ANNUAL GATHERING COMMEMORATING THE WARSAW GHETTO UPRISING

75th Anniversary

April 19, 2018

at

Der Shteyn—The Stone
Warsaw Ghetto Memorial Plaza
Riverside Park, New York City

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

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For more information about the earlier publication *The Warsaw Ghetto Uprising* (1983, Congress for Jewish Culture) and this commemorative book, go to: congressforjewishculture.org.

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Cover photograph of Hannah Krystal Fryshdorf on the rubble of the Warsaw Ghetto (c. 1945). Photographer: Unknown.

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April 19, 2018

SPONSORED BY

The Congress for Jewish Culture
together with the
Friends of the Bund
the Jewish Labor Committee
the Workmen's Circle
and
the YIVO Institute for Jewish Research

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Warsaw Ghetto Uprising Monument,
Western Wall, Warsaw, Poland
Sculptor: Nathan Rapoport

KOVED ZEYER ONDENK
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Warsaw Ghetto Uprising Monument,
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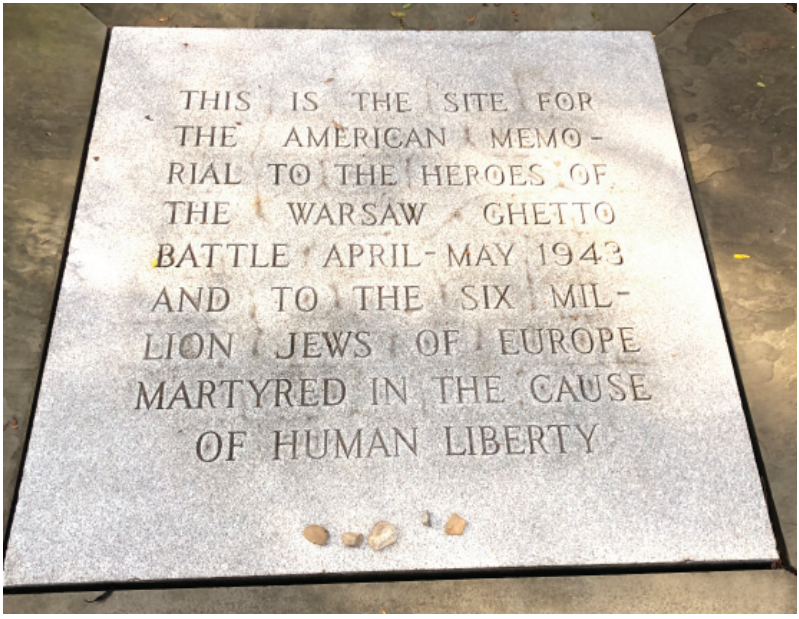


***Der Shteyn*—Riverside Park, NYC**

DER SHTEYN—THE STONE

April 19, 2018 marks the 75th anniversary of the Warsaw Ghetto Uprising, which is emblematic of the Jewish resistance to the Nazi death machine throughout World War II. The uprising, and all forms of resistance, stand in stark contrast to the widely accepted view that Jews went quietly to the slaughter. Each April 19th the Congress for Jewish Culture, the Jewish Labor Bund and other Jewish cultural organizations, organize a commemorative gathering for the martyrs and survivors of the Warsaw Ghetto Uprising. Survivors, the Yiddish cultural community, Bundists, and children of resistance fighters and Holocaust survivors gather in New York City's Riverside Park at *Der Shteyn*—The Stone—the plaque dedicated to the Warsaw Ghetto Uprising. We come together to mark this epic anniversary and to pay tribute to those who fought and those who perished during history's most heinous crime.

On April 19, 1943, the first seder night of Passover, as the Nazis began their liquidation of the Warsaw Ghetto, a group of about 220 of its remaining Jews staged a historic and heroic uprising, holding the Nazis at bay for almost a full month, until May 16. It marked the largest organized armed rebellion within a Jewish ghetto in Nazi-occupied Europe during the Holocaust. Though outnumbered and facing overwhelming military power, the Jewish fighters—men, women, boys, and girls—fought fiercely. They fought without hope of victory, but with the goal that they would not die in silence.

On October 19, 1947, *Der Shteyn* was dedicated on the site designated to become the location of a New York City monument to the Warsaw Ghetto Uprising, which to this day has not been built. Buried beneath the plaque are two boxes containing soil from Terezin and Sered—two concentration camps located in Czechoslovakia—and a scroll describing the defense of the Warsaw Ghetto. Over the years, the plaque itself—*Der Shteyn*—and our annual gathering have become the monument.

The gatherings at *Der Shteyn* have continued annually, rain or shine, even as the survivor generation has become smaller. With the commemoration of the Warsaw Ghetto Uprising, we remember all resistance efforts against the Nazis. The gatherings continue with Yiddish cultural activists carrying on the tradition of honoring the heroism and sacrifice of the Jews of Eastern Europe with

remembrances, appropriate Yiddish poetry, and music, including the singing of the *Di Shvue*—The Oath (The Bund's Anthem)—and the Partisan Hymn.

By gathering, we bear witness to the events of the Warsaw Ghetto Uprising and the horrific events of the Holocaust, and dedicate ourselves to the continued fight for social justice to make certain the fighters' legacy to create *a besere un shenere velt*—"a better and more beautiful world"—does not perish.

Der 19ter April organizir-komitet

The April 19th Committee

Memorial in the Łódź Jewish Cemetery

MIR ZAYNEN DO! WE ARE HERE!

Marcel Kshensky

Dear Friends, *Tayere farzamelte fraynt*,

Thank you all for joining us today. *A hartsikn dank far zayn mit undz haynt*. I am honored to welcome you to our annual memorial gathering here in Riverside Park, this year, marking the 75th anniversary of the Warsaw Ghetto Uprising. We come together at this simple unpretentious stone—*Der Shteyn*, as we call it. We are here to honor the extraordinary heroism of the fighters of the Warsaw Ghetto uprising, which began 75 years ago on this date, and to pay tribute to our six million brothers and sisters who perished as a result of the horrific events of the Holocaust. *Der Shteyn* does not derive its poignancy from its grandeur, nor from the fact that it is a temporary marker embedded here in 1947 as a promise that a permanent tribute to the Warsaw Ghetto Uprising would later be built. *Der Shteyn* derives its meaning from us because it represents unspeakable horror and magnificent heroism, because it possesses the silent scream of death and the determination to fight against all odds, and to be able to say, "*We* will choose the moment of our death, not the Nazis."

As this gathering is a memorial, we ask that there be no applause during our program.

As we live through events unfolding here and abroad, we remember how the final solution took shape. It is the cruelest of ironies that one of the most brutal, vile acts of evil in history began in one of the most advanced societies of its time, where so many pillars of human progress became instruments of social immorality and evil. It is far too easy and alarming to make connections between that time in Germany and where we are today.

While the horror of the Holocaust in magnitude and in method is truly shocking, the Holocaust was fueled by the same forces that have incited atrocities throughout history: the scapegoating that leads to condemnation and blinds us to our shared humanity; the rationalizations that replace conscience and allow hatred to spread; the willingness of those who are neither perpetrators nor victims to accept the role of bystander who believes the falsehood that virtuous people are powerless or alone, the narrative that we do not have a choice.

Some might dismiss the violence in Charlottesville as the actions of unhinged or fringe individuals. Others might believe the president's comments equating neo-Nazi and anti-fascist protesters are merely reflective of his exaggerated and careless speech. However, Holocaust survivors know all too well that what starts as a protest or an offhand comment can turn into something far worse. In the 1930s, the warning signs of what was to come were similar to the events unfolding today—and society didn't listen. We cannot afford to make that mistake again. The biggest mistake that was made during the Holocaust was that people didn't speak up. The Holocaust took place because individuals, groups and nations made decisions to act or not to act. The world was quiet then, but we must not be quiet again. *We know better*. We must all commit to healing the world—*tikkun olam*—to making the world a better, kinder and more understanding place, *a besere un shenere velt*. Perhaps it's as simple as speaking out when you see something wrong and saying, "I know better." But please, don't be a perpetrator or a bystander.

So, we come together today and continue to return year after year, to this simple stone, to remember and to *remind* the world so it never forgets.

Our parents and grandparents sang "*Zog nit keyn mol az du geyst dem letstn veg*" as they faced certain death, "Never say this is the end of the road." And indeed, we are here because our journey has not ended. Our journey has not ended until every person knows the story and the lessons of the Holocaust. Our journey has not ended because their fight is our fight. Our journey has not ended because the hatred that sparked the Holocaust continues in so many places. Our journey has not ended until every life flourishes in freedom.

Mir zaynen do! We are here! *Nokh amol un take nokh amol*—again and again; *dor l'dor*, generation to generation. That is our legacy.

May the invincible soul of those who perished and those who survived inspire us to be compassionate and to have the wisdom to find peace within and build peace between nations. The price of freedom is far less dear than the price of forsaking it.

Long live their blessed memories. ***Koved zayer ondenk!***

THE WARSAW GHETTO UPRISING AND ITS LEGACY

David Slucki

My late father, Charles Slucki (Sluggo), used to tell me that April 19, the start of the Warsaw Ghetto Uprising, is a *heylike date*, or holy day, his Yom Kippur; that even though he remembered the victims of the Holocaust every day, including his father's first wife and two sons killed at Chelmno, it was on April 19 that he really paused to think about what it meant to honor their memories, and to think about how we ought to apply whatever lessons we might draw from the actions of the heroic fighters in the Warsaw Ghetto. Named for one of those murdered half-brothers, Shmuel, my father was adamant not only that we ought to remember the victims, but that their deaths ought to stoke in us a fire to make the world a better place, to lift up those around us.

I was raised under the imposing shadow of the fallen heroes of the Warsaw Ghetto and other martyred Bundists, their serious faces staring down from the walls of the Bund's headquarters in Melbourne, Australia. The gentle features of Michał Klepfisz, the fatherly demeanor of Abrasha Blum, and the tragic and searching eyes of Shmuel Artur Zygielbojm reminded us constantly of their heroism, their bravery in the face of the Nazi machine, their willingness to sacrifice their lives for their comrades. In my home, Klepfisz, Dovidl Hochberg, Tobcie Dawidowicz, and the Blones children were household names.

