

THE PARTISAN SONG PROJECT AND GENEALOGY – INSPIRING AND CONNECTING A NEW GENERATION

The Partisans' Song, **Zog Nit Keynmol**, written by Hirsh Glik, age 22, in the Vilna Ghetto in 1943, is one of the most powerful songs of resistance and defiance ever written.

“Zog Nit Keynmol” is the anthem of Holocaust survivors. It is a legacy that is in danger of soon dying out. The Partisan Song Project is an initiative to connect it to the next generation through meaning, context, and family histories.



The Poem in English

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 tremble — we are here!

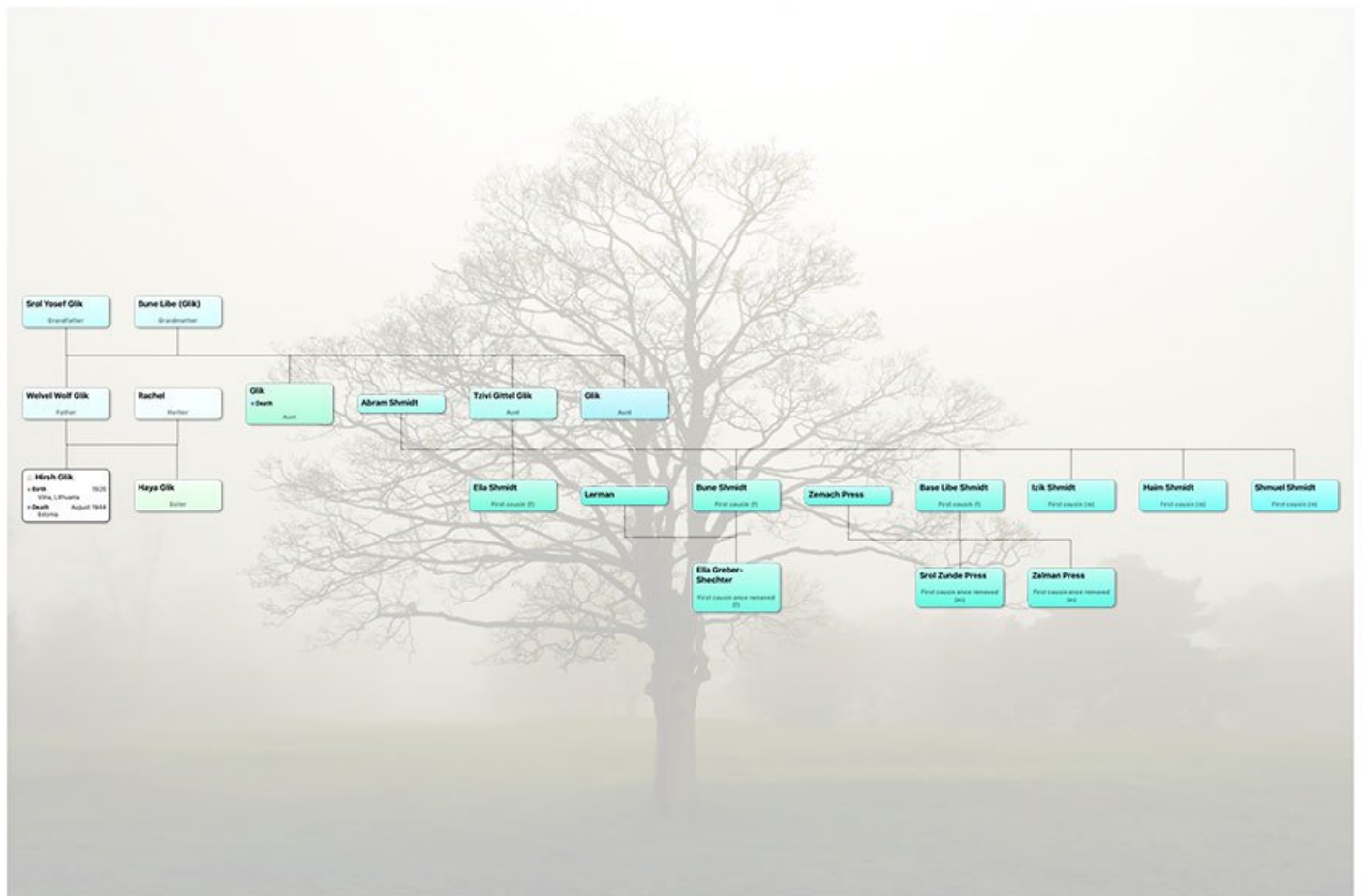
From land of palm tree to the far-off land of snow,
We shall be coming with our torment and our woe;
And everywhere our blood has sunk into the earth,
Shall our bravery, our vigor blossom forth.

