

## The Young Guards

By:Unknown

Zu Mantuaa German folk song

We're marching toward the morning;  
We're struggling, comrades all.  
Our aim is set on victory;  
Our enemies must fall.  
With ordered step, red flag unfurled,  
We'll build a new and better world.  
We are the youthful guardsman of the proletariat;  
We are the youthful guardsman of the proletariat.

Young comrades, come and join us.  
Our struggle will endure  
Till ev'ry enemy is down  
And victory is sure.  
In struggle and in valiant fight,  
We're marching to the workers' might.  
We are the youthful guardsman of the proletariat;  
We are the youthful guardsman of the proletariat.