It is a grave responsibility we carry, as inheritors of their legacy. But what is that legacy? Marek Edelman, last surviving commander of the Uprising who died in 2009, once said that after the Holocaust, to be a Jew meant to always be on the side of the oppressed, never with the oppressor. He truly lived these values, his life marked by his struggles against both Nazism and Communism. His courageous example ought to remind us constantly that the legacy we carry 75 years on from the Uprising is not only to see injustice where it exists, but to act against it, even where there are consequences for ourselves.

After the bloody outbreak of mob violence in Charlottesville, Virginia less than a year ago, it's more important than ever that in America, we remember the Holocaust and draw lessons from the senseless suffering inflicted on our loved ones. Charlottesville reminded us in the starkest terms that we must be vigilant in combating

anti-Semitism, to fight it in all its manifestations, whether on the right or left, in public and private spaces, in person and online. The recent past has unleashed a wave of neo-fascism and white supremacy. Anti-Semitism is now out in the open in this country in a way it has not been since the 1940s. We must identify it and fight it.

Yet we must also recognize that this historic battle is wrapped up in wider struggles for freedom, justice, and dignity. We must show our solidarity with all those whose daily struggles remind us that the Jews' suffering is part of a broader attack on groups denied access to power. This is no time for complacency. As Jews, we must join the fight against the daily oppression of peoples of color, of immigrants, and refugees, whose suffering we recognize in the suffering of our own recent ancestors. As Jews, we must stand as allies alongside the LGBTQ community, who continue to be subject to state and social violence. As Jews, we must be a part of the ongoing struggle to protect the rights of women against a state that is trying to erode their bodily autonomy and is indifferent to women's access to opportunities, livelihoods, and political participation. Anti-Semitism is only one side of the same coin as racism, misogyny, homophobia, and transphobia. Without protecting the rights and bodies of all, we Jews will never ourselves be safe.

There's another message we ought to carry with us as we remember the tragic sacrifice of the Warsaw Ghetto heroes, and all the victims of the Nazi's bloody campaigns. As Jews across the world today celebrate the 70th anniversary since the establishment of the State of Israel, we must constantly question what are the responsibilities of a Jewish state, a state with political and military power, and with access to a nuclear arsenal; a state with a substantial non-Jewish minority; a state that controls the fate of millions of non-Jews in Palestine. How can we, Jews across the world, ensure that the Jewish state fulfills its responsibility to the victims of the Holocaust by being on the side of the oppressed, and never the oppressor, as Marek Edelman taught us?

These are challenging questions, but necessary ones. If what we take from the valiant struggle of the *heldn*, heroes, is merely to look inward, then we have failed them. If we use the Holocaust as an excuse to shy away from the difficult work of self-criticism and introspection, then we have failed them. Our fight is part of a broader struggle for human dignity and freedom.

When my son was born in 2012, we named him Arthur, for

Artur Zygielbojm. An onus on my son perhaps, yet one we all share, to ensure not only that his namesake's memory is not forgotten, but that his sacrifice can arouse in us the will to stand up against injustice wherever and whenever we see it.

The following is an excerpt of Zygielbojm's final letter to the Polish government-in-exile in London. The letter—and his suicide—was a plea for the world to take notice of the Jews' suffering, of their sacrifice, and to intervene to stop one of the bloodiest massacres in history.

Shmuel Mordkhe (Artur) Zygielbojm
1895-1943

SHMUEL MORDKHE (ARTUR) ZYGIELBOJM—MAY 11, 1943 LONDON

....Milczeć nie mogę i żyć nie mogę, gdy giną resztki ludu żydowskiego w Polsce, którego reprezentantem jestem.

Towarzysze moi w ghettcie warszawskim zginęli z bronią w ręku, w ostatnim porywie bohaterskim.

Nie było mi dane zginąć tak jak oni, razem z nimi. Ale należę do nich, do ich grobów masowych....

איך קאָן ניט בלײַבן שטיל. איך קאָן נישט לעבן, וועו די רעשטלעך פֿון ייִדישן פֿאָלק פֿון פוילן, וועמענס פֿאָרשטייער איך בין, ווערן אומגעבראַכט.

מײַנע חבֿרים אין וואַרשעווער געטאָ זענען אומגעקומען מיט געווער אין האַנט אין דעם לעצטן הערואִישן געראַנגל.

עס איז מיר נישט געווען באַשערט צו שטאַרבן אַזוי ווי זיי, צוזאַמען מיט זיי. אָבער איך געהער צו זיי און זייערע מאַסן־קבֿרים.

....I cannot continue to live and to be silent while the remnants of Polish Jewry, whose representative I am, are being murdered.

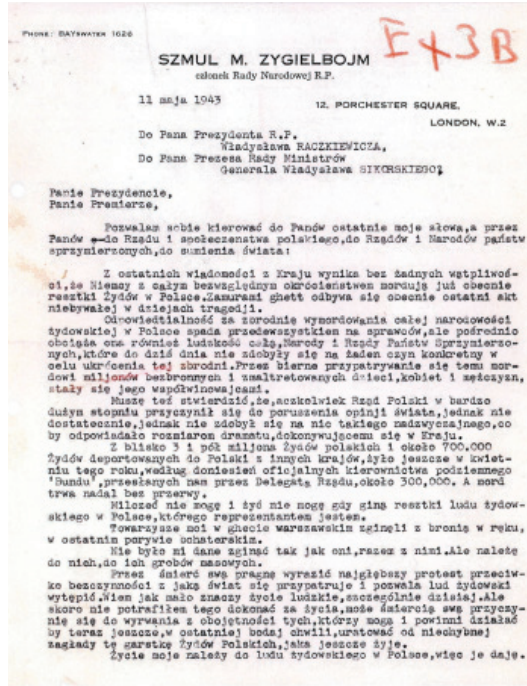
My comrades in the Warsaw Ghetto fell with arms in their hands in the last heroic battle.

I was not permitted to fall like them, together with them, but I belong with them, to their mass grave.

By my death, I wish to give expression to my most profound protest against the inaction in which the world watches and permits the destruction of the Jewish people.

I know that there is no great value to the life of a man, especially today. But since I did not succeed in achieving it in my lifetime, perhaps I shall be able by my death to contribute to the arousing from lethargy of those who could and must act in order that even now, perhaps at the last moment, the handful of Polish Jews who are still alive can be saved from certain destruction.

My life belongs to the Jewish people of Poland, and therefore I hand it over to them now.



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E+3B

SZMUL M. ZYGIELBOJM
członek Rady Narodowej R.P.

11 maja 1943

12. PORCHESTER SQUARE.
LONDON, W.2

Do Pana Prezydenta R.P.
Władysława RACZKIEWICZA,
Do Pana Prezesa Rady Ministrów
Generała Władysława SIKORSKIEGO,

Panie Prezydencie,
Panie Premierze,

Pozwalam sobie kierować do Panów ostatnie moje słowa,a przez Panów do Rządu i społeczeństwa polskiego,do Rządów i Narodów państw sprzymierzonych,do sumienia świata:

Z ostatnich wiadomości z Kraju wynika bez żadnych wątpliwości,że Niemcy z całym bezwzględnym okrucieństwem mordują już obecnie resztki Żydów w Polsce.Zamurani ghett odbywa się obecnie ostatni akt niebywałej w dziejach tragedii.

Odpowiedzialność za zbrodnię wymordowania całej narodowości żydowskiej w Polsce spada przedewszystkiem na sprawców,ale pośrednio obciąża ona również ludzkość całą,Narody i Rządy Państw Sprzymierzonych,które do dziś dnia nie zdobyły się na żaden czyn konkretny w celu ukrócenia tej zbrodni.Przez bierne przypatrywanie się temu mordowi miljonów bezbronnych i zmaltretowanych dzieci,kobiet i mężczyzn, stały się jego współwinowajcami.

Muszę też stwierdzić,że,aczkolwiek Rząd Polski w bardzo dużym stopniu przyczynił się do poruszenia opinji świata,jednak nie dostatecznie,jednak nie zdobył się na nic takiego nadzwyczajnego,co by odpowiadało rozmiarom dramatu,dokonywującemu się w Kraju.

Z blisko 3 i pół miljona Żydów polskich i około 700.000 Żydów deportowanych do Polski z innych krajów,żyło jeszcze w kwietniu tego roku,według doniesień oficjalnych kierownictwa podziemnego 'Bundu',przesłanych nam przez Delegata Rządu,około 300,000. A mord trwa nadal bez przerwy.

Milczeć nie mogę i żyć nie mogę gdy giną resztki ludu żydowskiego w Polsce,którego reprezentantem jestem.

Towarzysze moi w ghecie warszawskim zginęli z bronią w ręku, w ostatnim porywie bohaterskim.

Nie było mi dane zginąć tak jak oni,razem z nimi.Ale należę do nich,do ich grobów masowych.

Przez śmierć swą pragnę wyrazić najgłębszy protest przeciwko bezczynności z jaką świat się przypatruje i pozwala lud żydowski wytępić.Wiem jak mało znaczy życie ludzkie,szczególnie dzisiaj.Ale skoro nie potrafiłem tego dokonać za życia,może śmiercią swą przyczynię się do wyrwania z obojętności tych,którzy mogą i powinni działać by teraz jeszcze,w ostatniej bodaj chwili,uratować od niechybnej zagłady tę garstkę Żydów Polskich,jaka jeszcze żyje.

Życie moje należy do ludu żydowskiego w Polsce,więc je daję.

Pragnę by ta garstka,która ostała się jeszcze z kilkumiljonowego żydowstwa polskiego,dożyła wraz z masami polskimi wyzwolenia,by mogła oddychać w Kraju i w świecie wolności i sprawiedliwości socjalizmu,za wszystkie swe męki i cierpienia nieludzkie.A wierzę, że taka właśnie Polska powstanie i że taki właśnie świat nastąpi.

