

NEVER SAY

Hirsh Glick



Never say the final journey is at hand
Never say we will not meet the Promised Land,
The longed-for hour shall come, oh never fear!
Our tread drums forth the tidings - 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 -
Because the hour we have hungered for is near;
Beneath our tread the earth shall tremble: We are here!

About the Author

"Never Say" became the unofficial song of Jewish partisans across occupied Europe. It was written in Yiddish by a young partisan, Hirsh Glick (1922–1944). Glick was a member of a group of young poets who were active partisans in Lithuania. He was caught by the Germans and imprisoned in a camp in Estonia. In 1944, Glick and eight other men managed to escape from the camp, but they were all caught and shot by the Germans.

About Photos

Above: Jewish partisans from the Kovno region, Kovno, Lithuania (4613/962); Right: Hirsh Glick (3774/27). Yad Vashem Photo Archive

