

Tsum Arbeter
By Morris Rosenfeld

Zay shtolts af dayn arbet, zay shtolts, zay shtolts.
Zay shtolts af dayn arbet, zay shtolts.
Zi git dir dos rekht, zi git dir dos rekht
Di frukht fun der velt tsu genisn.

Zay shtolts af dayn arbet, zay shtolts, zay shtolts.
Zay shtolts af dayn arbet, zay shtolts.
Zay mutik, zay mentshlek, un zay nit kayn knekht,
Dayn vert un dayn ort zolstu visn.

Mit vos dikh baloynen ven ales iz dayn
Du flaysike hand mit dem hamer?
Tsu dir gehert ales, dos broyt un der vayn,
Dos ayzn dos gold un der marmer.

Derfar megstu shtolts zayn un nemen mit rekht
Altsding vos dayn harts kon farlangen.
Zay mutik, zay heldish, un zay nit kayn knekht,
Un shmid nit un trog nit kayn tsvangen.

Zay mutik, zay heldish, un zay nit kayn knekht,
Un shmid nit un trog nit kayn tsvangen.

Zay shtolts, zay shtolts, zay shtolts, zay shtolts!

To the Worker
By Morris Rosenfeld
Translated by Max Rosenfeld

Be proud of your labor--it gives you the right
To savor the fruits of the earth.
Be brave, be human, not a slave,
Learn your proper worth!

But how reward you, when the world,
Its goods, is yours to own? --
Its Bread and wind, its grain and gold,
Its store of precious stones.

Take what's yours by right to take!
Be bold, base fear disdain!
Be proud, unawed! And neither make,
Nor wear, enslaving chains...