Ufam,że Pan Prezydent i Pan Premier skierują skierują powyższe moje słowa do wszystkich tych,dla których przeznaczone są,i że Rząd Polski natychmiast rozpocznie odpowiednie akcje na terenie dyplomatycznym i propagandowym,ażeby jednak tę resztkę żyjących jeszcze Żydów polskich uratować przed zagładą.

Żegnam wszystkich i wszystko co mi było drogie i co kochałem.

Zygielbojm

***Unter dayne vayse shtern*—Under Your White Stars**

Lyrics: Avrom Sutzkever, Music – Avrom Brudno

אונטער דײַנע ווײַסע שטערן

ווערטער – אַבֿרהם סוצקעווער, מוזיק – אַבֿרהם ברודנאָ

Unter dayne vayse shtern	אונטער דײַנע ווײַסע שטערן
Shtrek tsu mir dayn vayse hant.	שטרעק צו מיר דײַן ווײַסע האַנט.
Mayne verter zaynen trern,	מײַנע ווערטער זײַנען טרערן,
Viln ruen in dayn hant.	ווילן רוען אין דײַן האַנט.
Ze, es tunklt zeyer finkl	זע, עס טונקלט זייער פֿינקל
In mayn kelerdikn blik.	אין מײַן קעלערדיקן בליק.
Un ikh hob gornit keyn vinkl	און איך האָב גאָרניט קיין ווינקל
Zey tsu shenken dir tsurik.	זיי צו שענקען דיר צוריק.
Un ikh vil dokh, got getrayer,	און איך וויל דאָך, גאָט, געטרײַער,
Dir fartroyen mayn farmeg.	דיר פֿאַרטרויען מײַן פֿאַרמעג.
Vayl es mont in mir a fayer	ווײַל עס מאָנט אין מיר אַ פֿײַער
Un in fayer mayne teg.	און אין פֿײַער מײַנע טעג.
Nor in kelern un in lekher	נאָר אין קעלערן און אין לעכער
Veynt di merderishe ru.	ווײַנט די מערדערישע רו.
Loyf ikh hekher, iber dekher	לויף איך העכער, איבער דעכער
Un ikh zukh: vu bistu, vu?	און איך זוך: ווו ביסטו, ווו?
Nemen yogn mikh meshune	נעמען יאָגן מיך משונה
Trep un hoyfn mit gevoy.	טרעפּ און הויפֿן מיט געווי.
Heng ikh a geplatste strune	הענג איך אַ געפּלאַצטע סטרונע
Un ikh zing tsu dir azoy:	און איך זינג צו דיר אַזוי:
Unter dayne vayse shtern	אונטער דײַנע ווײַסע שטערן
Shtrek tsu mir dayn vayse hant.	שטרעק צו מיר דײַן ווײַסע האַנט.
Mayne verter zaynen trern	מײַנע ווערטער זײַנען טרערן
Viln ruen in dayn hant.	ווילן רוען אין דײַן האַנט.

Beneath the whiteness of your stars, stretch your white hand out toward me. All my words have turned to tears—they long to rest within your hand. See, their brilliant light goes darker in my eyes, grown cellar-dim. And I lack a quiet corner from which to send them back again.

***Makh tsu di eygelekh*—Close your eyes**

Words – Isaiah Shpigl, Music – David Beyglman

מאַך צו די אייגעלעך

ווערטער – ישעיה שפּיגל, מוזיק – דוד בייגלמאַן

Makh tsu di eygelekh,	מאַך צו די אייגעלעך,
Ot kumen feygelekh	אָט קומען פֿייגעלעך
Un krayzn do arum	און קרײַזן דאָ אַרום
Tsukopns fun dayn vig.	צוקאָפּנס פֿון דײַן וויג.
Dos pekl in der hant,	דאָס פּעקל אין דער האַנט,
Dos hoyz in ash un brand,	דאָס הויז אין אַש און בראַנד,
Mir lozn zikh, mayn kind,	מיר לאָזן זיך, מײַן קינד,
Zukhn glik.	זוכן גליק.
Di velt hot got farmakht	די וועלט האָט גאָט פֿאַרמאַכט
Un umetum iz nakht;	און אומעטום איז נאַכט;
Zi vart oyf undz	זי וואַרט אויף אונדז
Mit shoyder un mit shrek.	מיט שוידער און מיט שרעק.
Mir shteyen beyde do	מיר שטייען ביידע דאָ
In shverer, shverer sho	אין שווערער, שווערער שעה
Un veysn nit vuhin s'firt der veg.	און ווייסן ניט ווהין ס'פֿירט דער וועג.
Men hot undz naket bloyz	מען האָט אונדז נאַקעט בלויז
Faryogt fun undzer hoyz,	פֿאַריאָגט פֿון אונדזער הויז,
In fintsternish	אין פֿינצטערניש
Getribn undz in feld.	געטריבן אונדז אין פֿעלד.
Un shturem, hogl, vint	און שטורעם, האָגל, ווינט
Hot undz bagleyt, mayn kind,	האָט אונדז באַגלייט, מײַן קינד,
Bagleyt undz inem opgrunt	באַגלייט אונדז אינעם אָפּגרונט
Fun der velt.	פֿון דער וועלט.

Close your eyes, little birds are coming, fluttering around your cradle. Our bags in hand, our home in ashes....We're setting out, my child, in search of luck. God has closed off the world and night is all around. We stand, in terror—not knowing where the road will lead.

Memorial at Treblinka Concentration Camp

EYDES

—

WITNESSES

INTRODUCTION TO READINGS

Moishe Rosenfeld

Just a few weeks ago my young cousin Avram Mlotek posted a photograph that his grandfather Yosl had kept in his wallet—probably from the time he received it in Vilna from his family in Warsaw. It was taken in 1940 in the Mlotek home on 61 Mila. The ghetto had not yet been established, I believe. They were all smiling—my grandparents Zalmen and Feyge, my aunt Esther and her sweet daughter Libele, uncles Chone and Nosn. Family resemblances abound among the Mlotek and Rosenfeld cousins. The thought of what awaited this loving family of workers and teachers in the years that followed is wrenching and painful beyond words.

And yet I want to look at this picture and imagine myself there with them, laughing, *kibitzing*, worrying in their *geshmakn varshever yidish*, delicious Warsaw Yiddish. I don't know what happened to each of them. I did hear that my grandfather slit his throat on the way to Treblinka saying "*zey veln mikh nisht nemen a lebedikn*," they won't get me alive. I only know that the terror and pain of their final months, days, minutes, seconds were the embodiment of hell.

Not knowing is a different kind of hell. Families we never knew, a civilization torn to shreds, all lost—but not all. There were the witnesses. The writers who shared what they saw and experienced, the poets who turned despair and annihilation into words of loving embrace, of memory, hope and inspiration; the witnesses who gathered here every April 19th to share their memories, their sorrow, their anger, their defiance. *Zey shteyen mir itst far mayne oygn*—They stand before me now: Celemenski, Hannah Fryshdorf, Shimke Palevsky, Bolek Ellenbogen, Vladke Meed. They and hundreds more gathered here at this spot every year since *Der Shteyn* was installed in 1947. They spoke, they wrote, they chronicled what happened.

When they were here we could embrace them and hear their words and also the crackle of emotion in their voices that would bubble up at a particular memory. They gave us what we came for—a link to what was lost, a glimpse of what occurred, a window to the partisans in Vilna, the heroes of the Warsaw Ghetto Uprising. Now, they too are gone.

But their words are still here, and we are here. The excerpts we are about to hear were compiled by *khaverte* Irke, Irena Klepfisz, a noted poet, who was born in the Warsaw Ghetto. Her father, Michał Klepfisz, was one the leaders of the Uprising, and the first to fall in battle. The readers are our *khaveyrim un khavertes*, all our comrades, men and women—we who yearn for those we knew and loved, and those we would have known and loved.

Di gele late—**The Yellow Patch**

HANNAH KRYSTAL FRYSHDORF

The 23-year-old Bundist, Hannah Krystal Fryshdorf, fought in and survived the Warsaw Ghetto Uprising, became a partisan and eventually emigrated with her son Gabrysh to the U.S.

In 1956, Hannah spoke in New York City at the Bund's 13th anniversary memorial of the Uprising.

This excerpt from that speech was read by her niece Ettie Mendelsund Goldwasser and her nephew Arthur Krystal.

1920 -1989

from MEMORIES OF THE WARSAW GHETTO

עס איז שוין דרײַצן יאָר זינט ס'איז אויסגעבראָכן דער אויפֿשטאַנד אין וואַרשעווער געטאָ. דער לעצטער העלדישער קאַמף פֿון די יידן קעגן די נאַצי־מערדערס.

Thirteen years have passed since the Warsaw Ghetto Uprising, the final heroic struggle of the city's Jews against the Nazi murderers. Engraved in the memory of Jewish people everywhere is an image of Jewish heroes in the burning ghetto, men and women, weapons in hand, fighting until their last breath. The glory of the Uprising, however, has to a degree overshadowed the countless others who were not fortunate enough to survive until the Uprising, but who, during the long years in the ghetto, fought a strenuous and exhausting struggle, a struggle in which no Germans were killed, but which was a struggle no less important, and certainly not easier than the final act: the Uprising.

What I wish to do today is focus on "normal" life in the Ghetto. The very formation of a ghetto clearly showed that the Germans intended to break us physically and morally. It also became clear that no help could be expected from outside. The first to assess the situation were the communal organizations, the Bund and the Youth Bund *Tsukunft*, or Future. For the Ghetto to survive, the people themselves would have to organize. Soup kitchens were established, and the sick were attended to. Cultural needs were also addressed. Children were secretly educated in the soup kitchens, even though we knew that such activities were punishable by death.

What has largely gone unheralded, however, is the role that the *hoyf* or courtyard played in the life of the ghetto. After the police curfew began at 6 p.m., the *hoyf* took on unprecedented significance. Let Genshe 33 serve as an example. It was a *hoyf*, like all the others, located in the very center of the Warsaw Ghetto; it was the *hoyf* where I grew up. When curfew fell and the gates closed, people gathered in the *hoyf*, where they exchanged news, discussed the miracle of surviving another day, and related the rumors swirling around them. Gradually, the inhabitants of the *hoyf* grew closer, and the *hoyf* itself became a kind of *shtetl*. A committee was established to feed spiritually and bodily those who lived within the building's walls. Funds were found

and another soup kitchen was started. One good meal a day saved dozens of families from starvation.

