

ZOG NIT KEYNMOL

Zog nit keynmol az du geyst dem letstn veg
Ven himlen blayene farshteln bloye teg
Kumen vet nokh unzer oysgebänkte sho
S'vet a poyk ton unzer trot mir zaynen do.

Fun grinem palmen land biz vaytn land fun shney
Mit zaynen do mit unzer payn mit unzer vey
Vu gefaln s'iz a shpritz fun unzer blut
Vet noch a shprots ton unzer gvure unzer mut.

Geshriben iz dos lid mit blut un nit mit blay
S'iz nit kayn lidl fun a foigl oif der fray
S'hot a folk ts'vishn falndike vent
Dos lid gezungen mit naganes in di hent.

Derfar zog keynmol ...

Never say that there is only death 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 thunder, we are here.

From land of palm trees to the far off land of snow
We shall be coming with our torment and our woe
And everywhere our blood has sunk into the earth
Shall our bravery, our vigor blossom forth.

This song was written with our blood and not with lead
It's not a song that summer birds sing overhead
It was a people among toppling barricades
That sang this song of ours with pistols and grenades.

Poem by Hirsh Glik (1922-1944), music by Dmitri Pokrass. The song became the hymn of the United Partisan Organization in 1943. It spread to all the camps in Eastern Europe and later to all Jewish communities the world over. It was translated into several languages. Today it is sung at memorial meetings for martyred Jews.