

# Our Town is Burning

by Mordechai Gebirtig (1877-1942)

It's burning, brothers! It's burning!  
Oh, our poor village, brothers, burns!  
Evil winds, full of anger,  
Rage and ravage, smash and shatter;  
Stronger now that wild flames grow --  
All around now burns!  
And you stand there looking on  
With futile, folded arms  
And you stand there looking on --  
While our village burns!

It's burning, brothers! It's burning!  
Oh, our poor village, brothers, burns!  
Soon the rabid tongues of fire  
Will consume each house entire,  
As the wild wind blows and howls --  
The whole town's up in flames!  
And you stand there looking on  
With futile, folded arms,  
And you stand there looking on --  
While our village burns!

The background of the page is a stylized illustration of a town engulfed in flames. Buildings with windows are visible, some with smoke rising from them. In the foreground, a crowd of people is shown in silhouette, looking towards the burning town. The overall color palette is dominated by oranges, yellows, and browns, representing fire and destruction.

# Our Town is Burning

It's burning, brothers! Our town is burning!  
Oh, God forbid the moment should arrive,  
That our town, with us, together,  
Should go up in ash and fire,  
Leaving when the slaughter's ended  
Charred and empty walls!  
And you stand there looking on  
With futile, folded arms,  
And you stand there looking on --  
While our village burns!

It's burning, brothers! Our town is burning!  
And our salvation hands on you alone.  
If our town is dear to you,  
Grab the buckets, douse the fire!  
Show that you know how!  
Don't stand there, brothers, looking on  
With futile, folded arms,  
Don't stand there, brothers, douse the fire! --  
Our poor village burns!

The poet and songwriter, Mordechai Gebirtig (1877-1942) wrote this before the war, in 1936. It was sung in many ghettos and camps in defiance of the Nazis and their horrific actions during the Holocaust.