Jews waiting on a food line in the Warsaw Ghetto.

The younger people also organized. Some 40 teenagers met every evening in a small room to discuss matters of interest. Peretz, Sholem Aleichem, and other writers were read. Possibly no Yiddish writers ever enjoyed a more appreciative audience than these dejected, exhausted youngsters. And these same teenagers also tried to make life a little better for the youngest children, encouraging them to laugh, sing, and play. Think of the ingenuity and effort of these untrained teachers who kept starving children indoors, instead of roaming outside, foraging for something to eat. And what strength it took for the teachers, themselves cold and hungry, to stand for hours, teaching kids between six and thirteen in one room without books or toys. Everyone knew what awaited them should they be caught, but no child gave up his or her place.

The school also put on shows. For weeks the children studied their parts and made costumes from old rags and paper. The performance took place in one of the larger apartments, but however large it couldn't fit all those who wished to attend. The children danced, sang, recited fairy tales. The mood was festive; and the children were happy.

When I talk about this today, it all sounds so uncomplicated, so natural. But this was a time when people were dying of starvation and illness, when typhus was commonplace, a time when the Germans

snatched people off the street for work details and dragged young men from their beds at night and sent them to labor camps. All the while, our small reserves of food and supplies were dwindling, and hunger became unbearable. And the harder the conditions became, the more difficult it was to go on with the work of feeding and educating. Still, we managed—until July 22, 1942 when the Germans decided to end the Ghetto.

Today on the 13th anniversary of the Warsaw Ghetto Uprising, when we honor the heroic fighters, let us also remember with respect and wonder those hundreds of thousands of Warsaw Jews, who for years conducted a stubborn and harsh battle to stay alive, a struggle to preserve their humanity. Let us remember those who did *not* live to join in the glory of the Uprising.

GUSTA DAVIDSON DRAENGER

Active in Akiva, Krakow's Zionist resistance organization, Gusta Davidson Draenger was in her mid 20s when jailed in Krakow's Montelupich Prison where she composed—mostly on toilet paper—the diary of Justyna, her nom de guerre, an account of young resistance fighters. Gusta escaped, was recaptured and later killed by the German police. Her diary was recovered and published after the war as *Pamiętnik Justyny* (1946)—*Justyna's Narrative*.

The excerpt was read by Agi Legutko.

1917-1943

from *JUSTYNA'S NARRATIVE*

. . . Wszyscy inni ucieka[li] z oblężonych miast—i to dokąd? Do drugiego, które za dzień lub dwa, spotykał ten sam los. Więc uciekało się ze wsi do miasta, a w kilka dni z miasta do miasteczka, a gdy znów akcja ustała, zakradło się do miasta z powrotem. Już nikt nie miał wątpliwości, że to był ratunek tymczasowy. . .

Everyone was running away from the besieged cities—but where to? To another city which a day or two later would fall victim to the same fate. One could escape from a village to a city, a couple of days later from that city to a little town and, when things went back to normal, quietly return to the city. No one doubted any more that this was only a temporary solution. . .

They ran away despite the certainty that it could prolong their lives for only a week or two. They were not doing so out of a desire to stay alive. Honestly, they were fed up with life and sick of perpetually fleeing in a state of panic. Sometimes they would catch themselves secretly wishing for it all to be over; they wanted to be captured suddenly, by surprise, so that they would not be able to regret later that they had surrendered. *That* they did not want to do: surrender.

We will fall into their hands sooner or later [the older and more resigned men would say]. However, we do not have to make it easy for them. Let them chase us; let's get on their nerves before they capture us.

They did not yet have the fighting spirit. . . Why should this be surprising? One who had not spent those three years with them continually holding tightly to life while being humiliated, abused, and hunted down, could from the perspective of comfortable life, condemn them. If, however, one could gaze into those darkened, resigned, hurting souls and live for just one hour in their black helplessness, realizing that everything was pointless because at the end there was only death written in ugly letters over their lives, one would then say as they did, "What will be, will be," and wait for something to happen.

It was. . . entirely different. . . for the young: they were eager to live their lives to the fullest and they would never surrender. That hunger for life pushed them into resistance. It was really ironic. Wanting to live, they were ready to fight, which in turn would lead

them to certain death. They had the indestructible strength of youth, the kind of vitality that grew stronger the harder their lives became.

In order to escape resettlement, they had all come to Krakow. . . Everyone. . . felt instinctively that the resistance movement was about to turn a new page and that something was about to happen. . .

***

[Later in the journal Gusta writes]:

"When I think. . . that all the nuclei of our people are to disappear from the surface of the earth, that there will be nothing left of what is most dear to us, then as God is my witness, all I want to do is to die. I don't want to be the only survivor, I don't want to live on the ruins of our past lives, I don't want to. . . "

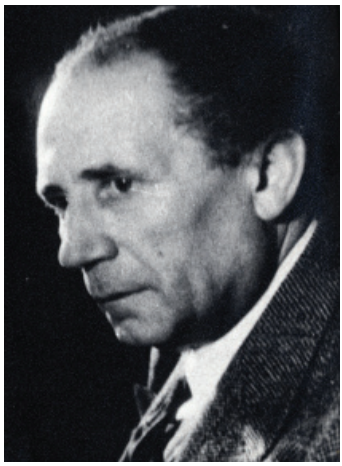
The Krakow Ghetto Gate

BERNARD GOLDSTEIN

A seasoned Bund organizer, Bernard Goldstein recorded his experiences in Warsaw's Jewish resistance in *Finf yor in Varshever geto*/*Five Years in the Warsaw Ghetto*, also titled *The Stars Bear Witness*.

In his book, Bernard recounts the Bund's response to the German announcement that on July 22, 1942 Warsaw Jews would begin their "resettlement in the East."

The excerpt was read by Shane Baker.



1889-1959

from *FIVE YEARS IN THE WARSAW GHETTO / THE STARS BEAR WITNESS*

We finally resolved unanimously that we must ask the ghetto conference not to permit the deportations. . . When, finally [our Bund representatives] came back, they reported . . . [that] only the delegates of *Hechalutz* and *Hashomer Hatzair* had supported us. . .

We decided to urge the sixty thousand to do what little they could: not to report voluntarily at the *Umschlagplatz*, to go into hiding, to fight the police at every step. Morizi Orzech wrote our proclamation. . . in a new illegal bulletin, *Storm*. It said in part:

> יידן, מען נאַרט אײַך אָפּ – . . .לאָזט זיך נישט
> אײַנרעדן, אַז איר פֿאָרט אויף אַרבעט און מער וועט אײַך
> קיין זאַך נישט געשען, – מען פֿירט אײַך אין דער אמת
> צום טויט! דאָס איז דער טײַוולאָנישער המשך פֿון דער
> אויסראָטונגס־אַקציע, וואָס איז שוין אָנגעגאַנגען אין
> דער פּראָווינץ. לאָזט זיך נישט נעמען פֿרײַוויליק צום
> טויט, שטעלט אַ ווידערשטאַנד, ראַנגלט זיך מיט ציין און
> נעגל, שטעלט זיך נישט צו צום אומשלאַג־פּלאַץ. קעמפֿט
> פֿאַר אײַער לעבן!
>
> Jews, you are being deceived. Do not believe that you are being sent to work and nothing else. Actually, you are being led to your deaths. This is the devilish continuation of the campaign of extermination which has already been carried out in the provinces. Do not let them take you to death voluntarily. Resist!
>
> Fight tooth and nail. Do not report to the *Umschlagplatz*. Fight for your lives!

Storm was widely distributed and posted. . . In three or four days it was necessary to turn out three additional printings.

CHAVA ROSENFARB

Chava Rosenfarb survived the Lodz Ghetto as a teenager and then Auschwitz, Sasel and Bergen Belsen. After the war she emigrated to Canada and became recognized as one of the great Yiddish writers of the 20th century.

In this excerpt from her epic trilogy about the Lodz Ghetto, *Der boym fun lebn/The Tree of Life*, Chava describes the deportation that started on September 5, 1942, and involved the roundup of more than 15,000 children and elderly Jews for "resettlement."

The excerpt was read by Nelly Furman.

1923-2011

from *THE TREE OF LIFE:*
A TRILOGY OF LIFE IN THE LODZ GHETTO
BOOK THREE: THE CATTLE CARS
ARE WAITING, 1942-1944

די גאַסן זײַנען געווען פּוסט. די בריק איז אָפּגעשלאָסן געוואָרן און די טויערן פֿאַרמאַכט. יעדער האָט געדאַרפֿט זיצן אין שטוב און וואַרטן אויף דער קאָמיסיע. יעדע משפּחה – אַליין מיט זיך. אַן אַליינקייט, וואָס האָט צונישט געמאַכט יעדן קרעכץ נאָך הילף, יעדע האָפֿענונג אויף אַ נס. גאָט איז געווען אַ טויב־שטומער.

The streets were empty. The bridge was closed and the gates shut. Everyone was supposed to stay at home and wait for the inspecting commission. Each family alone. A loneliness which made one's call for help, one's hope for a miracle futile. God was deaf and dumb.

The commissions of physicians and nurses, of policemen and firemen walked with their lists from house to house from door to door. They examined the withered bodies and searched for the children and old people. Suddenly there were almost no children or old people. But the policemen who were out to protect their own children by searching for the children of others, were no fools. One Jewish head could not so easily outsmart another. Never mind, they knew how to sniff out the holes and hiding places, to pull out the frightened little mice and drag them off to the trucks.

The little mice were dressed up in their prettiest Sabbath outfits: the little girls in neatly ironed dresses, with colourful bows in their hair; the little boys in colourful shirts and jackets. Their mothers had thus dressed them up for their Sabbath road, so that the good people of distant places should be dazzled by their children's beauty and not have the heart to harm them; so that they should stare in awe at these sweet delights of mothers' hearts and be kind to them.

