

Hymn of the Partisans

(Never Say You're Traveling Down the Final Mile)

Words: Hirsh Glik
Music: Dmitri and Daniel Pokrass



[English translation:] Never say you are going on your last road, [
Not even] when leaden skies block out days of blue.
The hour we long for will yet come,
The tread of our footsteps will pound out—We are here!

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.

The rising morning sun will yet light up our today,
And yesterday—with our foe—will fade away.
But if the sun be delayed and the dawn held back,
Let this song go forth as a password from generation to generation!

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