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 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.

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 tremble, — we are here!

Hirsh Glik Family Tree



Oscar Borecki, a Bielski Partisan, Novogradak & Sydney

Sydney, Australia & Novogradak, Belarus

A Tribute to Oscar Borecki
by the Borecki Family
Sydney, Australia

[Hans Kimmel Iliya Borecki.pdf](#)

David Borecki - NSW Yom Hashoah Commemorations - April 2017

Oscar Borecki, partisan 1943
Oscar in Sydney 1989

Austria c1945

Adele &

YOM HASHOAH

AN OUTLINE OF MY SURVIVAL - OSCAR BORECKI

(pronounced "Osher Boretsky")

Written by Eric Borecki

10 April 2001

Prayer Books USA

2. Fun grinem palmen land
Biz veytn land fun shney,
Mir zeynen do
Mit undzer peyn, mit undzer vey,
Un vu gefaln s'iz a shprots
Fun undzer blut:
Vet noch a shprots ton
Undzer g'veure, undzer mut.

3. S'vet di morgn-zun
Bagildn undz dem heynt,
Der shvartzet nechtn
Vet farshvindn mitn feynt,
Un oyb farzamen
Vet zun in dem ka-yor,
Vi a parol zol goytn
Dos lid fun dor tzu dor.

4. Geshribn iz dos lid
Mit blut un nit mit bley,
S'iz nit a lid fun
Zumer-foylt oyf der frey,
Nor s'hot a folk
Tzishn falndike vent,
Dos lid gezungen
Mit naganen in di hent.

5. Darfor, zog nit keynmol
Az du geyst dem letztn veg,
Ven himlen bla-yene
Farshlehn bloye teg,
Veyl kumen vet noch
Undzer oisgebenkte sho,
S'vet a poyk ton
Undzer trot: Mir zeynen do!

מן נריעם פאלמען לאנד
ביז ווייטן לאנד פון שני,
מיר זיינען דא
מיט אונדזער פיינ, מיט אונדזער וויי,
און וואו געפאלן ס'איז א שפראך
פון אונדזער בלוט:
וועט נאך א שפראך טאן
אונדזער גבורה, אונדזער מוט.
זענעט די מארגן-זון
באגילדן אונדז דעם היינט,
דער שווארצער נעכטן
וועט פארשווינדן מיטן פיינט,
און אויב פארזאמען
וועט זון אין דעם קא-יאר,
ווי א פאראל זאל גיין
דאס ליד פון דור צו דור.
געשריבן איז דאס ליד
מיט בלוט און נישט מיט בליי,
ס'איז נישט א ליד פון
זומער-פויגל אויף דער פריי,
נאר ס'האט א פאלק
צווישן פאלנדיקע ווענט
דאס ליד געזונגען מיט נאגאנעס
אין די הענט.

דערפאר, זאג נישט קיינמאל,
אז דו גייסט דעם לעצטן וועג,
ווען הימלען בליינען
פארשטעלן בלויז טעג,
ווייל קומען וועט נאך
אונדזער אויסגעבענקטע שעה,
זענעט א פויק טאן
אונדזער טראט: מיר זיינען דא!

Hymn of the Partisans

I never say that you now go on your last way.
Though darkened skies may now conceal the blue of day;
Because the hour for which we've hungered is so near,
Beneath our feet 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, with 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;
Our evil yesterdays shall vanish with the foe,
But 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 summer birds sing overhead;
It was a people, amidst burning barricades,
That sang this song of ours with pistols and grenades.

So never say that you now go on your last way,
Though darkened skies may now conceal the blue of day,
Because the hour for which we've hungered is so near,
Beneath our feet the earth shall thunder: "We are here!"

