


# ZOG NIT KEYN MOL!

Poem by Hirsh Glik

Hymn of the Partisans


Music by Dmitri Pokrass

Voice



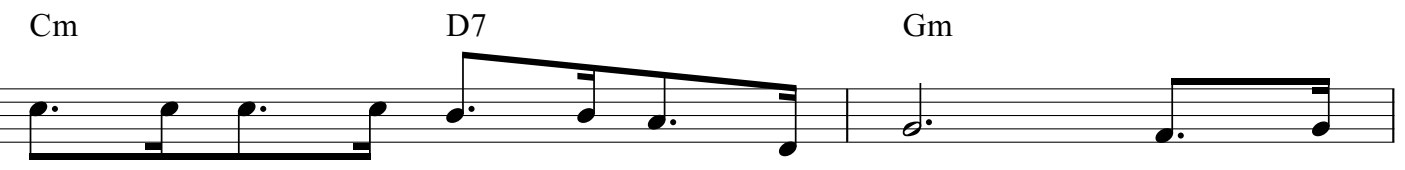
1. Nev er Say that you are go - ing your last  
2. Fun grinmen Pal - men - land biz vay - sn land fun  
3. For us the morn - ing sun will radi - ate the  
4. This song was written with our blood and not with  
5. Zog nit keyn mol az du geyst dem lets - tn

Dm C F D7




way. Though Lead-filled skies a - bove blot out the blue of day. The Hour  
shney Mir ku - men on mit un - dzer payn, mit un - dzer vey. Un vu -  
day. And the e - nemy and past\_\_\_\_\_ will fa - de a - way. But should  
lead. This is no song\_\_\_\_\_ of free birds fly - ing over - head But a  
veg. Khotsh him - len blay - e - ne far - shte - ln bloy - e teg. Ku - mem

Cm D7 Gm



for which we long will cer - tain - ly appear, The earth  
ge - faln s'iz a shprints fun un - dzer blut. Shprot - sn  
the dawn delay or Sun - rise wait too long. Then let  
peo - ple a - mids crum - bling walls did stand. They stood  
vet nokh un - dzer oys - ge - benk - te sho. S'vet a

Dm A7 Dm



shall thunder 'neath our tread that we are here!  
vet dort un - dzer gvu - er un - dzer mut.  
all future ge - ner - a - tions sing this song.  
and sang this song with rifles held in hand.  
poyk ton un - dzer trot || || mir zay - nen do!