

Embers Of The Martyrs
(The Smoke Of Treblinka)

Dm Gm Am7 Dm Dm
And Still I Choke On The Smoke Of Treblinka
Gm C F F
Wild Winds Weep Over The Bones Of The Dead
Gm A7 Dm Dm7
In Those Gray Spaces Sacred Souls Are Soaring
Gm Gm A A7
The Hot Ashes Of The Martyrs Rain Upon My Head
Dm Dm Gm C F
Forever These Sacred Ashes Will Wail In My Heart
F Gm Gm A
In Their Searing My Soul Forever Will Groan
A A Gm Gm Gm Gm
Endless Will Be The Kaddish Of My Song
Dm Dm Am7 Dm
In My Blood, Forever, A Kaddish Will Moan
Dm Gm Am7 Dm Dm
But We Are Here And Well Not Forget You
Gm C F F
We Are Here To Build And To Say:
Gm A7 Dm Dm7
The Martyrs Ashes Circle All The World Now
Gm Gm A A7
And We, Yes We Will Find A Way
Dm Dm Gm C F
Well Remember, We Will Build, And You Will Live On
F Gm Gm A
And Your Soul, Your Soul Will Mingle With Theirs
A A Gm Gm Gm Gm
Endless Will Be The Brokhe That We Bring
Dm Dm Am7 Dm
In Our Blood, Forever, Your Song Will Still . Sing

(Brokhe Means Blessing In Yiddish)

In 1943, In Poland, Hirsh Glick, Age 19, Wrote A Song For A Girl:

Shtille Di Nacht
The Night Was Still
And The Stars Shone On The Frosty Ground
Oh, Do You Remember
I Taught You To Hold
A Pistol In Your Hand.

This Song Is In Memory Of Them.

Poem In Yiddish By Ber Green. English Translation By Martin Birnbaum.
Music By Pete Seeger 1978.