Yiddish text by Hirsch Gluck

Partisaner Lied

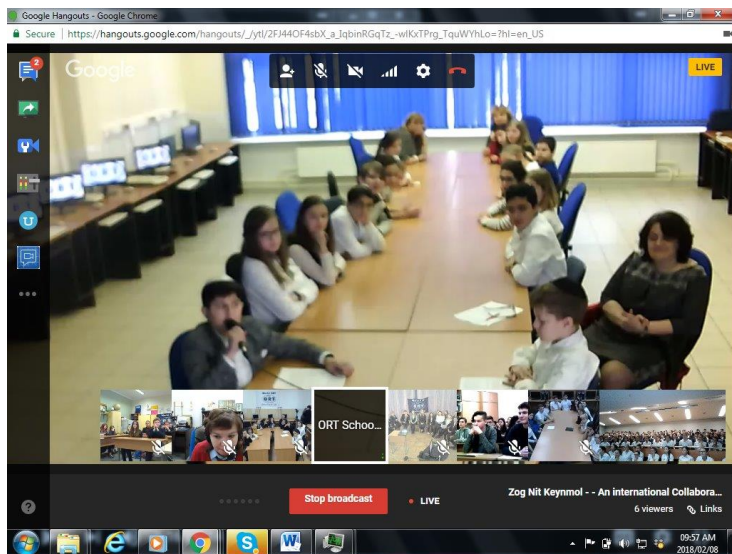
"ZOG NIT KEINMOL . . ."

Zog nit keynmol
Az du geyst dem letztn veg,
Ven himlen bla-yene
Farshlehn bloye teg,
Veyl kumen vet noch
Undzer oisgebenkte sho,
S'vet a poyk ton
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זאג נישט קיינמאל,
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זענעט א פויק טאן
אונדזער טראט: מיר זיינען דא!

Online Collaboration at Herzlia School and concert at Highlands House

<https://youtu.be/tnaCtuqVBgg>



Zog Nit Keynmol

March of the Partisans

March-like ♩ = 96

Music: Ad. Pokras
Text: Hirsch Glick

B7 **Em** **D**

Zog nit keyn - mol az du geyst dem lets - tn veg, chotsh him - len
Nev - er say that you havereach'd the ver - y end. Through lead - en

G **E** **E7**

blay - e - ne far-shte - ln bloy - e teg. Ku - men vet noch und - zer oys - ge-benk - te
skies a bit - ter fut - ure may por - tend. For the hour for which we've yearn'd will yet ar -

Am **A7** **1. Em** **B7** **Em** **E7**

sho. S'vet a poyk ton und - zer trot: mir zay - nen do! Ku - men
rive. And our march - ing steps will thun - der: We sur - vive! For the

2. Em **B7** **Em** **B7**

poyk ton und - zer trot: mir zay - nen do! Fun gri - nem pal - menland biz vay - sn land fun
march - ing steps will thun - der: We sur - vive! Fromland of palm trees to the land of dis - tant

Em **D** **D7** **G** **E**

shney. Mir ku - men on mit undz - er payn, mit undz - er - vey. Un vu ge -
snow, we are here with our pain, and with our woe. And when

E7 **Am** **Em** **B7**

fal - n s'iz a shpritz fun undz - er blut. Shpro - tsn vet dort undz - er gvu - re, und - zer
ev - er our blood was shed in pain. Our fight - ing spir'its will res - ur - rect a -

Em **E7** **Am** **Em** **B7** **Em**

mut. Vu ge - fal - n iz ashpritz fun undz - er blut shpro - tsn vet dort undz - er gvu - re, und - zer mut!
gain. And when - ev - er our blood was shed in pain, our fight - ing spir'its will res - ur - rect a gain.

HIRSH GLIK'S RETURN

STORY JOEL SCHECHTER ART SPAIN

1943 THE VILNA GHETTO POET HIRSH GLIK HEARS OF THE WARSAW GHETTO UPRISING AND WRITES "ZOG NIT KEYNMOL" (DON'T EVER SAY), THE SONG OF THE PARTISANS.



GLIK'S YIDDISH POEMS PRAISE A TURKISH HALVAH SELLER, THE NIGHT SKY, AND RESISTANCE FIGHTERS, SUCH AS VITKA KEMPNER IN "SHTIL DI NAKHT."



WITH A SINGLE SHOT SHE STOPPED A CAR CHOCKABLOCK WITH WEAPONS.

CAPTURED WITH OTHER PARTISANS, GLIK KEEPS WRITING IN PRISON. INMATES SECRETLY PASS AROUND HIS LINES OF DEFIANCE AND BEAUTY AND HOPE.



