

ES BRENT

Es Brent, briderlekh, es Brent.
Undzer orem shtetl, nebekh, Brent!
Hobn shoy'n di fayertsungen
Dos gantse shtetl ayngeshlungen
Un beyze vint'n bluzn
Di gantze shtetl Brent
Oy, ir shteyt un kukt azoy vi
Mit farleygte hent.
Oy, ir shteyt un kukt azoy vi
Vi unzer shetl Brent

Es Brent, briderlekh, es Brent.
Oy, es ken kholile kumen der moment
Unser shtot mit un'z tsuzamen
Zol oyf ash avek in flamen
Blyben zol vi noch a shlakht,
Nor pusteh shvartze vent
Un ir shteyt un kukt,
Azoy vi, mit farleygte hent.
Un ir shteyt un kukt,
Azoy vi unzer shetl Brent

Es Brent, briderlekh, es Brent!!
Di hilf iz nor in aykh alayn gevent,
Az dos shtetl iz aykh tayer,
Nemt di keylim, lesht dos fayer,
Lesht mit eygn blut, bavyze az ir dos ken,
Shteyt nit brider ot azoy vi
Mit farleygte hent.
Shtetyt nit brider
Lesht dos fayer, vayl undzer shtetl Brent.

IT'S BURNING

It is burning, brothers, it is burning.
Our poor little town, a pity, burns!
The tongues of fire are
Already swallowing the entire town.
And angry winds are blowing
The entire town is burning
And you stand around and look
With folded arms.
O, you stand and look
While our town burns.

It is burning, brothers, it is burning
It may come the time
That our poor and us together
Will become ashes in this flame.
The only thing that will remain
Will empty, blackened walls
And you stand and look
With folded arms
And you stand and look
The way our town burns.

It is burning, brothers, it is burning!
You are the only source of help.
If you value your town,
Take up the tools to put out the fire,
Put out the fire with your own blood.
You can do it, don't just stand there, brothers,
With your arms folded.
Don't just stand there, brothers,
Put out the fire, because our town is burning.