  
A Man who is pure as decreed by God  
If only he grew up under a mother's watchful eye  
Then the black streets would not have attracted  
him.  
If, as a child he would have had a father,  
Here lies Avreml, that wonderful thief!