**Homesick**

I’ve lived in the ghetto here for more than a year,

In Terezin, in the black town now,

And when I remember my old home so dear,

I can love it more than I did, somehow.

Ah, home, home,

Why did they tear me away?

Here the weak die easy as feather

And when they die, they die forever.

I’d like to go back home again,

It makes me think of sweet spring flowers.

Before, when I used to live at home,

It never seemed so dear and fair.

I remember now those golden days…

But maybe I’ll be going there soon again.

People walk along the street,

You see at once on each you meet

That there’s ghetto here,

A place of evil and of fear.

There’s little to eat and much to want

Where bit by bit, it’s horror to live.

But no one must give up!

The world turns and times change.

Yet we all hope the time will come

When we’ll go home again.

Now I know how dear it is

And often I remember it.