One truck after the other rolled off. The truckloads of charm, of colourful ribbons. Truckloads full of crying eyes, of arms stretched out towards an emptiness, truckloads full of fluttering hearts. Along with each little heart a tiny bag fluttered up each chest. In it were the name and address of the child and a letter to the good people of distant

places. For it was folly to think that there would be no one ready to offer a smile to such creatures, to stroke their heads and wipe the tears of their big frightened eyes. Funeral corteges of mothers followed the trucks. The women seemed barely aware of what was going on.

Past them, rolled the trucks loaded with the old people. There was almost no one running after them. Almost no one who mourned them. They were doomed; guilty of being old. These were the grandmothers and grandfathers who had sat in the entranceways during summer evenings, the old men who had hidden their beards in shawls or in old stockings, those who had stubbornly followed the laws of *kashrut*. These were the grandmothers who had explained life in the ghetto according to the *Tzena Varena*, their Yiddish Bible. They had taken care of their men, of their children and grandchildren, quietly serving them all. Grandmothers and grandfathers who had lived like shadows, trying not to be in the way, not to be a burden; each of their gestures an apology for wanting to live some more, for not having had enough, for being weak or sick. They had long lives behind them, lives filled with work and sorrow, chains of days during which they had gathered experience. Now they were thrown upon the trucks like stumps of wood . . . unneeded. Silently they peered out through the cracks between the trucks' boards—at the receding streets.

Lodz Ghetto children deportation to Chelmno.

MAREK EDELMAN

Marek Edelman was a co-founder of ŻOB (Jewish Fighters Organization) and the Bund Commander of the Warsaw Ghetto Uprising. In 1945, Marek published *Getto Walczy—The Ghetto Fights*. Many decades later he expressed some of his views about the war to Hannah Krall in *Zdążyć przed panem Bogiem—Shielding the Flame*.

This excerpt was read by Allen Lewis Rickman.

1919-2009

from *SHIELDING THE FLAME*

. . . . I jednego dnia wyprowadziłem [z Umschlagplatzu] Polę Lifszyc. A nazajutrz Pola wpadła do domu, zobaczyła, że nie ma matki - matkę popędzili już na Umschlagplatz w kolumnie, to Pola pobiegła za tą kolumną sama, goniła tłum od Leszna do Stawek. . .

. . . . One day I. . . [rescued from the *Umschlagplatz*] Pola Lifszyc. The next day she went to her house and she saw that her mother wasn't there—her mother was already in a column marching toward the *Umschlagplatz*. Pola ran after this column alone, she ran after this column from Leszno Street to Stawek—her fiancé gave her a lift in his riksa so that she could catch up—and she made it. At the last minute she managed to merge into the crowd so as to be able to get on the train with her mother.

Everybody knows about [Janusz] Korczak, right? Korczak was a hero because he went to death with his [orphans] of his own free will.

But Pola Lifszyc, who went with her mother—who knows about Pola Lifszyc?

And Pola could have easily crossed to the Aryan side because she was young, pretty, she didn't look Jewish, and she'd have had a hundred times better chance. . .

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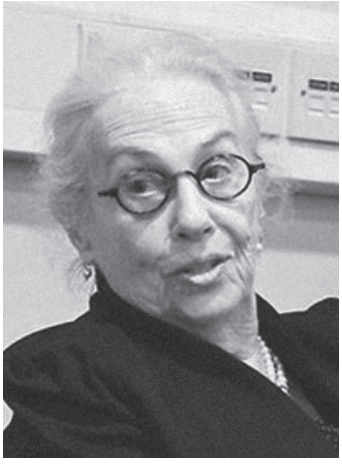
. . . . you have to understand this once and for all. Those people went quietly and with dignity. It is a horrendous thing, when one is going so quietly to one's death. It is infinitely more difficult than to go out shooting. After all, it is much easier to die firing—for us [who fought] it was much easier to die than it was for someone who first boarded a train car, then rode the train, then dug a hole, then undressed naked. . . Do you understand?

IRIT AMIEL

Irit Amiel (Irena Librowicz) was 8 in 1939. Her parents and relatives perished in Treblinka. She survived by hiding in the countryside and in Warsaw. In 1948, she left for Palestine where she became a poet and fiction writer in Polish and Hebrew and winner of numerous literary prizes.

The title poem of her bilingual collection *Spóźniona/Delayed* was read by Agi Legutko.



b. 1931

NIE ZDĄŻYŁAM

Nie zdążyłam do Treblinki na czas
przyjechałam spóźniona o pięćdziesiąt lat
drzewa stały nago bo była jesień
Chciałam uciec natychmiast bo jak
rekwizyt stał tam rdzewiejący pociąg
i cicho szumiał las.
Było pięknie szaro spokojnie pusto
i tylko wiatr muskał ziemię drzewa
kamienie i nas
gasząc naszą świeczkę
raz po raz.

A Dita powiedziała – widzisz dobrze że nie zdążyłaś
i teraz jesteś moją starą mamą i objęła mnie mocno
i zaśmiała się smutno.

DELAYED

I did not get to Treblinka on time
arriving some fifty years too late,
its streets standing bare in autumn.
I wanted to escape at once, because
the rustic relic of a train carriage
was still there waiting for me,
the forest around it whispering quietly.
It was beautiful, grey, calm, barren
and only the wind stroked the earth, trees,
stones and us,
extinguishing the candle we had lit
time and time again.

Then Dita said—you see, it is good you did not get here on time,
and are now my old mother and she hugged me tight
and laughed sadly.

IRENA KLEPFISZ

A few months before the Warsaw Ghetto Uprising, **Michał Klepfisz** found separate hiding places on the Aryan side for his daughter Irena and wife Rozka. Michał was a Bundist member of the Warsaw Ghetto's ŻOB (Jewish Fighters Organization). He smuggled guns and people in and out of the Ghetto and, within its walls, organized Molotov cocktail factories. Michał was killed on April 20, the second day of the Uprising—Hitler's birthday—just three days after his own 30th birthday and Irena's second.

Irena Klepfisz read her poem "about my father."

Michał Klepfisz
1913-1943

about my father

—he became a teetotaler out of his socialist convictions; during
the war he began to drink again
—he was casual; he kept his tie in his pocket till the last minute
before oral exams
—he left me on the street to be picked up by the nuns from the
orphanage; he watched me from a distant doorway
—once he refused to hit me; he told my mother his hand was
too large
—he wrote to his aunt that he hoped the baby would be a boy
—when he was a student, jews were not allowed to sit in the
front rows of lecture halls; he made it a point to
stand through the lectures; ultimately, jews were
allowed to sit
—he was a discus thrower
—according to some, he got along with everyone: jews, goyim,
children
—he was caught a couple of times by the germans; they thought
he was a polish smuggler
—once he was put on a train for treblinka; he jumped, was shot at
and wounded, but got back to warsaw alive
—he believed in resistance

VLADKA MEED

Vladka Meed (Feigele Peltel) was 18 in 1939. She served as a courier and smuggler for the Warsaw Ghetto's ŻOB (Jewish Fighters Organization). After the Uprising, she continued underground work on Warsaw's Aryan side. She documented her experiences in *Fun bayde zaytn geto-moyer* (1948)—*On Both Sides of the Wall*.

The excerpt was read by Annette Harchik Rosenfeld.

1921-2012

from *ON BOTH SIDES OF THE WALL*

Autumn 1943 on Warsaw's Aryan Side

. . . . אין שפּעטן האַרבסט 1943 זײַנען מיר, אַ קליינע גרופּע חבֿרים, זיך צוזאַמענגעקומען, כּדי סימבאָליש צו פֿײַערן דעם יאָרטאָג פֿון גרינדונג פֿון „בונד". אין יענער צײַט, ווען עס איז שוין פֿאַרשניטן געווען שוין אַלץ, וואָס האָט אונדז פֿריִער אַרומגערינגלט, איז דער דאָזיקער קליינער צוזאַמענטרעף געווען בלויז אַ דערמאָנונג פֿון נעכטן.

. . . . In the autumn of 1943, a small group of us gathered for a symbolic celebration of the anniversary of the founding of the Bund. At a time when all that had been our lives had been destroyed, this small gathering was no more than a remembrance of yesterday, of the pulsating Jewish labor movement in which we, its survivors had been raised. And although the movement and the life belonged to the past, it comforted us a little to recall it now. There were nine of us there at the meeting including Celek, Benjamin, Chaim [Bolek] Ellenbogen, Zygmunt Igla, Inka Schweiger, and Bronka Feinmesser. We sat around a table decorated with flowers at Miodowa 24, one night, with curtains drawn. . . we faced each other without being able to speak; it was only after Celek spoke of the reason for our gathering that our spirits rose a bit. Little by little, almost in whispers, we recalled the days when such celebrations had been held in vast halls before huge audiences of workers with appropriate songs, Music, speeches, and fluttering flags. Now all that remained was pain and the bitter realization of a world that accepted the inhumanity in which we lived.

THE BOOK SMUGGLERS: PARTISANS, POETS AND THE RACE TO SAVE JEWISH TREASURES FROM THE NAZIS

In his book *The Book Smugglers* (2017), David Fishman describes the Vilna Ghetto library and the "Paper Brigade" whose mission was to rescue the holdings of Vilna's Jewish cultural and religious institutions. Fishman details the risks involved in smuggling the materials into the ghetto through the actions of Shmerke Kaczerginski, Rachela Krinsky and Avrom Sutzkever.

The excerpt was read by Marcel Kshensky.

Shmerke Kaczerginski 1908-1954

Rachela Krinsky 1910-2001

Avrom Sutzkever 1913-2010

from *THE BOOK SMUGGLERS*

It is mind-boggling to think that a lending library functioned in the midst of Gestapo raids, deportations to Ponar, malnutrition and unbearable congestion—but the library at 6 Strashun Street was not just open, but was in high demand. The number of registered readers actually grew in October 1941, the ghetto's bloodiest month, from 1,492 to 1,739. . . .

