

The Partisans' Song
"Zog Nisht Keyn Mol" [Never Say]

by
Hirsch Glick¹

Never say that there is only death for you
Though leaden skies may be concealing days of blue—
Because the hour that we have hungered for is near;
Beneath our tread the earth shall tremble: We are here!

From land of palm-tree 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!

We'll have the morning sun to set our day aglow,
And all our yesterdays shall vanish with the foe,
And if the time is long before the sun appears,
Then let this song go like a signal through the years.

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

So never say that there is only death for you.
Leaden skies may be concealing days of blue—
Yet the hour that we have hungered for is near;
Beneath our tread the earth shall tremble: We are here!

Reprinted from Nachman Majzels' book
Hirsch Glick un Zein Lied
"Zog Nisht Keyn Mol"
[H.G. and His Song "Never Say"],
published in 1949 by Ykuf, New York.

¹ [TN: The author composed this song in 1943, in the Wilno Ghetto. The following translation to English is the first (and most accurate) of five that are featured in the original Yiddish-language book from which the author quotes this song, Nachman Majzels' 1949 "Hirsch Glick un Zein Lied 'Zog Nisht Keyn Mol'".]