

WHY DON'T YOU LAUGH?

*Now that you've crushed the little Jew
Shut down his shop,
Insulted his wife
And broken his violin;
Why aren't you happy, Germany?
Why don't you sing and dance?
The Jew is gone.
The few who still remain
Crawl painfully on hands and knees.
You have rubbed their noses in the dirt
And spit upon their children.
Aren't you proud?
Aren't you free?
Weren't the Jews your oppressors?
Aren't you a strong, united race?
You husky, brown-shirted men
Who crashed down the door
Of the little Jewish doctor,
Slapped his wife and raped his daughter,
Made him crawl in the mud on his hands and knees—
What's the matter with you, Germany?
Why don't you laugh?
You have liberated yourself from the Jews.
The little Jew who fiddled for you
In the beer garden—
He'll oppress you no more.
You beat him to death in a concentration camp.
That old lady who sold pretzels on the corner—
She'll oppress you no more.*

*She died of a broken heart,
The old Jewish tailor sitting cross-legged
On his table—
You need fear him no more.
His old bones couldn't stand your bravery.
Dance, Germany, dance!
Dance upon the graves of your oppressors!
You took an old Jew out in the back alley
And flogged him to death
Until his agony echoed
Around the world.
Now where are you, Germany?
And what have you solved?
What put that grey look in your eyes?
That grey uniform on your son?
That grey helmet on his head?
What makes you a nation of grey, silent people?
What makes you afraid to answer?
Not even the grave is more silent
Than lips that fear to speak.
You stand there all burdened with cartridges
And hand grenades dangling from your belt,
With grey fear and shame looking from your eyes.
No other present than fear,
No other future than murder.
It can't be the Jew, for the Jew is dead
And your boots are stained with his blood.
But tell me, Germany,
Who is responsible for your troubles now?*