

Zog nit keyn mol az du geyst dem letstn veg
Khotsh himlen blayene farshteln bloye teg.
Kumen vet nokh undzer oysgebenkte sho,
Es 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.

Es vet di morgnzun bagildn undz dem haynt,
Un der nekhtn vet farshvindn mitn faynt.
Nor oyb farzamen vet di zun in dem kayor,
Vi a parol zol geyn dos lid fun dor tsu dor.

Dos lid geshribn iz mit blut un nit mit blay,
S'iz nit keyn lidl fun a foygl af der fray,
Dos hot a folk tsvishn falndike vent
Dos lid gezungen mit naganes in di hent.

To zog nit keyn mol az du geyst dem letstn veg,
Khotsh himlen blayene farshteln bloye teg.
Kumen vet nokh undzer oysgebenkte sho –
Es vet a poyk ton undzer trot – mir zayanen do!

Words: Hirsh Glik; music: Dimitri Pokrass)

Never say this is the final road for you,
Though leadened skies may cover over days of blue.
As the hour that we longed for is so near,
Our step beats out the message – we are here!

From lands so green with palms to lands all white with snow,
We shall be coming with our anguish and our woe,
And where a spurt of our blood fell on the earth,
There are courage and our spirit have rebirth.

The early morning sun will brighten our day,
And yesterday with our foe will fade away;
But if the sun delays and in the east remains
This song as password generations must maintain.

This song was written with our blood and not with lead,
It's not a little tune that birds sing overhead,
This song a people sang amid collapsing walls,
With grenades in hands they heeded to the call.

Therefore never say the road now ends for you,
Thought leadened skies may cover over days of blue.
As the hour that we longed for is so near
Our step beats out the message – we are here!

Translation: Roslyn Bresnick Perry