THE END OF HIRSH GLIK'S LIFE IS A MYSTERY. WAS HE EXECUTED IN 1944? OR COULD IT BE THAT HE ESCAPED AND HID — AND MIGHT TURN UP, AGE 91, AT A POETRY READING IN SAN FRANCISCO? JACK HIRSCHMAN, 2008 POET LAUREATE OF SAN FRANCISCO, RECENTLY CREATED A NEW TRANSLATION OF GLIK'S ENGAGED, VIVID POEMS — WHICH HONOR PARTISAN SURVIVAL, FRIENDSHIP, AND THE SMALL VICTORIES THAT PROPHEZIZED LATER, GREATER VICTORIES OVER TYRANNY.

25 Translations:

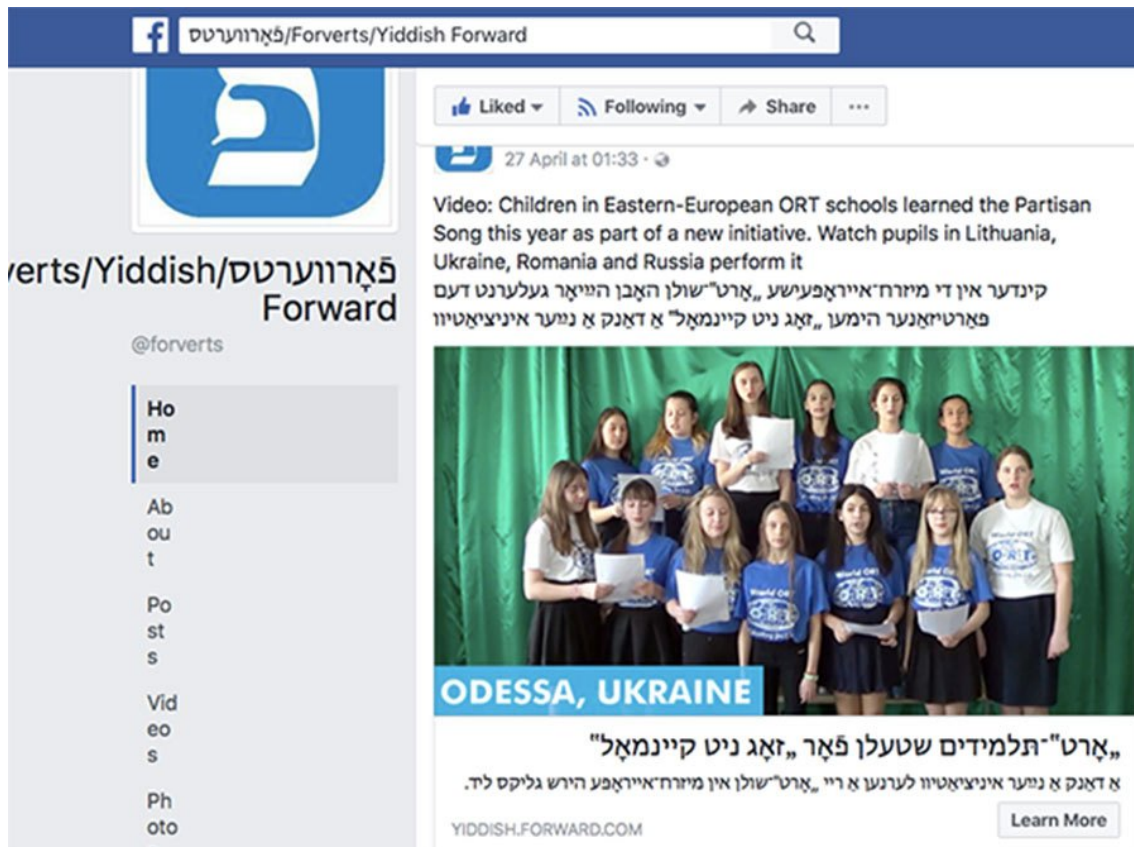
<http://elirab.me/words/>

Lesson Plans

<http://elirab.me/study/>

Press

<http://elirab.me/press/>



The Partisans' Song Project website:

<http://elirab.me/zog-nit-keynmol/>

tangential travel and Jewish Life website – 700 posts and pages

<http://elirab.me>

Bio

<http://about.me/elirab>

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