

Children, Children,

We must leave now.

To the Nazis, they make us bow.

Say goodbye to your loved ones, they're coming now with guns.

These ghettos are not forever, for beyond the seven foot walls,

there is more you must endeavor.

Children, Children,

Wear your Sunday clothes.

Trash the yellow stars so that your heritage can't unfold.

Your parents love you too much, to put you through this mess.

So dry your saddening tears, because you'll make it through these years.

Some of you in coffins, some of you in sacks.

However you get out of here, we'll be sure to make it fast.

Parents, Parents,

I know I am a stranger.

But promise as I can to keep your child from danger.

Child after child, I tried to show my love.

Sitting in the dark, not knowing what's above.

My last days are coming, I can feel the good Lord with me.

I hope for those children, the pain they felt is numbing.