

In Zaltsikn Yam - Translated by Daniel Kahn

Beneath the salt sea of humanity's weeping  
A terrible chasm abides  
It couldn't be darker, it couldn't be deeper  
It's stained with a bloody red tide

And thousands of years have created this chasm  
Of piety, hatred, and pain  
And for thousands of years all humanity's weeping  
Flows like a limitless rain

So much of this sea has been filled with the sorrows  
Endured by the suffering Jews  
But only the tears of the poor ones are bloody  
The rich cry as clear as the dew

Yes only the worker, the pauper, the beggar  
Belong to the bloody abyss  
While those you call "brother," the rich and the greedy,  
Fly high overhead in their bliss

The ocean flows over and floods out the levees  
There isn't a hero in sight  
Yes where are the ones that will stand at the ready  
To dive in the chasm and fight

Yes, who will at last free the work from slavery,  
Give hunger its final relief?  
And who will be guiding the pathway to freedom,  
To brotherhood, justice and peace?

The children of wealth, the enlightened, the clergy,  
Into Zion the call the Hebrews  
We've heard this old story before from our enemies  
"A ghetto for the eternal Jew"

With Zion we answer the prayers of our fathers  
From deep in their graves they must call  
While souls who are living are hungry and crying  
To them we are deaf as the wall

Messiah and Jewry are both dead and buried  
Another messiah is come  
The new Jewish worker the banner will carry  
To signal that justice is done

The world will be freed and be healed by this hero,  
Who dives to the root of its wound.  
In Russia, in Vilna, in Poland all hail now  
The Great Jewish Worker's Bund!