Herman Kruk [who established the Vilna Ghetto library] noted the unbearable paradox of the . . . library, as mass roundups were followed by spikes in book loans: [Kruk wrote] "On Yom Kippur, October 1, three thousand Jews were taken away. And on the very next day, 390 books were exchanged. On October 3 and 4, masses of people were removed from the second ghetto, and the first ghetto was in an indescribable state of tension. But on October 5, 421 books were exchanged." Reading was a means of coping, of regaining one's bearings.

. . . In response to the high demand, Kruk opened a reading room on November 20. . . The space was furnished with long tables and chairs that were smuggled into the ghetto on garbage trucks. . . The walls . . . were lined with bookcases filled with a reference collection of two thousand volumes. . . The reading room also had glass showcases that displayed scrolls, Torah crowns and other pieces of ritual art. Those were sometimes referred to as the ghetto's museum. The reading room emitted an atmosphere of normalcy, under conditions that were far from normal.

***

[Fishman also describes the methods of the book smugglers]

Shmerke's [Kaczerginski's] audacity was breathtaking. He once carried a huge, worn volume of the Talmud up to the gate in broad daylight and explained to the German guard, "My chief Sproker ordered me to take the book into the ghetto and to have it rebound in the bindery of the ghetto library." The Gestapo man couldn't imagine that this short Jew would concoct a blatant lie that could cost him his life, so he let Shmerke through. . .

. . . [Another German officer] Murer [once] discovered a silver wine-cup inside Rachela Krinsky's pocket, and everyone was sure that her life was over. But Rachela told Murer that she had brought

the silver cup for him as a personal gift, and she threw in a pair of expensive leather gloves for his wife. Inexplicably. . . [Murer] accepted the story, or at least the bribe and let her through unscathed. . . . .

[The poet Avrom Sutzkever] . . . once obtained written authorization from Sproker to take a few bundles of wastepaper to the ghetto, to burn in his household oven. He displayed the document to the guards at the gate, with the bundles of wastepaper in his hands. The "wastepaper" consisted of letters and manuscripts by Tolstoy, Gorky, Sholem Aleichem, and Bialik; drawings by Chagall; and a unique manuscript by the Vilna Gaon. . . .

***

Shmerke [Kaczerginski] later recalled: "Ghetto inmates looked at us as if we were lunatics. They were smuggling foodstuffs into the ghetto in their clothes and boots. We were smuggling books, pieces of paper, occasionally a Sefer Torah or mezuzahs. Some members of the paper brigade faced a real moral dilemma whether to smuggle in books or food stuffs for their family. There were inmates who criticized the work brigade for occupying itself with the fate of papers in a time of a life-and-death crisis. But . . . [the emphatic reply was] that books were irreplaceable; they don't grow on trees."

A Jewish slave laborer sorting books in the YIVO building.

New York, 1947. Max Weinreich and New York YIVO staff inspecting materials shipped to Germany by the Paper Brigade and recovered with the help of the U.S. Army. Photograph by Alexander Archer.

HERMAN KRUK

Herman Kruk, a Warsaw Bundist, became trapped in the Vilna Ghetto. There he organized the ghetto library and, at the same time, kept comprehensive diaries about ghetto life. He buried the diaries before being killed in the slave labor camp in KZ Lagedi, Estonia on September 18, 1944. After the war, his diaries were recovered and published — *Tog bukh fun Vilner geto* — in 1961 and eventually translated and published as *The Last Days of the Jerusalem of Lithuania: Chronicles from the Vilna Ghetto and the Camps*.

In a June 1943 entry, Kruk mentions his friend Lucjan Blit, who had been the executive director of the Bund's *Tsukunft* and who had escaped from Poland and was now a part of the three-member Bund European delegation in London.

The excerpt was read by Lucjan Blit's granddaughters, Francine Dunkel and Irene Dunkel Rivera.

Herman Kruk
1897-1944

Lucjan Blit
1904-1978

from *THE LAST DAYS OF*
THE JERUSALEM OF LITHUANIA

June 16 1943

לוציאַן אין לאָנדאָן?!

נעכטן זאָל דער ראַדיאָ אָנגעגעבן, אַז אויפֿן לאָנדאָנער צוזאַמענפֿאָר
פֿון דער לייבער־פּאַרטיי, וואָס איז נאָר וואָס פֿאָרגעקומען, זאָל מיט אַ
באַגריסונג אין נאָמען פֿון פּוילישן „בונד" האָבן אַרויסגעטראָטן פֿרײַנד
לוציאַן [בליט].
לוציאַן איז צוזאַמען מיט מיר געווען אין ווילנע אַלס פּליט פֿון וואַרשע.

Lucjan in London!?

I hear[d] that yesterday, the radio broadcast that at a London convention of the Labor Party, which just took place, Friend Lucjan [Blit] gave a greeting in the name of the Polish Bund.

Lucjan was with me in Vilna as a refugee from Warsaw. From here he went to "work" [for the party] in Warsaw and was once arrested with two other comrades by the Lithuanian authorities. I then went and freed them on some pretext. Later he set off again, and on the Russian-German border, near Bialystok, he was arrested as a Christian. For crossing the border illegally, the Christian Lucjan was sentenced to two . . . years of exile. Twice I succeeded in corresponding with him, even sending him packages. Now comes the happy news that he is in London and is carrying on Bundist social activity.

It warms the heart and evokes the wish that if not us, at least our loved ones are out.

***Yugnt-himen*—Youth Hymn**
Words – Shmerke Kaczerginski, Music – Basye Rubin

Undzer lid iz ful mit troyer,
Dreyst iz undzer muntergang;
Khotsh der soyne vakht baym toyer
Shturemt yugnt mit gezang.

Vayl yung iz yeder, yeder, yeder ver es vil nor.
Yorn hobn keyn batayt.
Alte kenen, kenen, kenen oykh zayn kinder
Fun a nayer, frayer tsayt!

Ver es voglt um oyf vegn,
Ver mit dreystkayt shtelt zayn fus
Brengt di yugnt im antkegn
Funem geto a gerus.

Vayl yung iz yeder, yeder, yeder...

Mir gedenken ale sonim,
Mir dermonen ale fraynd.
Eybik veln mir farbindn
Undzer nekhtn mitn haynt.

Vayl yung iz yeder, yeder, yeder...

> Though our song is full of sadness, our step is bold! Though the enemy is standing at the gate, the youth storm in song. For young is anyone who wants to be, age and years don't matter. Whoever wanders the roads will be welcomed by the youth with a greeting from the ghetto.

יוגנט־הימען

ווערטער – שמערקע קאַטשערגינסקי, מוזיק – באַסיע רובין

אונדזער ליד איז פֿול מיט טרויער,
דרייסט איז אונדזער מונטערגאַנג;
כאָטש דער שׂונא וואַכט בײַם טויער
שטורעמט יוגנט מיט געזאַנג.

וויַל יונג איז יעדער, יעדער, יעדער ווער עס ויל נאָר.
יאָרן האָבן קיין באַטײַט.
אַלטע קענען, קענען, קענען אויך זײַן קינדער
פֿון אַ נײַער, פֿרײַער צײַט!

ווער עס וואָגלט אום אויף וועגן,
ווער מיט דרייסטקייט שטעלט זײַן פֿוס
ברענגט די יוגנט אים אַנטקעגן
פֿונעם געטאָ אַ גערוס.

וויַל יונג איז יעדער, יעדער, יעדער...

מיר געדענקען אַלע שׂונאים,
מיר דערמאָנען אַלע פֿרײַנד.
אייביק וועלן מיר פֿאַרבינדן
אונדזער נעכטן מיטן הײַנט.

וויַל יונג איז יעדער, יעדער, יעדער...

***Shtil, di nakht*—Silent, the night**
Words – Hirsh Glick, Music – Russian folk melody

Shtil, di nakht iz oysgeshternt
Un der frost hot shtark gebrent.
Tsi gedenkstu vi ikh hob dikh gelernt
Tsu haltn a shpayer in di hent?

A moyd, a peltsl un a beret
Un halt in hant fest a nagan,
A moyd mit a sametenem ponim
Hit op dem soynes karavan.

Getsilt, geshosn un getrofn
Hot ir kleyninker pistoyl.
An oyto a fulinke mit vofn
Farhaltn hot zi mit eyn koyl.

Fartog fun vald aroysgekrokhn
Mit shney-girlandn oyf di hor,
Gemutikt fun kleyninkn nitsokhn
Far undzer nayem, frayen dor.

A quiet and starry night, and the frost burns. Do you remember how I taught you to hold the gun? A girl, whose face is smooth as velvet, stops the enemy's caravan with one bullet. She emerges from the forest at daybreak, with snow in her hair, and another small victory for our new, free generation.

שטיל, די נאַכט

ווערטער – הירש גליק, מוזיק – רוסישע פֿאָלק־מעלאָדיע

שטיל, די נאַכט איז אויסגעשטערנט
און דער פֿראָסט האָט שטאַרק געבראַנט.
צי געדענקסטו ווי איך האָב דיך געלערנט
צו האַלטן אַ שפּיצל אין די הענט?

אַ מויד, אַ פּעלצל און אַ בערעט
און האַלט אין האַנט פֿעסט אַ נאַגאַן,
אַ מויד מיט אַ סאַמעטענעם פּנים
היט אָפּ דעם שׂונאס קאַראַוואַן.

געצילט, געשאָסן און געטראָפֿן
האָט איר קליינינקער פּיסטויל.
אַן אויטאָ אַ פֿולינקע מיט וואָפֿן
פֿאַרהאַלטן האָט זי מיט איין קויל.

פֿאַרטאָג פֿון וואַלד אַרויסגעקראָכן
מיט שניי־גירלאַנדן אויף די האָר,
געמוטיקט פֿון קליינינקן נצחון
פֿאַר אונדזער נייַעם, פֿרייַען דור.

ROKHL KORN

Rokhl Korn, one of the great Yiddish poets, was born in Galicia in 1898. She spent the war years in the Soviet Union and eventually came to Montreal in 1948 where she spent the rest of her life as an honored member of the literary community, until her passing in 1982.

