

*DIRGE ON AUSCHWITZ*

- ⌘ Alas, how poor are words to state our pain  
In remembering the millions slain,  
While yet upon our souls the stain  
Of standing by while brothers called in vain.
- † Unshriven here we are depressed  
As long as somewhere someone is oppressed  
As long as the murderers the meek suppressed,  
And grieving mothers wail distressed.
- ‡ Shalt Thou, O G-d, not bear Thy guilt this day  
For standing by while multitudes in blood did lay,  
And silent Thou unmoved didst stay,  
Thy covenant to help us didst betray.
- † While millions' lives to ash were turned,  
To their last breath Thine intervention yearned,  
Still hoping day and night, while all the ovens burned.  
Why were our prayers of desperation spurned?
- † If Thine own we are, O Lord, then Thou art King  
If only by Thy leave occurs each thing,  
Then butcher Thou, and we the offering.  
Yet who, but Thou, can heal our suffering?
- ‡ The help Thou sendest must renew  
All of mankind, not just the Jew  
The Arabs and the Russians too  
Must be freed, ere peace is true.
- ‡ Send Thine annointed Savior Lord,  
To turn to plowshare atom's sword.  
May each in Him see One adored  
And prophesied by prophet's word.

