

שִׁמְעוּ
 אָב, דּוֹרְטן,
 DORTN, IBERN YASSERL
 IN KESL GARDN OYF
 YENER ZAYT NIT
 GEFINT IR DEM GRUB FUN
 MASHN GLIK.
 BATRAKHT NOR ATSIND,
 IN KESL GARDN
 GESHYIND,
 YIFL TREERN GISEN ZIKK
 DORT
 UN YER ES HOT KEYN
 GLIK, DEM SHAK MEN
 TSVIRN,
 TSVIRN OYF DEM
 USMGLIK LEKKN DORT.
 UN KAKIL AF MASHN
 SHTERN IR DARINKKE
 HANT—

ZI ZINGT NUN DES LIDL
 FUN GOLDENEN LAND.
 OBER DI SHTRUKZE HOT
 ONGEMAKHT,
 NUN ARBETN SHAK NUN
 NIT FUN AKHT BIZ AKHT
 ARBETER FROYEN,
 LAYDENE FROYEN,
 FROYEN VOS SHAKHTN
 IN HOZ UN FABRIK.
 VOS SHTEYT IT FUN
 VAYT,

VOS HELFT IR NIT BOYEN,
 DEM TEMPL FUN
 FRAYGHEIT,
 FUN MENTSHLEKHLIK GLIK?
 NIT ZUKHT AKHT DI
 NUN GRINEN.

GEFINT AKHT DORTN
 NIT, SHAK SHAKS.
 YU LEANS VELKN BAY
 MASHINEN,
 DORTN IZ SHAK RYE
 PLATS.

"AZ BRENEH ZOL
 SOLOMBUSSES MEDINE!"
 A SHTETL IZ AMERIKE,
 A SHAK SHAK LEAN
 OYF LEAN ZOL SOLOMBUSSES:
 NUN BESHAK, LU LU
 GEZUNT

שִׁמְעוּ

They, Too, Sang Amerike

They, too, sang Amerike,
 Far away, across the water, entreating
 The promise of the golden peacock
 While Castle Garden closed its gates
 And she shook the letters from her beak

The tailor, too, sang Amerike,
 Pricked fingers picketing for bread without holes
 The woman withering at machines roared her promise
 To build a temple of Triangle Shirtwaist
 That her resting place might be made sweet

He, too, sang Amerike,
 He felt on his forehead his mother's hand
 As the Song of the Golden Land
 Closed on a bullet's chord
 Far away, in Krakow

The Greenhorn, too, sang Amerike
 Sugar shaking from her hands, her cheeks blanched grey
 Her voice beneath the mill: Columbus' land can burn in hell
 While her cousin, too, sings: To hell
 With dowries, matchmakers, and kings - Long live Columbus!

She, too, sang Amerike
 With her first breath freely drawn, to her daughter
 Smuggled through the sea-washed sunset gates
 She will one day press her hand to her grandson's soft head
 The first in four lifetimes to sing, and to mean: Be well

I, today, sing Amerike
 In a liquidated language, before bed, hand over my eyes
 The pavement stripped of the Gilded Age
 I, golden-haired, can breathe in the sky,
 And sing the promise: Build a Golden Land

שִׁמְעוּ
 FAR AWAY,
 ACROSS THE WATER
 IN CASTLE GARDEN, ONCE
 YOU PASS THE DOOR
 THE GRAVE OF ME YOU
 YOU WILL SEE
 JUST THINK OF MY DEAR
 FRIEND OF CASTLE
 GARDEN,
 ALL THE TEARS THAT
 PEOPLE SHED THERE
 AND THOSE WHO HAVE
 NO LUCK, THEY SEND
 THEM RIGHT BACK,
 RIGHT BACK TO THE LAND
 OF DESPAIR
 AND I FEEL ON MY
 FOREHEAD HER SLENDER
 HAND—

SHE SINGS ME THE SONG
 OF THE GOLDEN LAND.
 BUT THANKS TO THE
 STRIKE,
 WE WORK NO MORE
 FROM EIGHT TO EIGHT
 WORKING WOMEN,
 SUFFERING WOMEN!
 WOMEN WHO LANGUISH
 AT HOME AND IN THE
 FACTORY.

WE STAND ON THE
 SIDELINES,
 WE CAN NOT HELP BUILD
 A TEMPLE OF FREEDOM,
 OF HUMAN HAPPINESS?
 DON'T LOOK FOR ME
 AMONG GREEN WARTLES
 YOU WILL NOT FIND ME
 THERE, MY BELOVED.
 WHERE LIVES WITHIN AT
 THE MACHINES,
 THERE IS MY RESTING
 PLACE.

"SOLOMBUSSES LAND CAN
 GO TO HELL!"
 AMERICA IS A SHTETL
 WHERE, I SWEAR, LIFE IS
 GREAT
 OH LONG LIVE SOLOMBUSSES!
 LU LU, JUST BE WELL
 שִׁמְעוּ

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