In Paris, five years after the Uprising, she published her collection *Heym and heymlozikayt: Lider* (Home and Homelessness: Poems) (1948) which included the poem "*Di kemfer fun Varshever geto*"—"The Fighters of the Warsaw Ghetto."

The poem was read by Rivka Augenfeld.

1898-1982

די קעמפֿער פֿון וואַרשעווער געטאָ

די ביקס איז נישט געווען דער טרוים פֿון זייערע נעכט
און נישט פֿון זייערע טעג דער זיווג און באַשייד,
נאָר ס׳האָט דערהויבן זיי צו יענער גרויסער שעה
פֿון פֿאָלק, פֿון אייגענעם, די קדושה און דאָס לייד.

ס׳האָט זייער שריט באַגלייט אַ זקנס לעצטער בליק,
ס׳האָט זיי באַהיט, באַוואַכט אַ מוטערס לעצטע טרער,
און זייער האַנט געוואָרן איז געבענטשט מיט כּוח און האַפֿט
און ס׳איז אַ פֿלעשל נאַפֿט געווען דאָס גרויזאַמסטע געווער.

פֿון די ישיבֿות זײַנען זיי געקומען, פֿון „דרור", פֿון „החלוץ",
פֿון מעדעם־שולן, פֿון פֿאַבריקן און וואַרשטאַטן –
קינדער, וואָס האָבן נעכטן נאָך געשפּילט זיך אינעם זאַמד,
זקנים, וועלכע האָבן שוין געהאַט תּכריכים צוגעגרייט,
איצט האָבן זיך געלערנט וואַרפֿן ציגל און גראַנאַטן.

און אַלץ אַרום איז אַזוי פֿרעמד און שׂנאהדיק און בייז,
אַפֿילו אין קראַשינסקי־פּאַרק, פֿון יענער זײַט פֿון מויער,
ווערן די גרינע ביימער ווי מונדירטע ס.ס.־לײַט,
וואָס שטייען אויף דער וואַך אַרום דעם געטאָ־טויער.

און אַלץ פֿאַרראָט – די שײַן, דער ווינט, די נאַכט, דער שכן,
און יודאַס איז אַ יעדע גאַס, אַ יעדע שוועל און שטיין,
וואָס פֿאַרקויפֿט פֿאַר דרײַסיק זילבערלינג צום מערדער
דײַן מאַמען און דײַן שוועסטער, דײַן טרוים און דײַן געוויין.

מען האָט צו קיינעם מער געהאָפֿט, אויף גאָרנישט מער געוואַרט,
ווען ס׳איז פֿאַרקלונגען צו דער וועלט דער לעצטער „ס. אָ. ס."
און ווען ס׳האָט קיינער נישט געענטפֿערט אויף דעם לעצטן רוף,
האָט אויפֿגעפֿלאַמט דורך בלוט, דורך אייגענעם, דער נס.

בלויז צו דער מערבֿ־זײַט, צו מזרח־זײַט, צו צפֿון און צו דרום
האָט מען זיך געוועגדט אין יענער שעה פֿון איינזאַמקייט און נויט,
ווי אײַנצוקאַרבן די צוואה אין הימל, שטיין און בוים:
– מיר אַלע גייען זיך פֿרײַ משדך זײַן מיט טויט –

דער בראַנד פֿון געטאָ האָט פֿאַרזענגט די ווײַס פֿון דער זון,
זי זאָל די אויגן נישט פֿאַרדעקן, נאָר זען, אַלץ מוזן זען,
און מוזן עדות זאָגן יאָר נאָך יאָר, פֿון דור צו דור:
– אין יענע טעג, אויף אָט דעם אָרט אַזוי איז עס געשען –

נישטאָ קיין וואָרט וואָס זאָל כאָטש אויף אַ רגע
זיי קענען אויפֿמאָנען צוריק פֿון יענער הויך,
פֿון דאָרט, וווּ זיי, די אײַנגעוויקלטע אין פֿלאַמען,
די אײַנגעוויקלטע אין פֿאָנען און אין רויך,

האָבן צום לעצטן מאָל געבענטשט די ערד מיט אָפּ'נעם, זשעדנעם בליק,
און הימלען אויפֿגעפֿראַלט, ווי טויערן צום גליק, –
נישטאָ קיין וואָרט, וואָס זאָל זיי אויפֿמאָנען צוריק,
נאָר דו, מײַן האַרץ, אויב קענסט, דו גיי זיי נאָך
און ווער פֿאַר זייער לעצטן טרוים דער המשך און די וויג.

– פּאַריז, אַפּריל 1948

Old and young came to learn about guns and grenades, but grew strong from their people's history, their mother's last tear. When the last cry for help was ignored, everything was used to resist; the trees stood guard at the ghetto gates. The fighters cried, "We may die but we'll die free." There was no escape. Everyone is a witness and must retell the story to each generation: "This is what happened, here and at that time." Nothing can bring them back, but their last dream lives in my heart.

Nazi SS troops guarding Jewish fighters in the Warsaw Ghetto

***Yid, du partizaner*—The Jewish Partisan**
Words and Music – Shmerke Kaczerginski

Fun di getos tfise-vent,
In di velder fraye,
Anshtot keytn oyf di hent,
Kh'halt a biks a naye.

Der fashist, er tsitert, hert,
Veyst nit vu fun vanen,
Shturemen vi fun unter dr'erd—
Yidn partizanen.

Veynik zaynen mir in tsol,
Dreyste—vi milyonen.
Raysn mir oyf barg un tol,
Brikn, esholanen.

Der fashist, er tsitert...

S'vort nekome hot a zin
Ven mit blut farshraybst im.
Far dem heylikn bagin
Firn mir di shtraytn.

Der fashist...

Neyn! Mir veln keyn mol zayn
Letste mohikaner.
S'brengt di nakht di zunenshayn
Dem Yid, dem partizaner.

Der fashist...

> From these ghetto prison walls, into the freedom of the forests. Instead of chains on my hands, I carry a new rifle. The fascists will tremble, and won't know from where we Jews, partisans, storm up from beneath the earth. We are few in number, but we will not be the last of the Mohican. Jews, Partisans!

ייִד, דו פּאַרטיזאַנער
ווערטער און מוזיק – שמערקע קאַטשערגינסקי

פֿון די געטאָס תּפֿיסה־ווענט,
אין די וועלדער פֿרײַע,
אַנשטאָט קייטן אויף די הענט,
כ׳האַלט אַ ביקס אַ נײַע.

דער פֿאַשיסט, ער ציטערט, הערט,
ווייסט ניט ווו פֿון וואַנען,
שטורעמען ווי פֿון אונטער דר׳ערד —
ייִדן פּאַרטיזאַנען.

ווייניק זײַנען מיר אין צאָל,
דרייסטע — ווי מיליאָנען.
רײַסן מיר אויף באַרג און טאָל,
בריקן, עשאַלאָנען.

דער פֿאַשיסט ער ציטערט...

ס׳וואָרט נקמה האָט אַ זין
ווען מיט בלוט פֿאַרשרײַבסט אים.
פֿאַר דעם הייליקן באַגין
פֿירן מיר די שטרײַטן.

דער פֿאַשיסט...

ניין! מיר וועלן קיין מאָל זײַן
לעצטע מאָהיקאַנער.
ס׳ברענגט די נאַכט די זונענשײַן
דעם ייִד, דעם פּאַרטיזאַנער.

דער פֿאַשיסט...

Liba Maharshak Augenfeld 1923-2002

Vilna, 1944. A group of Jewish partisans under the command of Abba Kovner (center) after the city's liberation.

AN INSPIRATION FOR PARTISANS EVERYWHERE: LIBA MAHARSHAK AUGENFELD

Rivka Augenfeld

The Warsaw Ghetto Uprising inspired partisans across Nazi-occupied Europe. At the age of 20, my mother, Liba Maharshak, was a member of the Vilna Ghetto's Youth Bund *Tsukunft*. She applied to become a member of the FPO, the United Partisan Organization. While administering the oath, the commander was in tears faced with the reality that such a beautiful, gentle young woman was driven to this fate.

In 1943, hoping to emulate Warsaw, the Vilna Partisans were mobilized for action. Standing at her post, waiting to fight and die, my mother vividly remembered receiving a piece of paper in her hand—the words of "*Zog nit keyn mol*"—Never Say ("*Der partizaner himen*"—The Partisan Hymn), freshly written by Hirsh Glick. The uprising never happened, but she and others continued their fight in the forests of Poland.

Liba Maharshak Augenfeld, age 95, passed away on March 8, ever proud of her values, her choices and her yidishkayt.

Koved ir ondenk, dem ondenk fun ir balibtn Dovid, un dem ondenk fun ale undzere tayere! Honor to her memory, the memory of her beloved Dovid, and the memory of all those we hold dear!

***Dos partizaner-lid*—The Partisan Hymn**
***Zog nit keyn mol*—Never Say**
Words – Hirsh Glik, Music – Dimitri Pokrass

Zog nit keyn mol az du geyst dem letstn veg,
Khotsh himlen blayene farshteln bloye teg,
Kumen vet nokh undzer oysgebenkte sho,
S'vet a poyk ton undzer trot—mir zaynen do!

Fun grinem palmenland biz vaysn land fun shney,
Mir zaynen do mit undzer payn, mit undzer vey,
Un vu gefaln s'iz a shpritz fun undzer blut
Shprotsn vet dort undzer gvure, undzer mut!

S'vet di morgnzun bagildn undz dem haynt;
Der shvartser 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!

Geshribn iz dos lid mit blut un nisht mit blay,
S'iz nisht keyn lidl fun a foygl oyf 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,
Vayl kumen vet nokh undzer oysgebenkte sho,
S'vet a poyk ton undzer trot—
Mir zaynen do!

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 Glick
1922-1944

דאָס פּאַרטיזאַנער־ליד – זאָג ניט קיין מאָל
ווערטער – הירש גליק, מוזיק – דמיטרי פּאָקראַס

זאָג ניט קיין מאָל אַז דו גייסט דעם לעצטן וועג,
כאָטש הימלען בליִענע פֿאַרשטעלן בלויע טעג,
קומען וועט נאָך אונדזער אויסגעבענקטע שעה,
ס׳וועט אַ פויק טאָן אונדזער טראָט – מיר זיִנען דאָ!

