

## The Song of the Partisans

Lyrics: Hirsch Glick. Music: Dimitri and Daniel Pokrass

Zog nit keyn mol az du geyst dem letstn veg,  
Khotsh himlen blayene farshteln bloye teg.  
Kumen vet nokh undzer oysgebenkte sho -  
S'vet a poyk ton undzer trot - mir zaynen do!

Fun grinem palmenland biz vaysn land fun shney,  
Mir kumen on mit undzer payn, mit undzer vey,  
Un vu gefaln s'iz a shprits fun undzer blut,  
Shprotsn vet dort undzer gvure, undzer mut.

Never say that the road ends here for you,  
Though leaden skies may be concealing days of blue,  
Because the hour we have hungered for is near,  
Beneath our tread, the earth shall tremble - we are here!

From a land of palm trees to the far off land of snow  
We are coming with our pain, and with our woe,  
And everywhere our blood has soaked into the earth,  
Shall our bravery, our vigor blossom forth.

This song is written with our blood, not with lead,  
It is not a song that summer birds sing overhead.  
Amid the crumbling walls, a people sang this song,  
And in their hands the weapons meant to keep them strong.

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