פֿון גרינעם פּאַלמענלאַנד ביז ווייַסן לאַנד פֿון שניי,
מיר זיִנען דאָ מיט אונדזער פּיין, מיט אונדזער וויי,
און וווּ געפֿאַלן ס׳איז אַ שפּריץ פֿון אונדזער בלוט
שפּראָצן וועט דאָרט אונדזער גבֿורה, אונדזער מוט!

ס׳וועט די מאָרגנזון באַגילדן אונדז דעם הייַנט;
דער שוואַרצער נעכטן וועט פֿאַרשווינדן מיטן פיַינט.
נאָר אויב פֿאַרזאַמען וועט די זון אין דעם קאַיאָר,
ווי אַ פּאַראָל זאָל גיין דאָס ליד פֿון דור צו דור!

געשריבן איז דאָס ליד מיט בלוט און נישט מיט בלייַ,
ס׳איז נישט קיין לידל פֿון אַ פֿויגל אויף דער פֿרייַ.
דאָס האָט אַ פֿאָלק צווישן פֿאַלנדיקע וועלט
דאָס ליד געזונגען מיט נאַגאַנעס אין די הענט!

טאָ זאָג ניט קיין מאָל אַז דו גייסט דעם לעצטן וועג,
כאָטש הימלען בליִענע פֿאַרשטעלן בלויע טעג,
קומען וועט נאָך אונדזער אויסגעבענקטע שעה,
ס׳וועט אַ פויק טאָן אונדזער טראָט –
מיר זיִנען דאָ!

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PARTICIPANTS ON APRIL 19, 2018

Michael Alpert is the recipient of a U.S. National Heritage Award. His life and work are equally dedicated to the continuity of Yiddish traditions and the goals of universal justice and equality that brought us together at *Der Shteyn*. He lives in Scotland with Emily Finer and two Welsh cats.

Rivka Augenfeld's Bundist parents, David (originally from Warsaw) and Liba, met as members of the Vilna United Partisan Organization. Their enduring love and their participation in the cultural and political life of Montreal inspired Rivka's own devotion to Yiddish, to activism for social justice and the defense of refugee and immigrant rights.

Shane Baker is the third director of the Congress for Jewish Culture, after Khayim Bez and Rozka Luksemburg Alexander. He has helped to plan the annual April 19th memorial at The Stone since he came to the Congress in 1998.

Joanne Borts is a lifelong Yiddishist and labor activist. Her commitment to social justice and love for *mame-loshn* were nurtured by her parents and grandparents who sent her to an I.L. Peretz Shule and Camp Hemshekh. Joanne serves as Vice President of the Hebrew Actors Union and on the Council of Actors' Equity Association.

Sabina Brukner's Bundist parents met in Poland after each survived the war in Siberia. She attended Camp Hemshekh throughout her childhood. An attorney by training, she is currently the Literary Manager at the National Yiddish Theatre Folksbiene.

Francine Dunkel is a daughter of Bundists: Nelly Blit Dunkel, a hidden child in Warsaw, and Karl Dunkel, a survivor of the Lodz Ghetto and concentration camps. She began attending *Der Shteyn* as a child, and it is dear to her heart. She teaches in the Bronx. She was honored to read about her grandfather Lucjan Blit.

Maida Feingold: Second generation American-born with ancestors' Russian roots in labor and social justice. Educated in an *Arbeter ring shule* (The Workmen's Circle school) where her love of Yiddish folksongs, art songs and Holocaust songs in particular was developed. Lives and performs in NYC.

Nelly Furman: The Bund and the Holocaust define my worldview. I was two when my father was deported. My stepfather lost his first wife and son in Auschwitz. Born and raised in Paris and in Bund's SKIF, I kept my link to France by becoming an academic teaching French and feminist studies.

Ettie Mendelsund Goldwasser: When I was a child, my Bundist parents would bring me to *Der Shteyn* on April 19th. My aunt Hannah rarely spoke about her experiences in the Warsaw Ghetto, and her 1956 speech reveals the enduring strength of its inhabitants. I am currently an archivist at YIVO. My husband Abe and I met at Camp Hemshekh, and have one daughter.

Annette Bialik Harchik: My father joined SKIF as an adolescent and maintained underground Bundist activities in concentration camps. Both my parents were their family's sole survivors. The Bund's democratic socialist values have informed my work as an educator, poet and Yiddish teacher. My family always attends *Der Shteyn* commemorations; today I come with daughters Felicia and Shayna.

Feygele Jacobs: I'm named for my great aunts, Feygele and Chaneh, who perished—along with most of our family—at the hands of the Nazis. My parents survived, and arrived in New York as refugees in 1949. Their love for our family, community, *yidishkayt* and a better world defined my childhood and shaped my life.

Irena Klepfisz: My Bundist father Michał died in the Warsaw Ghetto Uprising. My mother and I survived the war. I am a poet and Yiddish translator who, for the past 22 years, taught Jewish Women's Studies at Barnard College. My activism has been rooted in feminist, lesbian and Jewish communities. Like my father, I believe in resistance.

Arthur Krystal's aunt Hannah Krystal Fryshdorf fought in the Warsaw Ghetto Uprising. He is a writer in New York City and his thoughts about the Holocaust can be found in *The American Scholar* (Winter 2006).

Marcel Kshensky always knew that his parents had lost a child, Danusz, grandparents and most of their siblings. The Holocaust is intertwined in his being and work. He works in NYC and NYS Departments of Education on labor relations and on school improvement. Marcel is blessed with his wife Betty, and daughters, Eliza and Maya.

Agi Legutko is a Yiddish scholar, specializing in women, gender, trauma, and memory studies and teaches at Columbia University. She is the author of the definitive guide to the Jewish quarter of her hometown of Krakow, Poland. Gusta Davidson Draenger, ghetto fighter in Krakow and author of *Justyna's Narrative*, has always been a source of inspiration and awe.

Shifee Losacco's grandfather came to America to support his family in Romania. The family back home vanished during the war. Shifee's parents instilled a love of Yiddish and socialist values by sending her to the *Arbeter*

ring schools and Camp Hemshekh launching Shifee's theater career with performances on Broadway in Yiddish.

Allen Lewis Rickman, the son of a Holocaust survivor from Nowo Radomsko, Poland, was honored reading Marek Edelman's words. They rang close to home. Allen is an actor in American theater, film and TV and a Yiddish translator and Yiddish theater scholar. He keeps his father's language alive by acting in, directing, and/or producing Yiddish plays.

Irene Dunkel Rivera: Like my grandfather Lucjan, my grandmother Fela Blit was a devoted Bundist who during the war organized a school and soup kitchen in the Warsaw Ghetto. She was captured during the Uprising. As a teacher and adjunct professor, I work to establish equal educational opportunities for people of diverse backgrounds and with special needs.

Moishe Rosenfeld was born in Montreal to parents active in the Bund. Throughout the 1960's, he spent most summers in the Bund's Camp Hemshekh learning about rebuilding Jewish life, pursuing democratic socialism, sustaining secular Yiddish culture. He has kept those ideals in his life and work as actor, writer, producer and concert promoter.

David Slucki is an historian based in Charleston, South Carolina. He was raised in the Bund's SKIF movement in Melbourne, Australia. His first book examines post-Holocaust history of the Bund, and his forthcoming book is a memoir about his grandparents' wartime survival and his family's century-long attachment to the Bund.

SINGERS AND CHORUS

Michael Alpert • Joanne Borts • Sabina Brukner • Francine Dunkel

Maida Feingold • Annette Bialik Harchik • Feygele Jacobs

Shifee Losacco • Faye Ran

***Di Shvue*—The Oath (of the Bund)**
Words – Sh. Ansky, Music – Unknown

Brider un shvester fun arbet un noyt,
Ale vos zaynen tsezeyt un tseshpreyt,
Tsuzamen, tsuzamen, di fon iz greyt,
Zi flatert fun tsorn, fun blut iz zi royt!
A shvue, a shvue oyf lebn un toyt!

Himl un erd vet undz oyshern,
Eydes vet zayn di likhtike shtern.
A shvue fun blut, a shvue fun trern,
Mir shvern, mir shvern, mir shvern!

Mir shvern a trayhayt on grenetsn tsum bund,
Nor er ken di shklafn bafrayen atsind.
Zayn fon di royte iz hoykh un breyt.
Mir shvern a trayhayt oyf lebn un toyt,
A shvue, a shvue, oyf lebn un toyt!

Brothers and sisters of poverty and toil who are scattered far and wide. Rally together! Our flag is at the ready, red with blood, it waves with anger. Heaven and earth will hear us, and the stars will bear witness. An oath of blood, an oath of tears: we swear!

די שבּוּעה (פֿון בונד)
ווערטער – ש. אַנסקי, מוזיק – אומבאַקאַנט

בריידער און שוועסטער פֿון אַרבעט און נויט,
אַלע וואָס זײַנען צעזייט און צעשפּרייט,
צוזאַמען, צוזאַמען, די פֿאָן איז גרייט,
זי פֿלאַטערט פֿון צאָרן, פֿון בלוט איז זי רויט!
אַ שבּוּעה, אַ שבּוּעה אויף לעבן און טויט!

הימל און ערד וועט אונדז אויסהערן,
עדות וועט זײַן די ליכטיקע שטערן.
אַ שבּוּעה פֿון בלוט, אַ שבּוּעה פֿון טרערן,
מיר שווערן, מיר שווערן, מיר שווערן!

מיר שווערן אַ טרײַהייט אָן גרענעצן צום בונד,
נאָר ער קען די שקלאַפֿן באַפֿרײַען אַצינד.
זײַן פֿאָן די רויטע איז הויך און ברייט.
זי פֿלאַטערט פֿון צאָרן, פֿון בלוט איז זי רויט!
אַ שבּוּעה, אַ שבּוּעה, אויף לעבן און טויט!

כּבֿוד זייער אָנדענק!